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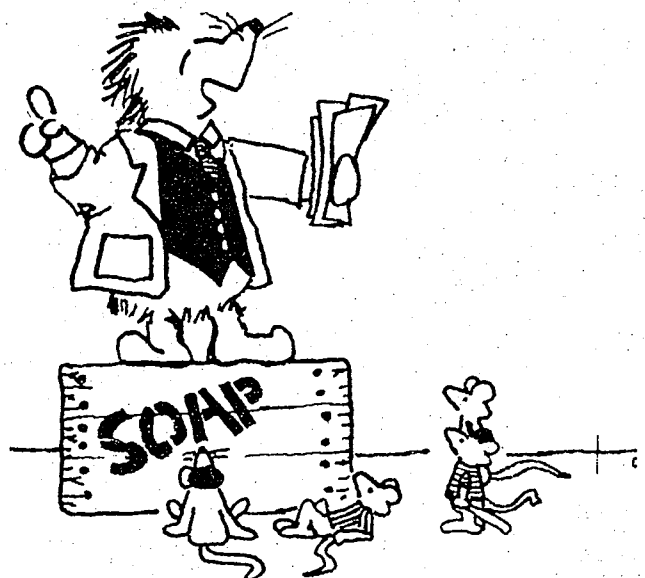
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SCHOLASTIC

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In Loving Memory of
Fr. Bill Toohey

6/2/30--10/13/80

*"Because of our risen Lord, we dare to believe that
death and hatred and despair will not have the last word."*

—Fr. Toohey
October, 1980

The Decline of American Leadership

by Stephen Hudoba

Leadership. As the presidential campaign nears its supposedly climactic end, though perhaps "merciful end" would be more appropriate, we all have heard this word, "leadership," repeated by candidates a thousand times over. Each of the presidential candidates has spent millions of dollars attempting to convince the public that only he possesses the magic gauntlet of leadership. Yet, the public seems far from convinced. Apathetic about the choice of candidates, doubtful whether it matters who is elected, and pessimistic about the future, the American people have begun to doubt the integrity and capabilities of their leaders.

During this campaign, both Ronald Reagan and Jimmy Carter have spent most of their time attempting to characterize the other as being totally incompetent and unable to lead this nation. Both campaigns have adopted strategies of negatively stereotyping the opponent. Neither candidate has presented a total package of goals and programs that represents a positive vision of the future of the nation. Representative Anderson's presence only increases the negative aspect of this campaign, since he is running against Carter and Reagan, and not really for himself. Such a campaign characterized by personal attacks and void of vision and ideals cannot stir the public to enthusiasm.

The resulting public apathy and pessimism have prompted many to reminisce about the past and to question the present. A major and most disturbing question refers to the primaries. Has the democratization and expansion of the primary system given us better candidates? The "politics of bossism" that gave us

candidates such as FDR, Eisenhower, and Adlai Stevenson (who gained the Democratic nomination in 1952 without ever entering a primary) has largely vanished. Many have suggested that perhaps we should return to the old system of candidate selection. Yet, such a suggestion challenges the very essence of a democratic society; namely, the people have a right to choose their leaders.

Still, the present primary system does not seem to inhibit the participation of possible candidates. It is no coincidence that the last two nonincumbents nominated by their parties (Carter in '76 and Reagan in '80) were both out of office. The primary system necessitates that a candidate be a full-time candidate. Moreover, the present system reduces the viability of candidates all too quickly, since emphasis is placed on proving electability by winning in the early primaries.

A shorter primary season therefore is necessary so that candidates who presently hold office can effectively participate. Several large regional primaries should be held instead of the present state-by-state system. This reform would also contribute towards the equalization of the value and influence of votes in different states. At present the value of a vote from an early primary or caucus is much greater than a vote from one of the late primaries. Such a condition should not be tolerated in a democratic system.

The media exerts an even more powerful influence on the leadership selection process. It consistently chooses to focus on a candidate's image and electability rather than to illuminate the candidate's beliefs. George Bush became a media hero

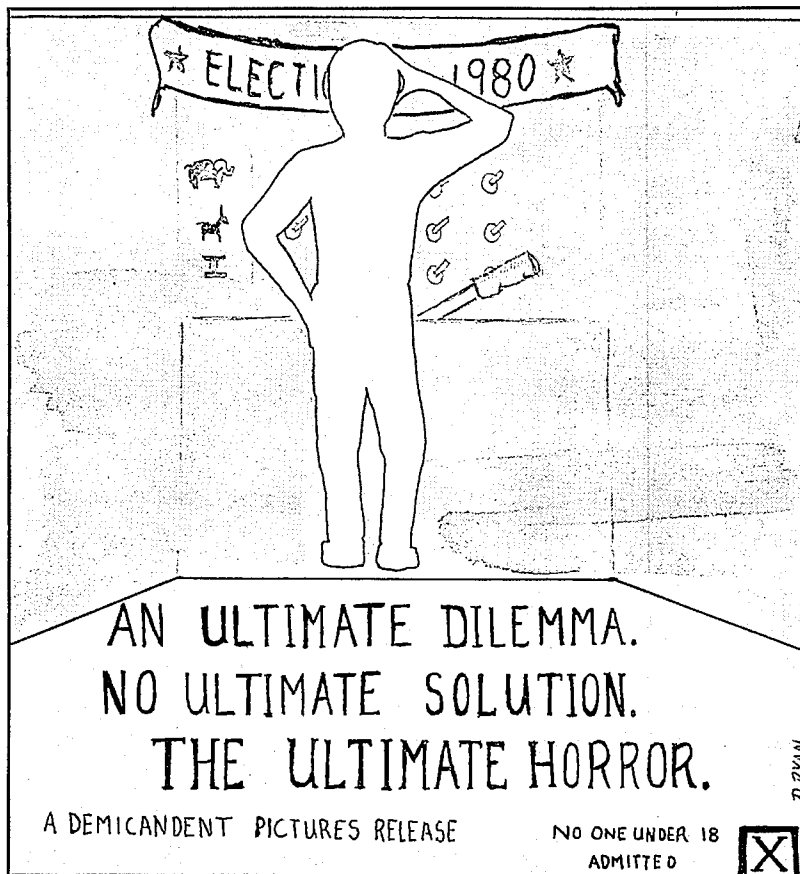
overnight, as he was interviewed a hundred times over, after his victory in the Iowa caucus. He had gained, in his own words, the "Big Mo"—momentum.

The campaign seemed more analogous to a Notre Dame football game than to a political exchange of ideas. Even in the debates, which supposedly serve to disseminate the candidate's views to the public, the media's postdebate analysis concentrates largely upon which candidate "came off better" and "what type of image has the candidate projected."

Politics has become a plastic packaged charade. Media and advertising wizards such as Gerald Rafshoon (for Carter) and David Garth (for Anderson) represent the true centers of power in the present campaigns. The media therefore must accept a great part of the responsibility for the creation of a system of politics that stresses electability rather than competence.

Still, much of the decline in respect for and belief in our leaders is traceable to recent political, foreign and domestic events. Watergate, Ab-scam, Koreagate, the Billy Carter and Bert Lance affairs, and the abuses of the Nixon administration have shattered the public's faith and trust in our American political leaders. The abuses of the FBI and CIA both illustrated that the government, instead of protecting the rights of the individual, seemed to be systematically violating these rights.

In foreign affairs, Vietnam, the Pentagon Papers, and the secret bombing of Cambodia have all contributed to the perception that the President, and by extension all politicians, cannot be trusted. The public has been deceived and thus has lost



its faith in its leaders because our leaders insist on preaching to the American people that America is still *the* great power. Yet, the changing interdependent world prevents our leaders from justifying their rhetoric with reality, and so the public perceives itself as deceived. However, the public is not deceived, but rather our leaders are deluded.

The interdependence of the new international order makes it impossible for the U.S. to regain its once lofty position. It is said that the decade of the 80's will be the decade of crises. The turmoil of the 70's will be the norm and not the exception. America, though, will continue to be a great world power as a result of its resources and technology, but the new world order necessitates that our leaders change their thinking. Future Presidents must accept the limitations on growth and power that the emerging world order imposes. Leaders with a truly global outlook based on cooperation and not confrontation are needed. Such leaders will be able to initiate a revitalization of America that will carry us forward into the twenty-first century. The apparent leadership crisis in America is truly caused by the development of a new world order that our leaders cannot fully comprehend or accept.

A complete and unprecedented overhaul of the traditional thinking of America's political leaders must occur. Whether our older leaders can accomplish this is at best unclear. Perhaps, a new generation of leaders who have matured in the first decade of scarcity, energy interdependence, and the recognition of the limits of growth will not be so deluded with grandiose and unrealistic visions of America's power. Those of us presently in college represent part of this first American generation to mature during the first harbingers of the new international order. It is this generation that must initiate the new political philosophy that will realistically allow this country to confront the coming crises. The threats to the future economic, social, and political stability of this country and the world is imminent.

During another major crisis, the assassination of President Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson said, "Yesterday is not ours to recover, but tomorrow is ours to win or lose." Let us build therefore a new world order based on reality and not on the past. Then our political leaders will truly be *leading* this country. □

Stephen Hudoba is a Junior from Newark, N.J.

faith in the veracity of our political leaders. Moreover, the overthrow of friendly foreign governments, our continuing dependence on OPEC oil, and most recently the inept rescue mission to Iran have all shaken the confidence of the American people in the power, morality, and destiny of this nation.

In addition, the greatest contribution to the increasingly pessimistic attitude of the public about the future has been the sensed slippage of the "American Dream." This slippage has heightened the level of anxiety and frustration within the poorer communities of America. Such frustration recently expressed itself through violent rioting in Miami's Liberty Park district.

It would be easy to condemn these rioters as lawless hoodlums, but an unemployment rate of 35 per cent among young blacks breeds discontent rather than respect for law and order. If our government's only cure for inflation is a recession that eliminates any chance for social mobility for the poor, why then should we expect the poor to defend such a system? Have we as a nation burned our commitment to economic and social justice in the fires of inflation? Ted Kennedy recently stated that the "dream shall never die." Yet, the very fact that Kennedy refers to economic justice as a dream illus-

trates that the American people have lost their faith in this country's ability to provide opportunity for all.

The middle class finds that dream being chipped away by inflation, taxes, rising interest rates, and economic instability. The American adage that one's children will "have it better" is becoming increasingly doubtful for the first time since the Great Depression. To illustrate, rising interest rates are quickly transforming the once realistic goal of owning a home into an improbable fantasy. The poor and middle classes' lack of optimism about the economic future of the country has been translated into doubt about the capabilities of our leaders.

Still, while institutions and events have contributed to the leadership crisis, the most complex and lasting factor of the crisis relates to the changing world order. The old world order is breaking up as a result of the growing interdependence of nations. However, our political leaders refuse to change their views. They are, in a sense, the victims of two centuries of psychologically infused manifest destiny. This country has always been viewed by its leaders as unique within the world order. Yet, the days when the U.S. could arbitrarily use its power have passed. Iran has proven this.

In my opinion, the public has lost



President Jimmy Carter

Carter

Running Against His Record

by Prof. Vincent P. DeSantis

Few Presidents in recent American history have had as many ups and downs in presidential popularity polls and in assessment of performance in office as Jimmy Carter. From a 71 per cent approval of his performance by the American public at the outset of his presidency, Carter fell to a 19 per cent overall rating in recent months, the lowest job performance rating ever accorded any American President since this rating question was first asked of Americans in the 1950's. Carter is finishing a term in the presidency and is running for reelection with the lowest approval rating for an incumbent President in modern times. Polls only a few months ago gave Carter a 77-22 per cent negative rating, even lower than the 75-25 per cent for President Richard Nixon in the dark days of Watergate. Worst of all for the President, 85 per cent thought he did not know how to get things done.

Carter himself recognized his lackluster performance in the White House when he graded his own presidential performance in report-card style on a TV interview on the eve of the Democratic National Convention in August, 1980. Carter said he deserved one A (on his energy program), one B (on leadership), one B— (on foreign policy), and one C (on domestic policy) — good enough to keep him in good standing, but not enough to call him outstanding.

During the presidential campaign of 1976, Carter found support and

votes in claiming to be an anti-Washington, anti-establishment figure and not a lawyer nor a liar. Probably his trump card was his claim that he told the truth and that he would never lie to the American people. Thus Carter cornered the truth market in a year when the voters wanted, above all, an honest politician. He was the kind of candidate the post-Watergate times demanded.

But also during that campaign, Carter promised many things, so many, in fact, that they were published in a 110-page book of 600 promises. With such a long list of campaign promises, Carter faced the problem of making good on them. Carter's campaign promises stem from and, in fact, have increased the rising expectations Americans have had of a President since World War II. How Carter was received by the public came to depend on how well he fulfilled his many campaign promises.

Since many of these were not carried out, and the public's expectations of Carter's presidency were not realized, Carter has become the most unpopular President in office since Herbert Hoover, and has come to be widely regarded as incompetent, indecisive, ineffective, and uninspiring.

Americans, accepting his invitation to judge him on his record of fulfillment, found him badly wanting. There is considerable dissatisfaction with Carter, both within and outside the Democratic party, because of high inflation, high unem-

ployment, the high costs of living, of housing, of borrowing money, and of his overstating the nature of the Iranian and Afghanistan crises when he described them as the most serious confrontation for the United States with the Soviet Union since World War II.

After almost a full term as President and in the midst of a campaign for another term as President, Carter remains an enigma to the voters at large and to those in his own party. Even though the Democrats renominated him, they are not sure they know him any better now than they did in 1976 when they knew very little about him. Many Democrats, including even some who support his candidacy, have little notion of what kind of President Carter might be in a second term, or in which direction he intends to lead the country.

Thus, to many Americans puzzled by Carter and the erratic course of his presidency, and uncertain how they will vote in the 1980 election, Jimmy Carter is, according to one observer, "a politician without a guiding philosophy, a pragmatist without firm convictions, a mechanical leader incapable of framing a grand design, a hard-working and intelligent executive who has trouble explaining goals that are clear in his own mind." □

Prof. DeSantis is a member of the History Department.

Carter: Progress for America

by Jenny Pitts

"All men are scoundrels some of the time." Certainly this truism is applicable to all of this election's presidential aspirants. With this in mind, I have attempted to arrive at a decision that is primarily based upon the platforms of the Democratic and Republican parties, and the ideologies embodied in each. I do not view John Anderson as a viable candidate. In that the positions and policies expressed in the Democratic platform are those that I believe the country should be directed toward, I will be voting to reelect President Carter on Nov. 4.

Economic, racial, and socially reactionary factions are barely able to conceal their delight at the idea of a Reagan victory, and to this end have invested both their aspirations and money in Reagan's campaign. The prospect of a Reagan victory threatens any progressive accomplishments of the past two generations. One has only to examine the planks of the Republican platform to agree.

Coming out of a convention attended by a disproportionately small number of women, minorities, and disadvantaged people, the views expressed in the platform can hardly be said to be those held by the average voter, even the average Republican voter. Rather, they are the views held by Gov. Reagan, put forth without compromise. Explicit support of the Equal Rights Amendment has been dropped, although previous Republican platforms have endorsed equal rights for women. Insistence upon treating "self-proclaimed enemies as enemies," rejection of SALT II as "unilateral disarmament" (which it is not), and insistence upon the ultimate superiority of the United States over the Soviet Union (calling for billions of dollars in increased defense spending) has the ultimate result of heating up the cold war abroad and inflation at home, and apparently eliminates the option of negotiation. The planned tax cut of 30 per cent in three years coupled with a promise to balance the budget may sound inviting to the voter, but combined with the increased military expenditures, it amounts to what Gov. Rea-

gan's own running mate, Bush, called "voodoo economics." Also provided for in the platform is the abolition of the Department of Education, curtailment (if not abolition) of OSHA, easing of environmental standards, and lifting of the minimum wage requirements for youths. Finally, the proposed lifting of the 55-mph speed limit is nothing short of foolish assertion of the U.S.'s invulnerability to the OPEC nations.

The implementation of the measures called for in the Republican platform will, according to Gov. Reagan, make America "the shining city on a hill" once again. Although, perhaps only campaign rhetoric, the metaphor does convey Reagan's worldview as increasingly removed from the reality of our everyday experience. In a day and age when Americans must acknowledge the need for amicable interrelations and interdependence of nations upon one another, Reagan is preaching a simplistic platform of American hegemony.

Contrast with this the record, aspirations, and representative platform of President Carter's Democratic administration. With little help from a lethargic, if not reactionary Congress, Carter has managed to push through some very significant legislation. Among the accomplishments in the area of foreign policy are the passage of SALT II, the Camp David accord, the Panama Canal treaties, and recognition of the People's Republic of China.

