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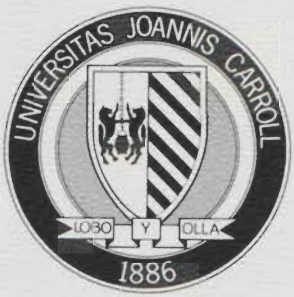
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Carroll Quarterly, a literary magazine produced by an undergraduate staff and written by the students, alumni, and faculty of John Carroll University, University Heights, Ohio.

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Here & There:
the View from No. 11, D. S.

Volume 22, Number 1 finds the *Quarterly* at the end of the political wars for 1968. In a matter of hours we shall know to whom the "torch has been passed." For many of us it will have been the first vote we cast in any election, let alone a Presidential one. Consequently this issue presents several articles concerned with the problems of 1968. Associate Editor Christopher R. Schraff discusses the "negative income tax." Dr. C. Joseph Pusateri concerns himself with what may be the single most significant result of the election — the collapse of the structure of the Democratic Party. Associate Editor Paul F. Myslenski, who witnessed the "riots" in Chicago late last August, presents his observations. Poetry Editor Michael Pellegrini offers us a short story in which politics is no small factor in the dramatic development.

Although the "truest poetry is the most feigning," we have consciously avoided presenting any "political poetry" and our offerings this number adhere to W. H. Auden's prescriptive to "By all means sing of love but, if you do, Please make a rare old proper hullabaloo . . . "

Again this year the *Quarterly* will award its Best-Published Author Award to a non-staff student writer (or writers). Announcement of winners will appear in the fourth number in the spring.

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We could not begin this issue without noting a few staff changes. Associate Editor James L. McCrystal has been promoted to Managing Editor. Filling the vacancy in the Senior Contributing Editor post is senior James F. McConnell Jr.

Most notable of all is the resignation of Dr. Richard W. Clancey as Faculty Advisor because of his increasingly heavy commitment to academic problems and his chairmanship of the freshman honors program. Succeeding him as Faculty Advisor the staff have selected Mr. David M. LaGuardia who is, as is Dr. Clancey, a member of the English department. In testament to its appreciation and gratitude to Dr. Clancey, the staff have named him Honorary Associate Editor.

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It is not the most stirring year for political thought. Whether it is the New Nixon, the Old Humphrey, or We Hesitate to Speculate What Will Happen Wallace, we are not enthusiastic nor (even worse) are we rationally engaged. It is the year of the "blah's" politically but no amount of Alka-Seltzer is going to be able to put *our* head back on top.

One interesting phenomenon is that this year's vice-presidential candidates are attracting considerably more attention than the names above them on the ballots. Senator Muskie — relegated by then Majority Leader Johnson to insignificant Senate committees ten years ago — has emerged from those committees to be an expert on air and water pollution, Federal-state relations, as well as national housing problems. Even Senator McCarthy, a man with a vivid imagination, is supporting him, for Vice-President. Governor Agnew enters the lists with an admirable record as Chief Executive of Maryland, and in spite of certain "offensive" references to nationality groups in the United States, evinces respect for a certain fundamental sense of integrity.

Deserving a paragraph by himself is Ohio's General Curtis LeMay, vice-presidential candidate of the American Independent Party. His background includes the engineering of the fire-bomb raids on Tokyo during World War II ("Fire-bombs are merely another weapon in the arsenal," we may suppose that argument went then); some bizare opinions on the availability of use of nuclear weapons, and an honorary degree from John Carroll University bestowed on him June 9, 1952 in testament to his unflinching service to the cause of higher education and all its manifold implications ("Honorary degrees are merely another weapon in the arsenal of *academe*," we may suppose *that* argument went *then*).

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We are informed that "reck" is recondite to the hoi polloi.

