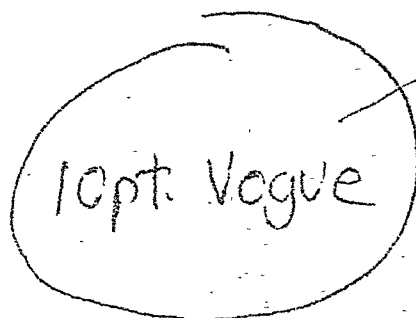


the campus media



Scholastic

MARCH 30, 1973



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SHAME?

Editor:

I just wish to comment on the Introduction that you wrote for the Scholastic. It is a shame, but I have to agree with you 100% on what you wrote. I attended Notre Dame's Graduate School during the summer of 1966 and the 1966-67 academic year graduating with an MA Degree in art. During this period of time, I became very involved in Notre Dame and what it stood for. I wanted everyone to know the real ND, not the ND that is made-up of football weekends. But I found out the hard way as to what you stated in your intro. I will say one thing though in defense of it — that it is a little better now than five years ago.

It seems that wherever you go and people find out that you are a graduate in some capacity from Notre Dame, the first thing that comes to their minds is football. I am a lover of football too, but this annoys me to great lengths when I think what Notre Dame truly is and stands for to all that attended the school. I hope that someday the public becomes aware of the real Notre Dame as you now know it and respect it.

In closing, I will say that I'll continue to bring Notre Dame into the correct perspective by trying to explain to the laymen the true Notre Dame as I experienced it and will treasure as a highlight in my career and life.

Sincerely,
Michael R. Comfort
Levittown, Pennsylvania

SIMPLISTIC GUEST

Editor:

In reference to Professor Rodes' letter concerning sexual intercourse outside of marriage and its relationship to Roman Catholic teachings, it is a pleasure to see a law professor cut through a maze of complicated issues and get right to the heart of the matter. His solution is a paragon of logic and should be extended. For instance, non-Catholics, faculty and/or students, who do not believe in the formal teachings of the Roman Catholic Church are by his definition here as guests. Accordingly then, as Professor Rodes states "as guests, they can be asked to leave if they cannot fall in with the decencies of the place during the time of their stay." As non-believers, these people are certainly indecent therefore they should be asked to leave.

What about those Catholics, by birth or choice, who do not believe or practice all Roman Catholic teachings. Gosh, it's getting complicated again. For a minute there, I thought Professor Rodes had the answer. Oh well, back to the law books.

Sincerely,

Morton S. Fuchs

Associate Professor of Biology

A DESPERATE ARROGANCE

Editor:

The almost Nixonian moral chauvinism demonstrated by recent decisions (covert and otherwise) and

printed statements issued by the University's Provost, have been admirably documented and analyzed in your article, "Personal (in)Security at Notre Dame" (SCHOLASTIC, Feb. 2, 1973). You also image an ongoing decline in "community" (pardon the use of a much-abused term)—one which some of us watched in its beginning stages and have since followed, albeit from a distance, with sadness.

One need not be told (because one intuitively knows only too well) the cruel, black-comedy particulars of the "Lewis Hall incident." What is most strikingly absent in its handling by upper echelon administrators — indeed, what is most strikingly absent in all the trumpeting about "understood" (??) moral codes, "articulate" (??) Catholic beliefs and filial love — is humility.

Instead, we have pride, and a desperate arrogance: *hubris*. Surely the good fathers can call to mind dozens of Biblical injunctions warning against those two particular moral qualities — called by some of the most grievous of sins. Ironically, the essence of good "parenthood" (the model given us in the rhetoric about trust and mutual responsibility and the gifts of a Catholic education) clearly has to do with both wisdom and legitimate, fair, *earned*, reciprocal authority. But the relationship between humility and real wisdom is absent even in the words — let alone the actions — of those who claim to lead the University at this time.

Faculty and students pay for the pride and obsession with image that characterize the Provost's decisions. Surely, to place all blame on one man is to ignore more serious and more internalized problems; still, personal responsibility is unavoidable when the thrust of a man's actions has been precisely to center administrative power in himself. You write, "The symptoms are ominous," but your description is clearly understated.

Hubris — the emanation of small minds and small hearts — seems the only conceivable motivator for the kinds of institutional inequities and personal cruelties you have outlined. Given the dimensions and zeal of these actions, mere sadness is no longer appropriate — rage seems the only proper response.

We share your obvious anger — applaud it and are thankful for it. Pax,

Steven Brion ('71)
Fred Dedrick ('71)
Rory Holscher ('71)
Marilyn Holscher ('70)

AND THEN THERE'S BASKETBALL HOCKEY

Editor:

I received the issue of SCHOLASTIC that contains the Notre Dame Football Review, and I was interested to read your introduction. I'd like to offer a couple of my thoughts.

As someone who follows Notre Dame football closely but who has limited knowledge about other aspects of Notre Dame, perhaps I as one example of the people you were concerned about in writing that introduction.

Your concern, if I could try to put it in my own words, is that many people around the country get accustomed to hearing about Notre Dame only in connection with football, so they begin to equate the two and have no conception of the other qualities of Notre Dame — qualities that may indeed offer much to the individual and to society. You feel this is a "tragedy" and that the "jock" image of Notre Dame is still strong.

I know that image and reality are often woven together: what a thing actually is depends to some extent on what people think it is. However, I believe substance is more important than image. In this case, I believe that if the people of Notre Dame want the school to be known as a center of scholarship, or the arts, or social concern, the task is to give strong effort to those areas — rather than to avoid writing or talking about football. The work of Notre Dame scholars will not become more profound simply if newspapers carry fewer stories on the football team.

My interest in Notre Dame and knowledge of it began with football. But because of this interest, I listened a bit more closely when Father Hesburgh talked about civil rights. When I met an outstanding physicist here at the University of Wisconsin — one who had degrees from Notre Dame — I noticed he was from Notre Dame and that gave

me more reflection on the school. When I come to South Bend for a football game, I see your campus, listen to people there, and gain other knowledge of Notre Dame.

While this indicates that a person can learn a number of things about Notre Dame by starting with an interest in football, I don't think you should be disappointed if I don't subscribe to an issue on the arts at Notre Dame, as you hoped. I doubt that many people in South Bend follow the arts here at the University of Wisconsin, where I work.

In addition to football being a possible starting point for interest in Notre Dame, there is another issue which I think is more important.

It is that Notre Dame should have the substance and dimensions to contain good football *and* many other programs and achievements. I suspect it in fact has these dimensions now.

So I think you were right to publish the Football Review rather than to "de-emphasize" football. But I also believe it is worthwhile to raise questions as you did. If Notre Dame is to grow in excellence, the questioning and evaluation of all the University's aspects and qualities will be necessary.

Sincerely,
Thomas J. Murray
Madison, Wisconsin

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On the Road to Pakistan

I guess Venice was the beginning. Filming, talking and being with friends after two and a half years of music-producing at an incredible pace . . . just starting to mellow out when two travelers passed through on their way to Afghanistan. Where's that? They were going to hitchhike and go by bus and spend a few months in the mountains in Mazar-i-Sharif. I could smell adventure in their backpacks and loose-fitting embroidered clothes. We made arrangements to meet in Heret in a month and a half. I had to wait for a friend who was coming from the States to travel around Europe but I was sure I could change her mind. A month later in Istanbul, after stories of white slavery, evil diseases, and drug arrests of females who didn't have drugs but something else that policemen wanted, she chickened out. So I decided to make it alone. The next day I put up a note in the Pudding Shop and within a day I had a ride sharing expenses with three English freaks and an Australian on their way to India. The first few nights were cold. I didn't have a sleeping bag, only a blanket, but after the usual formalities between four guys and one girl had been broken down we huddled together at night. In all the small villages, people would come out and stare and smile. The first question every time, pointing at me, was "Whose woman?" Normally I

would stride out in any situation but found myself more and more leaning in, staying close to the van, and being very aware of my sex. Most of the men saw me in relation to the guys I traveled with, approaching them when interested in me, as if I was their possession. One man offered all the stock in his shop if they would sell me to him. This was all asked when I was not in the room . . . a transaction among men over property. The attitude made me angry but it's real and to survive you must live with that, and know it, and be very careful with whom you travel. It soon became obvious that traveling alone would be a bit risky so when we got to Heret and I couldn't find my other friends, it didn't take much convincing to go on to India and Nepal. (Later in Kabul, I ran into my friends from Venice in a restaurant. When the VW van they were riding in broke down they traded it for six horses and rode across Afghanistan missing Heret completely)

By that time I was really up for India and the five of us had become an integral unit. Coming through the Khyber Pass around sunset, sitting on the roof holding the luggage rack, we passed from the high dry desert to the green lush valleys of Pakistan. We were held up at the border between Pakistan and India waiting for a roadpass for several days. There

we became friendly with the police-chief who took me home to his family, and I lived with the women. It was comforting, the womb-like protection of the walls of the compound; no curious staring men (except the police chief), baking chapiti (bread), bathing from the cool spigot near the well, playing with the children, exchanging gifts, stories, music and laughs. The women never left the compound without a piece of material (called chadri) which covered them completely except for a small grill in front of the eyes.

Passing into India, the flashing colors of the saried women as they moved along the sides of the road with brass containers balanced on their heads was a startling change from the chadri of the Muslim women who moved through the streets like drab ghosts. Those origins, those cultural patterns, that define and limit personhood by role . . . traditions once necessary for survival that now entrap and smother what one half of the population could offer to a culture, to a nation, to the planet! In India, women's roles were as clearly defined, just more expansive. Careers for women in India are made possible by the family structure. The woman moves in with her husband's family and his mother will take a large share of raising the children. The closest thing to the experience of India for



me is a Fellini movie, . . . a totality of beauty and ugliness . . . rich colors and smells that fill all the senses . . . certainly a long story in itself but this was just the beginning of my travels.

Rode back to England with the "Pudding Shop Five," where I sold antiques and sang to survive, waiting out the cold winter before I could get on the road again. In early Feb., I headed south, stopping first for a week of skiing in Austria. I met a friend in Milan and we hitched to Marseilles. There we caught the boat to Algiers to visit with some of her friends. After four days in the city something we did sparked off the suspicion of the secret police and we were tailed for a week without knowing about it. That's not hard *not* to notice when you feel as if you're the only unveiled women in the city.

Everyone is looking at you! They arrested us at the airport where we had gone to see a friend leave for Paris. What a surprise that was! They wouldn't speak French, only Arabic, and we didn't know where we were going or what it was all about until we arrived at the Secret Service Headquarters. After a harrowing six hours we were finally cleared, apologized to and driven back to the University. The Captain explained that the city was full of spies and he just had to check us out. What a feeling of powerlessness! No American Embassy to call, no specific charges, whisked off into the night! Never did figure out if it was my tape recorder, my friend's Chinese face, the conversation we had with the Black Panthers or the general espionage spirit of the place. After that, I left for Morocco.

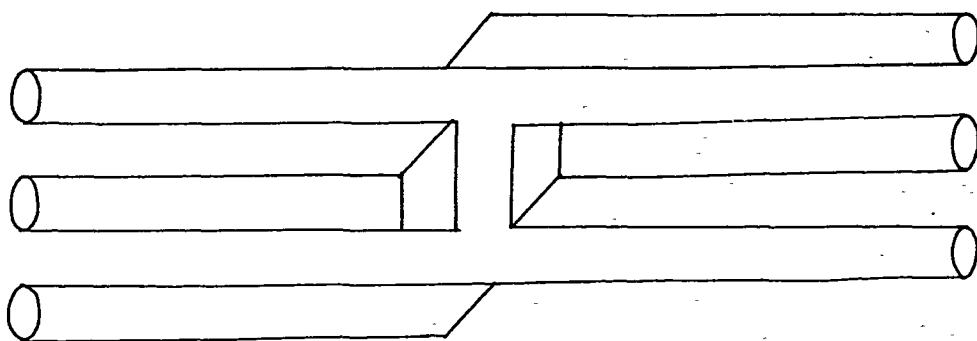
I spent four weeks exploring the King's city of Fes, and the Atlantic coast, Tangiers, Casablanca, El Jadida Marrakesh and Agadir. Met some French people driving down to Central Africa outfitted for safari. We traveled together as far as the desert where I turned back and headed for Algiers and a rendezvous with my 'spy' friend. That summer I made my way to India again before finally running flat broke in London.

But I was going to try and talk about the experience, not the events. How to get to it and separate it out . . . it's so deep-rooted and individual. Learning how to survive, meeting parts of yourself for the first time, being accepted on face value alone, at the whim of fate, trusting yourself to something beyond your own ego, becoming humble to the forces: if you've traveled that way you know what I mean. If not, try it. It's usually harder for a woman on the road . . . more hassles and harassment, being so visible and connected to myths, but it's worth all of that.

If you travel at the right pace, with open-ended possibilities, and a respect for the people, their places and customs, you will be growing and learning and sharing in such a rewarding way this planet and its gifts.

—alana mcgrattan

week in distortion



THROUGH THE PAST DISTORTEDLY

a review of past scholastics

5 October 1867

Skedaddling was in vogue some years ago. We thought that the male portion had discarded that fashion at the same time that their fair half of creation did away with balloon hoops and tilters. It appears, however, that a very few young lads are behind the times, and think **skedaddling** is still in fashion; just as some of the young girls imagine that they are perfectly *comme il faut* with the monstrous hoops of a year ago.

Both show considerable greenness.

16 December 1911

Purdue on Saturday handily defeated Indiana University at football, but earlier in the season Wabash had nosed out a victory on Purdue and a little later Notre Dame nosed out on Wabash. It looks as though Notre Dame was in a position to claim the state championship. Apparently, that faculty rule abolishing the cigarette at the Catholic college has conduced to huskiness and brawn.

19 May 1906

Mr. Constantine of Paris has brought the auto-mobile idea a step further in his invention of motor-skates. These skates, operated by electric or gasoline motors the inventor says, will carry a man at the rate of twenty miles an hour; but some doubt of their practicability has been raised for the reason that it might be difficult to maintain a uniform speed in both skates and a man might find one leg running far in advance of the other, thus causing accident. The same result would be had no doubt, if alcohol were used instead of gasoline.

17 September 1881

It is asserted that if a person exposes himself to the electric light for some time, in a close inspection of the same, his hands and cheeks will show — if he be a fair complexion — all the symptoms of sunburn, even in midwinter, and he will develop freckles on his countenance as quickly as when he goes about unprotected by a sun-umbrella in midsummer.

7 December 1934

With the lights on again, you will probably notice the new wheatcake pourer behind the counter. Slightly smaller than the other one, but with many more curves. Thinner neck, too. Rather a work of art for this section of the country. Has grace, and poise, and a sort of quiet, dignified charm. It's aluminum, we think.

22 November 1946

Purdue has a date bureau to help eds and coeds become acquainted — the only catch is that the bureau will sanction only **coke** dates.

6 December 1946

A little ten-year-old nephew of one of the Sisters became so confident and enthused over Notre Dame winning the Army game that he draped the Sacred Heart, Our Lady's statues, the Crucifix, and St. Michael's statue with Notre Dame pennants.

His mother, fearing there was a possibility of his being disappointed, said to him: "Son, remember Notre Dame has not a Blanchard nor a Davis on her team." "Yes, mother, that is very true, they haven't, but remember they have a Lady on their team that Army doesn't have, and **She** will stand on that goal line and not let a man pass for a touchdown for Army."

5 October 1962

The University is trying several measures to decrease the barbarity in the student section at football games, and both involve the use of St. Mary's girls. Last week the SCHOLASTIC documented one of these measures — the seating of freshmen with the girls in the end zone. This week another measure was revealed: girl cheerleaders, three of them.

13 November 1970

"Distortion doesn't seem confined to the section accorded it, although "The Week in Distortion" is the worst, most biased, yellow-to-pink journalism I have seen in a long time, being eclipsed only by the **Berkeley Tribe** (sic) and Dave Lammers. . ."

—Letters to the SCHOLASTIC

—t. j. clinton

media on campus: programs and purposes

THE fall of 1966 was an important year for the campus media. A student named Robert Sam Anson took charge of the campus newspaper, the *Voice*, re-named it the *Observer* and kept it from disappearing from the campus scene. The rejuvenated newspaper joined the other two campus media, the *SCHOLASTIC* and *WSND*, in the business of providing students' information, entertainment and, as the editors believed, thoughtful editorial opinions.

Each of the three media has undergone numerous changes since that third of November when Anson first published his four-page newspaper. And one question has repeatedly come to the minds of numerous station managers and editors during the last seven years while *WSND* has become a community station, the *Observer* has published its first color page and the *SCHOLASTIC* has suffered yearly budget cuts: what role does each medium play in the life of the University? What unique service do *WSND*, *AM* and *FM*, the *Observer* and the *SCHOLASTIC* offer the students at Notre Dame?

Judging from the remarks of John Abowd, the former editor of the *Observer*, who just relinquished his duties to Jerry Lutkus, the *Observer* has become a necessary part of Notre Dame life. "In the words of a former *SCHOLASTIC* editor, we are a campus 'bulletin board' since we list for students events which occur on campus," states the senior from Farmington, Michigan. "But we are in the business of shaping student opinions because we write about and analyze the news."