On the domestic front, Carter has passed more environmental legislation than any other president since Teddy Roosevelt, including preservation of 100 million acres in Alaska, implementation of the Clean Air and Water Act, and strip mine regulation. Energy, one of the most pressing problems facing Americans, has also been a key concern of the Carter administration. Importation of foreign oil is down 20 per cent from 1976, and conservation and alternate fuel bills have been sent to Congress. Urban development funding, and mass transit are all up. In contrast, Gov. Reagan has called the beneficiaries of such funding a "faceless



mass waiting for a handout." The civil service has been reorganized, the airline and trucking industries deregulated, and the Humphrey-Hawkins full employment act has been signed.

And, in upholding the democratic principles upon which this country was founded, Pres. Carter has re-established the nation's commitment to human rights. The Republicans think it is "naive" and "dangerous" to stand up for freedom and democracy. Just what, then, do they think we should stand up for?

The economy is undoubtedly the single most pressing issue on the voter's mind. Granted, although unemployment is not significantly higher than when Carter took office, inflation is and interest rates, down from their dizzying height of this summer, are still extremely high. But, President Carter is not personally to blame for the worsening state of the economy. Circumstantial and historical imperatives beyond the control of any administration share a significant amount of the blame. Ours is an economy based and dependent upon the ravenous consumption of cheap oil, and a standard of living based on convenience.

It is just that "shining city on a hill" mentality asserting the invulnerability of the U.S. that got Americans into this trouble. We, and thereby the economy, are at the mercy of the capricious and vengeful OPEC of oil cartel. An economy of moderation is required. It is a complex problem, not one that can be solved with the simplistic platitudes offered by the Republican candidate.

Jenny Pitts is a Junior from Glen Ellyn, Illinois.

Reagan

Vision For The '80s

by Prof. Edward J. Murphy

I submit the following thesis: If a judgment were made *on the issues*, most people on this campus would choose the nominee and platform of the Republican Party.

To help test the thesis, please answer the following:

- (1) Do you believe excessive governmental control and regulation are unnecessarily retarding economic growth and development?
- (2) Are you "pro-life" in the sense that you favor constitutional protection for human life in the womb?
- (3) Do you believe national security is jeopardized by the relative unpreparedness of our armed forces?
- (4) If the draft is reinstated, do you favor an exemption for women?

It is my impression that most people around here would answer "yes" to these and similar questions raised in this campaign. Yet among those who would thus answer in the affirmative are a significant number who are planning to vote for the Democratic or the Independent candidate.

Why this glaring inconsistency? From my discussions, I conclude that in large measure it derives from the fact that emotional attachment to the past is being allowed to prevail over intellectual conviction. Politically speaking, far too many have not solved "the re-entry problem."

You may have grown up, as I did, in a family which regarded affiliation with the Democratic Party as almost a matter of religious obligation. We were told incessantly that the Democrats were for "the little guy." There

was once a measure of truth in the claim, but it rings terribly hollow today. For the party that formerly reflected the views of a broad spectrum of the population has been captured by an elitist group whose theory of governance is more and more that of control and domination from the top. Governor Reagan spoke to this as follows:

The Democratic leadership is committed to the planned economy, ruled by an intellectual elite. I believe that the best vehicle for either Republican or Democrat who believes in constitutional limits in the power of government can be found in the Republican Party, which is polarized around a belief in individual freedom and man's right to control his own destiny. I hope I speak to Democrats. I spent most of my life as a Democrat, and I know that the leadership of that party has long ago abandoned the principles of Jefferson and Jackson and Cleveland. And I know how Democrats today may be bothered by a feeling of disloyalty when they consider change, because I discovered how deeply ingrained is the political loyalty. I discovered it's almost like religion when it came time to change. But have no feeling of disloyalty, because I'll tell you now, the leadership of the Democratic party, if you're a Democrat, has long since deserted you.

Over a century ago the Democratic Party endorsed the *Dred Scott Case* (the slave as a "non-person") and went into a half century of decline. This year the party gave its

official stamp of approval to *Roe v. Wade* (the unborn child as a "non-person"), and decline is inevitable. For nothing more clearly demonstrates the moral and intellectual bankruptcy of the elite who set policy for the Democratic Party than this endorsement of a decision which paved the way for the "legal" killing of more than 8,000,000 "little guys." That number exceeds the combined total population of Indianapolis, Detroit, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Kansas City, Peoria, New Orleans, Nashville, Boston, and South Bend!

There are all sorts of problems confronting our nation today — severe unemployment, declining productivity, urban disintegration, double-digit inflation and so on. Each is an extremely serious problem and needs to be addressed in an intelligent and systematic manner. But I ask you: is there a more urgent agenda item than this abortion carnage which is literally wiping out one-third of what would have been future graduating classes? The next time you go to class, look at the person on each side of you. Had *Roe v. Wade* been decided a generation ago, is there a likelihood that one of you would not be in the class today?

I salute Cardinal Humberto Medeiros of Boston for his courageous and forthright position: "Those who make abortions possible by law—such as legislators and those who promote, defend and elect these same lawmakers—cannot separate themselves totally from that guilt which accompanies this horrendous crime and deadly sin. If you are for true human freedom — and for life — you will follow your conscience when you vote. You will vote to save 'our

children, born and unborn."

To defend human rights while supporting abortion is "a patent contradiction," Pope John Paul II said recently. He sharply criticized those who "talk about human rights but do not hesitate to trample on human beings when they are on the threshold of life, weak, and defenseless."

The Republican platform and nominee, in sharp contradiction of positions espoused by Democratic leaders and John Anderson, affirm support of "a constitutional amendment to restore protection of the right to life for unborn children" as well as "Congressional efforts to restrict the use of taxpayers' dollars for abortion."

They also take other positions which should be of special interest to members of the Notre Dame community. For example, unlike their Democratic counterparts, they urge adoption of a system of educational assistance based on tax credits, available whether the student attends a *public or nonpublic* grade school, high school or college. President Carter promised such assistance in 1976, but as he did in so many areas, he reneged on the promise. He did

not even try. Is it not time for a change?

As part of a dynamic program for revitalizing the economy, a President Reagan would work for a *reduction in personal income tax rates*, phased in over three years, which would reduce rates from the range of 14 to 70 per cent to a range of 10 to 50 per cent. This is meant to promote noninflationary economic growth by restoring incentive to save, invest, and produce.

Moreover, his new "enterprise zone" program for reviving the economies of depressed inner city areas is one of the most sensible and exciting ideas ever put forward for genuine urban renewal. The net effect would be to "green-line" such neighborhoods as prime candidates for investment, as opposed to so-called "red-lining" which stigmatizes these areas and discourages investment. The Democrats's response, on the other hand, is to simply urge that we pour more tax dollars into failed programs. It is indeed time for a change!

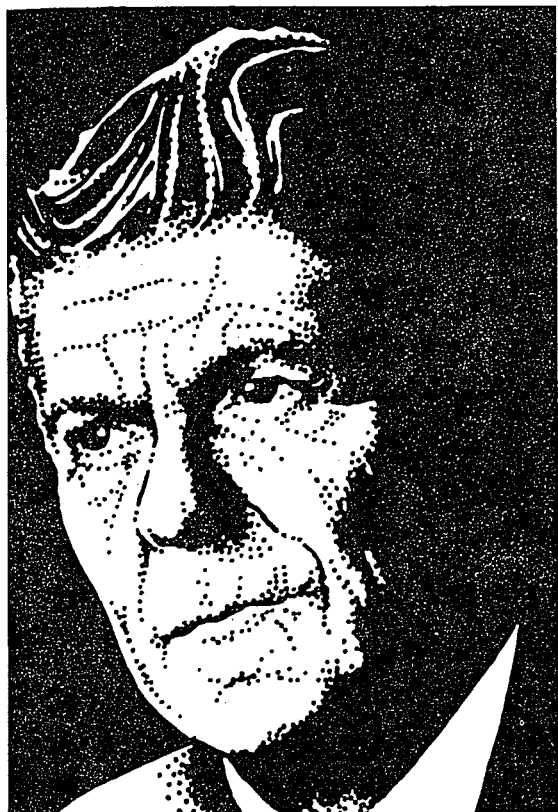
Almost everyone agrees that this is a watershed year in American politics. Choices made by the voters this November could well determine

the general direction of the country for many years to come. Seldom, if ever, has the electorate been afforded a better opportunity to choose between conflicting principles and philosophies of government. Governor Reagan insists that it is a mistake to characterize this as a choice between the "left" and the "right." He explains: "You and I are told increasingly that we have to choose between a left or right, but I would like to suggest that there is no such thing as a left or right. *There is only an up or down — up to man's age-old dream, the ultimate in individual freedom consistent with law and order — or down to the ant heap of totalitarianism.*"

If you share this dream, do something about it. This is the time for action. Volunteer your services to a Reagan for President committee and get to work. Inform yourself thoroughly on the issues, spread the word among your friends, and pray (yes, *pray!*) for the success of the enterprise. You may never have such an opportunity again. □

Prof. Edward Murphy is the John N. Matthews Professor of Law at the ND Law School.





Ronald Reagan

Reagan

Meeting The Challenge

by Mary Frances Rice

America is standing at the crossroads of destiny. Not since the year 1776 has there been such an opportunity for her people to alter the course of history. In the past four years, under President Jimmy Carter, America's inflation rate has skyrocketed from less than five percent to roughly twelve percent. The Soviet Union, meanwhile, is engaged in a massive military buildup which has relegated the United States to an unacceptable position of strategic inferiority.

America needs a President who will stabilize her staggering economy and rebuild her weakened defenses. Neither Jimmy Carter nor John Anderson would do this.

Ronald Reagan will.

The first problem he will tackle is the beleaguered state of the economy. Double-digit inflation has resulted from the printing of unbacked currency to cover budget deficits. Therefore, the logical way to end inflation is to balance the budget, wiping out deficit spending and ending the need for a constant flow of "funny money" from the government printing presses. This is what Ronald Reagan, backed by noted economists Milton Friedman, Alan Greenspan, and Arthur Laffer, proposes to do.

Reagan realizes that a Democratic Congress, forced to balance the budget, will, left to itself, do so by

raising taxes. Under the present tax structure, taxes are being increased faster than wages. This results in a no-win situation for business and consumers alike. Taxes must be cut—and they must be cut before the budget can be balanced. Kemp-Roth, the tax-cut plan favored by Reagan, will provide incentives to business and individuals, and thereby increase productivity and consumption. This will set the economy on the road to recovery.

Just as America must regain her strength at home, she must also regain her former status in world affairs. For peace cannot be achieved through disarmament and appeasement, but only through strength. Strength is not achieved by preparing to draft the nation's teenagers. Instead, the existing fighting force

must be equipped with more and better weapons. Rather than increasing the likelihood of war, this will, in fact, reduce it by acting as a deterrent to potential enemies.

The choice in 1980 is a choice between two futures; the one, a continuation of the bankrupt brand of liberal philosophies which have plagued this nation and brought it to its present state of affairs; the other, a dynamic return to the sound and proven policies which once earned for this country the love of its people and the respect of the world.

Only Ronald Reagan can restore America to that position of greatness.

The choice is ours to make. □

Mary Frances Rice is a Junior from Mishawaka, Indiana.



Anderson

The Realistic Choice

by Sean Faircloth



Rep. John Anderson

My father, plagiarizing from some illustrious figure whom I cannot recall, often said, 'If you are not a communist at twenty, you have no heart; if you are still one at forty you are a fool.' It is a sign of our times that at the supposed height of my burning idealism, I have no political battle to which I may devote my heart and soul. True, an Anderson sticker is emblazoned upon the door of my abode, but my support for the man springs more from a political philosophy nearly drenched in cynicism rather than any stereotypical McCarthyite enthusiasm. In 1980 Americans are faced with the lesser of three evils, the greatest evil of John Anderson being that his odds of winning are similar to Ali's during round 10 of his recent bout. So without disrespect to those Anderson supporters who may believe in their candidate with a born-again fervor, I shall explain why I personally believe Anderson is the most realistic of the three unfortunate options.

First, what does Ronald Reagan offer? As a pragmatist I believe as little attention should be paid to rhetoric as possible. Emphasis should be on record. Reagan was essentially a passive governor who had a remarkably short workday, even in his younger years. He went home to Nancy at 6:30 promptly every night. He had the good fortune to be the leader of a state on the economic upswing. Some parallels can be drawn to Eisenhower. It was O.K. to drift, since we were on

smooth water at the time.

The great threat of Reagan is not, I believe, his terrifying stands on the issues—they are already fading now that he is shooting to star on the national, instead of the Republican, stage. Reagan is a much more stable option than people realize. If his record as chief executive of my home state is any indication, his administration would not be one of radical conservatism. During his 1966 campaign for Governor, Reagan talked radical Republicanism, but once it got him elected, he let his conservative advisors take care of business. Nothing we haven't seen before. A standard Republican.

What does Carter offer? His Presidential record has made his qualities desperately obvious. He is incompetent, seems petty under stress, and has no clear vision to offer the American people. However, when Carter is placed against Reagan, one can well argue, as most Democrats do, that he is still an honest, hardworking man who will be more than a figurehead spouting fuzzy rhetoric.

I believe that although Carter is hardworking, he has shown his integrity to be in great question. True, he has committed not the slightest indiscretion in personal finance, as documented by our own Justice Department, but a much deeper breach of faith has been committed. An intelligent man can very well not have that nebulous quality of leadership which makes for a competent president, but any man who continues to rearrange

his basic view of the world and domestic affairs is either a fool or a hypocrite. And we know Carter to be an intelligent man.

The President's first three years in office were characterized by a foreign policy basically sound, though punctuated by the usual Carter incompetence. Then, as the election year approached and the calm pragmatism of Cyrus Vance was judged not so expedient, Carter tossed the Secretary of State aside to turn foreign policy over to Vance's polar opposite, Zbigniew Brzezinski. Brzezinski is a man who has modelled himself after the modern Metternich of Republican foreign policy, Henry Kissinger. Whether one prefers Brzezinski or Vance, it is clear that such a radical flip-flop in foreign policy has not occurred in modern presidential history.

Carter's economic policy is equally erratic. In '76 it was a balanced budget stance, then the idea was canned. Then as this election year approached it was back to a balanced budget. Now (thanks to the Governor Reagan-inspired vogue) Carter supports the fiscal fantasy of a balanced budget and a tax cut. Carter's soft-spoken, born again style has expertly muffled the accusations of hypocrisy which are only now bubbling to the surface in the wake of the President's less-than-classy campaign style. Ronald Reagan's conservatism is at least predictable, and no more dangerous than the cynical unpredictability of

Carter's foreign and domestic policy. The records of the two major party candidates offer no practical choice.

Reagan claims we are entering a bright new decade. Carter claims we are turning the corner. This kind of rhetoric may have made sense in 1960, but that was a different era. The ideas the two-party system offers us are obsolete. We must accept that the great American "heyday" is over. Long shot though he may be, Anderson offers the only truly practical platform to the American people.

John Anderson knows that we can neither balance the budget, nor protect our foreign policy interests by wasting dollars on soon-to-be-obsolete programs such as the MX

missile. Anderson knows the only way to make serious and speedy progress in gasoline conservation is through sharp, painful monetary restrictions such as his 50-cent gas tax plan. He knows it is ridiculous to hand out massive tax cuts and expect to balance the budget at the same time. Anderson's tax cut proposals are not impractical campaign panaceas, but serious plans which will help create an efficient economy. This is exemplified by his support of a 10 per cent tax credit for research and development to increase the productivity of the American worker. The vision John Anderson has for the eighties is not a comfortable one, but it is the only realistic one.

What the Democrats and the Republicans have failed to recognize

is that America has entered a new age of global interdependence which requires efficiency, not easy money; moderation not militarism; and above all, a serious sacrifice on the part of the American people. Without the acceptance of these self-evident realities, the differences between Carter and Reagan are irrelevant. If we are to face the unsettling decade ahead, perhaps it is time Americans renounced the comfortable complacency of the Carters and the Reagans, and made the difficult choice. To vote for John Anderson is to stand for pragmatic realism, when our nation can afford little else. □

Sean Faircloth is a Junior from Huntington Beach, Calif.

Anderson

The Necessary Tools

by Mark Ferron

The decade of the 1980's will be critical for the United States and for the world. As the necessary and scarce resources of the planet—oil, arable land, water, mineral deposits—become depleted, difficult choices and intelligent decisions will have to be made by our leaders.

Carter and Reagan have both shown that they are unwilling or unable to make the creative decisions necessary of the President. The Democratic incumbent has established a tragically inconsistent foreign policy, has advocated an ill-conceived energy program, and has slowed the fires of inflation—which he himself fueled—only by precipitating a recession and sacrificing American jobs. Meanwhile the Republican nominee uses a distorted view of the past to appeal to simple minds and proposes an absurdly inappropriate and outdated panacea for modern societal ills.

