

America the Questionable

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SCHOLASTIC

Vol. 121, No. 4, November 16, 1979
Notre Dame, Indiana

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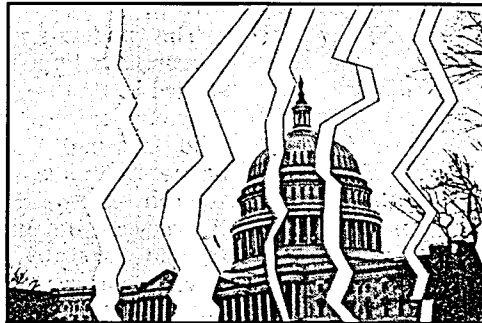
NOVEMBER 16, 1979

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by Theresa Rebeck

I came, I saw, I conquered.

—Julius Caesar

A prince should therefore have no other aim or thought, nor take up any other thing for his study, but war and its organization and discipline, for that is the only art necessary to one who commands.

—Machiavelli

Germany will either be a world power, or it will not be at all.

—Adolf Hitler

Everyone's got something to say about power, in one way or another. Bartlett's Book of Familiar Quotations lists 234 references to power. World literature is littered with them; politicians spew them out endlessly. Mankind is definitely obsessed by a lust for power.

Power tends to corrupt, and absolute power corrupts absolutely.

—Lord Acton

You will either have joy or you will have power, said God; you will not have both.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson

The love of liberty is the love of others; the love of power is the love of ourselves.

—William Hazlitt

Many people are not exactly crazy about this particular human obsession. And let's admit it; they have a point. Pretty nasty things happen when the distribution of power gets a little out of hand. (Re: the Civil War, the holocaust, the atom bomb, Third World exploitation. . . .) Of course, every person needs to feel powerful in some way or another—rumor has it this "need" is a way of asserting one's identity—but evidently some of us never quite learned how to handle it.

The problem seems fairly simple to me. Someone once told me, "My right to swing my arm ends where your nose begins," a statement which I thought adequately summed up the situation. This rule pares away the

complexities of power-need and makes me realize that I actually should be thinking about my actions a little. For instance, if I consider instigating a genocide program in northern Indiana, I just have to ask myself, "If I do this, will I be swinging my arm into someone's nose?" The answer is clear: yes, in fact, I would be going quite a bit further than that. My decision becomes a simple one: Forget genocide.

Am I being too simple? I don't think so. Of course, there are many situations where it seems as if my decision not to smack one person means I must smack another. These situations are a necessary weakness of any societal process. Governments must decide whether or not to enter a war of defense or protection. Once involved in such a war, they are faced with power decisions which affect the lives of thousands every day. On another level, businessmen must choose one job applicant and often turn many away. Our lives have been so ordered that at times we cannot help infringing upon the rights of others; in such situations, we can only be as careful and just as is humanly possible. The rest is up to the understanding of the other person.

The "understanding" of the second person is an important consideration, absurd as that may sound. Of course, it would be absurd to ask a soldier who has had his legs shot off in battle to "understand," but war is such an absurd invention. After all, if everyone did use his power justly and carefully, we would never have to bother with it—it's obviously not even worth discussing while we're trying to figure out the most appropriate way to use power. It is very simply a thoroughly inappropriate use of power, and when it exists, all the basic rules of human conduct get thrown out the window. We cannot discuss war with any semblance of rationality.

There are countless other ways, however, through which power is exerted over us. As students at a conservative university, we are subject to a collection of stringent rules

and regulations. Those of us who feel a strong affiliation to the Catholic Church are further regulated. As citizens of the United States and members of a capitalistic society, we are even further regulated. Our lives are continually regulated by powerful systems as well as powerful people. Sometimes it is easy to recognize the influence of this power, sometimes it is not.

The only way to deal with this power is, I think, to somehow try to stand apart from it and evaluate it constantly. Question it. Why is it necessary for me to shave my legs and curl my hair? Why do I feel I must make \$20,000 a year and own a house in the suburbs? Why do I join a huge mob of students in crowded, sticky bars every single weekend? Why do we never question the things we are taught?

Another old saying proclaims that a person only has as much power over another as that other person gives him. Why do we give these systems so much power over our souls? We are not automatons. We should not be so willing to hand over our freedom to a system.

The final question is, I think, one of freedom. I must always act with total respect for the freedom of others and my own freedom as well. We cannot possibly deny the very real restrictions of our society, but I think it is possible to stop them from shaping our thoughts and emotions. If we'd only learn to be honest with ourselves and take responsibility for our actions, maybe the world would clean itself up. We just have to think about what we're doing here.

Of course, there will always be some people who are simply driven by a desire to control the lives of others. If you ever meet one of these people, go hide; they should be avoided at all costs. But if you can't avoid them, put up a fight for your rights; question their authority, badger them, do whatever you can to preserve your identity. But don't sit around and passively allow someone to take away your freedom. That's just too easy. □

The Intelligence Threat

by Lisa Hartenberger

On September 9, 1979, the nude body of actress Jean Seberg, wrapped in a blue blanket, turned up in the back seat of a car parked on a side street in Paris.¹ She left a suicide note in the litter of several barbiturate wrappers. Jean Seberg had begun her career in the movies by winning producer Otto Preminger's contest for the lead in "Saint Joan" when she was 17. While she never became a big name in the United States, she enjoyed a solid reputation in Europe.

More than an actress, Jean Seberg was also known for her support of the civil rights movement, her opposition to the Vietnam War, and her financial support of the Black Panther Party. Apparently, these liberal tendencies were enough to incur the wrath of the FBI. The FBI deliberately set out to harass and publicly discredit Ms. Seberg, thus neutralizing any influence she may have had with the public through the good reputation she enjoyed. Seberg's ex-husband, writer-diplomat Romain Gary, charged in a recent press conference that the FBI had anonymously fed a slanderous story to the Hollywood gossip columnists in August, 1970.

Using the Freedom of Information Act, Gary was able to obtain a copy of the memos between the FBI's Los Angeles office and the FBI headquarters. The Los Angeles office requested permission to send a letter to the columnists which stated that Ms. Seberg was pregnant by a member of the Black Panthers. The rumor was repeated in *The Los Angeles Times*, *Newsweek*, and a European magazine. Ms. Seberg was, indeed, seven months pregnant—by Gary, her husband. The shock triggered labor pains which ended three days later in the stillbirth of a white female. "Jean became psychotic," Gary said. "Every year on the anniversary of this stillbirth, she has tried to take her life."

This year, Jean Seberg succeeded. Early in August, she tried to throw

¹Fireman, Ken, "Whispers," *Detroit Free Press*, September 30, 1979.

Form 100-1 (Rev. 1-27-60)

FBI

Date: 4/27/70

Transmit the following in _____
(Type in plaintext or code)

Via AIRTEL _____
(Priority or Method)

TO: DIRECTOR, FBI (100-447016)

FROM: SAC, LOS ANGELES (157-4054) (P)

SUBJECT: COUNTERINTELLIGENCE PROGRAM;
BLACK NATIONALIST MATE GROUPS;
RACIAL INTELLIGENCE - BLACK PANTHER PARTY

Re San Francisco airtel to the Bureau dated 4/23/70, entitled, "BLACK PANTHER PARTY (BPP), LOS ANGELES DIVISION, RM-BPP."

Bureau permission is requested to publicize the pregnancy of JEAN SEBERG, well-known movie actress, by [redacted] Black Panther Party (BPP) [redacted] by advising Hollywood Gossip Columnists in the Los Angeles area of the situation. It is felt that the possible publication of SEBERG's plight could cause her embarrassment and serve to cheapen her image with the general public.

It is proposed that the following letter from a fictitious person be sent to local columnists:

"I was just thinking about you and remembered I still owe you a favor. So-----I was in Paris last week and ran into Jean Seberg, who was heavy with baby. I thought she and Romain had gotten

2 - Bureau (RM)
2 - San Francisco (Info) (RM) SEC 5
2 - Los Angeles

RWH/sa
(6)

100-447016-1766
17 MAY 1 1970
FBI - LOS ANGELES

Approved: _____ Sent _____ Per _____
Special Agent in Charge

LA 157-4054

together again, but she confided the child belonged to [redacted] of the Black Panthers, one [redacted]. The dear girl is getting around!

"Anyway, I thought you might get a scoop on the others. Be good and I'll see you soon.

"Love,
Sol!

Usual precautions would be taken by the Los Angeles Division to preclude identification of the Bureau as the source of the letter if approval is granted.

herself in front of a Parisian subway. Then, five days after the anniversary of her child's death, Ms. Seberg drove off into the night.

FBI Director William Webster expressed regret. "The days when the FBI used derogatory information to combat advocates of unpopular causes have long since passed. We are out of that business forever."²

Well, that certainly is good to know. It is interesting, though, to consider the position of those who actively criticize the intelligence agencies today. The editor of *Covert Action Information Bulletin*, William Schaap, said in a recent interview, "We assume everywhere we work is bugged."³ He also related incidents in which he has been followed. When meeting a reporter from *Time* magazine, a stranger walked up, took their picture, and disappeared down a side street. Schaap has also been the recipient of several death threats.

It is not only the public figures who have been touched by the covert activities of the intelligence agencies. For ten years, the CIA lured American citizens out of bars, enlisting the aid of the prostitutes.⁴ Once the victim was in the hotel room, the CIA agents would administer LSD to the person, for the purpose of testing the drug. These people had no idea that the drug had been administered. Richard Helms, the senior clandestine officer for the CIA, had initiated the program. Helms argued that the people drugged by the CIA had to be "unwilling" or the results would have been unreliable, creating only a false sense of accomplishment.⁵ When the CIA abandoned the project in 1963, Helms reveals that it was not out of any moral considerations, but rather, the fear of being caught.

The intelligence agencies have the right, under the President's executive order to break into your home, whether you are in the United States or abroad, if the Attorney General decides you are an agent of a foreign power. The term "agent"

is not related to criminal activity, and does include activity within your constitutional rights.⁶ Stansfield Turner, Director of the CIA, claims the right to have secret agents on American college campuses to spy, particularly on foreign students, in order to get them to commit espionage on behalf of the United States when they return home. Turner has stated he will conduct such activities even on university campuses that adopt rules against them.⁷

Perhaps even more chilling than the realization that, apparently, no one is safe is the realization that we only learn about these devious plots when the intelligence agencies let us know or when they have blundered horribly. I shudder to think what schemes have been cleverly concealed beyond all detection.

You and I must take a stand. We must take on the responsibility of telling the intelligence agencies what authority they can have. We cannot allow the intelligence agencies to decide what constraints they will accept on their activities. I am perfectly aware of the existence of the Freedom of Information Act, the one Romain Gary used to force the FBI to confirm his story about his wife, Jean Seberg. Unfortunately, the Act is subject to any number of loopholes. In the course of his work, Richard D. Hongisto, Acting Commissioner of the New York State Department of Corrections was involved in a case in which a person tried to find out what kind of information the CIA had on him. The person was told that, yes, the CIA did have some information on him, but that if they were to reveal that information, they would reveal the identity of an informant.⁸ The CIA could not and would not give the information being sought under the Freedom of Information Act.

Stansfield Turner also assures us that Congress is being given information which will allow us to examine the activities of our intelligence agencies. But who provides the information; who decides how much, when, how and what to withhold? The intelligence agencies. It just does not make good sense.

Obviously, we have got to provide some system of accountability for the intelligence agencies. We cannot permit them to remain hermetically sealed-off, free to harass and destroy perceived political opponents in guerrilla warfare. The way things stand now, it is perfectly legal. Proper legislation could provide comprehensive controls.

Notre Dame shares a special responsibility in this reform. This University is the No. 1 campus in the country for the recruitment of intelligence agents. Perhaps our desirability arises from the observation that we put a great deal of blind faith in authority figures due to some quirk in the strict Catholic upbringing many of us experienced. Then again, perhaps it is because of the discriminating historical judgments we make, the large vision we have developed, the sympathy we hold for the world's people, and the sense we have for our own nation's moral responsibilities as a result of our four years here that make our students desirable recruits for the intelligence agencies. Let's hope that it is the latter reason, though the first reason seems more in keeping with the intelligence agencies' present style of operation.

Notre Dame must take the lead. In view of our status as desirable recruits, we must assume some responsibility. If Notre Dame can lead the lobby effort in Washington against Title IX, Notre Dame certainly can assume leadership in pushing for the proper legislation to control the intelligence agencies. We must explore, right here on this campus, the various forms of legislation this control could take, and then push it through. We must take a stand. □

²Anonymous, *Newsweek*, September 24, 1979, p. 45.

³Stein, Jeffrey, *Saturday Review*, May 26, 1979, p. 16.

⁴Wise, David, "The Man Who Kept the Secrets," *The New Republic*, November 3, 1979, p. 34.

⁵*Ibid.*

⁶Halperin, Morton, "Oversight Is Irrelevant," *Center Magazine*, March/April, 1979, p. 55.

⁷*Ibid.*

⁸Hongisto, Richard, "We Need Enacting Laws for Stronger Oversight," *Center Magazine*, March/April, 1979, p. 58.

The Life of **Sam Shapiro** *According to the FBI*

by Gregory Solman



The scene is a large meeting hall in revolutionary Cuba. Carlos Rafael Rodríguez of the Integrated Revolutionary Organization is haranguing a group of farmers. The newly installed Cuban government has decided that sugar is a slave crop, and that they should raise corn and make oleomargarine so to avoid importing American lard.

There's only one problem it seems: no one knows how to cultivate corn, and the seeds are being tossed into grass. Only a handful of agronomists had been in Cuba, and many had left the turbulent island for greener — and more peaceful — pastures.

"You have betrayed the Cuban Revolution by not applying Marxism and Leninism to the soil," Rodríguez shouts.

In the back of the room, a young American journalist, then writing for *The New Republic*, pipes up to the farmers standing around him.

"You don't need Marxism or Leninism," he scoffs, "What you need is horse manure!"

