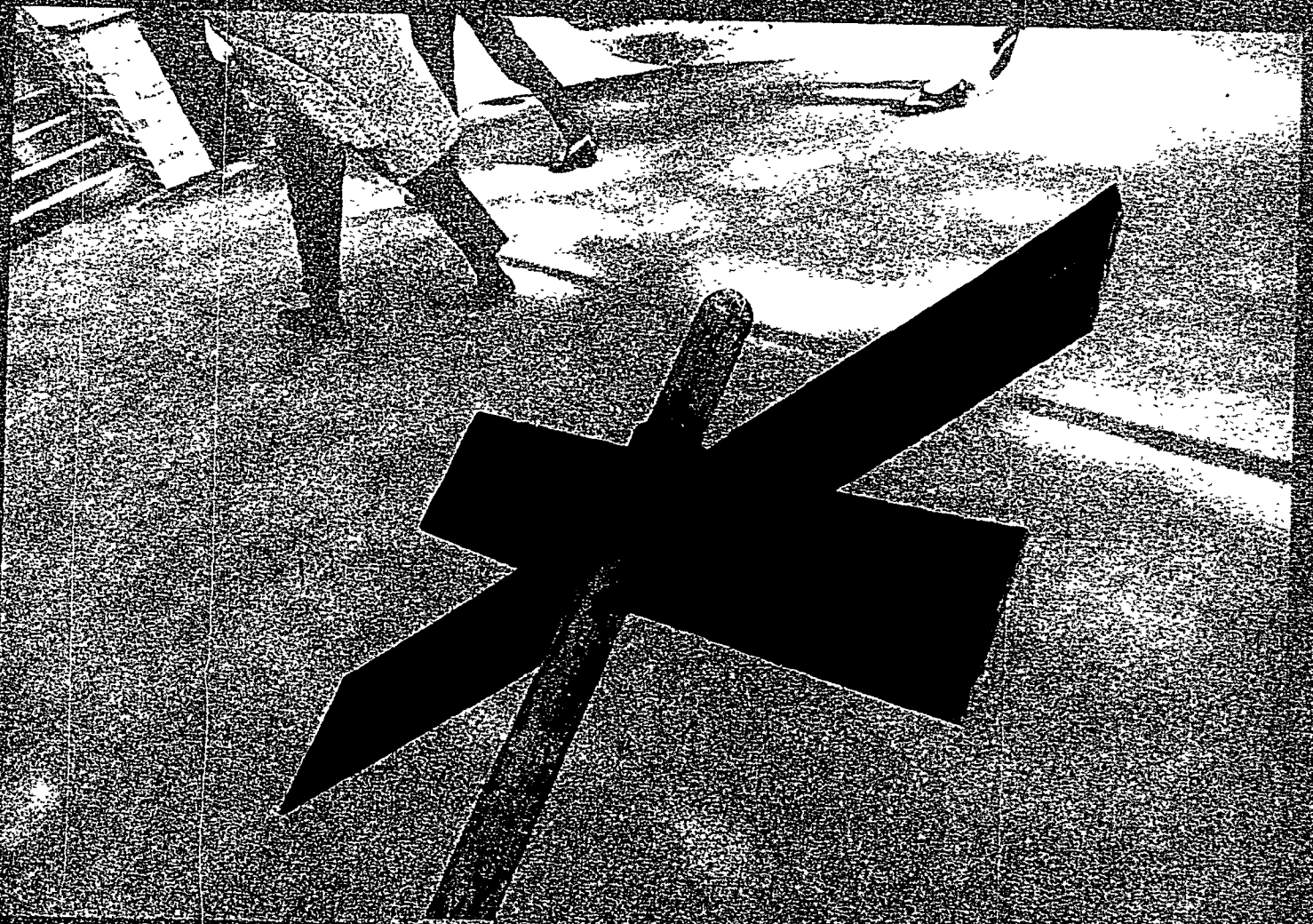


MAY 5, 1977

Scholastic

THE GHOSTS OF FOUR YEARS: THE SENIOR EXPERIENCE



THE SENIOR EXPERIENCE
MAY 5, 1977
\$1.50



Citizen.

It is easy enough to kill a man
whose face you cannot see
whose name offends you

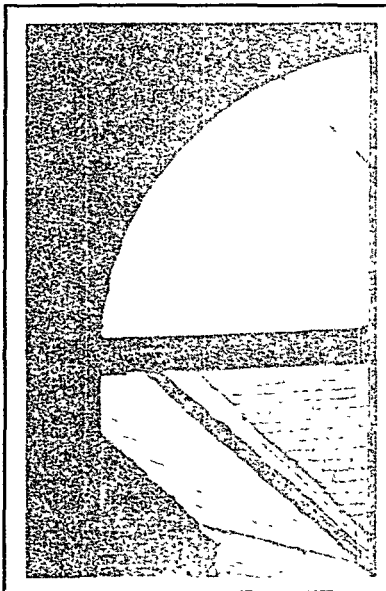
But learn the miracle of the man
the wonders behind his eyes
the love which binds him
to persons who cry

Learn the child in the man
who laughs
and fears

Learn the eyes of the man
so that they may become part of you

Now lift your gun

And blow him to bloody hell.



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letters

In Defense of Reason?

Editor:

The publication of the letter "Of Vampires and Men" in the SCHOLASTIC of April 14 cannot go unquestioned. Your credulity is boundless. It is obvious that the letter in question, allegedly written by Dr. Bernard Norling of the Department of History, could not have been his work. It is impossible to believe that the shocking lack of Christian charity displayed in that letter could have come from any of our faculty, much less Dr. Norling. Besides, for years we have been treated to many examples of his elegant prose, remarkable sensitivity, clearheaded judgment, and delightful satire; the drive you printed just doesn't measure up to his exacting standards. Rather, the letter must have been the cowardly attempt of some malignant paranoiac to clothe his own perverse venom in the respectability of Dr. Norling's deservedly sterling reputation. This tragedy could have been averted by a simple phone call to Dr. Norling, at which time he undoubtedly would have disavowed any knowledge of the letter and repudiated its disgusting sentiments.

I, who have never had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Norling, am outraged by this clumsy ruse; try to imagine the suffering your carelessness has caused his family and friends. Also try, if you can, to imagine the long-range implications

this incident could have in both the personal and professional spheres. My heart reaches out to him, as it would to any victim of such foul slander. There are laws against this sort of misrepresentation, which indeed comes dangerously close to character assassination. As dupes (willing or unwilling?) of the scoundrel responsible for this mess, I strongly advise that you and your staff take whatever steps are necessary to bring the rogue to justice. Although the harm done to Dr. Norling may never be entirely undone, you must share the guilt of the real author of that letter, the blackguard, until he is exposed for the true villain he is. Of course, a humble and public apology to Dr. Norling is required immediately.

Iratelty,
Dan Moore

Anti Anti-ROTC

Editor:

I'd like to take issue with Steve Bennett in his article about ROTC. First, I am a junior in Army ROTC, and while I don't particularly enjoy it, I feel that I've got to defend it against Mr. Bennett's article. I do not like my classmates and me being called barbarians; we're no different than anyone else on this campus. We're in ROTC for various reasons: perhaps we need the four-year schol-

arship the Army provides in order to get through college, or (in my case) our draft numbers are low, or maybe we just want to make the Army a career. Most of us aren't particularly warlike; some of us are even opposed to war, believe it or not.

What Mr. Bennett has done is set up a "strawman," a stereotype of a mindless automaton who will kill on order. We are not being trained specifically to kill; we are being trained to lead and direct soldiers. We are encouraged to think for ourselves. Mr. Bennett appears to me to be a naive idealist. Sure, I'd love not to have an army, to have the world live in peace. But, unfortunately the world has not run like that. Throughout history there have been killing and wars, and there will continue to be such, unfortunately, I'm afraid. I believe an army is necessary to our country. I don't believe in aggressions such as Vietnam any more than Mr. Bennett. I'm not in uniform for "lily-white" America; I intend to defend the ideals and values that this country was founded for against persons and/or countries that try to take them away from us. Hopefully, the type of officer coming from colleges today will eliminate the My Lais and all the other injustices that have occurred in the past.

So, finally, just let me say that while being in ROTC is not particularly enjoyable for me, I can justify (to myself and hopefully to others) why I am in it.

Sincerely,
Peter J. Fee

Dale Francis and the Pill

Editor:

Instead of saying "Cheer, Cheer for Old Notre Dame," I'm saying, "Shame, shame on you, N. D." for your page on "Planned Parenthood." Dale Francis in his column in the *New World Today* certainly was displeased with the item and, I hope, many more good Catholics are too. If you are writing for the students at a Catholic University, why not stick to our good, Catholic beliefs? I have been a lover of N. D. for four generations in my family. Keep it Catholic.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Harriet Figel
Chicago, Illinois

The City: Peddlers' Paranoia

Countless gravestones stretched for blocks on both sides of the subway-elevated train as we rode at Brooklyn rooftop level toward Manhattan. It was twilight. The graveyard below was overcrowded and seemed to cover more territory than was its due. I noticed first and was amazed. I had never seen such a large cemetery. "Hey, Joe—look out the window! It must be symbolic of something." "I dunno—if it wasn't there, there would probably be a zoo or a shopping mall." "Yeah, that's right."

A few minutes later we went underground and my mind flashed back to a half-hour before when we had abandoned our ride in a traffic jam. It took about three hours to hitchhike from Philadelphia to New York to Brooklyn. Joe and I had come to the Naked City to experience the art of peddling jewelry on the sidewalk and to capitalize on the Eastertide trade surge. Joe's older brother, Dennis, was to be our business manager and guide during our first immersion as genuine idiosyncrasies of

the New York culture. Dennis is quite a man, I thought—unemployed, aspiring photographer, ex-cabbie, B.A. in accounting, now studying for his C.P.A., and full-time peddler. Suddenly, Joe nudged my arm. I opened my eyes and we glided out of the car and into the Manhattan subway platform throng.

Seventy-Second Street was alive, frantic, and thick with people, noise and cars. Darkness had fallen. The sky must have clouded because a fine mist danced in the neon glow of hotel and liquor-store lights. As we headed uptown on Columbia Avenue, the crowd gradually diminished, and by the time we turned west on 75th, Joe and I were virtually alone. We found the address with no trouble. The bell rang. Dennis was in. After five minutes of trivia—like the man who made me pay ninety cents for the turnpike toll—we discussed peddling.

If one searches for categories, the blanket method and the card-table method are the two most popular styles of peddling used in recent sea-

sons. The most obvious advantage of selling "from the ground" (blanket-style) is that this style facilitates a quick getaway to a more opportune location. Also, a blanket allows more room for displaying merchandise and—if one tends to be vain—it looks real "beat."

On the other hand, the old cliché "haste makes waste" is very applicable to the peddling industry. "Rings," says Dennis, "are my hottest item. You can't sell rings from the ground." A card table allows you to display at least six dozen rings, as well as the normal assortment of beads, necklaces, and brooches. Selling from a table looks better too. Some people just do not like to bend down. In short, one feels more legitimate. Thus, we would use the card-table method.

Style, however, is merely a matter of taste. Disputes can rage forever but the one disadvantage common to all peddlers—regardless of age, education, race or caste—is constant fear of police harassment. The harassment is limited to ticketing, inconveniences and lost revenue resulting from forced relocation, and the threat of an occasional cleanup roundup by the local precinct paddy wagon. Dennis warned, "When you see the green truck—pick up and run like hell!" If you can stand getting tickets and enjoy being a nomad, then you've got it made in peddling.

In the morning, it took me and Joe an hour to scare up two cheap card tables. By 10:30 a.m., Joe, Dennis, and I—each with table and carry-all bag—were marching to the subway. Now we had to "shop for lunch" (peddling jargon referring to the purchase of stock for the lunchtime rush).

The street hummed with morning traffic. The sky was a grey overcast. Luckily, we decided not to make the morning rush. On a real



good morning, a jewelry man can make from twenty to thirty dollars by 9:15 a.m. But, this morning was an umbrella morning. It looked like rain, so why buy jewelry if it looks like rain? In the morning, a jewelry man needs the sun.

We bought our stock down by Union Square and returned to the subway. Dennis decided we should have our first experience right there in the heart and soul of capitalism—the Wall Street financial district. The Mecca of New York peddling coexists a few yards from the stock exchange. This is Nassau Street. From noon to two in the afternoon, traffic is diverted and only pedestrian traffic is permitted. A solid wall of office and lunchtime wanderers covered the entire street. Peddlers, too, are everywhere. Belt men, jewelry men, hot-dog men, and umbrella men were haphazardly distributed along the curb. Fruit men are set up on the corner. (Fruit! ! the profits are enormous if you are in fruit. According to Dennis, a fruit man can make \$300 in a couple of hours at dinnertime. Being a fruit man, however, is tantamount to having a doctorate in peddling. One needs a truck, a garage, must know the good corners, etc. Nonetheless, the word is fruit!)

I found a nice spot in the gutter and began to set up shop. A peddler keeps his display folded—the proper way—so that the only necessary chore is to open the table and roll out the cover. Magic! The store is open.

Unfortunately, one of the hazards of Nassau Street is that it is too well known—too many cops. One man-in-blue nabbed me just before I uncovered. Thus, I hiked down to the corner with the rest of the batch to get my ticket.

Feeling disillusioned, I went around the corner and decided to be more discreet. At New and Exchange Place, I successfully opened up. Things began to happen. Before my display was even set up properly, people were crowding around, trying on and buying my rings; beads and necklaces.

“One dollar here—everything on the table—one dollar.” I discovered that personal appearance means nothing when one is a peddler. The umbrella man I had met and chatted

with back on Nassau Street was a wizened, unshaven old codger of sixty or so. His shoulders stooped slightly and he had a hawk nose. Ten feet away, umbrellas were going like crazy.

After a while, I became more accustomed to my peddler *persona* and established a business-like rapport with many of my customers. The crowd continued to muddle through the streets. Office girls, sidewalk gazers, lawyers, plumbers—all shuffled by. A wiry Puerto Rican with a pencil-line mustache steamed by pushing a big cardboard box. He was the toy man. Within a minute, a little toy monkey was walking in the street, singing unintelligibly, and clapping his hands. All of that for only two dollars! Jewelry was really moving too. The apple brooches, beads from India, and my wide assortment of rings sold like beer at midnight. Lonnie-of-the-peddling-grapevine came by bearing the news that Clifford, over on Seventh Avenue, made \$60 working “from a blanket.” By 2 p.m. the sky had not yet cleared. I had made a killing on Wall Street and began to wonder what was happening.

After I closed up, I headed around the corner to find Joe. I realized that my adrenaline had been flowing for about two hours. I felt nervous and exhausted. I carried too much money. I began to watch people for signs of hostility.

When I found Joe, he was selling like mad on Broadway. He saw me and started to yell, “There’s gold in the streets of New York! Quick—set up—over there—HURRY!” Then he shook with shrill, insane laughter. Joe’s neurosis is different from mine. He was shaking his head, laughing and pulling on his white-cracker Afro. It was funny, all right. Anyway, we had to find Dennis and “shop for dinner.”

To the subway we hustled and, in twenty minutes, we were back at Union Square. We sat on a bench and took inventory. Then Dennis went to the wholesaler and Joe went a few blocks to buy some hot dogs from the hot-dog man. (Peddlers, indeed, are everywhere.) I was left to guard the tables and carry-all bags. I was holding a lot of money and there was valuable capital in the bags. Visions of New York muggers,

rapists, and rip-off artists flashed through my head. Dennis is a New Yorker, I mused. He loves this stuff. Joe has always been more of an extrovert than I. He likes this too. Maybe it’s just me, but those people are eyeing the bags, I thought. I had never been to New York on a level that transcended Sunday tourism. I felt worried. They were all glaring at me—so I glared back.

Twenty yards away, a middle-aged man—with a thin face, sunken eyes, shabby hat, shoddy clothes, and a black cane — walked toward me. Nothing can happen in broad daylight, I thought. He looked like a hobo or just a plain bum; I couldn’t tell. He came closer, closer. When he was two feet away, he stopped, grinned and as his eyes came alive, he said, “You never itch without a stitch.” That was all. He totally stunned me. He grinned again, with eyes on fire, and went into the subway.

When Joe and Dennis returned, I was lost in thought. I said nothing about the man. We had to hurry. It was almost dinnertime. Three peddlers rattled through the turnstile and ran for the train. . .

* * *

The metroliner sliced through the night upon her endless rails with a soft, whirring silence. I’ll be home by 10 p.m., I thought. Thank God. Joe is staying one more day. He’s money-hungry, but I still love him. New York is alive; Indiana is alive; Newark is alive, but it was too dark to tell. My face stared back at me from the tainted glass. I sighed. Whom can I tell? How can I say that New York is divine when everybody knows that flowers don’t grow from dirty streets? How can I say that I tasted an unusually sweet drop of life? I can’t stand sour looks. Of course, there are crimes in the streets and fumes in the air, but that is not all. Out of chaos swims a smile. It is just as real as dirt but more eternal. What about that hobo? I may never know what he really meant. I’ll never see that beautiful Oriental girl again who helped me sell at 43rd & Lexington. But what will I tell my friends? I’ll tell them something. “I went peddling,” I’ll say. “Big deal,” someone will reply.

Maybe I’ll say that I went to New York and had some fruit.

—jack wenke

Mock-Up or Mockery?

The-uh Great-ate Yellowhammer State-ate of-f Alabama-ma casts-s allllll of its votes-s for-r the-uh next President-dent of the United-ted States-ates. . .

Last week's Mock Democratic Convention marked the eighth time in thirty-two years that such utterances and their echoes rolled around the interior of an N.D. building big enough to contain the mass of enthusiastic delegates doing the uttering. That was last week. This week, we have only echoes of the past.

The convention, like the others before it, and like most of the candidates they nominated, have gone the way of Father Sorin, countless "real" conventions, and 37 "real" Presidents: they've all become part of history—facts and dates to be recorded and remembered or forgotten and ignored—depending on who's interested. (A good number of the delegates last week weren't even interested enough to show up.) But just as the mother of Sorin will never forget him, and the mother of Nixon couldn't forget him, and countless "real" conventions have been remembered, counted, and listed in almanacs, the mock conventions at the University of Notre Dame will never be forgotten by the man who began it all—who practically "ate, slept, and received. . . [his] mail" at the original 1940 convocation—and who sometimes calls the event "my baby"—the convention's founder, Dr. Paul C. Bartholomew, professor of American government in the N. D. Government Department.



Last week, Dr. Bartholomew was willing to muse a bit upon interesting anecdotes and events of conventions past. He was sitting in his law-book-lined library basement office at the time, leaning back in his chair, smiling a wry smile, exhibiting a real sense of humor—and remembering it all.

1940 was the year that saw one of the first mock conventions in the country come to pass at du Lac. The site was the Engineering Auditorium and participation was restricted to Political Science majors.

"That year I did everything," the professor recalls, "I made state signs, arranged for carpenters for the standards, and even nailed the signs." The convention was a novelty, the enthusiasm displayed has never been matched, and the all-male cast went "all out"—but Pro-

fessor Bartholomew still found out later that it was easier to get someone else to do things and after that, "I delegated authority—until today, I'm simply a spectator." The professor sat back in his chair again, and time marched on.

In 1944, Notre Dame went Navy. Almost all of the student body were Navy personnel who had little time for anything "mock." "The number of civilians around the place was infinitesimal," says Bartholomew.

But in 1948, after the Navy made some room in their Drill Hall (where the library now stands), the convention was reconvened. It was a very good year (See photo).

But 1952 was better yet, when the girls first ventured across U.S. 31. Dr. Bartholomew remembers with a grin, "That was a great victory at Saint Mary's. We did manage to

convince the good nuns that their charges would not be swallowed up in the maw of iniquity." And Saint Mary's delegates—in those days before the "Open Door" opened and closed—helped make the mock convention "the year's biggest mixer," he chuckled. 1952 also saw the appearances of Paul Harvey and Richard Daley.