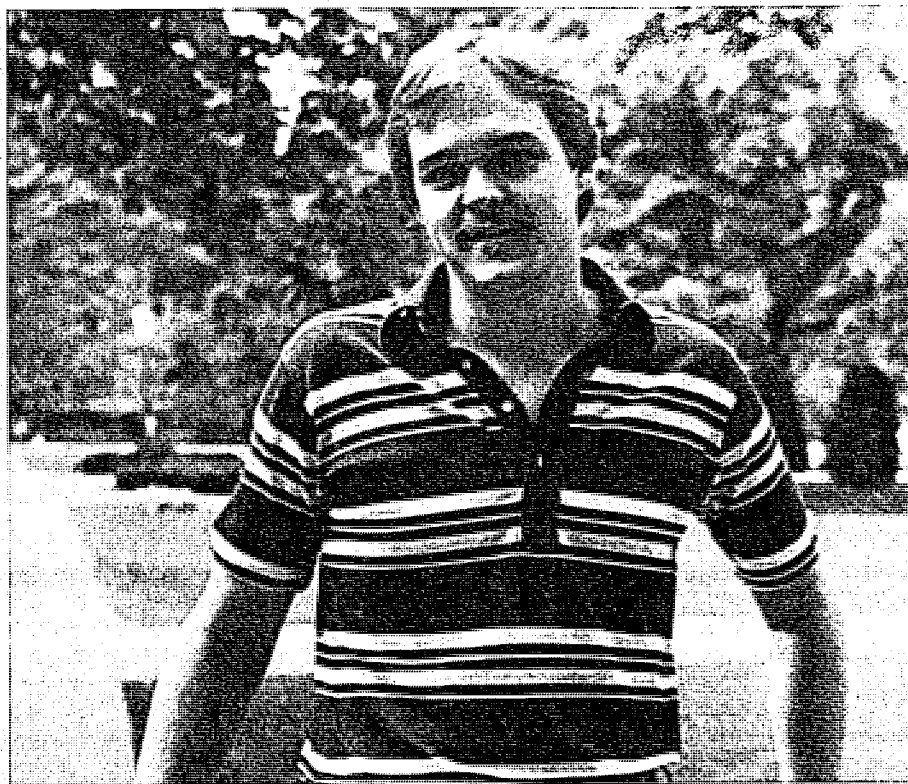
John Anderson, however, has the necessary tools for the presidency—tools that Carter and Reagan sorely lack. Anderson has experience; he has spent twenty years in Congress and before that served as a diplomat to Germany. He continually demonstrates his ability to "think on his feet." His novel "50/50 Conservation Tax Plan" reveals Anderson's genuine grasp of the gravity of the present world situation. Anderson has shown his grit and his ability

to rise above petty politics by opposing draft registration and the wasteful MX missile in front of the VFW and by advocating the elimination of tobacco price supports while addressing an audience in Virginia. Rather than just denouncing "waste," John Anderson has proposed *specific* budget cuts and rev-

enue adjustments to achieve a balanced budget for fiscal 1981.

John B. Anderson, because of his determination, intellect, and creativity, is the one candidate who is qualified to assume the role of President for the eighties. □

Mark Ferron is a Senior from Appleton, Wisconsin.



A Rare Optimistic Look at the 1980 Presidential Election

by Dan Moore

The signs are unmistakable. Throughout the past decade the center of the American political spectrum has been drifting to the right. Along with that drift has come a growing popular consensus that not only has struck fear into the hearts of liberal candidates everywhere, but has produced two of the most conservative-sounding candidates the United States has seen in quite some time. Clearly the 1980 election represents the culmination of a broadly supported swing in the mood of the nation.

In a real sense, though, the shift right has been a subtle one, and very difficult to pin down. Traditionally, or at least in the pre-1970's, conservatives have been tied to stringent ideals: a strong military, preservation of family values, individualism, protection of private property, and free enterprise. Yet these values have become more abstract as society has grown more complex; today "conservatism" represents an amalgam of views.

These views come from the disenchanted on all sides of society. They come from those who have been frightened away from liberal dogma, from those who cannot accept quotas, or the onerous burden of taxes, or government intrusion on private businesses and corporations. These views come from defectors of the left who, having seen their movements taken too far, cry that enough is enough. One-time liberal professor Daniel Bell of Harvard is now deeply concerned over society's loss of religious values. Senator Gary Hart of Colorado, one of the Senate's most notable liberals, is moving with the others toward fiscal responsibility, and even increases in some defense programs. Susan Brownmiller, one of the leaders of the peace and civil rights movements, advocates censorship of pornography.

Gradually, Americans have witnessed their politicians responding to



this swing. Democrats and Republicans are appealing to this large segment of society to give them the edge in November. John Anderson, ironically enough (he is the Republican who has been in Washington for 20 years), inherits the same left that Gene McCarthy and George McGovern appealed to in their unsuccessful campaigns. Nevertheless, a great deal of his supporters like what he has to say about fiscal restraint, while wary of Carter's and Reagan's militaristic attitudes. By November, though, Anderson, with the bulk of his support coming from middle- and upper-class students, will not be a serious candidate.

Former Governor Ronald Reagan has tried to harness this flood of sentiment by forming a dynamic coalition unseen by Republicans since the days of Teddy Roosevelt. While slowly convalescing from Nixon and Watergate, a whole new breed of Republicans has emerged. These Republicans are no longer afraid of going into the streets and displaying the fallacies of big government. They are beginning to get through to business and labor, to the rich and poor, to the pro-family groups and individualists. The target of this coalition centers on traditional Republicans (big business, the suburban elite, and rural

groups), blue-collar workers disenchanted by Carter's economics, and religious and pro-family groups.

Of these three blocs the blue-collar vote is the key. If Reagan can capture or at least do well in this area, many political analysts feel that he can win the election. Undoubtedly this will be no easy feat as union leaders remain terminally Democrat. On the other hand, the blue-collar worker has finally found a friend in a Republican party who knows his plight and offers alternatives to the painful economics of Jimmy Carter.

Conservative columnist Robert Novak notes that the new conservatism in the Republican party, exemplified by Jack Kemp, offers an almost revolutionary economic package for the working class. Traditionally Republican economists, such as Nixon advisors Herbert Stein and George Shultz, have advocated that austerity measures be adopted to cure inflation and "get business going." Without exception it has been labor and not business which has borne the burden of this austerity. As a result the working class remained easy prey for Democratic promises of government help.

Now, however, it is the Republicans who are making promises. New conservatives such as Kemp and USC economist Arthur Laffer have

formulated Reagan's economic policies which promise a lifting of these burdens. Unions are not the cause of inflation, it turns out, rather it is government. The idea is that if the enormous tax is lifted, the economy will be stimulated to such an extent that Americans will actually *earn their pay*, and the increase in production will keep government revenues about even. This idea, which promises much, is enormously appealing to blue-collar workers. As Kemp noted at the convention, "It's immoral to tell working men and women to hold their wage increases to 8 per cent while the government devalues their paychecks by 12 per cent."

This is a far cry from the Barry Goldwater conservatism of 1964, which scared blue-collar workers to Johnson with its strident anti-unionism. In fact the tax cut which the Republicans now propose is not unlike the successful tax cut John Kennedy proposed in 1962 which was aimed at stimulating the economy through increased production. Conservatives of that day opposed the tax cut on the grounds that it was irresponsible to cut such a large amount of revenue from the budget. Interestingly the roles have been reversed and liberals today decry the large tax cut as inflationary and fiscally unsound.

It is thus a new conservatism on whose crest Ronald Reagan will ride in November. Its roots are ingrained in the traditional values of American morality and individualism, but its framework is hardly static, relying on innovative, imaginative solutions to age-old problems. In fact its vitality is almost reminiscent of the Democratic party in the early 60's which promised so much, and spurred new ideas on civil rights, antipoverty programs, and equal opportunity programs.

President Carter faces this serious challenge from the right with his own brand of conservatism. The traditional coalition which has given the Democrats success in the past includes the unions, the "solid South," the minorities, and the Eastern Establishment liberals. The Democratic party has never been a focal point for these groups, for they are highly divergent. Rather it has

been acting more as an umbrella under which these noncohesive groups can seek protection and the advancement of their interests.

However, as the Eastern Establishment liberals become less influential (or in the case of many, simply defect to conservatism or neo-conservatism,), as union members and minorities become more susceptible to tax-cut fever, and as the silod South begins to wonder about big government and the attack on the family, Jimmy Carter must counter these trends with an offensive of his own. Just as Reagan must remember the lessons of Goldwater, so too must Carter remember the lessons of McGovern.

As a result, Carter has to assemble a coalition not unlike Reagan's—in

It is thus a new conservatism on whose crest Ronald Reagan will ride in November. Its roots are ingrained in the traditional values of American morality and individualism but its framework is hardly static . . .

tune with the political mood of the nation, yet responsive to the traditional values of Democrats and their progressive heritage. Carter is not blind, he is a master politician and his strategy, a conservative thrust that plays for the smaller interest groups, is aimed at just that. His main weapon is his record.

Many Reagan backers are trying to pass Carter off as just another unsuccessful liberal. This notion ignores not only Carter's performance but the fact that the Democrats have also been swinging right. In 1976 Carter was nominated as an anti-big-government outsider who was a "born again" Christian. conservative swing. To keep the liberals in his camp, Carter added Mondale to his ticket. Yet his campaign rhetoric of balanced budgets and trimming big government was hardly the kind of thing McGoverns, Humphreys, and Kennedys talked

about in their campaigns.

Once elected, Carter continued to grant concessions to liberals in order that they not be offended. The most notable of these include the creation of the Department of Education, the ill-fated appointment of Theodore Sorrenson, and the appointment of Andrew Young as U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations.

Yet to dwell on these and other concessions is to blur the real issues that Carter has acted on. He has insisted that defense take a priority over social programs, he has been obstinate in his attempt to achieve a balanced budget, he has been an advocate of deregulation, and he has come up with a tax cut almost as radical as Reagan's. It was not simply for a touch of campaign rhetoric that Teddy Kennedy called the President a "clone of Reagan," or that in May 1977 George McGovern denounced Carter's record in front of the Americans for Democratic Action. Carter just does not fit in the glorious tradition of innovative liberal presidents.

Neither Carter nor Reagan is a rigidly fixed apostle of some ideology. If one looks closely at their backgrounds, they both have gone through many political changes and conversions in their careers. They have been adaptable and so they have survived. Today both candidates are trying to find a successful approach to the presidency based upon coalitions which emerged largely through the shift right. The campaigns of both men thus do not comprise a historical accident; they are reactions to the ideological direction in which the United States is headed. Yet in a larger sense, that direction is moving away from ideological purity and toward a forceful pragmatism that will get the problems solved.

Between 1953 and 1968, the average inflation rate was 2 per cent and the average unemployment was 4.9 per cent. Between 1969 and 1972 the average rate of unemployment was 4.9 per cent. Between 1969 and 1972 the average inflation rate was 5.3 per cent and unemployment was 4.9. Between 1973 and 1979 the average inflation rate was 8.5 per cent and unemployment 6.8. During the

(cont. on page 16)

1960's with inflation so low, it was easy to increase government outlays for experimental social programs.

Today this is no longer the case. The rise in productivity in these three periods was 2.4 per cent per year in the first period; 2.1 per cent in the second; 0.5% in the third. In 1969 it cost \$3.21 for a barrel of crude oil, today's price is about \$35. With the increase in taxes over the past 17 years, real income has actually decreased for most Americans. Defense spending comprised half of the GNP back in the 1950's and early 60's. Today, government outlays make up about 21.4 per cent of the GNP, and defense spending makes up about a quarter of the budget.

These are the real problems that we face as Americans in the 1980's and they affect every individual. The solutions lie in restraining government to cap a vertiginous inflation and in cutting taxes to stimulate productivity and employment. Both candidates preach this, and both reflect the mood of the nation.

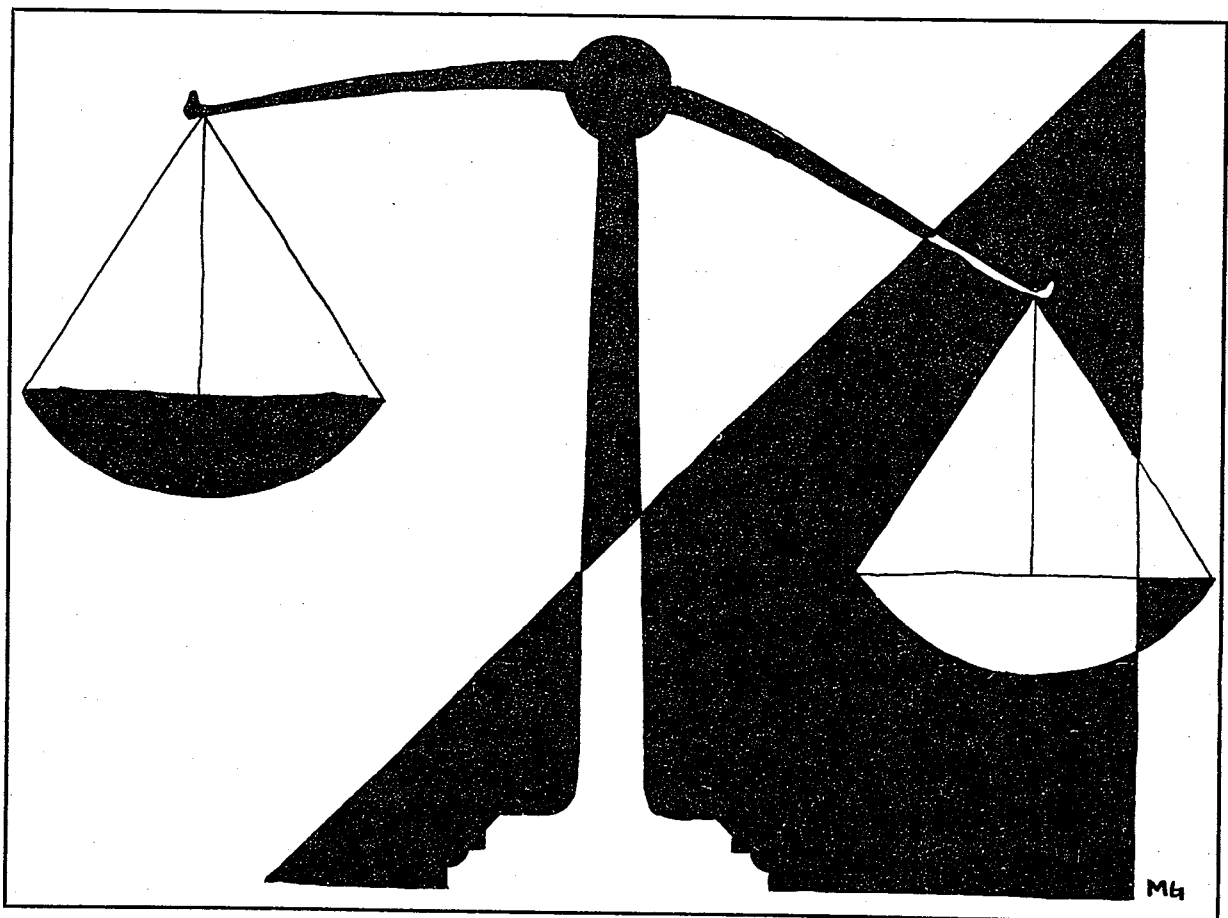
To call this mood a conservative one may be slightly misleading for it encompasses a wide band of society which has just come to realize that the practical problems we face require not worn-out dogma, but practical solutions.

As America is hemmed in on all sides, it is essential that she find a leader who will be able to successfully handle her problems. It is useless, therefore, to make Ronald Reagan's acting ability or Jimmy Carter's brother an issue in the election. It is also useless to depict Reagan as a mad button pusher or Carter as an incompetent peanut farmer. It is, of course, naive to think that this sort of thing will not occur. Yet since, as we often hear these days, we are at a "crossroad in history" or on a "rendezvous with our fate," it becomes increasingly more important that we tune out the blindness of emotionalism and tune in our economic, social, and political senses and interests. Gone are the days when America could

afford otherwise.

This swing right, then, is not an ideological shift but a practical one. It is not a matter of liberal or conservative; it is a matter of success or failure. It brings various concerned elements together to draw on our values of the past, and to react to a challenging situation with innovative ideas for the future. The United States has traditionally responded to problems with a great deal of vigor and success. We have come a long way on poverty, civil rights, and security issues. Today's economic problems are just as crucial, because the world has become an unforgiving environment almost overnight. With an awareness of these problems, though, we have already achieved much, and in 1980 we hold the potential for building a peaceful and prosperous America and a better world.