Overheard by a guard, the journalist, Sam Shapiro, is whisked off to a Castro jail. It won't be the last time this is to happen during his visits to Cuba over a period of three years.

"Maybe I did (say horseshit)," he recalls with an indescribable smile, his ice-blue eyes twinkling merrily. "I forget the Spanish translation."

Needless to say, Shapiro, now

teaching in the Notre Dame history department, eventually escaped that predicament. But trouble seems to have followed him everywhere, both abroad and here in the U.S. For a more detailed account, one need only consult the more than two-hundred-page FBI file that has been collected on him over the years . . . some of which has even sprung from the pens of Notre Dame students.

The insinuation: Shapiro is a Cuban sympathizer; a communist, an unloyal American using an inside reporting track within the Castro regime to propagate propaganda.

"I was by no means a follower of Castro all of the way," defends Shapiro. "I was very sympathetic, but if you look at the articles I wrote, I think that you'll see that they are balanced. On the whole, the regime in 1959 and 1960 diversified agriculture. And there was a great leveling of unjust privileges . . . they got rid of the millionaires and began to diversify. There is an awful lot of good that can be seen in the revolution, even now."

Back in 1961, it was Shapiro that wrote in *New Republic*, "... a real American invasion of the island, despite Fidel's fears, is out of the question . . . the only sensible course open to us is one of patience, forbearance, and continued attempts to reach some kind of peaceful coexistence with the Soviet

Bloc's little ally to the south of us." Too bad politicians don't read political commentary; they might have avoided Bay of Pigs.

"Now if they'd have listened to me, they could have saved themselves a lot of grief," Shapiro shrugs. "The invasion was dumb. It didn't even work. At least Lyndon Johnson's invasion of the Dominican Republic worked."

When Shapiro returned from Cuba, he was quickly handed the radical label due largely to his involvement on the Fair Play for Cuba Committee. However, Shapiro, who has run the educational gamut from kindergarten to directing PhD's, began to teach history at Michigan State University.

The FBI was, of course, watching. "What struck me were all of the details," Shapiro muses. "If I spoke to a little group of socialists in Iowa, somebody was there reporting. The FBI was everywhere . . . and I was only an insignificant assistant professor!"

"They really had the manpower and the interest to keep files on everybody, and I think that's a potentially destructive thing," Shapiro commented.

So, around Christmas of 1962, after teaching there for three years, Shapiro was fired from MSU. The chancellor explained that there were problems with the state legislature. Shapiro, a 1959 Fulbright Scholar, with a PhD from Columbia Univer-

sity, gained notoriety for his positions on Cuba. It would be hard, the chancellor said, to defend Shapiro. Notre Dame, being a private school, could afford to take such risks ("That's a good example of the value of not having everything government controlled," Shapiro inserts). Notre Dame hired Shapiro to train the then newly installed Peace Corps. Then came an inevitable letter from J. Edgar Hoover to Rev.

Theodore Hesburgh. Hesburgh took a stand for academic freedom, evidently replying to Hoover that he would not allow this kind of intrusion into University affairs to occur. "I was very proud of Father Hesburgh," Shapiro beams. "As far as I'm concerned, it was his finest hour. . . . The strength of America is people like Hesburgh in positions like Hesburgh's. No one would dare call Father Hesburgh a communist . . .

it wouldn't stick!" But even at Notre Dame, with its protective umbrella raised against the rain of world problems, Shapiro could not escape the FBI probe. "There were things said in class that would be reported to the FBI by students," recalled Shapiro. "It seems to me that the classroom is kind of sacred . . . like the confessional. You ought to be able, in a Notre Dame classroom, to say what

The Untold Story: Excerpts from Shapiro's Voluminous FBI File.

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

Reporting Office DETROIT	Office of Origin DETROIT	Date 4/19/61	Investigative Period 2/1 - 4/10/61
TITLE OF CASE SAMUEL SHAPIRO		Report made by [REDACTED]	Character of Case IS-CU

BOOK

REFERENCES: Report of SA [REDACTED] at Detroit, dated 1/30/61.
Report of SA [REDACTED] dated 3/20/61, at Washington Field.
Bureau letter to Detroit dated 2/27/61.

- C -

ADMINISTRATIVE

Referenced Bureau letter instructed the Detroit Office that all future correspondence in this case should be captioned to include the character - Internal Security-Cuba.

[REDACTED] voluntarily furnished the information set forth in this report regarding the Subject.

Approved [Signature]	Special Agent in Charge [Signature]	Date 4 APR 24 1961
Copies made: 9 - Bureau (100-434047) (RM) 1 - New York (97-1792) (RM) (INFO)		

☐ Radio

☒ Teletype

URGENT 10-6-62 1:49 PM SJD

TO DIRECTOR

FROM S/C DETROIT 061300

SOCIALIST WORKERS PARTY, INTERNAL SECURITY-SWP. REBUTEL OCTOBER 5 LAST.

SOCIALIST FORUM OF THE DETROIT BRANCH SWP, AT EUGENE V. DEBS HALL, 3737 WOODWARD AVENUE, DETROIT, PROFESSOR SAMUEL SHAPIRO WOULD SPEAK ON "CUBA REVISITED" THIS SOURCE STATED THAT [REDACTED]

DETROIT CONFIDENTIAL INFORMANTS IN THE FAIR PLAY FOR CUBA COMMITTEE, AND DETROIT CONFIDENTIAL RE CUBAN AND MEXICAN MATTERS, CONTACTED RE ABOVE ON OCTOBER 5 LAST ADVISED THEY HAD NO INFO. THE DETROIT PD AND MSP WERE ADVISED ON OCTOBER 5 LAST RE ABOVE AND THEY HAD NO INFO. ON OCTOBER 5 LAST, SAs [REDACTED] AND [REDACTED] CONDUCTED A PHYSICAL SURVEILLANCE AT EUGENE V. DEBS HALL FROM 7:30 PM UNTIL 9:30 PM AND NO PICKET LINE OR EVIDENCE OF TROUBLE WAS OBSERVED. ADEQUATE CONFIDENTIAL INFORMANT COVERAGE WAS ARRANGED FOR THIS FORUM. A DETROIT CONFIDENTIAL INFORMANT WHO ATTENDED THIS FORUM ADVISED IN BRIEF AS FOLLOWS: THERE WERE ABOUT 130 PEOPLE THERE. THERE WAS SOME OPPOSITION FROM ABOUT 10 PEOPLE WHO CALLED THEMSELVES, "SOCIAL DEMOCRATS OR ANTI-COMMUNISTS." THEY ASKED SEVERAL QUESTIONS BUT THERE WAS NO HECKLING, NO DISSENT, NO TROUBLE OF ANY KIND.

NOT RECORDED
78 OCT 3 1962

54 OCT 15 1962

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION



In Reply, Please Refer to
File No.

Denver, Colorado
May 21, 1963

SAMUEL SHAPIRO

The program of the Sixteenth Annual Conference on World Affairs held April 8 through 12, 1963, at the University of Colorado, Boulder, Colorado, reflects that Samuel Shapiro was a participant in this conference. Shapiro is described as a Historian from Michigan State University, Oakland, Michigan.

A source, who has furnished reliable information in the past, advised on April 25, 1963, that Samuel Shapiro was either pro-Communist and/or pro-Castro in sympathy. [REDACTED] that after hearing Shapiro talk about Cuba and Castro, it appeared that Shapiro had "actually sold out to Castro." [REDACTED] that Shapiro would make gross distortions about facts in Latin America when it was not necessary, and felt that these distortions on Shapiro's part had a purpose.

Source advised that source heard Shapiro talk on one occasion during the conference and Shapiro likened Castro to John Brown of American Civil War history. Shapiro attempted to draw a parallel between these two individuals, in that Brown was endeavoring to free the slaves in the United States, whereas Castro was trying to free the peasants in Cuba.

A second source, who has furnished reliable information in the past, on April 15, 1963, advised that at the regular meeting of the Denver Branch of the Socialist Workers Party (SWP) held on April 11, 1963, at Denver, Colorado, it was reported that the "Wildcat Forum" (the name used for a public discussion

Professor in Michigan Fired For Speaking Truth on Cuba

Dr. Samuel Shapiro, a noted authority on Cuba and Latin America and an outspoken critic of U.S. policy in these areas, has been fired as assistant professor and head of the history department of Michigan State University-Oakland.

MSU-O Associate Dean George Matthews, Prof. Shapiro's immediate superior, claimed there were "academic" reasons for Shapiro's dismissal, although he added, "I cannot give the academic reasons for our judgment. They are internal considerations, which are private."

He conceded, however, that Prof. Shapiro "would have had a better chance" of having his university contract renewed if he had written and spoken less on the controversial matters of Cuba and Latin America.

Prof. Shapiro himself said that he had been informed by a top MSU-C official that "if I hadn't published anything on Latin America I would have had a better chance to be retained."

Built Up Department

He told a correspondent of the



Dr. Samuel Shapiro

It is a fact that outside pressure has been brought to bear and Dr. Shapiro had been subjected to smear attacks since he visited Cuba in January 1961 and publicly called for "faster and more truthful reporting of what was actually happening in Cuba. He urged for

you think without any consequences.

"That really strikes at the heart of academic freedom . . . to think that somebody is sitting there taking notes on what you say."

Shapiro admits that it is hard to draw the line between legitimate concern for the stability of a political system and the FBI style of widely ranging suppression of dissent of all sorts, but quickly adds, "I think very clearly the FBI did things that were indefensible and unforgivable."

He lists J. Edgar Hoover as one of the most powerful men in American history. "No president dared remove him, because he had all the stuff on them . . . and he made himself useful to presidents."

Now the FBI may be in a state of chaos. "They're so busy filling out Freedom of Information Reports and xeroxing people's files, the excesses that people have committed have really damaged them. I imagine they must be in a state of total collapse."

And what of Castro's Cuba today? As he explained, the worst thing that has happened is this: Castro came in to rid Cuba of her foreign ties (U.S. especially), end their monocultural dependence on sugar, and redress the errors of the Batista dictatorship.

The result? "Twenty years later," he says, "they're still a dictatorship, they're still dependent on sugar, and they're still controlled by a foreign power, Russia."

Cuba has become a Russian cat's-paw," Shapiro claims. "Cubans are getting killed in Angola and Ethiopia in ways that have nothing to do with a legitimate interest of the Cuban people in solving Cuban problems."

But Cuba will always be Cuba and America, America. And Shapiro

is glad to be back, living in South Bend with a devoutly feminist wife, two children, two cats, the 3,000-plus bottles of wine he has cellared ("It's a life-time drinking supply," he gloats), and an art collection worth well over \$100,000.

"I have never been burgled. I really think that if someone broke in here, they'd steal the television set," Shapiro says almost disappointedly. "The local thieves are not very sophisticated."

So now it's America with a capital A for Shapiro, whose wardrobe even includes a rather flamboyant red-white-and-blue-striped shirt. Indeed, what could be more American than growing up in a Jewish neighborhood in the North Bronx?

"I started studying to be barmitzvahed, but I never made it," he recalls with a chuckle. Shapiro's father was a tailor in the garment district and later owned a grocery store and, like him, was far from being a strictly Orthodox Jew. "The Bible is really a terrible record of tribal vengeance and murder, so I asked a Rabbi about it and he told me to shut up . . . so I got very upset and I left."

To know Sam Shapiro is to know a hundred stories, a thousand rumors. Only through use of "Shapiroisms," known well to his students, can a person begin to appreciate his character.

A Shapiroism on Nixon: "America for all of her problems has never really had the awful problem of dictatorship. I mean, if you think of Richard Nixon as a villain, compare him to Adolf Hitler or Idi Amin, or Joseph Stalin . . . he comes off pretty pale."

A Shapiroism on voter apathy: "In a sense, I'm not so sure that voter apathy is such a bad idea. If anyone really doesn't care about politics, it's probably just as well that they don't vote."

A Shapiroism on political life: "It's nice that you can ignore it. If you're interested in something else; America will leave you alone. I read the newspapers and watch TV, but as far as my life goes, it doesn't make much difference . . . it's sort of like watching football games."

A Shapiroism on New York: "It's so fast . . . one thing I notice about

the Midwest is that it's so slow. A New York short-order cook will make you a sandwich, tell you three jokes, and get you out of the place before a South Bend waiter has taken your order."

A Shapiroism on Catholicism: "I don't want to interfere in a family quarrel, but the Church has to face the fact that it doesn't ordain women. There is a very strong strain of anti-feminism in Christianity. You can get all kinds of dreadful quotations from the Church fathers about women, and how they are the source of all evil."

A Shapiroism on Prohibition: "I guess I never really got it straight. I think the amendment prohibited the sale, transportation and manufacture, but I don't think it said anything about keeping it in your cellar."

As for the rumors, Shapiro refuses comment. It is said that he was canned for stealing a Jeep while in the Army. It is rumored that he smuggled much of his art illegally out of South America.

He replies with a grin and by quoting Shakespeare. "That was in my hot youth. Remember what Polonius said about the traveling players, that he would treat them 'according to their deserts.' And Hamlet said, 'No, treat them better. Serve every man according to his deserts and who would escape whipping?'"

Up to this point, and despite constant hassles from America's favorite spy-guys, Shapiro has escaped his whippings. And even today, that's not an easy thing to do when one speaks up against anti-foreignism.

His scholarship founder, J. William Fulbright, who did just that when chairing the Senate foreign relations committee during the Vietnam War, would be proud.

Toward a More Rational Foreign Policy

by Daniel Moore

It is time to think again about our country's position in the world arena as the election fever takes hold across the United States. Opinion polls and deft allusions to opponents' weaknesses have been given too much attention in the coming struggle for the presidency. A good deal of rhetoric on the quality of leadership, that elusive animal, has appeared as the central theme in each candidate's camp. It is, perhaps, of more relevance to examine the issue of what the 1980 election will mean for the world. What are the issues which will figure in the approaching foreign policy debate?