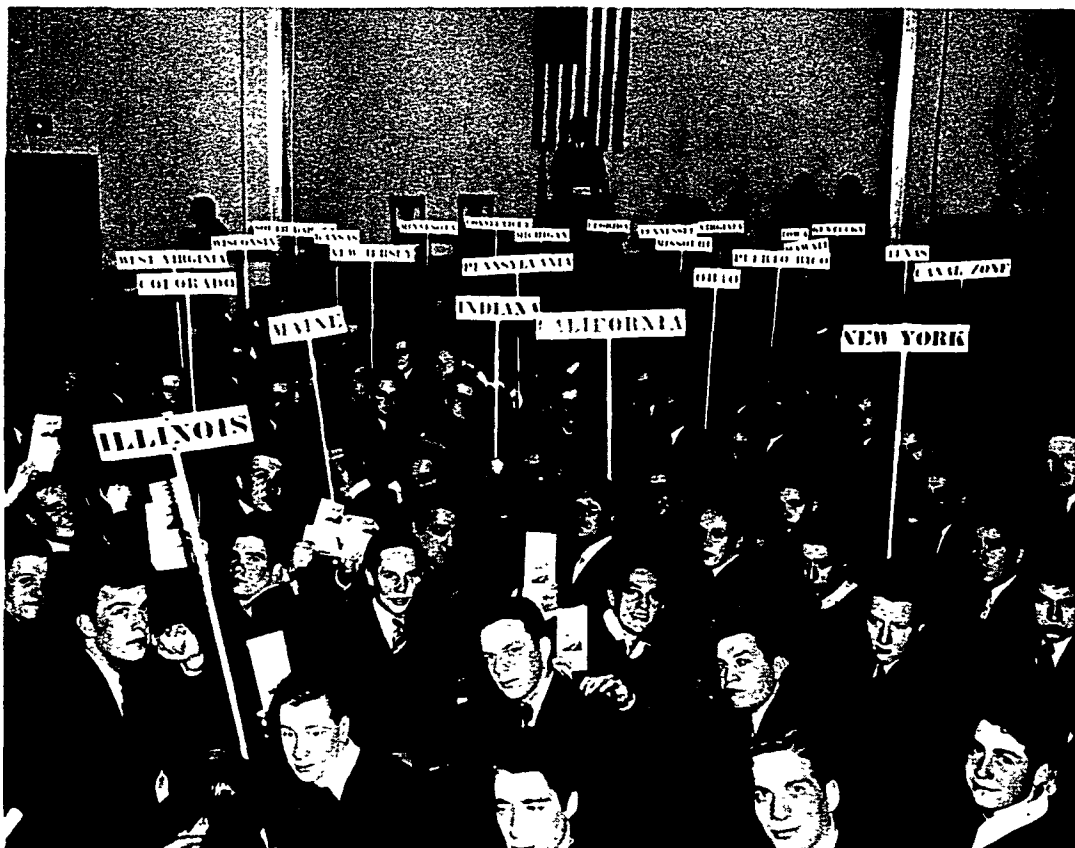
"Daley was not too pleased about his reception here—I got that idea

Saint Mary's delegate on his back."

WSND carried the convention live, the announcer was describing it and the nuns (at Saint Mary's) were listening. "You can imagine what the nuns were thinking. (At that time, no Saint Mary's girl ever went downtown without her hat, purse, and gloves.) The next day, one of the sisters saw the girl and said 'I understand you were carried away last night.'" Dr. Bartholomew add-

were using the convention as a means of publishing the views of Mark Hatfield—it was an ideological choice." Liberal Republican Hatfield—without a prayer at the National Convention—received the N.D. endorsement. There was no attempt at realism.

And according to Professor Bartholomew, the results of this year's convening, negotiating, railroading, bullying, speechmaking, and cigar-smoking again might only serve to drag down the convention's predictive "batting average." The 1948 convention made a wrong choice, and the past two nominees chosen in '64 and '68 also struck out in the National league. Bartholomew fears that this year's pick might only contribute to the slump, since the current front-running Democrats could easily be deadlocked in Miami Beach come summer. "I'd much sooner think that a man like [Terry] Sanford—President of Duke University, and former governor of North Carolina and challenger to George Wallace in tomorrow's North Carolina primary—might be a real possibility. . . or Askew of Florida . . . Or maybe Kennedy . . . Or maybe someone no one has mentioned—maybe Daley." But, such matters still must be determined, and Bartholomew calls himself "a poor prophet" anyway.



because I sat alongside him. The students reacted to Daley as with other speakers: they moved around and talked as people do on the floor of the real convention." Bartholomew remembers, "He didn't say anything, but I got the feeling he was a little irked." Mayor Daley didn't come back.

In 1956 the convention ran a day overtime, and since the Navy Drill Hall wasn't reserved, the convention had to seek other accommodations. The fifth day's action took place on the Old Fieldhouse basketball court. "Not too satisfactory," Bartholomew recalls.

1960 was another big year for convention demonstrations. (In those days, "students really put their mind to that sort of thing.") Besides the bands, and noise and hoopla, the professor recalls an interesting incident concerning a delegate from Saint Mary's: "Back when Saint Mary's girls were sort of pioneering over here, one of the male demonstrators was walking around with a

ed, "You might call that C.S.C. humor."

In '64, Bartholomew remembers, "the girls were beginning to be emancipated, if I might use that term,"—but only beginning. That was the year William E. Miller (an N.D. alumnus) addressed the convention, the convocation first found itself in Stepan Center and Bartholomew found himself on the phone trying to negotiate with Saint Mary's officials to allow the female delegates to defy curfew for a vote that went overtime. Though "the charter buses were waiting outside," apparently the emancipation cause was already making great strides, because the girls did remain—with permission. But the convention picked Lodge instead of Goldwater.

That year was also the last that football jocks were used as sergeants-at-arms. "They carried a certain amount of weight—both figuratively and literally," Bartholomew recalls.

1968 was the year the "students

Finally, we must ask ourselves what amusing sidelights or anecdotes or insights will be remembered from the '72 mock convention. Right now, without at least several weeks of historical perspective, it's hard to say. But it's certain that something will be remembered by someone, somewhere, even after the delegates and the echoes and cigar smoke have long abandoned Stepan Center.

Perhaps Dr. Bartholomew will always remember the middle-aged Wallace supporters ringing bells in the back row—or the addresses by O'Brien and Lowenstein—or McGovern's phone message—the general lack of attendance and comparative lack of wild abandon by the students. In any event, this just wasn't one of those years that a rector came up to Dr. Bartholomew and remarked that the mock convention excited more student interest than anything short of athletics. Referring to those days, Dr. Bartholomew noted, "I guess that's sort of complimentary."

—neil rosini

Berrigan--the Seniors' choice

There is, of course, much more to Daniel Berrigan than the usual biographical data which precedes his visit anywhere. However, even such biographical banalities may provide us with a glimpse of the man. In a questionnaire he once filled out he listed his birthplace as Virginia, Minnesota. He is one of six brothers, and described the six as "A fairly heterogeneous double troika moving at present in several directions with interesting stress and balance." His education consists of "two equivalent M.A.'s, one in theology, one in philosophy; continuing education, courtesy of the American correctional system." Under the heading of awards and honors he includes indictment for four felonies by the U. S. Government in May, 1968: Conspiracy, Entering Government Property, etc. Asked why he became a Jesuit he wrote, "They had a revolutionary history. I only suspected it at the time; now I am more certain—and more proud."

Daniel Berrigan received more nominations for the Senior Fellow Award than any other candidate, as well as 58% of the votes cast in the final election, so it seems that the Seniors at Notre Dame and St. Mary's approve the action he, along with eight others, took on the afternoon of May 17, 1968 at Catonsville, Maryland.

Catonsville was a senseless act, but one which dramatized the senselessness of the napalming of innocent women and children in Vietnam by the United States Government.

But is it enough simply to approve of Daniel Berrigan and his actions? Where were we in 1968? Further, what have we been doing while Daniel Berrigan was in the Danbury prison? It seems that the problem is one of commitment.

It is simple these days to object to the war, to hunger, poverty, and



all of the other serious maladies which afflict our society. But it is quite another thing to be able to dedicate one's whole existence, as Daniel Berrigan has done, to the elimination of such problems. That is why we can admire him. He has done what we somehow know is right, but have not had the courage to do.

Daniel Berrigan is a symbol of hope. There is still hope as long as we can see that there are those who are relating their Christian experience to a revolutionary perspective and commitment.

Father Berrigan was chosen as this year's Senior Fellow; he will be visiting Notre Dame from May 7 to May 9 and will give the Senior Fellow address at 8:30, Monday, May 8, in Stepan Center. Eric Andrus is chairman of the Senior Fellow Committee.—editor

This kind of commitment has been responsible for a great deal of conflict between Berrigan and the American Church. He has said that the Church is not recognizable as Christ's Church. In an interview on *Meet the Press* on February 27 he said, "It seems to me that the most grievous instance of what I'm talking about is the long support of silence, of the war, by the American Church. And I really cannot recognize in that kind of leadership the figure of Christ."

In a society of institutions which tend to solve minor problems but overlook the more basic ones, it is necessary to develop people committed to upsetting those institutions, according to theologian Richard Shaull, while taking new initiatives—and willing to pay the price of such subversive acts which quite possibly might not be appreciated. Daniel Berrigan has been willing to pay the price.

—eric andrus

The "Un"-Program

It has almost become a revered Notre Dame tradition to continue, at various times and through various methods, the dialogue of a "Christian University." There is always a gap, however, between rhetoric and action. The building of bridges, supposedly the major concern of Notre Dame, seems in the past to have been at best a succession of unconnected pillars and dangling cables. For the past three years, the Program for the Study of Non-Violence has been the most promising attempt to realize such a bridge, but now it, too, totters uncertainly, and the precipice seems ever wider.

The basic problem facing the Program is finances. The Program originated and has been sustained through a \$100,000 grant from the Gulf Oil Corporation. This has been exhausted, and there is, at present, no prospect for renewal.

The department has thus been tentatively reduced to a "paper program"; a sort of limbo in which professors of various departments may cross-list their courses under Non-Violence, but none of the actual Non-Violence courses will be offered. The loss of the seminars does not kill the Program, but it could very well be a crippling blow.

A natural effort to avoid such consequences leads to examination and evaluation of the progress and potential of the Program. The lack of funds has, therefore, been a catalyst to once again defining the Program concretely and determining its direction.

Basil O'Leary, faculty member of the Program, began the task with a comprehensive report of past actions and ideal plans for the study of non-violence. The paper presents the philosophy of the Program within the three equally important areas of knowledge, social action and community. It is from this basis that the dialogue to preserve the Program has been opened.

Mr. O'Leary himself acknowledges problems within the department.



"Basically, the Program has been stagnant for two years," he says in discussing the paper. "Maury (Fr. Maurice Amen, former co-director of the Program) just had too many more important jobs to do." Also of concern, he contends, are the various misconceptions held by members of the University who have had limited exposure to the Program; such as labeling the Program a function of the "Peace Movement" with an indoctrinating ideology, or considering the Program a fad and vehicle for an easy grade.

Tom Theis, a graduate student in engineering who conducts three Non-Violence seminars, carries the idea further in seeing a conflict of the program with the traditional academic contest of inquiry. He allows that an attitude opposed to the Program could exist because it calls into question other predominant values and structures of the University.

Mr. Theis stresses the importance of directing the study of non-violence

within a community structure. Indeed, one of the aspects of the future development of the Program in its basic form is the establishment of the community function on several levels, including the possibility of faculty and students sharing housing in South Bend; Mr. Theis, however, feels achievement of this factor has been thwarted by the traditional emphasis of academic over experiential knowledge. "I'm not trying to be antagonistic, but you have to understand that there is a conflict of interest," he says, adding that open confrontation in this area will only be damaging, but that a definition of priorities in the University is necessary for extensive development of the Non-Violence Program to be possible.

Mr. O'Leary discounts such a conflict, but does agree that the community function is presently the weakest aspect of the program. "Actually, the communal experience must serve as a focusing of the inquiry into non-violence," he explains,

"and development in this area is vital to the Program."

While the realization of the community deals mostly with the personal finances of a student or faculty member, the whole function of the community must revolve around the knowledge aspects of its existence. Mr. O'Leary writes, "The communal experience, failing to be oriented to a goal beyond itself, suffocates in narcissistic stupor; unenlightened about its own procedures, it succumbs to internal conflict." Thus this aspect ultimately falls back upon a coordinated academic aspect of the Program.

The third aspect of the Program, concurrent with knowledge and community, is social action. Father Don McNeill, a relatively new face on campus, has involved himself with this aspect. His course, "Theology and Community Service," is cross-listed under Non-Violence and Theo-

logy for next semester, but Fr. McNeill feels this may not be enough. "The question is leadership, involved with the integration of all aspects of the non-violence theme with all the many and varied disciplines."

While acknowledging that involvement of the course with the Program will add many elements into the content and form of his teaching, Fr. McNeill sees a great risk involved with diffusing the Program into many courses with no self-contained seminars at the center. "While a renewed interest in the Program could come about, there is also the possibility of a weakness of theme or loss of interest with only cross-listed courses offered."

So the Program for Non-Violence now has a definite direction and outline, and, utilizing the ideas of Mr. O'Leary, could quite possibly develop promisingly in the next year or two, provided it can receive financial support. To help relieve the money

bind, Mr. O'Leary has offered to work without pay during the fall semester restructuring the Program. But will even minimal funds become available for the department?

At least for the present, the continuation of the Program is dependent on the possibility of a grant or other outside source of income. Funding from the University can largely be ruled out due to its own problems with finances.

Yet, the situation seems to require the University to look beyond dollar signs as final in determining its curriculum. The department of Non-Violence should be incorporated into the University, as would probably be necessary eventually if the Program did develop well; if fully developed, the Program would be invaluable, even indispensable, in finally realizing and distinguishing the long-sought institution of a Christian University.

—john moore

Alumni Conference

In recent years the presidents of Notre Dame's Alumni Clubs throughout the country have been serving double duty as Alumni Senators from their respective clubs. The reason for their added title and labor is to achieve a broader perspective on life within the Notre Dame community. In the spring of each year, these men return to campus for three days to find out just what is going on within the hallowed halls of their *alma mater*. This year's session began on Thursday, May 4, and will continue to noon, Saturday, May 6.

According to Michael Jordan, Assistant Alumni Secretary of the Alumni Association, this session of the Senate "hopes to foster the development of some communication between the alumni and the student." Among the means of achieving this will be the housing of at least a portion of the alumni in the student residence halls, a dinner for the alumni and their student roommates, presentations by the Student-

Alumni Relations Group and a presentation by a panel of Student Affairs administrators. This panel will include Rev. Thomas E. Blantz, Rev. James L. Riehle, Rev. Thomas E. Chambers, and Rev. William A. Toohey. Jordan noted that last year the housing of alumni was successful in all cases but one. (That case involved an alumnus turning in his roommates for parietal violations.) This year Mr. Jordan is hoping for a total success. He believes this can be achieved if the students and alumni respond to each other as individuals concerned with the same dilemma—making Notre Dame a better place to spend four years.

One of the issues to which the Alumni Senate will address itself is the problem of the acclimatization of the alumni to the liberalized atmosphere on the campus today (parietals and the coming of coeducation). Mr. Jordan feels that the response thus far has been favorable. He feels the alumni have shown a "great deal of toleration for" the

"new" which is so foreign to their own memories of Notre Dame. At the same time Mr. Jordan feels that the students should remember that the alumni are students from another era. The Notre Dame they remember was stricter in its rulings on student life, and much more in tune with pre-Vatican II Catholicism.

What the Alumni Senate is trying to do for the students includes a willingness to work with them in their search for summer jobs in their home areas. It is hoped that the products of this year's meeting will include the establishment of workshops set up regionally to work towards this goal and toward that of simply promoting the University. Perhaps by working with them on the homefront the students can change relations with the alumni to such an extent that there is no longer such a wide gap between the alumni and student views on life at the University.

—joe runde

The Forgotten People

There is an air of disenchantment regarding the circumstances in which a mentally retarded individual lives and grows and focuses on his situation in our society. Because of overwhelming public disinterest and general ignorance, society has allowed itself to create a powerful weapon for isolating its retarded people. It begins with a stereotype—"normal people demonstrate, customarily, an ability to think rationally and quickly." If a person exhibits a slowness in learning, then, he is stigmatized as being abnormal and unsuitable.

The stigma attached to the retardate has a deeply discrediting identity and its results are devastating. The retardate cannot avoid the sense of knowing that other people do not really care about him. The lack of caring is demonstrative of the current sentiment toward retarded people, a sentiment characterized by indifference and ignorance. This sentiment dehumanizes the retarded individual and results in needless restrictions imposed upon him. The disregard can only be remedied by an active concern for retarded people, a responsibility which we as a society have yet to accept.

Society's lack of concern for the mentally retarded can be readily discerned in governmental policies. First of all, the Federal government has made no national commitment to publicize the information regarding the etiology of mental retardation revealed by the research of medical and behavioral scientists. For instance, there is a common belief that the primary cause of retardation is organic when, in fact, has close to 80% non-organic causes. The preventive health measures suggested by research teams have virtually been ignored. Secondly, the federal and state judicial systems do not specify the legal

rights of the mentally handicapped. For example, a diagnosis of mental retardation is used as a reason for excluding a child from public education. A low intelligence quotient thus equals denial of the right to education.

Probably the most negligent policy of government, and certainly the most efficacious in keeping services for the retarded inadequate, is in the area of government spending. Funds to be appropriated to the Department of Mental Health are always a prime target for cutbacks when state budgets are trimmed. For example, Indiana presently ranks fifty-third, behind all the other states, Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands, in appropriating funds for its retarded citizens. Governor Whitcomb and the state legislators refuse to use federal funds available under the 1967 Amendments to the Social Security Act. Such a practice is not easily justified in light of its devastating consequences on the programs denied the money.

The pervasiveness of this neglect is revealed in its fullness in viewing the actual treatment a retarded person receives. Large segments of the retarded population continue to be denied educational services. Many states do not require school systems to provide any education to the mentally retarded.

A further crippling problem of education for the mentally retarded is a shortage of properly trained and qualified special education teachers. Special teaching techniques and unusual personal qualifications are necessary to deal with the full range of educational needs of all retarded individuals. Untrained teachers are often guilty of unrealistic expectations and negative attitudes. In spite of these factors, many educational institutions and agencies for the retarded employ untrained teachers.

While such a practice eventually educates the teacher, an incredible amount of time and energy is expended in personal adjustment and experimentation at the expense of the retarded child's education. The nearby Logan School has only one teacher with a degree in special education.

Another area of treatment woefully neglected is residential care facilities. Data from research studies indicate the need for a revamping of the present institutional system, yet, nothing has been done. The majority of the institutions in America still provide merely custodial care since most are large, overcrowded and impersonal. Often a retarded person in an institution must cope with a lack of affection, a lack of positive re-inforcement for gains in development, a lack of personal possessions, dependency on conformity and a lack of meaningful relationships. These factors could create, let alone sustain, emotional and mental deficiencies. Frequently, basic health and safety standards are not met. Oftentimes, the physical environment is a source of unrelieved sensory and cultural deprivation.

The appalling impact of the overall disregard for the retarded individual is intensified further when one views three additional factors. First of all, the number of mentally retarded people in the United States is approximately six to seven million people. Secondly, the very denial of care adversely affects the growth and development of these people. Thirdly, the predicament faced by a retarded child places the parents in double jeopardy. On one hand, the diagnosis of mental retardation has a great emotional impact on the parents initially characterized by guilt, confusion and damage to their own self-esteem. On the other hand, the parents in the absence of effective public institutions, must begin to provide, in the best manner possible, for their retarded child's development.