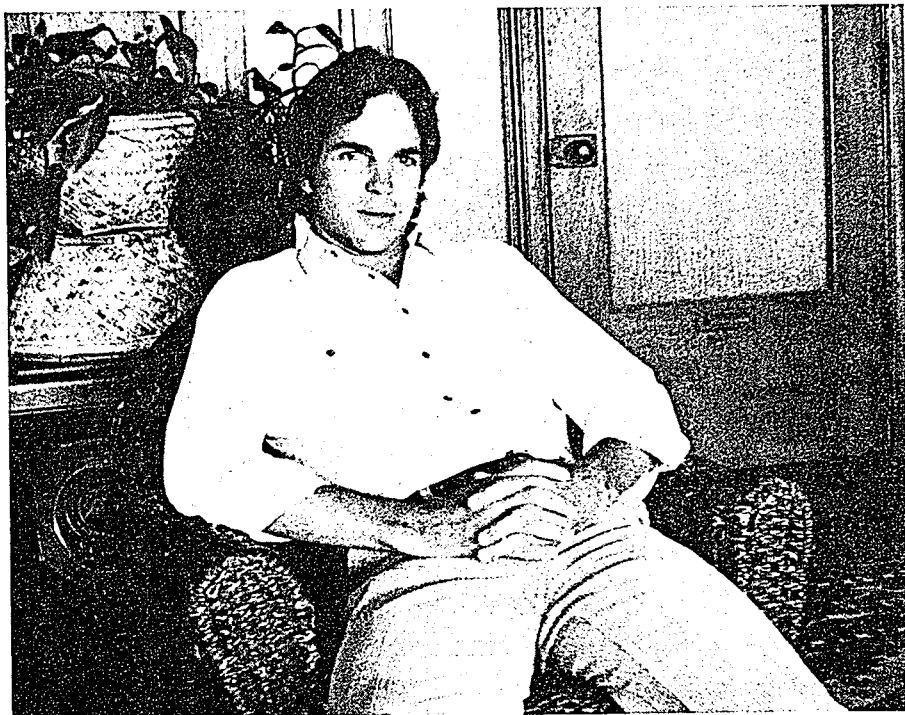
Dan Moore is a Senior Government major from Albany, N.Y.



73 Market Street

Low-keyed Energy

by August Jennewein



Tony Bill

From the outside, 73 Market Street looks like a typical two-story brick warehouse, located one block from the Pacific Ocean, just off the Venice boardwalk. However, it is far from being a typical warehouse. In fact, it houses Market Street Productions, a Tony Bill film productions outfit. Here in the beach community of Venice, California, Tony Bill has developed his own film productions office. His offices are as low-key as the jewelry studio and art galleries that also line the block. Market Street has become an unassuming stretch of buildings which house a mecca of art sorts.

Once inside, you are transported into another era. There is a feel of the 1930's and 40's as you climb the stairs and enter the second floor offices. Polished wood floors lead you down the L-shaped corridor of offices, lined with green ferns and a variety of local artwork. Large windows allow for an abundant supply of sunshine and ocean breeze. An air of relaxation radiates throughout 73 Market Street.

Bill's offices are located just off the outdoor patio, which until recently had an unobscured view of the ocean. He rents out the remainder of the second floor offices and the use of the first floor's private screen-

ing room to other writers, directors, and producers. There is a definite communal atmosphere.

Tony Bill himself is a low-key man who does not deal in the typical Hollywood scene. He has a tremendous reputation for supporting new talent, and is one of the only independent producers who accept unsolicited manuscripts through the mail.

His own office is quite spacious, filled with plush furniture, woven rugs on the polished wood floors, large green plants, a truly comfortable rocker, a variety of mementos (such as his Oscar for best picture—*The Sting*), and the typical 73 Market Street sunshine and ocean breeze. He sits behind his desk, usually with a phone in his hand. He's constantly occupied looking for, or listening to fresh new ideas. He's a filmmaker in his own right.

He started in the film industry as an actor fresh out of the University of Notre Dame in the summer of '62. In 1958 he had no idea he'd go into film, and even less knowledge of where he would go to college. His was the story of many sons of Notre Dame alumni when it came time to choose which college to attend.

"Well, my father had gone there. And I had visited the campus, so I

knew what the place was like physically. I also had this family obligation to consider Notre Dame; so after I applied and was accepted it tended to make up my mind." He continues to reflect back to his college days after a brief pause. The daily routine "was the same thing all the time. We had room check and lights-out. In the morning we had to get up and sign in fully clothed. It was kind of like military school.

"I had no idea I would get into the theatre. It wasn't until my sophomore year that I actually participated in a play, and then it was over at St. Mary's. It was the Shakespeare play, *Love's Labour Lost*. I had previously tried out for a play at Notre Dame, but I didn't get a part. I was invited to work backstage, but I wasn't in love with the theatre. I wanted to perform, so that's when I went over to St. Mary's, and after that I wasn't welcome back at the Notre Dame theatre."

Over the past decade Tony Bill has been a top-notch independent producer with major successes such as *The Sting*, *Taxi Driver* (which he did not produce, but his production company made) and last year's *Going in Style*.

A producer theoretically has total
(cont. on page 22)

The Christian Menace

by Prof. Ralph McInerney



At the joint press conference held by Ronald Reagan and John Anderson in Baltimore, Soma Golden of the *New York Times* raised the issue of all these crazy Christians meddling in politics. She was particularly incensed by the letter Cardinal Medeiros of Boston had sent to priests and people reminding them of the Church's judgment on abortion. The scarcely concealed rage with which Soma put the question indicated the seriousness with which secular humanists regard the Christian menace. It was not only Ms. Golden's name that put me in mind of *Brave New World*.

John Anderson handled the question by concentrating on the issue of abortion, more or less avoiding the reference to arrant clerics. His position is just the sort of nonsense I suppose Cardinal Medeiros was blowing the whistle on. Anderson is personally against abortion, but he does not wish to inflict his views on anybody else. One wonders what causes Anderson to be personally against abortion. Because it is wrong? Because it is the taking of innocent human life? If so, he ought to have the same reservations about

laws against homicide and theft. Reagan, as we have come to expect, gave a straightforward answer to the question, an answer a Christian can live with.

Since that *soi-disant* debate, we have been inundated by articles and programs warning us of the threat posed by the fundamentalist, born-again evangelicals who are presuming to appraise the political scene—issues and candidates—in the light of their beliefs. Dan Rather did a job on them; there were similar somewhat less hostile reports on the other networks. And now Monsignor George Higgins has written about the matter in *America*, much to Carl Rowan's relief; the latter quotes the former with unction when he warns pro-lifers that they must beware of being taken over by the right wing. Apparently clerics can meddle in politics if they say the right thing.

What surprised me was that neither of the candidates replied to Soma Golden's question by reminding her of the role that the clergy played in the Civil Rights Movement. It has long been recognized that if blacks had waited for politicians to

rectify their plight, they would still be waiting. Politicians and the rest of us were awakened and persuaded not by legal or constitutional arguments but by the open appeal to our religious beliefs. How could a Christian in conscience give in to racial prejudice? It was not the ideal of secular humanism but the Judaeo-Christian ethic that brought about the change in law and the change in attitude. I think it goes without saying that when Soma Golden warns about meddling clerics she does not have Martin Luther King, Ralph Abernathy, or Jesse Jackson in mind. And, whatever the compatibility of civil rights with secular humanism, secular humanism scarcely provides the motive we need to effect a change in our life and outlook.

I am suggesting that the inconsistency of the Rathes and Goldenes and Rowans indicates that they are really not against the Church being involved in politics or believers assessing the public scene in light of their religious beliefs. When the bishops of Holland (along with the leaders of various Protestant denominations) protested the deportation of Jews in 1942, they were doing

something appropriate and praiseworthy, even though it led to the roundup within days of all Jews who had become Christians. It is arguable that Edith Stein would not have perished at Auschwitz if the churchmen had remained silent. One can recognize that there is a right and duty for churchmen to speak out on political matters while at the same time noticing that there are times when it might be unwise to exercise that right. Furthermore, churchmen can exercise that right in saying stupid things.

Thus, I suggest that (a) the current criers of alarm actually accept the right of churchmen to speak out on political matters; they just do not like what some churchmen are currently saying and wish to oppose them by invoking a principle they themselves do not accept. Further, (b) churchmen may exercise the right and cause consequences they do not intend and cannot be held responsible for; and (c) not just anything a churchman says about political matters merits respect.

By and large, political issues do not present alternatives such that one is manifestly at variance with religious belief. That is why, I suspect, we are somewhat surprised when clerics speak out on matters which are religiously neutral. This is not to say, of course, that the believer ought not see all things through the lens of faith. But faith does not often necessitate one judgment rather than the other, which is why believers are normally found throughout the political spectrum. But there are issues where one alternative is manifestly incompatible with religious belief, with Judaism, with Christianity. Even here, as in the example of the Dutch bishops of yore, prudence could dictate silence rather than protest. Cardinal Madeiros's letter, like that of the Dutch bishops in 1942, did not have the result he might have wished, but that surely does not vitiate what he said.

The problem nowadays is that secular humanists want to dictate the issues which are beyond the range of episcopal appraisal. But this is not for them to say. They may wish to think of public funding of abortions and the dissemination of contraceptives as morally neutral, but they are wrong. All things being equal, a believer would be stupid to

vote for a man who would back or implement policies which are contrary to fundamental Christian beliefs. Martin Luther King would have been mad if he voted for a segregationist and I doubt that he would have accepted the notion that his conception of equality was a private opinion that could not be publicly implemented.

Monsignor Higgins warns that Christians concerned about abortion are being taken over by right-wingers. There are those who would reply that Monsignor Higgins was long ago taken over by the left wing, and indeed there is a consistent similarity between the views he has taken over the years and the views of political liberals. In a more extreme case, many feel that liberation theologians are adopting (and being adopted by) Marxism, an outlook incompatible with Christianity. If Monsignor Higgins has a point, and he does, it should be generalized. While a Christian might be a conservative or a liberal—though not a Marxist—he would be wrong to equate his political outlook with what Christianity demands of its adherents in the political order. One

who identifies being a political conservative and being a Christian is exactly as wrong as he who identifies being a political liberal and being a Christian. Like Soma Golden, Monsignor Higgins seems unaware that the accusation he makes can be directed against himself.

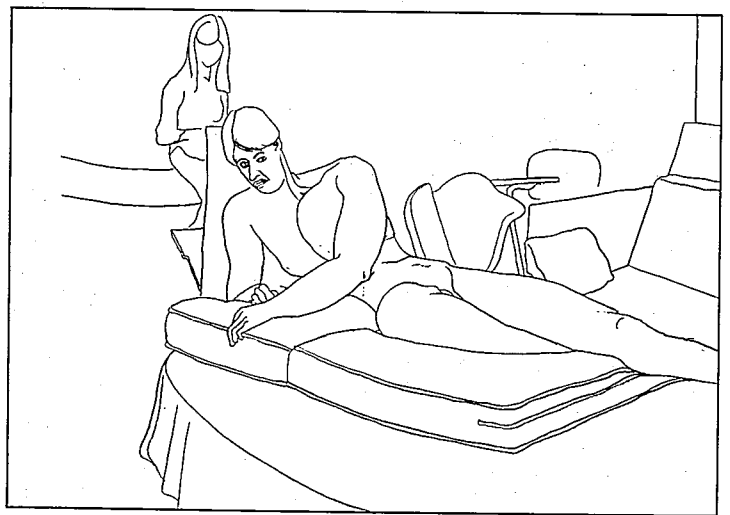
No doubt Christians who are liberal politically have a problem when the only candidate who opposes public funding of abortions is a political conservative. It is difficult to see how their judgment that another candidate is more congenial on most other issues can be traded off against his being wrong on this massively important one. Single-issue politics? Perhaps. This recently coined scare phrase would aptly capture what would have been right and Christian in Nazi Germany and in the case of civil rights in the United States. Once more, we see that it is not single-issue politics that bothers secular humanists, but the single issue that many believers now feel takes precedence over all the others. □

Dr. Ralph McInerney is Director of the Medieval Institute.

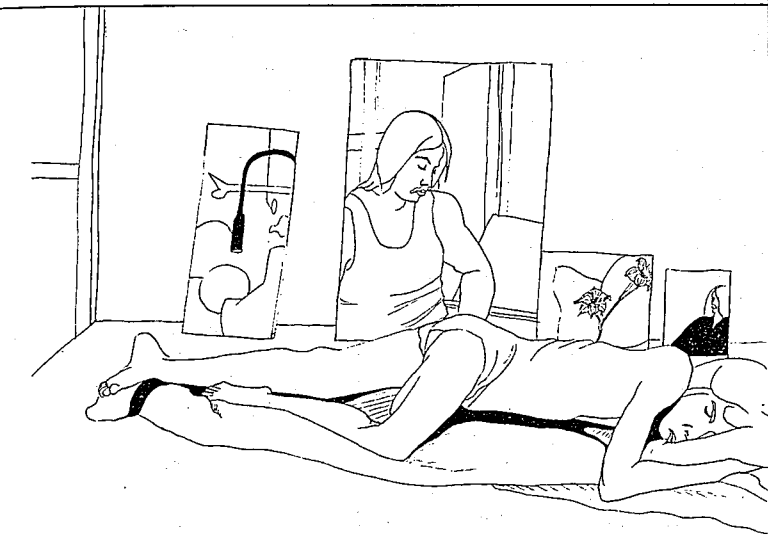
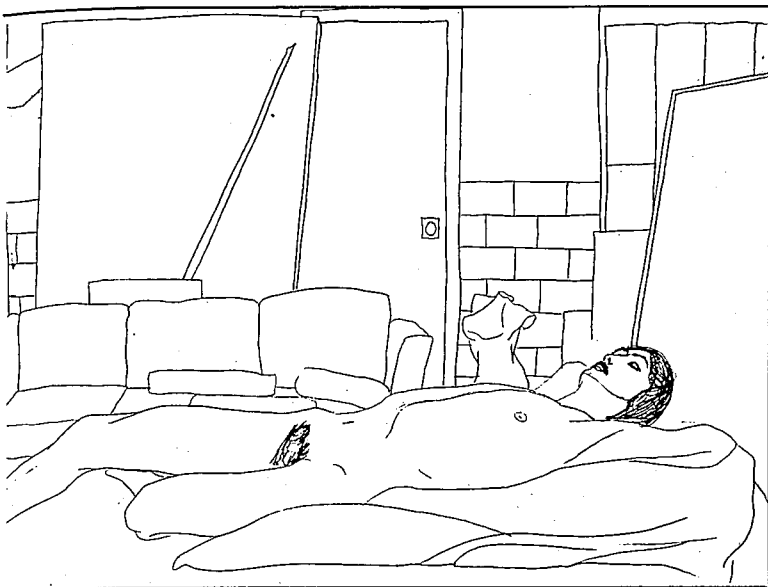


Gallery

by Brigid Mast



"My primary drawing medium is pen and ink, and I try to exploit to the fullest the crisp line it produces by using as little shading as possible. This tends to eliminate any impression of deep space and knit the surface of the drawing together with a network of lines. Because of its inherent beauty as a pure form, the human figure (often nude but not naked) is my main subject matter; the emphasis here is not on realistic depiction but on a harmonious configuration of lines and curves."



(cont. from p. 17)

control of a film. "You try and walk a thin line between your ideas and somebody else's. Basically it's like being a referee. I enjoy producing, I guess. No, I never really enjoy producing a film. There are always battles. *My Bodyguard* was the first thing I enjoyed." The critics and the public are also eliciting positive responses to the movie, which is shown by favorable reviews and crowded theatres.

My Bodyguard is Bill's most recent effort as a filmmaker. It is his directing debut with the public; however, he directed a short film based on O. Henry's short story, "Ransom of Red Chief," a few years ago. *My Bodyguard* has been called a sort of *Catcher in the Rye* about two teenage boys.



The film was shot on location in Chicago, using mostly first-time teenage actors. Bill comments, "I enjoyed it, but it was difficult working with people who never acted before. It was like conducting an orchestra which never had played together. There were happy accidents. Chicago was great. It was beautiful and it wasn't too hot that summer. I liked the looks of Chicago. As the director, I wanted to survive the film. I wanted to make sure it would be a movie that would be released. And that it would be entertaining to people."

"I never really enjoy Producing a film. There are always Battles. 'My bodyguard' was the first thing I enjoyed."

