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Life as a POW

A Conversation with Capt. Richard C. Brenneman

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letters

COMMUNITY RECONSIDERED

Dear Sir,

When Ed Goerner wrote to me before Christmas, I learned that an important but small advance in the quality of university governance was made. The Academic Council had accepted his motion that the Provost of the University not be appointed without the concurrence of the elected members of the Council. Two days ago I returned from Africa, picked up *The Scholastic* (13 April), and to my amazement read of the Council's *volte face.* I must confess that having seen the issues facing Christians throughout central and southern Africa, I was despondent to think that the principle of self-governance was still being denied and was so gratuitously absorbing energies at Notre Dame.

The governance of Notre Dame profoundly affects the nature of our university community as well as the quality of our Christian witness in the wider society. For these reasons the Academic Council's decision is a tragically defensive tensing of inadequately established authority. It is tragic in that it reflects an authoritarian mentality, fearful of the open processes which establish consent. It is tragic because it denies an increasingly clear theme in Christian theology which calls men to build communities of human dignity through responsibility. It is defensive in that it seeks to shore up an imperfect pattern of governance. This pattern was established with every good intention in earlier decades, but it is essentially at variance with the nature of a university community and in conflict with the ideals of Vatican II. It is also disdainful of mankind's groping towards a self-consciousness that reveals the dignity of the human person as intimately affected by the modes of governance at every level of his existence.

The reversal of the Council's decision is particularly distressing in that the burdens of oppressive governments lie heavily on universities and lands across the world. Yet with all its imperfections, the Constitution of the U.S.A. has provided a context within which one might hope to see the flowering of Christian practice as a clear witness within the wider secular society. Notre Dame must seriously seek to fulfill that calling and develop its witness to the growth of Christian community around the central tasks of a university. The alternative is simply to reflect the values and powers of the wider society and sink into mediocrity.

These issues are not those of reality v. Utopia, but of trends and directions. A key indicator of direction *IS* the mode of university governance. We have inherited a structure that is understandable in terms of the Roman Catholic Church's earlier reliance on clerical responsibility, and in terms of the evolution of corporate management in Western capitalism. We have inherited, too, a range of administrative precedents and splendid examples of service which have risen well above these constraints to give Notre Dame a reputation for Christian concern. But we have now reached a point where the flawed structures of the past put grave obstacles in the way of our further development. Either the search for truth and wisdom takes place with the administrative leadership of men imposed by fiat on the learning and teaching community, or a renewal of structures is required to provide for the processes by which consent evolves to inform and bolster the necessary authority of university officers. For the moment, Notre Dame has chosen to reassert the old patterns of administrative authority. In this the dual yet supportive claims of university and Christian community have been denied.

All this is serious enough, but an additional perspective may not be out of place. Fr. Hesburgh, as President, has used his deserved and weighty reputation to block an important reform. Fr. Burtchaell, as Provost, judges the matter is not urgent. Professor Norling is reported to see the issue in terms of the natural hostility between those who give orders and those who take orders. Here in Oxford, with all its warts, there is incredulity that the issue of a university community's responsibility for its own governance should still be a matter of serious debate within an institution of the stature of Notre Dame. I suspect the same incredulity would be found on many campuses in the United States. Having again witnessed the crippling poverty of the Third World, and the totalitarian absurdities of Southern Africa, I find it demoralizing to see this issue at the center of the stage, and the energies of a good man and fine teacher like Ed Goerner being squandered by the puerile maneuvers of the administration.

Peter Walshe
St. Antony's College
Oxford

Sir:

Further to the Goerner Letters (*Scholastic,* April 13, 1973), Hesburgh's appointment of Burtchaell without prior approval of the Faculty of the University simply re-reflects the truth of Shaw's old saw: that to talk about a "Catholic University" is a contradiction in terms.

Alien though the concept is to American universities in general, and Notre Dame in particular, 'tis high time that the governance of each and every university was placed in the hands of those to whom it rightfully belongs: the Faculty.

Basil R. Myers
Professor and Chairman
Electrical Engineering

Fly me to Mishawaka

"If I had wings, no one would ask me should I fly. . . ." We've all heard that song and perhaps pitied that poor person who has wings as he "feels them" but still can't seem to get off the ground. Now, thanks to the Notre Dame Flying Club, the question is no longer, should I fly, but why in the name of Lindbergh don't I?

Though many people are not aware of it, the Notre Dame Flying Club has been in existence for a year and a half. Originated by two students from the Aerospace Department, Walt Szwarc and William Cotter and also by Professor A. L. Soens of the English Department, the club's main goals are to stimulate campus-wide interest in aviation and to provide inexpensive flying for those who wish it. The three *initiators of the club intended* it to be multipurposed, providing not only the benefits already mentioned, but also a ground school for those interested in learning to fly and social functions at which pilots could get together and share their experiences — "hangar flying" — and at which the general public could discover what a pilot is really like. (Do they really have little wings on the back of their heels?)

The Flying Club is open to any student, faculty member or employee of the University of Notre Dame. The prospective member is offered a free flight — in the left or the right seat, whichever suits him — with one of the Flying Club pilots. Inexpensive instruction is available; the Flying Club has its own Certified Flying Instructor and hopes to increase the ranks in the coming year. The instructor's fee is six dollars per hour which is two dollars less than the usual rate. A two-seater Cessna 150 can be had for $10.50 per hour, a rate well below the usual $16 per hour, and a four-place Cessna goes for $16 per hour while the usual rate is around $21. Overwhelmed by these discounts? — the ground school is *free* and taught by a qualified Federal Aviation Administration instructor. Membership in the club itself is a mere $5.00 per semester.

During the club's ground activities, i.e., its biweekly meetings, films are shown. (Amelia Earhart Goes to Rome???) The films shown, usually two a meeting, are pertinent first to aviation education and secondly, to general interest in various aspects of aviation. Other ground activities include field trips, such as the one which the club made with the campus members of the American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics to the Wright-Patterson Airforce Museum in Dayton, Ohio. Even the airborne make merry —the club holds parties and get-togethers.

Speakers are also presented by the Flying Club. This year they have had two speakers from the F.A.A. One spoke about home-built airplanes and the other about the F.S.S. — flight service stations.

The Flying Club is even helping an earthbound bug get up in the air. They are building a Volksplane, which is a Volkswagen-powered airplane. This plane, when finished, will contribute to inexpensive flying and it is being built in conjunction with the A.I.A.A.

A final entry in this list of club functions is the Flying Team. The team will participate in intercollegiate competition and they belong to the National Intercollegiate Flying Association.

Membership in the club ranges from novices to even those with commercial flying licenses and instructor's rating. There are approximately 35 members, 20 of whom are flying members. (Beware of Flying Members!!!) Since the club's inception, six members have flown solo flights and two, after going through the Flying Club's ground school, have obtained their pilots' licenses.

The Flying Club hopes to eventually purchase a plane, though at the present time they do not own one. Working with a Fixed Base Operator in Elkhart, the club purchases flying time during which the entire fleet of planes at Elkhart is available to them. (Elkhart's FBO is Ed Johnston, who has been *very* good to the club.) Charging the

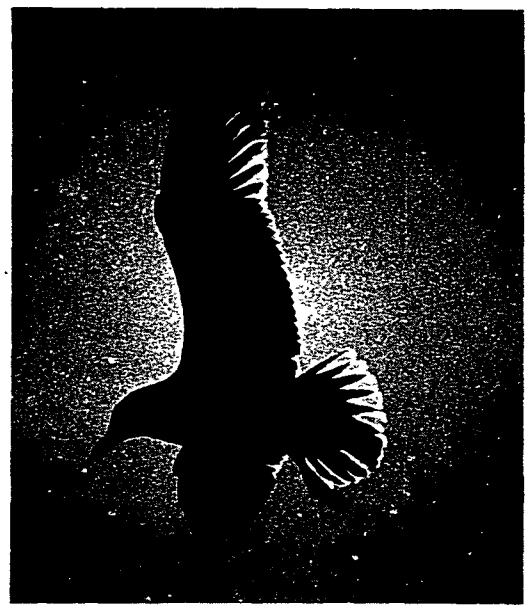
same low rates that they would charge if they owned their own plane, the club wants to show just how many hours they can accrue and they are accomplishing it even with a membership which they feel is smaller than this University can support.

However, there are a few restrictions. Presently, club members are not allowed to make solo cross-country flights at night, though local night flying is permitted. But the plane can be reserved for cross-country flights over a period of days, if the member promises to pay for four hours daily of flying time whether he utilizes it or not. Of course, if he flies longer than four hours he must pay for the overage.

William Cotter is this year's Flying Club president. The other club officers are — treasurer, Fred Lax and secretaries, Tricia Sheperd and Judy Ravenhurst. Professor A. L. Soens is the Faculty Moderator. Committee chairman are—Cliff Walton, National Intercollegiate Flying Association (Flying Team); Bob Hendricks, flying instructor and head of Flight Safety and Operations Committee; Sean Hanrahan, Volksplane Committee; and Ralph Skowron, Communications and Publicity Committee. Any of these persons may be contacted regarding questions about the club.

Flying is exhilarating and unique. Ask any pilot, or look out your window the next time you are traveling in a jet and imagine how you would feel "if *you* had wings." Better yet, join the Notre Dame Flying Club and get a real taste of the skies.

—katy sullivan
& peter mccabe



"I don't come here just to drink."

It's packed again tonight. People tripping down the front steps going neither in nor out give that impression immediately. "Can I see your bar card?" We can't even get in; it looks like there're three people sitting on the stool. Push, man, push. "I'm a Senior" (spoken with sympathetic indignation). Why are there so many people here? "And your student I.D. too."

"You sure drink a lot for a skinny girl." "I have to, to keep from eating." "Great, how about another beer?" "Sure, fat man." "I don't think I . . . are you always this quick?" "Only in crowds." "Yeah, well if that's the case, honey, you can buy your own beer." "No wait . . . lemme buy you one. . . ."

Once past the rather obstinate doorkeeper, one is in the Senior Bar. And being in is the first sensation that strikes the sober victim. You are so in, it seems impossible to get out. At first, mutual oppression is the only mood of the place. But upon sinking deeper into the crowd, the smoke, and the suds, a much more interesting character emerges.

After a few initial shoves, one acquires his bar legs and proceeds determinately towards the bar. "I'll get the booze, you put up the quarter, if there aren't too many." The bar is flooded, by people and smoke mostly. But the, "Hi Mary. Yeah, . . . fine . . . you . . . later," but the close ceiling and acne-colored lighting are just as responsible.

"No, I don't come here just to drink. I don't come here just to do anything. I come here just to do everything. But I usually end up doing nothing. Does that make sense to anyone but me? That's one good thing about this place; everything I say makes no sense. When you think about it, that makes sense. You gonna buy me a beer for that? Sure I'll be back next week. I like the lighting. Ha, ha, ha."

All the rooms in the bar, both upstairs and downstairs, are crowded beyond capacity on Wednesday night. Seniors seem to consider it a natural right to start their weekend a couple of days before anyone else. To them, Wednesday is not the middle of the week; it is the beginning of the end of it. In any case there seems to be a desperation to start enjoying something. And to celebrate it together.

"But what could I possibly have to say to a girl I've never met and know nothing about? On the other hand, what would I have to say to a girl I knew everything about? Maybe I could go up and gross her out. I've seen that work before. Forget it. I probably couldn't do it anyway. But what do I mean, nothing in common with? We're both domers, aren't we? In fact, everybody here is a domer. Why if we met in a Paris cafe, we'd be like brother and sister (an unfortunately good analogy). As soon as we leave this place, we'll probably feel closer than we ever did while we were

here. How does this make sense then? All these people crowded together, embalmed in beer, sweat, and smoke, and yet how many actually know another? Doesn't anyone realize they are Seniors? Maybe they all do. Maybe that's why Wednesdays are always crowded at the Senior Bar."

"Yeah, I come every Wednesday night and play a game or two of hockey. "Cause it's fast, man. And it's simple and it looks good if you win. The thing of it is, you gotta keep your stick close to the goal and let the other guy make his own mistakes. And the banks — you gotta hit 'em just right — so they either bounce once or a lot. Actually I don't like to play unless there are a few girls around. Somehow it seems ridiculous if there isn't a mixed audience. Reminds me too much that I'm at Notre Dame."

"No, you know what they do. They schedule the cheap beer early in the evening so they can make the most of the advertising but still not get caught with a lot of sales. I heard they made a four-thousand-dollar profit first semester. Now it seems to me that if they really wanted to be fair to the senior, they could sell at their total cost of fifteen cents a beer for the rest of the year. They've made enough by now to come out more than even. So why should they soak us like Nickie's or Louie's? Besides, 'Celli doesn't have to pay off the cops, or I don't think, at least. Lemme see, that means if I came here with three bucks I could get twenty beers instead of only twelve. I'm thirsty. You're buying, aren't you?"