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George Steiner, writing in a recent issue of *The New Yorker*, in an article entitled "A Death of Kings," asks a startling question: "What else exists in the world besides chess?" The answer, Mr. Steiner points out, is at least uncertain. He continues: "There are more possible variants in a game at chess than, it is calculated, there are atoms in this sprawling universe of ours. The number of possible legitimate ways of playing the first four moves on each side comes to 318,979,584,000. Playing one game a minute and never repeating it, the entire population of the globe would need two hundred and sixteen billion years to exhaust all conceivable ways of playing the first ten moves of Nabokov's Mr. White and Mr. Black." Mr. Steiner's article is both a review of several books for their chess allusions, and in general, a discussion of those "three intellectual pursuits . . . in which human beings have performed major feats before the age of puberty . . . music, mathematics, and chess."

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We have been constantly requested to comment on the 1968 *Carillon*, Volume XXV. The *Quarterly*, being a primarily literary magazine, has conducted a search of the literature and found what we offer as an apt comment on the book, written (appropriately enough) by an English Jesuit named Hopkins: "Glory be to God for dappled things . . . "

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"The use of this field is restricted to intercollegiate athletics only. Other trespassers will be prosecuted. —The Athletic Department." So read the signs posted around Wasmer Field. In this year when law and order is the most important issue of the day we call upon the Athletic Department to stop violating its own rules and to punish all trespassers, including those who are engaged in intercollegiate athletics.

We would not be too surprised, however, to find that the Athletic Department had no intention of classifying intercollegiate athletics as trespass. After all, anyone who would call Wasmer Field the greatest thing that has ever happened in the history of John Carroll is entitled to two mistakes at least.

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Ah, the eternal contemporaneousness of the classics. Recent happenings in the world of high social style remind us of Vergil's the *Aeneid*, Book II, line 49: *Quidquid id est, timeo Danaos et dona ferentis.* ("Whatever it is, I am wary of Greeks, especially when they've come bearing gifts.")

The Pigeon Man

THE COURTHOUSE was built during the early 1900's, all stone with deep pilings. So deep that they run through the center of the city, across the rivers, and push up on the North Side.

Twenty-five years ago the building was renovated. The land around it had been leveled and paved for a new side street and entrances were carved out of the stone flanks for new offices. They were county offices, moved from the old Courthouse and into the City-County Building.

In the huge marble hall under the vaults, the affairs of men are played out. There is the hushed bustle, running walks and searching faces of people looking for favors, jobs, and money. And there are pigeons, thousands of them, and the pigeons are democrats, and like everyone in this building, or hovering overhead, you're a Democrat, or out of a job.

It has been this way from the time Mayor McMann, the crazy Scotsman, rode the streetcars. The city and the county have been Democratic since before most Republicans here were born. "That's why," Conte says, "Republicans join those silly organizations."

The whole state is hostile to the Democrats. Even the suburbs and outlying towns were hostile to Murphy, the Prothonotary, but for twenty-five years he laughed behind double doors, behind rows of spittoons and old, frazzled cronies. He also ran for nomination to the Senate, and when he lost in the primaries he sandbagged the endorsed candidate, a brilliant but eccentric judge famous for his attacks on Yale scholars who said that Leif was, undoubtedly, here first.

The pigeons have been here since before most people can remember. But Conte remembers . . .

"The pigeons came about twenty years ago. They used to hang around the churches, but they got tired of the people, and they were hungry all the time and this priest used to poison them because they weren't educated like the European pigeons were to respect God's property. So that little guy down there invited them over with a carton of Mother's Oats or something. See the one with the straw hat. He's the Pigeon Man. He's Harry Banco, the Pigeon Man. That straphanger's been here for twenty years."

He told me that Banco had crossed the Rhine in World War II ("crying like a baby") and on stepping off on the other side had the toes on his one foot shot off, and his hand mangled by machine gun bullets. After the war, when the mills wouldn't take him, he went to work for Murphy. In addition

to the money he earned there, he received a monthly check of $157.37 for the wounds he suffered, plus rents from two old houses in Greenside. When the property values in Greenside went sky high, he found out that he didn't own two run-down houses, but *town houses*, and in later years they netted him over one thousand dollars a month in rent.