He developed the film into its final appearance from the Alan Ormby screenplay, which he optioned with his own money. "Developing the film from the beginning is just more fun. It's a different way of working. You're in at the start, and it's just more fun. And I never felt the difficulties, since I wasn't producing the film. Melvin Simons was the executive producer who put up the money, and a friend of mine, Don Devlin, was the producer. So we got along very well."

Bill is pleased with the response his film is getting from both the critics and the public. "Good reviews help, but I don't think bad reviews hurt a picture. Making money is the bottom line in a certain sense. You can't make movies if they don't make money, because you won't have enough money to make more movies."

This approach seems to put the power of making films into the hands of the business executives, instead of the creative filmmakers. Bill explained the situation. "The power is in the hands of the people who can be fired, and that's why they make such inappropriate decisions. Anytime you can be fired for making the wrong decision, you are not free to make the best one. That's why I'm not a studio director. I like to make the films I'd like to make, or at least try. And I hope the rest of the world likes them, too."

Asked about how he views the horizons of the film industry in general, and himself in particular, he responded, "I don't know what will happen to the industry. For me, I don't know either. Someday I might write and direct. (He pauses). You never know when it (the next idea) will hit."

August Jennewein is a second-semester senior from St. Louis, Mo. His modus vivendi is "A belief in self is the only way."

A Preview of the Snite Museum

by Paul McGinn

"A museum is built because you have collections, and Father Sorin certainly was aware of having and wanting art around him," states Dr. Dean A. Porter, Director of the Snite Museum of Art. "The idea of a separate museum structure came to the University in the sixties. The collection dictated that we had to do something substantial to house the collections which we had drawn."

At present, the entire collection stands at well over twelve thousand, of which eight thousand are prints, drawings, or photographs. At any one time, 50 percent of the paintings, 40 percent of the sculptures, and one hundred prints, drawings, and photographs will be on display. The only travelling shows to be housed in the new museum will be those on paper. These shows will take place in the Print and Drawing Gallery, located on the second level of the structure. Touring shows involving paintings or sculptures will be shown in the five renovated galleries of O'Shaughnessy Hall.

By the addition of new ceilings, special lighting, and parquet to the present O'Shaughnessy Galleries, the administrators are attempting to present the viewer with the concept of an integrated complex, not that of conjoined old and new structures.

With regard to the quality of the collection, Porter maintains that, with the exception of the major museums, "We are very much on par with most city museums and certainly with most university museums."

In establishing the importance of the complex, Porter asserts that Snite is one of the three great museums in Indiana, the other two being the Indianapolis Museum of Art and the soon-to-be constructed museum on the Bloomington campus of the University of Indiana.

Recounting the major headaches of the opening of the museum, the Director cites the installation of special exhibits and the conservation of the collection pieces as difficulties which took much time and energy this past year. In summing the process of opening the museum, Dr. Porter relates, "It's like a jigsaw puzzle where all the pieces are on the floor . . . and there's a lot of blue sky with no clouds, just flat, blue sky. We try to put all the pieces together, and happily, we're at a point where we're seeing the blue sky all completed now."

In viewing the museum structure itself, one is first struck by the high ceilings of the sculpture and painting galleries which afford the observer a celestial effect. The intimacy of the Print and Drawing Gallery presents an atmosphere of intensity which helps the viewer to concentrate on the works before him. Another great feature of the complex is the use of filtered natural light which enhances the collections many times more than the conventional artificial lighting.



Dean A. Porter, Museum Director

The collection itself is laid out chronologically, beginning with the Gallery of Ancient, Medieval, and Early Renaissance Art. Most striking of the pieces of the ancient collection is an Egyptian black basalt falcon. Standing over thirty inches high, the ever-searching eyes seem to conjure visions of the legendary Maltese Falcon. Other pieces of this collection come from Middle Eastern, Greek, and Roman cultures.

Turning to the Medieval Collection, one encounters two eight-foot-high Spanish columns of the eleventh century flanked by a fourteenth century German wood sculpture of a prophet, and by a thirteenth century Madonna from the Ile de France. Between the columns stands a wooden Madonna and child sculpture. On either side of this conglomeration sit two capitals from

some unknown Western European churches.

Moving to the Early Renaissance Gallery, one is first struck by the gold backgrounds of the devotional paintings of the renowned Kress Collection. On loan from the National Gallery of Art in Washington, these paintings greatly resemble icons, but in actuality they are gold gilt and paint works of the fifteenth century. Another striking work is that of a Madonna adoring the Christ child by the Master of San Miniato. In both the Kress paintings and the work of the Master of Miniato, one is fascinated by the artist's adept use of the gold backgrounds to accentuate the radiant colors of the characters portrayed. The final superlative item of the Early Renaissance Collection is the "Coronation of the Virgin, Flanked by Two Saints," which was restored over this past summer. Two feet tall, the wooden sculpture is covered in gold gilt and paint. The expressions on the faces of the statuettes are remarkably explicit in detail and cast a glowing imprint on the viewer's mind.

Entering the Knott-Beckman Gallery of High Renaissance and Baroque Art, one is drawn to the grace and elegance of the collection and is moved to take up the entire spectacle at once. An exceptional piece is "Repose on the Flight into Egypt" by Claude Gellée, the father of French landscape painting. Depicting the Holy Family guarded by angels as the three rest on their historic journey, Gellée produces a poetic landscape of a northern Italian fortress and surrounding countryside. The mist and idyllic evening light produce a calm and soothing effect.

A large painting, "The Agony in



Steve Spiro, Museum Curator

the Garden," by Jouvenet, or a member of his school, depicts the passing of the cup of death to Jesus on the Mount of Olives. While brilliantly bedecked angels look on, John, James, and Peter sleep peacefully. This seventeenth century work enraptures the viewer by minute details of Christ's facial expression as He agonizes over His impending death. In the words of Curator Steve Spiro, "It's really one of the masterpieces of French Baroque art."

Another beautiful landscape is by the Dutchman Jacob Van Ruisdael, who is recognized as one of the fathers of naturalistic painting. Entitled, "The Water Mill," the work, in contrast to the Gellee landscape, is identifiable with a certain place (a particular mill in the Netherlands), a distinguishable climate (the low clouds peculiar to Holland), and a distinctive type of lighting (shadows intermingled with a natural light which is common to the area). The naturalistic approach of the painting is truly the basis for the impressionistic movement of the nineteenth century.

As an example of a genre scene, "The Musicians," by Jan Breughel the Elder, is truly a superb representation of the everyday life of seventeenth century German peasants. The round painting, with a diameter of about ten inches, portrays an old woman ready to play her violin while the accompanying old man tunes his mandolin-like instrument. As a comic work, Breughel brings alive the woman's impatience caused by the man's fumbling. Besides the fantastic character portrayal, Breughel sensitively adds delicate detailed foliage and flowers in the background.

Entering the Gallery of Eighteenth and Nineteenth Century Art, one is immediately hit with the panorama of an immense work, "Bacchus and Ceres," a late Baroque production of Francesco De Mura. Drawing together the drama of the High Baroque with the classical restraint of eighteenth century paintings, De Mura presents the god and goddess as expressions of Greek magnificence through the flowing gold and red draperies which cover their flawless bodies.

As the basis for the nineteenth century gallery, the Noah Butkin Collection of nineteenth century French art is one of the finest examples of its kind in the nation. "Marius and the Gaul" by Francois Tabar seems to relive the historical drama of when a Gaul entered Marius' quarters to assassinate the famous Roman general. With the

determined expression of a confident and courageous hero, Marius challenges the Gaul to carry out the deed. Presenting the account of the event chiefly through the character of Marius, Tabar creates a severe and austere atmosphere which makes this painting the greatest neo-classical work in the collection.

An Aligny creation of the 1830's, "Italian Landscape," provides a spectacle of the classical grandeur of two cliffs as they seemingly reach out to each other. A cool coloring, united with the artist's monumental lighting effects, produces a restrained, yet still extremely impressive scene.

"La Marseillaise," an Ary Scheffer oil sketch of the 1820's, was supposed to be a basis for a larger painting which never came about. A truly Romantic effort, the work pours forth the spirit of the French Revolution as the patriots march onward behind the furling tricolor. While a soldier bids farewell to his love, the marchers turn determined eyes toward their quest. With a stormy sky as the backdrop, the viewer almost falls into line to secure victory for France.

As the only impressionistic painting on display, "The Beach at Deauville" by Eugene Boudin, is an exquisite presentation of harmonious color and design. As a great interpreter of the world around him, Boudin instilled in Monet an intense feeling for nature. The effect of the light, sky, vibrant color, and reflections on the water makes this canvas a joyful and eye-pleasing sight.

Gazing upon the Beardsley Gallery of Twentieth Century Art, one is swiftly engrossed by the varied examples of truly fine modern art. By far, the most recognizable work is "Le Miroir," by Pablo Picasso. As a surrealist and abstract accomplishment, the painting presents the upper portion of the body of a woman with a mirror behind the character casting her reflection.

An Alexander Calder mobile, "Crag with Red Heart," consists of a red heart connected by red wire to three white pedals, perfectly balanced on a black base. An almost humorous piece, it relates Calder's fascination with the movement of material objects.¹

Jim Dine's "Little Silver Hole with a Painting in It" at first appears



"Le Miroir" Picasso

to be a morbid and uninteresting work. On closer inspection, the silver hole, surrounded by black canvas, becomes a hopeful and joyous symbol as the hole casts its silverness onto the dark background. The addition of a heavy coating of black paint near the round opening also points to the fact that not even darkness itself is totally uniform.

"Blue Form," by George O'Keeffe, is an example of the philosophy of this great modern artist. O'Keeffe's design simplicity and meticulous brush strokes enliven one's interest in the rhythmical interplay of grey, blue, and white.²

Adolph Gottlieb's "Watching" is a product of the 1950's, and is a fine illustration of the combination of abstractism and realism to produce a surrealist effect. Divided by grey lines into many smaller unrelated paintings, the orange and black fig-

ures seem to speak out against the divisions of society.

Two examples of Josef Albers' *Homage to the Square* series afford a look at the differences produced by color harmony and position upon the simple square. The first, "Slate and Sky," is an exquisite combination of three squares: slate grey, sky blue, and white. The second, "Gutentag IV," is a more distinct conglomeration of squares of orange, green, and white.³

A presentation of the artistic achievements of the ethnocentric cultures, the Gallery of Ethnographic Arts, curated by Doug Bradley, includes works from the American Indian, African, pre-Columbian, and Oceanic civilizations. An Eskimo mask, perhaps a product of the Nunivak tribe of western Alaska, is a driftwood carving of a bear or of a seal. Encircling the mask is a

double halo, from which extend feathers. To these feathers are connected carved animal-like appendages. Commonly, the mask was used by a shaman, an Eskimo priest, to journey into the animal spirit world.

Standing approximately eighteen inches high, a mask of the Mano tribe of Liberia is a brown-tinted creation used as a "judge" or "enforcer" of the rules of the bush school, proving ground for young men seeking admission to manhood. Tinted by rubbing the juices of the cola nut on its surface, the mask also serves as the gatherer of the young villagers who were ready to enter the bush for training.

Cocijo, the rain god of the Monte Alban civilization of western Central America, is portrayed by an orange-colored clay sculpture. About two feet tall, the figure is a funerary work created around 300-400 A.D., a time known as the Transition Period (between the Early Classic and Middle Classic eras). With Glyph C as his headdress, Cocijo seems to ask the viewer to enter a totally different historical perspective and relive the times of the pre-Columbian Period.

The dreams of the enthusiastic administrators and staff will finally be realized as Snite opens on November 9. But when the extensive collection is unveiled, much more than fine works will be presented. Reaching out to each visitor, the paintings, sculptures, and prints will ask questions, answer doubts, and comment on reality. In essence, Snite will become a center of learning, as it will present thoughts and ideas in the furtherance of the educational growth of the Notre Dame community. □



Monte Alban rain god, from Ethnographic Collection

¹ *Contemporary Artists*, edited by Colin Naylor and Genesis P—Orridge (New York: St. Martin's Press, 1977), p. 158.

² *Ibid.*, p. 709.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 21.

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Books

To Shock, Startle, and Awaken—*Bellefleur*: The Saga of an American Family

Bellefleur

by Joyce Carol Oates
E. P. Dutton; 558 pages

by Michael Diaz

Joyce Carol Oates continues her ongoing portrait of American life with the eccentric, wealthy Bellefleur family in her most Gothic novel. Six generations of the Bellefleurs and more than a century of American history are intertwined skillfully—structurally and temporally—in Oates' twelfth novel of her young, prolific literary career.

In her first eleven novels and ten short-story collections, Oates is able to reach "a broad general audience and . . . the intense literati. But along with such abundance of invention comes the risk of failure or deep flaw."¹ Her latest ambitious attempt may well be her latest flaw, though it does show her stylistic talents in tightly packed fragmented stories. The diverse sensational events that she saturates each page with are, of course, meant to shock, startle, awaken — many times for mere show.

The Bellefleurs are a wealthy and notorious clan who live in a mountainous region in an enormous mansion overlooking Lake Noir. They are landowners, business dealers, and manipulators of the government. An eccentric and restless group, they include millionaires; a mass murderer (Jean-Pierre II); a spiritual seeker (Jedediah) who leaves Bellefleur manor for the mountains to search for God; a brilliant child-scientist (Bromwell); a wealthy noctambulist (Hiram) who dies of a kitten scratch; a runaway young girl (Yolande) who becomes an actress, and whose passion for an uncle (Gideon) can only be acted out on the silver screen; a vampire (Veronica) who has a passionate but doomed love affair in her youth; a clairvoyant baby (Germaine) born with her male twin's genitals protruding from her abdomen; and a lovely, young, strong-willed woman, Leah — Germaine's mother, who I think is the heroine of the novel.

The book begins with the tediously dramatic arrival of a "skeletal creature" from out of the depths of a drenching, late-September rainfall. Leah and her husband, Gideon, are

arguing in bed, and she hurries down the stairs to answer the door, followed by each member of the large Bellefleur family. The cat is welcomed by everyone except Gideon. In the morning, the same "rat-sized" creature magically transforms itself into "an extraordinarily beautiful cat . . . with coppery-pink fur, puffed and silky, and an elegant plume-like tail . . . (p. 15)." The disappointing fact about Mahalaleel's majestic arrival is that the creature will later appear sporadically and sparingly throughout the novel as a minor "character."

Almost a year later, Leah gives birth to Germaine (whom the publishers of *Bellefleur* point out as the book's heroine). Soon afterward, Leah senses strange "powers" within herself, first noted by her son, the child-scientist, when he graphs the probability of the frequency of her card winnings. The new "powers" instill in her the urgent need to restore the once-glorious Bellefleur empire of 1780 to its original state.

I think the main story begins at this point, for the rest of the narrative focuses on the said restoration.

Oates bombards the reader with long, detailed, circuitous sentence mazes to enrich her sinuous plot. Her nervously energetic style leads the reader into word labyrinths, usually seen throughout the book as one-sentence paragraphs that sometimes fill a quarter of a page. She couples such digressive prose with a plot which purposely lacks chronological consistency, a plan that Oates explains in the "Author's Note." Thus, she darts back and forth among the six generations of Bellefleurs with self-contained chapters that are able to stand alone as authentic short stories.

In so doing, she focuses on the following characters: Jedediah, who leaves for twenty years, beginning in 1806, to seek God among the mountains; Vernon, the bashful poet who is infatuated with Leah and later drowns when a furious mob throws him and his "poetry" into a lake; a spider that Leah kept

as a pet when she was at a boarding school, and whom she called "Love" (her suitor ultimately kills it); lonely Raphael Lucien Bellefleur II who secludes himself at his own pond, only to disappear later *along with* that pond; Samuel and Uncle Arthur who befriend runaway slaves during John Brown's abolitionist movement; and Jean-Pierre II, the convicted "Innisfrail Butcher" later pardoned by the governor through Leah's tenacious efforts.

The seemingly flimsy relationship between the above diverse characters is solidified deftly by Oates in the scene between the clairvoyant infant Germaine and the insatiably curious Leah. Perhaps there is a minor flaw at this point of the narrative; Oates depicts the new mother as having been intensely curious about the Bellefleur's past empire *before* the scene with Germaine in the walled garden. In any case, Leah privately "asks" her baby daughter what her (Leah's) task should be. Germaine's babbling is interpreted by her mother as a wish to have

The family . . . regain all the land they had lost since the time of Jean Pierre Bellefleur I. Not only must labor to prove the innocence of a considerable empire! — but they must labor to prove the innocence of Jean-Pierre Bellefleur II as well (p. 142).

Thus, Leah ardently begins her quest to restore the old Bellefleur estate of 1780, starting with the Bellefleur men.