Society needs to understand and accept the retarded person as the unique human being he really is. Retardation is more a life style than a disease syndrome. The retarded person's behavior is determined, in part, by his health and intellectual impairment. However, a far greater



part of his behavior is due to what has happened to him. He often cannot withstand the bleakness, harshness and the brutalities of the life imposed on him. The problems he experiences in living are created by society. These problems can be alleviated.

The mentally handicapped person never feels that he is a tragedy until he sees it in the faces of those around him. His self-esteem and self-awareness are reduced by the feelings and attitudes projected upon him.

What causes the feelings of denial and repulsion as experienced by the members of society toward the retarded individual? Is there a need for only stimulating relationships in one's life? It is certainly easier to keep one's personal relationships narrowed to those who think and function alike. Contact with a retarded person can arouse feelings of personal powerlessness and insignificance. The nature of these feelings compels society and its individual members to ask what is wrong with themselves.

The mentally retarded are not only receivers, they also bestow their gifts. Association with them is just as enriching as with other fellow

human beings. Many things can be learned from them. An understanding of these exceptional people, who in their own way represent simplified models of life, can lead one to a deeper appreciation of life. In a relationship with a retarded individual, learning is not always channeled through the head as our value system would have us believe; more often it passes through the heart. Only if the heart is deeply committed on both sides will the mentally retarded contribute to another's enrichment.

People, then, must work through their own feelings of guilt, revulsion, condescension and indifference, and respond in a mature way to the mentally retarded person. A struggle with the enigmatic predicament is necessary before a healthy outlook can be developed. Positive acceptance of the retardate is achieved only when there is an appreciation for his individuality, a pride in his assets and a tolerance for his shortcomings. The more favorable the relationship between the retarded person and the people in his world, the more stable and self-possessed he will be and the greater the happiness of everyone. It is, finally, the responsibility of the general public to provide the oppor-

tunities for maximum growth and development consistent with the individual's handicap.

In light of society's past indifference, a new commitment to a more compassionate understanding of the mentally retarded is urgent. An improvement in existing instrumentation and programs, and the creation of new ones is essential. Despite the pervasive neglect, public attention and support shows signs of rising.

The areas open to activity in favor of better care for the mentally retarded are numerous. Re-education and pressure on legislators and governmental agencies is imperative. Research findings should be widely disseminated. State health service programs should include care to the retarded in a more explicit fashion. The courtroom has the potential to alleviate many of the retardate's dilemmas. Advances in treatment must also be stressed. Such as special education classes, the training of special teachers and teaching and maladaptive behavior techniques. Pressure also must be placed on institutions and agencies with regard to care and therapy.

More professional people must enlist their services. Certain local professors such as Thomas Schaffer, Charles Murdock, Richard Kurtz, Harvey Bender, Thomas Whitman, Julian Pleasants and Harold Isbell are noteworthy individual exceptions in contributing their time and efforts.

There is also a need for implementation of better residential services to insure normalization for retarded people. The retarded child or adult has the right to live a normal or nearly normal life in the community. He has the right to use community facilities, to provide for his own happiness and to become, in so far as he is able, a productive and contributory member of society. Services such as a Day Care Center, a Child Development Center, an Adolescent Development Center and a Vocational Development Center must be provided.

Finally, a continuous program of re-education for the general public must be offered, aimed at a warmer and more accepting attitude toward the mentally retarded. The achievement of their destiny by these precious people is the responsibility of us all.

—bill greeley

Where Do We Go From Here?

As another May approaches, the already strained United States economy will again be put under extreme pressure as more college seniors than ever before will be graduating and going out to "face the world." In addition, there will be a multitude of undergraduates and even high school juniors and seniors who will be in search of summer jobs. If last year is any indication of things to come, the summer promises to be another long, hot one in the job market. However, the overall economy has shown improvements since last year, as has the inflation.

A close look at the senior class of 1972 turns up many interesting findings. 1972 finds an increasing number of N.D. seniors applying to law and medical schools, but a decrease in the number of general graduate school applications. This decrease can be attributed to the lack of funds in both the government and private scholarship and fellowship areas to help support graduate school acceptances. The people currently not going to grad school, will undoubtedly be joining the search for employment.

According to the Placement Bureau, from whom the exact figures are not yet available, the number of accounting jobs is by far the highest of all fields. For this year and last, the Bureau reports that more than half of the people interviewed at N.D. for accounting jobs got them.

Notre Dame graduates are found to make more than \$500 more than the national collegiate average in the field of accounting. They also will make more, perhaps to a lesser degree, in other areas that interest them. Yet, many seniors are still undecided as to their career choice. Placement stresses that when a stu-

dent comes in for an interview, he should have a strong idea of what he would like to do. Interviewers can sense when a student is undecided and is using the interview more for counseling than for an employment opportunity. Placement predicts that 90% of the seniors who do no post-graduate work, will have jobs, and perhaps 8% will not. This 8% may join Volunteer organizations or enter the military, or they may simply bide their time until they find themselves and are ready to cope with the current situation.

A significant number of seniors are planning to enter areas other than employment or graduate school. At present there are 75 seniors who have been accepted to the Peace Corps program. These people will have the opportunity to think about the future for a year, while at the same time help improve conditions in poverty stricken countries. Many of these volunteers feel that the experience will be able to alter for the better or strengthen their own value systems, improving their own lives. Vista offers essentially the same program, with the exception of the location, which is limited to poverty areas in America.

Summer jobs are also limited, although not quite as much as last year. It is a fair assumption that the majority of Notre Dame undergraduates have jobs lined up for the summer. Unfortunately in so many of these cases, the position is often not the student's preference, but rather the only available opening for him.

Additional problems are encountered by Notre Dame students. Many return home only at Christmas and Easter and must compete with young people living in the area year-round. Employers invariably choose

people who are working already as part-time help.

The Placement Bureau at Notre Dame has been able to find many jobs for qualified students for the upcoming summer. The bureau receives a variety of literature from businesses interested in hiring summer people in specific fields. The programs are based on an "internship," which simply means that a company hires a student who has the knowledge to handle what the employer wants done. Some of the many opportunities available are included in Business Administration, i.e. accounting, management, finance, and marketing. Engineers are being sought to work summer internships for many national concerns. Proctor & Gamble has conducted interviews at the Administration Building this spring to aid in screening applicants for internships. Large corporations such as Xerox, Bell System (ATT), and Mobil Oil are all involved in summer programs to interest the students in company business, and to act as good will ambassadors when they return to their campuses. Local businesses in the South Bend area, such as Associates Inc., are also interested in Notre Dame students in particular, as prospective employees.

Placement also receives information from U.S. Government related organizations with regard to summer positions and careers. The Department of Health, Education, and Welfare (HEW), Civil Service Commission (CSC), National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA), Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC), National Park Service, public utilities, and even transportation companies such as the Chicago Transit Authority and American Railway will be considering summer applicants from colleges, looking for people in business, engineering science and laboratory work, as well as Arts and Letters.

Additional information regarding summer jobs can be obtained from the Placement Bureau, located on the first floor of the Administration building. Mr. R. D. Willemin, director of the Bureau, says that many opportunities are yet available for summer openings; students are recommended to investigate these possibilities.

—mark l. wenig

Understanding the Generalist

Several years ago, General Program faculty say, a man from Purdue University came to Notre Dame to sell cookbooks. The poor fellow soon realized he had no market; the University here has no home economics department or anything remotely related.

But he was a good salesman, not easily discouraged. He picked up a class catalogue listing the various departments on campus and, lo and behold, his eyes fell upon the General Program of Liberal Studies (GP). "Just the place I'm looking for," he evidently thought, and dutifully left his shipment of cookbooks in the GP office.

Quirks of this nature, however, are not new to GP. Not many people outside the program know what GP is concerned with, and its name gives little direction to the uninitiated.

Actually, there is little mystery in the three-year program. GP students and faculty investigate central and permanent human questions by reading, discussing and writing about the best books in both Western and Eastern traditions.

GP students begin work on this major in their sophomore year. A particular and new flavor strikes any fledging major, something of implicit friendliness with an undertone of seriousness.

Dr. Harold Moore, at 25 one of the youngest members of the faculty, points to constant and strong interaction between faculty and students, especially by discussion, as the means to philosophically substantive inquiry.

A good part of the familiarity so evident among General Program people is caused by the smallness of classes, which average between 15 and 20 students. And the same people come into repeated contact with one another in various classes for three years, encouraging a certain ease and confidence.

There is no in-principle limit on the areas of inquiry; every topic is fair game. This, however, does not mean superficiality in examination of pertinent topics, nor does it mean that the program is structured in a haphazard fashion.

Quite the contrary is true. The list of necessary courses may seem prohibitive to a student who likes to study by choosing many electives, and the lack of more electives has on occasion been criticized by GP students.

However, the scope of the necessary courses is as comprehensive as possible without falling into shabby study methods. The General Program has an interdisciplinary approach to the Liberal Arts, and it integrates a penetrating study of philosophy, literature, theology, politics, history, science and the fine arts into a refined world view.

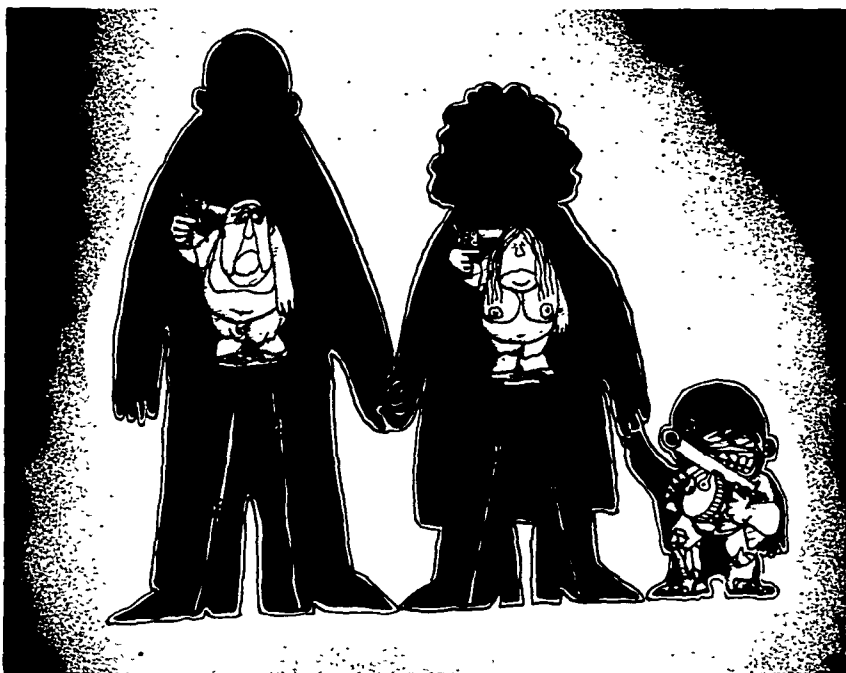
When a student first enters the General Program he is justifiably awed by the immense amounts of reading to be done. One of the major keys to success in GP is consistent and long, long hours of reading.

But, as Dr. John J. Lyon puts it, "You read primary material, the best ever written," dealing with questions of human purpose, meaning and destiny.

Usually, Dr. Lyon says, students in many of the other disciplines read *about* Locke, Hobbes, Weber, Descartes, Camus, Plutarch, Plato, Hegel, Dostoyevsky, Einstein, Hume, Spinoza, Burke, Kant, Virgil and hundreds of others; in GP students read the original works. As the reading is done and students have done some reflection, they gather and discuss the meanings and implications of the great thinkers.

Much of this sort of analysis takes place in the Great Books Reading Seminars which constitute 24 credit hours in three years. At bottom, Dr. Moore says, education is dialectical, much like Plato's dialogues, and this is what the seminars and other classes try to achieve.

Dr. Walter J. Nicgorski, another faculty member, points to the open-



ness of questioning promoted by a seminar. Add to this the familiarity of students and teachers, and the doors are wide open to provoking and stimulating discussions.

Relatively few facts are taught in the General Program. Rather, ideas, concepts and the ability to think are developed. A senior graduating from the General Program should have a solid background in the Liberal Arts and a well-developed ability to express himself. Few tests are given in GP; a concentrated effort is made instead to encourage the writing of coherent papers which examine questions the world's greatest minds have sought to answer.

Students entering the General Program, and many who are now graduating, are often not sure about their careers. Several GP faculty, including Drs. Jill Whitney and Deirdre La Porte, noted that indecision concerning careers goes across the board in colleges, and is not unique to GP. Still, they noted, students in GP are more likely to postpone a career decision; most are intent simply on getting an education, not a vocation. Dr. Michael J. Crowe, chairman of the department, though, says once a decision is made, students do follow through.

Recently a study was made to see what GP students do after graduation. Any information attainable concerning graduates from 1954 to 1961 was used. In the study, careers were divided into four main areas followed by the number of graduates in each field. The results are: business 34; law, 35, education 22, and miscellaneous, 17. The survey ends with the conclusion that 70 or more of the 108 people in the study have one or more advanced degrees. Slightly more than half hold doctorates: 36 in law, 17 in academic fields, and two in medicine.

These statistics would seem to dispel one of the greatest apprehensions about the General Program. When they are considered along with such advantages as the small classes, the accessibility of faculty, and the nature of the material covered, the General Program seems to be a good argument against the emphasis on specialization that is plaguing, to a greater or lesser extent, nearly every other program of academic pursuit.

—*ernest szaz*

MICHIANA WALK FOR DEVELOPMENT

Sat., May 13, at Potawatomie Park

8:00 registration 9:00 start

25-mile walk in South Bend

Sponsored by Young World Development

call 272-2453 or 289-5133

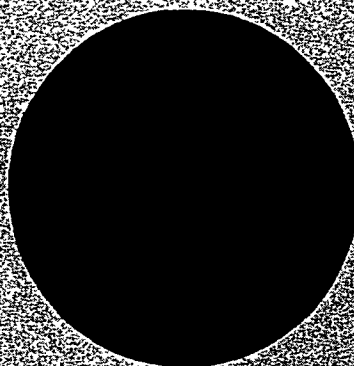
Juggler Poets

Poetry Reading

READINGS BY STUDENTS:

Rick Fitzgerald
Dan O'Donnell
Mary Pat Quinlan
John Coury
Gary Robinson
Cathy Wolf
Jim Wilson and
Eileen Dugan

Library Auditorium
Sunday, May 7, 2 p.m.



THE GHOSTS OF FOUR YEARS: THE SENIOR EXPERIENCE



The Ghosts

the campus was a satellite in a lonely void

MEMORIES, like phantoms, come unannounced and fleeting without any pretensions to rationale or, seemingly, order. Their coming stirs the mind much the same way the appearance of a ghost might stir the emotions. What sort of apparitions will the recall of Notre Dame bring? An examination and ordering of the memories of this year's seniors would provide an accurate recounting of a period of great change for Notre Dame and the seniors themselves.

When the class of '72 entered the University as freshmen, they found the school not too far removed from the tradition of the private, Catholic college of the 1930's. Girls were seen in the dorms between the hours of 10:00 a.m. and 1:30 p.m. and from 4:30 p.m. to 6 p.m. on football Saturdays only. The public *and private* consumption of alcohol was forbidden. (The quiet, private use by one or two individuals in a dorm room was sanctioned by some unwritten law.) Mass checks were recent enough that students still "felt" the rector's disapproving glance fall upon them if they had not made Mass during the week. The freshman curriculum was strict and unalterable; Calculus was a must and two semesters of Composition and Literature were required of everyone. Student Government, under the leadership of Richard Rossi, involved the student body and was a strong force in the implementation of changes to come. The *Observer* was a radical *left-wing* "rag." The campus was untouched by the outside world and often seemed to be a satellite flung out into a lonely void.

WHEN asked about the past four years at Notre Dame, most of the seniors interviewed commented first on the great social change. In 1968, a monastic gloom

pervaded the residence halls. Fr. Hesburgh had threatened to expel a thousand rather than accept parietals. One R.A. commented that when a freshman had a date, it was such a novelty that his friends would watch him and follow him about as he prepared for the occasion.

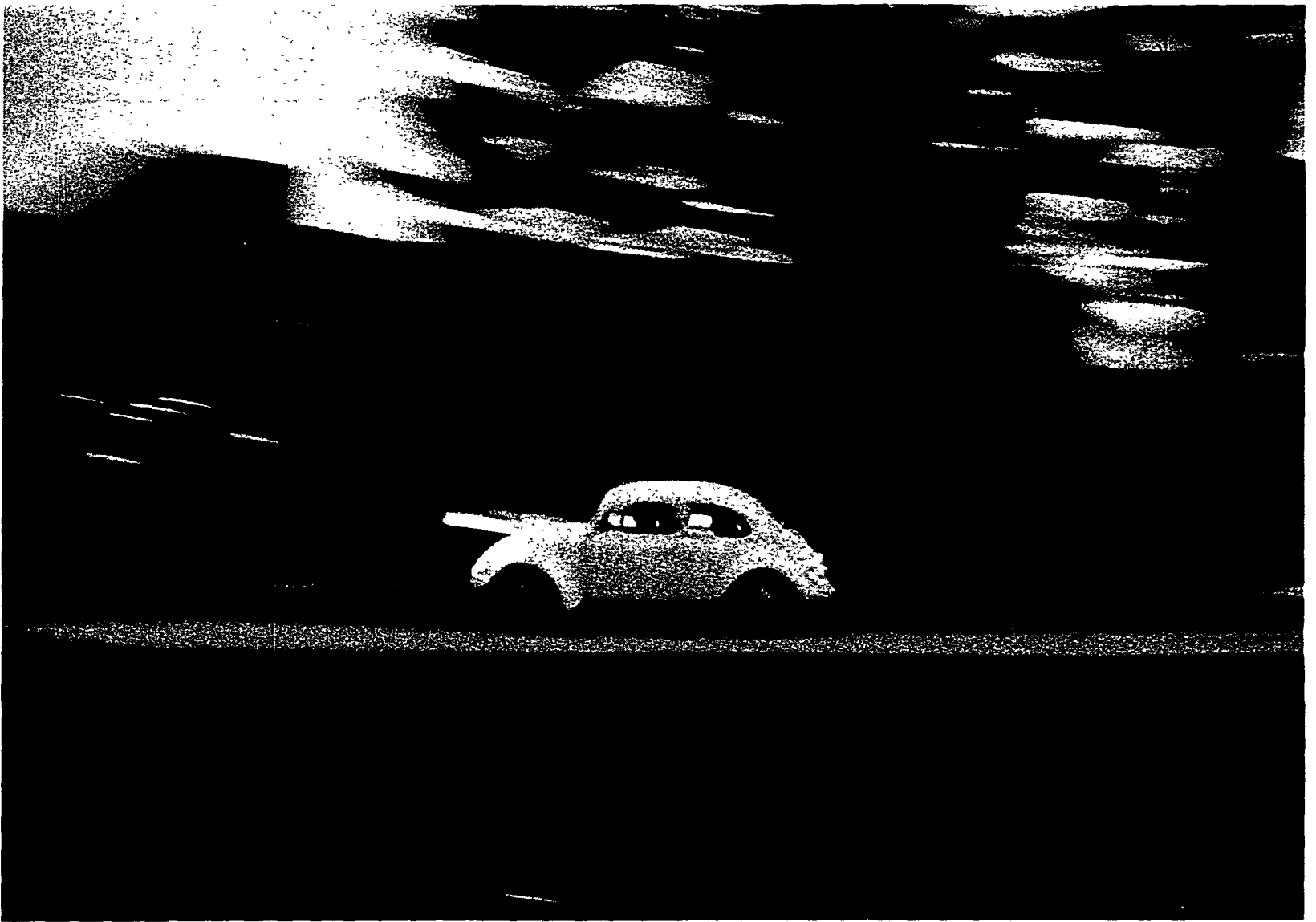
Football weekends were the only festive and legitimate social outlets. Hence, many students sought to "pack a lot of livin'" into a football weekend. These were typified by Mishawaka parties and beer blasts held in convenient barns.