Traditionally, emotionalism has plagued foreign policy debate in American presidential elections. As a result, serious mistakes have been made which have been shielded by justifications stemming from self-righteous rhetoric inherent in the desperate need for popular support. The point is nowhere better illustrated than in the 1960 election when John Kennedy and Richard Nixon sounded like two gunfighters arguing over who was going to take a tougher stand against Cuba. Immersed in the illusion of American omnipotence, the public found the failure in the Bay of Pigs operation and subsequent failures elsewhere in the world quite frustrating. The public seems to have found a similar fiasco in Jimmy Carter's human rights crusade after the promises of the 1976 election.

The case can also be made for just about every post-war election. In 1952, the public displeasure over our inability to prevent a Communist victory in China helped to contribute to a colder world where diplomacy gave way to rhetoric. The 1956 election, with the Hungarian revolt fresh in the public's mind, followed a similar path.

So it would seem then, that the role of the American people will be crucial in any foreign policy debate, since, ultimately, that is where the candidates must appeal. Unfortunately, the American public cannot see the world in the same light as, say, an objective bystander. The public usually demands a policy in accordance with abstract principles. These principles do not necessarily coincide with our national interest. They are not always relevant to the way the world works and hence, confusing to the world community. In all fairness, this situation is not unique to the U.S. and goes far in explaining the misunderstandings we often encounter on the international scene.

The American public, and likewise her candidates, must see in 1980 that our world is a turbulent one. Forces at work in the international community today were dormant ten, or even five years ago, yet seething beneath the then-current waves of global politics. As these forces rise to the surface, the illusion of American omnipotence must fall under the cold

reality of their impact. The sooner we learn to deal with these forces *within the limits of American power*, the better off we shall be. It is simply too much to ask that a candidate promise to enforce a stringent human rights policy applicable all over the world, or that a candidate assure the unequivocal superiority of the United States on all levels. It is just not within our means or our interests.

One of the forces which only recently has had a significant effect on global politics is the growing trend of Third World countries to demand more from both West and East alike. This trend has resulted not only from a growing awareness on the part of Third World countries of what has been deemed as an inequitable distribution of the world's goods, but also from the success of the Arab oil policy. While the Third World once saw the West as an invulnerable giant, unbridled by any restraint save a weak world opinion, now the tables seem to have begun to turn. During the 1975 oil crisis, the whole world saw the tremendous effect that the oil embargo had on nations all over the world. Since that time, to the amazement of many, the dependency of the West, particularly the United States, has actually grown. The Third World has become aware of this fact, and it seeks similar advantages.

Yet the oil situation is simply a

manifestation of this far-reaching trend which was born with the break-up of all the old colonial empires, save Russia's. This trend has an ideology of its own and the momentum necessary to bring about significant changes in the world economy.

In the past, the superpowers could easily exert their will over most Third World countries. Their justifications stemmed from the economic or political gains deemed essential for the good of the nation or the world or to further the superpower's national interest. Today, however, especially in light of recent developments, this picture has changed. The Vietnam debacle did much to bring this about, proving that, even with a half million men, the United States was unable to hold the same territory which required merely 20,000 French colonial troops for decades before the post-war period.

For better or for worse, the United States has also seen two of its most staunch supporters overthrown, the Shah in Iran and Somoza in Nicaragua. In both of these situations, the opposition drew a good deal of its support mainly from the fact that it wanted to rid the country of foreign influence, not because the opposition promised a more humanitarian government.

The Soviet Union is finding that it faces a similar challenge from the growing independence of the Third World. Even with the Cubans as proxies, the situation in Angola is far from stable and will not be so until the Cubans leave. Likewise, the Russians seem unable to keep a stable puppet regime in Afghanistan, and in some countries it has been removed completely as in Somalia, Egypt and China.

It would appear, then, that the growing independence of Third World nations is a force on the global scene which U.S. politicians must deal with rationally and realistically. Policies must be pursued which recognize the aspirations of each particular nation and seek out mutual

benefits that will be distributed equitably. It is no longer a time when we must win the world for democracy; rather, we must act so as to insure the conditions for legitimate government.

In working out these policies, the decision makers of 1981 must take into account the traumatic effect that industrialization and modernization inflict on the developing world. It took the Western world 150 years to transform society from a primarily agricultural one to an industrial one. Many question whether we have yet recovered from this radical social and economic transformation. Developing nations are attempting to do the same thing in 15 or 20 years; the side effects of such action can be devastating.

Iran is the perfect example. The Shah did much to transform his country into a modern state. Few people today realize the Shah eradicated a class of feudal landholders who managed their land and their peasants in the style of the 12th century. The standard of living increased many times, economic opportunities became available to the poor on a scale never before seen, and by the 70's, the Shah could boast of one of the most sophisticated armies in the world. Yet this rags-to-riches story of a nation came to an abrupt end. The populace, bewildered by the modernization, saw itself being cut off from its traditional, secure, and uncomplicated life-style. There were no political outlets to express this growing frustration. So, Iranians turned toward a figure representing the traditional ways, the Ayatollah, and away from the American "foreign devils" and the Shah, symbols of change.

Similar factors contribute to the growing unrest in much of Latin America and in other volatile areas of the world such as South Korea, developing Africa, and the Middle East. It is in the interest of the

United States, not only for moral reasons, but (and I believe more substantively) for economic, and political reasons to use its influence to create political outlets so that the public may more peacefully release its frustration. This is not to advocate, by any stretch of the imagination, any kind of wide-scale human rights campaign. Such a policy, as we have seen, leads to confusion and alienation. What might be employed is a more subtle approach which utilizes U.S. influence—economic and political tools rather than rhetoric. These steps ought not be taken as a part of any humanitarian crusade, nor to demonstrate to the world our sincerity, nor even for the sake of world justice. These goals are totally unrealistic in a community of sovereign states. Rather, since it is within our economic and political interests to have a stable and peaceful world, we must follow policies which recognize the importance of having *legitimate* governments throughout the world.

Finally, when considering and pursuing our interests in the world, it is essential that we evaluate and deal with those forces which have a committed interest in opposing our own. This area, which primarily concerns our relationship with the Soviet Union, will undoubtedly be the major focus of the 1980 foreign policy debate. In American politics, election time seems to bring out the belligerency in even the most dovish of politicians, e.g., Senator Church. It would be difficult to imagine President Carter not boldly asserting that the strength of the U.S. military is second to none or the estimable Ronald Reagan not demanding a stronger defense. Yet our relationship with the Soviet Union and our military posture clearly should not be treated as an issue of American pride or fear of being number two. Rather, this very important issue must be dealt with in light of the



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overall goals of our foreign policy.

To begin with we must understand the nature of the world situation—that it is bipolar. It seems almost fashionable today to consider this nation out of date, or a product of cold war hysteria. However, to ignore this reality, to claim that with a single word, *détente*, one can erase the historical, political, and ideological differences which have been building for centuries is not just sophomoric, it is dangerous. At present, there are only two forces in the world which are capable of unrestricted power without the check of the other. Everywhere these forces face each other in the world, there is the possibility of military conflict. Every significant change in the world structure must be judged as either advancing or withdrawing the position of one of these forces. This is not to say there cannot be accommodation or peaceful coexistence between the superpowers, merely that such a policy is useful only when interests coincide. It is one's hope that national interests will coincide with much more frequency. Yet to entrench oneself in this hope, ignoring all other aspects of U.S.-Soviet relationship is unrealistic.

How then should the Soviets be dealt with in 1981? One of the growing trends in global politics is the increasingly aggressive dimension of the Russian foreign policy. Only ten years ago, it would have been inconceivable for the United States to allow the Soviet Union to place Cuban troops in Africa with impunity. Likewise, the extent of Cuban, and therefore Russian, involvement in Latin America could not have been tolerated by past administrations which went so far as to send troops to preserve the status quo.

To remedy this, an ideal solution would be to simply let social, economic, and political forces within a country take their effect as discussed earlier. However, a nation can be subjected to an external pressure of such a magnitude that it cannot

establish for itself a legitimate government. Eastern Europe provides an all too real example of this fact. As a result, because it is within our interest to have a world of legitimate governments and insure that Soviet power and influence not remain unrestricted, some kind of action must be taken. The kind of action necessarily must be determined by the particular situation. For example, should Soviet troops try to install a government in, say, France, military action would be justified, whereas it is probably not justified in a country where our interests are not vital.

Other action available to us concerns our "linking" Soviet activity with our willingness to cooperate in joint economic matters. "Linkage" is another one of those unpopular terms these days; yet, if such a policy could be effective in achieving goals in our foreign policy, it should be applied. Of course, if this policy is in conflict with other goals, then it should be rejected; what is important is that it not be *categorically* rejected as is the present policy.

As for mutual arms reduction treaties, again the key is our interest in having a stable world. President Carter seems to give the impression that the SALT II treaty is essential by itself. We are told that we have no real choice but to accept this treaty, for the future of mankind is at stake. Statements like this blur the issue. It is important to realize that signing a bad treaty can be *just as dangerous* to the future of mankind as not signing a good one. SALT II is not a good treaty. Few will argue that it puts us in a more secure position than we have been in the past. However, we can live with a SALT II treaty, for ultimately, the numbers involved in power politics are not as significant as a country's resourcefulness in managing its foreign policy. This is where the leadership aspect comes into play and it is the *sine qua non* of effective policy. Perhaps 1980 will provide us with renewed competence in this area.

The 1980 foreign policy debate cannot be abstruse. In the past, with the pressure of the press and the public, candidates have formulated grand designs for the world with magnificent rhetoric obscuring the real issues. Upon election, these master plans have stood like an ornate cathedral with no foundation, lacking any substance on the inside, and, very often, sadly collapsing upon its builder. We can learn from the mistakes of the past, and in some areas, it is clear that we have. Yet we cannot afford to keep making the same mistakes in other areas because we do not have the power in the world we once had.

It is essential that we define our interest in light of global undercurrents—in light of a more independent Third World, of a more assertive Soviet Union, and of a more volatile world outlook. Once our interest is clear, policies must be chosen in accordance with these interests. We must be dedicated to following these policies. Our position must be made unequivocal to the world. To affirm one policy and follow another can be disastrous. President Carter's declaring Soviet troops in Cuba unacceptable, and then, two weeks later, accepting their presence in a nationwide address is a fair example.

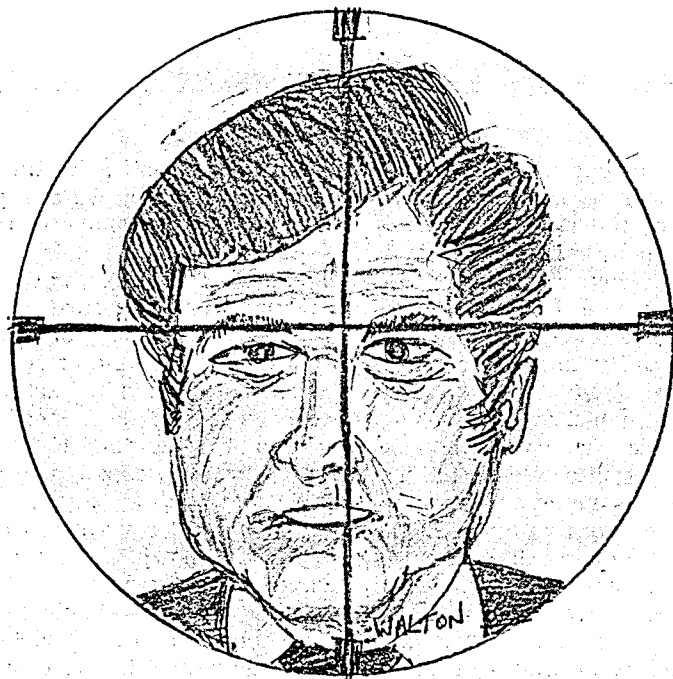
The future holds out many challenges for the United States and many opportunities to help create a more equitable, peaceful world. It is critical that we seek enlightened leadership in the 1980 election and overcome the usual obstacles which have been the trademark of past elections. If we are able to intelligently interpret global trends and act accordingly, we may well realize the enormous potential that exists for a harmonious world. This may be too optimistic a hope for the complex society in which we live, yet we must not settle for anything less. □

Daniel Moore is a junior government major. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.

The Kennedy Candidacy:

American Death Wish?

by Rick Keppel



What's this in the newspaper? Teddy Kennedy has finally declared himself an official candidate for the presidency in 1980. Not that it comes as any great surprise. In the past few months, the media have regularly reported that, yes, still, yet another political dignitary supports Kennedy as the Democratic nominee. "Draft Ted" committees have organized across the country. Kennedy's modest statement "No, I have no plans to run in 1980" merely titillated the public, the occasional "If I do run in 1980 . . ." sent crowds into frenzies. Why, though? Are his policies that messianic? Do the many Americans clamoring for his nomination really understand Kennedy's policies, or even care?

Americans are bored. In the seven years since Watergate, indifference towards government has grown immensely; voter apathy has escalated—something like 30% of the eligible voters in the U.S. actually cast a ballot. Face it, Americans were simply not interested in Gerald Ford's administration. No one could expect the people to maintain interest in a man they didn't elect and who was originally appointed by Nixon, whose unpopularity reached new heights when he got kicked out of office. Jimmy Carter knows this problem exists, but he can't do anything about it. All the fireside talks, hand gestures, and brown sweaters in the world won't solve it. In fact, he's going about it all wrong. He should be taking crash speech courses from a Bostonian, styling his hair in a youthful brown wave, and

calling himself Kennedy.

Political critics aside, Americans were at least interested whenever a Kennedy was "important." John and Robert caused extreme excitement; people could easily adhere to their intense individual charisma. In this land of cosmetics, it's rather difficult to ignore youthful austerity or touch football. They were both extremely popular. And they were both killed.