As it gets closer to one o'clock, the tempo of the place increases. The downstairs and upstairs corridors are packed, but still moving with some degree of efficiency. It now seems that people are making an effort to crowd themselves. They have experienced the mass of bodies slowly shifting positions and now are attracted to the movement. There is something there. It's not warmth, it's heat. It's not togetherness, it's a mob. But most importantly, it's not static. It's always escaping, not the people, just the time.

"I figured it out last night, Brian. All you really want is somebody to come back to next year, when you visit. That's not enough for me. It's this place, this perverted school, that you're having the romance with, not me. And I won't be part of it now or later. So when you drop me a line saying you'll be down for a weekend next fall, don't expect me to be ready."

"Right now we're all alumni, I suppose. This part of the year is like our first reunion, except with all the advantages of being here. It's a time in our lives that will always be important to us. Memories from now will be remembered most. But it's also like we missed something. Something that college was always supposed to be like, eluded us. And now we must have it before it's too late. I look at all the beautiful girls and think how I could have spent four years here and never even got to know them. Sure I'll miss it, even if I hated it while I was here. And it won't be just for the good times either. I'll remember the times when I fell into the despair that strikes everyone around twenty. It was those times that I was forced to look at myself the closest. And it was then that I became a man. Maybe that's a little heavy for the Senior Bar, but maybe that's why I like it here."

Every time one goes to the bar on a Wednesday night, he is assured of seeing someone whom he doesn't really know but feels close to anyway. The bar makes these new acquaintances old friends in a second. People whom you have met only once, and might not see for the rest of your life, become important and memorable. The bar gives you a chance to shape their identities and store them away as a part of N.D. that will always mean much to you. For when we later note Notre Dame, it will not be for the library or the stadium. Instead we will remember who we got drunk with at a football game. Or who it was that made a night easy to pass at the Senior Bar. You see, everyone who takes a drink at the bar is a romantic. Everyone who drinks there, drinks to a living nostalgia. Certainly this is true at most bars. But at the Alumni Club, this is the main attraction, not the pool or the girls, or the hockey or the booze. We drink to a lighthearted romance with the dome, even if we do sell our football tickets and have never been to a basketball game.

Sorry, Last Call.

tom leahy

LaFortune Renovation:

Consider the Community

Two Considerations:

Point for consideration: the community. Not just any community. Simply, *the* community. Not the Notre Dame community. Or, the South Bend community. Not the American community. Not even the Christian community. Simply, *the* community.

What moves the community? What motivates it? Molds it? Holds it together? Simply this: the people intellecting and willing together for the common good, realizing that the common good in some way bears out their own personal good. The ways of bringing about this good and adding to it qualitatively and quantitatively. And, in striving after qualitative and quantitative gains, the people of the community make mistakes and they learn from them.

Community for consideration: the Notre Dame community. It is an educational community. The members of the community are about the business of providing or getting an education. It is, in essence, an occupational training ground — a place to train the members of the community for a life in a larger community.

The renovation of LaFortune is the first chance for the Notre Dame community to make a substantial contribution to itself. Begun under the auspices of the School of Architecture almost two years ago, the LaFortune Renovation Project has become a real foray in qualitative self-improvement for the Notre Dame community. This is the first time that any job of this magnitude will be undertaken by people inside the community — by the students themselves. Though the major work is being done by three fourth-year architecture students, the project involves the whole community. The Renovation Project opened up a manned suggestion office in LaFortune earlier in the year, and thus made itself open to anyone with an idea.

According to one of the architecture students, Ken Knevel, the community is "dissatisfied with the work of outsiders." As examples of unsatisfactory work he mentioned O'Shaughnessy Hall and the Library. He cited the LaFortune project as the beginning of a movement toward self-sufficiency in the Notre Dame community. If there are mistakes, they are the community's mistakes, and the community can learn from them. The completion of a project such as the LaFortune Renovation will give the community what it has asked for as well as a feeling of *self*-improvement and the satisfaction that comes with it.

Consider again the community; consider the community of Notre Dame. Then consider the LaFortune Renovation. Under the guiding hand of Ambrose Richardson, chairman of the School of Architecture, Ken Knevel, Ron Blitch and Roxanne Jabbra have begun work on the project — the first major qualitative work done by the Notre Dame community itself. It provides the beginnings for Notre Dame's maturing utilization of its status as an *educational* community to improve itself to further the common good of itself and the individual good of its members.

— joe runde

To Teach a Problem Child

Some time back in 1972, the St. Joseph County Probate Court applied for federal assistance under the provision of Title I of the OMNIBUS CRIME CONTROL AND SAFE STREETS ACT of 1968 in order to create a program that would enhance law enforcement services formerly provided without federal aid. The result of the court's action was the preliminary conception of what is presently the PDEP — the Parent-Delinquent Education Program. The program would concern the problems of junior high school students, such as truant behavior, the conditions contributing to this behavior and a planned approach to correcting these undesirable situations by utilizing all available college and community resources.

The development of the program reflects the growing, if not emergent, need to cope with the increasing incidence of juvenile delinquency and scholastic failures among the youth of South Bend. The need for this type of program was brought to the community's attention by the recent study of John Feldhusen. Dr. Feldhusen, who is Chairman of the Educational Psychology and Research Dept. at Purdue University, asks in his study that educators, city officials and juvenile judges work together in providing more opportunities for these "pre-stigmatized" children.

More specifically this program is aimed at: 1) Youths with personal problems (emotional, social, or physical) that limit or impede normal scholastic and social development, 2) Youths with scholastic failures or learning disabilities that react to their attendant frustrations with a negative social behavior, 3) Youths that are affected or influenced by the other two groups' behavior and are beginning to show incipient identification with them.

In December, 1972, the grant application made by the Education Department of St. Mary's College was chosen from a field of numerous other grant applications made by various institutions in St. Joseph County to be the recipient of the allotted 30,000 dollars of federal funds. St. Mary's Dept. of Education was to combine its resources, as propounded in the grant application, with those of other community groups, private and public, in a jointly conducted program of prevention and rehabilitation.

It was the contention of those in St. Mary's Education Department, who authored the grant application, that the youths in the community who develop predelinquent tendencies as evidenced by incorrigibility and truancy in the schools, misdemeanor acts in the community, and lack of parental control in the home, were not supported by a unified plan of action to aid them in rehabilitation. The members of the Education Department planned to utilize the funds and resources, therefore, to implement a community high school project and parent delinquency education program, which they felt to be of highest priority within the functional environs of this geographic area.

The program was scheduled to begin in January, 1973, and to continue for 50 weeks through January, 1974. The program would ultimately take in 25 boys and girls of 12-15 years of age. The students would enter the program upon referral from the public and private school systems and the probation court. The program was allowed five rooms in the basement of Holy Cross Hall at St. Mary's for classrooms and an office.

The program is headed by Sr. Maria Concepta McDermott CSC of the Education Dept. at St. Mary's, who is the project director. The program director is Sr. Mary Laurus CSC who functions in a capacity similar to that of a school principal. In the grant application the teaching staff was to consist of four master teachers whose qualifications would be at least a B.A. and teaching experience, and from 6-10 student teachers from the Dept. of Education at St. Mary's College who would be completing eight hours of teaching credit. This staff would be supplemented by numerous teacher aides from various education courses at St. Mary's

One of the basic aims of the PDEP Learning Center at St. Mary's is to create an atmosphere in which every child learns. The teaching philosophy adopted by the teaching staff of the learning center is the philosophy propounded by Dr. William Glasser in his books, *Reality Therapy* and *Schools Without Failure.* The Glasserian Method is implemented by way of Individualized Instruction and Progression for each student. The staff and administration of the program were formally introduced to Dr. Glasser's theory in a Glasser workshop that was conducted during the third weekend of last December at St. Mary's College by Dr. DeWolf Roberts, an experienced disciple of Glasser and practitioner of the Glasserian Method.

So, during the first week of this past January some unsuspecting pioneers ventured forth from that special coziness that homes so often adopt during the holiday season and braved the insensitive Indiana winter to return to South Bend to help give the five rooms for the learning center a crash renovation. By January 15, 1973, the school was physically ready and the staff of the program began interviewing prospective students. The first few weeks of the program certainly had its share of trials and frustrations due to a lack of organization that ineluctably haunts any inchoate program. By the first week of March, however, the learning center's enrollment reached its capacity of 25 students and an encouraging harmony began to appear where frustrating chaos had formerly prevailed.

It naturally took our students a while to become acquainted with a school so different from those they previously attended. Most of our students came to the program because they were failures in the public school system in one way or another. In the PDEP learning center, however, there is no such thing as failure because as Glasser states: "All that children learn by failure is how to fail. . ." (Schools Without Failure). In his books, Glasser also stresses the importance of teacher involvement with the students in order for the students to realize their own need to behave responsibly. The center's program of individualized instruction certainly lends itself to this kind of involvement.

After 3½ months in session, it is still rather difficult to judge or predict the ultimate success of this innovative educational program. One might easily succumb to the temptation to criticize the PDEP on the same grounds on which the Head Start Program is often attacked: that the good behavior that is positively reinforced and rewarded in school is often treated differently in the home, thus causing the work of the school to be fruitless. The PDEP has greatly limited this possibility, however, by the simultaneous development of a home program for parents that complements the school program.

Perhaps one indication of the PDEP's progress can be seen in the results of a recent evaluation made by Dr. Feldhusen of Purdue University. Commenting on the center in a letter to the PDEP's project director, Sr. McDermott, Dr. Feldhusen writes: "We were certainly impressed with the excellent job you and Sister Laurus have done in implementing the Parent-Delinquent Education Program. What a marvelous job of translating from paper description to reality. You are extremely well organized and providing valuable therapy and education for the youngsters."

Despite such a propitious evaluation there is still much to gradually overcome. One often tends to despair when he realizes that new problems arise more quickly than old ones are resolved. There is that redeeming moment, however, when one realizes that he has actually succeeded in favorably changing just one child's behavior. Those moments are rare, but their satisfaction is similar to that which an artist must feel when he has captured that fleeting glimpse of reality in one form or another. It is the ineffable satisfaction of those rare moments that seems to make the PDEP worthwhile.

Bubby Vespole

Experiment

One of the most popular generalities in which theorists of this campus seem to enjoy losing themselves is the elusive one of "Notre Dame Community." Its existence or nonexistence, authenticity or hypocrisy, relevance or irrelevance seem to provide topics vague and varied enough to suit most tastes, and enough theoretical discussion to permanently pidgeonhole the concept in the realm of cloudy intangibles, never to be touched by men. Of course, talking about the theory is much more popular than trying to reconcile it with real campus life, and the rhetoric of the "Christian Community" often bears little resemblance to the reality of the flesh-and-blood Notre Dame. That fact is as well known and seems to be as unchangeable as the topic itself. Much shining talk plus little substantial action equals Notre Dame Christian Community, or so it often seems.

Nonetheless, a modestly innovative experiment has been going on this past semester that demonstrates that that equation may not be necessarily true, that substantial action *can* be taken to make the abstraction something real. A unique experimental course, the result of cooperation between students in Morrissey Hall and the Notre Dame economics department, may have touched on some of the ways to bridge the gap between the theory and practice of a university "community."

The experiment began late last November during the confusion of preregistration for second semester. Dr. Thomas Swartz, an economics professor and member of the hall fellows program in Morrissey, had earlier expressed an interest in teaching an Econ course within the hall for hall residents. During preregistration Junior Joe Gaziano, the leader of the section of the hall to which Swartz was assigned as fellow, called the professor to see if such a course in introductory economic principles could be arranged for the students in the section for the spring semester. Swartz said yes, and convinced two other economics professors to join him in teaching the course: Ken Jameson, another Morrissey Hall fellow, and Frank Bonello. The three faculty recognized the opportunity to explore a special kind of learning situation, and designed a course format to take advantage of the opportunity, incorporating a mixture of formal and informal contact between teachers and students very different from the traditional classroom setting. The enrollment in the course was limited to students from the two sections in Morrissey to which Swartz and Jameson were assigned as fellows, about thirteen students who would meet with the three professors once every two weeks for class. The class would meet for a two and a half hour lecture beginning late in the afternoon, then proceed to the home of one of the professors for dinner, and finish with a discussion of the material presented in lecture. Swartz, who is a Danforth Associate, applied for and received a grant from the Danforth Foundation to help

in Community Learning

take care of the costs of the dinners. And so the experiment was begun.