On St. Patrick's Day that spring, things changed. The newly founded Lay Board of Trustees approved visiting and drinking privileges. The fellowship resulting from the shared loneliness and misery of the halls was dealt a blow from which it would not recover. The sign-in rule was only half-heartedly enforced, and a new brightness of freedom made the dark corridors of Dillon, Breen-Phillips and Lyons a bit lighter.

The campus politics were in their glory that year. Richard Rossi, a power politician who had won the largest majority in Student Government history, found his position challenged on the alleged misuse of funds. A recall vote provided Rossi with a great vote of confidence. Converting this interest in student politics into interest in national politics led to the protest against on-campus recruiting by the CIA and Dow Chemical. The fifteen-minute rule followed this in February.

December saw the opening of the Athletic and Convocation Center, which did not sink into the spring mud, despite predictions.

The infamous Pornography Conference took place that year. It was raided by police from South Bend



armed with a warrant and mace. The films to be shown were carried off and their "criminal contents" were examined downtown. The action was later declared unconstitutional by the Indiana Supreme Court.

FALL of 1969 saw two new programs on campus—The Program for the Study of Non-Violence and the Co-Ex Program. Girls were not so rare. Indeed, their presence on campus grew commonplace.

The Moratorium was followed in November with a mammoth demonstration in Washington in which many Notre Dame-St. Mary's students participated. Later in the year, in the spring, the strike would cap off the year's political interest with a massive demonstration, classes called off and 20,000 signatures on a petition written by Father Hesburgh. Newly elected SBP Krashna called for a "strike of unlimited duration" despite Fr. Hesburgh's request that the students not strike. The Kent State killings introduced a note

of disbelief and somberness.

The "Princeton Plan" was proposed, by which there would be a ten day break in the middle of the fall term of the following year to enable the students to go home to campaign for their favorite candidates. The decision on this plan was delayed until the following fall.

On the academic side, the year saw the slackening of requirements and the dropping of the honor code. Theology and Philosophy requirements were cut back, and there was talk of an alternative to freshman calculus.

Alcohol was becoming more and more widely used. Bars in newly created triples and quads were in vogue. The keg party became a campus institution, as the Irish attempted to live up to the legacy of the race that created Guinness.

The year also saw the eruption of the Nutting campaign, which agitated for the creation of a Chancellor-President system. This favored the elevation of Fr. Hesburgh to the Chancellorship and the appointment of Dr. Willis Nutting as President.

both notre dame and the student have been transformed



THE fall of 1970 was anti-climactic. It was the beginning of the sense of apathy that was to rule the campus the next two years. The Princeton Plan was considered and defeated. Hardly 50% of the student body bothered to vote.

With the dramatic resignation of Dave Bach, the *Observer* was forced to shut down. After a week of office politics, Glen Corso was appointed editor and publication resumed.

The Administration underwent structural changes with the creation of the office of Provost. This post was filled by Fr. James T. Burtchaell. The strange issue of tenure loomed into student view as half concealed feelings and attitudes ran through the faculty and administration. Carl Estabrook and John Williams of the History Department were refused tenure and a minor uproar ensued, though the decision remained unchanged.

Co-ex was bigger and better. St. Mary's students even entered majors offered only at Notre Dame. Psychologically, the schools seemed already merged.

With the start of the fall semester, the class of '72 began its last go-round. The merger was on and the tide of co-ex students rose to flood proportions. The grunt and roar of shuttle busses (and the art of dodging them) became familiar to the campus. The Trustees announced a crackdown on public drinking and parietal violations. The seniors, accustomed to far stricter injunctions, hardly seemed to notice. Girls were just as evident in the halls and the new statement from the Board of Trustees appeared to be only a paper rule. The frequency with which girls were to be found in the halls indicated that the underclassmen believed that they had the ability, as well as the right, to fraternize with the opposite sex.

Returning from Thanksgiving, the students of the Notre Dame St. Mary's community were rocked by the news of the non-merger. St. Mary's erupted in vociferous protest against the nuns, whom they felt had betrayed them, and Frs. Hesburgh and Burtchaell,

whom they accused of being "male chauvinists." The apathetic tone of the previous fall carried over to this issue on the male campus. Hardly a voice of protest was heard.

The second semester brought the seniors a plethora of planning. Talk of Law Boards and Med School became endemic, as did groaning about the depressed job market.

The senior has a unique vantage point from which he can look into the past and be unaffected by what is to come. Thus, he can talk impartially about his experiences. During his four years here both Notre Dame and he, himself, have been transformed. Relations with the opposite sex seem to have taken on a more relaxed and casual air. The sight of girls on campus is no more eye-raising than it would be at any co-ed institution.

MANY changes become evident only in retrospect. The religious attitudes of four years ago have been transformed. The pews are long since gone from the chapels. The clerical presence on campus seems to have faded to a mere ghost of its formal self. Mass checks are something that no one knows about. Confession has evolved into an intensely personal form of consultation for some few and has faded into a non-entity for most others. Attendance at Mass has dropped till it is only a dim shadow of what it used to be. However, a new sense of altruism and service has infected many. In three days of recruiting during the spring semester over 1,000 students signed up for tutoring programs.

Notre Dame has not grown easier academically, but the former atmosphere of scholastic discipline has melted away. Cutting classes seems to have become a way of life for many. The university three cut policy is a memory in the minds of upperclassmen. Vacations have become amorphous, with people starting to disappear up to a week in advance with similar liberality about returning. After years of talking about them, electives have become a fact of student life. Many could not conceive of it being otherwise.

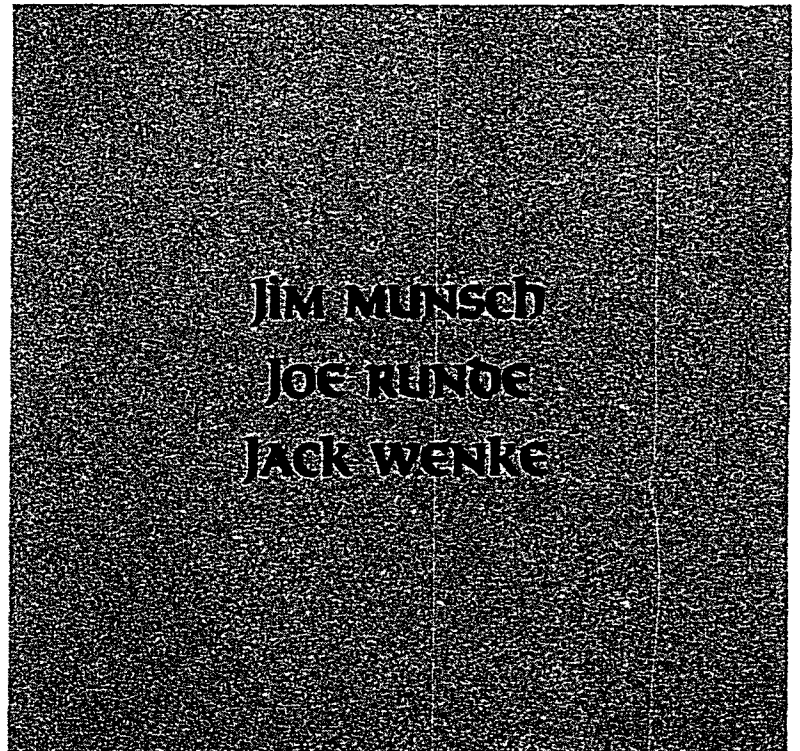
The political consciousness has returned to what is probably normal. It is even in style for many to snicker at anti-war demonstrations again. The rhetoric of the left has shrunk from its Brobdingnagian proportions into a quieter, more realistically time-conscious and practical form.

A university has a truncated sense of the past. This year's graduating seniors have seen the end of a cultural tradition wherein student life was ruled by administrative fiat. They have witnessed the passing of a

political crisis, the transformation of campus life, the removal of four year requirements, the transfiguration of campus religious attitudes and the entry of a freshman class that has little consciousness that things were ever much different than at present:

Subtle, important changes have taken place within the seniors themselves. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, water fights and pillow fights became less frequent and stopped. Maturity crept up on many people during the last four years. A growing sense of social ease and dexterity, born of experience, became acquired traits of many. Some even seemed to get an education. Notre Dame not only looks different to graduating seniors, but they see it through different eyes. The two types of change often blurred by each other were oftentimes related.

So the truncation takes place again. These memories pass like ghosts into another dimension. There are new phantoms to come.



American Cinema: Rebirth in Dallas



DALLAS is a city of contradictions. Proclaimed by many as the cultural center of the Southwest, it abounds in its number of art museums, community theaters and symphonies. It also abounds in the number of porno houses, ranking third in the country in the production and distribution of pornographic movies. And yet, Dallas is a city whose mayor banned the presentation of "Hair," calling the rock-musical too politically radical for the local citizenry (soon after, "Hair" was raided and closed downstate, in Houston).

Dallas is on the first-run circuit for new American and European films. Yet, because local papers refuse to advertise X-rated movies, Stanley Kubrick's "A Clockwork Orange" was forced to premiere in neighboring Forth Worth. Dallas boasts of its status as an All-American city, and the decorative tri-color shields appear all along the intricate downtown freeway system. But Dallas is also a city with one of the highest crime rates in the world. It's a fast-moving business town, wide open for entrepreneurs who have nothing but lots of ideas and energy. But it's a city with stark contrasts between the affluent sections of North Dallas and the poor Black and Chicano areas of South Dallas. It's the home of Communist-welfare-mother-student-radical hunter H. L. Hunt, who reputedly pays no income tax on his multi-millions. And it's a city whose courts two years ago handed down a 1,500-year prison sentence to a Mexican-American robber.

Dallas has year-round summer weather, green grass, cactus plants and exploding azalea bushes. Yet, within this garden-like atmosphere it's still hard to forget the grotesqueness of the events surrounding the Texas Book Depository in November of 1963. Pickup trucks with rifles racked across the rear window, police helicopters and shepherd dogs in public view, and John

The second annual USA Film Festival opened March 19 in the Bob Hope Theater at Southern Methodist University. The seven day and night festival devoted to the resurgence of the American movie and to new movie-makers, each year showcases one classic American director; this year's choice, Frank Capra, was in Dallas to present a selected retrospective of his own films, from the 1930's and 1940's. In addition, twenty-nine 1972 award-winning films were chosen by a panel of ten nationally recognized critics from a field of several hundred entries. The one category for entries to Festival competition was The Movie. Unlike most other festivals, USA offered no separate categories for the 8 mm Movie, the Hollywood Movie, the Documentary Movie, the 35 mm Movie, the Detective Movie, or the Experimental Movie. The selection committee simply chose the best 40 hours of yet-unreleased movies and gave sellout audiences throughout the week a chance to rub elbows with the people who made and appeared in these films. Several of the films with a likelihood of popular distribution are reviewed here, along with some general impressions of the author, Kevin McKiernan, a first year law student; several of the reviews had to be deleted due to space limitations.

Bircher news editorials — these tend to remind one where he is.

Camp Wonderland, a description for Southern Methodist University coined tongue-in-cheek by an anthropology professor, was bathing in 85° sunshine when the USA Film Festival opened its doors in the air-conditioned Bobe Hope Theater on March 19. Red, white and blue banners adorned the glassed-in lobby of the 400-seat theater. Old movie posters and 35-mm frames blown up to life size were draped on the walls and balconies. Movieolas, stereopticon, cameras and an antique but operative popcorn machine were on display. An indoor-outdoor sidewalk cafe, surrounded by palm trees, offered Danish pastries and sandwiches to patrons during movie breaks. Hundreds of cinematography books, manuals and magazines were being fingered and bought at a corner bookseller's stall. And, in a gallery adjacent to the theater, aficionados of the U.S. cinema were browsing through Dennis Hopper's private art collection which included Andy Warhol's famous silk-screen of Marilyn Monroe, and, on a revolving platform, the 74-cubic-inch stars and stripes "Captain America" chopper ridden by Peter Fonda in "Easy Rider."

If the USA is any indication of overall film festival atmosphere, the tenor of audience behavior and response, as well as that of the festival producers, is a far cry from that of commercial or student-sponsored movies. At the USA Film Festival people seldom come late. They didn't talk to each other while the films played. They didn't eat lunches or make love in their seats. The sight of naked bodies on the screen didn't result in wholesale elbowing and guffawing. Their attention span exceeded five minutes. They didn't have to be titillated by high-cost, high-speed road chases, or elaborately constructed paint bags spectacularly detonated into violent pools of "techniquey" blood.

The single major purpose of a film festival is to provide new distribution channels for new films. With very few exceptions, these new films have never played before audiences. Anxious directors, producers and actors for the first time are able to gauge public reaction to their works. And reaction they get. People laugh, clap and even boo — responding as if they were at a stage play. Movies are an art — in fact, the one single art America has given to the world — and movie buffs are careful, experienced watchers. There is a sense of both reserved awe and unabashed exuberance, a respect for the overall integrity of the piece, as well as a critical eye for each of the frames which appears.

UNQUESTIONABLY, the finest film of the USA Festival was Joe Anthony's *Tomorrow*. Adapted from a William Faulkner short story by the same name, *Tomorrow* was shot in the heart of Faulkner country — in and near Tupelo, Mississippi, about forty-five miles southwest of Memphis. The film tells the story of a winter caretaker in a deserted, backwoods sawmill who finds a woman who has been raped and beaten. He takes her in, nurses her through her pregnancy, marries her on her deathbed and vows to bring up her baby boy.

Privately financed and heavily reliant on local talent, *Tomorrow* took three years and \$450,000 to pro-

duce. The film company received full cooperation and support not only from the officials of Tupelo but also from local business leaders and the local press. Townspeople, initially reserved and suspicious that the filmmakers might be making a plastic glorification of the antebellum South, soon came to take a personal pride in the production of the film and helped the crew, not only as extras and bit actors, but also by rooting through their attics, looking for clothes stashed away years ago which could be used as period pieces by the company. The old general store used in the film was reopened by an elderly widow who had closed it after the death of her husband twenty years earlier. Such local cooperation and friendliness, no doubt, aided the New York actors and actresses in successfully capturing the temper of the people, the character of the Mississippi land and the overall spirit of the region.

Jackson Fentry, the caretaker in *Tomorrow*, is played by Robert Duvall (*Mash*, *THX 1138*, *The Godfather*). The part of the outcast, Sarah Eubanks, is played by Olga Bellin, Polish immigrant and Broadway stage actress ("A Man for All Seasons" and "Protective Custody)."

movies have gotten very technical

Joseph Anthony returned to film directing after a ten-year hiatus for *Tomorrow*. "It began as a Playhouse 90 television adaptation by Horton Foote," he said to the audience following the show. "Then Foote was persuaded to do it as a play with Robert Duvall and Olga Bellin. So the movie adaptation is Horton's third for the Faulkner story. And since Robert and Olga played the same roles onstage, they had a long period in which to search into their characters. That doesn't happen too often."

Anthony was visibly moved after the film as he stepped to the stage to receive the cubic bronze sculpture "SAM," awarded to each winning director at the Festival. He apologized for his tears, commenting that he hadn't seen the finished *Tomorrow* in three months. "I know it's bad form to be moved by my own work — excuse me." The audience, visibly moved itself, had no choice but to do so.

DURING the two hours I later spent with Anthony, I asked him about *Tomorrow* and about his earlier Hollywood period. "I loathe thinking about that time in my career," he said. "I made a lot of bad pictures. I wanted all those big things Hollywood promises—fame, power, money. And I got them. I was famous, powerful and rich—but I almost lost my marriage along the way. So I fled Hollywood and all those Hal Wallaces."

As Anthony spoke I had trouble separating in my mind the straightforward intimacy of his words and vision from that of his characters in the film I had just seen. *Tomorrow* is a candid, unmechanized reflection of one lonely man and a proud-spirited, but ailing, woman. It is totally without self-consciousness. The

viewer is unaware of the director, the camera, or, for the most part, even the actors. It isn't a secret-through-a-rear-window-glimpse of private lives which the viewer feels embarrassed to witness. Nor is it a telescopic view of small people from a distance. There is great grief in these lives but, happily, no schmaltzy close-up shots of tears in corners of eyes. Anthony's style is lean and perfectly wedded to the leanness of the lives he portrays. Electric zoom shots and eye-dazzling color dissolves would somehow seem unworthy of these fragile, impoverished folk subsisting through a damp and barren Mississippi winter.

"Movies have gotten very technical," Anthony said. "And technology moves us away from people. I've seen so many married people who must make love in dark for fear they'd see who they are, so many men who after forty years with one woman have nothing at all to talk about. . . ." And ". . . what we seem to be losing in this country is a sense of responsiveness — the ability to respond to what we see and feel. There's something wrong with people's sense of emotion and feeling. Look at Ed Muskie. His wife is slandered in the press and we castigate him for his emotional defense of her before the TV cameras. A grown political man in tears because his wife is hurt — is something the matter with him or with the culture that damns the openness of those feelings?"

Anthony is as open and simple in conversation as Jackson Fentry and Sarah Eubanks are in their lives on the screen. Asked by a member of the audience if the stylized realism of his black-and-white film would set a trend for upcoming films, he responded by saying that he no longer was absorbed by trends and didn't care whether *Tomorrow* was a prototype for other directors to follow or not: "I don't have any great ambitions anymore. I chose black and white and this story because I could experience them. What I want now," he said, "are things within the length of my arm, things that are small, things that I can handle, touch, feel. . . ."

"With *Tomorrow* we were free to make discoveries on our own. We weren't working with people who were chasing the buck. Also, I felt that Faulkner had never been well adapted on film. Several times in his later life he went to Hollywood to watch his stories being filmed, but he always left disappointed after a few days. Look at *The Reivers*—that came out like a musical comedy. What Faulkner saw in the American character was unique. I'm sorry he didn't have the chance to see *Tomorrow's* reflection of that character on the screen" (William Faulkner died six months before *Tomorrow* was filmed).

Tomorrow opened last month in one small New York theater. It has been requested by the Canadian Film Festival and is expected to be entered at Cannes. But as yet it has no American distributor. "The film really scares the hell out of distributors," Anthony said. "It's in black and white, and it deals with a way of life that's not related to the tempo of our current lives. I guess it's just a little film with nothing to sell."

THE directors of the USA Festival thought that the best way to involve students of film—short of production work itself—was to put them in a position where



they could talk to the masters. Most of the involvement took place in half-hour intermissions between screenings of the winning films. At that time the director and actors from the last movie appeared on a stage which rose up from an orchestra pit in front of the screen. After accepting their "SAM" awards, they spent the remaining minutes fielding a diversity of questions which ran the gamut from queries about camera lens apertures to choices of particular actors or scenes. Perhaps significant of American cinema audiences in 1972, many more questions were asked of directors than were of the "stars."

The question-and-answer period following *Parades* was perhaps more volatile than any during the week. And not without reason. *Parades* is a simple-minded story of an uprising in a U.S. Army stockade triggered by the shotgunning of a soldier-inmate. The film seeks to explore the crosscurrents generated in a country torn by conflicting attitudes regarding war, patriotic duty and freedom of dissent. Filmed in and around an abandoned Florida prison camp, *Parades* is a transparent copy of the tragic inmate murder at the Presidio Stockade in California several years ago. And the audience knew it. But despite repeated criticism on this obvious similarity, producer-director Robert Siegel refused to admit any connection between the Presidio events and his fictional *Parades*.