Bored Americans need not worry though; there's one more. Many of the JFK and RFK characteristics can be found in EMK, the last of the Kennedy brothers; certainly he could fill that political vacuum in Washington. Yet one wonders how much excitement America wants. Would a Kennedy in the White House really be enough for everyone?

There's something deeper in this country's collective unconscious. When one thinks of Senator Kennedy, he or she usually, if not inevitably, associates him with his brothers—favorably or unfavorably. How far can one draw the parallel? Probably all the way to an assassin's gun.

This may seem immediately absurd to most, but think about it. This country is incredibly frustrated. People know inflation and unemployment will not magically reverse themselves; nearly all economists predict monetary doom. Television has been supplying the satisfying worlds in which people can lose themselves and sacrifice their individuality. The military-minded have no war to play in, and the college campuses are fraught with complacency. The

country longs for another assassination.

Assassinations certainly do not solve any problems, but they give the nation something incredibly intense to experience. Inflation and other such problems become immediately unimportant, the military put on their special-occasion full-dress uniforms and lead processions, and important politicians and editorialists illuminate the nation's need to "pull closely together in this time of crisis." Students see this event as the key to what is wrong in America and what needs to be changed. So they rebel against "the Establishment," and an interesting "counterculture" arises. Oddly, such a tragedy tends to glorify man, so a new hero is taught to first-graders.

Of course, most Americans would be outraged at an assertion such as this; they would be horrified to see a president or presidential candidate gunned down. But few would deny that the idea of such an occurrence had not at all entered his or her mind in the case of Sen. Kennedy. It is a nearly inevitable mental association that has interesting cultural implications.

At a football game recently, I overheard some "typical American housewives" discussing politics. After two expressed their support for Kennedy, the third remarked, "I'm not sure about voting for him and you all know why. I'm afraid some crackpot's going to take a shot at him just like the other two." The others agreed, "Yeah, some crackpot." □

Books: Energy in the '80's --- and Beyond

"ENERGY FUTURE"

Report of the Energy Project at the Harvard Business School/Random House/Ed. by Robert Stobaugh and Daniel Yergin

Review by Dr. Daniel H. Winicur

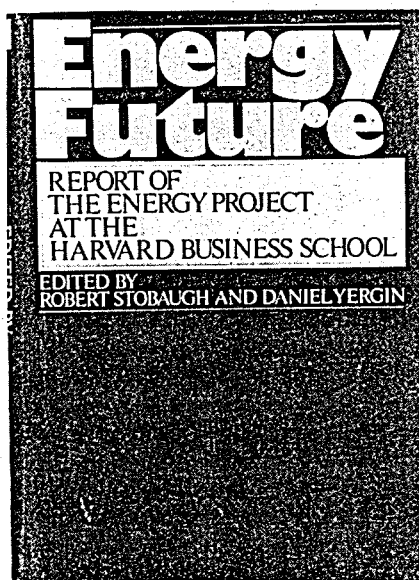
Anyone who is even a casual observer of current events will agree that the United States has an energy problem. Unfortunately, even among the relatively informed, that is about all the agreement one can find concerning this issue. The magnitude, the cause and the very nature of the energy crisis are clouded in a thicket of claims, counterclaims, and conflicting testimony by our "experts" so that we, as well as our political leaders, are left unsure and unable to take effective action.

At last, out of the abundance of material which has been written about the energy crisis, there has now been published a book which makes so much sense that it may well serve as an action manual for the 1980's and beyond. It is *Energy Future: Report of the Energy Project at the Harvard Business School*, edited by Robert Stobaugh and Daniel Yergin. It is aimed at the educated non-specialist but it is so well documented that it provides the necessary background and blueprint for a rational social and political course of action.

The opening chapter outlines the historical events leading to the present crisis. It explains the nature of the crisis and its relation to U.S. foreign and economic policy in a coherent, sensible manner. Stobaugh and Yergin point out that the political difficulties involved in dealing with energy policies stem in large measure from the enormous amounts of money involved. For example, the OPEC price increases of 1973-74 increased the world market value of proved U.S. reserves of oil and gas alone by 800 billion dollars.

The book tries to answer the question of why it has proven so difficult in the United States to move away from ever-increasing imports of oil and why it is so important that we do so. Although they only cover events up to early 1979, the situation in Iran today (November, 1979) makes the authors seem prophetic. Stobaugh and Yergin separate out the basic issues of energy production and consumption and compare the

potential of conventional and non-conventional sources of energy. Three premises underlie this work. 1) The crises of 1973-74 and 1978-79 are not isolated phenomena but rather are part of a major transition for both energy producers and users. 2) Healthy economic growth is essential and a free-market economy is the best way to achieve it. 3) "Social costs" and not simply economic ones must be assessed in any policy decisions.



The four conventional sources of domestic energy are oil, natural gas, coal and nuclear power. They are discussed in separate chapters, each of which covers the historical, economical and political factors of that source. Technical content is kept to the minimum necessary to support the arguments presented. "Energy Future" argues persuasively that all four conventional sources are likely to deliver less energy than projected by their advocates and that there is little reason to expect these conventional alternatives to make a sizable contribution to reducing our dependence on imported oil. They then develop the theme that the unconventional alternatives, "Conservation and Solar," can make a far greater contribution than is normally assumed.

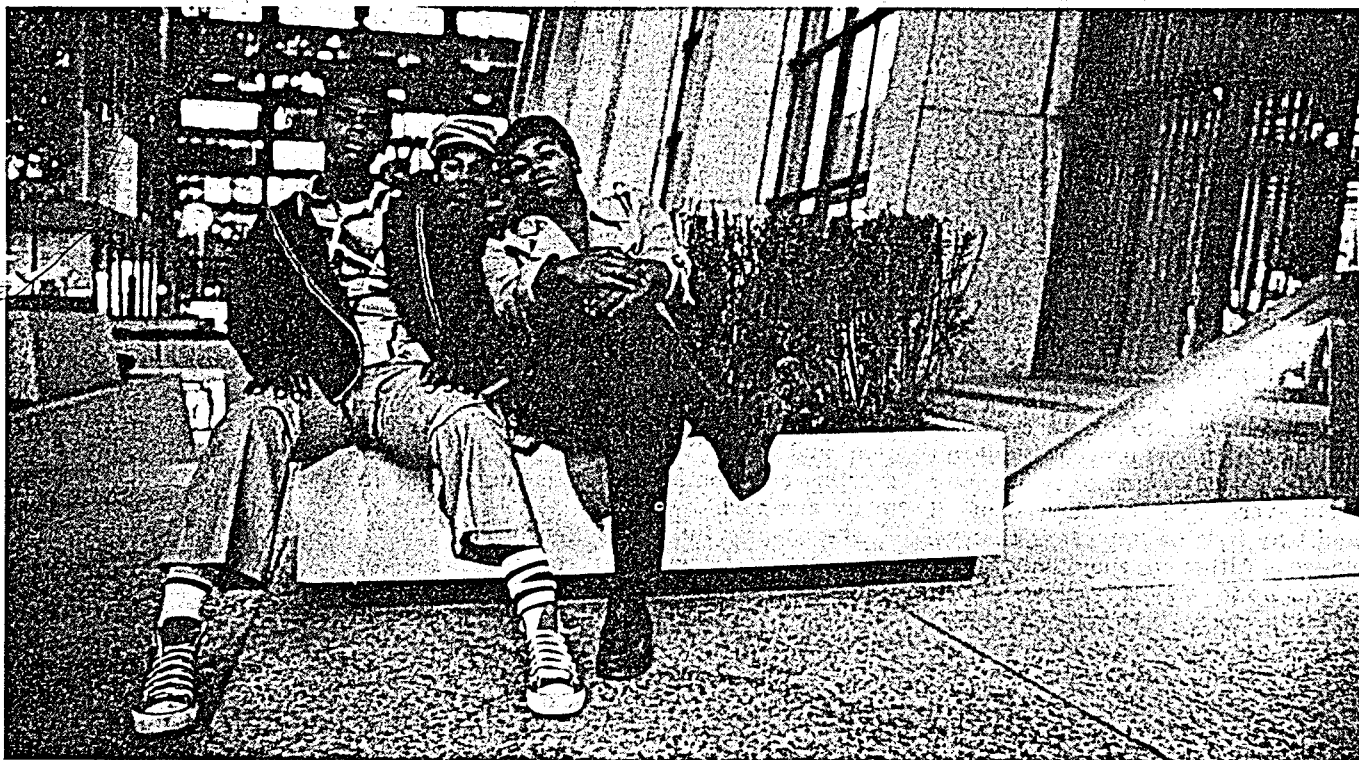
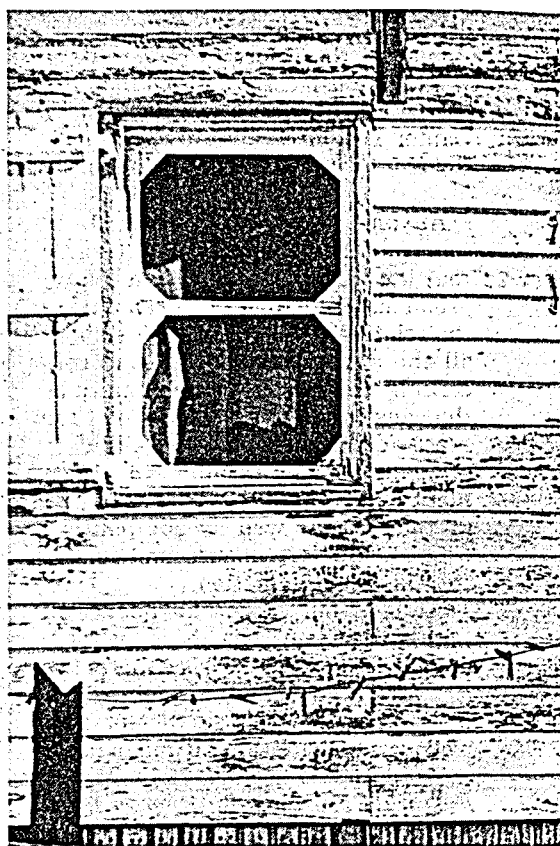
The chapter by Daniel Yergin on conservation argues that conservation should be regarded as a largely untapped, non-polluting, renewable source of America's current energy needs. Yergin advocates "productive conservation," which encourages changes in behavior that promote

energy savings in a manner that is economically and socially non-disruptive. It involves such processes as insulating buildings; making automobiles, industrial processes, and home appliances more efficient; and capturing waste heat. His discussion of conservation is the most complete and sensible one this reviewer has ever seen. Yergin discusses the necessary government policy decisions that, if made, could result in an energy savings of 40 percent over 1973 consumption. The chapter on Solar America, by Modesto Maidique, provides a relatively non-technical primer on all forms of solar energy. It is made clear that no new technology is needed but if the right political decisions are made now, solar energy could provide 20 percent of our national energy requirements, equivalent to about 10 million barrels of oil a day, by the year 2000.

The book is written in a lucid style and does not read as if written by a committee, which speaks well of Stobaugh and Yergin's editing skills. Its tone is never strident but rather dispassionate and rational. Its technical content is relevant and correct and there are abundant references, which are gathered together at the end of the book. *Energy Future* is highly recommended for anyone who would like a clear insight into today's energy crisis and who wants to know what options are available for the future. It should be required reading for all present and prospective political leaders. □

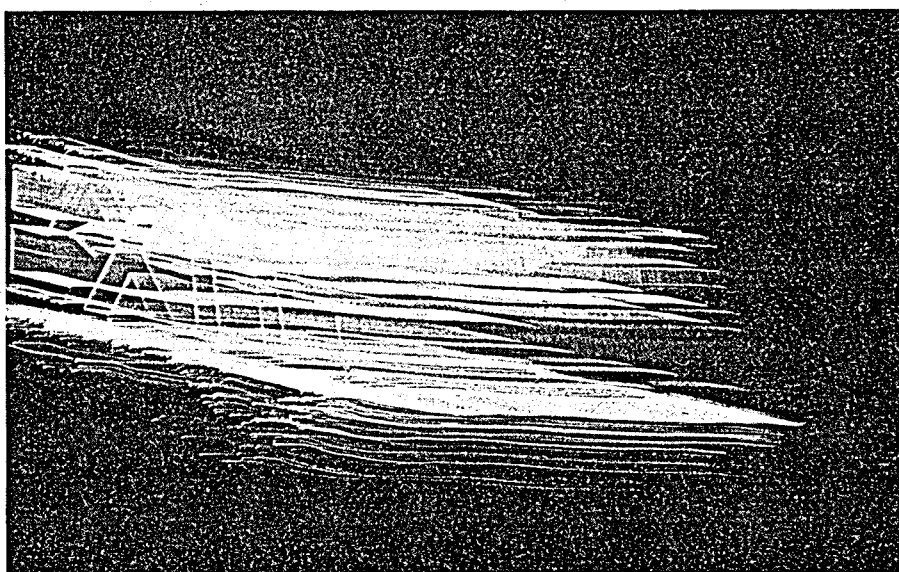


Dr. Daniel Winicur is the assistant dean of the College of Science.





by amy murdock



POETRY

A New Leaf (on Life)

A
lone
Leaf sitting
up in the middle
of the path a minority
amongst the cinders its own
protest group a veiny hand
kindly commanding me to
stop this aimless
trek to take
it
up

"
let's
shake on it"
It seems to say
but while I grasp its
boneless body it collapses;
just a tissue of the spring
yet passing itself off
as a full plant
but it can't
do
it

I
open
my fist and it
unfolds like a flower
in the plane of my palm
its face rubberly recovers
from a pucker into a smile
back again in rare form
its tip of a tongue's
sticking out
at
me

—Joe Pheifer

I
guess
its sides must
be splitting from
outwitting me, a green
unseasoned rookie equipped
with no uniform of colors;
vying with tulip vets
for the attention
and succeeding
at
it

unlike its late fall
brothers who die bitter
as they fritter to earth
quite brittle dropping dead
all together getting crushed
underfoot and brushed by muck-
raking undertakers who rush the
remains into clumps of nameless
graves heaped up for children's
games they're spurned and burned
the flames fragrant fumes soon lost
so incensed in this autumn holocaust

A
great
contrast with
this leaf though I
know it is dead it shows
no grief at its own eulogy
a suicide which died still
alive a separate entity
A leap from a branch
for a chance
to
be

—Tom O'Toole

I go to class
And fade away
Into a land of make believe
And eternal play.
The teacher speaks
But I do not hear
I only ask
Why am I here?