That an *Observer* editor can now confidently express his newspaper's role in the Notre Dame community is deceiving. The paper's existence was in question for several years. Abowd attributes the present stability of the *Observer* to the management of Glen Corso, the editor from 1970 to 1972. He is seconded in his opinion by Richard Conklin, Director of Information Services for the University, who believes that the rise of the *Observer* to its place among the other campus

media is due to a series of strong editors — Guy de Sapio, Corso and Abowd himself.

WITH A budget of approximately \$68,000, the *Observer* is funded by a two-dollar fee attached to a student's tuition bill and by advertising revenues. Published daily and averaging about eight pages an issue, the campus newspaper has the *New York Times* service for national events and sends out its own reporters to investigate local campus activities. Local coverage can take the form of standard reporting articles, *Observer* insights or special supplement features. Columns, editorials, event schedules and advertising complete the paper.

The *Observer* has a staff of 135 students and approximately 15 of these fill the top editorial positions. The majority of reporters are freshmen and sophomores. According to Abowd, a standing joke among the staff used to be that it took only six months to become an *Observer* editor, since the turnover rate was so high. The paper now offers more organization and salaries to some of its personnel. Thus, many students remain with the paper for their entire undergraduate career.

A perennial problem with the *Observer* has been the difficulty in its attaining a standard of professional journalism in its layout and the quality of its writing. Since there is no journalism department at Notre Dame the fledgling *Observer* reporter must learn the newspaper business through his reporting experience. The quality of an article often varies with the class of its writer; the older the writer, the better the article. Yet Abowd believes that newspapers, like the *Observer*, are "spunkier" than a journalism school's paper and more willing to tackle any issue. And talent is present on the *Observer*. Four members of the editorial board will be working for professional newspapers this summer.

SCHOLASTIC



the characters of the newspaper

An accusation that bothers Abowd much more than criticisms of the *Observer's* reporting is that the *Observer* is not treating the students honestly. "Any newspaper is an opinion-shaper, so the question becomes how you wish to manage your power," the former editor states. "We always try not to let our own pet opinions intrude into our reporting. And we always want to justify why we are upset about something at ND. We never discuss a problem at the University without suggesting at least one solution to it."

Abowd responds calmly to the accusation that students don't take the *Observer* seriously or that they give it just a cursory glance at lunchtime. "We don't expect to persuade masses of students to move in the direction where we want them to go." But he believes that administrators and students do read and respect the paper's editorials. Since Abowd and other members of the *Observer* have worked so hard to publish the paper, they feel that they are entitled to print their opinions about issues. "What you think of them is your own business," he adds.

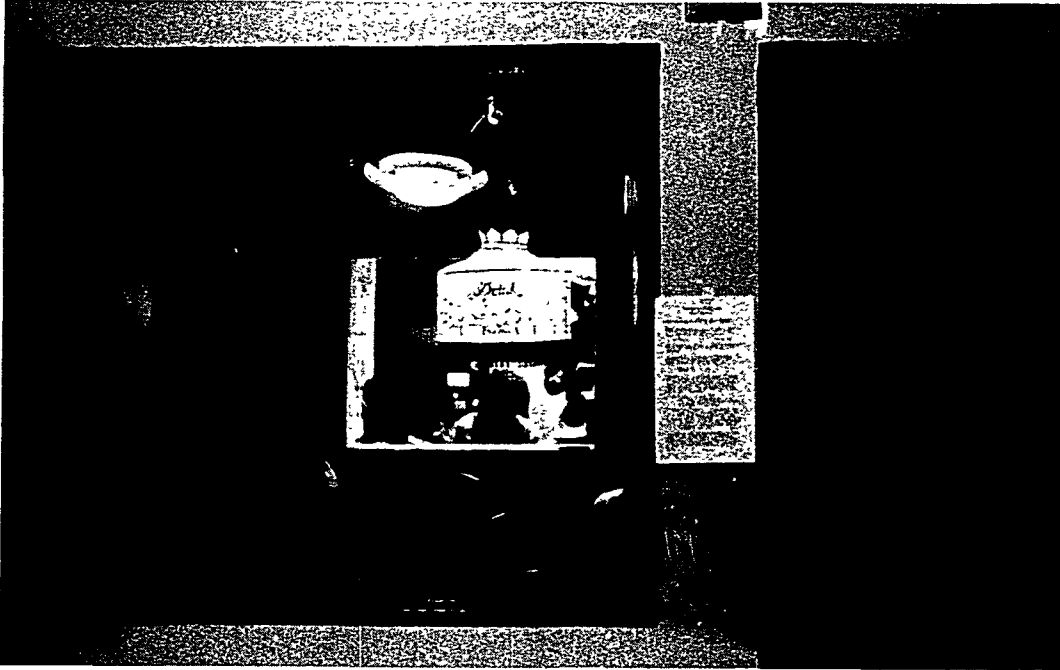
THE ONE medium whose role in relation to the students has been frequently questioned by the faculty, students and the magazine's editors is the SCHOLASTIC. Founded in 1867 this magazine is the oldest of its type in the country. It is nominally under the jurisdiction of a publications board consisting of faculty and administrators. In reality, the SCHOLASTIC is completely student-run.

The SCHOLASTIC's history has been anything but uneventful. However, with the rise of the *Observer* and WSND the SCHOLASTIC has had to compete with the other media for student attention. After 100 years of existence, the editors of the campus magazine discovered that they were not the only student voice at Notre Dame.

Competition between the SCHOLASTIC and the *Observer* has often resembled a feud. Many seniors remember the hostility between the newspaper's and the magazine's respective staffs which surfaced during 1969 and 1970. The March 13, 1970, edition of the SCHOLASTIC included a supplement, entitled the "Absurder," which was obviously a parody on the *Observer*. Later in 1970 Glen Corso, then editor of the *Observer*, suggested that the two media merge, which met with an unequivocal "no" from the SCHOLASTIC's editor, Steve Brion. Overt ill will between the staffs has vanished during the past years. Abowd believes that the characters of the newspaper and the magazine are now well-defined. The *Observer* covers the news and the SCHOLASTIC is a reflective journal.

Dick Conklin, who keeps a close watch on campus media, suggests that the *Observer* acquired its importance on campus by covering the area of "hard news" of the 60's, when the campus was full of activity. He believes that the SCHOLASTIC left a void in the coverage of day-to-day news because of its weekly publication and its identity as "a one-half commentary and a one-half literary magazine, which the *Observer* filled." Conklin wonders whether the SCHOLASTIC can maintain student interest without this "hard news" coverage.

WSND



and magazine are well defined

GREG STIDHAM, the present SCHOLASTIC editor, believes that his magazine's competition with the *Observer* has helped to identify the service the SCHOLASTIC now performs for students. "Our job is not to cover every campus event, but to cover important issues intensively and in depth," states the 22-year-old senior pre-medical major from Cleveland. "This is not done by any other publication or medium on campus."

This in-depth coverage requires that each member of the 50-student staff of the SCHOLASTIC spend much time and effort whenever he writes an article. Stidham encourages his staff to investigate an issue thoroughly, which ideally demands many interviews, research and much thinking on the part of the writer. "We hope that the reader will take as much time reading the article as we take in writing it. The complexity of some of the issues we cover may require our readers to peruse a particular article more than once," adds Stidham.

Like the *Observer*, the SCHOLASTIC has the problems of a magazine run by student journalists. The student writers need experience to develop a style of writing suitable for a magazine. SCHOLASTIC editors do help the younger writers. But the trial-and-error method of journalism is much in evidence in the SCHOLASTIC's pages.

SCHOLASTIC writers often hear the criticism that their articles are too vague or confused attempts at art. Stidham admits that he encourages his writers to attempt creative writing, but to limit their efforts to

personal columns or to reviews which are included in the magazine's *kulchur* section.

"We can only solve the problem of communicating to our readers by the style, tone, layout and graphics of our magazine. Our content doesn't scare readers away," states the senior editor. Stidham has introduced this year many technical innovations which he hopes have made the magazine more attractive to the reader. He cites the increased use of photography and graphics, an artistic layout and the attempt to have each issue based upon a theme, such as the October 27 issue entitled, "Art at Notre Dame." "We have received quite a few compliments on our issues," concludes Stidham.

The competition with the *Observer* is not the only pressure the SCHOLASTIC has felt in recent years. Its present \$32,000 budget is approximately \$15,000 less than its 1970 budget. Almost 80% of the magazine's budget goes into production costs, while \$1500 is used for editors' salaries. The SCHOLASTIC has attempted to balance its budget cuts by increasing its revenue from advertising.

WHEN THE animosity between the SCHOLASTIC and the *Observer* appeared in the beginning of the 70's, the campus radio stations, WSND-AM and WSND-FM, remained aloof from the journalistic infighting. A popular show, "The Green Gaper," which spoofed the happenings in La Fortune at that time and, in particular, events in the *Observer* office, did originate from WSND's production studios. Besides that program, the

AM and FM are separate stations

two broadcasting media seemed to inhabit a world of their own with regards to student information services.

"Really, I can't remember much hostility existing between the staffs of the SCHOLASTIC and WSND," notes John Walsh, the manager of both the FM and the AM stations. "We used to be angry when the SCHOLASTIC's budget was so much higher than ours. As for the *Observer*, both our news departments are always in competition with one another to break a story to the ND community first."

It is not correct to speak of WSND as one branch of student media. The AM and FM stations have separate and unique identities. Out of a combined staff of 175 students, the two stations share some 100 personnel who work in the production, engineering, sales, business, news or sports departments. The AM station also provides funds for the FM station from the \$24,000 budget it receives from the University and its advertising. Beyond shared personnel and a budget, the stations go their separate ways.

Founded in 1947, WSND-AM broadcasts to the ND community via carrier current for 19 hours each day (from 7 a.m. to 2 a.m.). According to Walsh, the AM station provides students with music and information. "AM is primarily a top-40 rock station, although we have shows which include nearly all types of music," states this fifth-year major in mechanical engineering.

WSND-FM is something of an anomaly among the campus media. It is run by students and has the same news department as AM. However, the station's 3,430-watt stereo signal which carries regularly 25 miles from Notre Dame is a far cry from its 10-watt beginning in 1962. Station personnel insist that FM is a public information and classical station serving both South Bend and Notre Dame.

Directed by Thom Knudson, a senior classics major from Whittier, California, WSND-FM averages 12 hours a day of classical music. Records from the station's 4,000-record library and special programs, such as the Metropolitan Opera and the Boston Pops, supply the music. ND faculty, students and local musicologists also produce programs for the FM listeners' pleasure.

Since FM's broadcasts are not tailored to please the average student but to meet the classical music needs and to provide community-oriented programs (such

as "Contact, Notre Dame") for its audience, most of whom are outside ND, the station is unlike any other campus medium. Although its aim is outside ND, its means are inside. "We can't do a completely professional job even though we are competing with other professional stations because we lack money," laments Walsh. But the listeners are generous. They donated \$3,000 to the station during one fund-raising drive.

BOTH WSND-FM and WSND-AM are volunteer stations because they cannot afford salaries for their personnel. Walsh admits that his staff would like money, yet they nevertheless sacrifice their time. In fact, twice as many people volunteer for the stations as the directors need. Like the reporters for the SCHOLASTIC and the *Observer*, WSND's volunteers have little experience in their medium. They make mistakes, but with experience comes a fine professional skill. At least six graduating veterans of WSND obtain professional radio jobs each year.

Within budgetary limitations and with much effort, the WSND volunteers keep up the appearance of their stations and maintain their equipment. Both AM and FM have new broadcasting boards, and FM has two expensive, Panasonic turntables. The station's walls are freshly painted. If the volunteers decide to expand a studio, they are not hesitant about moving an obstructing wall. "We don't let little things like that get in our way," concludes FM station director Knudson with a smile.

YET THE informational aspect of the AM station is no less important than its music. News programs on the hour, interviews with administrators, campus leaders and sports personalities, and coverage of sports events are all featured on WSND-AM. "We have the best campus news organization and we have an advantage over all the other media since we can get a story on the air immediately, without waiting for press delays," boasts Walsh. Conklin admits that WSND-AM news has been at times the most professional of the news services on campus. But he tempers his praise by adding that the quality of the news varies with the ambition of the news director. AM is also an information center. Disc-jockeys frequently receive calls from students asking for sporting event and movie show times or confirming a news item.

jim fanto

From Cooking to Coping roles, cults, and women

Last summer a number of women at Notre Dame formed the Women's Caucus. The purpose was twofold: first, to provide a group in which women could relate to one another on a common ground not inherently provided by

Notre Dame's traditionally all-male environment; second, to provide a source of information to the community in hopes of raising the awareness of the issues facing the woman today.

This week the SCHOLASTIC has invited several members of this group to write, and it is in this context that the following two articles appear.

Alana McGattan (page 6) is also an active member of the Women's Caucus.

ONE of the distinct advantages of delving into women's history is its newness as a field of study and the paucity of traditional and confining interpretations. This gives the historian enormous leverage in approaching old historical data and in gaining fresh and needed insights. Yet, even as recent as substantial and serious scholarship is, there is one basic misconception that must be laid aside — a misconception which permeates not only the writing of women's history but also women's own images, one that distorts a true understanding of the female past. Stated simply, it is the idea that the story of women has been one of continual progress; women have gradually progressed from a position of inferiority and subordination to the happy prospect of today, approaching the very brink of true equality. With a bit more time and proper societal conditioning, women will win the age-old "battle of the sexes."

As applied to the history of American women, this misconception is employed too easily. The journey from colonial times to the present has not been a steady climb upwards for women, but rather a series of partial advances, reversals, contradictions, and total failures. Women have not moved persistently from Puritan "shackles" through suffrage to the ultimate plateau of new feminism, as is generally hypothesized. In actuality, the new feminists may have more in common ideologically with many of the colonial women or the college women of the 1920's and 1930's than with the suffragists of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, or even the suburban housewife of the 1950's.

To understand the complexity of American women's history, one must grasp the tremendous changes that were set in motion by the early nineteenth century. At that time, a basically agrarian society was being transformed into a more fully industrialized one. It is the impact of these changes on the family unit that greatly altered the direction of colonial women's lives.

THE most obvious feature of colonial life was its agrarian nature. This, combined with the severities of colonial living, helped make women an integral part of the society and economy. Society centered on the family; an extended family composed of a married couple,

many children (average of nine), unwed and/or widowed relatives, possibly servants, and other assorted characters. Although the husband was the ultimate authority in family matters, the wife commanded a good deal of respect, and children were taught to obey both parents equally. The very survival of the family depended on how well she managed her household responsibilities. Her spinning and sewing abilities kept the family warm, her canning and cooking expertise kept them well fed, her vegetable garden furnished them with much of their food, as physician she kept them well, and her continual production of children kept the family supplied with extra hands to help with the chores around the farm. Her general importance to the family and thus the community is attested to by fact that widowers were forced by economic necessity to remarry as quickly as possible; the death of one's wife was viewed as a complete calamity.

Women of this pre-industrialized society were not limited entirely to activities as mistresses of households. Due to the generally precarious nature of life and the shortage of laborers, women filled such occupations as gunsmiths, butchers, blacksmiths, printers, inn-

keepers, teachers, midwives, field hands, and plantation overseers. If they performed their tasks well, there was little thought given to their sex. However, this was to change as the population increased and men desired employment in these areas.

IT was not altogether a rosy existence for these pioneer women. They underwent "civil death" (no right to property and no legal existence separate from their husbands' on their marriage) and had almost no legal recourse if their husbands were abusive or neglectful. They received little but the most elementary of educations; they were not only considered generally incapable of abstract thought, but it was believed that much of it could lead to insanity. One contemporary summarized this sentiment by advising women "to know the useful and necessary restraints of your sex."

Despite the limitations imposed on them, colonial women were able to secure for themselves a meaningful and essential position within their society. They were economic assets who contributed substantially to their community and were respected by it. In addition, many women were able to function in traditionally male-defined vocations and secure society's acceptance of it. But as America entered the nineteenth century, industrialization produced a significant change in the societal structure.

The view of women and their functions within the community was modified by the 1830's. The world created by industrialization was in many ways a frightening and insecure one. One in which few women functioned productively; their economic activities were taken over by factories and assembly lines. As they lost economic responsibilities, they were assigned supposedly more important moral ones, and thus the "cult of domesticity" became a fixture of American life.

The cult of domesticity is a designation of certain historians to describe society's response to industrialization. The woman was to be the buffer between her husband and a chaotic society. She was given guardianship of the home and was expected to provide a cheery and secure atmosphere for her work-weary husband. The climax of her happiness, though, was to come in the raising of her children; she would be fulfilled only in maternity. It was also her responsibility to act as a moral force on her husband; she was to tame his passions and help purify his soul. An emphasis was placed on emotion and instinct, not intellect. All of these attitudes produced an image of women as a lopsided and distorted group. Her role was being glorified and idealized at the same time her active and productive participation in society was being reduced.