She cunningly coaxes each of the men to join in on her scheme, but she unfortunately meets up with a banker and philanthropist who blackmails her into a seduction. P.T. Tirpitz, a robust man in his mid-fifties "renowned throughout the state for his charitable donations," courts Leah until he feels comfortable enough to invite her to his hotel suite. She nervously waits for fifteen minutes for him to appear, sipping the bourbon that a servant has brought on a tray. She

enjoys the seemingly paternal aspect of Tirpitz and delights in his hints of possible donations to the Bellefleurs; but then she spots an envelope on the tray, and

Leah let the card slip through her fingers, whimpering with the surprise—the shock—the distress of it. She got to her feet, and fumbled to set down the glass; and then brought it up to her lips again and swallowed a large mouthful of bourbon (p. 211).

But the Bellefleur misfortunes haunt her: Jean-Pierre II, now an elderly man “pining away in a prison cell”; the Bushkill Ferry massacre of five family members in 1825; “the loss of the land, piece by piece . . . (p. 212).” Her clairvoyant baby is absent and cannot help Leah, so the chapter ends abruptly at an indecisive moment, in a delicate tightrope balance.

Oates leaves the reader in suspense until four chapters later, *after* the blackmail/seduction and *after* Leah has bought sixty-five acres of a sandstone quarry with the Tirpitz money. The technique of “freezing” a situation for a while and expounding on it later on is one of Oates’ weaknesses in this instance, but it is a strength when interweaving the major subplot of her husband’s paramours.

I think the technique is ill-used when interrelated events are spread too far apart for the reader to adequately fuse them; however, the technique is powerful when a major subplot resurfaces conspicuously for adequate reader interpretation.

The major subplot in *Bellefleur* involves Gideon’s illicit sexual affairs, beginning with a maid. He and Leah have been married for seven years when she gives birth to Germaine, while Gideon simultaneously makes passionate love to a young maid, Garnet Hecht. However, the birth of their third child (Gideon and Leah also have twins) causes him to become cautious with Garnet when they are on a bluff above Lake Noir,

pressed mutely together . . . clutching each other, whimpering, *Don’t move, don’t move*, for if . . . nothing actually happens, and no seed is released then Gideon hasn’t been unfaithful, not precisely: and there will be no consequences (p. 149).

The sexual union produces a baby who is later “adopted” by Leah,



Joyce Carol Oates

who pressured the timid young maid. The desperate, young, anemic Garnet breaks her vow not to see Gideon again when she arranges a rendezvous and throws “herself into his arms (p. 291).” He is unaware that Garnet sacrificed her baby for his sake, but Gideon is especially unaware that the infant is *his*. Near the end of the novel, Garnet is to wed a wealthy lord, and she arranges yet another melodramatic meeting with Gideon which culminates in her pathetic, piteous pleas to marry her. She implores him on her knees, stressing the following plea:

“If, at the very last moment,” she said suddenly, her heart kicking in her chest, “if—even on the church steps— Or after the ceremony, when we [i.e., she and her new husband] are about to drive away— If, you know, you made a sign to me— Only just raise your hand . . . you know I would return to you!” (p. 473)

After the ceremony, Gideon does watch the newlywed couple wave good-bye to assembled well-wishers, and he partially raises a hand to scratch an itching ear. He freezes, “for he sees how the bride stares at him” with hopeful eyes . . . then he lowers his hand.

Such fine characterization breathes life into Oates’ fictional people, who in her past novels have usu-

ally been “lonely characters searching vainly for love and self-knowledge in an indifferent world.” Readers unacquainted with Oates should note that she has been labeled loosely as a naturalist writer. But she counters the determinism usually associated with American Naturalism. For example, in her third novel, *them* (National Book Award, 1970), she writes the following remark:

Nothing in the novel has been exaggerated in order to increase the possibility of drama — indeed the various sordid and shocking events of slum life, detailed in other naturalistic works, have been understated here, mainly because of my fear that too much reality would become unbearable.³

Moreover, she admires Harriette Arnow’s naturalistic novel, *The Dollmaker*, and uses it as a springboard for *them*.⁴ Oates claims that her fictional characters who are often troubled, neurotic, violent, restless, or antisocial (e.g., Germaine who is vexed by Leah’s obsessive maternal care; grandfather Hiram who sleepwalks; Jean-Pierre II who shoots eleven men; Raphael who prefers to be a loner with his own pond) — such individuals are ripe for liberation from their present roles. She declares that these people have outgrown their present

(cont. on page 28)

The Three Faces of Eva

by Mark Hinchman

As a result of the success of the Broadway musical *Evita*, the Andrew Lloyd Webber/Tim Rice collaboration on Argentina's fiery first lady, a number of books on the play's protagonist have been published.

Eva Peron, the Myths of a Woman
J.M. Taylor
(University of Chicago Press)

The most credible of the post-*Evita* works was started before the play was conceived; it is not cashing in on the play's popularity. Taylor is

a member of the Department of Anthropology at the University of California at San Diego. She did her fieldwork living with both a working-class family and an aristocratic family. Being in close contact with the extremes of Buenos Aires society led her to see the spectrum of opinions of Eva Peron, whose death in 1952 of cancer has not dampened her fame.

The public's view of Eva Peron fell into three "myths": "the Lady of Hope," "the Woman of the Black Myth," and "the Revolutionary Eva."

The validity of these myths is demonstrated in their applicability in categorizing the other books on the life of Eva Peron.

"The Lady of Hope"

Evita, First Lady
John Barnes
(Grove Press)

The most accepted myth of Eva Peron is "the Lady of Hope." The generally accepted myth, it is based in the working class' fascination

(cont. from page 27)

life roles such as social station, economic level, the marriage, the job, the philosophical beliefs, etc. "They must have liberation, room to grow in. . . ."⁵

Leah and Gideon each outgrow their static roles of bored husband and wife, so each seeks freedom in different modes. Consequently, Leah identifies herself intensely with "Germaine's wish" to restore the Bellefleur empire, while Gideon begins his promiscuous affairs with a maid. Leah finds fuel for her "task" in her clairvoyant daughter. "At these times the baby's powers [are] such that Leah [can] feel a heartbeat not her own . . . throbbing inside her body (p. 141)." On her way to visit Tirpitz on one of her numerous business trips, she argues with Gideon that she cannot travel without Germaine. "She's my heart — my soul. I can't leave her behind (p. 205)." There is obviously an invisible umbilical cord attached to this mother gifted with "powers" and this infant who literally points to objects preceding their destruction.

In contrast to Leah's self-gratifying "task," Gideon seeks self-ful-

fillment through diversions. He tries horse racing, gambling, womanizing, hunting the Noir Vulture, and flying. His childlike fascination with airplanes, especially with the airborne freedom that flying promises, ultimately leads to his final love affair with a stoic, female pilot. Flying also leads to their death pact; with a box of explosives on her lap, Mrs. Rache and Gideon plunge kamikaze-like onto Bellefleur manor.

Oates continues to exhibit her genius for plot control with her nervously energetic style. She also continues to write superb potboilers, such as *Bellefleur*, and to indulge in "lamentable verbosity" (e.g., Garnet Hecht's stuttering pleas to Gideon).⁶ This novel will probably be a very minor classic in light of its rich, skillful plot control that often surprises the reader. However, if the reader is acquainted with Oates' short stories that have been included in the O. Henry Prize Stories collections for years, then one need only appreciate the masterful "juggling" of separate story lines. Oates is in her prime and can afford to satisfy the general public once in a while. She has yet to write a major classic, though, because *Bellefleur*

is definitely not one.

Footnotes

¹ Louis L. Martz in *The Yale Review* (New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 1976), p. 114.

² *Contemporary Literary Criticism*, Dedria Bryfonski (ed.), Detroit: Gale Research Co., 1978, Vol. 9, p. 402.

³ Joyce Carol Oates, "Author's Note," *them*, New York: Vanguard Press, 1969. (Paperback reprint: Greenwich, Conn.: Fawcett, 1970.)

⁴ Oates, "The Nightmare of Naturalism: Harriete Arnow's *The Dollmaker*," *New Heaven, New Earth: The Visionary Experience in Literature*, New York: Vanguard Press, 1974, pp. 97-110.

⁵ Letter to Dale Boesky, "Correspondence with Miss Joyce Carol Oates," *International Review of Psychoanalysis*, 2 (1975), 482.

⁶ Joanne V. Creighton, *Joyce Carol Oates*, Boston: Twayne Publishers, 1979, p. 149.

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with Eva Peron. The biography by Barnes succumbs exactly to what Taylor described in *Eva Peron, the Myths of a Woman*. "The Lady of Hope" is not the view the working class had of Eva Peron, but the view the middle- and upper-class thought the working-class had.

It is also the view most widely accepted overseas: Eva Peron's popularity was due solely to her hold on the lower classes. She was an illegitimate girl from the oppressed *pampas* region who fled for the glamour of Buenos Aires, and soon climbed her way up the social ladder by becoming a model, broadcaster, actress, first lady of the nation, and almost a saint. Because of Eva's common background, the lower classes did not castigate her for her swank life-

style; they revelled in it. She was their "Lady of Hope." Everything that happened to her could happen to them. She cultivated this image by changing people's lives: arbitrarily picking a lucky contestant for the Foundation Eva Peron. This person was given a house, a sewing machine, clothes, and had his children sent off to college.

Barnes' biography is almost exactly what Taylor discusses in her work on "the Lady of Hope." Dismissing all other factors, *Evita, First Lady* concentrates on an illiterate working-class facinated with a beautiful woman. Barnes describes her as a "blond goddess in diamonds and furs who dominated and hypnotized a nation of 18 million people for 7 years. . . ."

The chapters of his book read like articles in *The Ladies' Home Journal* on any first lady, praising her taste in clothes, decorating a house, and her opinions on family raising. The chapter titles sound like episodes from a soap opera: "The Wrong Side of the Tracks," "An Aspiring Actress," "Teething Troubles," etc.

This is a dangerously simple view of Eva Peron. It concentrates on Eva Peron as a symbol of femininity, motherhood, and sainthood, while denying her own savvy as a politician. As Taylor states, the Argentine working class is highly literate and well-read in political journals, and would not be so captivated by a mere mannequin as Barnes would have the reader believe.

(cont. on page 30)



Eva Peron

(cont. from page 29)

"The Woman of the Black Myth"

Evita: The Woman With the Whip formerly titled *The Woman With the Whip: Eva Peron*

Mary Main
(Dodd, Mead)

Originally published in 1952 to cash in on the furor over Eva Peron's death, this book has been republished to take advantage of the success of the musical *Evita*, with the poor taste of changing its title to emphasize its relationship to the play. *Evita: The Woman With the Whip* starts out with a new introduction referring to the play.

Mary Main was born of British parents in Buenos Aires. Her father's position as a controller of one of Argentina's largest railways automatically placed Main in conflict with the Perons. Eventually she was forced out of Argentina due to the changes the Peronist party brought forth. Main has written a book that is a personal vendetta against Eva Peron.

Taylor, in her book *Eva Peron, the Myths of a Woman*, describes this categorization of Eva by the aristocracy as "The Woman of the Black Myth." Incensed over Eva Peron's popularity, the upper-class wrote her off as a back-biting, lower-class whore who slept her way to the *Casa Rosada* and then devoted her life to collecting material possessions, and wiping out anyone who had ever crossed her path.

Mary Main describes Eva Peron as "gold-digging," "notorious," and "unscrupulous." Main's personal background interferes with her attempt to write a book on Eva Peron, and *Evita: the Woman With the Whip* comes off as nothing but Mary Main's opinions of Eva Peron, and not a biography.

Main is incapable of writing objectively; her every story on Eva Peron is tainted with this affliction:

The hatred against Eva slowly spread from the oligarchs and the military, who were her first enemies, to the liberals and the labor leaders. . . . But the great majority of the working people were still behind Eva Peron; few of them knew that their fellows had been tortured, for the Peronista press and the radio carried no word of it, and those whose relatives had also disappeared were often frightened into silence.

J. M. Taylor does not feel that

either "the Lady of Hope" or its converse, "the Woman of the Black Myth" is an accurate representation of Eva Peron, but that there is some validity in each one. Certainly Eva Peron's background influenced her, and her physical beauty naturally affected the masses' opinion of her. But a reader must be careful to understand when reading either Barnes' *Evita Peron, First Lady* or Main's *Evita: The Woman With the Whip* that theirs is not the working-class' view of their first lady, but that of an adoring beauty-obsessed American journalist and a disgruntled aristocrat. Their books are useful only in showing the two extremes of the rumors that circulated around Eva Peron. Taylor proves that many of their stories are lies.

"The Revolutionary Eva"

La Rzon de mi Vida
(*The Reason of My Life*)
Eva Peron
Ediciones Peuser
(out-of-print)

Taylor discovered when living with a working-class family that the view commonly held among the workers was very different from that widely purported. They had a very realistic view of Eva Peron. They did not see her as a goddess, but as a political leader who had greatly improved their lives.

While watching a slide show on South American homes in my Architectural History class, I noticed that one slide of the walled gardens of Buenos Aires showed graffiti on the wall: "Si Evita viviera, seria primera" (If Evita were alive she would be first). This is a woman who died almost thirty years ago, yet she is still a major personage in Argentine politics, her name constantly surfacing. There was more to Eva Peron than being a first lady. How often does Mamie Eisenhower's name appear in American politics?

For all her importance in Argentine politics, Eva was never elected to a post; her worsening cancer and pressure from the military (she would have been the army's leader) caused her to renounce her campaign for the vice-presidency. Yet many feel that she, not her husband, President Juan Peron, was the leader of the Peronista party. Because of criticism of her interfering in politics, Eva dismisses all this influence in her autobiography. Her husband was the nation's leader, and her sole goal in life was to love and support her husband, she asserts.

La Razon De Mi Vida currently is out of print and only available in Spanish, but it is not difficult to read as Eva Peron was not highly educated, and she wrote in simple grammar for her people. Like the other two books, it must be considered as a biased view of Eva Peron; in this case, how Eva wanted to be considered by the public.

J. M. Taylor's book is the best on Eva Peron, providing the closest view of the real Eva Peron. She presents many views of Eva Peron, and says that they all have some validity. The true Eva Peron is probably a combination of the three myths: "the Lady of Hope," "the Woman of the Black Myth," and "the Revolutionary Eva." Taylor did not attempt to write a biography like Barnes' and Main's. She wrote an anthropological study of a political phenomenon. Her approach gives emphasis to "the Revolutionary Eva." Her serious attitude inadvertently gives Eva Peron credulity as a politician and not as a mere figurehead.

Eva Peron, the Myths of a Woman is influenced by current opinion of Eva Peron. Taylor did intense readings of the periodicals of Eva Peron's time, but her emphasis on "the Revolutionary Eva" is influenced by the current use of Eva Peron as a symbol in resurgent Peronista parties.

Taylor's book also assumes a prior knowledge of Eva Peron; it is not a biography, and sadly the other books on Eva by Barnes, Main, and Peron herself are not completely factual.

Main's book was used by Andrew Lloyd Weber and Tim Rice as the basis for *Evita*. *Evita* opens September 30 at Chicago's Shubert Theatre. The Broadway production of *Evita* won seven Tony awards, including Best Musical, Actress, and Actor. The play is worthwhile, although not historically accurate. The music is good, the performers talented, and the visual effects powerful.

Jesus Christ Superstar, Webber and Rice's earlier work, was not meant to replace the Bible. Similarly *Evita* is not to be a two-hour lecture on Argentine politics. J. M. Taylor's book, *Eva Peron, The Myths of a Woman* can provide an insight into a modern-day society's reaction to a politically significant woman. □

Mark Hinchman, an architecture student and Eva Peron "scholar," is in Rome this year.

Reflections on the Game

by Tom O'Toole

Well, it happened again. This time the woe fell upon Bo and his Wolverines, and the doom was dealt by the terrible toe of our Harry Oliver. But the situation was nothing new. But why, one may ask, do the *Irish* win so many close encounters of the turf kind? Indeed, why Notre Dame? Why Our Lady? Why, OUR LADY! Of course! The answer's in the question.

The first inexplicable factor behind the Fighting Irish's fantastic success is, of course, the fans themselves. Yet, as I watched them milling around the gates before the Michigan game, it almost seemed as if there were too many for the team's own good. True, the gaudy green-suited alumni whose greenbacks keep this place in business all have their tickets way in advance, but many of the common faithful flock here with no way of getting into the stadium, except a whim and a prayer.

"The Pope can't help me, but maybe you can," proclaims one sign. "I need six tickets," it challenges, as it waves in front of the "All ticket peddlers will be prosecuted" sign at Gate 14. As I walk through the midst of the stalkers and scalpers, I see off in a corner an old man sitting on a parking block, his head in his hands. He is crying. As I approach him to see if there is any comfort I can lend, I see a sign by his side, "I desperately need 20 tickets," it reads. I turn away; no further explanation is needed.