The course became a uniquely relaxed and co-operative learning arrangement. A cohesive friendliness began to form which held the group together, despite a diversity of backgrounds and interests. The "course group" came to include not only the students (who ranged from arts & letters freshmen to upperclassmen in majors as varied as premed, architecture, government, and English), and the three economics professors, but also the assistant rector of Morrissey, and the wives and families of the professors as well. Conversation was free and relaxed among all, and indeed often received significant boosts from the intelligent and articulate faculty wives (Mrs. Bonello has a graduate degree in Economics, Mrs. Jameson is a psychology professor at St. Mary's, and Mrs. Swartz is a first-year Notre Dame law student). Students shared responsibility for the course in an active as well as a passive way, not only being required to do the readings and write a research paper, but as a group to host two of the dinner meetings. In a modest way, the experiment proved that there can be generated a tangible sense of what the atmosphere of the idealized university community would seem to be — a co-operative association of people learning together.

Econ 227 grew out of the same sort of considerations which prompted some halls to set up hall fellows programs in past years, beginning with the inception of the stay hall system six years ago. The fellows programs, which seek to bring faculty members into the hall to meet students in a situation other than that of the classroom, recognize what is perhaps one of the basic flaws in Notre Dame's ideal university community: the fact that regular contact between students and faculty outside of the traditional setting is exceedingly rare. The tendency has long been recognized for the campus to devolve into two sectors: "learning places," the classroom buildings and laboratories where students spend their working days; and "living places," the dormitories, where students spend their free time and have their friends. The educational philosophy which spawns programs like the hall fellows sees this process as detrimental to the purposes of a university education. "Look at the Notre Dame tradition of the hall as a zoo," said Swartz ". . . the hall's function is seen as purely residential, completely removed from the student's academic experience. The halls ought to be the beginning of an educational function as well." Father Tom Chambers, Morrissey Hall rector, said of the program there that, "the idea is for the student to see that the faculty is not just in Nieuwland Science Hall, or O'Shaughnessy Hall, or the Hayes-Healy Center."

Indeed, if the historical and theoretical foundations of the university, as a place to meet learned men, provide a justification for faculty contact outside the classroom, then more modern circumstances call for it as well. The classroom atmosphere can easily reduce the teacher and the student to little more than their functions in the learning game: educator and educated, master and slave, opponents in a fight for grades. "There's a tendency, among underclassmen especially, to see the faculty as sort of weirdo eggheads, to think, 'what does that guy do, think about the theory of marginal productivity, or read Victorian novels all the time?' " Swartz said "Students should be able to see that their professors are human beings, like themselves."

The idea of extracting professors from the O'Shaughnessy woodwork is neither new nor unique. Professors who undertake on their own to meet with students outside the classroom are happily enough not uncommon, and the same philosophy that is reflected in the fellows programs in the halls has been evidenced in formal programs as diverse as the experimental college proposal a couple years ago and the present practice of inviting faculty into the student residences for weekend mass or on special occasions. But still the problem of bridging the educational chasm between learning and living remains for the most part unsolved. Simple social contacts between students on the one hand and faculty members and their families on the other will remain artificial and contrived so long as the meetings are devoid of a purpose in which both parties can participate. And at the same time, the educational experience of the classroom will remain incomplete unless it can somehow be integrated into the living experience of the university as well. If a Notre Dame education is to be not only the accumulation of factual knowledge but the development of a taste for acquiring that knowledge as well, the gap must be bridged. It may be that the experiment of Econ 227, a group of students living together and at the same time learning together, points toward a possible way of solving that problem.

Pat Roach

forum

In the SCHOLASTIC of April 13, we reprinted two letters by Professor Goerner of the Government Department, in the hope that they might incite a public discussion of the question of University governance.

The response thus far has been minimal. We feel this to be revelatory of a highly regrettable lack of concern for what is, in effect, the most important problem facing us at this time — our concept of a University and the proper relation between its parts.

The article that follows is one of the very few responses we did receive. Its opinions are the author's own. However, we share his recognition of the urgency of this issue for all of us. For the question of University governance entails our very understanding of what a University is; and as long as we continue to shirk a discussion of our self-conception, we continue to stand on uncertain ground, and all our efforts lack meaning.

The Editorial Board.

On Governance and the University

Daniel J. Koob

Young as I am, if I may give advice,
I'd say it would be best if men were born
perfect in wisdom, but that failing this
(which often fails) it can be no dishonor
to learn from others when they speak good sense.
Haemon to his progenitor, Creon, in Sophocles
Antigone *719-723.*

All that follows arises from a careful study of Aristotle's *Politics* I, ii-vi and III, vi-vii and, as such, is obviously open to a more profound and truthful intrepretation. (One might also compare this text with the *Letter of Paul to Philemon* in the *New Testament* and Simone Weil, *The Need For Roots).* I assume, but have not confirmed, that the *Politics* is also the context out of which the Professor of Government, Mr. E. A. Goerner, speaks in using the term "despotic" *(despotes)* to name and describe the "administration's" rule of the faculty and University as a whole. (Cf. "On University Governance: The Goerner Letters," THE SCHOLASTIC, April 13, 1973, pp 10-11).

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There is nothing particularly opprobrious about being a despot and certainly nothing slanderous about being called "despotic" if that is what one is. Despotism is merely a lowly, but still a completely legitimate form of rule. For example, every good father must be a despot with his young children. So must every thinking being be a despot in his relation to his body. So must every genuine master be a despot with those under his care who are genuine (i.e. natural) slaves. To be a despot is not to be a tyrant *(tyrannos)*. Far from it! But the misuse of despotic rule, that is, the perversion of despotism, as well as the perversion of political rule *(politeia)* is tyranny.

An example of tyranny is where a father's legitimately despotic rule over his immature child makes no gradual adjustment toward political rule as the child matures toward adulthood, but continues to give his (let us assume good-intended *and* good in fact) dictates without allowing for there to be any give and take, any obligation to persuade, and any dependency on having won consent from the maturing child. Such a 'father' is no longer a despot, but rather, is a tyrant. And any good, self-respecting son who finds himself in such an unfortunate situation wisely abandons such a perversion of fatherhood and "leaves home," as we say. (Cf. Sophocles *Antigone,* especially from line 627 to the conclusion, for a tragic description of the consequences of household tyranny.).

But how can a genuine, legitimate relationship exist between such a father and his mature son? The answer is that this is impossible without the father realizing (in this example of despotic rule), that the *whole aim* of his despotism, rightly understood, is to achieve, so far as this is possible, a political rule, that is, a rule of and by consenting peers.

Now any one who has thought an instant about this knows there are a variety of regimes which are properly called "political," much as our several examples above illustrate there are a variety of despotic regimes. Among the political regimes are kingship, aristocracy (rule by the best) and a third which is a mixture of the preceding regimes together with a democratic element ("polity"). But the essential feature of every political regime is that there be accountability by its officeholders before the gathered body of peers, whose consent is *the* prerequisite for the existence of the various offices and thus the powers of the officeholders to execute and achieve, to implement, through their particular decisions, the common and agreed-upon understanding of what constitutes the commonly aspired-after good of the community. (Cf., e.g., the English *Magna Carta* of 1215.). Without this accountability, those in positions of power do not rule by consent — and this means by speech and persuasion and accountability — before their peers; rather, they rule by force and intimidation. Rule by force and intimidation is

clearly legitimate when it is exercised over those who are deficient in the deliberative capacities which are the prerequisite for political rule, as the exercise of these capacities makes possible the intelligent consent constitutive of peership. The relationship, to repeat, of immature children relative to their fathers, of livestock and pets and slaves relative to their masters, of the body relative to the mind, and of students relative to their master-teachers are all varying examples of non-political, but legitimate, that is, despotic, rule. It is clearly illegitimate, a perversion of despotic rule, and therefore tyranny when force and intimidation prevail where speech and reasoning could prevail were they given the opportunity. (It should be unnecessary to point out but should, nevertheless, be emphasized that — for obvious reasons — greater deliberative excellence is required for political rule to be possible within an academic community than for political rule in a household.)

Mr. Goerner's letters, in my reading, are, therefore, stating and, thereby (cf. Aristotle's *Politics* I, v: 1254b20-24), demonstrating that he, at least, is a mature man and — what is more — a free man and a scholar, and that for others to attempt to rule *him* despotically, that is, without his consent with respect to the governance of his activities as a scholar and thinker, is *not* an example of despotism (i.e., a legitimate rule), but an example of tyranny. It follows that he is calling the present "administration" and, in particular, the Reverends Hesburgh and Burtchaell, tyrants — *with respect to himself*.

This is the implicit conclusion from what Mr. Goerner explicitly says about the apparent majority of the faculty and, in particular, its representatives on the "Academic Council." These men, by their recent vote (Tuesday, March 27), admitted they are still deficient as mature men and, especially, as free men and scholars and, as such, they are properly (i.e., legitimately) ruled by despots. By their vote, these men confirmed that the Reverends Hesburgh and Burtchaell are right in their assertion that they are themselves *without peers,* at least among the faculty. And, consequently, the Reverends Hesburgh and Burtchaell may rightly rule the faculty and University as a whole without the requirement of consent and accountability before the faculty which would be concomitant upon recognizing the faculty as peers. By their vote, the "Academic Council" admitted that the faculty as a whole and, in particular, the gathered body of their highest representatives do *not* — *as such body* — constitute a peer for these two men, who are, consequently, misnamed "administrators" and better called, therefore, "despots." Likewise, it follows, the "Academic Council" is misnamed as such and is better called, assuming their deficience is not permanent, the "Academic Children."

All that precedes is *not* undermined by the special, two-part mission this University aspires to realize, that is, its commitment to include the Christian *Logos* as the highest among the several objects it deems worthy of serious study *and* its commitment which holds that this *Logos* is the speech which most essentially comprehends its being as a Whole. The difficulties which arise because of this special mission are merely of a *practical* and, therefore, derivative nature.

These difficulties arise as a consequence of there being two distinct, however complimentary, paths from the single Source for the two kinds of authority at play here due to Notre Dame's aspiration to being a Christian University.

The authority represented by the Christian *Logos* is (apparently) mistakenly identified by the current "administrators" with their own persons as members of the C.S.C. order of priests. In fact, however, these C.S.C. "administrators," and clerics generally, are merely singled out for *special service* as preachers of the Christian *Logos* and otherwise privileged distributors of It's graces as duly ordained "technicians of the Sacred." This authority-path rightly names and understands its Source as 'God," (here) specifically Christ Jesus. Allegiance to this authority and the confirmation of its presence in a particular man presupposes faith in Christ Jesus, and this is hardly a unique gift to priests.

The authority-path represented by the activity of being a scholar-thinker is the authority which comes with the disciplined and well-directed exercise of man's essential being, and this means his excellence as a thinker. The Source of the thinker's authority is rightly named and understood as "Being," as that by which all that is Is. The presence of such authority in any particular man can only be confirmed by other men who, as students (young and old) aspiring after a closer union with this same Source, that is, as men in search of Truth, experience that they derive guidance for their own thinking toward this end by the presence of a particularly gifted thinker-speaker in their midst. Such thinkers grateful students rightly honor with awards.

In conclusion, it is superfluous but perhaps here, at Notre Dame, still necessary to add that believing and thinking are essentially distinct activities, indicative of the essential separation in the paths they take from and toward the common, but differently named and differently understood, Source which gives them both rise. Consequently, these activities may or may not be present in the same person. However, if the same person is both a believer and a thinker, he is each, that is, he can perform each activity and, (thereby) evidence the presence of the authority peculiar to each, only at different times, as these activities are distinct. Notre Dame's Founder, Father Sorin, for example, presumedly was a scholar-thinker as well as a man of God. I am sure the same could be said of a number of priests on this campus today, as well as of a number of lay faculty.

Failure to maintain these distinctions makes any discussion of governance within a Christian University fruitless.

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Life as a POW

A Conversation with Capt. Richard C. Brenneman

Most people have ambivalent attitudes on Vietnam POW's ranging from hero worship and joy for their return, to feelings that they are political pawns or liars. Apart from these considerations we felt that they, specifically Capt. Richard C. Brenneman, have something to say of interest to the people of the University. We approached Capt. Brenneman in this way. We wanted to find out what it is like to be a POW for 5½ years in North Vietnam.

We have taken a certain liberty in rearranging a two-hour conversation into a short presentation. What we have included is representative of the entire conversation.. Some of the questions may seem confused or out of temporal order, but you will find his comments follow according to their subject matter.

We found Capt. Brenneman most interesting and very easy to talk to. The interview could have easily lasted all day. He had been up until 4 in the morning celebrating Dyngus Day, a Polish celebration of the end of the Easter season, but he was still attentive and eager to talk to us at what must have been an early hour in the day for him.

Captain Richard Charles Brenneman was shot down over North Vietnam on November 7, 1967. He was flying in support of a formation of F-105 bombers. His F-104 was hit in the aft section by a heat-seeking missile. Immediately following ejection at 20,000 ft., he saw the plane explode less than 300 ft. away.