Images

The light of my blindness struck my eyes,
And as I watch the green flame
Of the lonely campfire it dies
And I wish that I never came
To love you as I did
In the heat of new love which knows no shame,
Now, after all the secrets this you hid.

I can see us still, two lovers,
Climbing to a soft spot on the hill,
Where the sky opened up,
And I saw the world beneath me,
Little ants running in a race
With no goal in sight but Death.

As I watch, one stumbles and stops,
A few pause a moment,
Bury him and carry on
At their breathtaking speed,
And I wonder, where are they going?

They try so hard
And yet gain so little
No one wins, everyone loses,
Death just overtakes them on the inside.

Love came to me and said,
There you are, she's very nice,
Why don't you go ahead?

I asked myself the same question
And finally came to a resolution,

Love today for you die tomorrow.

—Stephen Burkart

Love is Your Left Eyebrow

Love is your left eyebrow slinking off slowly
into space
Leaving your eyes alone and unadorned and
not that far from your nose.

—John Burbridge

Untitled

Whenever
I'm with you
The world
Makes sense to me again
It is as if the steady beat of your heart
Has a metronomic effect
On my entire being
The clashing rhythms become a metered music
That I can dance to
I am free
To experience the melody
Dancing to the beat

—Anthony Walton

Baroque

Genuflect.
An angel tries his best
in the foreground of an oil.
Feathered cuphooks
lean down his back,
startling the velvet.

To his right,
Mary lies red-robed
upon the bed,
her eyes
gazing lidless
at the shower curtain
of a bower above.

The artist carefully
orders his world.

Does her hand
touching a nipple
primed to give suck
feel for the child
beating within her,

or does it lie veinless
upon the canvas,
the crosspiece of a shadow?

—John Thornton

The Fruits of Love

The sky grew grey, then black, then blue again
As I stood with you by the side of this,
The musical stream of requited love,
And the stream grew and flooded from my mind,
Onto the floodplain of my daily life.
It watered the seeds of happiness,
Cooled the white-hot furnace of anger,
And the plain blossomed into beauty.
We watched as the stalks of love grew longer,
The harvest of happiness soon began,
And the children of love went into the fields.

—Stephen Burkart

Weighing a "Full Value"

by Bob Southard

Earlier this year, Professor John Houck of Notre Dame's Department of Management, and Professor Oliver Williams, C.S.C., of the Department of Theology published *Full Value: Cases in Christian Business Ethics*. Scholastic magazine recently interviewed them on the book's success:

To put it directly, before *Full Value*, before "*Williams and Houck*," was there a book which could have been used to teach a course in Christian business ethics?

Prof. John Houck: We'd like to say "no," and that's close to being accurate. The classroom problem is this: scholars are so busy in their respective fields — myself, for instance, in public policy, and Fr. Williams in theology — that a student can study in these fields without ever bridging the disciplines. In higher education there are periodic movements to create bridges between fields to bring various disciplines to bear on common problems; talked about, but rarely done. In the post-Watergate era, here at Notre Dame they tried to experiment with the concept of a Values Seminar. I think that in conversations between Fr. Burrell of Theology and Dean Ryan of Business it was said, "let's try something else," to see what would happen if a theologian and a management expert could come up with a realistic set of problems that a business person would confront, and to see what resources theology and business could bring to the analysis of the problems. That's harder than you think. We had to spend a lot of time playing "catch-up ball."

Yes, what were some of the problems you ran into while coauthoring such a book?

Fr. Williams: Well, we taught together for three years, and the book is really the manuscript that grew out of the course; so the book shows we've both learned a lot. For

example, the biggest problem in business is understanding the modern corporation, which is a relatively new phenomenon. Certainly, you can teach ethics, but the issue is the great diffusion of responsibility in the corporation. It's not enough to know that you should do "the good"; it's not even enough to know what "the good" is — it's what are the ways in which change can take place . . . so, I had to learn how decisions are made. Without knowing that, I really couldn't offer anything.

Your approach in the book — that of using life "stories" and the concept of major biblical images to give the business person a Christian framework — how did it come about?

Williams: It's generally known as "narrative" theology, and it has had recent popularity in the United States. John Dunne, here at Notre Dame, is probably the pioneer in the field, and I encountered him in my seminary work. John is probably the most famous man in the world in narrative theology; Ken Woodward of *Newsweek* calls him "the only possible successor to Paul Tillich." Fr. Dunne has sort of shifted systematic theology to a kind of "story" theology, saying, "this is the way to reach people."

And where was your contact with these ideas, Prof. Houck?

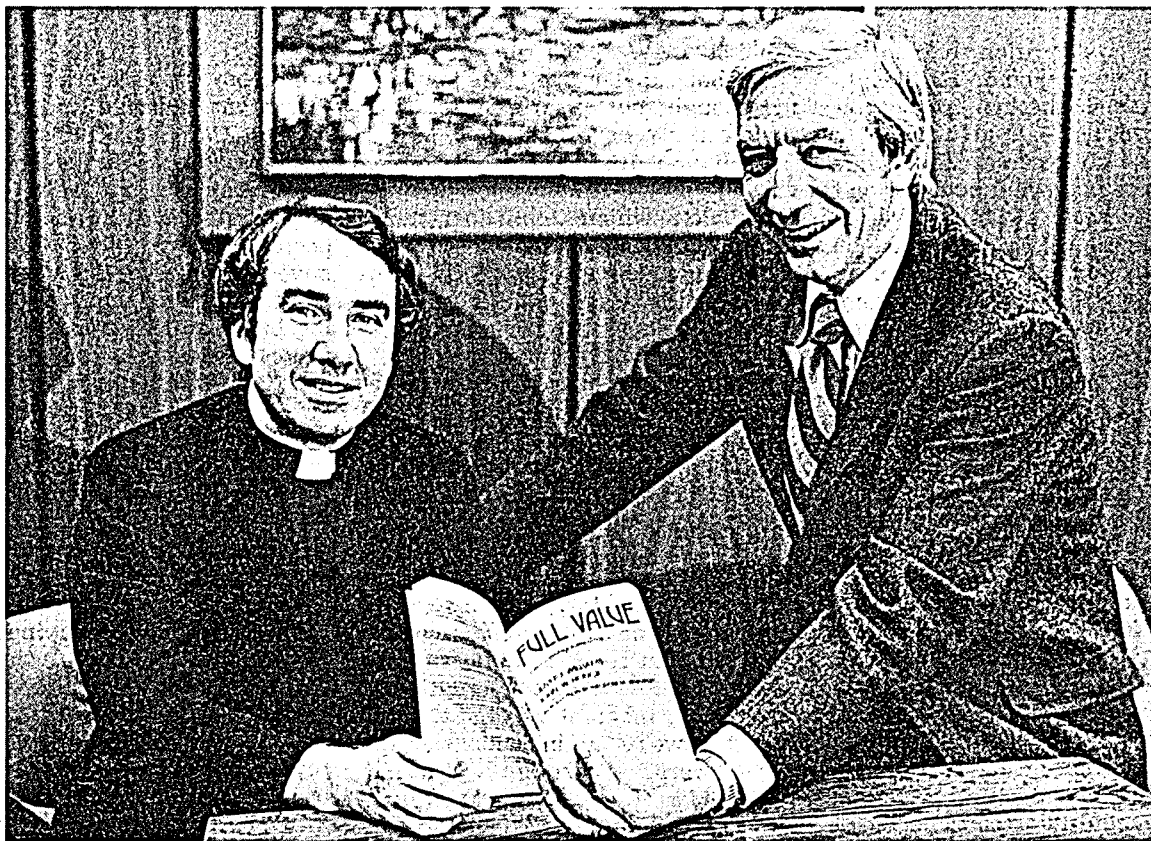
Houck: Mainly through Fr. Williams. But the way you have to do it is to agree you want to look at a common set of problems and have each one bring the best of his field to bear. I'd bring the business perspective — how you would get to the top, or how one would prove himself a manager.

Williams: You see, as a theologian, the key problem I see us dealing with is trying to reach the "good Catholic" who receives the Eucharist, participates in his church and is also very successful in the busi-

ness world. Their self-understanding is as a "good Catholic" or Notre Dame graduate — and yet, often, we find this very same person, when in the business world, is no different than anybody else. In other words, you must play by the rules of the game, which is often kind of a dog-eat-dog situation. And, if you use narrative theology and focus on the fact that to be a Christian means to have a biblical image that guides our story, then you necessarily have to come to grips with that dichotomy. You can't lead your life in two worlds. You can't write one story in your home and community and another story in the business world. You've got to somehow bring it together and integrate it. So you can't call yourself a "good Catholic" if you're a dog-eat-dog person in the business world. [You may decide you're not even a Christian after you see it this way. But unless you're willing to try to bring compassion and generosity and idealism into the marketplace, then you ought not to have a self-image as a Christian; you're simply not a Christian. And that's what this narrative theology forces you to say.]

Given this vision, where do you both go from here, either individually or collectively?

Houck: We're collaborating on two projects, mainly because there's very little in this field of integrating religious and biblical values in the corporate world, in any concreteness or detail as to how they might be played out. There's plenty of room for a Christian who sees himself as "Servant," one of our master biblical images, to play that out in the corporate setting. . . . As we view it, this whole idea of building bridges, of integration, has to occur on two levels: the theoretical and practical. So, next spring, we are bringing together scholars from here and around the country on the question of the role of religious values in the corporate setting. So



Fr. Oliver Williams and Professor John Houck

we're working on some case studies, some stories of men and women, and their struggle to find ways to play this out.

Specifically, where does Notre Dame, as a school, go from here on these issues?

Williams: It's an age-old problem; we don't live up to our convictions. That's my problem, that's your problem. But at least an academic institution that proclaims to stand for Christian Catholic values ought to work at a number of levels to help the students to see what it means to carry convictions into their lives. And we see that's going on in our course, and there are a number of other courses that are trying to do the same. . . . In many ways, we have to grow more and more to be a model community so a student can leave here saying, "I want to be a manager like I saw the managers at Notre Dame."

There is that opportunity here but what about trying to reach beyond this school and its graduates with these ideas?

Houck: You have to avoid stereotyping. We have to start out with the proposition that there are people of goodwill out there wanting to find in their business lives a place for religious values. There are a lot

of groups out there so inclined. Frequently, it's lay people getting together without too much sense of direction.

I think books like *Full Value*, if successful, will get a lot of other people out there who will probably do a better job than we did — and once these resources are made available, there'll be a lot of people who use the book or similar volumes, or join discussion groups with better-equipped pastors or ministers.

Williams: One of the skills we try to teach the students is to argue from their religious convictions, but the second part of this is to see that in many cases they must learn how to move out beyond those who share their religious convictions and find common ground. So you can develop, it seems to me, good reasons to be humane and compassionate in the business world, even if you're not a believer. You can learn to sell this as the best policy for the corporation for long-run profit maximization. For example, we're doing a case this week on the Dominican Republic and Gulf and Western's behavior there . . . after you get your religious values straight in your mind . . . even though the majority of the stockholders don't share your values, you can make an argument that for the long-run

good of Gulf and Western, they ought to treat those people as human beings, or, sooner or later, they're going to be nationalized and thrown out. In other words, you can move to develop another argument based on convictions that would be shared in the wider community. Another point is that you have to be a hero once in a while; you might have to take stands you know will never catch on, simply to be true to yourself. That would be unusual, but it's something we try to teach students.

Fair enough; it is optimistic.

Houck: Well, one problem we like to develop is that of a plant in New England, where a guy was called up and essentially told to relocate that plant in the Sunbelt. Now a person just thinking of a career would say, "Great. I've got a chance to put a whole package together. It would be a real notch in my belt." But *our* model might be the person who would see himself as "Heir to the Kingdom" (another master biblical image), who would see that a lot of people would be hurt by the plant relocation, that it would devastate the New England town. But he can't just be a person of goodwill; he's got to be very competent. This manager has to know what it would take to convince the board of direc-

tors of that corporation to keep the plant in New England. He has to know financial theory, transportation, everything — and be able to show the top people how they can keep the plant and how it won't cost much more, if any more. If this manager can prove this on paper, by going out as a leader to convince the labor unions and community to work with him, then he's accomplished something. So, you see, it's the role not only of goodwill but of competence.

Williams: That story illustrates well our key point that efficiency and productivity ought not to be the only values of a good manager. Our manager can get the job done, but he's also compassionate. And, if you can sum up the focus of our efforts, it is that.

Given that summation, is there anything you'd like to have changed in the book, given hindsight?

Houck: I think I'd have a change, and I think we'll do it when we do this volume on the lives of businesspersons who are integrating the two worlds: I think, oftentimes, people make moral judgments, in fact we *train* people at a university to make a lot of moral judgments — but what is very difficult is showing the great need for competence and detailed planning to bring off the moral judgments. Father Hesburgh alluded to this in our book's introduction when he said that more good things failed in the world simply because there weren't the competent people to bring them off. The heroes we want to write about took difficult stands, agreed on what the moral thing was, and then *followed through*. We need to emphasize that.

Williams: Yes. The noblest ideals in the world aren't worth much unless you have the persistence.

Well, how has your message been getting across? Crassly; how have sales been?

Williams: We're going into our second printing with Harper and Row.

And how has the book been critically received?

Houck: There is one group out there that just says it's impossible to mix religious beliefs with the business world — that's the cynical group. We've experienced reviewers whose position was that there's nothing there because you simply

can't do it. We have run into that, and I hope that we've been convincing enough; but apparently to some reviewers we have not.