But as I turn back, a more familiar sight strikes me, and it is infinitely more painful than the last. It is my folks. It is almost inevitable that my dad will come down for every home game, and he inveterately will have tickets for none of them. As I trudge toward him, I am aware of the futility of the forthcoming conversation, but after four years, I feel it is my duty.

"Hi, Dad. Bring any tickets this time?"

"Nope. But we'll find some," he promises proudly.

"Dad, tickets are going for fifty bucks apiece!"

"Well, we're not going to pay that much."

"But look at all the people walking around who need 'em!"

"Don't worry, Tom. We'll get some. I've done it this way for 25 years and haven't failed once."

It was no use. Domer alumni just have too much faith to face the facts. So I waved good-bye to Mom and Dad and my little brothers and sisters, and went in to claim my safely established seat.

Of course, a SEAT, per se, is a hypothetical concept in Notre Dame Stadium, at least in the student section. For even if you can get to your allotted two-foot block of bench, the only thing you'll be able to use it for is to stand three feet above the concrete. Now, there is no rule against sitting, and it is really a rather nice thing to do, if you like to look at legs. But if your goal is to see the game, about the only time you'll get to rest your toes is at halftime.

By halftime at this particular game, we had squandered a two-touchdown lead, as Michigan tied us and then passed us in the third quarter. But after Krimm picked off a pass and proceeded 49 yards to pay dirt, it looked as if we were going to even the score, only to have some chump named Oliver blow the P.A.T. The crowd's comments were predictable.

"That a--h---!"

"That point's gonna cost us!"

But the throng was finally calmed when, with but three minutes left, "Concrete" Phil Carter cracked over from the four, and we went ahead by five. Bo's boys had put up a good fight, but we had prevailed. Until an excellent return, an unexpected draw play, and a deflected touchdown pass deflated our dreams, and all but destroyed our team's hopes. As I looked down at the referee declaring our demise with outstretched hands, four men in identical T-shirts passed in front of him and then turned our way. The shirts had writing on them, and aided by binoculars, their simple, prophetic message became clear: "Never Doubt."

And yet, despite an interesting 30-yard interference call on Kiel's

"alley oop" pass to Tony Hunter, and two short "quicky" completions, faces in the crowd still read, "too little, too late." For with four seconds and 34 yards to go, a 51-yard field goal loomed as our only hope. But as we looked up at the flags and realized the 20-mph gust that was making them flap, all hope was gone. With *that* wind, there was no way.

"What should I do?" pondered Harry Oliver at that point, quite new to this type of situation. Never before had he kicked a field goal of more than 38 yards in his life.

"Kick the hell out of it," answered the practical Mr. Crable, "and kick it straight."

They lined up, and all was calm. The wind stopped, the blocking held, and the foot connected. "I knew I hit it good," Harry would say later, "but I didn't know if it was *that* good." It *was* that good. The ball fell through, and the place fell apart.

People were still floating on air when I met my family after the game.

"Did you get seats?" I inquired more anxiously than usual.

"Sure did," said Dad, the afterglow of the victory still very apparent in his smile. "Right after you left. Some guy with extra tickets walked right up and *gave* them to me."

"How much?" I grimaced, prepared for the worst.

"He *gave* them to us," he repeated. "Took one look at little Danny sittin' on top of my shoulders and said, 'Here. Take these tickets. I want the kid to see the game.' After that I knew something was going to happen."

Meanwhile, I found out my sister Kathy had devised her own plan. Persuading a young vendor to lend her his programs, she snuck in with a bunch of the other vendors when the guard wasn't checking so closely. But while her accomplice was having a hard time convincing the gate keeper that he was legit, my sister passed the time by selling his programs for him. She had already

sold two by the time he got in and came to reclaim them. "So I *made* four bucks getting into the game!" she exclaimed deviously.

Soon afterward, we met up with members of the Taylor family. My dad had been a Domer with Hobie (or Mr. Taylor for the unacquainted), and our families now live in the same town, so we knew each other well.

"Some game!" Mom greeted them. "I still don't believe it!"

"Only nonbelievers don't believe," countered Hobie. "And we just saw 20,000 Michigan fans heading toward the Grotto. You can bet they're believers now. Hey! Look what Fitzgerald gave me."

"What is it?" asked Dad, as his friend pulled out a little plastic bag with something green inside.

"It's turf," he told us. "Fitz went down on the field after the game and dug up a square from the spot where Harry kicked the ball. He has turf from all the important games. Still has a patch from the '77 South-

ern Cal game growing in his backyard." Michael Molinelli, take note.

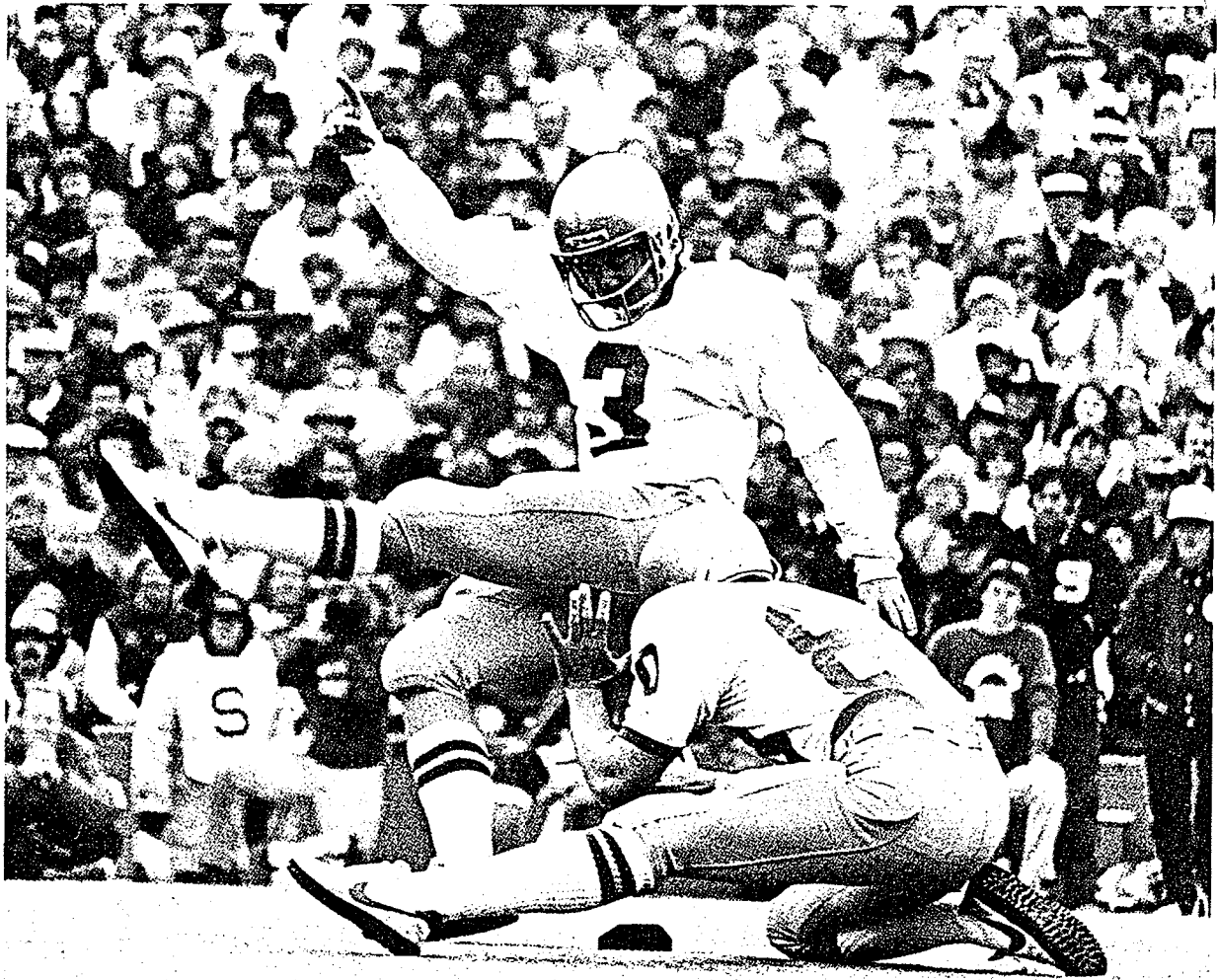
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Although that all was only my observation of the game, other chroniclers were pretty much in agreement about the outcome. Though the *Detroit Free Press* admitted only a "near miracle kick" in "one of the greatest games in recent college history," the Michigan student paper was more adamant. "Michigan 27, Notre Dame 26, God 3" its headlines stated as the obvious fact. Bill Jauss of the *Chicago Tribune* said we "used a script too fictional even for the Gipper or Rockne," while Dan Devine, who has been known to repeat himself on certain calls, called it "the all time, all time, all time moment." Finally, Father Ted, who is always the last word on such theological debates, simply called it, "a whole new chapter in an ongoing tradition." The tradition he was referring to was doing the impossible. Or as

Harry Oliver would say, "not giving up."

But what does Harry have to say about all of this? Two weeks after the big event, the author of the latest chapter of Irish grid lore is still shaking his head. "I still can't comprehend the magnitude of that kick," he says softly. "It didn't seem like it was something that important at the time. But everyone keeps telling me differently."

Harry's story is not that of the average football hero, except perhaps at Notre Dame, where it fits in rather nicely. Harry hated football when he was young. He preferred basketball. When he tried out as a cornerback freshman year at Moeller High, it was solely because of peer pressure, and he was cut as being "too small." Then in a sophomore year soccer game his kicking ability was noticed by head football coach, Faust, not unlike Rockne's accidental discovery of Gipp, who was booting drop kicks at the time. Like the "Rock," Coach Faust was also successful in his re-



"Harry O" Oliver boots home a shocker

cruiting, and Oliver came out as a placekicker his junior year. He was still only second string but the number-one man, who happened to be Junior Nabor (now a star at Stanford), helped Harry immensely. So, by his senior year, Oliver was ready.

That year, he performed well enough to catch Devine's eyes, and along with such Moeller greats as Koegel, Condeni, Crable and Hunter, Oliver came to Notre Dame. Then, after two years behind the likes of Joe Unis and Chuck Male, Harry felt that he was again ready, only to come out of spring sessions second to Mike Johnston. Even though he was extremely discouraged, he didn't quit. Instead, he kept working, and waited for a chance to redeem himself. Which, in a nutshell, is exactly what happened to Harry in the Michigan game.

Though a quiet soul six days out of the week, Harry will tell you he's as emotional as anybody the day of the game. And yet, despite his tremendous emotional intensity, Oliver, whose 37 of 39 set an Ohio high school record for extra point percentage, admits it was a simple lapse of concentration which made him miss one against Michigan and which almost cost us a game. But again, he prayed for a chance to prove himself, and miraculously, it came. Miraculously, too, in more ways than one.

"I didn't notice at the time that the wind had stopped, but so many people have told me so it must be true. I COULDN'T have kicked it that far against the wind," he confessed.

The secret of his success is much simpler. It's his faith. He prays constantly. He attends Mass daily. He visited the Grotto before the game, after the game, and probably would have snuck out at halftime had it not been for the gospel music the band played that day. And he says his rosary always. Our Lady is truly his first love.

Yet, it would be hard for us to believe that all the hoopla has not changed his ways a little. "Well, a lot of girls call me up now," he concedes, "and I get a lot more letters." He received over 40 letters last week from all over the country, not to mention one from an alumna in Argentina. (Father Ted would be pleased about that one.)

People who do not know him can't help view him differently. But Coach Devine's comment, "Harry's a heck of a nice kid; he was even



Harry Oliver

before he kicked it," sums up the "change" perfectly. His teammates now playfully ask if they can kiss his left toe, and Harry recalls that the Monday after the game, just as he was coming out for practice, the sky turned from blue to grey to green. Immediately a storm which was to uproot trees and drench the campus fell upon them. "Gee, Harry, if you wanted the day off, why didn't you just say so!" they kidded him.

And yet, they are only half kidding. The kick has boosted his confidence, but has not shaken his foundation. When asked why he thought the Irish came away with so many last second wins, he looked around for awhile as if to think up some highly technical explanation, but finally just shook his head and shrugged.

"It has to be Divine Intervention," he said.

"That's spelled D-I-v-i-n-e, right?"

He laughed. "Yes, but it was Coach himself who said we owe this victory to one lady. OUR Lady.

"It's like the prayer goes, 'now and at the hour of our death.'" Harry continued. "And after that touchdown I thought we were pretty dead. Everyone did. But I also had the feeling something would happen."

"After that kick, do you think Coach will let you kick off?" I asked while leaving.

"Oh, Harry's above *that*," his roommate cut in.

"Yeah, he'd get creamed," offered another.

Nevertheless, Our Lady helped us again. And this time, Harry Oliver just happened to be her instrument. □

Tom O'Toole, a senior, is an English major and the Sports Editor for Scholastic.

Poetry

Beginnings

by John Thornton

I

The hare was held by
its foot

White against midnight,
the yellow marble of the moon

And the driftwood tree
curving its bones

It dropped from His arched wrist,
finger and thumb curling shut

And hurtled bleeding
toward the ground,

Quietly pouring like milk
over the earth's face

II

Drew with His
forefinger the

Shape of a door
upon the ground,

Sealed the last corner
and slipped his hand

Beneath the dirt,
peeling back the crust

Topsoil and stone,
oil and water

Lava-hot bones were exhaled,
then crumbled to ash

III

Into the water
it dropped from the sky,

Torn by the air,
the wind in its skull

And wrapping its
spear-flight

Broke with a smack
the roll of the wave,

Feet yearning
beneath the rocks

Sea moss and shells,
shelters buried in sand

IV

Sweated,
slid the edge of His

Thumb beneath the curl
of four more nails,

Moist-green dirt
spun into a ball and

Set down upon a hill,
pushed over the ridge

Rolling and bouncing
down it went,

Growing and pounding and
beating it burst

V

Gives up,
swats the ground

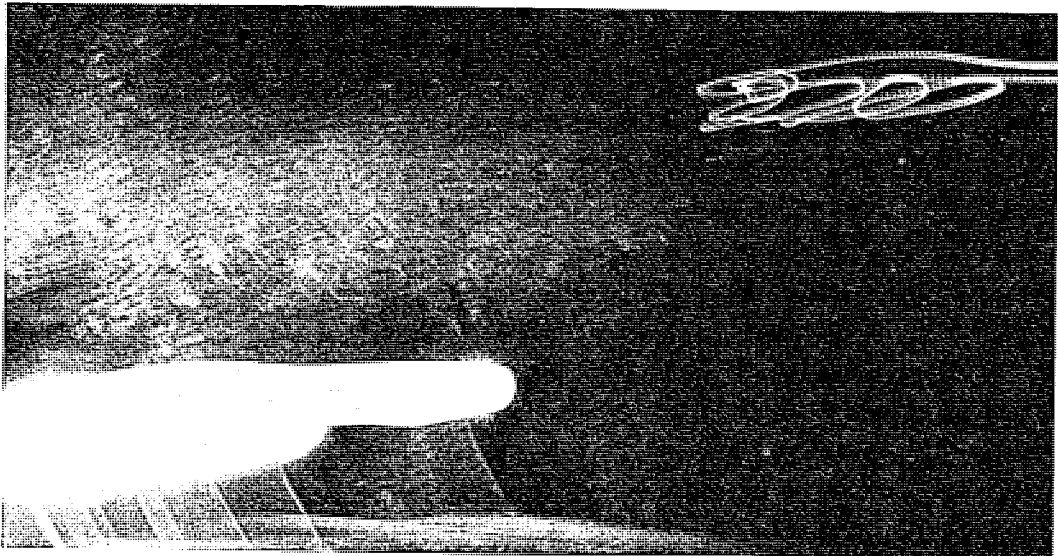
Open-handed
and turns His back

In disgust,
rolling thunderclouds

Rainwater gathers
in the hollows

Of His fingertips
teeming and swirling

With the mud,
swelling and spilling over—



Muddy Waters

by Anthony Walton

Now get this:
This old black dude
Dark as night
One of them Mississippi,
Sharecropping
Negroes
In a Life Magazine
Still life photograph from
Nineteen-thirty-four
When the times was hard
And the life was harder, when
The man owned the land, owned
You and the land
And you was glad to get up to
Memphis once a month
And listen to Beale Street

Now, now that you got this
Old dude in your mind
Set him on a stool in a dark, smoky bar
Put a big, old red guitar
In his hands, wrap them
Waxy fingers around the strings
And let him tell you all about life
In three chords

Let him tell you about a life
Where pain cuts through you like a knife
Let him tell you how his best friend
Done went and stole his wife
About a life of bad news, about a life of paying dues
What it's like to be a 'may-n'
What it's like to have the blues

And when the words
Can't tell it all
The guitar takes over
Axe with lines as fine
As a scalpel
Slicing and snaking
And sewing
The pain
C—F—G or G—C—D
F—B—C or A—D—E
Life
In three chords

Evanescence

by Tim Gulstine

Something that catches
 on the hinge,
a passing tightness in the moving parts,
left where you'll
 see it if you leave,
something like a
 cluttered throat or
body without ballast, lusting for
a dewed
 carafe of water.