His copilot landed in a rough rock formation called karst. Capt. Brenneman chose a smoother landing in an adjoining valley where there were a few villages. After contacting air rescue, he was forced into hiding by local villagers who had come looking for him. He was captured about a half hour later when they accidentally stumbled over him while they were running for cover from the air rescue. His copilot was rescued in what Capt. Brenneman called a "Cecil B. DeMille production" of machine-gun fire and drama. He also told us he had his flight suit cut off with a machete because the villagers were so isolated they didn't know what zippers were.

He stayed in several camps, one of which, Son-Tay, was the site of the famous abortive attempt to rescue POW's.

Scholastic: Were you put into solitary confinement at any time or were you usually with several other Americans?

Brenneman: I had only about five and a half months solitary myself . . . [Several people] like myself fared pretty well. Some people had several years.

Scholastic: What was your cell like and your cellmates?

Brenneman: Well, I lived in a lot of different places, sometimes different rooms within [the same] camp. I varied from one room at Son-Tay, where I could touch both walls with my hands and it was six inches longer than I am tall. So this room was six feet by five feet or like that. I lived in that a couple of times and after the raid at Son-Tay they were forced to put us together in large groups in Hanoi. There we had fairly large rooms, although we had a lot of people in it, 57 people in one room. It's about 20 by 60 [ft.] if you could imagine, I think someone figured out that you end up with 21 inches per man to sleep in. We would rather have it that way than be living in small groups or alone. That's when we could occupy our time a lot better, usually you were sharing your education and so forth.

Scholastic: When you were in solitary, I imagine, there wasn't a window in the cell.

Brenneman: No, there was a vent but it was bricked up so no air could come through.

Scholastic: I would imagine that you knew every brick in that cell.

Brenneman: Well, yes and no. To spend my mental time looking at every nook and cranny would be a waste. Most people would put their thoughts on something that would have a benefit after we leave. One of my good friends wanted to be an architect, go to architecture school. And he spent about 99% of his time up there dabbling in floor plans, different methods of construction, searching out people that had some information. Somebody had a course in strength of materials, [so you] find out everything that guy knew! Well, there was an architect up there. You would pick this guy's brain apart. [You have to] spend your time on something, many times

tangible, sometimes fantasy, just as an exercise, a mental exercise.

Scholastic: [Were these exercises ones of memory, or rather, what were the sources of these exercises?]

Brenneman: We worked with the resources we had within ourselves because the gooks supplied nothing, they actually went to lengths to make efforts to the fact that we would have nothing. Writing materials were taboo. If they found any they took them away. They were very careful about anything. They let you bring nothing into the room. They went to ridiculous lengths to get every scrap of paper out of our hands. . . . As far as writing materials went, we would make ash ink out of cigarette ashes. . . . We would write on the type of sanitary paper we had, which is kind of like our brown shopping bags. Boy, they don't know what Charmin is or anything like that. They would come in and take it away and we would just start over. Everything that we did was generated from within ourselves. For instance, you are working on a degree in government. Well, we had a guy out there that had a master's in double E [Electrical Engineering], so we would have courses in electronics, everything that he knew. It's one of these things, it sounds like a joke here, "Sit down and tell me everything you know" but up there that's the way it was. . . . It is interesting when you are in a void like that.

Scholastic: I take it, talking to the other guys was very important?

Brenneman: Yes.

Scholastic: How does one stay human then, in solitary, without becoming a vegetable?

Brenneman: Well, the big thing is of course keeping the mind active. It depends, of course, on your education. The more educated the person is, the better he is able to take the time such as solitary confinement because you have more to rely on. . . . I think everybody had their own personal way to pass solitary. Some people wrote poems to their wives or others, huge volumes, thousands of lines and they memorized the whole thing. . . . I kind of have an interest in engineering, so to speak, and I would just pick a project. OK, for the next three months my project is, well, my favorite one was to design a city mentally, and occasionally I would take some pieces of red wood tile and make scratches on the concrete floor.

Scholastic: Did you ever break to the point of some night just getting extremely frustrated even with a city project, to the point of beating on the doors?

Brenneman: No, it never came to that that I know of, not for myself anyway. . . . You can just kind of condition your mind that you are going to be there for a while and you rely upon yourself.

Scholastic: So you could live then in a way in memory and imagination.

Brenneman: Yes, imagination is a big thing there, you might even call it fantasy you know, design a city, nobody comes home and designs a city. It passed the time.

Scholastic: Did you plan day by day or did you plan three months in advance? What was your concept of time?

Brenneman: We were prepared to stay there a very long time. To them it was pretty clear we weren't going home, and the gooks, if they had their way, would never have released us because they, the Communists, are famous for keeping prisoners. I don't know, maybe it is in the Communist doctrine that keeping prisoners is a benefit. Ideally, they would have kept us forever probably, if that is what they wanted.

Scholastic: [If you were to teach a] freshman course, what would be the importance . . . of communicating [by tapping on the wall] or the activity of the mind?

Brenneman: That probably is of the highest importance because even many times when you lived in a room by yourself in solitary confinement there was a man in the room next to you just by physical limitations. . . . So you would communicate [by tapping on the wall] with the guy next to you or by other means to the people around you. . . . [W]e placed a lot of importance on it. They, of course, did everything to keep you from doing it and if they caught you they would lean on you for it but it was amazing the tenacity with which people clung to it. No matter what the cost. I had a friend of mine who had a little trouble with the guards and they pulled him out to put him in solitary confinement. Next door was another fellow in solitary confinement. [He was] there about ten minutes [getting] the feel of things. Pretty soon there is a rap on the wall and they start talking. My friend asked the other what he was in there for and he said, *"Communicating."* It doesn't matter. They are going to make him live alone, who knows how long . . . a little tough stuff for communicating . . . doesn't bother him. [Within] ten minutes . . . another guy is living next door to him and he is talking, knowing the consequences could be very severe for him if he gets caught again.

Scholastic: Some way you had to talk to your fellow prisoners regardless of . . . the consequences.

Brenneman: Yes. We had such a mutual support. Well, you can imagine what it is like living alone even though you will only be able to talk to someone ten, fifteen minutes out of the day . . . just to know that the guy is next door and is okay and nothing else. Just that little idea, the thought—there is a fellow American, I care about him and he cares about

"we were free mentally"

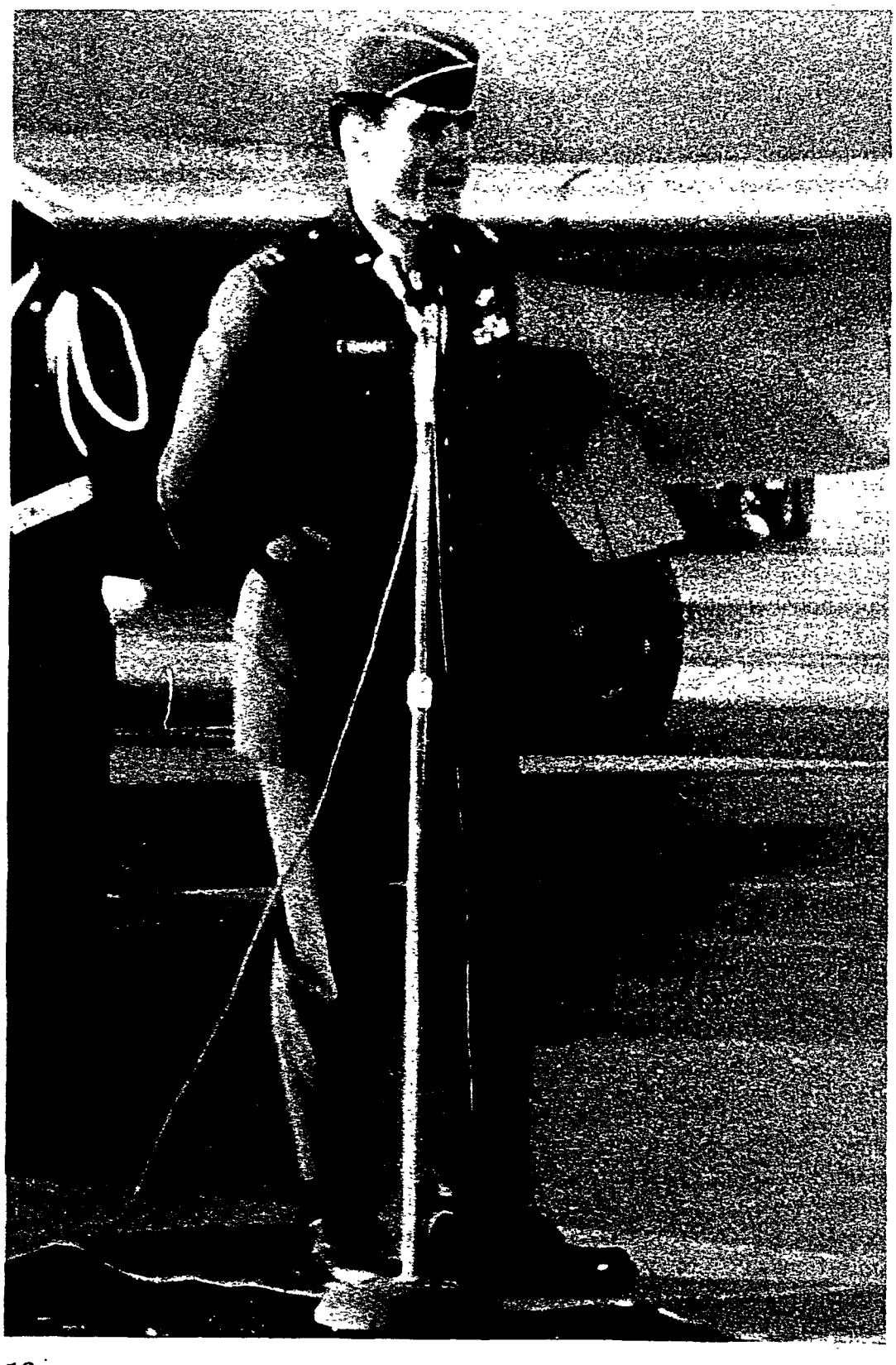
me and we are pulling together. It was of prime importance living in this void, so to speak.

Scholastic: In other words, the emphasis on communication was [most important] to you?

Brenneman: Right.

Scholastic: Insofar as [solitary] was getting to you there was something to turn to, in some supportive way, which, I imagine, [is] why people would get thrown into solitary for the sake of just saying hello.

Brenneman: [Yes] but they would risk it.



Scholastic: Why do you think they would try to set it up in order that you couldn't communicate in terms of tapping on the walls and [letting] one of the guys [stand] up in front of the group?

Brenneman: Well, I think they realize that if we are allowed to work within ourselves they can have no influence on us whatsoever from their point of view. You can imagine, say, a teacher who walks into a classroom where no one will listen, you can stand up there all day. No one is going to listen. You can make rules and regulations that no one can talk and when they do talk they get rapped on the head a few times. Pretty soon there is a quiet classroom. When [the students] can't get up and leave they are either going to talk and get a few lumps or [submit].

They resented the fact that when they put us in large groups that a man could stand up and speak to the whole group, and we don't think anything about that in America. It upset them tremendously. They came out with all kinds of camp regulations: One man can't speak to the whole group. No man can stand up in front of the whole group, and all kinds of things like this. Why are they doing this? Well, if you realize what was happening, here we were in their eyes, prisoners in their country, and we are exhibiting freedoms that we take for granted back here, which they don't even think of. [I]t irked them, the fact that we would do something like this, and they, even the basic guard, realized this was a freedom we have that he doesn't and he is very upset at the fact we are doing this right there in their own country.

Scholastic: Did they resent [these freedoms] or [were they] strange to them?

Brenneman: No, they actually resented it. They would do all kinds of things. . . . "OK, tonight is movie night." One man would start telling the movie and they would look through the door and see that one man was speaking in front of the group. They would bang on the door and turn off the lights. Sometimes open the door and bring in someone, camp officials, who would read what would amount to the riot act. One

man can't do this. Lot of harassment because they really resented the fact that this was normal in our society and it wasn't in theirs. There is nothing they can do about it, and that [is] what we call freedom.

Scholastic: Insofar as you could do that [standing up and talking freely to a group plus those conversations on educational topics], would it be appropriate in terms of your experience for me to say you were free?

Brenneman: We were free mentally. The Vietnamese realized this; they could never, with their level of sophistication, as low as it is, they could never control our minds. That upset them a little more.

Scholastic: Since they could control your movement . . . . Do you think that mental capacity represents a greater freedom than, say, your freedom of movement or doing your own thing?

Brenneman: Yes, I think if you can maintain your mental facilities, it is much more important than the physical. You can blot out the physical in a way. . . . [I]f you could think of something else, you became less aware of your physical surroundings.

Scholastic: What was the role of religion?