In the early years of Murphy's reign, Conte and Banco had worked together. Conte had taught school but had been suspended for three years. He had been suspended because he held one of his pupils by the neck out of the window to discipline him. Conte gets mad easily, and during this student's ordeal Conte repeatedly dared him to break wind again. I think he did, but luckily, Conte didn't hear him. That's why the intelligent, but excitable Conte was in the office.

One day Conte, who never spent a cent, was telling Banco that he had just bought a suit at Style*rite*, two pants and a vest for thirteen dollars. Banco didn't like Murphy. "Murphy buys his clothes there, the cheap bastard. He's so fat they make suits out of the alterations. You could make a suit of his *cuffs*," Banco said, puffing up his lips and slobbering, "but his suits are so cheap the *cuffs* wear out," and he spat, with authority, into the cuspidore.

Murphy, fat like an Indian, heard and fired Banco.

The cost of cleaning the building was around $20,000 a year. Most people don't talk when they walk out the door. They refuse to breathe. Water runs down the sides of the building cleaning off the droppings. When Gertrude Doody found out there was a disease the pigeons carried and that "you'll get it if that stuff's wet," she and the other typists plagued Murphy for weeks. In the winter the water would freeze, and the building, normally a huge grey shadow, would become a big piece of chalk. Murphy prayed often for a Miracle of the Eagles, like the one that saved the Mormons from the pigeons.

The years passed, and death and retirement were taking their toll of the old politicians. There were rumblings in the wards. Young grass was pushing the old leaves away, and Murphy, in his seventies, was losing his hold on the Party. The elections, coming in the fall, were important; a Republican was governor, and if Murphy died the Republicans could sneak in their man. The Party chose not to back Murphy in the primaries.

Murphy ran against a young and reasonably popular lawyer. The newspapers noted that Murphy had a good record, but that his opponent had worked his way through college and law school, and that he was, above all, *young*.

"They used to call them *green*," Banco said one day to a pretzel vendor he knew.

The office was quiet in those weeks. Murphy, with his friends, fought in the primaries. A lot of people began selling pretzels on the street with Banco's friend, usually the young ones who had funny ideas. If you see someone selling pretzels on the street, you can be sure he's a Democrat who has funny ideas and no sense of gratitude.

Murphy lost by five hundred votes. He would be out on the New Year.

There were more firings. The people from wards that did badly were fired. One day he completely lost his temper, lumbered out of the office screaming foul things, and in an amazing performance, threw out the last of the traitors and spoke his final words to them. "You dirty creeps, I'll fix younz all!" Then he threw out two mini-skirted secretaries who were revolving around on the stools, exposing their bodies.

Conte showed up a lot after that. That's how I learned about the Pigeon Man. Conte is teaching grade school now, where the kids really can't control themselves, and he reads poetry to the Mafia on Friday and Saturday nights in a famous club where all the gangsters go. Quite a few of them are poets, too.

One night after the office closed Murphy walked through town with Joe Haas, an old friend. They walked slowly, breathing the sun into their worn bodies. People were running all over the place, to the busses that stopped like Christ on the corner, blessing them with the hydraulic hiss of opening and closing doors. The revolving doors were popping people out on the street, crowding up the corners like so many dark locusts. The pigeons were flying about, settling on the roof tops, making abrupt, absurd landings. The light was filtering down through the rush hour dust, the sun was descending on one side of the city, reflecting off the sides of aluminum and glass, forming a second sun, more white and glaring and unreal. They continued walking, Murphy and Haas, and then the pigeons all rose into the dusty light, circled, floated over them, and descended in a long arc towards the river.

On a cold snowy morning in January, Kiefer took office. The city, in the winter, is like an old man. The intensity of it lessens, covered by the cold and snow; it dies a little. This city dies when the snow comes and the flames are invisible under the curtain of snow that the winter brings. The power of the snowflake.