Blinds go
 pale in the daylight,
throwing a grid of it
 against the wall,
then slowly moving
 all of it across, to
counterbalance
 a drifting sun.
Upright muscles
 sink and merge
for a cleft,
 and the slow chore of
effacement,
 slowly moving
all of them across,
 ends with
the slam of door.

Frustration and Reconciliation With Zen Poets

by Tim Gulstine

These timid poets herd their words in
Groups of three,
And spurn the stylus I have thought

Should be the longest nail on any
Artist's hand.
Have their yellow trees some purple

Leaves to bleed in boiling water?
This custom
Of commitment to the memory

Is confusing and vicarious.
I have seen
The halcyon eyes of these mystics

Vacated by preoccupations,
Rolling up
Into the chaos of tradition.

But together we find something
Stands before
Us, not between us, so firm that

The Buddha's not fat-bellied, just Ma-
Hatma Gand-
Hi with a pillow in his garb.

The Doobie Brothers

One Step Closer To What?

by Anthony Walton



One Step Closer is the new album by the Doobie Brothers, the tenth in ten years. It marks yet another new era in the long history of this band, as it is the debut of the latest edition of the band. Cornelius Bumpus, John McFee, and Chet McCracken join holdovers Tiran Porter, Keith Knudsen, Patrick Simmons, and Michael McDonald. The new line-up is a definite improvement over the old band, as the new members bring fresh enthusiasm, technical improvement, and instrumental diversification to the group. With Bumpus on saxophone, flute, and keyboards, McFee on "anything with strings," and McCracken on drums, percussion, and vibraphone, the Doobies have the instrumentation to do anything they want, and the proficiency to do it with credibility.

This is one of the reasons the new album is something of a disappointment. It seems that Michael McDonald has taken control of the band, because the "McDonald sound" dominates the album. Even the compositions by Patrick Simmons, the other dominant Doobie Brother, sound more like McDonald songs than anything else. The Doobie Brothers have often resembled two bands, in that there was the urban funk sound of McDonald on half of the songs, and the other half were either hard rock excursions by Tom Johnston and Jeff Baxter, or the easy country, "just folks" atmosphere of many of Simmons' contributions. In a cold objective analysis, it is hard to believe that "China Grove," "Black-Water," and "What a Fool Believes" are all by the same group. This diversity has been both the success and failing of the Doobies, as they have never asserted themselves in any one area long enough to gain the credit that they deserve as a group. Also because of this diversity, the group is often criticized as being shallow exploiters of musical styles they don't really identify with. But, I see this problem as having more to do with too much talent

and too little direction.

The Doobie Brothers are arguably one of the two best American rock bands currently playing. They have outlasted all of the competition, with the exception of the other great American band, the Eagles. When considering staying power, creativity, and commercial success while maintaining a modicum of integrity, I also consider these two bands to be on the same level as The Rolling Stones, Led Zeppelin, and Yes, and they are way above the other major popular acts like Journey, Aerosmith, and Van Halen. A direct comparison of the two groups is difficult, because the Eagles have stressed lyric development, while the Doobies have opted for a more musical emphasis. This is my major criticism of the Doobies and it also applies to the new album. They have never reached for the lyric intensity of Glenn Frey, Don Henley, Jackson Browne, Bruce Springsteen, or Neil Young. If they didn't have the capability to do this, it would be a different matter, but in Michael McDonald they have one of the most talented songwriters of this era music, and probably the most influential current musician. He is responsible for such great songs as "Takin' It to the Streets" and "You Belong to Me," but he has never tried to reach beyond the basic quality of these lyrics into something more ambitious. He has never tried to do something as impressive as *Hotel California*. For example, consider both *Takin' It to the Streets* and *Livin' on the Fault Line*. Both were concepts that had a lot of potential, yet beyond the impressive title tunes, the band virtually ignored the possibilities of the concept.

Thus, we come to the legacy of the Doobies; one of squandered opportunity and wasted talent. While they have been close to awesome simply on the basis of what they have done, they have not come close to living up to the potential that lies within the band. Every mem-

ber is a good singer, with Bumpus and McDonald being great ones. McDonald is probably the best male vocalist in rock today. Every member is a solid, if not great instrumentalist, and everybody writes. They have a proven track record. So the question is what are they waiting for? Much of this problem could be explained in terms of the instability of the band, but that is no excuse for wasting the talents of Jeff Baxter and eventually forcing him to quit out of apathy. Why settle for the best AM band, when you could be the greatest band in the world? Until the Doobies answer these questions, they will always be considered the most unfulfilled band in rock.

One Step Closer does nothing to prove or disprove the promise of the band. It does mark a transition, and I am willing to give them one more album to cement the current band before expanding. The style of the Doobies has developed from its crude roots in the first album *The Doobie Brothers*, into the equally rocky but more polished eclecticism of *Toulouse Street*, *The Captain and Me*, *What Were Once Vices Are Now Habits*, and *Stampede*, concluding in the California funk (with a few notable exceptions) of *Takin' It to the Streets*, *Livin' On the Fault Line*, and *Minute by Minute*. Whereas *Takin' It to the Streets* was rooted in rock, *Livin' on the Fault Line* rooted in jazz, and *Minute by Minute* an amalgam of the two, *One Step Closer* is a pure r&b-soul-jazz, rock, which is a very awkward handle, but it is the only way of describing the sound. As stated before, there are no "Pat Simmons" type songs on the album, no folksy bluegrass banjo pieces, no hard electric guitar-oriented songs. The McDonald sound predominates, and there is even a jazz funk instrumental.

One Step Closer has one outstanding cut, three good ones, two okays, and three fillers. As an album it stays on the turntable, in that you

don't find yourself skipping over songs because you don't want to hear them.

"Real Love," by McDonald and Patrick Henderson is the album's outstanding cut. It combines the musical complexity noted before with a lyric that is one of the most serious and touching to ever be featured in a pop song. Lines like the second verse's "Here, darlin' stands another bandit wanting you, in and out of your life they come and they go," and the final verse "When you

off the album at you, and if it had been sung by McDonald, it could have been a Doobies classic, "Keep This Train A-rollin'" is the only song written solely by McDonald, and it is another pleasant variation of his standard formula. Opting for funky gospel piano, a blazing horn section, and a driving beat, this positive love song succeeds as the latest synthesis of several different styles by McDonald, and is a good change from synthesizers and mid-tempo ballads. (I also don't re-

Donald the singer at his best, as he turns in an inspired performance that could challenge Teddy Pendergrass or Al Green for soul styling. "Just in Time," "No Stoppin' Us Now," and "Thank You Love" each have their moments, but they exist mostly as filler. "Thank You Love," however, would have been a hell of an instrumental if the band could have left the lyrics off it. Written by Bumpus, it is an excellent tune, but the lyrics are inane, and next time he should collaborate with



Bumpus, Simmons, Porter, McDonald, McFee, Knudsen, McCracken

say comfort me to anyone who approaches, Chalkin' up the hurt, but we live and we learn, well we've both lived long enough to know that we'd trade it all right now for just one minute of real love." It is hard to transmit the poignancy of this song without reproducing the entire lyric and McDonald's emotional vocal, but it stands as the finest song the Doobies have done, surpassing even the classic "Takin' It to the Streets." It has been floated as the first single off the album, but I will be surprised if it goes extremely well, because of the nature of the lyric. It's a bit too serious and sad for AM. It's also not quite fast enough to be a big hit, but I will probably be wrong.

"One Step Closer," "Keep This Train A-rollin'," and "South Bay Strut" are good tunes, and in no way harm the album. "One Step Closer," by McFee, Knudsen, and Carlene Carter adds an appealing country twang to the standard Doobies' feel. Earthy saxophone work by Bumpus makes this cut jump right

member hearing a love relationship being metaphorically compared to a train). "South Bay Strut" is the only instrumental, a good groove that would sound at home on any David Sanborn or Brecker Brothers LP. It's nothing special, but it's a very good tune, and it opens up yet another area of exploration for the band. It was written by McFee and McCracken.

One by One and *Dedicate This Heart* are good but formulaic exercises in the McDonald sound. "One by One" has an excellent melody, and is only marred by its lyrics, which could have been written by a sensitive ten-year-old (the chorus is slightly interesting). "Dedicate This Heart" is a song, co-written by McDonald and Paul Anka of all people, that might sound great on an Anka record, but is a little too Las Vegas for the Doobies. It has slightly interesting, though trivial lyrics, and a semi-decent melody, but a major rewrite could have strengthened it considerably. It does show off Mc-

someone (McDonald?) or stick to instrumentals.

In the final analysis, *One Step Closer* is not a band album, just a disappointing one. If it were by Ambrosia or Pablo Cruise, it would be an excellent album, but the Doobies have promised more, and I for one would like to see them deliver it. Yet, the album shows both development and solidification, so perhaps there is hope yet. If the band forges one solid musical identity, perhaps it can concentrate on improvement. That's why the title is so ironic. One step closer to what? The end? A new beginning? We will have to see because the jury is still out on them. Will they remain a sophisticated arena band, or will they become the first band to synthesize the musical advances of jazz and fusion with the vocal and lyrical potentials of rock into the music of the future? As the music-buying public becomes more sophisticated, there will be a market for this music; there already is. It is up to the band. I'll tell you one thing, I really hope they do it.

The Last Word

by Chuck Wood



People keep telling us that we are, on the whole, apathetic about this year's election and uninspired by politics in general. It seems to me that there have been a surprising number of hallway arguments and dinner-table debates about the campaigns and the state of American politics, and all that, for a generation that is not supposed to care anymore.

Whenever experts on contemporary America get together on this campus to convince each other that the candidate they support is the one who can pull the country out of the depths, I feel "out of it." Yet something is always expected of me because, after all, I *am* an Economics major from Washington, D.C. I should have the inside track, right? If one of the "experts," surprised by my silence, asks me if I am uninformed or merely apathetic, I am tempted to answer, "I don't know, and I don't care." However, I realize that such a flippant response would not contribute to the conversation, nor to my reputation very much.

The problem for first-time voters such as myself is that we are still growing up. We are just beginning to appreciate the complexity and the far-reaching nature of the issues and values involved in choosing a president. And at the same time, only now can we begin to understand human nature, the "adult world," and the inability of any man to handle the job of president.

It was easier to choose a President when we could not really vote. And it was much easier when we still relied on one measure of a candidate's fitness to govern that was more important than his record, or his stands on the issues, or his promises; we knew that the best guy for the job was the guy our parents were going to vote for. Parental opinion was the measure of a man's ability. Though this made things simple, back in 1968 it almost broke up the best friendship I had in third grade (and which, incidentally, still survives).

Vincent was my best friend, and he had a Polish-American, free-enterprise-loving, up-by-his-own-bootstraps entrepreneur for a father. He had succeeded in business, and the family was well provided for. And,

he was voting for Mr. Richard M. Nixon. So, Vincent was a staunch, eight-year-old Republican. As for me, I had the impression that part of the essence of being a Black American was voting Democratic. The Democrats were, after all, the party for the "little guy." I had gotten this from my father (so strong was the impression, in fact, that I experienced a variety of psychological torments when I discovered that *Abraham Lincoln* had been a Republican). Hubert Humphrey, then, had my full support.

The only reason I can remember the ensuing disagreement is that, somehow, we managed to get the rest of our class and some older guys involved. We became the captains of opposing factions. Looking back, I think Vincent and I simply provided them with a good excuse to terrorize the girls, the nuns, and one another. Or perhaps we were all showing the early signs of our being the first TV-as-babysitter generation, for we may have been reenacting the rioting we saw on television during the summer and at the Democratic convention in Chicago.

Whatever our inspiration, we certainly gave the nuns and lay teachers at school a lot of trouble on election day. They had made the mistake of using progressive teaching techniques as they cut classes short so we could follow the elections on TV, of course. I'm sure they had no idea what violent passions they were stirring up within their young men. By the time we had lunch and were let out for recess, the unspoken message had spread throughout school; the race between Nixon and Humphrey was close, so we would have to have "The Battle" to decide things.

Even the girls seemed to have picked up on what was in the air, since they scattered to the edges of our asphalt playground/battleground as soon as recess began. At once, the young Republicans began to line up, linking arms. We immediately took up their challenge to "Do the Whip." Doing the "Whip" is usually a noncompetitive act that involves, as many of you are probably aware, making a line of guys and then running to swing that line (with a couple of guys at one end acting as the stationary pivot). When the

swing reaches full force, everybody releases his arms, the object being to see how far each person would be hurled. When we did it that day, however, the Democratic and Republican whips faced each other, and the object was to see how fiercely we could fly into each other.

Vincent was lucky; most of the big, brutish third-graders were Republican by birthright. But my team made up in enthusiasm what it lacked in strength, especially when we heard that Nixon was starting to pull ahead.

I still have not figured out what the playground monitors were doing all this time, but they did not intervene until it was, from my point of view, too late. It seems as if they waited long enough to let us Democrats lose. First, one of my men defected to Vincent's side when he heard that Nixon was becoming a front-runner over Humphrey. Then we suffered the first and only injury. As soon as Democratic blood was spilled, the monitors swooped in and broke up both whips. It was an obvious act of partisan bias.

Our defeat, apparently, was a fairly accurate preview of what would happen to the party of the little guy, on the national level. We failed to give

Mr. Humphrey the additional push he needed, and Nixon continued to widen the gap. By the next day, everyone was either proud or dejected over the prospect of the Nixons moving in downtown within a couple of months.

It wasn't too long before our fathers stopped talking about politics, and Vince and I started talking to each other again. Our little venture into political activism was over, and it would not be until years later (I think it was '78, when we realized that college would finally split our academic paths) that either of us would remember the incident. Now he's at Yale studying the classics, and I'm here witnessing the decline of neoclassical economic theory.

And along with other first-time voters and a lot of other people, we have both grown into indecision. On election day, I think I might skip classes and go into town to find some parochial grade school. If I find one in time for the third-graders' recess, I'll watch them to see if they are as politically enthusiastic as we were. Maybe there will even be a third whip for Anderson. And if a battle does occur, assuming that it will be as accurate as ours was, I will do the conscientious thing and vote for whoever loses. □

In Retrospect . . .

These are all excerpts from the October 14, 1932, Scholastic. It appears that student apathy and cynicism are not the unique products of the "Me Decade," and that the feeling of having no really good choices has been around for more than the past few elections.

* * * *

The Protest Vote and Mr. Thomas

Few phrases are more overworked in political ballyhoo today than that very nebulous epithet, "a protest vote." It apparently connotes something reactionary and the least bit radical and undoubtedly owes its current popularity to this fact. Questioning reveals that not many people who use it have a clear-cut notion of what it means. It has a tenacious hold on those individuals who profess a sincere distrust of Mr. Hoover and not a great deal of confidence in Mr. Roosevelt. It is particularly applicable when one is speaking about Norman Thomas, for he is the major recipient of most of these "protest votes."

When anybody protests about anything, he usually believes that something might be accomplished. People who are stumping for Mr. Thomas, however, can hardly be optimistic about the coming election. The Socialist leader himself does not expect more than two million votes at the very outside. A million more protest votes will scarcely set the world on fire.

Franklin D. Roosevelt Is Winner in "Scholastic's" Presidential Poll; Thomas Is Second Choice

In a poll that could not be decided until the last handful of ballots were counted, Franklin Delano Roosevelt . . . eked out a bare plurality over Norman Thomas, Socialist candidate, late last week. The voting, conducted by *The Scholastic* was below expectations, the total number of ballots numbering approximately 600.

The final tabulations showed the New York governor with 302 votes, Thomas with 260 and Hoover with 49. The large Thomas poll caused somewhat of a surprise, but it appears that the Socialist's strength was more attributable to the frivolity that characterized a good deal of the voting than to any actual pro-Socialist sentiment.

* * * *

Editor of the Scholastic

Dear Sir:

Just what do you expect to accomplish by conducting a presidential poll? The results can have no possible influence on anybody or anything. But after all I suppose it's a nice way to fill space.

P.T.C.



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