Not all women had the luxury of staying in a cheery cottage all day, but it was still the dream of lower-class women. The cult was valid at all but the highest levels of society because it remained the constant goal. There were other women who could have adhered to the cult but who chose not to do so; women who were involved and encouraged by their activities in the abolition movement. Such women as Lucretia Mott, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and Lucy Stone sensed that women's capabilities and potentials were much greater than the cult dictated, and they set a few dedicated

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between husband
and a chaotic
society

women on the path to emancipation. It is out of the small meeting at Seneca Falls, New York, in 1848 that the women's rights movement grows. But for all its noble aspirations and the sacrifices of its leaders, it was not of pervasive influence except for the immediate goal of suffrage.

IT is in this one area in which the organization of women was successful; they secured the right of elective franchise. On August 26, 1920, the Nineteenth Amendment was ratified and about 26 million women of voting age were enfranchised. Unfortunately, women failed to capitalize on their potential power; they split along ethnic, local, and class lines in imitation of male voters and failed to form a unified bloc that could effectively shape governmental policy. Symbolically, women had won an important battle, but translated into practical realities, they fell short of real accomplishments.

After World War I and the Nineteenth Amendment, most women retired once again to the comfortable world of being wives and mothers. Although many of the college women of the 1920's adopted new modes of behavior, especially in regard to dress, sex, and career plans, the values embodied in the cult of domesticity continued to survive. These college attitudes did provide a more vital and capable image for women which encouraged educated women into new fields, but overall they had limited impact. In fact, the so-called "revolution of manners and morals" of the 1920's was wearing down even before the Depression of 1929 hit. The reaction of American society to the Depression was one of positive reassertion of the family. Much of this promotion of family life was due to economic considerations; it was more economically feasible to stay together. But once again the home life presided over by the woman presented security in the face of chaos and instability.

However, the praises of motherhood were suddenly squelched by the advent of World War II. The war would have to be won on the industrial home front as well as on the battlefields, and women marched gallantly out of their cottages and into the factories and exclusively male jobs. They proved to be reliable and completely capable of their assignment and provided a positive projection of women outside the home. For a time it seemed that women could secure an equality for themselves and stand with pride over their achievements but the time passed quickly.

THE GI's came back to America worrying if their women had been worth the fight and sacrifices. They were afraid that their girlfriends and wives were no longer "feminine" and would not be willing to return to the fireside. But their fears quickly subsided. Women had endured the drudgery of assembly lines and poor living conditions, and the attraction of a quiet home and babies was strong. Thus, women trooped home to lives in suburbia, diapers, station wagons, and little league. The problems of insecurity in the atomic age were buried in mounds of potato chips and hot dogs and weekend barbecues and creative cooking classes.

For many women this was a full life, but a growing number in the late 1950's found there was something which Betty Friedan calls the "unnamed problem" lurking in their minds — a feeling that there had to be more to life than they were experiencing, that a woman should have an identity of her own, not one appended to that of her husband. It is this uneasiness that touched off a resurgence of feminism — a new feminism that is more radical and demanding than the feminism of the late nineteenth century. Whether a majority of women will be drawn to a reinterpretation of both female and male roles and implement it in their lives, or rather perpetuate the cult of domesticity is difficult to discern. In reflecting on their past history, there is little evidence that favors radical new directions for the family structure and women's role within it. But perhaps the society of the 1970's will be more receptive and responsive to the need for the re-evaluation of its institutions, and if women will follow the words of Christabel Pankhurst, maybe that plateau of true equality will be reached:

Remember the dignity of your womanhood.
Do not appeal, do not beg, do not grovel.
Take courage, join hands, stand beside us,
fight with us.

Carole Moore

Sly, Sexist Slurs on Notre Dame

PREFACE

On Thursday afternoon, March 22, Dr. Susan Taub, Chairman of Committee W on the status of women of the local chapter of the American Association of University Professors, addressed a meeting of University of Notre Dame administrators upon the invitation of Father James Burtchaell. The topic of "Women at Notre Dame" headed a lengthy agenda. Dr. Taub's remarks, which are substantially reproduced below, dealt with what some of the women already at this University believe must be done to create an atmosphere conducive to the increase in the numbers of women in faculty positions and the better utilization of their talents.

Following Dr. Taub's talk and a brief question period, Sister John Miriam Jones, Assistant to the Provost, spoke on the same topic but from a different point of view. Sister's remarks on what the Provost's Office believes needs to be done were based on a working copy of a Carnegie Commission report on the status of women in universities, the draft for which was available through Father Hesburgh.

The juxtaposition of these two talks was most revealing — at least to those four members of Committee W who were present at the meeting. Dr. Taub stressed the necessity of "Affirmative Action." Sister John Miriam interpreted the statistics gleaned from the Carnegie study as offering little hope that any efforts made by Notre Dame could effectively alleviate an admittedly bad and steadily worsening situation. The Committee is concerned that such a pessimistic attitude will be most effective in forestalling any attempts by department and program chairmen to hire women as faculty members. It is in this context that Committee W has decided to publish Dr. Taub's talk, co-authored by Deirdre LaPorte, Kathleen Weigert and Mary Lynn Broe. We recognize that Notre Dame has a problem. We know, perhaps better than anyone, how difficult the solutions will be. Nevertheless, we urge the University to make the special efforts — and the sacrifices — necessary. The result will be a better Notre Dame.

sue taub, chairperson

m. l. broe

deirdre laporte

kathleen weigert

COMMITTEE W OF AAUP

THIS talk is the work of Committee W of the AAUP. Our membership ranges from part-time instructor to the woman with the highest faculty position, associate professor. Four of us are here today: Sue Taub, Mary Lynn Broe, Kathleen Weigert and Deirdre LaPorte. Dr. Josephine Ford and Maben Herring were not able to attend, but their ideas are represented in my remarks. Because of the small number of women on campus, we are probably a body that is very representative of our constituency. This talk on women at Notre Dame was scheduled some time ago, but it was only on Tuesday that we were asked to address ourselves to the technicalities of Affirmative Action.

"Slur" can have two meanings: 1) To besmirch, sully or cast aspersions upon, and 2) To slide or slip over without due mention, consideration, or emphasis. We are concerned with both meanings, but especially with the latter.

There simply are not many women at Notre Dame. We can talk about the goals for women for this year: the goal submitted by Father Hesburgh to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, the figures given in Notre Dame Report #4, and the reality. The goal for female faculty for this year was 70. The figure given was 45. The number 45, however, is misleading. It includes librarians and professional specialists. This is an educational institution. According to Notre Dame Report # 13, there are only 23 females on the teaching faculty. Eleven of these are at the instructor or lecturer level. Only 9 are on the tenure track, while one woman has actually achieved tenure. Of the 23 female teachers, 15 are full-time. The reality is that education at Notre Dame, at least from the teacher's side, is a male activity.

The reasons for there being few women here are simple: 1) we do not hire women, and 2) we don't retain the ones we hire; we do not renew them. The reasons given for these actions include the standard one of the lack of "competent" women (Sister John Miriam's remarks will probably bolster such excuses) and Father Hesburgh's "First Wave Theory" that the first women and blacks to arrive are usually incompetent. This year we have managed to terminate in that female "first wave" both a Yale and a Harvard Ph.D. We have not been bringing in women at levels above assistant professor, and according to Father Burtchaell, because of

budget considerations, we are unlikely to do so. That leaves us only the hope of obtaining senior faculty positions for women by raising our own. With one exception (myself), it will be 1976 before women are eligible for tenure and then it will be a maximum of three. Obviously, that is too slow. Until 1976, then, the departmental committees responsible for hiring will be composed of men.

Is this necessarily a bad thing? Can we expect to obtain more women with all-male committees responsible for the hiring and promotion? We say no. The maleness of this community is likely to be self-perpetuating. Males have male contacts and naturally enough tend to interview males. Also sex-related attributes easily color judgments about the professional qualifications of women. Crude examples of this are easily spotted, like the comment, "She is not attractive enough to want to watch," or the reverse, "Luckily, she's ugly enough not to be distracting." Harder to spot are comments that at first seem reasonable: "We're looking for capable women." The implication is that there is a working assumption that a woman applicant will be incompetent. Who would suggest looking for an incompetent woman? Another remark that might at first be readily accepted is that of the "First Wave Theory," the generalization that the first minority group members to obtain positions are, of course, incompetent. Another frequent statement is, "That is a good salary for a woman," (but, by implication, not for a man)—again, an irrelevant statement which is offered to justify unequal treatment. In many cases, it seems that the woman can't win. If she is single, her potential colleagues suggest that she is too busy husband-hunting to be serious about her career. If she is married, then the comment is that she is too busy with household concerns. Children are considered a burden upon a woman's time, whereas no such evaluation is made when males also have children at home. If a woman with children holds short office hours, the assumption is that she is at home scrubbing floors and cooking. If a male, even if widowed with children, has short office hours the assumption is that he is engaged in research. In our opinion women should have some input into hiring, if we are to become a truly equal opportunity employer.

Presently on this campus there are circumstances which we feel to be discriminatory. Some of these are minor, if blatant and frequently funny. For example, Dr. Ellen Ryan and I wished a locker in the female locker room of the ACC. We were told that the locker room and lockers were only for female graduate students. After spending quite some time fruitlessly with the head of the ACC, we had to go to Dean Crosson who quickly had the policy changed. Annoying, time-consuming, but not critical. Another example is the refusal to let a male and female share the same library office unless they happen to be married. We can only assume that they question our morality. Again this is annoying, petty but not critical.

More important are existing nepotism and part-time employment practices. Presently, employment of a husband and wife within the same department is considered an "extraordinary" circumstance. How

can we possibly pretend to have an open employment policy when that is considered extraordinary? Although prevention of tandem employment within a department does not seem to be sex discrimination, as the husband could in fact be the one not hired, the usual effect is that women, not men, are barred from employment. Our present handling of part-time also seems questionable. A greater percentage of women than of men work part-time. We do not provide part-time employees with tenure or fringe benefits. This would seem to affect women differentially. It also appears that we use women, especially wives of university men and female grad students, as a buffer resource to carry a heavy teaching load in the introductory classes through use of the part-time arrangement. Some part-timers teach up to 12 hours a semester when this is necessary. When it is not, they are readily disposed of. Both nepotism and part-time would seem to be not *de jure* but *de facto* discrimination. Another discriminatory practice is the university-required participation by faculty age 30 and over in a retirement plan that pays higher benefits to men than to women. True, if we do in fact live longer, we may eventually collect the same number of dollars, providing we have not starved to death in the interim. These situations are all examples of unplanned discrimination against women and many of them may already be illegal. They are points that many women are only becoming aware of now.

WHAT should be done to correct these conditions?

1. We need a public affirmative action program complete with goals and timetables. We need the commitment and mechanisms to make it work.
2. Departments should be encouraged and, if necessary, forced to make efforts to obtain females. The administration might do this by either carrot or stick methods. The stick would be not allowing departments to hire new members unless some of them are females. The carrot would be offering departments extra faculty positions if they can hire women. Departments must avoid the word-of-mouth method of filling positions. Advertisements should be put in the relevant professional magazines and contacts made via women's caucuses within the various professional organizations.

the few women who are here are not effectively used

More ingenious methods might be found. Stanford's biology department placed an ad in *Science* and came up with many female applicants. Ask the women in your department and/or professional associations if they know of any qualified people—women usually know the women in their own field.

3. The administration must check the departments to be sure that they are in fact making conscientious and successful efforts at recruiting females. Records must be kept of the number of vitas from males and females, of the number of male and female interviewees, of the offers made, along with documented proof they were made with the salaries offered, of reasons why females and minority candidates were dropped from consideration. Finally, whenever an offer is rejected, a questionnaire should be sent to determine why it was rejected. (The women at the March 22 meeting were informed by Dean Crosson that the College of Arts and Letters has hired five (5) women for the coming year.)

4. An independent grievance office should be set up so that any person who feels he or she has been treated unfairly could complain and have his/her complaint checked by someone who need not fear reprisal. A member of the administration has suggested that everyone be her or his own affirmative action officer. We see this as an example of the old divide-and-conquer strategy.

5. This necessitates each department's having drawn up a set of criteria for hiring, promotion, and dismissal. The person who has a grievance should be able to obtain information as to the basis on which decisions affecting him or her were made.

6. An autonomous agency, with its own funds, should be established to conduct periodic reviews to see that women and minority groups are indeed being hired, promoted, and paid equitable salaries. This agency should have the power to compensate for discovered inequities. These results should be made public. Funds from this agency might also be utilized to pay part or all the salaries of exceptionally promising candidates in lean years. These suggestions are all made in the hope that the participation of women and minorities at ND may be increased and that this process may remain an internal affair within the University. Under present conditions a number of women have already felt it necessary to go outside the University, to Federal agencies, to rectify their status at ND.

FINALLY the entire atmosphere at ND must be changed. The few women who are here are not really being effectively used. Faculty wives are more frequently on committees than female faculty. A few female faculty members find themselves on too many committees to do an adequate job on any, while others are on no committees. Committee W, Women's Caucus, and American Association of University Women are all relevant women's groups to appeal to. Those of us who are here won't be here for long unless changes are made, so please utilize us while you can. Also, please become more concerned with how all women here are treated, and help us to know if in fact things are better than we thought. In any recruitment effort, the best advertisement is happy women on campus, the worst is unhappy ones. Finally, broaden your own viewpoints on womanhood. Catholic mothers and nuns are valuable human beings, but they do not exhaust the category of woman. Ethel Kennedy has been suggested as a guest speaker for a proposed "Woman's Week" on campus next year. She is undoubtedly a brave widow and a fine human being. However, this is an academic institution, not a maternity ward. We are seeking to give our students a model of women's intellectual powers, not reproductive powers.

NEVER say that you just can't find the necessary women. You have been successful all of your lives in finding women to type for you, iron for you, cook for you, and bear your children. It should be at least as easy to find them to teach and do research for you.

Sue Taub

Structuralist Technique: The Algebras of Literature

Part Two

Candelaria: Literature itself too often seems to repel, particularly in classroom situations. Perhaps the repugnance comes from our single-minded search for metaphysical answers, for the "Message," without first having sufficiently penetrated the literary piece itself.

Walton: Still, many students seem to be looking for ultimate truths in imaginative literature. I don't know if the teacher influences the student or the student influences the teacher in the tone that is often adopted in class, a doom-edged oracular tone that encourages boredom and disgust with life—with *life*. The pleasure that emerges from one's transaction with literature tends to be one of grim exultation at having formulated one's disgust properly. That's too bad. It seems that it's a consequence not of the neglect of the principle of pleasure in works of the imagination, but a wrong way of talking about it.

Our antecedents in literary criticism, say Aristotle, talked very lucidly about the pleasures to be derived from literature. Though Aristotle's talk is supposed to be problematical, it seems quite lucid to me; the trouble is it doesn't answer the questions that we ask. We have a difficult time formulating those questions because there are so many of them. All our answers have created even more questions. As a result, literary discourse breaks down the way that, say, discourses on nature broke down in the 18th century when all writers on that subject could no longer assume as a first principle that nature has a first cause—that there is an author of our being. When they could no longer proceed from there, the conventional way of talking about nature disintegrated. Perhaps the traditional ways of talking about literature are in a state of disintegration now because we are no longer confident about the nature of pleasure. How's that, Jack?

McDonald: It's so true. Perhaps we could, in fact, date the modern recurrence of this lack of confidence precisely with the advent of the kind of empirical method suggested by Bacon. You remember the relentless way that "Baconians" were satirized all through the 18th century in essays on "virtuosos" and collectors. Behind those satires may very well be a realization that Baconianism is attacking the very life-principle of art: the pleasure principle.

Walton: Indeed. Much of the literature that we study is in its own right troubled by the nature of the very principle upon which imaginative literature is based. The experience of such diverse characters as Madame Bovary, Gervaise, and Gustav Aschenbach is to see the mask of pleasure removed, disclosing death. That's their Celestial City. The mask is the promise of gratification and behind it is death. That problem bears on the question of literary form.

McDonald: I don't know that I would agree with you, however, that this constitutes a really profound disintegration of the pleasure principle. Perhaps we can get into a good argument now over the definition of pleasure. I would contend that it follows immediately on the perception that things fit—the perception of harmony. Interestingly, the same thing happens in science, at least as viewed by people outside of science. Especially in the 19th and early 20th centuries, non-scientists viewed science as being "bleared, smeared" by the new technology. I'm thinking here of Hopkins' sonnet, but we see those things in Thompson, Wordsworth, and many others, too, at least as late as Sherwood Anderson's *Poor White*. Science seems to take all the pleasure out of the contemplation of reality. And yet that's not true to a scientist; the pleasure principle reappears in science at a different point.



I have a kind of personal mythological happening in my own past. I remember sitting in a classroom eleven years ago, listening to a mathematician whom I had completely lost at that point in the lecture. I lost him because I became so intrigued not with what he was doing, but by his attitude toward it. This mathematician was aesthetically excited. He was talking about the solution to a set of differential equations, and he was saying things like: "Of course, you could solve it this way, but *this* way is beautiful. This way is symmetrical. This way is lovely."

Walton: You must have had the same teacher I did. I had the same experience.

McDonald: The point is that pleasure does recur in the scientific mind. I think it also recurs in literature, and I guess this is what I was talking about before — that it is from the perception of harmony that we derive our pleasure, even if the thematic material on which that perception is built is the *decay* of the pleasure principle.