The building, after the holidays, held on to the aimless celebrations of the past week, and there was a good deal of laughter. Some old faces reappeared, and some new, fresh ones were there, blinking, getting accustomed to the light, trying to figure out what to do, whom to talk with, stretching their necks and screwing up their faces in odd expressions. Cold air and the mop made the marble clean, and the people seemed to stand out more, straighter, younger, and with the special presence, the greater reality of the young.

The lawyers began coming around ten that morning. They felt out of place. The new clerks, with short, curt words, found the information they wanted and sent them on their way. At twelve, everyone began leaving the office for lunch. It was time for lunch, and they were lighting up, drawing in the smoke, exhaling it in cool blue streams, combing their hair with long, flowing, rhythmical motions. A small, short man began walking up the street alongside the building. His hands were in his pockets, clenched up and seeming much too large for his body. He walked toward the crowd of departing workers, looking up at the roof and the rows of tattered, cooing pigeons, who were watching him intently.

The pigeons had taken to the air and his hands were out, throwing the

grain into the air, great piles of yellow grain that flew like autumn seeds floating about and the pigeons, hundreds, thousands of them, began their short and hungry descent and Banco, looking at them, raised his arms as the pigeons blotted out all sight of him.

— M. A. PELLEGRINI

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Autumn

Listen!
A bird's song falls clear as water,
Liquid melting into the day
As the wind slaps my face,
Cold and piercing.
Children play in fields
Of wild-eyed giggle,
And wars have disappeared behind
Closed windows while
The days grow grey
Against the purple twilight.

— GIACOMO STRIULI

The Music Box Room

Tinkering bells
Fading lights
And grey-green shadows on the wall
Teddy bears
Sown with silken thread
Multi-colored balls
Stacked in the corner
Straw heads
Popping from dotted boxes
Little ballerina's
Endlessly turning
Noisy ducks
Whose webs roll on wells
Tin trains
On a circle tracks
Giant giraffes
Standing by the door
Wooden horses
Upon whom clothes are neatly hung
Singing cowboys
Supporting lamp shades
Bleeting sheep
Over headboards run
Sleeping children
Listening to the melody
Watching the waltz of the tiger-bears.

– DONNERY PATRICK

Ode to a Glass Giraffe

The night spoke loudly of cycle engines,
Capturing the mayhem of wild storms
And bringing down to earth the angry noises of a god.
Dark-souled men,
Men swaggering, boasting colors,
The vestments of a fighting creed.
Men reveling in drink
As curling smoke spread
Past visions of Viking glory.
Men of careless license – submitting
As creeping boredom lit quickly the death fires
A gleeful sacrifice.

Here two worlds met and clashed.
The Hippies wearing love – in a gone, blown world, walking
Back and forth striking poses like distorted pictures
From some far-removed Excedrin commercial.
And a dreaming boy brought his work to be praised –
A giraffe made of plastic and glass chips.
I, watching the people show love in such strange ways, thought
Here a child might be born out of the blues and jazz,
Out of the delusion that a dark night is man's best healer.
And, all this, the sorcery of a nation
Yelled and spelled in all the dirty alleys of the world.

– ALICE KEATING

The Catholic University of the Future

I MUST concede that it is problematical whether or not the present Catholic university or college has any future much less hope for significant improvement. Surely our greatest cause for alarm is the serious loss of faith today in the economic viability and pastoral worth of our Catholic colleges and universities. We witness also a serious loss of religious faith by our students presently enrolled and graduating from these institutions. Finally we are confronted with perhaps the most serious quarrel over the relationship of the Magisterium to the academic community.