Brenneman: Well, religion played a big part to many people up there. Many people were very religious before they came there, and turned to that as a source of strength. Col. Reisner was a very religious man and as a result I think this is what maintained him. . . . He went through a lot of hell. This undoubtedly helped him, because people who talked to him by tapping on the wall always got words of a religious nature. It definitely helped.

Scholastic: It seems that over there you had to live without the things we take for granted every day. You couldn't go to San Francisco [he was planning a trip]. If you were to come out to Notre Dame and teach a freshman course about what was really important, what you had to have but couldn't live without, what would you like to talk about for a semester?

Brenneman: If you were talking about living with your basic needs you could eliminate about 99% of what we have. Really the only thing you are seeking, as far as essence, is: you need a temperature span in which you are comfortable, you need the basic amount of food to live on, enough to maintain a basic health; this is all you need and this is all we had. The minimum necessary. You just don't need anything and they kept us at a minimum for a long time. A handkerchief. For a long time we had to guard small pieces of cloth to use. If they found them, they would take them away. It was basic. You really don't need a handkerchief. What do you need a handkerchief for? You can get by without one.

Scholastic: What about the electronics, the stove, and other conveniences now that you have been away from them for so long? Is there any change in your attitude towards them because of your absence from them?

Brenneman: No. I guess I am a good capitalist; I like nice things.

Scholastic: How do you react to advertising . . . the kind with this seductive woman trying to sell you a bottle of perfume or something? Do you react, "Oh my God, who needs it?"

Brenneman: Well, I have always looked at advertising with a tongue-in-cheek attitude. I've never been one to fall for a lot of words printed on a paper for advertising.

Scholastic: Do you find it whets your desire for all these things?

Brenneman: Well, I do have a big desire just basically to increase my standard of living, an attempt consciously or unconsciously, to make up for the last five and a half years. I plan on going big into stereo and I'm going to drive a nice car, a lot nicer than I would have driven at age 31 had I not been shot down and so forth. I can have all the things I have always desired but haven't been able to have.

Scholastic: I take it, just for example, that going to San Francisco isn't really that substantial, even though it would be a good party, that in a way all this other stuff is much more important.

Brenneman: Yes. Life itself becomes a little more important for the people that have gone through what we did.

Scholastic: I was wondering in what form they tortured you.

Brenneman: Well, they employed several techniques; some fast, some a little slower. One of the predominant means is what we call the rope trick. It has various modifications. They would figure-eight a nylon strap between your arms, pull it behind you and use it as a cinch. They would just keep tightening it down until it pulled your shoulder blades together. This would involve, many times lying on your side and having someone jumping on your high shoulder. That in itself was very painful. Then they would place you on the floor with your legs crossed, and then they wrapped the strap over your shoulder from this mass of webbing on your arms, down around your legs, and literally pulled your head down into your groin area. It makes kind of a ball out of you. Sometimes they would roll you around in this position pulling your arms and legs and kicking you. That's a rather fast-acting torture.

"Life itself becomes a little more important."

"The intent of Resistance is always there. You are going to endure all you can."

Scholastic: It would seem that because of the methods of torture your body would be totally subject to another's control. He could even kill you if he wanted. What goes through someone's mind knowing your body is subject to another's total control?

Brenneman: Well, you just hope for the best is what it amounts to. You realize that anytime they can just take a pistol and it's all over. But that doesn't alter usually what you do.

Scholastic: When the guard had the ropes around your arms behind your back and you were experiencing pain, what ran through your mind?

Brenneman: The intent of resistance is always there. You are going to endure all you can.

Scholastic: Was it then a contest between you and the guy on the other end of the rope?

Brenneman: It would be in a way, I guess. He is trying to inflict pain and you are trying to resist up to the point that you would lose the mental capacity you would need to [verbally] extract yourself from the situation . . . when questioned further.

Scholastic: What I am really trying to ask: what gives a guy the strength to resist?

Brenneman: That's a very intangible point. It's something that's ingrained into you. . . . You believe in what you are doing, this sort of thing. Sometimes it probably just comes about because of an antagonistic attitude toward your captors. . . . They do everything they can to make your life miserable. Many people become antagonistic for that fact alone. . . . Even if their fellow Americans did that to them they would become antagonistic and end up hating them for it.

Scholastic: In some ways, then, given what you said, it is an asymmetrical relationship between you and the guy that held the rope and so far he has control of your body. But by your reactions, you can manipulate him . . . [when] he can't hurt you.

Brenneman: Yes. . . . You realize you are antagonistic up to a point. You always felt that you could be antagonistic up to a point short of physical abuse. Sometimes some of the guys went too far, but normally we tried to just avoid them. Out of sight, out of mind sort of thing. It was constant harassment . . . leave us alone, let us sit out the war.

Scholastic: I take it they were using what we may call Russian techniques of interrogation? Trying to make you Communist in some way, make you doubt what you were doing; but they did it very naively.

Brenneman: They weren't trying to make us Communist as much as they were trying to convince us that their side of the war was right; which they never succeeded in. They would shy away a little bit to accusations of brainwashing to make us Communists. They were very sensitive about that. . . . They are so unsophisticated, they could never indoctrinate anyone verbally, any average American; they just couldn't do it. It is impossible. I had one assistant camp commander. He didn't know about the Berlin Wall when you mentioned it. And then he tried to explain it, you could see him thinking. He has to think up some reasons for its existence. One of them was that it was to keep the criminals within the country. Well then do you expect me to believe that they are just going to let the criminals run loose in the country and then build a wall to keep them in? He began to realize after a while that that wasn't a good answer, so he lost face. . . . They were constantly making errors. They don't have the sophistication.

Scholastic: Do you think that they realized they were probably working with the most highly educated POW's ever?

Brenneman: Ah, yes, I think they realized that very quickly, and as a result that is one of the ways they lost face and they were constantly antagonistic towards us for that. They were—many times you could tell they were — very ill at ease around you because they knew that you could put them in a situation of which they were completely ignorant and they kind of lost face because they didn't have an answer.

Scholastic: Do you think the ones that you met were their first string?

Brenneman: Boy, if they were, that country is a lot worse off than people give it credit for. . . .

Scholastic: Could these conflicts with the guards be a difference in culture?

Brenneman: They are shielded from information. Because the Communist publications are controlled so much that everything that they are given is slanted in a certain way. For instance, I remember in Son-Tay, they called one of the prisoners in for a quiz. They would want to talk about things related to the war but they would slur into just about anything. You might end up on any subject just to stay away from what you didn't want to talk about. This one guy happened to mention that we sold wheat to Russia. The Vietnamese became very upset and irate. Why? He wanted to know why. He would slam his fists on the table and shout that this was a lie. That it was impossible. That Russia would never have to buy wheat. A socialist agricultural system would never fail so

it was an obvious lie. Russia, when they bought wheat didn't publicize to the other Communist countries that they had to buy wheat from Canada and the U.S. They wouldn't say anything like that. Instead it would be something to the effect that the Soviet Union had entered into a trade agreement to exchange certain agricultural products with the U.S. and Canada, following a policy of cooperation with other foreign countries. Even if the average Vietnamese could read, he doesn't know what is going on by reading that. When you tell them they were buying wheat because their crop failed, they got very upset. This is an affront to their system which is touted to be so perfect.

Scholastic: In that case, having you in North Vietnam must have been terribly upsetting to your interrogators?

Brenneman: It was, and you hit it exactly on a point that in these little quizzes would be a major point of contention. They would profess many times that they had a clear, quote-unquote, picture of the United States. They would tell us in their arrogant way that they knew everything about the United States because they had been given official publications by their country. And they would be completely erroneous. "We understand your system," they say.

Scholastic: Did they keep on switching off interrogators because you knew more than they did?

Brenneman: Many times they did, yes. It was obvious that these quizzers made these big blunders that they lost so much face that it was obvious they had to switch off to be able to save face. I mean sometimes it was downright hilarious. I remember one time that I was called in for a quiz. They were going to play a tape. Some American had made a statement someplace and they wanted you to hear it. They set the tape recorder down and plugged it in. . . . This time the tape recorder didn't work. So the first thing they would do, and this actually happened, was that they would try and straighten the cord. The obvious problem is that the cord is kinky and the electricity couldn't get through so they were straightening the cord, and you were laughing your head off because you couldn't help it. Then they realized they had done something wrong, that they were losing face and you were laughing at them. Terrible! You are laughing at them. One of the worst ways to lose face.

Scholastic: So when you came back you had a new quizzer?

Brenneman: Yeah, well many times it was just ridiculous things like that.

Scholastic: Did you run into any anti-war Americans in North Vietnam?

Brenneman: I did not personally. The camp I was in, some of the times they would come around and tell people that they were going to meet so and so. But, we would refuse to the point that we were willing to take torture to refuse.

Scholastic: You [had] mentioned that POW's were tortured to get them to see Communist delegations. Did that ever happen to get POW's to see Americans?

Brenneman: I can't remember any specifics because I never lived with anyone who was tortured to see Americans. However, I believe someone was.

Scholastic: How did the majority of the prisoners see those propaganda statements that they were forced to give? Did they think that most people would realize thaey were given under great strain?

Brenneman: Oh, it should be obvious, in many cases. For instance, Tanner. They told him to write a war crimes confession. So he gave them a confession. He had Clark Kent as a CIA agent or something like that. Ben Casey was his flight surgeon. And they read this thing at the Bertrand Russell War Crimes Tribunal. You can imagine them standing up in front of the world and reading this thing. It is obvious to any American and probably a whole bunch of foreigners real quick what had happened. It had tremendous recourse on him back in Hanoi. . . . He hurt them bad in their propaganda. If you want to hurt a Commie real bad, get him in his propaganda. He hurt them so bad he might now look upon it as worth it.

Scholastic: You were kind of unlucky in getting captured.

Brenneman: Yeah, it was kind of my own fault for maneuvering into the position, this small village, to get a good landing. I made a decision. I could have been dashed to death on the side of Karst Cliffs. I made a decision and it turned out to be a bad one.

Scholastic: What was your impression of the North Vietnamese?

Brenneman: As far as prisoners they looked upon us as political possessions. It is said [up there] that prisoners should be kept for this reason alone. Prisoners have political value, so that kind of states their attitude right there.

Scholastic: The Vietcong claim that the people that they held were criminals, not prisoners.

Brenneman: Yes, that's what they claimed. . . . They always used the word criminals and we always said prisoners. They shouted at us and we shouted at them and it would go on forever. They never gave up, we were criminals to the last day. We never gave up. We were prisoners of war to the last day.

Scholastic: Did you get the impression that North Vietnam was somehow a people at war? How did that fit against the background knowing what was going on back here in the terms of division and disorder?

Brenneman: Well, on your first point, they have mobilized an entire nation for war. There's no doubt about that. They call it a people's war. With a population of 17 million they just about have to use all of their resources . . . and then considering their technology, in an ox-cart society they are certainly going to need it.

Scholastic: Did it grate upon you that everyone back here was just going about his job?

Brenneman: Oh, not really. Had I left and the country was so engaged in war that you couldn't buy a car

or things such as steak at the meat counters anymore, it would have worried me more. But I knew things back here were in a normal situation, which we desired it to be. No one wants to have a war where the common man gets hurt. No one wants to have a war anyhow, but if you are going to have one, let's hurt as few people as possible. . . . Americans are a little bit restless. They don't want a war that is going to drag out. It is hard to see how a country halfway across the world can have an effect upon us. But I feel that the Communists thought if they could push a button and have us with a minimum of recourse on themselves, they would do it. Of this there is no doubt in my mind.

Scholastic: Is it fair to say that you are the type of guy that chose the Air Force as a career and that this [getting captured] is one of the risks of such a career, while a guy who works at GM takes other chances and risks?

Brenneman: Yeah, I think so. The type of people who go into a military career are aware of these risks, particularly in flying. It doesn't take a war to have an attrition rate. For instance, in the Navy for a career man going for twenty years in aviation aboard carriers, probably 60% of his graduating class will die in some sort of aircraft accident during the twenty years.

Scholastic: What I was wondering now comes in a way from this occupational thing. It strikes me that there are two ways of understanding a military career. There is one where you talk of the brave warrior. You know, the guy who does noble things for the sake of his country. . . . There is another way. . . where you talk about it as an occupation. I don't know which fits in terms of your military experience.

Brenneman: Well, I'm highly patriotic, although I'm not very educated in the actual fields of government and that. I know what I like and I know what other countries have. I want to maintain what we have. Our basic freedoms and the like are what I am speaking of. Like today, I can sit here and talk to you and say anything I want and we didn't have to have a political cadre come in here and write it all out in advance and rehearse it like they do in the Communist countries. I could see it even as a prisoner in North Vietnam.

Scholastic: Could you see yourself going back to Vietnam and doing it again?

Brenneman: I could see myself, but policy is that our government would not send me back to that area for obvious reasons.