Williams: It's actually been reviewed pretty favorably, though. Even that which John just mentioned came in a favorable review; the man ended up by saying that our vision is so lofty, and given this world so shot through with evil, what is one to do with this vision? Would you become a sinner if you tried to live like this? Of course the whole purpose for writing the book is to prevent a person from becoming a sinner. We're saying, yes, it is a far from perfect world, but you want to keep your sights set high.

Houck: Certainly, we also are, have been, and will be criticized by the Christian socialists who say socialism is more compatible with the best values inherent in Christianity, and that we're talking about a capitalist world — though we would modify that to *democratic* capitalist. Anyway, these people would not agree with our premise.

Williams: If you wanted to locate our book on a spectrum, you would have the Marxists on one end saying the only thing to do is overthrow the system and the "Milton Friedman" capitalists on the other, saying that efficiency and productivity are all that should be brought into the marketplace. We're in the middle of that, saying capitalism has many strengths, but it has some serious problems and there ought to be more concern, particularly among corporations, for the common good, not just the making of profits — though that's part of the common good. We'd be considered "incrementalists"; we don't want revolution, but think there's a lot of room for change and that these changes can be made — that there are a lot of people of goodwill out there who are running corporations who might see it, who *are* seeing it in some cases.

Speaking of reaching present and future corporate America how is Full Value being used as a textbook?

Williams: I think most of our sales have been to schools. We've tried to get a printout from Harper and Row, but their sense is that we've been selling to schools. I know of about a dozen schools using it, because of teachers writing me, but we really don't have an exact reading yet.

Houck: We've gotten communication from some lay leaders in the Protestant churches and from some in the Catholic Church who are talking it up. A lot is going to be word-of-mouth, but we're getting a nice feedback from a number of people who say that we seem to have a good sense of what business is all about, and that we're challenging businessmen, laying a prophetic vision on them — apparently in such a way that they're not just storming away.

To close, it sounds as though you have written a revolutionary book — a book that would almost force the individual to overthrow himself. . . .

Williams: That's exactly the point. What we're saying is that men and women who have a sense of value, in the Judeo-Christian tradition, can change the world; that you don't just need "sympathy," you don't need to be in hopeless despair — that, in fact, we need men and women of character, who will speak out, who will use their skills to change things. That's precisely the thesis. □

In April, Notre Dame will sponsor a symposium on the "Judeo-Christian and the Modern Business Corporation." Featured guests include James Gustafson from the University of Chicago, John Bennett from Claremont, Michael Novak, Enda McDonough, John H. Yoder, Dennis Goulet, and Charles Wilbur.

ND Mock Convention: Teaching Political Realities

by Donna Teevan

It happens only once every four years. Campaign buttons become part of a Domer's wardrobe. Students are bombarded with campaign literature all over campus. Dining hall discussions focus on national issues rather than the food. These changes in campus life can mean only one thing — the approach of Notre Dame's four-day political spectacle, the Mock Convention.

When the 1980 Mock Convention begins in March, Notre Dame students will continue a quadrennial tradition begun in 1940 and interrupted only once, in 1944, because of World War II. The student delegates of the 1980 Mock Convention will select a presidential and a vice-presidential nominee from the Republican party, since the Convention is always held for the party out of power. They will also approve a platform, a declaration of the party's position on certain issues.

Apart from the overt purpose of nominee selection and platform writing, the Convention aspires to be a "course in practical politics," as its founder, the late Dr. Paul Bartholomew once said. Students learn much about the workings of a political convention because the Convention models itself on the national party convention. Students also experience the techniques of grassroots campaigning.

The tenth convention, which is to be held in Stepan Center, will begin Wednesday, March 5. The four days of the Convention will be hectic ones for the delegates. Each night, there will be a keynote speaker, probably a prominent Republican.

The opening session will consist of a welcoming speech, an invocation, and clarifications of some technical matters. Platform discussions will take place the next night. The delegates will vote for the presidential nominee on the third night. This could be a long night for the delegates. In 1976, Hubert Humphrey emerged as the victor at 4:21 A.M.; hours of vote haggling among the camps of Udall, Carter, and Brown had left him as the compromise can-

didate. The final night of the Convention, Saturday, March 8, will be devoted to electing a vice-presidential nominee.

Actually, the Convention is the culmination of a series of events that begin in late November when chairmen of the state delegations and campaign managers are chosen. Volunteers, interested in accepting the responsibilities, fill these positions, according to Bill Kresse, the 1980 Mock Convention chairman. A steering committee of Student Government and the Government Department Honor Society, co-sponsors of the event, selected Kresse as chairman early this year.

The state delegations are to be composed of student volunteers from that state, if possible. Some students from over-represented states might be asked to serve as delegates for other, less-represented states. Kresse does not see this as a threat to the Convention's authenticity because it happens rarely and, even then, delegates often adapt themselves to their adopted states. "I've heard a Northerner start speaking with a Southern accent during the Convention because he became a Georgia delegate," Kresse quipped.

The platform committee functions to present to the Convention both majority and minority opinions. Kresse expressed hope that, as in the past, open forums on all the major issues will be held prior to the Convention. National defense, relations with Third World nations, China and the Soviet Union, inflation, taxation, the environment, and the energy crisis promise to be major issues at the 1980 Convention.

The field of candidates at the Mock Convention is not restricted to those who have officially announced their candidacy. If a student is willing to campaign for a candidate, then he is in the running. Usually the campaigns begin early in January, although some get under way before the end of the first semester. Each campaign organization is allotted some space in the library lobby or La Fortune for its campaigning.

Convention officials are trying to

organize a candidates' forum in which the candidates or their representatives can come together for one evening, possibly in late January, to discuss their views on the issues. Kresse is optimistic about the candidates' responses to such an invitation because many notable politicians have come to Notre Dame during past election years. Jimmy Carter, Walter Mondale and Ronald Reagan are among those who were on campus a few years ago to seek support.

There are a number of other colleges that have mock conventions, but the national composition of the Notre Dame student body and the fact that most Notre Dame students are Catholic make the Notre Dame Convention unique. The accuracy of the Convention in indicating national preferences in past elections is often attributed to the University's national character.

Kresse noted that most Notre Dame students are interested in national politics. A poll he took in 1976 indicated that 87% of the student body had planned to vote in the presidential election that November. Polls conducted in the 1960's show an even greater amount of student interest in the elections.

Kresse does not foresee any major difficulties in organizing the upcoming Convention, although he noted that the death of Bartholomew, who had always helped the Convention planners, has forced the officials of the 1980 Convention to rely mostly on limited historical resources. Bartholomew assisted the organizers of the 1976 Convention, but died December, 1975, before the Convention took place.

Who will the delegates chose as their presidential nominee? No one can be certain of the outcome until the last ballot is counted, but, in the meantime, the students of Notre Dame will get a unique glimpse of the world of politics. And that is what the Mock Convention is really about. □

This is Donna Teevan's first contribution to Scholastic.

"GAME!"

by Bill Ryan

Finally finding an empty locker, I bashfully strip off my jacket and sweats and place them neatly on separate hooks. Searching the room for would-be wallet snatchers, I slyly push my billfold as far into my shoe as possible. Gaining the attendant's notice, I apologetically request a ball in return for my I.D. Sticking hi-liter in mouth, and turning an anonymous paperback over to keep his place, the student disregards a row of fairly new balls before finally deciding on one that Moose Krause himself may have tossed through hoops at the old fieldhouse. Slowly ascending the dusty stairwell, the sound of racquetballs ricocheting off nearby walls is gradually replaced by basketballs bouncing on the hardwood floor above, while familiar, musty gymnasium odors pervade the air. Opening the door and viewing the scene in front of me, I long for warmer weather.

Late summer in South Bend. Friendly touch football games, frisbee, tennis, and casual jogs around the lakes beneath the warm, late afternoon sun provide the N.D. student various pleasant and leisurely forms of exercise. But autumn leaves must fall, drawing the student off the browning campus lawn into that mecca and shrine of frustrated jocks, the Rockne Memorial Gym.

Throwing my G.P.A. to the wind, I took up residence on the "Rock" courts during my freshman year spending my afternoons as I did in high school, playing "hoop." Three years hence, my love for the game tried by battling the crowds and the generally frustrating experience of trying to play there, my weekly sojourn is made, begrudgingly, only to wage a battle of my own bulge, founded on "institutional food" and Stroh's, while left to flourish during afternoons spent watching M.A.S.H. as an alternative to exercise.

Walking into the gym, I immedi-

ately notice the "no-contest" taking place on the first court. A diminutive, mustachioed hustler, who claps his hands a lot, disputes every foul in an ear-piercing voice, and touches the ball only when none of his teammates are open. His teammates, who could better serve Dan Devine, and their hi-top black sneakers and green varsity issue gym shorts that indicate they probably do, are easily dispensing of their overmatched opponents. The first court is usually graced by the more talented units but nobody told this hapless quintet, and the little guy, the Rock Rat, screams, "Game!" so that everyone can hear him.

As the losers drag themselves off the court, five more aspiring hoopsters await the slaughter, nervously clanging sundry jump shots off the rim. The victors run off to the bubbler, while I run to one of the side hoops and smoothly arch a medium-range jumper toward the rim. Swish! My shot tickles the twine, and assured that the touch is still there, though the quickness may have gone the way of my 30" waist, I raise my hand signaling for the ball. My rebounder, obviously poorly versed in the nuances of court courtesy, dribbles my ball awkwardly to the dark recesses of the second court, lost in a sea of Domers, never to be seen again.

Recapturing a ball I loosen up, launching shot after shot toward the rim. A new game has begun, and I dribble the ball off my foot as one of the gridders shakes the gym with a dunk shot that Orlando Woolridge makes only in his dreams. Regaining my composure, I inquire along the sidelines, "Who's got the next game?" A tall, lanky, anonymous redhead informs me that he has last game and that I'm welcome to the one following his, which would be the thirteenth. Thirteenth! Realizing that I probably wouldn't get on the court until second semes-

ter, I decline his generous offer and search the sidelines for someone with a higher number and who might need the services of a 6'1" shooting forward with a strong aversion for rebounding and honest defense.

"We need a fifth," a high voice chirps. My eyes come to rest on a short, paunchy guy whom I recognize as a checker at the dining hall. His basketball ability, or lack thereof, is given away by his worn track shoes and knee-length, cut-off jeans. "We've got next game," he answers, and that is all I have to know, for the sooner I play and get out of here, the better. Besides I might be able to catch the tail end of M.A.S.H.

The "Devine Team" completes its next game just as quickly as the first and as my teammates emerge from the masses along the sidelines, I realize I may see M.A.S.H. in its entirety. Two Oriental grad students who normally pass their time at the side hoop playing "21" from about 5 feet out, have apparently chosen this game as their playing debut. They look ready to play in their greying undershirts, brand-new ND. gym shorts, K-mart red sneakers, and worst of all, dark socks. Our coach, general manager, and chief recruiter, whose name I learn is Al, introduces me to my Far Eastern teammates, who ignore my extended hand and kowtow in acknowledgement, mumbling some gibberish I pretend to understand. Al's gangly roommate, whose shaky two-handed dribble gives an early indication of his ball-handling skills, completes this motley crew.

"We'll bring it up," blurts the little guy. He is the quintessential "Rock Rat." He still wears the familiar, blue, green-and-gold-striped, hi-top, Adidas sneakers that he got freshman year when Jeff Carpenter lived down the hall, while the rest of his attire, tennis shorts, Fenwick T-shirt, and coordinating socks are

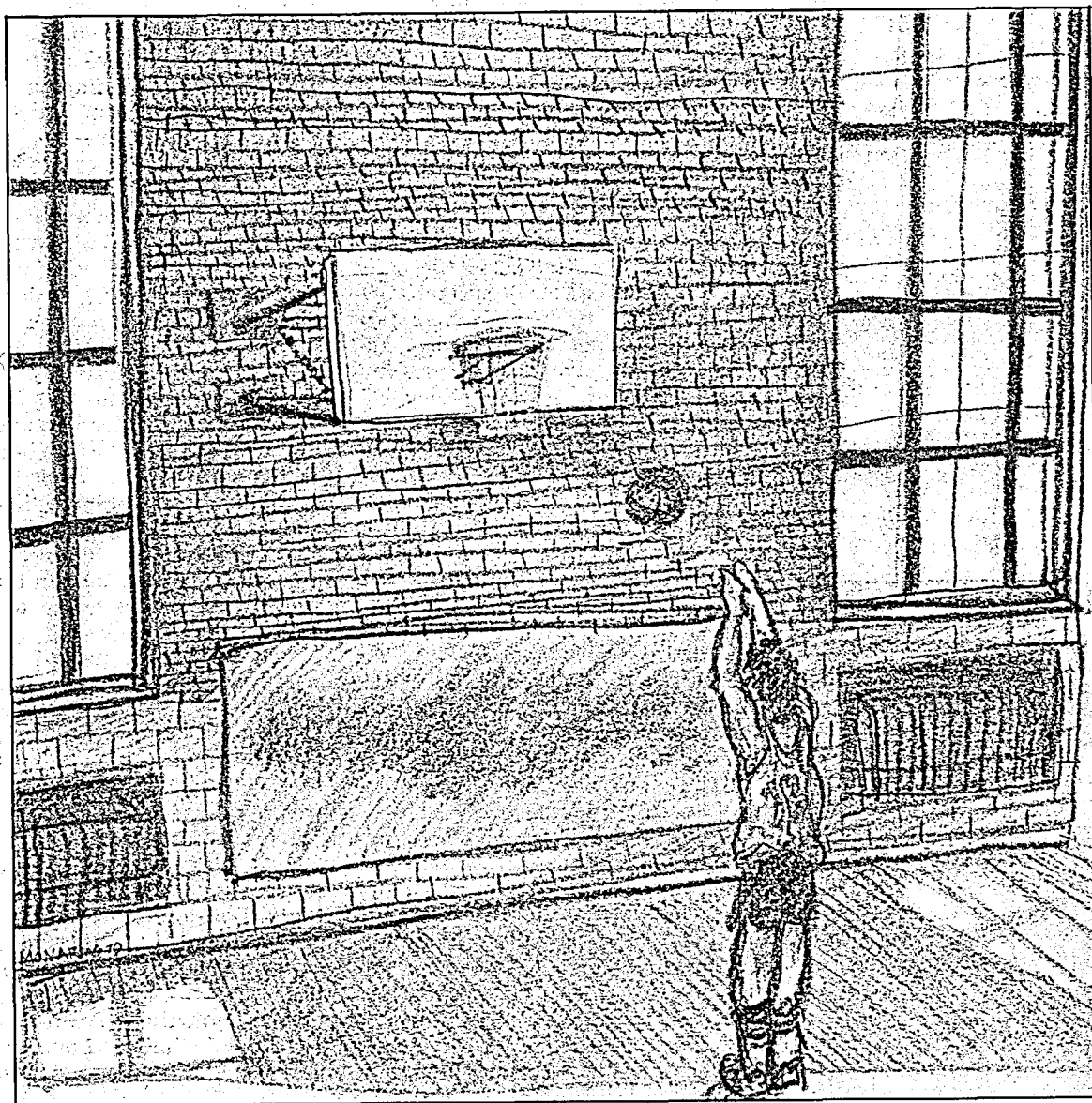
clean and neat. He never has to wait for a game, and though possessor of modest abilities himself, he always manages to get on a good team. As a consequence, he rarely loses. But on these occasions when he does encounter defeat, he inevitably has the next game, as if he called Fat Eddy earlier and made reservations. His abrasive manner and overaggressive style of play have made enemies of all those who have competed against him, and he sees nothing wrong with abandoning one team in favor of a more talented group. Dribbling up the court, he shouts directions and passes off as soon as he feels a modicum of defensive pressure.