Walton: That, by the way, is exactly Flaubert's answer to the critic of *Madame Bovary* who was repelled by the novel's sordid world.

McDonald: A classical answer!

Walton: His answer, however, had nihilistic implications because he says that he has exhausted the world

of nature by reproducing it in a world of art. Now that's probably nonsense, and thus raises another question, namely, whether the sources of intellectual gratification are not always some mode of self-deception that can be analyzed as such. Modernists are preoccupied with that sort of thing, with the possibility that all of our pleasures are a form of vanity. Yet, they differ from traditional moralists whose whole world of vanity is going to give way to an eternal order. What emerges from their attack on mundane pleasures is a sort of apocalyptic pleasure. The universe is the ultimate work of art of which the work is a model. So they're serving the ultimate ends of the universe by addressing themselves to the pleasures of the imagination.

If I can say that pleasure has achieved a pathological state in literary as well as social relations, then it's symptomatic of the times that students, teachers, and professional critics frequently enjoy that literature which draws attention to the fact that life is a nightmare. The source of pleasure is that they have this knowledge after they've read, say, *Journey to the End of Night*, and that the others don't.

McDonald: I think you have hold of a cultural phenomenon that has reverberations in many different fields. For example, occupational therapy for psychological basket cases is a matter of trying to find a kind of pleasure by radically delimiting the knowledge of the world, so that one is involved only with braiding little vinyl strips and that's all. The patient can forget about everything else. Similarly, the kind of pleasure

that "my" mythological mathematician was getting resulted from his total involvement in an imagined, relatively minute world of differential equations. The artist most usually constructs the same sort of selective imaginative world.

Now, the kind of pleasure you described as pathological and that you want to call illegitimate, I think you *can*, finally, call illegitimate because if it's true that all pleasure depends on ignorance, then we ought to be able to judge the value of the areas of human experience one chooses to ignore. If one decides to concentrate only on chaos, and to refuse recognition of any results of human systematizing, then one has chosen an arid, life-denying field of phenomena. I think you'll be able to say that that's perverted, at least if the position is dogmatically retained, rather than used as a step towards something broader, something more human. Does that make any sense?

Walton: That makes good sense. But the modern "metafictions," like those of Borges and Barth, have enormous metaphysical pretensions. They claim enormous scope for themselves by creating lapidary models of a world that is enclosed in a void. Their preoccupation is with technique, yet the implication of their work is to invite us to take comfort in the void. This is essentially masochistic, for as traditional artists they know that even an amorous lyric of the Renaissance proposed to our mind a temporal world and an eternal world, created a model of the temporal world operating within eternity. The modern metafictionist parodies that process which is so beautifully defined by Sidney in his *Defense* and exemplified in his poetry.

Candelaria: But it's so Platonistic. Perhaps you could describe that process in another way.

Walton: Here is the pleasure of the imagination: the work of imagination knows that it does not give you the thing in itself; it gives you an image of that thing. The image, of course, is intelligible, sensuous; the thing, however, is neither of these. So that we really contract the universe into an orderly whole which is an intelligible whole and a source of pleasure because, as Jack says, pleasure is in the perception of how the things fit together. And it could be said that it isn't sado-masochistic pleasure to see, say, Emma Bovary confronting, in effect, the inevitability of her own disintegration in the form of an eroded face, a horrible rotting and yet living form. It's not sado-masochistic pleasure because the horrible face itself is a mask for what is ineffable and, therefore, what is horrible about dissolution.

Candelaria: Which reminds me of the Crucifixion and why it's such a lastingly profound story: in the horror of Christ's martyrdom we find, what you call, the mask of the ineffable. It's morose, but somehow affirmative.

Walton: Even in my own teaching my description of the design of *Madame Bovary* is an invitation to moroseness on the part of the student. In that moroseness they feel a kind of pleasure: *we* know the horrible truth. There's a grim and probably spurious feeling of

we now call it existential terror

self-exaltation to be gotten out of that. I'd prefer to be able to demonstrate how the representation in art of a negative truth is always an affirmative act and a legitimate source of pleasure. Is that twaddle?

McDonald: I don't think it's twaddle at all. That's a very traditional rendering of the theory, for example, that all tragedy ends happily. I think that's probably true; genuine tragedy ends happily. I have a corollary theory about melodrama—and this has no academic respectability at all, but I still think it's true—that the difference between melodrama and tragedy is that melodrama ends horribly and the kind of pleasure you get from melodrama is sado-masochistic. [GENERAL LAUGHTER] With even less academic respectability, I look at *King Lear* as embodying both of these visions at once, so that we see the same incidents at two different levels of harmony, with Gloucester played out at an absolutely senseless level which is overarched with the tragedy of Lear, which is played out on a sensible, ordered level: a level which makes sense out of the whole drama because it encloses the senselessness of what happens to Gloucester. The whole play, then, is an affirmation. It insists on that center of disorder which we all feel. I guess we now call it existential terror.

Walton: I think modern criticism has enabled us to speak with great precision about that peculiar behavior of the aesthetic. Positivism in our thinking—a kind of pocket version that every modern mind carries around with it—does tend to subvert belief in the aesthetic. It is in the very nature of literature to alleviate despair, and I can't understand the inconsistency between the effect of many of our courses of English and the knowledge that we have about the nature of literature. The effect is that some students think they have been put into a Slough of Despond by reading certain works of literature. Teachers have to be at fault; so do the students. Some continuity between the teacher's training and the effect of his work has to be achieved.

Candelaria: That's surely true, but isn't college age—late adolescence—kind of predisposed to despair? Besides, the mature appreciation of literature and its insights are seldom immediate results of one's literary experience.

Walton: But the problem is not just dementia praecox. These glooms take the form that culture gives them. An established liberal piety requires that "realistic" art dealing in the horrible or the squalid be defended as "true to life." Yet, no mode of literature can justify itself on these grounds. And our discussion of Frye should remind us that we are in the very efflorescence of a tradition that makes that point. Do you agree?

McDonald: Except that (and this may be confusing) we should redefine "lifelike" in the old romantic sense of not being faithful to phenomenal life but instead being faithful to the process of life. In that sense, all literature is in fact lifelike because it does re-enact the myth of life. Would you agree?

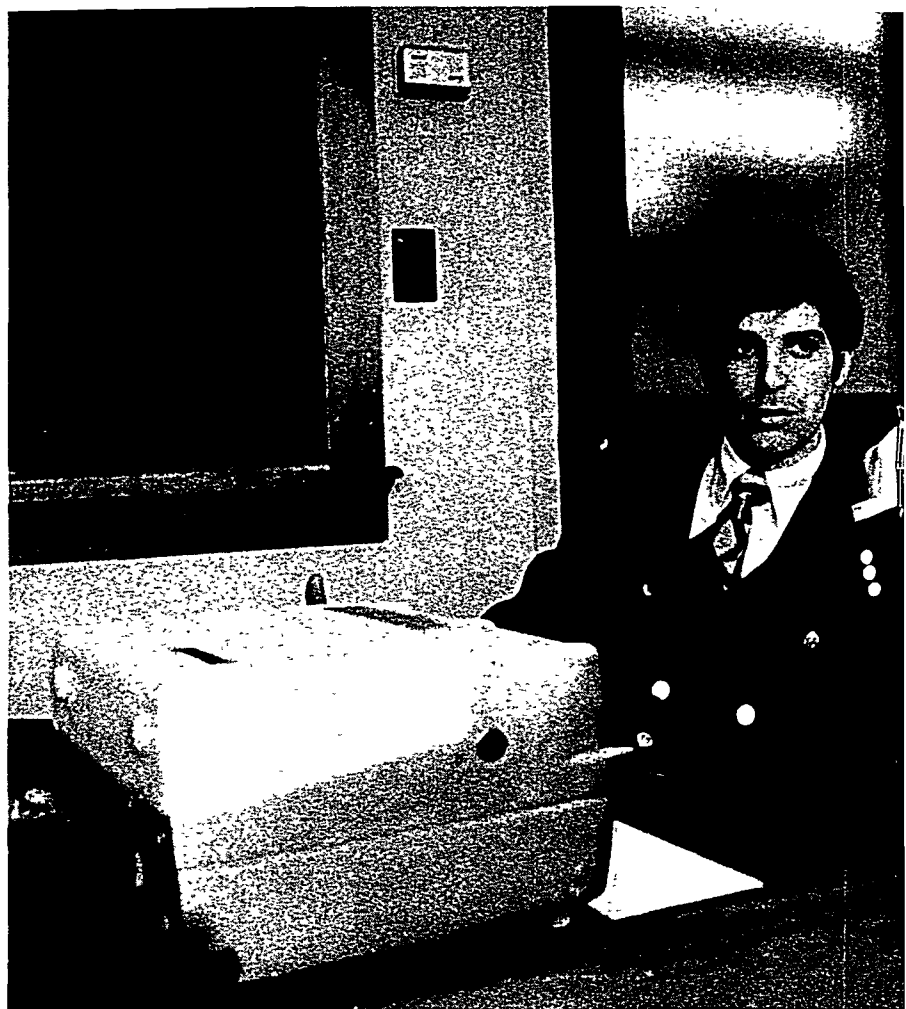
Walton: Yes, we have had to re-establish a sound definition of the word "verisimilitude." As incorrectly used, it assumes a positivistic definition for the "veri-"; and that's exactly antithetical to what Aristotle seemed to have meant when he made "verisimilitude" a criterion of literature. It debases the idea.

McDonald: That's what makes "myth" such a valuable term to use. It gives us a tag which can denote — if it's well-defined, that is — a pattern that has its own principle of change built into it. So that when we talk about myth in a useful way, we're not talking about a static pattern. We're talking about a process, a pattern which is perceived not in an arrangement of things, but instead a pattern which is perceived as the way in which this arrangement changes according to certain rules. The work of literature is verisimilar, then, not to the phenomena, not to the things as they are arranged, but to the way those things change. A mathematical analogue might be the first derivative — a description of the way in which things change. It's even better to think of it in terms of a second derivative. That is, we have two variables that change relative to one of the original variables. The rule which defines the change in the change is closer to what we mean by myth in literature, I think. Of course, in mathematics you can talk about the *n*th derivative. That would be the ultimate description of the myth itself.

Candelaria: Would one of you care to provide a specific literary example?

Walton: Take romance. It can be something glibly characterized as a narrative mode that promises and delivers complete gratification of all the needs and desires that are introduced into its world. In modern jargon, the romance is a wish-fulfillment fantasy. It presents the obstacles to gratification in the impressive, but sharply limited form of an ordeal, a malevolent dwarf, a dragon, which stands for the principle of reality in itself, unenhanced by the imagination.

The monster in a world of romance is reality. Now romance knows that it cannot reproduce a reality unenhanced by imagination, so quite arbitrarily it represents it in a stylized, symbolic form. Some "realism" is by contrast hubristic, acting as though it could strip the encounter with reality of all that the imagination produces in it. "Classic" realism, however, derives con-



sciously from romance by inverting the order of pleasure and reality. The world of *Madame Bovary* purports to be structured according to the reality principle. In such a world the misfit is that character who pre-eminently represents the imagination. Monstrous as she is, we are at worst ambivalent toward her because we share her hostility toward the "reality" around her. A "return to romance"—the rubric under which *Love Story* has been absurdly defended—is perhaps being actually conducted by Barth, Borges, and Nabokov. All the modern bogies become the dwarves in their universe of ear- and mind-pleasing techniques.

McDonald: You know, I've only heard this idea once before and it sounds neat. I can't come to grips with it much more than just to say it's intriguing.

Walton: Incidentally, one of the romantic themes that archetypal and psychoanalytic criticism have enabled us to focus on is the "father problem" in romance. Freud calls the child's fantasy of being a foundling the "family romance." If it isn't actually a delusion with the child, it's an idea that accompanies his growth. He has to pick out a set of parents who are the real (that is to say, "ideal") ones, in order to make up for the deficiency in his actual (that is, "step-") ones. In one romance situation, the father will be the good but weak king who is saved and superseded by the hero and who unites him with the object of desire. In another he is the beast, tyrant, or jealous suitor who can be overcome without guilt. Both cases seem to imply that every desire for gratification is an offense against the father — that is to say, against the principle of reality.

McDonald: That sounds great to me.



the romance is a wish-fulfillment fantasy

Candelaria: I don't know. I have difficulty equating the father with reality. I would have said God or . . .

Walton: Yes. The Father:

Once upon a time and a very good time it was there was a moocow coming down along the road and this moocow that was coming down the road met a nice little boy named baby tuckoo. . . .

His father told him that story.

[from James Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*]

Stephen Dedalus perceives that he is merely a character in his father's story. His romanticism requires that his father become a character in his.

McDonald: He needs to become the father himself.

Putting all this in the context of Frye, what you've been dealing with is the romance mode and archetypal symbols. There should be a more general mode still — a mythic mode in which you can talk about monadic symbols. So that you can talk in even larger abstractions about this kind of relationship. Perhaps the final abstraction is a monadic relationship of opposition. That level may even be more abstract than Frye would want to make it, but I don't think so because behind his monads are the confounded circles that are generated out of his book time and time again. The *Anatomy* invites you to make diagrams of it, and the diagrams all come out to be circles.

Walton: They're all over my blackboard.

McDonald: I understand that his students end up the same way. They come away with notebooks filled with interlocking and concentric circles. In any case, one of

the monadic relationships you may be talking about is this relationship of opposition. The classification of the various relationships possible between A and B has been codified most abstractly in Boolean algebra, which I should now run back and study up on. That is more general than the reality/romance opposition you set up, Jay, or the spirit/matter opposition out of which it seems to come most immediately. It's at this point that literary theory begins to break through to a vision of how literature reflects the dynamic patterns that are behind our consciousness as a whole.

Walton: There's that idea again. I think it might be true. It sounds to me like the best formulation I've heard of a sense, expressed frequently, that the real business of literary criticism cannot be done in ordinary language. Jack makes me feel like a peruke salesman when he tells me that I have to understand and use a metalanguage. One apostle of this creed actually said that writing in normal language about literature is like commenting on a concerto by sitting down at the piano and playing something else. That is corrosively logical.

Candelaria: Why "corrosively" so?

Walton: I can't understand abstractions of that kind; otherwise I'd be a mathematician.

Candelaria: Yet you use them in class. You're groping — as we all are, all the time, for those pure abstractions Professor McDonald describes. And sometimes we seem to approach — and, even, reach them.

Walton: Yes, but we're still groping. ■

WARREN GAMELIEL spider

This story is a new and valuable citizen in that very wonderful world ruled by Machiavelli's THE PRINCE. I suspect all of us who visit the worlds of Warren Gamaleil Spider will never be able to return.

—Michael A. Baum

*T. C. Treanor with this article
does two things.*

He gives me Flight.

He makes me young.

*He also takes me to green pastures, where he makes
me lie down.*

For all of this I am deeply grateful.

—Caryl Chessman

To the real Warren Spider, who crawls among us all.

It was evening, and the twilight of Cairo, Illinois, was being hastened by the soot of the town's only manufacturing center.

It was going to rain that night.

A mile from Cairo's sole monument—a statue of the town's first rotarian—a flock of happy spiders were making preparations for a busy night of feasting.

All, that is, except Warren Gameliel Spider. For Warren Gameliel Spider was no ordinary spider.

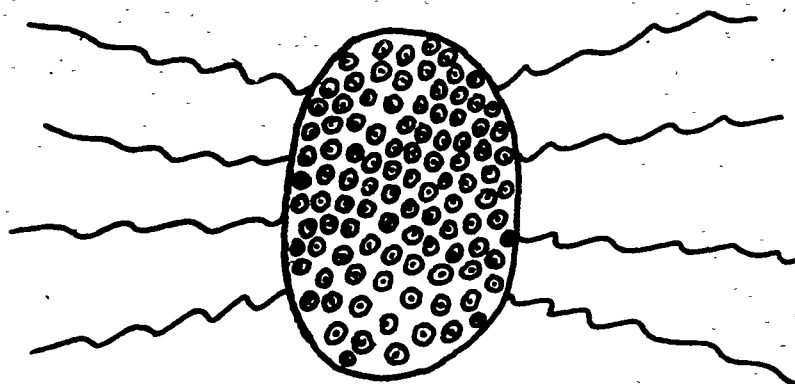
While other spiders could content themselves by eating, spinning webs, and laying eggs, Warren Gameliel Spider had a loftier calling. The very thought of food did nothing but fill his abdomen with pain (spiders have no hearts). Only when some other spider, in tribute to Warren's superior mission, would leave food for Warren as a gift would Warren ever eat.

That, however, was not a regular occurrence.

Fortunately, his hunger never bothered Warren. His great mission occupied all his mental energy, waking and asleep.

Warren Gameliel Spider, you see, wanted to crawl faster and higher than any other spider in Christendom. More than that; he wanted to be the best and most graceful crawler in all the animal & insect kingdom.

This, you might imagine, didn't set too well with his little spider-parents. One day his little spider-mommy said to him,



"Why, Warrie," in her little spider-voice. "Why can't you be like other members of your family? You're practically all ectoplasm and juice."