Scholastic: Does the South Vietnamese farmer really appreciate what is being done for him in Saigon?

Brenneman: I don't think that many people in South Vietnam realize what they are gaining. I think that in a way they have some freedoms down there that the Vietnamese in the north don't have. They take for granted many of these freedoms and seldom think about them. Even though it is a highly restrictive society, due to the nature of the war, it is forced to be in many cases. The Communists in North Vietnam are so tightly controlled that I think if they tried to impose their control immediately on the South Vietnamese that they would run into troubles immediately because the South Vietnamese have some rights that they don't realize that they have until someone tries to take them away.

Scholastic: Finally, what question would you like to answer that no one ever asked? What would you ask yourself?

Brenneman: Well, many people have asked me what I think of people like Jane Fonda and Tom Hayden. This is a point the gooks themselves had problems conceiving. These people shot off their mouths a lot, provided lip service for the gooks and caused us a lot of harm. But the thing is that up there even though we were receiving the bad end of the deal, we were still proud of the fact that they had the right to do that. That is something that the North Vietnamese couldn't conceive of . . . the fact that someone back here could speak out against the war. . . . Even though what they were saying we didn't agree with, I think every man up there was proud to defend that ability.

Scholastic: In a way then, you had a lot in common with Jane Fonda though you probably thought she was an idiot.

Brenneman: Yeah. I don't agree with what she says but I am willing to go back there to defend her right to say it. Ideally, I would try to convince her of the errors of her ways as the Communists would say it. It is kind of ironic in a way that we are defending this basic freedom, [even though] it is hard to see at the time. We are serving her in the fact that we are defending her rights and it would be nice on her part and the people like that if they would realize that some of the things they are doing hurt us in our situation.

Paul Colgan

Michael Melody

Keys, Crises and Keenan; The Life of a Rector

Rev. Robert Griffin

Several weeks ago, I was asked by an administrative person at Notre Dame whether I would like to be the resident chaplain next year in one of the women's dormitories on campus. Immediately, in my mind, I could see the scene: the immense bulk of myself, at midnight, surrounded by sweet young things wearing flannel nighties, their hair up in curlers and their faces smeared with Noxema, handing me freshly made taffy apples. Or else all of us together, me in my Dr. Dentons and them in their quilted kimonos, making popcorn.

In my six years at Keenan, I have always tried to make myself available to any of the young lovelies who wander into my digs. My shoulder lives in readiness for any demands that might be made of it, especially by girls who wish to weep. My old, withered cheek has practically no other ambition, except for saving face, than to be eroded to the bone by coed kisses paid as the tribute of youth to tottering age.

But somehow, the notion of living as a kindly, sometimes intercessory, grandfather figure in a hall full of women ruled over by an impudent nun does not seem an adequate fulfillment of the energies that have been given me as an ordained priest. At the moment, I know of no impudent nuns who are presently ruling over the dorms at Notre Dame; hopefully, there never will be impudent nuns who serve as rectors in this place; and at the first sign that any nun, already here, has turned impudent, she should be sent home in disgrace at once to explain her impudent self to her Reverend Mother. But with my luck, if I should become a women's chaplain, impudent nuns would be sent for from every motherhouse in the country to keep the Fat Elf from Keenan from mischief.

My point is this: in some way, proximate or remote, any priest who serves as a counsellor to young people, whether they be men or women, serves in a dim way as a father figure. To be a father means to have a share in the authority of the household and a responsibility for fundamental needs. A grandfather may live as a beloved member in any family, and that grandparent's whims may constantly be indulged as he slips money to the children, or intervenes when the tempers of fathers and sons turn nasty. But ultimately, that grandparent is only a guest at the family feast; and his intercessions, whether mischievous or merciful, are subject to the scrutiny of the father, whose care for the needs of the family are duties imposed on him by God. By reason of the discipline of the Church, I will never be a grandfather, nor do I want to function as a grandfather-type serving in a chaplain's role. All my life I have been invited out to dinners where I have been adopted as some child's uncle. But there is a need in me as urgent as breath to live out the role of the father who pays for the groceries, and takes out the garbage, and is responsible for the growth of his children in stature and in grace before the eyes of men.

So then, I resist the suggestions of administrators who would free me from the annoyances of a rector's life so that I might serve more fully as chaplain to a university. Believe me, I know by now what the annoyances of a rector's life are like. You are in the midst of counselling a couple in preparation for marriage. You have reached a dogmatic climax revealing the Lord and His cross as the paradigm for the sacrifice required by nuptial love. You sense that emotion has gripped the bride to the point of teardrops; the groom has been stirred into transfiguration, and a huskiness creeps into your own voice as you speak; and just at the instant that the angels should start their singing, there is a knock on the door telling you of waterfights cresting into Niagara on the third floor. Or else, a penitent has come to you for confession. For ten years he has been away from the sacraments, an alien to heaven; but now, with the persuasions of grace, he is speaking the words asking for reconciliation, and the violins are tuning up for the Hallelujah Chorus. Suddenly, in a doorway a kid stands, wrapped in a towel, dripping with water, asking for the spare key to his room.

Waterfights and lost keys are the reality a rector has in place of buying groceries. For brief periods of my life, I have had the care of young children. You take them to the movies, for example; then you have to see that they get to the restroom so that little Christina will not wet her pants on the bus; or you stand guard at the ordering from a menu in a restaurant, so that young Frankie will eat something more than french fries at dinner. It is your fidelity to the demands of nature in children that teaches them to trust you, because in case of catastrophe they will blame their wet drawers and their tummy cramps on you. It is your fidelity to the needs of students in the small crises of life—the replacement for a burnt-out light bulb, the gift of a cigarette when the nicotine need threatens madness, the reading of a term paper to correct the pronouns—that suggests to them that you can be called upon when heartbreak strikes their lives.

But my services to students are trivial compared to their courtesies and attention to me. It is these attentions and courtesies that create for me an identity as a person, and a sense of belonging—as an important, respected, and beloved member—to a family. Do I have to tell you of my need for feeling important? Even bums on skid row need to feel important in somebody's life, even if it's only their probation officer's. Must I confess my need to be respected? No man could be happy if he has only the self-image of himself as a fool. Do I need to tell of my need for love? Then let the flowers tell you also of their need for sunlight. Let the grass tell you of its need for rain.

I am sometimes embarrassed to admit how much like a father I feel in my role as rector of Keenan, for no one is more pathetic than an unneeded or unwanted parent. But the dependency lies not in the fact that the Keenanites regard me as father, but that I regard them as family. There is always an elemental source from which men gather their strength and compose their energies. It may be from the tangled web of an oedipal love for mother; it may be from the illicit joy of a lovers' tryst in Soho. But in the great and natural order of things, a man's reality should begin in the life he shares with his wife and sons and daughters. For me, for several years now, my wife and sons and daughters have been Keenan Hall. Any celebration of the Eucharist over which I preside is, among other things, a self-recognition of my place in the Keenan community. Any grace or insight I have communicated in the past six years has been modified and influenced by the people I have lived with day after day, who have given a fresh scope to my knowledge, a new dimension to my understanding, and a place where my love can go.

I fully acknowledge that my capacities are insufficient for my obligations in Keenan. I know of a family where there are ten children. After the birth of the tenth child, the parents decided there would be no more pregnancies. "Even as it is," the father explained, "I am not sure there is enough love to go around." As rector, I know my own love has never gone around far enough, and that is why there is a deep sense of my own guilt and failure when a Keenan boy I scarcely know cracks up on drugs. There are students in my hall right now who are suffering from loneliness, rejection, or defeat. If I knew who they were or how to get to them, I might be able to help their needs a little bit. But I don't know. So students get drunk, mess up on drugs, or flunk out of school, and only when there is wreckage to be viewed, moral and physical, do I understand that someone has been crying for help, and I haven't been listening. Those are the lonely moments in the life of a rector, when his only recourse is to renew his commitment and pray for a new birth of awareness. If he is really depressed, as he should be, he will bawl out the hall staff and blame them for not letting him know what the hell is going on. But in his deepest self, where deceptions are not allowed, he knows, like the captain of a ship, that the responsibility for the sinking is really his own; and when the band strikes up "Nearer My God to Thee," it is the burial hymn for the solemn obligations he has failed in.

Once every year or so, someone asks me to write, as in the present instance, about what it means to be a rector at Notre Dame. I am not sure, year after year, that the answer is always exactly the same. But what I have written represents, at this point of my life, what I have been feeling for some time. Perhaps the answer, for a priest, is a faulty one; perhaps a priest should need only God and the opportunities of service, and the brotherhood of his religious community. But I acknowledge that in my love of Keenan and in my love of the people of Notre Dame whom the Keenan experience has taught me to understand, that the energies disciplined by celibacy have made their armistice. Nothing is the exact substitute for another; three hundred students, half of whom are drinking on the weekend, are not the equivalent to a partner in marriage. But neither, through a partner in marriage, could I have a share in the lives of three hundred sons belonging to other parents, but who sometimes also belong to me.

Other children I have, who are not from Keenan, belonging as they do to Farley and Badin, Walsh and Zahm, Cavanaugh and Stanford, the North Quad and the South Quad, St. Mary's and the world. Being rector of Keenan, I have often said, is like owning the house after years of paying rent. If I am able to love these other children, it is because I have been taught to love by kids of my own who have also brought home their friends, and because I have a place of my own intended for friendship and comfort, hospitality and service.

As a rector, I am not the most impressive creature alive, but I can learn to do better. With God's help, there is nothing I cannot improve upon as counsellor, friend, policeman, or janitor. I can learn how it is that a boy can be left free to make his own mistakes, yet be sheltered from the folly that leads to his own destruction.

The one thing I could not easily do is to give up being rector.

I think I love Keenan enough even to do that . . . but I sincerely hope there is no one who will ask it of me.

"There were only the IK"

Once, the Ik (Colin Turnbull, *The Mountain People,* Simon & Schuster, 1972, $7.95) were a hunting and gathering tribe. Setting their own pace, they wandered in the area now bordered by Uganda, Sudan and Kenya. Kidepo Valley in Northern Uganda was their favorite hunting area. Since ethnographic data does not exist for this period, Turnbull reconstructs what their life must have been like in terms of the general characteristics shared by hunting and gathering groups. In this, he implicitly relies upon his earlier work among the BaMbuti Pygmies of the Congo (*The Forest People*). In general, hunters and gatherers live in harmony with the world around them. They do not attempt either to plunder or dominate the environment. They seem to live in a gentle sympathy with nature; a friendliness which is reflected in the tribe's inter-relationships. This way of life and the virtues appropriate to it are conditioned by the necessity of the hunt. On the whole, one must use gentle, almost feminine adjectives in describing this way of life. Such were the Ik, formerly.

For various reasons, the Ik were forced to give up this way of life. The rise of independent nation-states in Africa following World War II artificially enclosed them. The Ik were, more or less, stuck in Uganda. They could no longer freely follow the game. Worse still, the Kidepo Valley, their major hunting ground, was turned into Kidepo National Park. They could watch the animals, but it was illegal to hunt any of them. Thus, the Ik became farmers of unfarmable land; there was either too much rain or too little. Either way, the crops failed. Turnbull's book is the description of the adaptation made by the Ik: Survival of one's Self is the only good.

Now, the Ik seem hardly human, if at all. The very young, cast out by their families at the earliest possible moment, slowly starve. The old, emaciated ones, cast off to starve by themselves, die neglected and alone. The younger ones (pre-teen and teen) if they are fortunate, can cunningly crawl up behind an older person and actually steal the half-chewed food out of his mouth. Husbands and wives spend their days privately searching for food. They do not cooperate in the search or share any that either of them finds. For the Ik, eating, unlike defecating, is a private affair. Marriage was no longer to anyone's advantage, and in effect, had ceased to exist. Children, at best, were disadvantageous, since the mother could easily starve to death during pregnancy. There was no reason to create more competitors for the severely limited food supply. Yet, there were good years; these were between 15 and 19. In these stomach-glutted years, one could, with enough effort, find food. In these few years, one could eat and eat, get sick, and then eat some more. The words for good man and full stomach have become synonymous:

> The word for "good," *marang,* is defined in terms of food. "Goodness," *marangik,* is defined simply as "food," or, if you press, this will be clarified as "*individual* possession of food." Then if you try the word as an adjective and attempt to discover what their concept is of a "good man," *iakw anamarang,* hoping that the answer will be that a good man is a man who helps you fill your own stomach, you get the truly Icien answer: a good man is one who *has* a full stomach. There is goodness in being, but none in doing, at least not in doing to others.
>
> (page 135, italics his)

A more graphic example can be seen in the fact that the Ik can no longer distinguish in any hierarchical fashion between copulation, masturbation or defecation. Turnbull once noticed two young men masturbating one another, each gazing into the distance for signs of food. The younger women, not being naive, charged for their services. The sole standard is individual pleasure at the cheapest cost and least expenditure of energy. In the competitive search for food though, sexual desire was almost totally superfluous.