A couple quick, crisp passes crack our very passive zone, and down, 1-0, Al's roomie starts to "dribble" up the court. "Double dribble!" yells the Rat, and from then on, it's all downhill. The closest we come to scoring comes when Al, way ahead of the pack, but head down, crashes into the mat draped on the end wall, thank God, and never gets a chance to shoot. The Taiwanese twins never find the range from more than five feet, and I find shooting a basketball is no easier than opposing quarterbacks must find passing a football with the Notre Dame defensive line breathing down your neck. The game ends as quickly as it began and, for the ump-

teenth time this afternoon, the Rock Rat shouts with pride, "Game!"

Feeling both frustrated and relieved, I find my ball and thank Al, still recovering from his encounter with the wall, for allowing me to be thoroughly humiliated. Before leaving, the Rock Rat asks me if they can use my ball. Thinking better of throwing the ball in his face, I tuck it under my arm, ignoring his request, and as I have done countless times before, vow never to return. □

Bill Ryan is a Senior Chemistry Concentrate from South Weymouth, Mass. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.



The Paper Irishman

by Frank LaGrotta



I remember lying awake the night before high school baseball tryouts and wanting very badly to go out for the team. The next day, when everyone was signing up outside the gym, I stopped and watched for a while but I couldn't bring myself to do it because I was afraid I wasn't good enough.

For the longest time after that, whenever I saw a high school baseball game, I couldn't help wondering if maybe, just maybe . . .

I promised myself I'd never again be afraid of trying.

* * *

Of course, I've never been what you might call "athletic." Oh, I participated — basically because everyone participated and when you're young, you never want to be left out. But I never scored the winning touchdown or hit a 20-foot jumper with one second left in the game.

Consequently, at the ripe old age of 20, I and my slightly rotund body had resigned ourselves to the safer but less exciting role of spectator.

Until, that is, Rich Hunter proposed that I put on a uniform and play in a real, live Notre Dame varsity soccer game.

My first response?

I laughed.

Hysterically.

But, let's start at the beginning.

It was a cold Tuesday afternoon and the Irish were methodically making mincemeat out of a much weaker Valparaiso team to the tune of 8-0 with 10 minutes left in the first half. I was standing on the sidelines with injured players Jim Sabitus and Tom Crotty when Sabitus turned to me and joked (at least I *thought* he was joking):

"This game's so out of hand we could even let you play."

A dumb statement deserves another dumb statement so I cracked:

"Yeah, but why run up the score on them?"

I thought it was mildly funny but no one laughed because no one heard it. In fact, when I turned around both Sabitus and Crotty were huddled on the sidelines with Coach Hunter and they were laughing. . .

And they were pointing at me.

I began to feel like the little kid in the doctor's office who's about to get a shot. You know you're gonna get it, but there's not a damn thing you can do about it.

My last resort was that Hunter would nix the idea. Imagine my dismay when I found him to be equally enthusiastic.

"Absolutely not!" I refused, thinking about my health and the see-through shorts that soccer players wear.

"Come on!" encouraged Crotty. "You have a chance to see firsthand what it's like to play in a game. Any sportswriter would jump at the chance!"

"Yeah," added Sabitus. "George Plimpton would love it."

"Call George Plimpton then," I snapped, "cause I'm not doing it!"

Yet, for some reason, the idea began to appeal to me. I'd like to think it was my reporter's instinct but, more than likely, it was my oversized ego that caused me to go along with their scheme.

"You may never get this chance again," Sabitus reminded me. Remembering my promise and ignoring my waistline, I reluctantly agreed to at least try on a uniform.

Five minutes later I found myself in the ACC locker room with Tom Leutkehans who was throwing pieces of his uniform in my direction. I started to think again about what I was going to do.

"Just pipe down and put these on," smiled Leutkehans as he tossed me his shorts.

"These won't fit me!!" I protested. And I was right — they didn't even come close.

"Just put 'em on for now and we'll get Lovejoy's when we get back to the field," assured Sabitus. "He wears a large."

Back at Stepan field, where the second half was just beginning, I proceeded to change shorts with Kevin Lovejoy.

"I just can't do this," I moaned as he handed them to me from the floor of the athletic department van. "People will think I'm a fool!"

"Frank," smiled Lovejoy as he patted me on the back, "if that's all

you're worried about, forget it. Everyone already knows that."

With that happy thought to inspire me, I tugged on my sweats and gingerly climbed out of the van.

"No way I'm taking these sweats off," I assured anyone who would listen. "It's too cold for shorts!"

Sabitus and Leutkehans suggested that I practice kicking a ball around but, having never played soccer before in my life, I didn't have the slightest idea of what to do. So, when Leutkehans kicked a ball at me, I did the first thing that came to my mind . . .

I got the hell out of the way.

"No! Trap it with your feet like this," he demonstrated.

After a few times, I actually got the hang of it. I was actually doing it right!

"Good job," Leutkehans assured me. "You'll do just fine."

Then my ego took over.

Maybe, just maybe, I'll be good. Maybe soccer is my secret calling. Who knows? Maybe I'll score three goals in three minutes and become an instant all-American and be a star and get a monogram and two tickets to every football game when I graduate and . . .

All of a sudden, the ball hit me in the head.

"C'mon!" yelled Sabitus. "Learn how to head it." To this day, I still don't understand how they do that without getting hurt but for five minutes, I bounced the ball off my forehead, wincing in pain, while I agreed:

"You were right, Jim. It *doesn't* hurt."

Then Rich Hunter called me over to the bench.

"You ready?" he asked.

"For what?" I asked back. Nervous people always answer a question with a question.

"To play," he responded.

"Ah . . . no," I retreated. I never was good at the snappy comeback.

I heard the airhorn sound, signaling a substitute. Hunter looked at me menacingly and ordered:

"Get in there at center-forward!"

"Forget it!" I shrieked, tugging my sweats even tighter and not wanting to admit I didn't have the

faintest idea where the center-forward plays.

"Damn it!" cursed Hunter. "Get in there!"

All of a sudden, I was playing soccer. My first thought was:

"Hey, this is fun!"

Then the game started.

Gotta run! Keep moving and stay with my man. Who the hell is my man??!!

—puff puff—pant pant—

I saw the ball come to a Valpo player. I chased him and kicked it away.

My first steal!

"Nice play," teammate Steve Kramer complimented without mentioning that I had actually kicked the ball to another Valpo player.

At that point, Joe Ciuni stole the ball from a Valpo winger and broke for the Crusader goal.

Think! Think! Where do I go? What do I do? What would a smart center-forward do in this situation?

Not being sure, I ran toward the net.

"Frank!" I heard Ciuni call me and I turned just in time to see the ball come toward me. I trapped it with my feet (an accomplishment in itself) and turned, unattended, to see the goal mouth only 10 feet away.

Everything's moving so slow! I—can't—think—

—puff puff—pant pant—

Everything's blurry. The trees, the road, the other players—hell, they're worried about scoring . . . I'm worried about breathing!!

"Kick the damn ball!" someone yelled from the bench.

I kicked the damn ball — right at the damn goalie!

He caught it.

No goal.

"Someone cover number 20!" ordered a Valpo player.

Number 20?? That's me!

Suddenly I was renewed.

They must realize I'm a scoring threat. Hell, I'll stay in the game forever.

Fortunately, Rich Hunter had other ideas as he sent in Sami Kahale to replace me about two minutes later. As I trotted back to the bench, Kahale grabbed me and patted me vigorously on the back. I

felt like I'd just scored the winning goal in a championship game.

"Nice job!" he said, smiling. Who was I to argue?

On the bench, my "teammates" applauded loudly and took turns shaking my hand. Tired, out of breath and covered with sweat, I realized I never felt better in my life.

* * *

I had dinner with Lovejoy that night and I must remember to thank him for not rehashing my varsity debut. Unfortunately, as we left the dining hall, I ran into a friend who had already heard about it.

"Hey, did you play soccer today?" he asked loudly.

"Ah, yeah . . . kinda," I replied under my breath.

"He almost scored a goal," Lovejoy chipped in.

"Yeah?" asked my friend, feigning amazement. "I'm surprised he could even *move* out there."

"You know," I admitted slowly when he was out of earshot. "To get a chance to play in a Notre Dame varsity athletic event was one of the greatest things that could ever happen to a rah-rah like me. I'll remember it for a long time."

As I turned and walked away, I felt a charley horse develop in my left leg.

"Yep," I said to myself as I limped back to the dorm.

"I might not ('ouch') ever forget it. . . ." □

Frank LaGrotta, a senior American Studies major from Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania, lives, eats and breathes sports. In fact, the only thing he doesn't do is play them.

Music: Blondie and the Blues...

by Tim Tedrick

Don't let Deborah Harry's cartoon-sexpot image fool you: *Blondie* is one of music's truest rock and roll bands. With their fourth album, "Eat to the Beat," they solidify their position as the harbinger of 1980's rock, and, for a group that has been together for only four years, that is no small feat.

On their previous album, "Parallel Lines," the band was able to successfully integrate its Punk/New Wave sound with a more complex accessibility. There was still that element of risk in "Lines," but the listener could sense that *Blondie* had their music on the right course, giving us such fine examples as "Heart of Glass" and "One Way or Another." The only question that remained was whether Harry and Co. would settle for a nice, comfortable niche, or if they would continue to grow as a band. Well, "Eat to the Beat" should calm any fears that the band's disciples had. The album is powerful rock and roll.

And Miss Harry is very much responsible for the energy *Blondie* exudes. Even without her gold-neon hair, she works quite deeply as a unifying figure; her singing style is by now integral to the band's overall style. She has co-written eight of the twelve songs on the new album. Unlike most female rockers, who feel they have to be as tough (or tougher) than their male counterparts and thus force their voices to a shrieking edge, Miss Harry always *sings* — and she does that quite clearly and gracefully (though her lyrics are often muddled).

The doll-like image she projects is a big plus for the group. On "Dreaming" (the band's single release from the album and one of the best cuts), Miss Harry sounds like she just defected from one of those 1960's-girl-pop-rock groups, like the Shirelles. The music is so catchy and the lyrics have so many hooks that you can practically visualize Miss Harry, in a pair of white go-go boots and a miniskirt, boppin' and hoppin' around on "American Bandstand," or "Shindig."

There are other moments that are just as vivid. In "The Hardest Part," a tongue-in-cheek track about an armored car driver, Miss Harry roughens up her voice, giving the

song the right amount of sex — without making it sleazy. "Union City Blue" has such a sense of longing in it that halfway through you hope she finds that "power and passion" she's yearning for before she dies of a broken heart. And "Eat to the Beat" itself has some dynamite combinations: Chris Stein's powerful guitar riffs, Clem Burke's supercharged drumming, and Randy Hemmes' hand-clapping harmonica solo. These, all backing Miss Harry's turbine-driven vocals, make the lyrics almost jump off the disc:

HEY! You gotta sweet tooth
And I remember
Standin' at the corner
With a piece of pizza
Eat-to-THE-B-E-A-T!

Blondie (with the help of master-hitmaker/producer Mike Chapman) should help shape a rock culture of the early 1980's, and that involves hefty amounts of robot-like rhythms, electronic technology and emotions that are both indifferent and direct. And with Miss Harry's looks and style, it is one that will be welcomed with open arms. □

In Retrospect...

Student Activism Abounds in the 1950 Happy Daze

People talk about student apathy in the '70s as if apathy were a new thing. Glancing through the October 24, 1952, issue of *Scholastic*, we found this editorial which clearly demonstrates the student unrest of the times:

The editors have been asked many times in recent weeks whom the Scholastic would support in the coming election, if anyone. And if so, why; if not, why not? With the election only 10 days away and articles of a political nature beginning to appear in the magazine, it is time that we state our position regarding national politics.