But it seemed clear to all that screenwriter George Tabori had simply lifted his entire storyline from news articles surrounding the California tragedy. What Tabori added on his own were the all-too-familiar clichés: a stockade called "Fort Nix"; a sadistic, cigar-chomping drill sergeant; a paranoid chief officer (Capt. Jinks) whose camp is posted with "Obedience to Law Is Freedom" signs; protesters with "Screw the Army" placards; a young, wide-eyed, barefoot girl who sticks a flower in the rifle barrel of an advancing soldier; and a hypocritical chaplain whose service is morale, not

morality.

Parades utilizes the device of a film-within-a-film. Filmmakers who supposedly are shooting a documentary about Fort Nix eventually are drawn into the terror of the prisoners' lives inside the compound. The device backfires. By the final scene their film and equipment have been confiscated by the army and any semblance of viewer-objectivity has been co-opted. Co-opted by the contagion of violence which erupts when post guards open fire at the flower children demonstrators, à la Kent State? Perhaps that was the point Director Siegel wanted to make. But it seemed that all he really wanted to make was money—money that comes from giving audiences the stereotyped reflections of a military machine in a time when antiwar spirit runs fashionably deep in the American culture.

In the final scene, the robot-like inmates are scrubbing the protesters' blood from the fenced-in concrete of the prison compound. Despite their comrade's murder and despite the deaths of the flower children, army orders go on. And the men are still no more than organisms responding to their environment. OK? No. Not even technically. If *Parades* had any substance, Siegel might be forgiven for his technical shortcomings—for that red paint on the concrete, for those studio lights which double for watchtower searchlights, for the Daisy air rifles that sub for M-1's early in the film—but *Parades* has no substance. It's hard, we know, to make an antiwar film without overkilling the audience. But this is more than overkill, more than mere exaggeration. It is the self-conscious exploitation of what Siegel no doubt felt were ripe "Now Generation" sensibilities for peace in America.

However, those sensibilities hopefully will be gauged by the young man who yelled up to the stage at the end of the dialogue session, "I just hope the Presidio men never see this." At least the Dallas viewers weren't buying Robert Seigel's latest commercial.

animation lets you make a statement

Fritz the Cat is the first X-rated animated feature-length film I have ever seen. Having learned the cartoon vision of reality through the eyes of Walt Disney, I found this animated epic a revolutionary experience. The feature was adapted from the underground comic books of young satirist R. Crumb. Crumb was not present at the Festival, but his artistic technique was described by writer-director Ralph Bakshi as the "ashcan school of watercolor." Readers of "Zap Comix" will readily recognize the school from the hundreds of animated serials pumped out by Crumb during the last decade.

Bakshi, who created and designed two network cartoon series, "Mighty Heroes" and "Deputy Dog," as well as dozens of theatrical shorts, chose Crumb's feline playboy hippie Fritz for the film. *Fritz* cost over \$1 million and took thirty-five animators two years to complete. The result is a fascinating, though troublesome, extension of a familiar film art. It is a scathing, though disjointed, satire of both the Establishment and every anti-Establishment cause of the radical young of the 1960's.

Fritz is a pseudo-revolutionary college dropout in search of drugs, sex, Black culture, politics and freedom. He finds them all, of course, beginning with a bathtub orgy in New York and ending up in the traction ward of an L.A. hospital, after a Weatherman-like episode in which he helps a group of fanatic, hate-filled bombers blow up a power plant. The bathtub scene is one of the funniest of the entire satire, with at least a dozen cats, rabbits, aardvarks and assorted rodentia caught in a sex and dope raid by two flat-pawed, porky cops.

The death scene of Fritz' newfound friend, Duke the pool hustler, is one of the most graphic and moving animated scenes ever created. As police bullets cut him down on the street, the scene is intercut with bright-colored pool balls flashing into pockets against a background of blackness. The sounds of the clacking balls are synchronized with his pounding heartbeat. Each pool ball from number one to eight is fast-slammed home; beginning with the nine ball, however, the animation slows down more and more, the heartbeat grows louder but unsteadier until the last blood gushes from his side and the slow-motion fifteen ball snakes its way to the final pocket—and to Duke's final breath.

Bakshi feels that *Fritz the Cat* is just an initial step toward expanding the entire animation spectrum. "The *Grapes of Wrath* could be made in animation," he said. "Animation gives you the chance to make a statement about what's going on. And it gives you a chance to make animals dramatic, as well as humorous."

Fritz the Cat opened April 12 in New York and

Los Angeles. The "revolution-for-the-hell-of-it" cat, while often obscured by the stereotypic villains he associates with and/or fights, will doubtlessly bring much pleasure to the underground audiences he reaches.

As popular as John Ford's glorification of the American West was to movie-goers during his life as a director, recent films have sought to reverse the cowboy-idol-worship trend so firmly imprinted in our historical perspective of the 19th century. Riding the current myth-debunking of "telling it like it was," both the television and the film industry over the last few years have aimed at destroying the viewers' conception of western pioneers as do-good adventurers. No longer do we believe that Hopalong Cassidy kissed his horse but not his girl. No longer do we believe the Brillo-pad superstrengths of Duke Wayne when he says, "Never apologize, Mister, it's a sign of weakness." No longer do we really believe Matt Dillon shooting the gunslinger's pistol from his hand at 100 paces in front of the swanky Long Branch saloon.

Lately, the Hollywood cameras have trained themselves on a harsher, grittier West than the one we have accustomed ourselves to for so long. Although several movies and TV serials have evidenced the new departure, two recent films are especially iconoclastic. Sam Peckinbaugh's *The Wild Bunch* (1969) shocked critics by linking the violence and amorality of late 19th-century desperados to the Western culture that bred them. The cold-blooded savagery and technicolor slow-motion deaths in *The Wild Bunch* were a sharp contrast to the white hats vs. the black hats, whitewashed hero-villains battle clashes which earlier had standardized films about the last century. Robert Altman's *McCabe and Mrs. Miller* (1971), set in a squalid Northwest mining town, reflected an almost equally harsh and primitive life style. Complete with a rutted, rain-soaked main street, hud-dingy canvas tents serving as miner brothels, stagnating saloon characters, an itinerant gambler, an opium den, motiveless joy killings and a whore without a heart of gold, Altman's town was a far cry from the antiseptic West we once knew.

Now comes Dick Richards and his *Culpepper Cattle Company*, 20th Century-Fox's award winner at the USA Festival. Bearing the influence of Peckinbaugh's and Altman's style of conscious verisimilitude, *Culpepper's* focus is the frontier cattle drive. Richards, whose media experience prior to this film was confined to television commercials, based the story on the allegedly true account given him by a 95-year-old man he met in South Texas while filming a soup ad which involved cowboys. Basically, the story depicts a boy's loss of



innocence, a teen-ager thirsting for the life of a cowboy and his coming of age through an initiation of violence and death.

Sixteen-year-old Gary Grimes (*Summer of '42*) portrays the boy, a naive youth who pleads with Frank Culpepper to let him join the rancher's cattle drive running from Texas to Colorado. He's allowed to join up as the cook's assistant. Riding in the chuck wagon behind the cattle caravan he explains to the cook, "I want to be a cowboy." The cook replies, "Guys are cowboys 'cause they can't be anything else." The remainder of the film is devoted to further demythologizing trail life, for the benefit of the boy and, by extension, the audience. The final scene, backed by "Amazing Grace" on the sound track, shows a contingent of cattlemen reluctantly defending peace-loving Mennonite homesteaders against a violent onslaught of savage gunfighters.

Richard's contends that his picture is a totally authentic representation. Fascinated by the mystique of the West, he researched old photographs, paintings, and books before filming the *Culpepper* script. "I noticed there often seemed to be a teen-aged boy around the chuck wagon in old pictures of cattle camps," he said. Investigation revealed that these youngsters were serving as cook's assistants as part of their cowboy apprenticeships. From this premise he developed a treatment from which Eric Bercovici (*Hell in the Pacific*) forged a screenplay. Filmed in 45 days in Mexico and New Mexico, *Culpepper's* forte is found in its use of understatement. There are no heroes, no postcard panoramas of scenic expanses, no glorification of the bruising, ruthless cowboy life. The cattle are tough and troublesome to control. The men get lung disease from the stampeded dust of their hooves. Ex-

istence in the saddle day in and day out is rough and raw; cowboy tensions run high. The saloon appearing in the wilderness town is half tavern, half barber shop, lit only by natural light. Its dirt floor and crude, wooden tables create a shadowy, musty atmosphere. The saloon gunfight in the film is strictly a case of who can see well enough to shoot first. According to Richards, "Nobody ever said 'draw' in those bars. The best gunman was the man who had his gunfighter friends strategically stationed around the bar. Most men got shot in the back."

Richards didn't want his audiences to be able to distinguish hero from villain except by their actions. Appearances were uniformly deceptive. Everyone was ragged and grimy. Before shooting, the director made his actors sleep in their costumes for ten days. They looked their dirty, raw-hided parts in all respects except, perhaps, for their shining Ultra Bright teeth. "Well, you know," said Richards, "it's damn hard to tinker with an actor's mouth."

For a story so deliberately "realistic," Richards' commentary on the choice of the final scenes in *Culpepper* is ironic. Gary Grimes' baptism of the gun, by the end of the Mennonites' defense, has revolted him totally. Thus, when the Mennonite minister announces that the valley the cattlemen have just fought and died to save is now desecrated by blood and thereby unfit to homestead, Grimes' romance with cowboy life is over. He swears at the minister and throws down his gun in disgust. In the "real" ending of the 95-year-old man's tale, however, the boy went berserk and killed fifteen or twenty homesteaders. "If we had showed that," said Richards, "we never would have gotten our GP rating. Twentieth Century told me, 'Look, you can't kill a minister. People will be phoning the studio by the thousands.'" Well, what about verisimilitude? What about the TRUTH? Perhaps too much truth is still too much, even in the objective 1970's. A little debunking goes a long way. Perhaps Richards' new picture will serve up a yet stronger dosage of "history like it was." Set in Morocco, his new film enlists Charles Bronson and Jean Paul Belmondo in the dramatization of the French Foreign Legion. "You know," mused Richards, "the Legion was mostly filled with Germans."

Two Festival winners, *House Made of Dawn* and *Journey through Rosebud*, sought to depict the reality of American Indians—from the viewpoint of the Indians. They come in a wake paved by such recent "Indian films" as *Soldier Blue*, *A Man Called Horse*, *Billy Jack*, and *Little Big Man*. *House Made of Dawn*, an uneven but lyrical piece, was by far the superior of the two entries. Based on N. Scott Momaday's 1969 Pulitzer Prize winning novel, the film is a bi-level treatment of the loneliness and alienation of a lost Kiowa Indian. On the literal level, it is the story of Able, an Indian who kills one of his own tribe, is sent from the reservation to prison, and then released into the hostile world of white men. The second level reflects the stream of consciousness fantasy life inside a man who has been exiled from his homeland and banished to the slow death of an urban ghetto. Principally set in Los Angeles, the largest urban Indian ghetto in America

the only word from his lips is I...I...I...

(over 30,000 Indians), the film successfully blends the grim broken reality of Able's search for work, love, and post-prison adjustment with the poetic fantasy of flashback material which mirrors the peaceful integral life he knew as a youth on the reservation. Especially powerful are the early scenes of Able the boy, hunting rabbits and chickenhawks with his old grandfather. The scenes play silently, backed by haunting flute music. They are intercut with Able the teen-ager, alone and happy, running along the skyline of beautiful New Mexico hills, with shots of the grotesque albino tribesman Able later kills, and with shots of Able's legally excused killing of black-pajama'd Viet Cong in Southeast Asia.

Throughout the film Able is associated with the symbol of the hawk. In Able's mind the albino is a "diablo" figure, a witch and a sorcerer, wholly propelled by evil. The albino, oval mouth, yellowed teeth, small steel-rimmed sunglasses, blue pearl in left ear lobe, and dressed entirely in black, is Able's physical and spiritual enemy. Associated with the symbol of the snake, he is a millstone which, to be free, Able must cut from about his neck.

One of the most poignant sequences in the film is the peyote rites on a mountaintop outside of Los Angeles at night. The minister leader of an urban Indian church center takes Able and several others into a mystical peyote ceremony. The minister, played by John Saxon, is weirdly convincing in his portrayal of the spy-like, enigmatic city medicine man whose life seems to have bridged a gap between the white and Indian worlds. Saxon is caught by the camera in shots through the crackling fire, whose flame lights dance all over his half-yellow, half-red face, painted with a blue cross down the center from forehead to chin. Long dissolves and slow superimpositions heighten the hallucinogenic experience as each member of the ceremony swallows the cactus button, and then tries in turn to verbalize the instant expressions of his inner soul. Able's efforts are painful, for the scars of jail, unemployment and stifling city life have all but destroyed his once proud spirit. Shivering and shuddering, he fights to revive his crushed identity, but the only word from his lips is the repeatedly stuttered, I . . . I . . . I . . . I . . . I . . . I . . ."

RICHARDSON MORSE read *House Made of Dawn* in early 1969 and bought the screen right two months before the book won the Pulitzer Prize. Novelist Momaday, the first Indian ever to win the prize, teaches literature at UCLA. He collaborated with Morse in writing the film script. The part of Able is played by Larry Littlebird, a non-actor whose performance in the film is absolutely stunning. Littlebird spoke to the USA audience about his OEO-funded film workshop for Indians in Santa Fe. Eventually, he wants to establish a network of Indian production around the country. "I hope we can tell our side of the story," he said. Asked by a viewer what world, Indian or white, he found for himself, he replied, "There's no question of choosing one or the other. There's one. The real world has nothing to do with what's *outside*. The world is always there. It's just a question of making decisions about whether or not you want to be there."



House Made of Dawn is flawed mostly by the exaggerated portrayal of a ghetto cop. The favorite pastime of the sadistic lawman is shaking down poor Indians in dark alleys for a few dollars a night. Even if one accepts the blatant irony of a once-oppressed, Mexican-American named "Martinez" who becomes corrupted by his police powers and uses them to oppress other minorities, the film's portrayal of a violent, brutally cruel, gum-chewing flat-foot borders on the stereotypic.

The use of the end-of-the-story narrator in a film otherwise entirely dramatic was, I suppose, intended to add a documentary touch. It adds another dimension but really seemed to disjoin what so far had appeared as a smooth interweaving of action outside of Able and thought within him. But, the shots of Able once again home and running through the land of his people are strong. Over hills, through valleys and streams, across the plains he runs. He runs and he runs. The telescopic lens of the movie camera, distorting distance and dimension as it does, bunches the hills, valleys, streams and plains into the running Able. He's back on and in his land. As he runs further and further, we notice that the length of his hair, once short for urban acceptance, is now over two feet. Hair flowing in the breeze, the runner crests another hill tirelessly. He's alive again. He's made it. He's free. For, as the narrator reminds us, "Those that run are the life that flows in our people."

BUSHMAN is a documentary-styled fictional account of a black foreigner's alienation in America. The year is 1968. Robert Kennedy, Martin Luther King and Bobby Hutton have been killed. The Nigerian Civil War rages on in Africa. American campuses are alive with student rebellion.

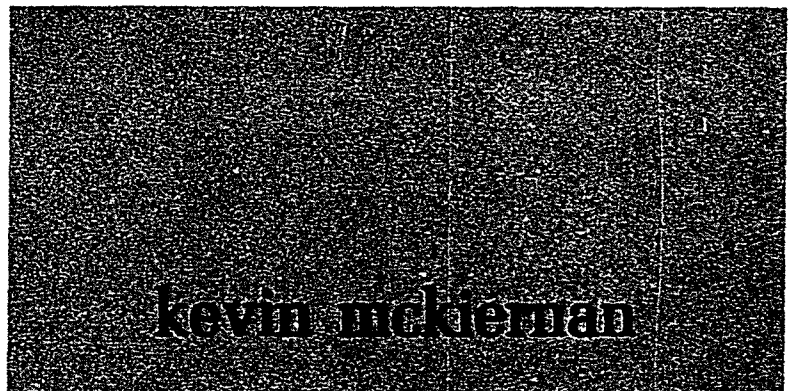
Paul, a bright, curious Nigerian, comes to San Francisco State to earn a master's degree in drama and to serve as part-time instructor in African Studies. At the outset, the newcomer is seen hitchhiking barefoot through San Francisco with a pair of tennis shoes balanced on his head. He is picked up by a motorcyclist in a three-wheeled chariot with the name "Law and Order" emblazoned on its side. Paul explains the course he intends to teach. "You mean," says the incredulous biker, "They actually teach that mumbo-jumbo here?"

Wherever he goes in California, whether it's barefoot and carrying a log for carving through neon-lit slums to his apartment, or attempting rock and roll at an integrated college picnic in the country, Paul is treated as a curio by everyone he encounters. He's a "nigger" to cops until they hear his accent and back off amused, by the foreign-sounding English. A homosexual on the make regards Paul's native dress as a "far-out costume." A white girl has an affair with him, because, in her eyes, he represents the "natural man." And when the priest in a confessional quizzes him on the number of times he has fornicated since his last confession the year before, Paul innocently replies, "1,000, Father." "I'm weeping for you, my son," says the gray-haired priest. But Paul, whose home exposure to Christianity was no doubt missionary-limited, muses, "Weep? Why? For twenty-seven years I am happy Black Man. . . ."

David Schickele, a young American documentarian, wrote, directed and produced the black and white *Bushman*. His original intention, upon meeting the Nigerian, was to create a film about a young Black who immigrates to America in quest of the good life that has attracted millions of other immigrants before him. He then intended to interweave the Nigerian's San Francisco life, including a turbulent period that would involve him with a campus riot culminating in his deportation, with fantasy scenes of his native land torn by a tragic and bloody war. Schickele did all this, and the filming to that point was a success. But then something unexpected happened. Ironically, the real Paul, who was a real instructor at San Francisco State, became actually enmeshed in the campus riot of that university in the fall of 1968. He was arrested and charged, under highly questionable evidence, with the bombing of a college building. Sentenced to five years in prison, Paul was literally removed from the remainder of the film.

The best Schickele could do at this point, halfway through production of the feature, was to interview other Africans and Blacks who knew Paul in San Francisco. For the rest of the film they describe what happened to him in trial and his initial prison life. Unfortunately, as a result of the main subject's absence, the continuity of the film from this point on is lost. Paul is tried by a jury of "his peers," which includes a retired watchmaker, an insurance man, a department-store executive and an old lady who "once lived in Alabama and got along fine with the Negroes." There are shots of the outside of the prison where Paul is being held, with sound-over talks Schickele had with Paul before the latter was confined. Paul's horrified reactions to the prospects of jail in this foreign land are the soundtrack for a montage capsule of earlier shots. Against his real and present fears at the hands of American power that will soon incarcerate him, we see the Nigerian dancing among the trees at a country picnic, laughing with his girlfriend at parties, rollicking in his first snow on a mountain camping trip—the love, the games and the spirit that made the United States seem good to him.