Yet, the book is more than a curious piece of ethnography. Turnbull, unlike many anthropologists, tries to immerse himself in the way of life of the people with whom he is living. He does not bring methodological presuppositions to bear which, in turn, distort his observations. In a way, his whole being becomes a sensory organ. Insofar as he is able, Turnbull sympathetically becomes like the people with whom he is living and his descriptions are trenchant due to this. Given this approach, Turnbull's book, in many ways, becomes a struggle for his own soul, for his own fragile humanity. He tries to feed some of the doomed ones, and realizes that this is untoward interference. Yet, after he is robbed (the Ik built his hut in such a way as to make this a relatively easy matter), he encourages several Ik to steal back his belongings. On the whole, like the Ik, Turnbull survives, for the present. Yet, perhaps, like the Ik, he also feels doomed.

The spiritual agony which this entire experience engendered can only be somewhat appreciated by the reader — unless he has met an Ik. Turnbull felt his own values dissolving; after living with the Ik, everything seemed conventional. Turnbull despaired of discovering a sharable good in whose splendor one can live with other men. The work ends with a comparison to the United States. Turnbull does not think that bourgeois society is really

very different from the Ik. This very point has caused consternation among critics (*New York Times Book Review,* November 12, 1972).

Regardless of the critics, Turnbull, on other levels than the one he offers, provides an insightful basis for reflection. One could fruitfully wonder about the vocabulary we use in describing or talking about sexual intercourse. We no longer distinguish between "having sex" (something possessive in a solitary or singular way such as one *has* a bike or ice-cream cone) and "making love" (a creation, an art that in some way stands apart from the maker). Given the current vocabulary, we no longer choose to differentiate between our having sex and that of other species. The word love seems to have once pointed to such a distinction. Children, as we now talk about them, are, at best, inconvenient and a drain on scarce resources.

On another level, the Ik lead lives chained to necessity: the necessity of staying alive. This is precisely the life led by the other animal species. The difference between man and the other species, in this case, is that man can choose to live like an animal; a wolf has no choice in the matter. Thus, the Ik were animals; in some important way, they were not truly human. They had only a human form. The Ik, as Turnbull graphically presents them, are like ravenous beasts fighting over the last, rotting hyena carcass. They are at war with one another in that one person finding food and voraciously consuming it implicitly wills the death of all the others. They live in a world that exists for nothing more than the gnawing cry of each individual's stomach. Yet, eating — consuming food — is indeed a solitary event. In our culture, it is generally considered gauche to take food out of another's mouth or to eat off another person's plate. But can men, eating together, celebrate the goodness and the generosity of the provider of the feast? For example, in the Mass, each participant receives a particular host, but all the participants share in the common celebration of the God-man who is the provider of this particular feast and all other feasts. The individuals, in this case, really make little sense apart from their reconciliation and union in the whole, the God-man who is common to all of them. The alternative is re-presented by the Ik. This way of life seems naturally to lead to Turnbull's anguished lament: "It should have been easy to ask someone for help, but there was nobody, there were only the Ik."

Yet, the type of solipsistic, self-gratifying life that they lead is not an anomaly. I know a freshman who conceives of hall life in this very way. He will do his thing, regardless of the effect upon others. Only a threat, ultimately a physical one, will deter him from acting. If he decides that his thing at a particular moment is waking up his roommate, then the roommate has two choices. He can either become a slave or eventually fight. In either case, it is a matter of seeking a subjective good (utility) which eventually issues into a struggle — at least psychological — for survival. There is no sharable good (at best a common interest or pleasure); any friendship between men is impossible. It's a very atomized, lonely life.

The Ik are all around.

—michael melody

Good Grief, Charlie Brown!

Is the study syndrome getting you down? Have you forgotten what colors look like in the grayness of early morning risings or all-night crammings for finals? Have your sneakers or saddle shoes forgotten how to dance?

If exam time has spoiled your spring by subjecting you to any of the above symptoms, allow me to prescribe a surefire remedy. Take a break and go over to the Saint Mary's Little Theater to see the musical comedy, "You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown," currently being performed by the ND-SMC theater people.

"You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown," is not your typical Irving Berlin song and dance routine. Based on the popular Charles Schultz comic strip, this play has the simplest of structures abounding in geometric spotlighted appearances of the "Peanuts" characters atop brightly painted blocks or in the aisles. There is a unity between the characters and the audience that one rarely has the opportunity to experience. Perhaps it is because Schultz is able to see and draw that little kid that was and continues to be in all of us — and needs to be let out every once in a while. It is coaxed out of us with Snoopy's hamming it up and Lucy's operatic voice, not to mention the "Peter Rabbit" book reports. The audience participates. It claps, it laughs, and sighs for poor Charlie Brown and his all-too-honest friends. Stay awake! You may be called upon to help fly a kite. . . .

Directed by Charles Ballinger, the cast includes William McGlinn as Linus, along with Debbie Tirsway as Patty. Aubrey Payne played a less lumpy, though still pathetic, Charlie Brown constantly confronted by the determined voice and expressions of Grace Hartigan as Lucy. Andrew Schilling's Schroeder took on a puzzling Prussian air for a so-called little kid while Cliff Fetters' Snoopy songs and dances brought down the house.

"You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown," is not limited to the coloring-book crowd, but has something for everybody. There is violence with Lucy's demonstration of the power of a fist. There is romantic advice: "Never discuss marriage with a musician!" There is psychological intrigue: "People who eat peanut butter sandwiches are usually lonely." Whether it is the surprise setting of the theater's lobby, the songs, watching the expressions on the faces of the cast or the person next to you, you're bound to be entertained and touched by the spirit of celebration in little things and little kids.

If I had to answer one of Lucy's questionnaires concerning my rating of this performance, ". . . on a scale of one to one hundred, using fifty as the median and seventy-five as above average . . ." as an enjoyable evening, I'd have to play Patty and give it a rating of one hundred and ten.

—betsy dwyer

Margaret Mead: Growing Up Successful

Blackberry Winter: My Earlier Years, by Margaret Mead; William Morrow and Co., Inc., N.Y., 1972; $8.95.

> *Blackberry winter,* the time when the hoarfrost lies on the blackberry blossoms; without this frost the berries will not set. It is the forerunner of a rich harvest.

Blackberry Winter can be read as the fascinating story of a woman's and a scientist's early life and career. Certainly Margaret Mead makes the description of early anthropological field research vivid. She studied under such well-known pioneers as Franz Boas and set off for her first field trip in 1925 with all the equipment then necessary for research—"spare glasses, cotton dresses, a camera, pencils and notebook" (p. 134). The works which resulted from her earliest research are familiar titles —*Coming of Age in Samoa, Growing Up in New Guinea,* and *Sex and Temperament in Three Primitive Tribes.* Yet, this is not just a professional autobiography, but a deeply personal narration of how Margaret Mead came to her profession and of her personal development throughout her early career.

Margaret Mead is unique in her accomplishments, all the more astounding because she became well-known as a scientist at a time when women were not expected to be "liberated." In Margaret Mead's family, the role of women was that of active intellectualism. Her grandmother was graduated from college after the Civil War; her mother was a doctoral student at the time of her birth. Margaret Mead was expected to aim for intellectual accomplishments as well as a life as wife and mother. In this family, "being brought up to become a woman who could live responsibly in the contemporary world and learning to become an anthropologist, conscious of the culture in which I lived, were almost the same thing" (p. 2).

Besides the description of a scientific career, *Blackberry Winter* is intriguing as it tells of Margaret Mead's view of herself as a woman. She is not a militant feminist (as her mother had been) for she shows great pride in the contributions women can make *because* of their sex.

> (I)f we are to have a world in which women work beside men, a world in which both men and women can contribute their best, women must learn to give up pandering to male sensitivities, something at which they succeeded so well as long as it was a woman's primary role, as a wife, to keep her family intact or, as a mistress, to comfort her lover. Because of their age-long training in human relations—for that is what feminine intuition really is—women have a special contribution to make to any group enterprise, and I feel it is up to them to contribute the kinds of awareness that relatively few men . . . have incorporated through their education (p. 189).

Margaret Mead idealized her grandmother, who taught her "ease in being a woman without masculine protest or feminist aggrievement" (p. 53). From the description of her grandmother and all through the autobiography, Margaret Mead shows concern and interest for her sisters, daughter, granddaughter, and women friends in a way never shown when she writes of her father or husbands. It appears that "sisterhood," though she does not use the word in the popular sense that it is used today, is very valuable to Margaret Mead. This is well-expressed when she is telling of her close relationship to her younger sisters, though they were very different from her.

> Thinking about the contrasts between my sisters led me also to think about the other women in my mother's family and of the way in which, generation after generation, pairs of sisters have been close friends. In this way they exemplify one of the basic characteristics of American kinship relations. . . (p. 70).

The story of Margaret Mead's early research involves the story of her friendships with other women scientists and scholars. In college Margaret had a small circle of close friends and, finding that men were "perplexed" by them, Margaret and her clique developed a conscious style of relationships to other women—a kind of loyalty governed by the enjoyment of contrasting personalities and a bond of common interests. " 'Never break a date with a girl for a man' was one of our mottoes in a period when women's loyalty to women usually was—as it still is—subordinate to their possible relationships to men" (pp. 108-109).

Margaret Mead's decision to study sex roles and child-rearing practices in the South Pacific was a result of a struggle with her advisor Franz Boas. He thought that Polynesia was too dangerous for a woman and urged her to study American Indians. Chafing under his protectionist attitudes, she compromised by studying the topic he suggested, adolescent girls, but insisted on pioneering field work in Polynesia. She tells of gaining finances for the trip by telling her father that Boas was restricting her to the American Indians. Her father, who had never been able to control Margaret either, reacted against Boas' seeming ability to do what he couldn't.

> My father, rivalrous as men often are in situations in which someone else seems to be controlling a person whom they believe they have the right—and may have also failed—to control, backed me up to the point of saying he would give me the money for a trip around the world (p. 130).

She is not proud of this manipulation, but it is an indication of the way Margaret hammered out a career in spite of the paternalistic attitudes of men toward women's aspirations.

Margaret Mead's three marriages were all founded on professional interests as well as emotion, but none of these was enduring. Her first husband, Luther, was a graduate student and minister. Their marriage was peaceful but they grew apart when she went to the South Pacific. Reo, a psychologist Margaret met during field work, was a working partner in research. This relationship was much more stormy and Margaret indicates that Reo was not happy with her complete dedication to her work; she was unwilling to bend to his ideal of a wife. "(W)hen it came to intellectual matters, I was not prepared to make use of feminine wiles" (p. 188). Margaret tells little of her marriage to Gregory Bateson, also an anthropologist, which ended in divorce sometime after the war. Gregory Bateson is the father of Margaret's only child, a daughter Cathy, who was born after she had almost given up the possibility of having children.

It is part of Margaret Mead's contentment with being a woman ("I was always glad that I was a girl" p. 243) that entered into her wanting and expecting a child. "My closest models, my mother and my grandmother, had both had children and also had used their minds and careers in the public world. So I had no doubt that, whatever career I might choose, I would have children, too" (p. 243). Her happiness over her pregnancy is merged with her description of the work she was doing before Cathy's birth.

Just as she immersed herself in the lives of primitive peoples, Margaret Mead entered totally into the experience of having a child. Cathy's birth was documented and filmed and attended by a young, rising pediatrician, Ben Spock. Though the birth of her daughter was a joyous event, Margaret Mead treats it very scientifically (yet not as analytically as she has written of her husbands). The one person of whom Margaret writes with total emotional joy is her granddaughter, Vanni. Margaret Mead says this autobiography concerns her life to the advent of World War II, but the chapter "On Being a Grandmother" seems to unite Margaret's childhood and the anthropologist so well-known today. Margaret Mead glories in Vanni and her exploring two-year-old mind. With unbounding delight, Margaret Mead sees reflections of her own childhood, her sisters and mother in Vanni and, at the same time, feels a special sensitivity to all children.

> For seeing a child as one's grandchild, one can visualize that same child as a grandparent, and with the eyes of another generation, one can see other children just as light-footed and vivid, as eager to learn and know and embrace the world, who must be taken into account—now (p. 284).

Perhaps the real charm of this autobiography is not that it claims to tell the "real story" and it certainly is not an ordinary life history. It is, however, a very feminine autobiography, in which Margaret Mead seems to be saying that women can be scientifically productive and particularly insightful because they are women.