"We're all practically all ectoplasm and juice, ma," Warren would reply patiently. "Besides, I don't care. I just want to see what the limits of these eight gorgeous legs are."

"Look here, War," his father would take his little spider-pipe out of his mouth not unkindly, and say, "If you don't eat soon, you'll croak and the worms'll eat you. Do you want that to happen?"

Warren Gameliel Spider listened respectfully, and then went out and did what he damn well wanted. "Silly old buzzard," he would say, "Mom's going to eat him pretty soon anyway."

Warren Gameliel Spider had spent that day practicing his crawling. First fifteen-foot sprints, then twenty. Then he would climb up and descend a pair of eight-inch mountains. Then he would run back to the other spiders, shouting, "It's fun! It's exhilarating!"

Generally speaking, he wouldn't evoke much of a reply, though once someone suggested he write a book about it.

THAT evening, as all the spiders headed to their homes in the earth to avoid the upcoming thunder-shower, an idea hit Warren with the force of a wasps' sting. "Why not?" he thought suddenly, "combine my height and speed drills by running down the face of a rock?"

Immediately he broke from the main body of spiders and headed towards the biggest rock he knew.

"Where's that goofy bastard going?" asked Spiro Spider to his neighbor.

"I dunno," was the reply, "maybe he's gonna practice swimming."

The raindrops were the size of Warren's eyes as he began to climb the huge rock, but he hardly noticed them. This, he was certain, is what the Great Arachnid had made him to do—run down the sides of mountains.

He soon passed the grass line and was on barren rock. As he stopped to rest, he thought he could see all the world. Insects one hundred, one hundred fifty feet away, dived and disappeared. Warren could see them. He could see the cloud-darkened vegetative stalks

around the mountain dance softly in the cool wind. In the distance — nearly a quarter-mile away, he could see the vague outlines of the trees as they passed upward and out of his imagination.

He continued towards the top.

The sky was utterly black, save for the moonlight which filtered through the heavy cloud cover.

Finally, Warren completed his climb and stood on the summit of his mountain, fully twenty inches high, alone and sweaty and magnificent.

"Great Arachnid," he said to himself, "how glorious it is to be a Great Idea of Thyself. How fortunate I am to realize my own glory, and my Oneness with You. You and I, Great Arachnid, know the secret of height and speed.

"Great Arachnid," he continued silently, "how fortunate I am not to be like one of those spiders down there, ignorant and lowly. I thank you for making them not me, and I pray you to help me to lead them in my own example."

In reply, a tugboat horn sounded on the distant Mississippi, hushed and low.

Then, suddenly, the sky was torn in half by a monstrous saw of lightning; turning everything — trees, grass, mountain, old stale flowers, and Warren Gamaliel Spider — into a camera's negative. In that moment of lightning horror, Warren saw that there were even higher mountains around him. The sky flashed dark again, and the clouds made a hungry sound.

The air smelled like a gasoline lawnmower.

Then it really started to rain.

"This is it," thought Warren Gamaliel Spider, "a sign from the Great Arachnid."

So concluding, Warren Gamaliel Spider dove down the side of the mountain, slicking the pads of his legs against the side of the mountain, loving the ground as it came close, legs moving like eight pinwheels — *aloft! floating! flying! free!* and rejoicing in wild spider voice until he crashed violently and laid still.

Incidentally, the mountain he had jumped off of was the gravestone of Richard Brahmin, a speech writer during the Kennedy administration.

"**H**I!" said a voice, "welcome to consciousness-two."

Slowly Warren opened his hundred eyes and looked around. "Over here!"

Turning hastily, he saw one of the most wide-eyed, gorgeous faces he had ever seen. Unfortunately, the body that should have been connected to this face was somehow submerged in some sort of goo.

"Guess who I am!" the face said cheerily.

"Mia Farrow Spider?"

"No. Does this help?: I go around from planet to planet and tell everyone that he's doing wrong and how to be happy."

"Jane Fonda Spider?"

"No. In fact, I'm not a spider at all. But that's all right. Listen, do you want the best in everything? Do you want to use 100 per cent of your brain, not just ten like normal beings? Would you like to slide down the web the envy of *everyone*? Would you like to be the spider the black widows set *their* traps for?"

"Sure would," Warren said, though in truth all he

wanted right then was a drop of water.

"Good. This is what you do . . ."

Many days later, Warren was full of this great teacher's knowledge. Though he could have stayed forever, his old sense of mission was upon him.

"Master," Warren said, "I feel as though I must bring your words to my spiders above ground."

"But I'm only on chapter six," the master objected, "I haven't gotten to what I had to say to the street-lighter yet."

"No matter, master," Warren said, "my spiders cry out for me."

"Go then," the master said reluctantly, "let me give you my blessing." But since the master couldn't get his hand out of the goo, Warren was obliged to travel unblest as he moved back to the overworld.

WARREN Gamaliel Spider had gathered all his fellow-spiders around him. He had, he said, swapped interplanetary platitudes with the Little Prince himself, and had brought the Prince's wisdom.

He began slowly.

"Remember to love your neighbor, or at least ignore him. Buy American. The fastest way to crawl is on another spider's back.

"Remember to tend to your garden, and when you're not, to watch television all the time.

"Life is like a roto-rooter.

"When you're thirsty, drink Metrecal. Don't eat your own eggs. Write 'I love you' on his thorax.

"Be open to all kinds of love, but never at more than five a throw.

"Life is like a bowl of cigars.

"Seek out the truth and find it. When you're done with it, put it back.

"Boycott non-union lettuce.

"Life is like an electric dryer.

"There is one great secret I learned with the great teacher that I want to share with you. Since knowing this secret, I have become the happiest spider extant, and when you learn it, you too will find that peace is at paw in your own abdomens. . . ."

Just then, a filthy white bird, which looked somewhat like a seagull but acted more like a drunken chicken hawk, suddenly dive-bombed five thousand feet, grabbed Warren in his bill, and ate him.

T. C. TREANOR

Politics, Priorities, and the University

Edward Manier

1. *The New Politics.* Lewis Carroll's Humpty-Dumpty expressed the following sentiments to Alice in Wonderland, "My words mean whatever I want them to mean. I pay them well, and I expect them to do what I ask."

The problem with H.D.'s strategy is that in the absence of sufficient wealth to pay a listener to understand what one wants him to understand, it is self-defeating. To do any job properly, words have to function as common, not private, property. If they mean only what one man wants them to mean, he can't use them to talk to anyone else. If words can be bought and sold, they cannot be used for purposes of honest communication.

If any expression deserves to be banned because of a loose living tendency to spend the night with the highest bidder, I suspect 'the new politics' is it. There is even a tendency to call whatever tactics won the last election 'the new politics.' In Indiana, we have elections three out of every four years. To keep up with the stunning career of 'the new politics,' you need a loose leaf dictionary.

The idea of welcoming the prodigal has a deep hold on some of us. For me, the new politics is not the clever manipulative use of the electronic media by a candidate glowing with youthful vigor and charisma. It is not the use of the techniques of computerized voter analyses, of massive door-to-door and telephone canvassing. It is not even the artful juxtaposition of a variety of special interests into another "new coalition."

The new politics, I submit, is what it was twenty-one years ago in the elder Adlai Stevenson's first campaign for the presidency of the U.S. It has won few if any elections. It is the effort to "talk sense to the American people," to put intelligence at the service of citizenship.

It is not the effort of a technocratic elite to identify, catalogue, and exploit the weak points in our collective psyche. It is the effort to restore real meaning to the term 'participatory democracy' by thoughtful consultation of our common experience to determine our real unfinished agenda, our future course, as a community. It is the effort to discover an idiom, a way of speaking which all of us can use as a means of sharing

and developing our various private hopes.

It is also the effort to develop structures or institutions which truly liberate rather than oppress the society they are intended to serve. For most citizens, spontaneous interest in a public meeting of the town council or the school board ranks just below watching the 99th summer rerun of *Gunsmoke*. And quite justifiably so, since their attendance, more often than not, is either deliberately or inadvertently rendered pointless by those who convene and organize the meeting. One is reminded as a professor who chides his students for not asking questions, but who never looks up from his notes to see the crowd of hands.

Finally, the new politics is not the "new politics of federal retrenchment." But it does have a wry sense of the fact that politics is a means and not an end in itself. We seek political consensus in order to attempt to develop a common matrix or framework within which each individual can best hear the beat of his own drummer, or discover and pursue the intensely personal meaning of his own life.

2. *Scientific Priorities.* Explicit rational choice is not as popular an activity as one might imagine. It is more comfortable to drift. A leaf blown by the wind can't be held accountable in the matter of its final resting place. Everyone has some use for someone who can't say "no."

Whatever one might feel about L.B.J.'s accent or lack of charisma, there was something warm and human about that tireless log-roller, holding his troops together for the quorum calls, dealing and trading with established prejudice, gradually advancing his own vision. In contrast, the cold rationality of Robert McNamara — newly transplanted from Detroit to the Defense Department — fell victim to the occupational disease of the systems analyst: doing the wrong things for the right reasons.

We have been told that universities and their scientists face several very dry financial seasons. Unless this economic stress is to convert the scientific community into a bickering collection of free-lance opportunists, that community must undertake a more careful review of its shared concerns; it must develop some means of first discussing and then establishing a

reasonable schedule of priorities among the various feasible scientific research programs. Such a schedule need not be monolithic or totalitarian. In my view, if it is reasonable, it is more likely to be multi-dimensional and pluralistic. Given the difficulty of predicting the fruits of any intellectual activity, it is important not to overlook the strategic values of "random search," more commonly known as the trial-and-error method.

If we are all interested in getting better at what we do, and in getting and giving criticism concerning the method and the direction of our investigations and projects, the model of the brilliant but lonely professor, contemplating a rose in the middle of the battlefield, is of very little help. The most important ingredient in any sort of human progress is the human capacity to learn from the mistakes of the past, one's own and those of others. We cannot do that unless we have some standards for identifying mistakes, and we cannot do it together unless we have shared standards.

In contemporary America, the attitudes of most of us, from the general citizenry to the political establishment, and certainly including most university students and professors, are conditioned by the so-called "technological ethos." Implicitly, almost unconsciously, we share its standards and values. It is particularly important that the members of a scientific community give explicit articulation to these values, and that we undertake a joint effort to decide whether their hold on us will be firm or loose.

Some of us live in the past to the extent that we still subscribe to that formulation of the technological ethos first advanced by the rationalists of the 17th and 18th centuries: 'Scientific progress is the necessary and sufficient condition of human progress.' Even then no one could persuade Voltaire that this was true, or that this was the best of all possible worlds. By the time of Darwin, the scientific community was much more cautious in the expression of its optimism. Writing on the supposed marvelous design of the human sense organs, Helmholtz wrote, "That which we have discovered in the way of inexactness and imperfection in the optical machine and in the image of the retina, is as nothing in comparison with the incongruities which we have just come across in the domain of the (other) sensations. One might say that nature has taken delight in accumulating contradictions in order to remove all foundation from the theory of a pre-existing harmony between the external and internal worlds."

Old creeds die hard. Successes in the Manhattan and then again in the Apollo projects fostered the contemporary version of the old myth: "Given confidence in his mastery over nature, and a sense of mission, man can develop the requisite techniques to do whatever he chooses." This time we don't need Voltaire, Helmholtz, or any expert Cassandra.

Racial prejudice, starvation, pollution, the Vietnam war are all too obvious. To what do we attribute our failure? Lack of confidence in our mastery over nature? Lack of a sense of mission?

The tragedy of Oedipus did not consist in his lack of hubris.

But surely intelligence has some role in human history? The version of the technological ethos which I favor is somewhat humbler. "Man is responsible for the

use of scientific intelligence to extend the range of dialogue and choice in situations where, without science, mute passivity before the might and mystery of nature would be the only thinkable response."

A notable feature of this formulation is that it does not deny the value of "mute passivity"; it simply argues that that should not be the "only thinkable response" to man's plight. So understood, even the technological ethos can be rendered compatible with the conviction that above all else we must avoid the creation of a universe in which the "domination of nature [is] linked to the domination of man."

Perhaps the crux of this is that man must learn to "interact" with nature and other men, not "dominate" or "exploit" them. "Interaction" here means "communicative action, symbolic interaction." As Habermas says, it is "governed by binding consensual norms, which define reciprocal expectations about behavior and which must be understood and recognized by at least two acting subjects." There is an element of unblushing myth in this, the myth of the personification of nature.*

The difficulties involved in rationalizing the scientific project render humility absolutely necessary. In discussing the criteria for scientific choice (for determining the priorities of our national science policy), Alvin Weinberg spoke about three different sorts of "external criteria" to be used in appraising research programs. Although he was at that time the head of the Oak Ridge National Laboratory, he argued that the scientific establishment had no right to request greater federal support than the Juilliard School of Music unless it could satisfy such external criteria as these:

2.1. Scientific merit. The range of scientific activities may be partitioned into those which are more or less fundamental in the special sense of being more or less "illuminating" for cognate activities in related fields. Weinberg, in 1963, was willing to argue that molecular biology deserved a much higher "illumination" rating than ultra-high energy physics for example. He assigned this rating on the basis of the supposed fact that molecular biology could provide the key to the solutions of problems in a host of related biological specialties (cell biology, embryology, neurophysiology). In contrast, he rated ultra-high energy physics very low indeed. "Aside from the brilliant resolution of the tau-particle paradox, which led to the overthrow of the conservation of parity, . . . I know of few discoveries in ultra-high energy physics which bear strongly on the rest of science."

Neither Weinberg nor anyone else has developed this particular rating scheme to a satisfactory level. Population biology and ecology were not even mentioned by Weinberg in 1963, and molecular biology

* Actually the theory of evolution underlines this point by stressing the gradual character of the process of hominization: man evolved slowly from sub-human ancestry and he evolved as part of a natural environment. Consequently, a significant part of the meaning of human personhood consists in the effort to maintain a reciprocity, a mutuality of adaptations, with one's environment. Coincidentally, Darwin personified nature in emphasizing the analogy between "natural selection" and the conscious process ("artificial selection") by which a farmer attempts to improve his herds.

we need a rebirth of poetic concern for nuance

does not illuminate those two fields any more than they illuminate molecular biology.

2.2. Technological merit. If, for any reason whatsoever, a certain utility value is assigned to a particular widget, it is rational to assign a comparable value to basic research that may be seen to contribute to the invention, design, and production of better and better widgets. If improvements in paint are important to you, and you have sufficient capital, it would seem rational to have a research and development budget and to devote a large part of it to basic research on such topics as pigment chemistry, the viscosity of colloidal suspensions, etc.; ordinarily you would not be expected to retain a biologist in your laboratory.

It is sometimes argued that the central concept of rationality has, in Western culture, been dominated by the model of technological rationality. For whatever reason, the mental processes of contemporary Westerners do seem to be naturally and easily stimulated by problems in which it is necessary to invent the means of attaining some obvious and clearly defined goal.

The problem here, of course, is that some of our most important goals are neither obvious nor well defined.

2.3. Social merit. It might be admitted that most of the difficulties associated with the effort to rationalize the project of science flow from its involvement with the fundamental and nearly intractable question, "In what sort of society do we wish to live?" In the face of the inevitably irreducible variety of answers to that question, it is not uncommon to declare it meaningless and pointless.

Nor do our problems disappear if we decide to baptize our difficulties by calling ourselves a "pluralistic society." We might all agree upon a common concern for our survival as a nation, for the health and vigor of all our citizens, for equality of access to the goods of education, housing, meaningful work, and leisure. But our disagreements concerning the size of the Pentagon's budget, the best mode of distributing modern medical care, the meaning of "quality education," "fair housing," and "the right to work" are literally legion.

3. The University. How do we overcome the prevalent polarization on these issues? There is no easy answer. But the university has a part to play and the cogency of its response to these issues will determine its fate in our society.

What is the role of science, the scientist, and the science student in the contemporary university? Certainly one aspect of this role must be the effort to recapture the full multi-dimensionality of scientific activity.

My own current research in the history and philosophy of science is addressed to the reconstruction of the complex empirical, logical, metaphorical, and political texture of the scientific activity and writing of Charles Darwin. For example, reconstruction of the influence of T. Malthus (*Essay on Population*) upon Darwin indicates that at least four distinct but interacting channels were involved: the empirical, the mathematical, the heuristic, and the metaphorical or poetic.

A poetic concern for nuances — the subtleties of the interaction of nature and its observers — may be that aspect of science most in need of a rebirth. If our view of science is that scientific activity itself is bleak, colorless, and heartless, then the pursuit of science will do relatively little to help us understand ourselves and our fellow men.

This means that laboratories should not resemble grim factories or arenas for the bloodless combat of competing technical skills. By osmosis and habit, the modality by which we address nature in the laboratory becomes the modality of our self-perception and the basic framework for our relations to other persons.

The history and philosophy of science may contribute to the full self-awareness of the scientist, but it is not the essential key for every student. It can

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become more effective in this regard by making a greater effort to reconstruct the laboratory and field *activities* of past science. Too often, it now deals with the past of science as if it were purely a textual affair, or purely a matter of staring *at* (not through) dusty, ancient telescopes. History and Philosophy of Science must also give greater attention to the artistic and political dimensions of past scientific activity.