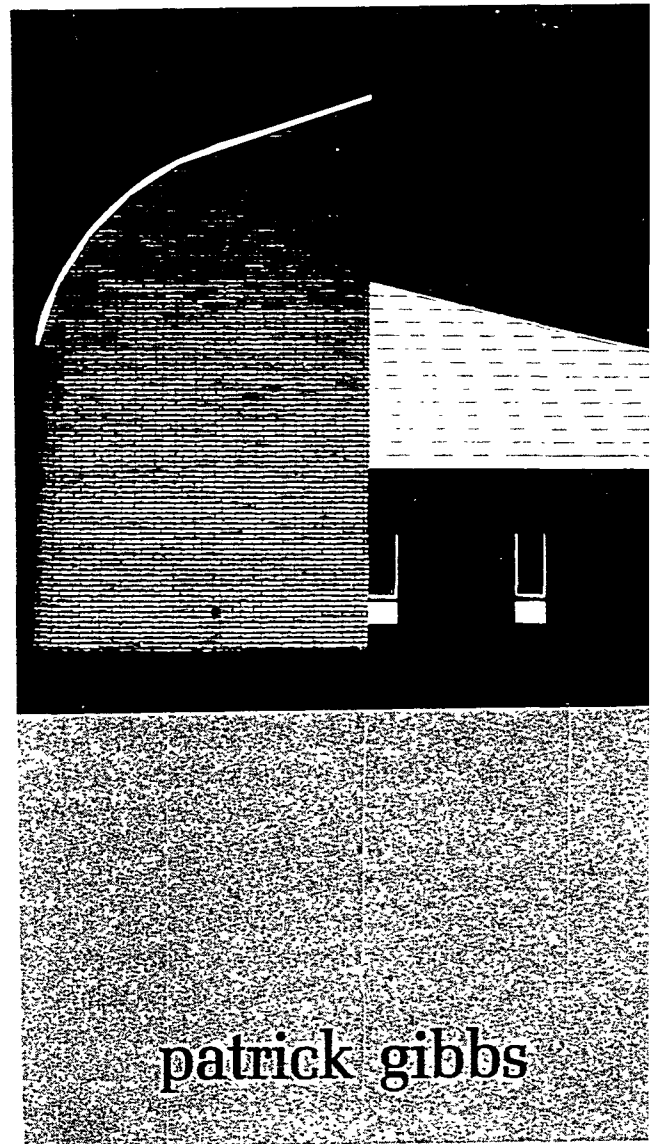
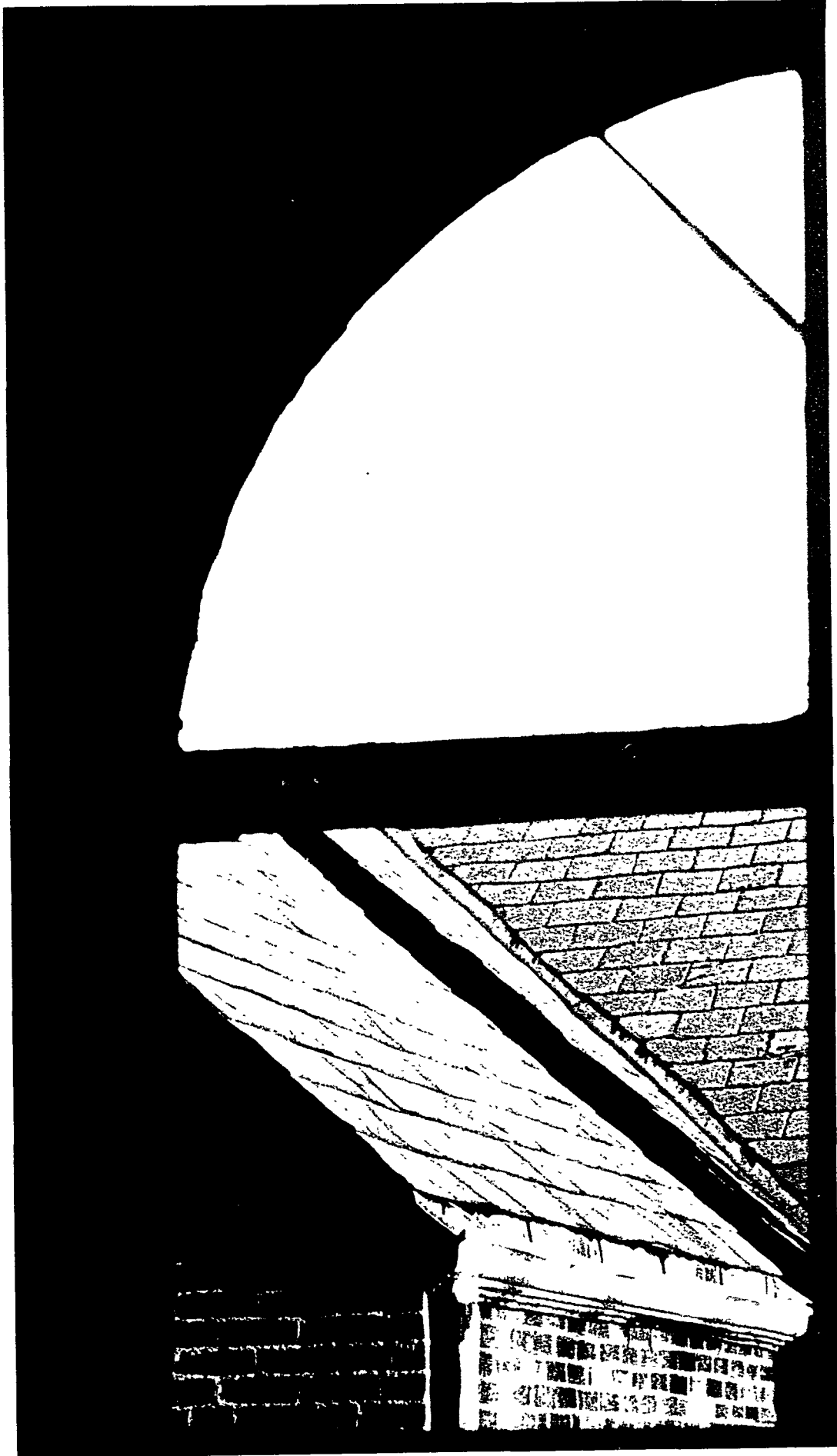
But he doesn't belong here, in or out of prison, and he knows it. What he wants is simply "that piece of paper that says 'M.A.' then go home where I belong. . . ." What is belonging? his white girlfriend asks. "They cut off a piece of my umbilical cord in the village where I was born," he says, "and that will always be the home where I belong." Perhaps such words from the lyrical bushman, homesick for his native Nigeria, will divert attention from the unfortunate choppiness of this film which chronicled his unhappy visit to America.



kevin mckiernan

Déjà Vu Déjà Vu





ONLY THE CHILD:

Alternative Schools & the Growth of a New Order/PART TWO

Steve Brion

I want to speak briefly about the staff here. Everett has worked with and established programs teaching retarded and emotionally disturbed children both remedial teaching and recreational therapy; he also began the present tutoring program at the University of Utah, designed to help what are termed "high-risk" freshmen, and is a research associate there. Everett's knowledge of behavior patterns and the insides of a child amazes us all.

Milly has degrees in physical and health education from the University of Michigan, has taught at elementary, secondary and college levels, worked as a dance therapist with emotionally disturbed, handicapped and cerebral palsied children for the past four years, and has five kids in the school. Milly is among the most healing persons I have known, and the kids all sense this: they go to her and are accepted, and with her they grow. She and Lynne center the day for the rest of us.

Lynne may be the only person I have met capable of doing Grotowski-like group activities without hurting the most sensitive individuals involved — whether children or adults. She danced for three years with Ann Halprin's Dancer's Workshop in San Francisco — where the process of "group creativity" and the kinetics of the body's movements are the foci of activities. Her presence at school always seems to speak the possibilities for growth through movement, dance, and non-verbal expression. These things have become important parts of each day. Julie and Michael are Lynne's children.

There is too much to say about Bob. His experience with Job Corps, with emotionally disturbed children and high school "dropout" and "unmotivated" kids is only a start. More important are his openness and intensity in relating to the kids here: for example, his ability to be totally involved in the most difficult

situation with any given kid and still not create hostility in him or her. He can offer criticism gently and with care but still honestly, directly and immediately. His force is not distanced or "cool"; thus, his gift of generating energy and creativity in otherwise unmotivated kids. Milly says, "When Bob is around you feel that at any moment something fun could happen. And it will be inclusive, not exclusive, and it will be fair and healthy. I'm speaking now of a quality of fun." Bob also has a sense of remedial competition: he can generate that in all kinds of games, observing while participating and helping especially the older kids toward some wholesome sense of play, helping them be a part of those things. He has helped Brook learn to pass instead of simply shoot in basketball, to form plays; he has gotten even Bill Desmond to join in. These speak incredible changes in their lives.

WHEN I think of Paul I think of his joy at simply being with the kids all day long, every day; and his freedom to express that in what he does and how he does it. Paul's presence is steady, peace-giving and spontaneous; his wonder at all that surrounds him is childlike — as is the accuracy of his instincts about what moves people in their deepest parts. The children speak his name in a special way.

Ron has worked in Haight-Ashbury, with retarded children and adults, and was a member of Synanon. He is the most allowing person here, and has consistently kept us in touch with the kids who are most distant, least self-directed, and farthest away from "point zero." I grow each day to know more of and respect the rightness of his judgments.

Marci has done work in psychology and anthropology, taught and counselled small children and Uni-



versity students in remedial work, worked with the Minorities Tutoring Program here, is a draft counsellor and has a child (Michael) in the school. Lois has been interested in alternate schools for years in Ann Arbor (where several schools, including the Children's Community, have become models); at 23 she is incredibly wise and open to the wisdom of the smallest children here. She and Marci spend most of their day with the dozen or so kids under 6 years, and it is here where the incredible potential in this kind of learning environment, if begun early enough, is most strikingly incarnate. Here too is the most "testable" progress — both personality-wise and academically.

Dale is nineteen and left Earlham College last year; it is his personal growth and the growth that it has generated in the rest of us, that I think of. But it is the image of Julie sitting on his shoulders, content and queen-like, that is even more accurate.

THESE people, who are the center of the staff, have become a family — sharing all kinds of resources, including food, kids, homes, and the perceptions with which friends help other friends move toward some kind of wholeness. Without this sharing, our school would not exist at this point. (There has not been, from the start, adequate money available to pay staff or get a building of our own, or even purchase adequate supplies — these have been begged or hustled or borrowed. Whatever money we have comes from contributions made by each family, according to what they can give — which in some cases is nothing.) These difficulties have only made individual staff contributions clearer and more important; there is a faith among us that new people will bring new gifts, and the school will change and grow according to those.

In fact, the difficulties experienced thus far speak an important kind of strength: in the possibilities for an extended-family community there is a source of support and sustenance (emotional as well as material) for this school and others like it. That is an important difference between this and "open-classroom" experiments. That is the lesson of the Children's Community in Ann Arbor (which survived for years

like this and in some senses apparently even thrived on it); and that is what Dennison learned painfully at his First Street School in New York City: the driving force needed to sustain such a school must come from the community up, from parents willing to be more than tokenly involved in their children's growth, from persons who trust each other and are willing to sacrifice over extended periods of time—indeed, perhaps evolve a new life style in order to make possible what they believe to be important.

For example, even in forming the school the difficulties were crucial. All the talks and encounters and arguments and work delineated what are the two central commitments this community holds: first, that kids know generally and often specifically what is best for them and where they are, and that they ought to have the freedom to decide those things, to make decisions about their school and their time, to direct themselves until they seek or clearly need assistance; and second, that group consensus is a possible and good way to reach those decisions, that people can in small groups come to resolutions and decisions about their lives together freed from the imposed structures of Procedure or Role or Democratic Process. Thus, there are, for example, weekly school meetings in which each person present has at least an equal opportunity to speak; and there is no director or principal or even head teacher. In other words, we have learned that the *process* of forming and operating a school like this one—and the immense difficulties involved—are as important as the school itself or the actual decisions reached. Because in the process are the seeds for new relationships between people, and new communities in which people might grow in each other.

What we begin to understand is that this kind of school—rather, this kind of learning place—is only possible when (and for as long as) it can be sustained by a community of parents and teachers working equally together. That seems true whether the actual location is rural or big-city or small-city or ghetto—although the particular difficulties in each situation may be immensely different. (For example, we spoke at one meeting to Reuben's mother, who wanted him, she thought, in the school: he had been thrown out of almost every other one in the city. Reuben is black, and his mother wanted promises that he would get basic skills taught him. The reasons behind her expectations are clear and understandable and proper, but the school staff would not promise to do anything more than Reuben himself felt he wanted. In other cities other free-school people have found the needs of black parents, and their educational demands and assumptions, are different from and even irreconcilable with their own. What is clear is that any school must fit the needs of that particular community; though those needs may change, they must always be respected.)



There would seem to be no compromise in this sharing and respect; in other words, simply giving parents control over things like curriculum or choice of principals is at best an intermediary step, and in most cases no real participation at all. What perhaps needs to be worked toward is a fusion of home and school that makes them two complementary parts of a whole, while retaining their uniqueness and independence. The idea is not to create some total, one-voice, propagandizing Skinner-box, but rather to allow the child a stable, caring atmosphere in which to roam and discover and grow.

Without roots in a functioning community, one committed to sharing its resources, the energy reserves demanded to work closely and individually with children must soon dry up. In this is the frustration of "free" and other schools: the motivating forces all move in precisely the wrong direction.

So schools become an agency for social change, because they affect (even *here and now*) the ways people relate to each other in their basic social units:

Once upon a time there was a city and it was called Oregon. One person was Jim and he went way out in the desert. He saw a rattlesnake. He took off his pants. His brother took off his pants and his bottom pants. Then he went way way way out in the West. He saw a fort. He went in it and there was Indians. He went to a circus. They went out in the desert and caught the balloons. They went deserty ever after.

—Michael Edwards, who is five

THE dynamics of this community are exemplified in staff meetings: these become the locus for many kinds of sharing, for an openness with regard to problems and dreams and doubts, for a real dialogue among people committed to certain directions in learning and living, for simple expressions of love or anxiety or the need to be comforted. They are long and heavy and almost always productive. Most important, they are in a place where parents and staff and kids can come together to speak of particular children and specific problems: where parents can begin to become a working part of the school community instead of adjuncts called in for annual conferences. It is here that any given school either succeeds or fails. If the relationship is close, the school can become an extension of, rather than a force working against, a home and the learning that goes on there; they can complement each other, and what is discovered in one place about the child can be applied in the other. Without that closeness, the child is pulled apart, left in the vacuum formed by two opposing forces. If that happens, his childhood is lost. And there is only one childhood for every child, and it is the form that upholds each person's life thereafter.

2 March, 1972

When Tiffanie came to us, she was silent except when she cried: at three years she had learned how to get what she wanted. Lois has done marvelous things for her, helping her and caring without reinforcing the behavior patterns that had made her so sad. It has taken several months and only recently Tiffanie first spoke to an adult other than Lois, and then to other children. Yesterday Angelina bumped her head on the cement walk outside. Tiffanie held and rubbed and consoled.

schools are a agency of social change

the family and the neighborhood. They also work to strengthen those units, and hold back the anonymity of our time. Schools become places where new kinds of relationships between and among adults and children are midwifed and cared for.

THINK of the assumptions that underlie such beliefs as these: that there are no longer "teachers" and "students" but that Angelina can teach as much to me as I to her; that parents are capable and ought to work with their children (and/or other children) in learning situations far beyond the age of kindergarten; that parents can be, with help, willing to adjust to the changes in the childhood experience from their time to ours, and able to share those things that are constant through all times; that a child's day and his world are a *whole* which is ravaged and wounded when it is arbitrarily compartmentalized according to what is comfortable for adults; that a child's ways of ordering and learning are different from ours, and that we might grow in them; that each child is a mystic and each person a child; that (to quote George Dennison again) "the proper concern for a primary school is not education in the narrow sense and still less preparation for later life but the present lives of the children . . . that the human voices preserved in books belong to the features of the real world and that children are so powerfully attracted to this world that the very motion of their curiosity comes through to us as a form of love; that the mind does not function separately from the emotions, but thought partakes of feeling and feeling of thought; that there is no such thing as knowledge in a vacuum but rather that all knowledge is possessed by and must be expressed by individuals; that an active moral life cannot be evolved except where people are free to act upon the insights of conscience." And that all these things apply to children and adults equally.

Again, think of the assumptions behind these statements. They are radical, perhaps, but also radically simple and clear. And they seem to me as insistent, as clearly real and tangible as the newly formed leaf buds outside my window now. To put them into practice, to make them part of each day instead of theories, is the work of a lifetime—especially given the fact that as individuals and as a society we expend great amounts of energy and reasoning to negate their revolutionary implications.

Though we have only begun, this year at Marmalade High School, to work as a community toward these

things, already we can sense what may come later—if we can only work hard enough and preserve a faith that will sustain us. Already we have some sense of what is at the core of all I have said: that there are life-giving, redemptive forces waiting only to be freed inside each of us. Ned O'Gorman writes, "I learned . . . that education is a process of liberating the self within the child; of freeing the genius there; of presenting to each child the enormous presence in him of a hero." Schools become revolutionary when even this belief is expanded one step further, from "child" to "person." But only the child can teach us that. ■



Steven Brion, last year's editor of the Scholastic, has asked that we pass this word along about his work in the free school:

"In the next months, the people at Marmalade Hill School will be working for next year: (salaries) six of eight teachers are unpaid; a building, materials, and other forms of financial and spiritual support are needed. Anyone with ideas or word from others engaged in the same kind of work or further question about what we are doing can write:

*214 North State, Apt. B
Salt Lake City, Utah 84103*

and anyone interested in reading about this kind of work might begin with Jonathan Kozel's book, Free Schools, published by Houghton Mifflin."

mike melody

King of All the Children of Pride

ONCE knew a little straw-haired kid of ten who was a runner. According to his rite, he awoke expectantly every morning and hurried with measured movements to his track — a mountainous shoreline bent by a harbor entrance and crowned with a well-known bridge. There was a park alongside the track, and it seemed that one could almost run forever without leaving the sweet-and-sharp-smelling trees. This little man knew why he ran every morning, though he could not quite express it and really did not feel any great need that would prompt such an effort. It all seemed so obvious. The warm sand beneath one's feet, the protective embrace and comfort offered by the trees and the searing feeling in the lungs were all good things. With the wisdom of an Indian, he played in and with nature. To cite a poet, such a life is "mud-luscious and puddle-wonderful."

The little man grew older — some would say wiser. Now he was a college student and an amateur-professional runner. In fact, other people paid to see him perform. The tracks were now wooden, and the park was replaced by the sterile-smelling embrace of steel. Yes, he had made it. When he was home, he basked in the reverential awe with which his friends treated him; he forgot about the beach, the park, the hills and the bridge. In his senior year as he was approaching his peak — an Olympic invitation was in the offing — he fell and was injured. He wouldn't run again; the best doctors said so. He went home despondent, rejected, alone; worse yet, he was without friends. Accident one day led him to the beach — some say that this was bound to happen. Braced by his crutches, he watched the rhythmic surge and withdrawal of the waves. A smile grew large on his face. Straining every nerve, he hobbled as fast as possible down that beach, celebrating his manliness.

CURRENTLY, a Resident Assistant is like that straw-haired kid during his professional days — before the fall.

What is an RA? Some force him into a "mother" role; a few would continue adding words. To others, he is in a paternal role. In a way, the minimum common denominator is that he is a cop. In this sense, the less he knows the better, and it is not generally a good thing or a happy time when he is around. He is someone to be feared and avoided. In other cases, an RA is a counsellor and a resource person. When a problem raises — from suicide, pregnant girlfriends, parents, marks, roommates, to unlocking doors — he knows how and whom to see to solve it. An RA is all these things and more. Occasionally, I've even heard the term babysitter used.

Is anyone really sure exactly what an RA is? A plethora of roles ostensibly describes the job, but none of them seem to fit it precisely. No one can really be sure of their role and hence certain in any kind of knowledge. Due to this, discrepancies arise between halls and even within them. Hasn't everyone heard the rumors about the great time everyone is having in Flanner, Keenan, Walsh Sometimes, the staff members within a particular hall cannot agree among themselves about their particular roles. Cases arise where RA's purposely withhold information from Rectors because they are genuinely afraid of how the Rector will respond. To put the matter bluntly, RA's sometimes do not trust their Rectors, while Rectors have been known to undercut their RA's and even to treat them like newly arrived freshmen. Other problems arise from the fact that a significant number of RA's are solely interested in the stipend — someone once figured that it works out to forty cents an hour — and understand their role in terms of calculation such as the minimum one can get by with. All these are genuine problems that point to a larger one. We have forgotten why we are running; we are enamored of wooden tracks, stadiums and esteem.