—katrina wehking johnson

week in distortion

In the beginning, many Mondays ago, there was an SLC meeting. And the voice of Father Riehle was heard over the assembled multitude. And the word of Father Riehle was this: "I wouldn't stay in one of those places overnight." He was talking of off-campus housing. He addressed the multitude further, saying that students chose to live in bad housing, that this was their chosen life-style. He did not speak of money, which is needed to procure good housing. He did not speak of difficulties in getting to campus from the other side of town. He did not speak of discriminatory landlords who will not rent to students.

Another man rose and addressed the multitude. He was a landlord. He said that many landlords were living on Social Security, and that they would have to go without eating for a month to pay for repairs to the houses they were renting out, and this is why the houses were in such bad shape.

No students spoke, but all agreed that the problem had been thoroughly discussed.

We imagined how they must have decided how to solve the problem: Scene: A smoke-filled room. Lights come up gradually to reveal:

ADMINISTRATOR I: But they'll never stand for crowding! They may have demonstrations, and you know what that means. . . .

CHORUS: BAD PUBLICITY!!!

ADMINISTRATOR I: . . . and you know what that means. . . .

CHORUS: LESS MONEY!

ADMINISTRATOR II: I've got a plan! We'll kick them off campus, and . . .

CHORUS: BAD PUBLICITY!!!!

ADMINISTRATOR II: . . . but wait! We really won't, though, we just say we will. Then they'll all want to stay on campus, and they'll even want to put up with overcrowding to stay on campus. And you know what that means. . . .

CHORUS: BAD PUBLICITY!!!

ADMINISTRATOR II: No, no, no! You've got it all wrong! It means more money!

CHORUS: MORE MONEY, MORE MONEY! (Chorus members caper about enthusiastically.)

ADMINISTRATOR I: And if we do it to the juniors every year, we can do the same thing year after year after year! And we'll never have to build those new dorms, ever! And we'll save. . . .

CHORUS: MORE MONEY! MORE MONEY! (Chorus members are ecstatic at this point.)

Jim had a couple of stories to tell. He's moving off campus.

He had almost signed the lease at one house; then the landlord found out that he was a student. The deal was off immediately.

He has a house in a black neighborhood. The neighbors watched him move in, and seemed somewhat disapproving. "Maybe," Jim noted, "they were thinking, 'Here goes the neighborhood.' "

The freshman reads the card informing him of his room: "Room 42, Engineering Hall."

Upon his arrival Dr. Hofman, the rector, assigns him a bunk and row number. The freshman feels lost at first in the rows and rows of bunks, but it isn't long before he strikes up a few simple linear relationships.

Some time before the room picks Father Miceli, Cavanaugh Hall rector, sent out a newsletter with a list of rooms to be forced. He also added that it would be interesting to see how much "Christian spirit" remained in the hall and whether people would be willing to pull others into their rooms, though it would mean overcrowding.

It is 7:55 AM and all is quiet on the southern quad. Suddenly, a small metal door in the ground opens. All around the campus the same scene is repeated. Is it a revolution? No. Is it sabotage? No.

A thousand freshmen climb up from their rooms in the steam tunnels on the way to breakfast and their 8:00 o'clock classes.

A few of the maids were gathered in a group near the elevator. It was the day after roompicks, and they were discussing the room overcrowding to take place next year. It seems that they were assigned the same number of rooms to cover next year; though many of the rooms would contain extra beds. They weren't happy at having that much more work to do.

I ran into the Christian Spirit a few days later.

"Hey, Chris, I heard things have been really bad down at Lyons. Have you been down there lately?"

"No, I haven't."

"I shouldn't have asked; that's kind of obvious."

When we first looked at the notice, we couldn't believe that two-thirds of the seniors were going to be forced off campus.

Michael Carl Goetz suggested that maybe two people could be assigned to each bed; one taking classes during the day and sleeping at night, while the other did the opposite.

We told him to keep quiet about it. We were afraid someone would take him seriously.

Mary and Joseph knocked at the door. It was late and they were very tired.

The door opened. "What do you want?"

"We were just wondering if we could stay here maybe?"

"Sorry, we don't have any room here," said the Notre Dame administrator as he shut the door of the Christian Community.

The Christian Spirit told me yesterday that he'll be living off campus.

t. j. clinton

the last word

Another year approaches its close. The cycle again repeats itself. And despite the reassuring sense of accomplishment which comes with having "survived" another year, there is an uncertainty which is all-pervading. At times one is forced to wonder whether spending four years (or more) at Notre Dame really makes sense; or whether it isn't just a delusion — a golden dream of grandeur, advancement, wisdom. One must hope that Notre Dame is not, and never will be, an enormous learning factory, a "think tank" for the effective training and patterning of members of an ongoing socio-economic system. One must hope that we are here to learn, to grow, to discover — to become more human; rather than simply to be "prepared" for a still uncertain future, to "find our niche in the system." But until we ask these questions privately and grapple with them publicly, our progress is without direction and our accomplishments uncertain. As the year ends, it is important that we look back and attempt to make some sense out of all that has transpired. And this retrospection is an unsettling thing; for we often have no answers for the questions which agitate us. If we look ahead, we encounter the same uncertainty. Unclear as to where we have been, we are, at times, even more confused about where we are going.

There is always a certain excitement inherent in uncertainty. The excitement seems less than consoling, though, when time appears relentless; when all those things which we once thought to be forever a part of us pass before our eyes and slowly add themselves to that vast catch-all of memorabilia that is our past. Fortunately, these things stay always within our grasp; and, at times when the present seems to make no sense and the future holds no promise, they provide much-needed comfort.

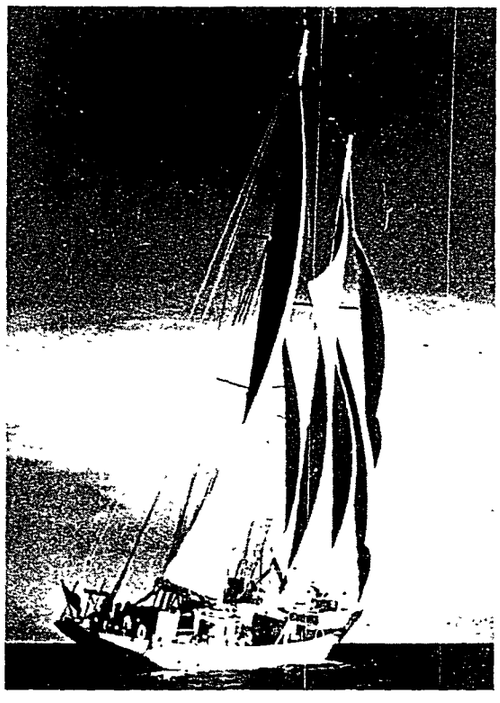
It has been a good year, all considered. If one can shake off the uncertainty — chase out the demons that haunt our retrospection — the good memories are almost endless. Even the most pressing doubt can be dispelled by an autumn afternoon, and the glory of spring (when it finally arrives) is such that one can never be truly pessimistic. The good times have been plentiful and unforgettable — and even the bad times add in their own way to the mellow but happy tone that the year acquires as we look back upon it.

What has perhaps made it so special is the people. I again wish to thank Greg and everyone on the staff for their help, friendship, support, criticism and, most of all, their concern. I wish them well.

Summer approaches. It's time to relax, to look back on what has transpired, and to make plans for newer days.

kerry mcnamara

Take off your shoes.



Hit the deck in shorts and a tee shirt. Or your bikini if you want.

You're on a leisurely cruise to remote islands. With names like Martinique, Grenada, Guadeloupe. Those are the ones you've heard of.

A big, beautiful sailing vessel glides from one breathtaking Caribbean jewel to another. And you're aboard, having the time of your life with an intimate group of lively, fun-loving people. Singles and couples, too. There's good food, "grog," and a few pleasant comforts...but there's little resemblance to a stay at a fancy hotel, and you'll be happy about that.

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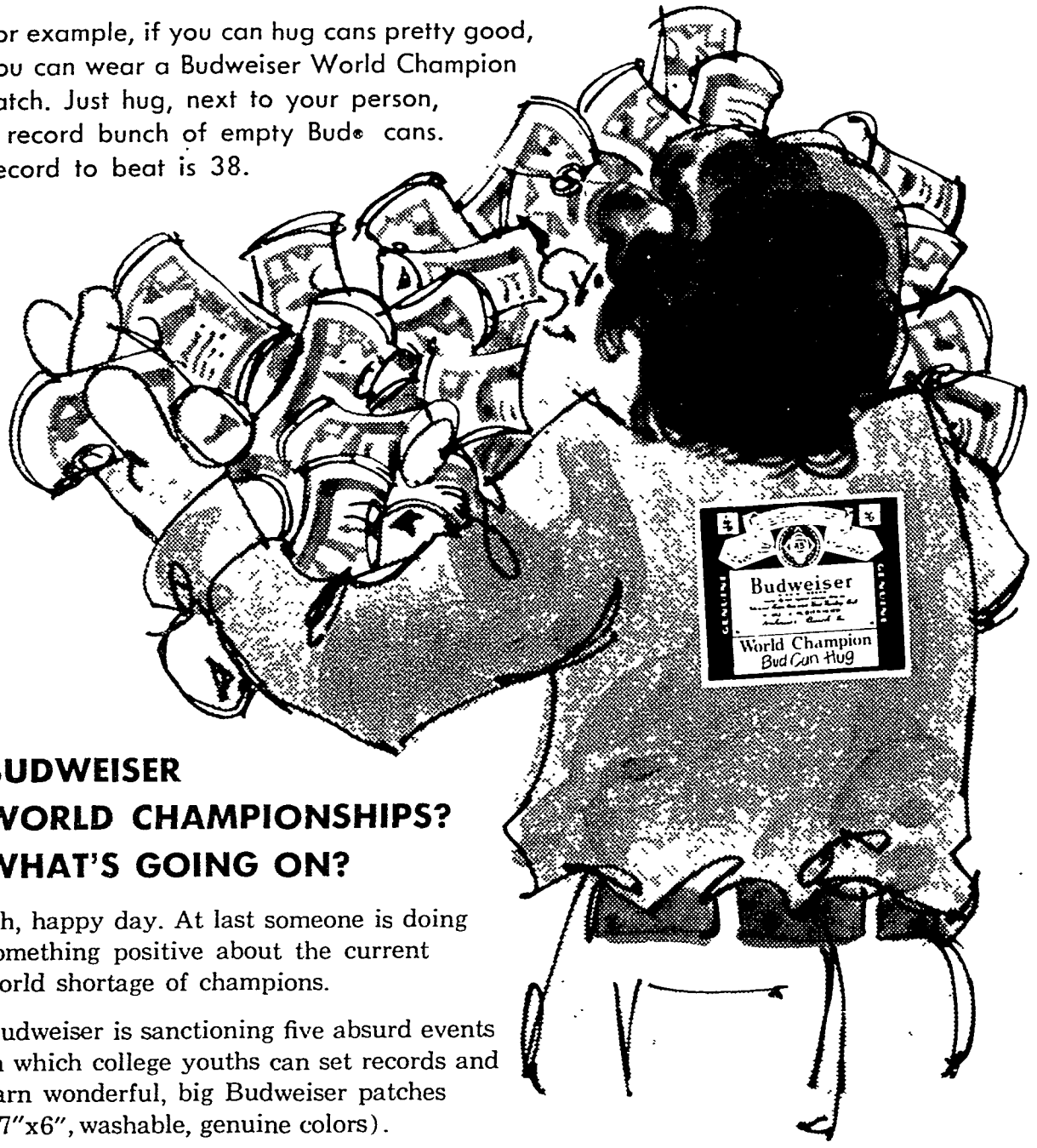

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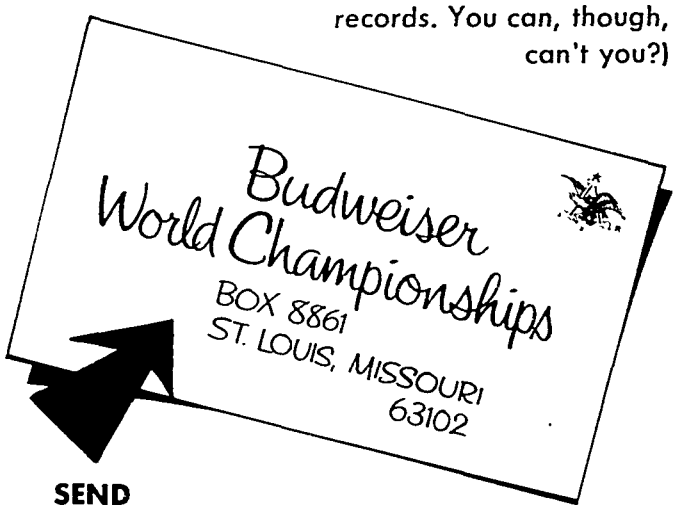
(Maybe you've detected that this *is not* an official, rigid-rules "contest." But it *is* a lot of fun, even if you can't break the records. You can, though, can't you?)



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