Today's scientist must have (in addition to all the familiar and demanding mathematical and empirical skills) a depth of artistic vision, real political sophistication, and cogent moral convictions. An ambitious list to be sure, but it does no more than sketch the conditions for beginning.

We must and we can do more than begin. The larger problems of our nation — and I would include our shared tendency to abandon reason to fear and greed at the mere mention of a buzz word like "bussing" — will never be met until some increasing percentage of our citizens have had some experience in the successful solution of comparable problems in smaller communities.

If the role of science is to expand the range of options open to man, the scientist must also assist in the joint effort to appraise these options and to guarantee equality of access to them.

It has been said that scientists are incurably naive about politics: — politics is a struggle for power, a struggle of personalities, and science is the quiet search for truth, involving no harsher conflict than the critical comparison of ideas. Yet politics symbolizes a reality which science can neither assimilate nor eliminate — the irreducible variety of individual and communal aspirations.

It is *not* the case that *all* disagreement is rooted in misunderstanding. At times men and nations understand each other perfectly and still profoundly disagree. Politics is the art of coming to terms with the fact. Consequently, no man can avoid coming to terms with politics.

In a stirring characterization of "science as communism" J. D. Bernal stressed the natural democracy of the community of science; a community in which, at its best, collaboration and mutual aid truly are *the means of realizing the most individual of aspirations*. There is a profound sense in which each scientist depends upon every other scientist for the successful culmination of his own personal quest for truth.

There is, however, an equally profound sense in which the scientific community is limited and incomplete. It seems unlikely that there could ever be a "science of science" so powerful as to provide a complete theoretical program for the task of incorporating new scientific theories (such as those of Galileo, Darwin, or Freud) into the network of existing traditions in morality, in religious belief and liturgical practice, in politics, and in aesthetic sensibility. This comes very close to the admission that there is almost inevitably an aspect of irrationality in our effort to *utilize* science and to *interpret* its broader cultural import.

Obviously, there are certain social arrangements under which "irrationality" is much too kind a term for

the processes by which science is utilized and interpreted. Our own strategic gamble with atomic weapons is not just mad, it is diabolic.

No theory I know has the power of exorcism. Perhaps a liturgy of innocence and purity is required: a naive extrapolation of the scientific faith in the creative potential of unfettered, individual minds seeking truth together. The political modalities of this liturgy are expressed well enough by the terms 'decentralization of authority,' 'pluralism,' and 'participatory democracy.'

The solutions for our many problems certainly depend upon more than shared theories; meaningfully common solutions also require a large area of shared values and shared experiences; meaningful "sharing" must be a free and individually authentic act.

The point is that the college which transmits theoretical sophistication and nothing more does not prepare its graduates to meet their basic responsibilities as citizens. Today, a true university must provide all its members an opportunity to gain experience and some measure of wisdom in what must be their life-long effort to harmonize their roles as scholars, citizens, and private individuals.

There is a very old (Greek) sense of the word in which the communal realization of such opportunities is the true task of politics. There is no better way to realize such opportunities in the contemporary university than to involve all its willing members in the great tasks of setting the priorities, designing the instruments, and appraising the completed performances of that university.

In other words, I believe that it is absolutely necessary for universities to find ways to introduce the "new politics of participatory democracy" into the old guild and its traditionally rigid hierarchy of master (teacher) and apprentice (student). ■

James Kearns

Abortion: Coming to Terms

In the heated discussion now taking place over the Supreme Court's recent abortion decisions, *Roe v. Wade*; *Doe v. Bolton* (January 22, 1973), there is a decided lack of clarity on two fundamental points. The first concerns the precise legal effect of the decision, and the second concerns the process of legal reasoning used by the Court to reach its conclusion. On this second point in particular there seems to be serious misunderstanding among nearly everyone except those in the legal profession itself. It is important that people understand not only *what* the Court did but also *how* they did it, because only in these terms can be understood the full implications of the abortion decisions.

First of all, what the Supreme Court's decision did was to lay the foundation for abortions for any person, in any place, at any time, for any reason. The Court's decision makes unconstitutional any state law which does not conform to the standards set by the Court itself:

1. During the first three months of pregnancy, a state may neither prohibit nor regulate abortion, which is "left to the medical judgment of the pregnant woman's attending physician."
2. From the end of the first three months until viability ("Viability is usually placed at about seven months (28 weeks) but may occur earlier, even at 24 weeks"), a state may not prohibit abortions, but may regulate how they are to be performed, e.g.,

only by a licensed physician, in a certified hospital or clinic, etc. Any such regulations are to be only those "reasonably related to *maternal* health" (emphasis added).

As abortifacient technology becomes increasingly safer (for the mother, at least) this regulation by the state will become a minimal formality. For example, as the "morning-after" pill is further developed (which is abortifacient by definition, because it terminates pregnancy *after* conception has taken place), abortions will be available through a doctor's prescription, or perhaps off the shelf, like aspirin.

3. Finally, from the time of viability until birth, a state may strictly regulate, and even prohibit abortions, "except where it is necessary, in appropriate medical judgment, for the preservation of the life or health of the mother" (emphasis added).

The word "health" is of crucial significance here, because the Court defines "health" very liberally to include "psychological as well as physical well-being" and "the medical judgment may be exercised in the light of all factors—physical, emotional, psychological, familial, and the woman's age — relevant to the well-being" of the mother. Even had the Court not construed the word "health" this open-endedly, the experience of states with similar provisions in their own laws shows that it is not difficult to find a physician willing to certify an abortion as necessary to preserve the mother's "health." For instance, of the 61,572

abortions performed in California during 1970, 98.2% were approved by a medical committee because of a supposed threat to the pregnant woman's mental health. (San Francisco *Chronicle*, November 23, 1972.)

In effect, therefore, the Supreme Court has accomplished by judicial decision what had come to seem impossible to achieve through individual state legislation: legalized abortion-on-demand in every state of the union, during any stage of pregnancy, right up to the moment of birth itself. Struck down, of course, are the statutes of 30 states prohibiting abortion except to save the mother's life. But it is doubtful if even the liberalized abortion laws of such states as New York and California are liberal enough to meet the Court's standards.

As drastic a development as this may seem, much more far-reaching effects are implied in the Supreme Court's *reasoning* of the case. What that reasoning was, and what it implies, are now to be examined.

Although the Court's opinion is long and involved, the crucial sentence in it is this: "[T]he word 'person,' as used in the Fourteenth Amendment, does not include the unborn." To many who are not acquainted with legal phraseology, especially in constitutional law, the import of such a statement is far from clear. Its meaning, however, is simple. The constitutions and statutes through which our state and federal governments operate contain thousands of references to "persons." An example especially pertinent to our times is Section One of the Fourteenth Amendment to the United States Constitution:

No State shall . . . deprive any *person* of life, liberty or property, without due process of law; nor deny to any *person* within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws. (Emphasis added.)

To say that someone or something is not a "person" in the law is simply to say that when any law refers to a "*person*," it does not include the someone or something in question. Accordingly, the word "person" has a great deal of significance when it appears in the law. Furthermore, the definition of "person" is not left to its commonly understood meaning in ordinary speech; rather, it is for the *law* to say who is and who is not a "person," and who is therefore covered or not by a specific provision. For instance, it has long been settled that *corporations* are "persons" within the meaning of the Fourteenth Amendment, while other business organizations, such as partnerships, are not. Consequently, corporations — as *corporations* — independently of their officers and stockholders — are entitled to "due process" and "equal protection" of the laws, with substantially the same "civil rights" — e.g., fair trials and freedom from discrimination — as belong to individual people.

In the abortion cases, then, what the Supreme Court was really deciding in saying that the child in the womb is not a "person" in the law, is that the unborn child is not entitled to the protection of the Due Process and Equal Protection clauses of the Constitution. In fact, the Court openly admitted that if the unborn child *were* to be recognized as a legal "person," then liberalized abortion would have to be completely forbidden:

If this suggestion of personhood is established,

the appellants' case, of course, collapses, for the fetus' right to life is then guaranteed specifically by the Amendment.

If the child in the womb is recognized as a "person" within the meaning of the Fourteenth Amendment, then allowing his or her life to be taken for any reason other than to save another *life* is clearly a violation of "equal protection." For the unborn child has obviously committed no wrong, and there is no rational basis for depriving the unborn of life for reasons which do not justify the killing of people already born. This is directly analogous to racial discrimination: there is no rational basis for depriving nonwhites of the rights to vote or to buy property, for example, for reasons which do not justify denying whites these same things. To illustrate the concept another way: it would *not* be a denial of equal protection of the laws if Congress passed a law saying that any person may terminate the life of any other person, whom the first person considers dangerous to his life or physical or mental health. (There would obviously be a big "due process" problem here, though.)

Having concluded, however, that the child in the womb is not a "person" in the law, the Supreme Court obviated any need to consider whether liberalized abortion violates any rights of the unborn to due process or equal protection. Without this complication, the Court could readily affirm the pregnant woman's "right to privacy" in terminating her pregnancy. With such a great deal at stake, it is important to see upon what grounds the Court reached this conclusion that the unborn child is a legal "nonperson."

The first reason given by the Court is historical: traditionally, "the unborn have never been recognized in the law in the whole sense." This is so, it is said, because "the law has been reluctant to endorse any theory that life, as we recognize it, begins before live birth." With this, the Court comes to the crux of the entire abortion controversy: whether the child in the womb, the "fetus," is a living human being. The overriding importance of this issue stems from earlier decisions of the Supreme Court concerning illegitimate children. In *Levy v. Louisiana* (391 U.S. 68, 70), decided in 1968, the Court said:

We start from the premise that illegitimate children are not "nonpersons." They are humans, live, and have their being. They are clearly "persons" within the meaning of the Equal Protection Clause of the Fourteenth Amendment.

Thus, if the child in the womb is human, lives, and has his being — that is, if he is a living human being — then he is entitled to legal personhood. And, as pointed out above, the Court acknowledged that if the child in the womb is accorded legal personhood, then liberalized abortion laws cannot stand. In short, "the critical issue is whether an abortion involves the destruction of a human life. If one concedes that it does, then one can hardly support a proposal to kill existing human beings to suit the convenience or comfort of others." (Testimony of Professor Charles E. Rice before the New York Joint Legislative Committee on Health, Albany, New York, February 27, 1969. Professor Rice is presently on the law faculty at Notre Dame.)

when does life begin?

The Supreme Court apparently recognized this difficulty, for it refused to confront the issue directly: "We need not resolve the difficult question of when life begins." Of course, in this case not to decide was to decide: if the unborn child is a living human being, then liberalized abortion is not permissible; therefore, if the Court holds liberalized abortion is permissible, the Court must believe that the unborn child is *not* a living human being.

This, then, poses a question of fact: when does life begin? The Court claims there is a "wide diversity of thinking on this sensitive and difficult question." The Court is correct insofar as there is not total unanimity among all commentators on the question. Yet the overwhelming weight of opinion, even among those supporting abortion-on-demand, is that human life begins at conception. For example, the highest court of New York, in *upholding* the liberalized abortion law of that state, found:

It is not effectively contradicted, if it is contradicted at all, that modern biological disciplines accept that *upon conception* a fetus has an independent genetic

"package" . . . and that it has an autonomy of development and character It is human, . . . and it is unquestionably alive. (Emphasis added.) (*Byrne v. N.Y.C. Health & Hosps. Corp.*, 31 N.Y.2d 194 (1972).)

Even if somehow one can avoid conceding that the child in the womb is a living human being, one ought at least to give him the benefit of the doubt. Our law does not allow the imposition of criminal punishment unless guilt is proven beyond a reasonable doubt. Analogously, the child in the womb — admittedly innocent of any crime — deserves to have resolved in his favor any doubts as to his living humanity and his personhood.

Especially ominous, but more accurately portraying the character of our times, is the position of *California Medicine*, "Official Journal of the California Medical Association":

The reverence for each and every human life . . . is being eroded at its core and may eventually even be abandoned Since the old ethic has not yet been fully displaced it has been necessary to separate the idea of abortion from the idea of killing which

continues to be socially abhorrent. The result has been a curious avoidance of the scientific fact, which everyone really knows, that human life begins at conception and is continuous whether intra- or extra-uterine until death. The very considerable semantic gymnastics which are required to rationalize abortion as anything but taking a human life would be ludicrous if they were not often put forth under socially impeccable auspices. (Vol. 113, No. 3, Sept. 1970, pp. 67-69.)

The Supreme Court's abortion decisions are a prime example of "very considerable semantic gymnastics . . . put forth under socially impeccable auspices." But these semantic gymnastics not only serve "to rationalize abortion," but also provide the basis for authorizing euthanasia of the aged, the sick and the retarded. If the Court can define some human beings as nonpersons because they are too young — that is, they have not lived nine months from their conception — it can also do it to others because they are too old. Or diseased. Or retarded.

Herein lies the importance of the "Human Life Amendment," introduced into the House of Representatives by Congressman Lawrence J. Hogan (R.-Md.):

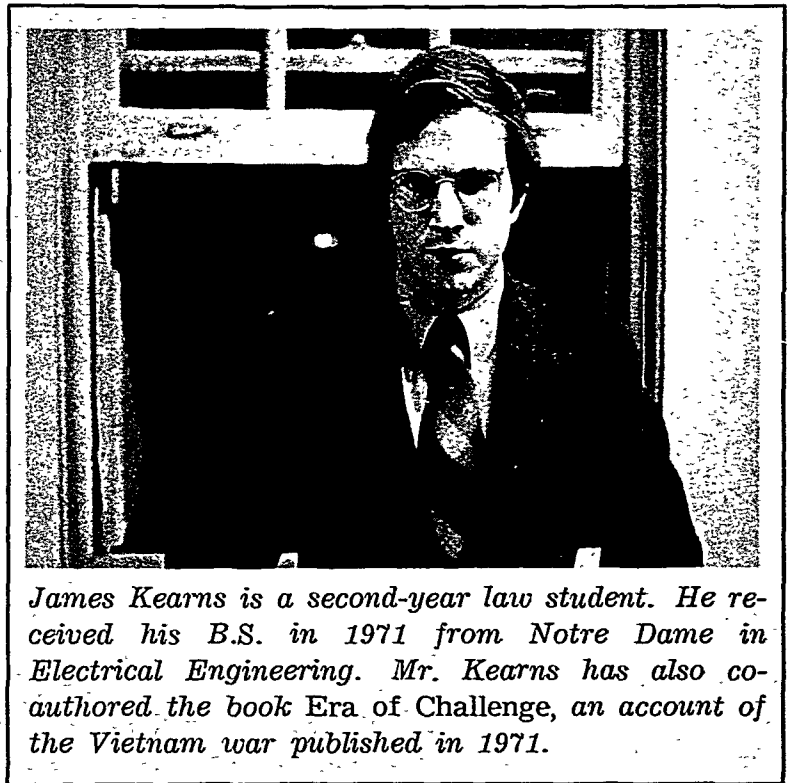
1. Neither the United States nor any State shall deprive any human being, from the moment of conception, of life without due process of law; nor deny any human being, from the moment of conception, within its jurisdiction, the equal protection of the laws.

2. Neither the United States nor any State shall deprive any human being of life on account of age, illness or incapacity.

3. Congress and the several States shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

It would not be appropriate at this time to attempt an analysis of the full legal impact this amendment would have if adopted. For it has just recently entered the forum of public debate, with detailed discussion of it by legal and medical authorities yet to come. Suffice it to say that any effective antidote to the Supreme Court's abortion rulings will need to protect the right to life at all ages.

In 1857, in the Dred Scott decision, the Supreme Court held that free descendents of slaves could not be citizens and said that slaves were not even persons but property. That refusal by the Supreme Court to see human beings where they actually exist has been reenacted in our own day. In an age of increased sensitivity to the rights of the underprivileged and the defenseless, the Dred Scott Case of 1857 is the ultimate irony.



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Figures for a Festival

The *New York Times* declared in 1969 that the Notre Dame Sophomore Literary Festival was "unlike anything of its kind" and the 1973 Festival promises to maintain the standards that have brought such acclaim. The writers visiting the campus this year, John Ashbery, Gwendolyn Brooks, Stanley Elkin, Arthur Miller, Chaim Potok, Kenneth Rexroth, and Jerome Rothenberg, are people who give, through their work, an unparalleled richness of experience.

These artists are as diversified as they are talented. Together they represent some of the most talented writers of drama, fiction, poetry, and translation in contemporary literature. Their personal backgrounds differ quite widely as well. Nonetheless, the seven people who will make this year's Festival are in one way very similar; they are writers. They are artists with a capacity and ability for the creation of new worlds.

One of these interesting worlds is the world of John Ashbery. This Fulbright Scholar and Guggenheim Fellow is one of the most original writers of our time. He is an accomplished poet, playwright and novelist who employs a highly unusual concept of language, a concept said to consider the use of words similar to the use of paint by an abstract painter. In his most recent work, *Three Poems*, Ashbery utilizes a prose style that is so intense, so demanding and so full of life that it is almost inseparable from verse. The trilogy deals masterfully with human emotion and man's ability to act with and upon his destiny, and in so

doing becomes one of the most provocative, innovative poetical works in current American literature.