It seems that any attempt to discuss the position of RA must begin with an understanding of hall life. Currently, the analogue of the hall is the hotel. Though the word community is still occasionally bandied about, it doesn't actually fit the situation. People live in halls for the sake of convenience and little more than this. On campus, someone will make your bed, clean your laundry and cook your meals. You are close to O'Shag and do not have to fight the traffic in the snow. Convenient, isn't it? Beyond convenience, there is a pervasive feeling that one really is not essentially engaged with the other men living in the hall. Everyone does his own thing; everyone lives an atomistic, isolated existence. Granted that almost everyone has a small number of friends in a hall, there still seems to be a refusal to recognize any responsibility for one's neighbors. In fact, one simply doesn't give a damn. Thus, the halls become primitive jungles where everyone acts in terms of their convenience and pushes their particular desires — justified in terms of rights — to the limit. This limit is the good order of the hall understood as a loose framework which comes into play when the desires of the hall members clash. The previous formulation must now be modified to mean that everyone does his thing within the context of the good order of the hall, understood as a mechanism that provides a modicum of social peace. There is little more to it than this. The watchword is "freedom," understood as a titan-like boundlessness.

If this, to some extent, accurately describes hall life, then a particular view of RA's naturally

emerges. Given this understanding, the RA is a cop who stands for the good order of the hall in terms of a minimal social peace. His realm of action must be that of the clashes of residents when they go too far in playing out their particular interests or desires. In fact, individual RA's in this context can only be understood as acting out their own interests — whether for money, ego gratification. . . . Other aspects of the role are, of course, not forgotten, but they seem submerged under the implicit acceptance of the above understanding of hall life.

YET, there are serious problems with such an understanding. For example, most of us use the term friendship to mean that we are in some way actively engaged in another person's life. Many among us are married. If we asked them about their common lives with their wives, they would most likely respond by using the word love. What is it about our collective use of such words that suggests another, less lonely way of understanding hall life?

A hall can be understood as a group of friends that live together. This, of course, depends upon our understanding of the term. On perhaps the lowest level, the term can be understood to refer to essentially a relation of utility — the “you do something for me, and I'll do something for you” mentality. Friends, on another level, seem to be people who give and take from each other without recourse to self-interested calculation. Yet, this is limited by the fact that one does not usually help a friend commit an abomination. Thus, friends seem to be people who give each other what each of them considers appropriate or fitting in a given situation. On yet another level, as a junior I know put it recently, a friend is also in a way a mirror who reflects what his friend is — both his vices and virtues. In this sense, what is ultimately at stake in friendship is what each person is as a human being.

Really, though, this is just too much! Isn't it naive to even imagine that anywhere from two hundred to four hundred men can be friends? Realistically, such a life can exist within sections. Beyond this, the hall itself can be a common friend to each and every particular resident. The mirror of friendship in this understanding consists of the articulation of the good order of the hall. The way of life in the hall is a standard for judging the manliness or the unmanliness of particular actions of individuals. Such an understanding of our common life could result in the manly growth of the Creons and Machiavellians among us. Granted that we recognize that friendship is a desirable thing, then there would be a genuine, indeed educative, togetherness in each hall that would be commonly recognized as a good way to live. Yet, most of us consider friendship to be not only a good thing, but also something which involves a particular happiness. Thus, our common life in each hall would be a good, happy thing.

In this sense, what is an RA? He is someone who still performs many functions, but there is an added dimension. Since he would usually have a wider perspective due to age, he is in a sense the chief mirror—someone in whom the reflection of another is perhaps

clearer or more refined. He is also a symbol, as would be hall government, of the collective and common friendship and the crux of its continuity from year to year. In a way, he is the chief friend.

I have real problems being an RA, and I think that they are shared by most of us. We respond from situation to situation struggling to be fair, even-handed and to do the fitting or appropriate thing. But we continue to go from situation to situation without reflecting on and articulating the principles that lie behind our actions. We do not talk directly to each other about common, serious things; we collectively tend to be engineers and deal with practicalities. Due to this, we invite more confusion about just what it means to be an RA. For, after all, who else can really articulate it? We have — even more than a Rector — the common experience that must lie behind such an articulation, and a firmer grasp of the problems that fester behind the current understanding of hall life. It is time that we talked seriously to one another about such things.

As he hobbled down that beach, every nerve clamored with an Auschwitz-like horror. Thought after thought urged, no, demanded, that he relent. “You're only killing yourself; ease up; you're hurt, take it easy; c'mon, be content.” But he stumbled on. His past performances meant nothing now. With a twinge of irony, he noticed that several middle-aged couples and a priest were watching him from the top of the hill. They looked warm, comfortable, secure. They stared at him with a dispassionate curiosity. He fell. Utilizing the few seconds to regain his wind, he turned his face towards the hill. They were still there. This time they looked more smug and complacent. He wondered what they were thinking. There was an engineering-like certainty in the faces of the men. They obviously were men who knew what they were doing; they had found a comfortable slot and were content there. Certainly, they were professionals. Perhaps, he wondered, they have even built more efficient stadiums to house wooden tracks. The runner struggled to get up and started to head for the trail to the top of the hill. He wanted to tell them about his beach and why he ran. He wanted to shake their complacent professionalism so that they could run and be men, again. ■



Mike Melody is a third-year graduate student working on completion of a Ph.D. in government. He is now wrapping up his fourth year as a resident assistant in Farley Hall.

A Book Review

Once again the public consciousness is about to be jolted into an uncomfortable awareness of its collective crime against a segment of the total population. In her *Coming of Age*, Simone de Beauvoir proceeds to illuminate the oft-closeted world of the elderly.

In a remarkably well-documented and yet highly provocative manner, de Beauvoir examines the process of aging. Her scrutiny first turns to views of old age which are held by the society as a whole, as manifested by the manner in which they treat their old. Crossing boundaries of time, culture, and civilization, she presents the situation of growing old as it is and has been throughout the world. We find, in this section, a number of revelations which will come more strongly into play as the book progresses. Historically, the attitude of a tribe or culture towards its old has been determined by one factor: economic stability. For a tribe under constant threat of attack, either from natural forces or hostile tribes, the elderly have no place. Their mobility is diminished, their production severely decreased: the tribe cannot afford, in terms of its own survival, to allow them to become burdens. They are killed, left behind, or kill themselves. Mme. de Beauvoir notes that in tribes or cultures under a very severe economic strain, infanticide may also be present. The general attitude, however, is one which recognizes the future of the helpless child or infant, and is willing to accept the burden of feeding and caring for the child on the basis of the future well-being of both the individual and the larger society.

The elderly, however, have no such future, and the sacrifice is made much less frequently.

In cases of less extreme financial duress, the treatment of old people frequently depends upon one of two things: the history of the culture and the manner in which the elderly have treated their children. Within the former category are included the importance of storytelling as a method of cementing tribal identity, religious ceremonies, the judicial process and those tasks which call for the wisdom of age or long experience. To cite an example:

The Jivaroo are a prosperous society. . . . They have no political life; the families are scattered; they are very fond of their children and only the abnormal are done away with. The elderly men are respected. It is thanks to their experience that the knowledge of animals and plants and also of pharmacology has been able to evolve. They hand on the myths and the songs. In addition to this wisdom they also possess supernatural powers that continue to grow even when they themselves are decrepit. It is the old men and women—although they are not priests—who direct the ceremonies and religious celebrations. (p. 67)

In her historical treatment of old age, the author also turns to literary evidences: here we find very little reference to the old; what reference there is portrays old people most often as embittered men, devoid of hope, waiting for the appearance of the Black Angel. They are despised

as useless, often lecherous: this is the only display of sexuality allowed them. Old women have appeared as major characters in almost none of literature's history.

De Beauvoir concludes her examination of "Old Age Seen from Without" with a piercing survey of the conditions of aging in contemporary Western civilization. Countless interviews are coupled with empirical data to bring the statistics of the old to life. Mandatory retirement, inadequate income or no income at all, physical infirmity, the loss of sexual "attractiveness," alienation from family, loneliness, boredom, fear of death: as the situation exists today, and especially in France and the United States, these are the fruits which lie in wait for each of us. We begin to feel somewhat uncomfortable with the realization that such symptoms will, in all probability, be our own. The book is not, however, a tool to arouse the indignation of people. Its research is too extensive and Mme. de Beauvoir does not edit out those instances in which those over sixty lead happy and productive lives. Her scholarship embraces many dimensions of growing old, in societies in which it is viewed as a problem, such as our own, and in those which see the advent of old age as a well-earned reward, most notably Scandinavian.

The second half of *The Coming of Age* (exclusive of the extensive Appendices) is entitled "The-Being-In-The-World" and affords us our most intimate glimpse into the world of aging. De Beauvoir writes:

Even at my age (63), my relationship with the various generations has changed: there is only one left that is older than mine; it is exceedingly sparse, and death lies in wait for it. My own, once so busily teeming, has been severely thinned. What I used to look upon as the young generation is now made up of mature men, fathers and even grandfathers, thoroughly settled in life. If I want to know the really youthful point of view on some subject I have to ask the generation below. (p. 435)

It is here, too, that we are afforded the benefit of the author's long-time relationship with Sartre, for the pages include many of his thoughts,

as well as those of Victor Hugo, Chateaubriand, Mauriac, Verdi and Yeats. It is at this time that the author reflects upon the effects of aging upon genius, be it found in the literary, artistic, musical or political sphere. She quotes heavily from diaries, poetry and essays, both published and unpublished. It is here we see with unprecedented clarity the need of the elderly for activity, and often, for power. Yet artists, too,

suffer from the process of aging. Mme. de Beauvoir quotes Freud's comment upon publishing his *Moses*: "An old man no longer discovers new ideas. All that is left to him is self-repetition." (p. 524)

In *The Coming of Age* Simone de Beauvoir is offering a personal, yet intellectually solid answer to her own problem of becoming old, in much the same manner and style as her being a woman caused her to

write *The Second Sex*. Her insights, as such, come from an intensely present dilemma; she is not likely to overlook very many ramifications of a situation which grows increasingly to be her own. Her voice is strong and her blows well-aimed: old age today, in our society, is a damnation with which we must each come to terms. Today we act; tomorrow we shall be acted upon.

—mary ellen stoltz

---And a Book Preview

Toothing Stones — Rethinking the Political Robert E. Meagher: editor
Contributors: Allard K. Lowenstein; Elinor B. Bachrach; John G. Hessler; Joseph M. Duffy; William Plaff; L. John Roos; Aldo Tassi; E. A. Goerner; David Little; Robert C. Neville; Douglas E. Sturm; George Anastaplo; D. S. Carne-Ross; William Arrowsmith 288 pps.
The Swallow Press, Chicago, Illinois
Due for release this summer

This collection of fourteen essays is organized around an examination of "the political," meaning that area of human concern which represents an ongoing affirmation of what is "common" to all of us. Despite the wide variety of viewpoints in the volume, some of which are irreconcilable, there appears to be one proposition with which none of the fourteen authors would disagree—we are living in an age where a radical disparity exists between the political symbols that have traditionally been the watering streams for our shared values and the public realm that is the practical expression of those values. In other words, the public realm, that portion of our lives that is acted "onstage," is no longer a faithful vehicle for collective self-expression. One thinks here of Norman Mailer's comment that the first American astronaut to stand on the moon's surface, instead of

planting a flag or hitting golf balls, should have fallen to his knees and begged divine pardon for a world of "busybodies" and "clutchers after." That, I suspect, would have been a "public" act. That, I suspect, might have proved quite embarrassing. The vast majority of our attempts to introduce these values into the public realm are too glossy, too easily swallowed up by catchwords, and, therefore, too unconvincing. They are not an adequate expression of what we are, and what is more important, they pose no serious threat to what we are fast on the way to becoming. *Toothing Stones*, though it is not a "public act," does at least provide such a threat. Despite its shortcomings, it represents a revival of serious political discussion that is as edifying as it is unsettling. After all, there is more than a therapeutic value to be had from naming one's enemy. It is the first collection of political writings that I have encountered which succeeds in working through the fatigue that is our contemporary political experience and yet does not glibly dismiss the reasons behind this fatigue. It is the first collection of political writings that I have encountered which seems genuinely convinced that we are going somewhere, whether we want to or not. The authors might disagree strenuously about the importance of particular issues, but

they all would agree that any solution to any issue points us in directions larger than those issues. In fact, they seem willing to talk about those directions, which is a refreshing change.

The book is organized into three sections of unequal length. The first of these contains three essays written from more personal, more impressionistic, perspectives than those that follow. Now, for some very "reviewer-like" observations (even though I've advertised this as a "preview"). Mr. Meagher would have done well to have excluded this section from the book, even at the expense of John Hessler's shattering valedictory deliverance. As it now stands, *Toothing Stones* begins with its two poorest essays—a self-congratulatory political pep talk by Allard Lowenstein and a casual "history" of the politics of the 60's that begins and ends with Pres. Kennedy's by this time yawn-provoking dictum to "ask not what your country can do for you, etc., etc." Neither of these essays gives us anything that could not be gotten from a leisurely reading of the op-ed page of the *New York Times*. To hazard a distinction that is something more than semantical, their focus is on the political situation as opposed to the situation of the political. And,

if I read Mr. Meagher's excellent introduction correctly, the book's concern is properly with the latter. Their inadequacies, as I say, are compounded by their position as the first two essays of the book, and by the extraordinary competence, indeed, the occasional flashes of brilliance, in what follows.

Section II is composed of four essays whose commentaries are more comprehensive than those of the first section. The essays by Messrs. Duffy and Plaff define the poles of opposition which are then fleshed out admirably by John Roos and, a bit less admirably, by Aldo Tassi. Lest the reader think that all of the essays within the section are topically similar, I should note that Mr. Meagher's divisions are methodological rather than topical. Mr. Plaff, for example, deals mainly with the possibilities for an alternate culture (sub-, counter-, or what have you), while Aldo Tassi centers on the distinction between politics as a natural and moral instrument.

Toothing Stones' real achievement comes in section three, comprised of essays in political philosophy and cultural criticism. Here again, the issues are defined early by Messrs. Goerner and Little. Indeed, these two essays may be said to provide the real "heart" of the collection, though they are, I think, unalterably opposed to each other. Each speculates as to the causes of the present imbalance between public and private spheres, and each concludes with a different assessment of the "liberal" tradition as practiced in the U. S.

Working out of something close to Mr. Goerner's formulation, George Anastaplo examines the role of law in American society by considering the merits and demerits of laws regulating obscenity. The volume concludes with two provocative essays by D. S. Carne-Ross and William Arrowsmith on the place of the university and, more specifically, of the humanities in an evolving society.

I am indebted to Robert Meagher and The Swallow Press for permission to read and write on *Toothing Stones* prior to its actual publication.

"The pettiness and irrelevance of much of conventional politics pall

before the problems of our society; yet these problems shrink before the capacity of modern man to cope imaginatively and technically with his universe. Present work in astrophysics and microbiology dramatically involves the exploration of the macrocosm and the microcosm, the discovery of worlds beyond worlds and worlds within worlds. This scientific questing which is the poetry of our time gives a sense of marvellous perspective to human cares, but its genius also testifies the opportunity man has to realize his legitimate dream of a better life on this planet. Against such a background, the parochial vacuity of the American myth is verified in the lilliputian stature of Richard Nixon as he urges the mass purchase of American over foreign cars in tribute to a resurgence of "the pioneer spirit." Or the tendency of the "straight" American way to trivialize everything it encounters is displayed in the photograph of the astronaut rigidly saluting the American flag on the moon. The human imagination can liberate its energies to achieve more generous, flexible, and expansive concepts of man and his fate. Men owe more to each other in the solitudes of their individual mortality and in the solitudes of the race flaring momentarily in this chamber of unmeasurable space. That they should continue to live in a debasement they themselves create is an occasion for pity and wonder and rage."

Joseph M. Duffy,
Slough of Unamiable Liars,
Bog of Stupidities

"More recently there has been a fashion to seek a revolutionary solution in culture, in the creation of a counterculture of opposition to the established assumptions of society. In practice this too often has meant uneconomic farming communes, unstable collectives and communities of people emotionally and financially parasitic upon the society they purport to despise. The music, drugs, writing, sexual liberation, and styles of life associated with the movement are co-opted by the commercial promoters as rapidly as they emerge. The gypsy kerchiefs, tie-dyes, organic foods, and Yoga and Hindu cults of the counterculture are quickly taken over by the affluent,

who would become the movement's fellow travelers without cutting any of their own established ties. The counterculture itself has been without intellectual depth or subtlety. Its moral commitments ordinarily are passionate but provisional, and not without self-indulgence, its most prominent figures firmly in touch with the publishing houses or a university faculty. These people are reclaimable to the system; they have never really left it; they have taken no vows nor burned any bridges . . .

"What is happening today is that the fashion-setting middle classes together with elements of the intelligentsia, in response to the real crisis and pain of American political life, have adopted a "revolutionary" stance which provides an intelligible critique of our society but demands no real sacrifice. The popularity of Charles Reich's and Jean-Francois Revel's writings confirms this, in that both declare that the revolution is already *inevitably* taking place through the inner dynamics of American society. This makes it unnecessary for anyone to think seriously about what the outcome will be, or how to affect it, or to pay any personal or intellectual costs to bring it about."

William Plaff,
In Defense of Politics

"It is not as if involvement on the level of manipulative compromise between interest groups or power blocs were simply a misconception or miscalculation of means towards the end. Rather, it represents a fundamental misunderstanding of the appropriate ends of political activity. For too long, we have believed, like Gatsby, that sentiments of nobility were sufficient guides in political matters. Most efforts at reform today pass over the most festering wound in our public life. Advocates of economic justice decry the drastic maldistribution of America's financial resources, thus further obscuring the roots of this injustice in the pervasive preoccupation with wealth. Such advocates, like those with whom they contend, concur in the all but exclusively economic conception which defines the public good in terms of the equitable distribution of essentially private goods. What the pragmatic liberal in American politics presses for is a peculiar

structure to assure equitable distribution of wealth, without inquiring beyond the most base understanding of what wealth is or might be. For all the rhetoric expended on the quality of life and on the great society, we have not witnessed any common, humble, agonizing search for even a minimally adequate understanding of a good human life, what it is and how it might become possible for men. The republic has always depended upon the unlimited pursuit of wealth, which gives neither urgency nor even space to more substantive inquiry and pursuits. Fitzgerald was surely right in claiming that America stirred in men's hearts a deep and powerful longing; and he was right too when he pointed to the American failure to find and to formulate a common good or end adequate to that longing."

L. John Roos,
America the Perpetual Adolescent

"For two hundred years we have maintained that the pursuit of happiness was a private affair. For two hundred years we have maintained that the public business was to create and maintain a framework of means for those private pursuits, to create and maintain the conditions in which each man could express himself, realize his uniqueness, pursue his own, personal values. The obvious problem posed by such a scheme of things is that one man's values, the happiness pursued by one man, may, in being realized, deprive others of their hearts' desires. The ancients knew that was precisely what was involved in tyranny. We have tried to combine the psychic perspective at the root of the tyrannical spirit—that of unlimited self-assertion, self-expression, self-gratification—with a politico-social machinery designed to prevent that self-assertion from depriving one's neighbor of the like. . . .

"Americans have never thought much of public men. We have always, and logically enough, been quite ready to suppose that politics and hypocrisy were essentially the same: the politician pursuing his private advantages, material and psychic, behind a conventional rhetorical cloud of slogans about the public good, the common interest, and the like. The genius of our

system (and the foundation of that rhetorical convention) was recognized by all in that system of competitive checks and balances conferring success on those politicians whose private interests seemed best to conduce to the private interest of those holding the majority of votes."