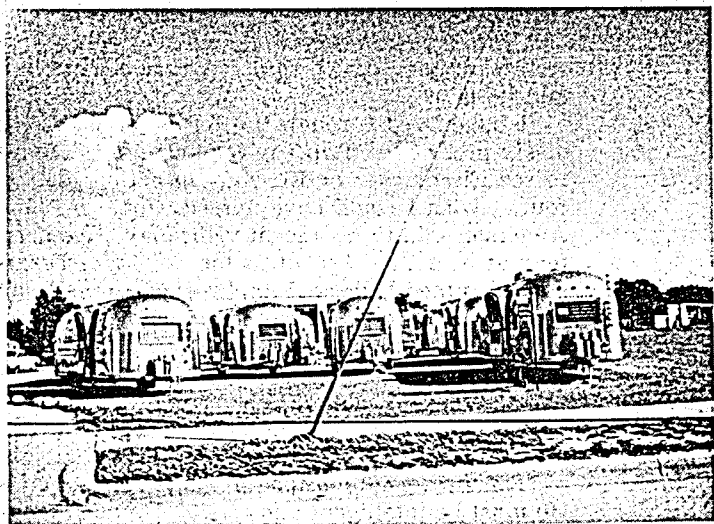
... Actually, some of us like Ike, some Adlai, some like both, and some like neither. But regardless of how much we might like to use space to further the man of our choice, editorially this magazine will support neither candidate, and will clear the decks for expression of all points of view.

... The floor is now open for exposition of the partisan feelings of all who wish to be heard. In all things political, the Scholastic will act as referee instead of a high-handed thought leader.

That's good. □

PAT METHENY GROUP

AMERICAN GARAGE



With last year's *Pat Metheny Group* LP, guitarist Pat Metheny and his group made inroads toward mass success without sacrificing artistic integrity. This summer's *New Chautauqua* (solo) was somewhat disappointing, but it had its moments of excellence. The just released *American Garage* should solidify Metheny's popularity and gain new fans.

American Garage opens with "(Cross the) Heartland," which is in my opinion, the best Metheny Group song ever. This is one of those few songs that the term "fusion" really describes. Opening with an airy, space-music type intro, segueing into a country-gospel theme, bringing back the intro and adding Weather Report-like embellishments, then closing with a rousing restatement of the theme, it can be described only as a marriage of "Tubular Bells" (Oldfield) and "Jessica" (Allman Bros.). This may sound unwieldy, but it works very well. Very, very well. This song also contains one of Metheny's best two recorded solos (the other one "Jaco"). This song is worth the price of the album.

The album's other outstanding cut is the title track, "American Garage," which can only be categorized as thinking man's rock and roll. Metheny watchers have recently been afraid that he would slip into being just another "jazz-rock"

guitarist, but he justifies this venture. The guitar, keyboards, and drums mesh well to convey the image of a garage band. Only thing is, there haven't been too many garage bands that could play like this.

The other three compositions are well-played and show craftsmanship, but lack the spark of the two aforementioned songs. "The Epic" is the best of these, with its highlight being a rhapsodic solo by pianist Lyle Mays. Mays, bassist Mark Egan, and drummer Dan Gottlieb provide able support throughout the album, and are as integral as Metheny to the band's success.

This album is not as completely satisfying as the *Pat Metheny Group* LP, but its highlights show that the group is progressing toward a solid place in the jazz word. This group's music is truly fusion, as it displays influences that range from gospel to impressionism, and they all work well together. Metheny is in the vanguard of a new school of musicians: those who grew up listening to The Beatles, John Coltrane, and everything in between. This is truly an American band, with a unique sound. It will be interesting to watch Metheny over the next decade to see if he fulfills his abundant promise.—Anthony Walton

...and one more for the Road

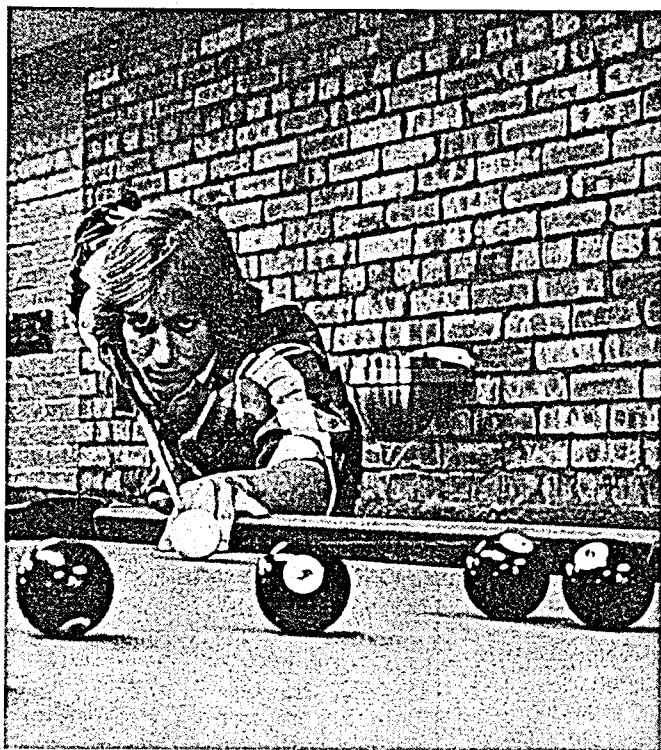
Reserve the weekend of November 30-December 1 to savor the twang of guitar, the wail of harmonica, and the tinkle of the ivories, all to a "bayou" beat — the eighth annual Blues Festival has arrived.

According to Student Festival Coordinator Mike Wood, the Festival promises seven quality blues performances to fill Friday and Saturday nights. Admissions for students at the Stepan Center is \$5 Friday night, \$6 Saturday, or an \$8 charge for both nights. For nonstudents the price is \$6 Friday, \$7 Saturday, or \$10 for both evenings.

The "Blues from the Bayou" will ease you into the weekend on Friday with three shows, starting at 8:00 p.m. One of the remaining blues originals, Roosevelt Sykes, will start the evening with his barrelhouse style of piano playing. Following Sykes, Lonnie Baker performs. Baker possesses all the herky-jerky stage moves of Elvis Presley, says festival coorganizer Perry Aberly. The Friday night climax is "Professor Longhair and His Blues Scholars." Professor Longhair is also known as Henry Byrd, Fats Domino's piano mentor.

The "Chicago Blues" night on Saturday warms up at 7:15 p.m. with Suzanne Prince, who Wood claims as having a Janice Joplin-type voice while playing "a mean guitar." Chicago blues man Eddie Clearwater follows with his contemporized style of blues, complete with all the goose-walk antics of Chuck Berry. Saturday night includes another old-timer of blues, the unique Joe Williams; Williams pounds out the blues on a home-made, nine-string guitar. Carrey Bell, whom Aberly cites as today's top harmonica blues player, will close out a Festival of solid entertainment with his blues band.

THE LAST WORD



Dave Satterfield

Once upon a time, I wanted to be the President of the United States of America. I wanted to sit in the Oval Office and get my picture taken with baseball stars and movie actors. I wanted to fly in Air Force One and ride in long black limousines. I wanted to be surrounded by Secret Service agents and sleep in the White House with my First Lady. I wanted to know all the secrets and make very important worldly decisions. I wanted to be President because Thomas Jefferson, Abe Lincoln and John Kennedy were presidents. I wanted to be President because I thought the United States was a great nation and being its leader would be a proud and enjoyable occupation.

I still think the United States is a great nation and I still want to sleep with my wife. As for the Presidency, no thank you.

Being President of one of the two most powerful nations on earth is not my idea of a fun job. The President is bombarded with criticism, he is the constant subject of those asinine, ridiculous, yet popular, things called polls. (I wish George Gallup would take a poll concerning the worth of Gallup Polls. He might be shocked at his "popularity percentage.") The Presidency is a job for a person who is able to ignore much of the criticism; if he cannot, he is sunk. And right now, criticism has hit its peak.

The American people, from the President to myself, must realize that there is more than one person to blame for the decline in confidence of the Presidency. The blame does not belong on Jimmy Carter; the blame

belongs on the entire nation. We are the sovereignty, the power. And as far as I can see, we haven't been using that power very well. As Walt Kelly's comic strip character, Pogo, said, "We have met the enemy and he is us."

I have lived through the terms, or partial terms, of six presidents—Two I never knew. I was too young to see Eisenhower or Kennedy in action. The other four, I wish I could have missed. Johnson, as Jack Anderson said in his recent visit, may have been a good man at heart, but he put us into Vietnam Texas-style and he ruined Hubert Humphrey's chances in '68 by doing so. As for Richard Nixon, enough said. Gerald Ford, I believe, did an adequate job. He was placed in a difficult position and he responded quietly and effectively. But that was about all he did. Jimmy Carter strikes me as a good man, but he lacks the one thing that makes a man a good President. Leadership.

The President must be a leader and a statesman. He must be intelligent and tough. He must have a staff of people who are also intelligent and tough. He must be experienced and loyal. And to be great, he must be honest and moral. He must be concerned about the American people, about students at Notre Dame, about two-year-olds at Harrisburg, about senior citizens at Malibu and about blacks in Harlem. He cannot be an oil, labor, NRA, ERA or No-Nukes politician. He must avoid being a puppet and be himself. A President must let the people know he is a leader without having to tell them.

I have yet to see a Republican or Democratic candidate at the polls in November who could come close to filling these requirements. I have never been old enough to vote in a Presidential election but if I had, there are only two men I would have voted for: Adlai Stevenson and Eugene McCarthy. Of course, they lost. I think what America needs is less politicians and more statesmen. And the American people are the ones responsible for seeing that their leader is truly a leader. The forces of big-oil, big-industry and wealthy lobbyists may be too much for the people to overcome but a change must come. Especially with the weekly episodes of world crisis that are occurring now.

I am hesitant to criticize any man who takes the job of President. I am very tired of hearing complaints about Jimmy Carter. Criticizing the President is healthy at times but often it's like criticizing the garbageman. It's a nasty job and it takes a man who can stand the smell to get the job done well. If we're going to criticize the President, why not criticize the people who put him in office? Why not criticize ourselves, for it was through our power that the man became President.

The people of this nation need to elect someone in 1980 who can restore confidence and pride in the office of the President. Maybe then, our national spirit will be restored and maybe then, I'll change my mind. Maybe then, the children of this country will grow up wanting to be President of the United States. And maybe then, we will have good, if not great Presidents. And live happily ever after. □

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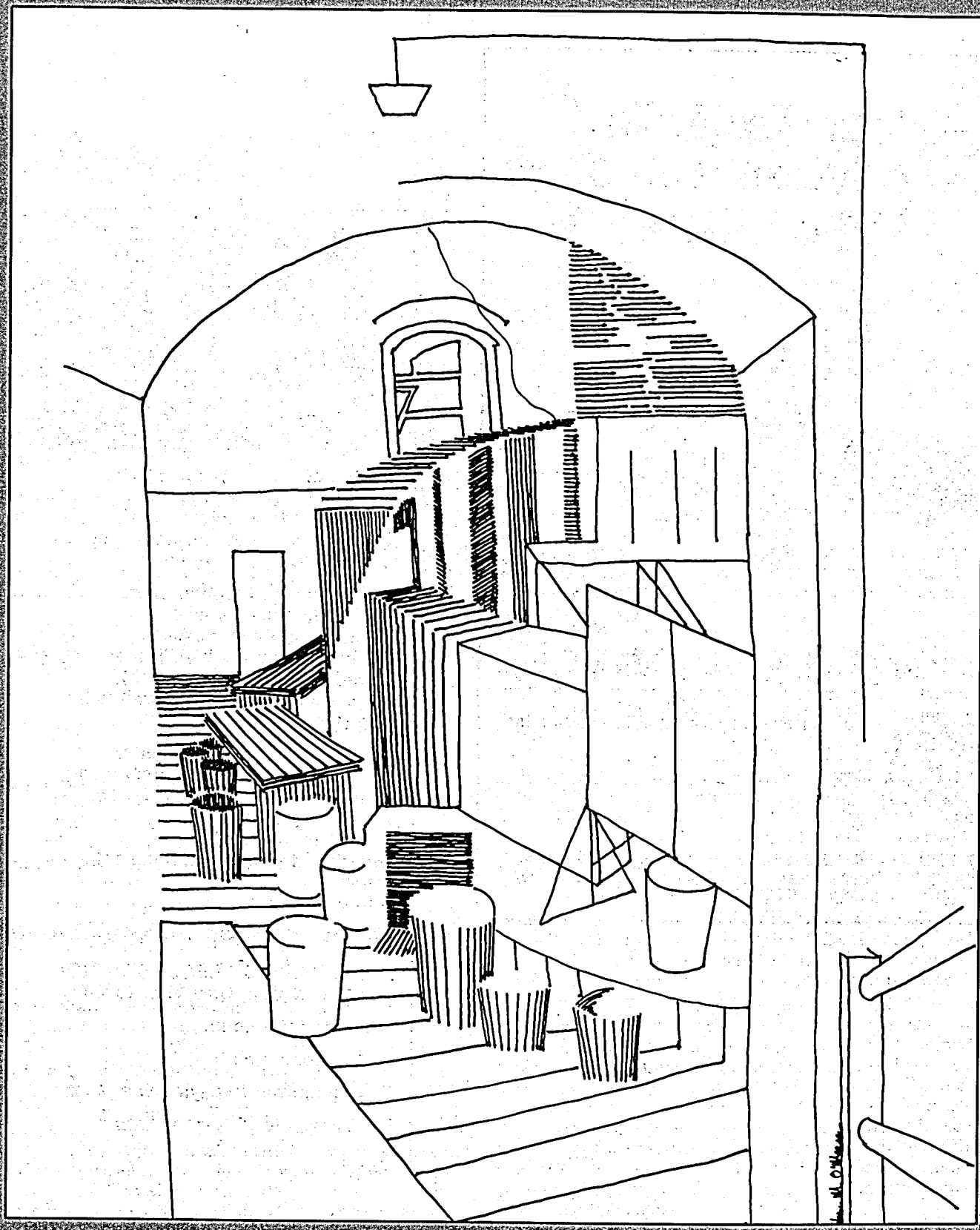
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