Ashbery is obviously not content with previous modes of writing but feels compelled to experiment with totally new ones. Perhaps the only restriction on the limits of his talent is that he has limited himself to the use of language. Often the formal purpose of his poetry is subdued in order to, as he puts it, "reproduce the same power that dreams have of persuading you . . . that there is a hidden relation among disparate elements."

The Harvard graduate's other poetical works include *Turnabout and Other Poems*, *Some Trees*, *The Poems*, *The Tennis Court Utah*, and *Rivers and Mountains*. Ashbery's work as a playwright includes *The Heroes* and *The Compromise* and he has also written a novel, *A Nest of Ninnies*.

Another poet who will be bringing a new world to Notre Dame is Gwendolyn Brooks. She is often referred to as one of the best contemporary black poets but to say that is to limit her ability. She is simply one of the best poets.

Her poetry often deals with the black world today but what she says is limitless in its humanity. To read her poetry is to feel the beauty of the strong soul of a strong woman.

Gwendolyn Brooks is dedicated to her people and her culture so intensely that her work can more accurately convey the black experience than all the world's sociology books. Gwendolyn Brooks is much more. She is so moving that no reader can

remain unchanged after reading her work. Her poems are highly personal and show the warmth of an artist very closely tied with her people.

In 1960, Miss Brooks won the Pulitzer Prize for poetry because of her work, *Annie Allen*. Since then she has written many volumes of poetry such as *The Bean Eater*, *In the Mecca*, and a volume of selected poems, as well as an autobiography and a fiction piece entitled *Maude Martha*.

Specifically a fiction writer, Stanley Elkin writes about the human condition in an often hilarious way. More important to his work, though, is what lies beneath the wittiness. Elkin has a great deal to say about life and men's response to their own. He often deals with characters who present the "tragic inadequacy of a simplistic response to life."

His novels, while exceptionally funny, contain powerful statements on the position of the human in the world. His situations vary from grocery store basements to radio stations and he deals with ways to face and look at life, ways to live it, and ways to end it.

His novels include *Boswell: a Modern Comedy*, *Criers and Kibitzers and Criers*, *A Bad Man*, and his most recent work for which he received a Guggenheim Fellowship, *The Dick Gibson Show*.

Also coming to the Festival is a man who is without question the greatest contemporary playwright. His work contains some of the most moving and intense drama ever written. None but Arthur Miller could write the Pulitzer Prize winning *Death of a Salesman* and convey all the anxiety of a struggling Willie Loman. No other playwright could create the tenderness and strength of John and Elizabeth Proctor at the close of *The Crucible*.

Arthur Miller's plays have been performed and acclaimed throughout the world to so great an extent that there can be no question as to the place he occupies in American literature. His ability to express the relations of struggling man to a hostile society was demonstrated in his earliest play, *The Man Who Had All the Luck*, and since then he has continued to show his unparalleled expertise as an artist.

Miller's other works include *A View from the Bridge*, *Incident at Vichy*, *After the Fall*, *All My Sons*,



ARTHUR MILLER



STANLEY ELKIN

The Price and a collection of short stories entitled *I Don't Need You Anymore*.

One of the foremost writers of fiction today is Dr. Chaim Potok. The author of three novels, *The Chosen*, *The Promise* and *My Name Is Asher Lev*, Dr. Potok writes with a style so full of warmth and sincerity that the reader cannot help but be moved deeply by his fiction. Though his style is somewhat simple his capacity for compassion and love overflows his pages.

Though his characters are mainly Jewish, his knowledge of kindness, understanding, love, friendship and art holds the same truth for all. In *The Chosen* he deals with the developing friendship between two boys and their growth to manhood. Potok is so sensitive to the human qualities involved that to read his book is to weep at times and at times to shout for joy.

Kenneth Rexroth, poet, playwright, translator, painter and novelist is perhaps one of the most diversified talents in contemporary literature. A native of South Bend, Indiana,

Rexroth is a writer who is a striking individual person and whose work demonstrates that individuality.

His purpose in his works he says is "to embody in verse the belief that the only valid conservation of value lies in the assumption of unlimited ability, the supernatural identification of the self with the tragic unity of the creative process. I hope I have made it clear that the self does not do this by an act of the will, by sheer assertion. He who would save his life must lose it."

Rexroth's works include *Collected Shorter Poems*, *Collected Longer Poems*, *100 Poems From the Chinese*, *Assays*, and *With Eye and Ear*.

Operating in the extremely wide areas of translation, Jerome Rothenberg has become more than well known and respected in his field. A student of "primitive" poetry, Rothenberg has by his work reopened a whole field of poetry. "I look for new forms and possibilities, but also for ways of presenting in my own language the oldest possibilities of poetry going back to the primitive and archaic cultures that have been



CHAIM POTOK

opening up to us over the last hundred years. . . . Everything is possible in poetry and our earliest 'western' attempts at definition represent a failure of perception we no longer have to endure."

Rothenberg's original approach to poetry is called ethnopoetics and he

is co-editor of the first magazine devoted exclusively to it. His most famous works of primitive poetry include *Technicians of the Sacred: A Range of Poetics from Africa, America, Asia and Oceania*, *Shaking the Pumpkin: Traditional Poetry of the Indian North Americas*, and *Poems for the Game of Silence* 1969-1970.

These, then, are the writers who will be speaking to and with the students of Notre Dame during the week of April 1 through 6. They are people who know what it means to be a writer. They are well aware of the pain and joy of creating. The people who are planning the Festival are also aware of the challenge of writing and, more especially, the challenge of writing in an atmosphere so hostile that it threatens the very existence of the writer. In this awareness, they have dedicated the Festival, as Festival Chairman Frank Barrett put it, "to all literary oppression because of their beliefs."

The seven artists appearing at the Festival are people with beliefs, people with ideas. Through their works and their presence at the Festival they provide a rare opportunity to experience some of the best writers of our time. All of these people have something to say, something very important to themselves and to their readers. As these writers give their various presentations and go to some classes with Notre Dame students, there will hopefully develop a meaningful dialogue and exchange of ideas.

Chaim Potok in an epigraph to his novel *The Promise* quoted Franz Kafka and perhaps that best sums up what these authors are doing by their work and by participating in the Festival: "If the book we are reading does not wake us, as with a fist hammering on our skull, why then do we read it? Good God, we would also be happy if we had no books, and such books as make us happy we could, if need be, write ourselves. But what we must have are those books which come upon us like ill-fortune and distress us deeply, like the death of one we love better than ourselves, like suicide. A book must be an ice-axe to break the sea frozen inside us."

—jim gresser

And a Book for a Festival

Three Poems, by John Ashbery; The Viking Press; New York, 1972; \$2.25

John Ashbery is perhaps the most exciting young poet writing in America today. He is certainly among the most difficult. Now, "difficult" writers may be divided into two categories: those who court obscurity and those who demand attention. The deliberate verbal perversity of writers in the first group frequently disposes us to avoid those in the second group, or at most, to confess them as "good" (whatever that means) and dismiss them with some casual observation to the effect that our "tastes" lie elsewhere. This is unfortunate. The difficulty (and it is considerable) of *Three Poems* is rewarded with flashes of poetic brilliance culminating in moments of the most intense and lucid pleasure. Pleasure, rather than understanding, is the end of *Three Poems*. It may seem paradoxical that a volume that demands such unflinching attention, such intellectual gymnastics, a volume that is so damned hard to read, should result in something as non-cerebral as pleasure. Why not simply go for a walk, eat a peach or make love? Why? Because (and this is one of Ashbery's fondest beliefs), unfortunately, the most lucid pleasures do not present themselves at the drop of a hat—they are hard and hard to find:

In this scheme of things what is merely pleasant has to die to be born again as pleasure, and although it seems unfair this includes your outside view, openness, your penetrability and force to penetrate through outside agents that are merely the logical extensions of your inner decision to act and to bring this action to bear on the constellation of everyday phenomena. And so a new you takes shape.

Toward the end of his life, Aquinas concluded that the *Summa Theo-*

logica amounted to "nothing." How are we to take this? Are we simply to agree, drop the *Summa* from our reading lists and pass merrily on our way? Or, are we to enter into the much more arduous task of tracing a man's mind as it progresses through a series of significant opposites, keeping in our minds the ever-present possibility that all is, finally, for nought and pushing on anyway, ferreting out the forms, the movements of the soul as Ashbery calls them, that are our vital selves.

One should always suspect any form of communication that yields up its full meaning on first appearance. More likely than not, it is hiding more than it tells, and one of the things it is probably hiding is its own ultimate insufficiency:

Any reckoning of the sum total of the things we are is of course doomed to failure from the start, that is if it intends to present a true, wholly objective picture from which both artifice and artfulness are banished; no art can exist without at least traces of these, and there was never any question but that this rendering was to be made in strict conformity with the rules of art—only in this way could it approximate most closely the thing it was intended to reflect and illuminate and which was its inspiration, by achieving the rounded feeling almost of the forms of flesh and the light of nature, and being thus equipped for the maximum number of contingencies which, in its capacity as an aid and tool for understanding, it must know how to deal with. Perhaps this was where we made our mistake. Perhaps no art, however gifted and well-intentioned, can supply what we were demanding of it: not only the figured representation of our days but the justification of them, the reckoning and its application, so close to the reality being lived that it vanishes suddenly in a thunderclap, with a loud cry.

The three prose poems progress dialectically. "The New Spirit," the first of the three, creates this sense of movement which is then tested

against alternative forms of happiness in the second poem, "The System." "The Recital" offers a tentative conclusion to the dilemma. The whole volume is organized around a complex analogy between our response to language and our response to life. The first lines set the tone:

I thought that if I could put it all down, that would be one way. And next the thought came to me that to leave all out would be another, and truer, way.

Life involves movement between contradictory poles. The language act traps its creator between the equally contradictory realms of art and life. The better writers realize this radical polarity and refuse to be forced into a position where they must "choose" between art and life. Instead, they attempt to manipulate both, juxtaposing them so as to discover a creative opposition. There is finally very little difference between the "pure aesthete" and the "strict realist." Both operate under the misapprehension that the art/life conflict is a problem to be solved rather than a source to be studied, suffered and used. This "glad mess," this infinitely particular real, enforces limits on both reason and imagination, turning us back onto ourselves and others with newfound wonder and humility:

And one moves closer, drawn first by the aura of the spectacle, to come to examine the merit of its individual parts so as to enjoy even more connecting them up to the whole.

If Ashbery is urging a more fluid conception of art he is also creating a more dynamic way of seeing life. One apprehends the movement, thinks on it, feeds off it, enjoys it, changes it and changes with it, "keeping attached to it as it rolls from view, like a river which is never there because of moving on someplace."

Vision and Revision

When one is in one's late thirties, ordinary things—like a pebble or a glass of water—take on an expressive sheen. One wants to know more about them, and one is in turn lived by them. Young people might not envy this kind of situation, perhaps rightly so, yet there is now interleaving the pages of suffering and indifference to suffering a prismatic space that cannot be seen, merely felt as the result of an angularity that must have existed from earliest times and is only now succeeding in making its presence felt through the mists of helpless acceptance of everything else projected on our miserable, dank span of days. One is aware of it as an open field of narrative possibilities. Not in the edifying sense of the tales of the past that we are still (however) chained to, but as stories that tell only of themselves, so that one realizes one's self has dwindled and now at last vanished in the diamond light of pure speculation. Collar up, you are lighter than air.

The form of *Three Poems* is conceived as open-ended. The poetic voice actually undergoes the painful contradictions of mood and persuasion that the poem is "about." It is a love poem, but it is more than that. It is more than mechanistic allegory, it is something other than an effort to represent experience. *Three Poems* is its own setting in the process of making us its characters. This is to say that *Three Poems* anticipates the reader's response, somewhat like a detective novel. Alternately, it rewards, punishes, baffles and entertains.

Three Poems cannot be exhausted by critical exegesis. It seems to me that the most any reviewer can hope for is the removal of barriers, such as "difficulty," that, unattended, would stand between reader and writer.

The last word belongs to John Ashbery.

All right. Then this new problem is the same one, and that is the problem: that our apathy can always renew itself, drawing energy from the circumstances that fill our lives, but emotional happiness blooms only once, like an annual, leaving not even roots or foliage behind when its flower withers and dies. . . . Although the task seems hopeless and there is no end . . . in sight, we are within our rights in fighting back, the weapon is ours to wield, and it is possible that by dint of continually doing so we might at length gain a slight foothold or edge, for the enemy's powers though superhuman are not inexhaustible: we are basically certain that nothing is except the capacity for struggle that unites us, foe to foe, on the vast plain of life. We are like sparrows fluttering and jabbering around a seemingly indifferent prowling cat; we know that the cat is stronger and therefore we forget that we have wings, and too often we fall in with the cat's plans for us, afraid and therefore unable to use the wings that could have saved us by bearing us aloft if only for a little distance, not the boundless leagues we had been hoping for and insisting on, but enough to make a crucial difference, the difference between life and death.

—dan o'donnell

The Best and the Brightest, by David Halberstam, Random House, 1972 (688 pages, Hardback, \$10)

"... your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams."

Acts of the Apostles 2:17

"In dreams begin responsibilities."

W. B. Yeats

In this best seller, David Halberstam argues that the best way to begin to make sense of Vietnam is to understand "the architects of the war." Borrowing from his intellectual paradigm, it would seem that the best way to begin to make sense of *The Best and the Brightest* is to understand its author. David Halberstam has always been a journalist's journalist. Managing editor of the *Crimson* at Harvard, he first came to national prominence in the early sixties as a correspondent for the *New York Times* in Vietnam. His reports from that beleaguered country earned him the Pulitzer Prize in 1964. Indeed, printer's ink flows through the veins of David Halberstam. It should not be surprising therefore that *The Best and the Brightest* reads like a 688-page newspaper article. Therein lie both its fundamental strengths and weaknesses. Halberstam's prose is that of the teletype—brisk, factual, and above all, highly readable. However, because of his penchant for description and detail, Halberstam, like most journalists, often fails to see the forest for the trees. Although his book is an excellent example of first-rate reporting, it suffers from a dearth of perceptive analysis. In reading it, one senses that the author is not really aware of the larger implications of his own words.

Halberstam asks why "the best and brightest men of a generation" allowed "the worst tragedy . . . since the Civil War" to happen. Put bluntly, his answer is that they were fools. Over and over again Halberstam cites miscalculation and bad judgment in high places. He concludes that while New Frontiersmen may have been the best, they were not very bright. According to Halberstam, other men would have been more prudent. Unfortunately, the system simply failed to provide these men.

The problem with Halberstam's thesis, to use the Cambridge vernacular, is that it just won't wash. If, as he claims, the Vietnam nightmare was simply a matter of personnel, how would he explain the fact that the new men of the Nixon administration repeated the mistakes of their predecessors? Halberstam simply cannot understand that the real tragedy of Vietnam was not that the system failed, *but that it worked*. The war was the quintessential product of the intellectual technology of our age. The rationalism/pragmatism of that era robbed America of its conscience. We could no longer ask why, but only how. Hence, America blindly prosecuted not only the longest but the most immoral war in its history. Vietnam did not reveal, as Halberstam argues, the mere foibles of a handful of men. Rather, it exposed the essential bankruptcy of our system. The main flaw in *The Best and the Brightest* is that its focus is misplaced. As a journalist, Halberstam suffers from what might be called the Nuremberg syndrome. For him, wars are conjured up by men who are either evil or inept. He fails to appreciate the fact that the so-called "warmakers" of history are more often than not merely the victims of the ideas/institutions of their times. And so it was with Vietnam.

Now that our country has extricated itself from the quagmire, how can we avoid future Vietnams? Halberstam is vague in answering his own question. He implies that the Government should simply recruit better players for its team. However, it seems that a more viable solution would be to change the nature of the game itself. In other words, we should move to radically change those ideas/institutions that got us into the war in the first place. Curiously enough, the "military-industrial complex" is not mentioned once in Halberstam's book. Apparently he didn't think it significant. Nevertheless, history will probably record that this monster was primarily responsible for forcing America into the dark tunnel. Unless democratic controls are placed on the war business machine we can look forward to a succession of Vietnams in the future.