E. A. Goerner,
*Privacy, Libertarian Dreams,
and Politics*

"Again, . . . there seems widespread agreement, despite the rhetoric, that in principle a system of pluralism or "polyarchy" or "public contestation" is most likely to guarantee the rule of autonomy, the right of consent. The real problem, one infers from the writings of Lowi (author of *End of Liberalism*) and others, is that the conventional patterns of interest-group liberalism have, in reality, worked against the principle of pluralism. The patterns have not been pluralistic enough, and Lowi recommends opening the system to mobile, vibrant social movements so as to grant wider access to more interests in the society. We shall thereby overcome the rigidification and "decadence" of established collectivities. Among the critics of liberalism, Lowi is hardly alone in attacking pluralism in the interests of greater pluralism. . . .

"If we look closely, then, at many of the criticisms by the opponents of liberalism, we will see that they are actually aimed at the patterns by which pluralism has been historically implemented and institutionalized. It is the particular arrangement of political and legal institutions, the specific provisions made for the necessary conditions of pluralism, that are often the real target."

David Little,
In Defense of Political Liberalism

"The election of Nixon in 1968 has been interpreted to mean many things, and it is hazardous to suggest one more. But he seems to project the image of the manager more than he does that of the political reactionary or the defender of the little men or the proponent of rural middle class values (although he certainly embodies the last, it seems). Perhaps most successful na-

tional Republicans project the managerial image. It certainly was Dwight Eisenhower's philosophy.

"Affinity to the managerial image must surely be felt by businessmen, a managerial class by its own genesis; this explains why business is pro-Republican, despite the fact that it tends to prosper more under Democrats. But why did the various "middle Americans," many of whom had voted for Truman against managerial Dewey, support Nixon? If the managerial thesis is correct, the reason is that the various wars of the 1960's—on racism, on poverty, and on the Vietnamese—were believed to have been bungled. The failure was not that the aims were wrong; it was that the programs were badly managed. . . . The problem with Nixon from the liberal standpoint is that his political philosophy does not have any ideals, that is, no moral ideology for the direction of political policy; he sees his job rather as that of finding efficient means for attaining ends that either are obvious or given by someone else. . . .

"The popular support for the managerial approach to political office bespeaks the fatigue of American public life. If public life were more vital, the managerial approach, though having its essential point, would be submerged in debate over more particular substantive issues in which individuals find themselves invested."

Robert C. Neville,
*Creativity and
Fatigue in Public Life*

"Thus we are obliged to confront the question: What makes men as they are? This question presupposes that there is no effect without a cause, a proposition which seems as valid here as in the other affairs of men, as well as in nature generally. What then can obscenity (whatever it is) be expected to do to the shaping of men's character and conduct?

"The evidence, we are told again and again, is inconclusive. But this conclusion is pronounced from the perspective of modern social science, which often seems determined to disregard what common sense tells us. Is not longstanding and virtually universal community opinion as to

what makes people behave, and, misbehave, worth something? There are, in any event, many matters about which social science is at least equally inconclusive—as, for instance, about the effects of various economic measures, of diplomatic and military measures, of desegregation measures, and of welfare measures—and yet we appreciate that lawmakers should be permitted if not obliged to regulate conduct with respect to these matters, even to the extent of life-and-death decisions. If, that is, the same degree of certainty were generally required that is demanded with respect to obscenity, there would be (for better or worse) far less legislation than we now deem necessary . . .

Conservatives tend to be aware of the limits that the community is entitled to place on the desire for self-expression especially when such expression takes the form, say, of public obscenity. But they do not like to dwell upon the fact that the question of obscenity is intimately related to the question of property, to the question of what one may legitimately do with one's own, and indeed to the question of what is really one's own."

George Anastaplo,
Obscenity and Common Sense

"I spoke of "coming to terms" with the Western past and this is not, should not be, easy for there is much there that is destructive, even monstrous. Thucydides described the Athenians in the fifth century B. C. as a people "who think that the further they go the more they will get. . . . They are by nature incapable of either living a quiet life themselves or of allowing anyone else to do so." If we could look at our past through the eyes of an outsider, we would see more clearly than we ordinarily do how much there is immoderate and exorbitant, not only in our actions, our worldly empires, but in our all-embracing systems of thought, our world-mastering poems: a compulsion to take hold and transform, a restless will to perfection, a discontent with the human condition that has its glories but also its infamies."

D. S. Carne-Ross,
The Arts of Resistance

—dan o'donnell

Multi--Media

A review of the multi-media production of "Tommy"

Original music and lyrics by The Who Performed by Les Grands Ballets Canadiens

I

Tommy, the central figure of this piece, is symbolic of a generation which, in the face of world violence and indifference, retreats into Sphinx-like passivity. As an infant, Tommy witnesses the killing of his mother's lover by his father and the traumatic shock causes him to become deaf, dumb and blind.

All efforts to cure him fail. He is tormented by his cousin, molested by an uncle and eventually retreats into a world of his own where he develops his only remaining sense—touch. Using it, he becomes a champion pinball player. In a vain attempt to get through to him, his mother smashes a mirror he is always staring at and Tommy is miraculously cured.

Soon, Tommy realizes that he can harness his highly developed sense and he forms his own religion, with himself as its spiritual leader. His "powers" attract millions of followers as they flock to hear him at mass rallies and special holiday camps. But in the long run, the discipline of Tommy's religion proves too harsh; it is discredited and the destruction of the camp takes place. At the end, Tommy is left with the one thing he started out with—himself.

II

Metaphorically, or merely metaphorically, as well as concretely, the rock tongue presents simultaneous prerequisite and corequisite twin infinities; the reliance upon such a short temporal span itself as a focal point of order in the song points towards the linking of the infinitesimal with the finite and infinite. After all, the movement (once again) of orgasm is more or less diffusely instantaneous, a definite now

abruptly following a plunge toward the future, yet one desires to expand it as to infinity.

—R. Meltzer
The Aesthetics of Rock

III

The problems inherent in adapting such a powerful musical statement, already possessed of a sizable psycho-visual imagery, into multi-media are twofold. First, the choreography (as all the media used) must be both interpretive and creative. As the music is already set, the dancers must adapt, illuminate and embellish it. Rock music, with its many turns and runs within each song, poses a peculiar challenge for the dancer. The choreographer, Ferdinand Nault, could approach the matter in two ways: he could yield to the music's rocking beat and take advantage of its natural kineticism; or he could look at it from a different perspective and soar with the emotive, highly lyrical element ever present in The Who's music.

Nault chose the latter course and for the most part it is carried off quite well, although at times the general effect lags behind the music's pace. Besides, to go with a visual freakout might confuse an unfamiliar audience. Alexandre Belin, who created the role originally, was a curious but convincing Tommy. Tragic, poignant and, during "I'm Free," triumphant; he handled this difficult role with grace and restraint.

The second difficulty confronting the producers was one of perspective. What's it like to be deaf, dumb and blind? To be inside the mind/world rather than apart from it? To re-create Tommy's reality involves re-creating his whole context. On this point even The Who's lyrics tend to be somewhat obscure, leaving a great deal to the audience's imagination. Again, the techniques that work in one medium have to be translated to be effective in another. Using an often exciting interplay be-

Pinball Wizard

tween dance, music, film and lighting Les Grands Ballets Canadiens create a shadowy, star-spun world for Tommy.

IV

This production clicks; it moves and soars with the music, interpreting the lyric while creating a new visual dimension for the audience. Nicholas Cernovitch's lighting was superb, lending a mythical quality to the entire production. The film sequences, which were projected in back of and sometimes directly on

the dancers themselves, added to the total visual effect which, at its best, was ethereally beautiful.

Particularly impressive were the overall effects of the magical "Amazing Journey," a whirling dance version of "Acid Queen," "Underture" and a somewhat restrained but still effective "Pinball Wizard." As if there could be any doubt, everything and everyone comes together for the finale, "We're Not Gonna Take It." A very powerful and symbolic scene, Tommy enters it as a mystic, Shiva-like figure in all his glory. After the rebellion of

his followers and the destruction of the camp we are left with his plaintive cry for communication and recognition: "See me, feel me, touch me, heal me. . . ."

**Listening to you I get the music
Gazing at you I get the heat
Following you I climb the mountain
I get excitement at your feet!
Right behind you I see the millions
On you I see the glory
From you I get opinions
From you I get the story
—The Who**

—casey pocius

What Is There In America?

Is anything there? That is the most disturbing question to be asked of America. The name, in this case, is in reference to the debut of three very young men and their album, but the answer is as elusive with them as it is with their namesake.

The sales volume of the album, also called *America*, would lead you to believe that America's guitars, to paraphrase an old immigrant line, are strung with gold. In the music, however, there is no great wealth, but neither is there any great poverty. The feeling I have after listening many times to the album is ambivalence.

The style of *America* can vaguely be described as a melting pot of The Moody Blues, without the syrupy synthetic strings, and Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young, without the virtuosity. The three members, Gerry Beckley, Dewey Bunnell and Dan Peek, contribute their individual compositions to the album, with Bunnell responsible for half of the dozen songs and Beckley and Peek each with three. A similar style is prevalent, and the composers appear to be of

equal talents.

The first song, "Riverside," is a simple and pleasant portrayal of idyllic country life. The music rolls as gently as the hills and provides the setting for some fine guitar work by Beckley. The mood it sets, however, does not carry through to the next selection, "Sandman." This rather despairing song about the draft is separated from the hardest of rock only by the length of an amplifier cord. Although it is one of the better bands of the album, it conceivably could have had the rock element completed with suitable guitar work.

"Three Roses" is Bunnell's best composition, and Peek's "Rainy Day" is of similar tone and equal quality, making the pair the finest of the album. A growing love is suddenly recognized in "Three Roses," and the music is superbly consistent with the quiet expectations of the lyrics. "Rainy Day," a song of distance and separation, is above the other songs in theme and continuity. Simply, the song is beautiful.

One of the disappointing songs is

"Children," if only because it is a rhetorical and boring plea to "get our heads back together." In a different vein is "I Need You," an overdone sentimentality seeming to emulate the style of Harry Nilsson. "Never Found the Time" suffers from the same banality, followed by "Clarice," which, unfortunately, also flounders, partly because of and partly despite the surprise ending—an attempt, it seems, to liven things up.

Getting back to the better selections, "Here" is a strong statement about empty lives. After a nice beginning, the song falters when the pace quickens and a segment suggestive of a fifth-grade picnic is presented. Nevertheless, some interesting solo work followed by a return to the opening theme redeems the song. "Donkey Jaw" is an assertive but repetitious ecology plea. The opening arrangement and resulting progression are interesting and well-done, but the melody lends no great strength. Included is one of America's mid-song variations, which tend overall to be stiffly incorporated. These particular few bars break up

"Donkey Jaw" for no discernible reason and are rather damaging.

The last song of the album is "Pigeon Song," a solo vocal and accompaniment effort by Bunnell. It is a good song, without the pretension and ornateness that sometimes taint the other selections.

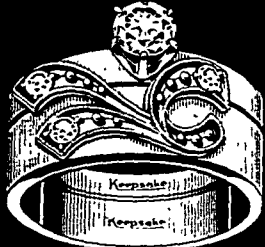
That leaves only "A Horse with No Name" to be mentioned. The only reason I can imagine why this song was the promotion single of the album is that it fits in well with all the other garbage vomited by a Top Forty station. While the lyrics of "A Horse with No Name" are an intriguing account of suffering, perhaps of heroin addiction, the instrumentation, melody and vocalization are far below par for the group. Bunnell, in singing, sounds more bored than anything, and the four-note melody is beneath the dignity of a third-grade pianist.

Actually, "A Horse with No Name" epitomizes the greatest weakness of America—lack of enthusiasm. Whether in search of aestheticism as a finality or perhaps fatigued by the rigors of producing the LP, the musicians have merely distilled their music onto, rather than instilling it into, the album. The result is something that is quite pleasant to hear, but which, like a bowl of artificial fruit, looks and smells so good, until you really try to take it in, and end up with a mouthful of wax.


—john moore



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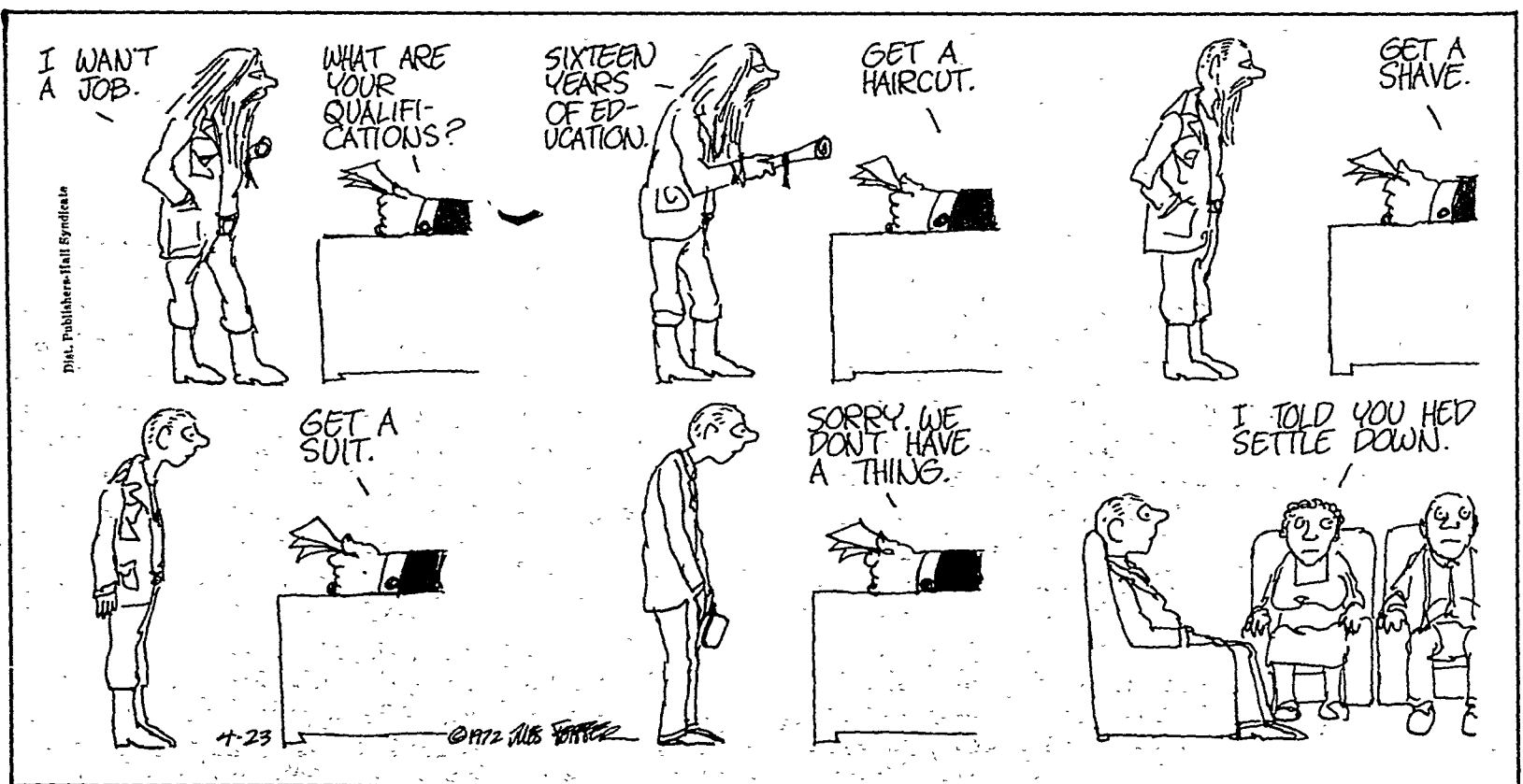
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NOW

the last word

Near the place where I used to live there was a park. Jimmy Walsh and I, when it was warm, used to take our sleeping bags there. "Sleeping under the stars."

There was a small lake at Murphy Candler Park. I have forgotten its name—Silver Lake, I think. It was small, and no motor boats were allowed on it. Jimmy and I would put our sleeping bags on the ground, near the trees that reached down the hill toward the water. Then we would lie in the blackness and talk, tell jokes, until the small hours of morning. Sometimes I would lie there, long after Jimmy had fallen asleep, lie on my back and watch the stars, through the black, warm air of summer.

Once I saw a different sort of star. I remember it as in a dream, as though maybe it never really was. The star was tiny, obscure, one of millions. I would not have noticed it if it hadn't, slowly, unpretentiously, grown very bright. Grown so bright, so intense, that, for a moment, I was aware of no other stars. Then, suddenly, abruptly, it was gone. There was again darkness, and the millions of obscure stars.

The lake at Murphy Candler Park was clear water. You could see right to the bottom, even in the deep parts. Jimmy and I had a favorite sport, next to fishing. (Really, fishing wasn't even our favorite, though, because the fish in that lake were small, and hard to

catch.) When you took off your shoes you could wade pretty far out, till the water got deeper. And, there, the sand became thick, slimy mud, that oozed between your toes. Early morning was the best time. As you walked, the mud would come, black, threatening, to near the surface, and darken the clear water before your eyes.

When I was in sixth grade, my father was transferred to another city, one with no park. I did the rest of my growing up there, then came to Notre Dame to do some more.

* * *

A person gets to know a lot of people during his time at Notre Dame. You go through a lot with some of them. You may even come to be very close with some.

I was walking, not long ago, with a friend, a senior. While we were walking, he paused to speak to another acquaintance. I stood on the periphery, listening, as they spoke of future plans. As the other student turned to leave, he threw over his shoulder, "Have a good life." Have a nice day; see you tomorrow; good afternoon. "Have a good life."

My friend turned to me, a blank, beaten look on his face.

* * *

I have been troubled lately, by many things. Doing a lot of thinking, wondering. Right now I am wondering if these thoughts are at all appropriate for a column in the magazine, whether I should go on or not.

What the hell. . .

* * *

There are many people here, it is now occurring to me, to whom I must soon wish a good life. More than half the guys I'm living with this year are seniors. They have been good friends. It will be hard.

There is one, though, for whom the wish will, perhaps, be harder than for the rest. I was guarded when I first met her. I think we were both guarded, protective. But somehow we came to be friends, close friends. It has been good.

* * *

Rick told me, the other day, that Patty in the library whom I don't really even know, once said, "The most beautiful gift life can offer is the gift of another person, for a time." For a time.

For a time. . . . Why do I have such trouble with that, when others don't seem to? Patty is right. One mustn't think about the time. I know she is right, but I still haven't really learned it. I think, perhaps, I may never.

As I write this, there remain less than 30 days till Notre Dame is vacated for summer, by some for good. Only 30 days remain. I mustn't think of time, I know, mustn't think of tomorrow and what memories will linger.

* * *

I wonder if any scientist, eye squinting at a lens, recorded in his book the time, the location of that nova-star ten years ago. I wonder if anyone noted its frightful intensity. And I wonder who will recall her, who stirred the murkiness of another's depths, and was not frightened.

—greg stidham



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Your freedom-machine is too precious to take chances with. So why not give it the best care you can? One way is using Standard gasolines.

Standard's Lead-Free Amoco®, the new car gasoline, not only helps cut down on air pollution, but tests prove it can double the life of your muffler and tail pipe compared to fully leaded gasolines. Makes your spark plugs last longer, too.

It's a fact—more drivers in the Midwest care for their cars with Standard gasolines than any other brand. And they keep coming back. Isn't that the truest test of quality?

You've got a lot of money in your car. And it means a lot of personal freedom to you. So take good care of it... with Standard.

You expect more from Standard and you get it.™



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