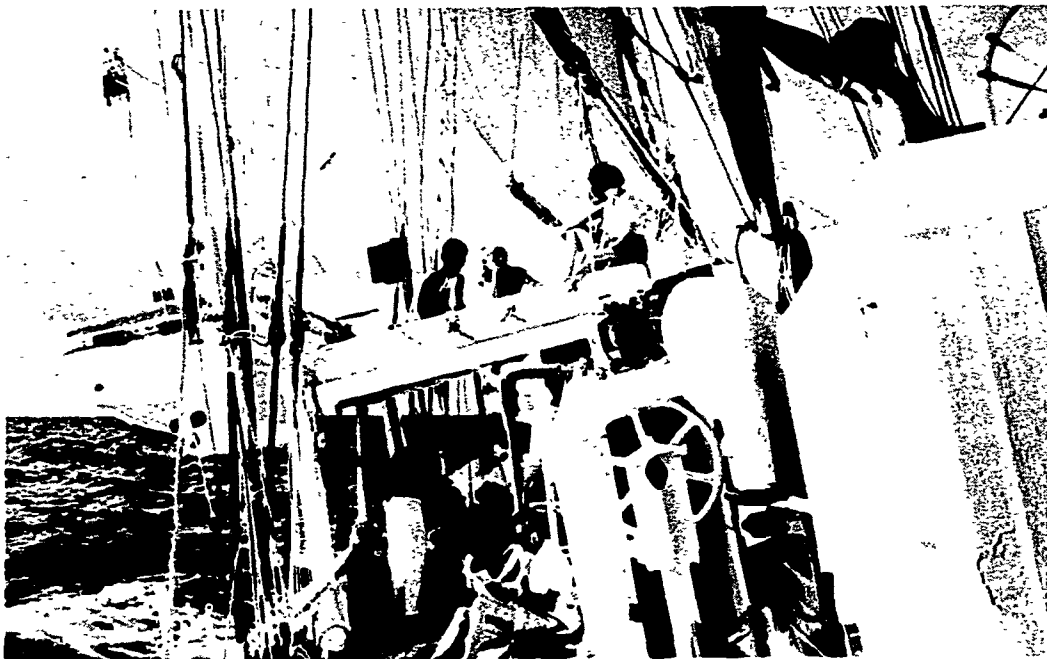
Simply keeping the "military-industrial complex" in tow will not be

enough, however. A much more profound change is called for if we are to avoid future Vietnams. *New York Times* correspondent Neil Sheehan, after reading the Pentagon Papers, was convinced that there is an inner U.S. government which he called the "centralized state." Sheehan described this inner government as being "far more powerful than anything else, for whom the enemy is not simply the Communists but everything else, its own press, its own judiciary, its own Congress, foreign and friendly governments—all these are potentially antagonistic." He went on to say that the centralized state "does not function necessarily for the benefit of the Republic but rather for its own ends, its own perpetuation; it has its own codes which are different from public codes. Secrecy was a way of protecting itself, not so much from threats by foreign governments, but from detection from its own population on charges of its competence and wisdom." The tragedy of Vietnam will repeat itself many times, in many ways until this inner government is destroyed. If that sounds like revolutionary rhetoric, then so be it. Maybe the time has come for the second American revolution. Has the centralized state been any more representative than the government of George III? As Halberstam put it "They had manipulated the public, the Congress and the press from the start, told half truths, about why we were going in, how deeply we were going in, how much we were spending, and how long we were in for."

The second American revolution, like the first, would destroy the oligarchy and make our country a democracy. However, unlike the first, it would not be violent, nor would it be a mass movement. It would be up to us as individuals to return to our home towns and work out ways by which political power could be localized. We would have to instill in our families and neighbors a sense of place (*i.e.*, make them conscious of their history, traditions, identity) so that they could stand up to the centralized state. Without question, it is a task for visionaries and dreamers, but unless we act to carry it out, Vietnam is destined to become a recurring nightmare in the future.

—dan kogovsek

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FILMS

Cinema '73 presents five contemporary French classics April 8-12. On consecutive days, beginning on the 8th, "Stolen Kisses," "Zazie Dans le Metro," "La Femme Infidele," "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg," and "Breathless." All are in the Engineering Auditorium at 8:00 and 10:00 p.m.

MUSIC

Josef Sluys, organist, appears in Sacred Heart Church on April 4. Free admission for his 8:15 p.m. concert. The **Jazz Band** takes over at 9:00 p.m. on the 5th, with no admission charge for the concert in LaFortune. For one dollar, **Gregory Bonenberger, guitarist**, is yours at 8:15, April 13, in the Library Auditorium.

SPECIALS

The Magic Flute, a Notre Dame/St. Mary's Theatre production of Mozart's comic opera can be seen April 6, 7, 12, 13, and 14. Performances start at 8:30 p.m. in O'Laughlin Auditorium. March 31, stop in for some good vibrations with the **Beach Boys** at the ACC. Tickets are \$3.50 for the 8:00 p.m. concert. The ACC will be filled with the magic of the **Harlem Globetrotters**, April 6. The Library Auditorium is the site of the **Chicano Symposium**, April 12, at 8:00 p.m. **Disney on Parade** marches into the ACC for some family entertainment for six days, April 10-15 (call ACC ticket office for further information). Why not try "once around the rink" at the Student Union-sponsored **skating party**, April 12., ACC ice rink. The **Sophomore Literary Festival** brings noted literary figures to Notre Dame, April 1-6:

April 1, **Gwendolyn Brooks** reading from her poetry, 4:00 p.m., Library Auditorium.

April 2, **Stanley Elkin** reading from his fiction, 8:00 p.m., Library Auditorium.

April 3, **Stanley Elkin**, "Literature and the Heart Attack," 3:30 p.m., Library Auditorium. **Chaim Potok**, "Rebellion and Authority: The Jew and Modern

Literature," 8:00 p.m., Library Auditorium.

April 4, **John Ashbery** reading from his poetry, 3:30 p.m., Library Auditorium. **Kenneth Rexroth** reading from his poetry, 8:00 p.m., Library Auditorium.

April 5, **Poetry Symposium**, Jerome Rothenberg, Kenneth Rexroth, and John Ashbery discussing poetry, 1:00 p.m., Library Auditorium. **Jerome Rothenberg** reading from his poetry, 3:30 p.m., Library Auditorium. **Arthur Miller** reading from his work, 8:00 p.m., Washington Hall.

April 6, **Jerome Rothenberg**, Workshop on Ethnopoetics: Translations as Oral Poetry, 3:30 p.m., Library Auditorium. **Arthur Miller**, "An Informal Evening with Arthur Miller," 8:00 p.m., Library Auditorium.

Notre Dame hosts the **Collegiate Jazz Festival**, April 12-14, beginning on Thursday at 7:30 with Cannonball Adderley, Grover Washington, Jr., Charles Irvin, The Bill Nix Trio,

and the CJF judges' combo. On Friday at the same time, listen to The Notre Dame Combo, University of Michigan, M.I.T. Memphis State, Triton College and others. On Saturday, The Rat Pack, Ohio State, Indiana University Modern Jazz Quintet, Malcolm X College, Texas Southern Jazz Band, and a judges' jam session. Tickets at the door or at the Student Union Ticket Office.

LECTURES

Cardinal O'Hara Lecture Series features **Professor Arnold R. Weber** of the University of Chicago in the Library Auditorium, April 9, at 8:00 p.m. **Professor Jerrold Katz** speaks in the Library Auditorium on the 9th and 11th at 8:00 p.m., and on the 13th at 3:30 p.m. On April 11, the Jewish Chautauqua Society's **Rabbi Albert M. Shulman's** topic is "The Making of Scripture": Carroll Hall (SMC) at 7:30 p.m. **Dan Morgenstern** continues the Collegiate Jazz Festival activities with "Jazz Criticism" in the Library Auditorium on April 13 at 1:30 p.m.

—don jaspers

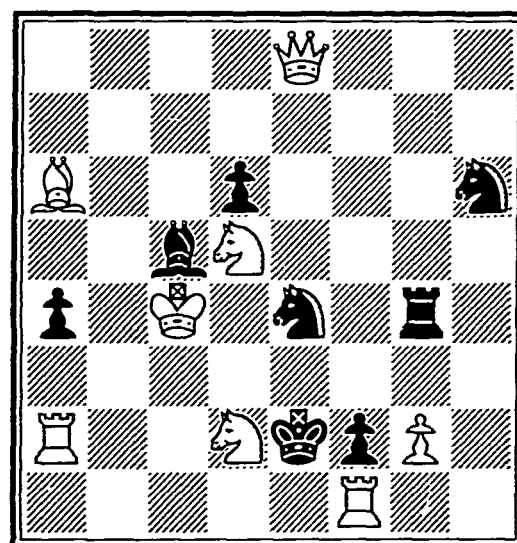
coming distractions

the crooked rook

HENRY, EDGAR and
JACOB BETTMANN

Quebec Chronicle
August 25, 1882

White mates in two moves



SOLUTION IN NEXT ISSUE

SOLUTION TO LAST PROBLEM

1. B-B4	threat	2. RXPdis ch, mate	
1. B-B4	QxBch	2. K-R8	threat
1. B-B4	QxBch	2. K-R8	P-K5
1. B-B4	NxB	2. BxP	any
1. B-B4	P-K5	2. NxBPch	K-R4
		3. R-N8 mate	
		3. R-R1 mate	
		3. B-N5 mate	
		3. BXP mate	

the last word

My nerves are bad tonight. Yes, bad.

And whose nerves were you talking about, Mr. Eliot? Whose nerves were bad that night? Yours? Your wife's? Whose nerves, Mr. Eliot? Mine?

Why did I listen to Stravinsky tonight? Tonight, alone, when everyone else has gone home. The fog clung to the water till one o'clock. It clung until the wind rose and drove it away, scattered it, bringing the rain.

After the rain the sky was black and deep. Fragments of clouds, low, rushing by with unnatural speed. They were white, the clouds were white with a light that seemed like their own.

I went for a walk around the lake and smoked a long cigarette. Never have I seen clouds like I saw tonight. I watched them, and smoked, till I couldn't watch any more.

Dear Cathy,

I like you.

I've always felt that I could talk to you, though I never have. I wanted to write a poem and dedicate it to you ("for Cathy"—like the poets do). But I've never been able to write a good poem.

Good luck. Take care of yourself.

Love,
Greg

A Rusty Nail is a potent drink. More properly, a cocktail. It's made with one part Scotch and one part Drambuie (proportions may be varied slightly according to one's taste—more Drambuie to sweeten it; more Scotch to strengthen it).

My roommate gave me a small bottle of Drambuie for my birthday. I don't remember if I ever properly thanked him. (I thanked him for the bottle, I know, but I can't remember if I thanked him for the thought.)

(I'll bet you're thinking now I've turned to drinking. But, no. That bottle of Scotch you gave me last January: I've nursed it so frugally that only now is it even half-gone.)

Where do my words go?

They go in a wide, wide circle, turning in upon themselves (like a desperate, starving man, alone on a lonely island). And when they touch themselves at their beginning, they disappear. As though they never were. And I'm not so sure they ever really were.

When I was about five years old I spilled a bottle of black ink on the carpet of our living room floor. When my grandmother (Monie, we called her) found it, she asked me; I said *no*. And I've never forgotten my first lie. (How can I write a poem now?)

She lay stirrured, on her back, upon the table, face wrinkled. Her mouth was wide like "The Scream." And when they had cut the cord, and when the rest came out, they started to stitch her up. And then it started to cry.

I was just a high school senior, making his summer dollar in the suburban hospital. But then I thought, *Someday I'd like to be a doctor.*

Someday I'd like to be a doctor.

(I am embarrassed.)

Octavio Paz (poet): "A feeling of shame: I write in front of the others. . . . Something like undressing in a cafe, or defecating, crying before strangers."

When there are no people, I turn to music. (The piano of Erik Satie is now only four feet away.)

4:00 a.m.: I take my Scotch and my cigarette to the water beyond my door (leave Satie alone with his piano). . . .

I walked to the water and propped my rear against a tree that leaned, slanted, over it. The ducks were making noise (making love) at the other end of the lake. But they were far away. And the air was cold, and the night and the water were very black. My cigarette hissed a second when it hit the water.

Dear _____,

Please do not let my words frighten you. They are only words. And, tomorrow will be a good day I'm sure.

Affectionately,
Greg

The fog was where I wanted to be. Halfway down the path you can't see this house. You'd never know it was here. Or any of the other places down the avenue. I couldn't see but a few feet ahead. I didn't meet a soul. Everything looked and sounded unreal. Nothing was what it is. That's what I wanted—to be alone with myself in another world where truth is untrue and life can hide from itself.

The makings of a poet. No, I'm afraid I'm like the guy who is always panhandling for a smoke. He hasn't even got the makings. He's got only the habit. I couldn't touch what I tried to tell you just now. I just stammered. That's the best I'll ever do I mean, if I live. Well, it will be faithful realism, at least. Stammering is the native eloquence of us fog people. (from Long Day's Journey Into Night)

—greg stidham

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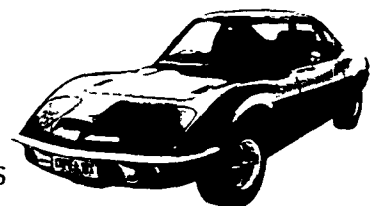
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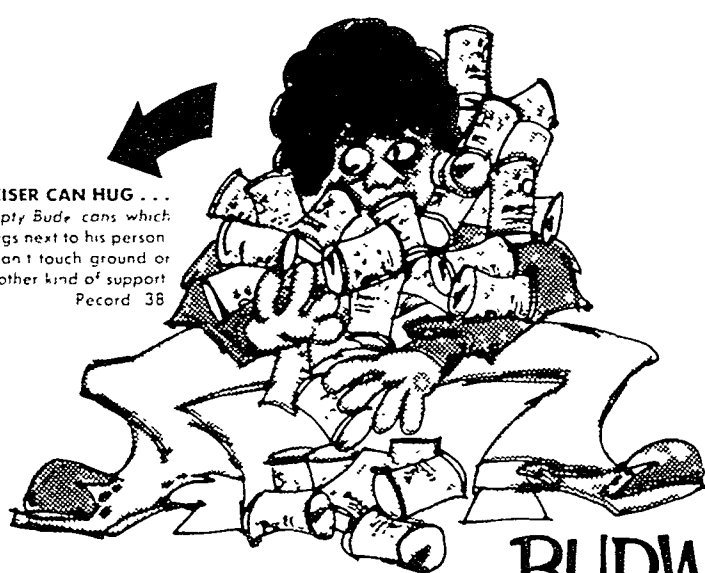
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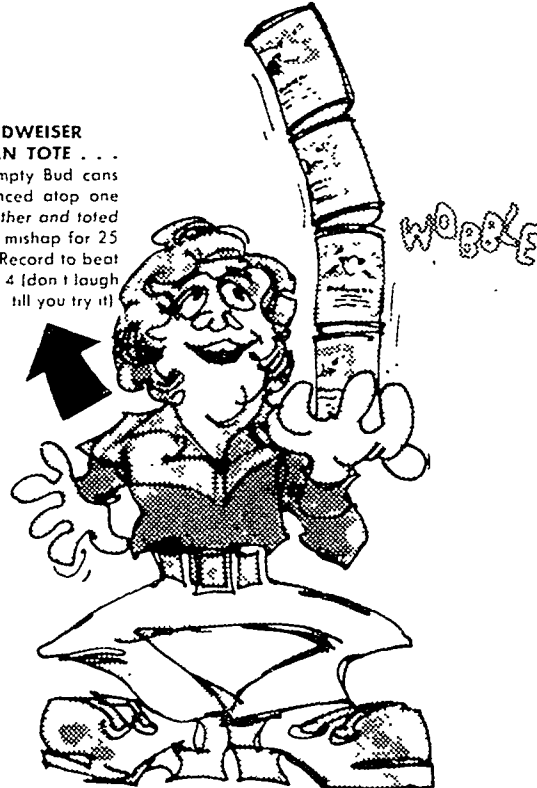


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3 BUDWEISER CAN TOTE . . .
 most empty Bud cans
 balanced atop one
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 without mishap for 25
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 is 4 (don't laugh
 till you try it)

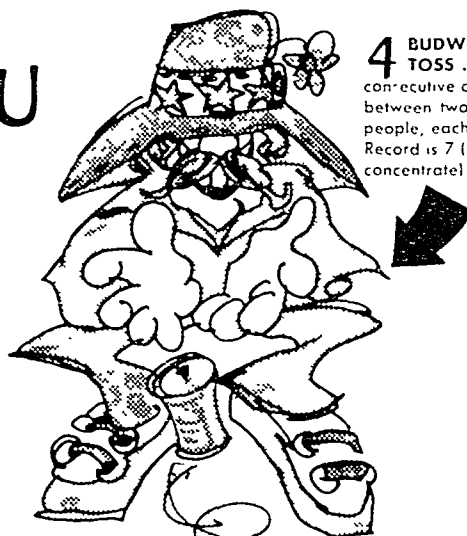


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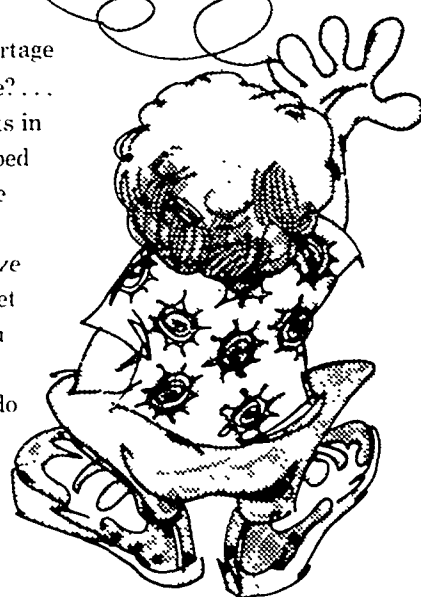
. . . These may not be the ultimate sporting activities on
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 from all the others



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 official, rigid-rules "contest." But it is a lot
 of fun, even if you can't break the
 records. You can, though,
 can't you?)



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