On all sides we are constantly being fed with statistics on the drop of enrollment in Catholic grade schools. We are also saddened by the ever declining vocations to and in the religious life. Obviously it will not be long before the already clear drop in the enrollments in Catholic colleges and universities will be spiraled by the loss of students oriented to Catholic higher education by their training in Catholic lower schools. How much the vocation drop will affect Catholic higher education only time can tell. Though not so dependent as high school or grade schools for personnel, Catholic higher education does draw in large measure its identity from the religious who staff these schools. What will happen to Jesuit colleges if they no longer have any Jesuits on their staffs?

A much more serious problem is the loss of religious faith by students in Catholic higher education. As one Notre Dame graduate recently expressed it: " . . . as I was exposed to the best that Notre Dame had to offer a student in the College of Arts and Letters, I grew further and further away from Christianity; . . . In my opinion many of the best students that Notre Dame 'produces' are no longer Catholics by the time they graduate." (*Ave Maria*, April 14, 1966, pp. 7-8) In my own experience with students over a ten-year period, I find that this young man's judgment is increasingly true. Students in the past have stopped "practicing" their religion only to start again in marriage. But what is particularly worrisome today is that students who have fallen away no longer care about shocking an adult with the fact. Also they offer highly articulate reasons for their indifference to organized

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Editor's note: With "The Catholic University of the Future" the *Carroll Quarterly* begins a series of studies by students and faculty of John Carroll University on the problems and prospects of Catholic higher education in the United States. All members of the university are encouraged to submit MSS on this topic to the Editor.

religion, reasons often buttressed by arguments gotten in supposedly Catholic theology courses.

Finally, and most serious, the debate between so many theologians and the Magisterium has sharpened the state of frustration of those arguing the value of Catholic higher education. It is not that anyone wishes to question the competence of contemporary theologians, but it does seem obvious that if Catholic belief is now simply the creature of a humanistic speculative enterprise, all we need are theology departments or institutes, not massive institutions supposedly founded to help preserve and enrich the students' faith. In the view of many, the notion of an environment of faith is as outdated as the Latin mass.

When we take all these considerations into account and then add the highly tenuous position of all private higher education, we really must worry. Recently Kingman Brewster, president of Yale University, predicted the practical demise of independent higher education in the United States. Most of us would gladly trade our financial worries with Yale's, but it is a fact that the cost of higher education is skyrocketing. Such excellent private schools as the University of Pittsburgh and Temple University have become state schools. Already it is rumored that a very good Catholic university is quietly arranging to become a state institution. The question naturally arises if, in this ecumenical age, this age of theological debate, this age of so many urgent claims on the resources of the Church, our manpower and money could not be better employed.

It would seem that these problems offer compelling arguments for phasing out Catholic colleges and universities. Yet in these very serious problems can be found cogent arguments for the sacrifices to save, improve, and even expand these institutions. Today we face the most agonizing contest between faith and reason Catholics have ever known. The almost passionately pervasive theological speculation initiated by Vatican II, the knowledge explosion in all fields, and the contemporary universal crisis of authority have evoked some of the most revolutionary re-thinking of our basic beliefs and a real revolution in our attitude toward the Church's teaching authority, itself a dogmatic principle. The Catholic university is more necessary than ever before because here alone among all the institutions of Church and society, the intellectual meets Ecclesia Magistra; if reconciliation between them is possible, this institution is especially equipped to help achieve it.

The Catholic university, like anything Catholic, is pre-eminently an apostolic institution. Unlike hospitals, orphanages, or any other institution, the university deals with the highest ranges of truth itself. Any university can have a theology department; any theological institute can publish speculation. But the Catholic intellectual leads a very special life of faith and needs not merely treatises and encyclicals, but an institution, a community of vibrant belief to help make his life of faith possible. But to see the precise nature and necessity of the Catholic university, the intellectual must remember the great paradox of Christianity: "Love not the world for he that loves the world has not the love of the Father in him," (1 John 2:15-16); "If you belonged to the world, the world would know you for its own and love you;

it is because you do not belong to the world, because I have singled you out from the midst of the world, that the world hates you." (John 15:19); "God so loved the world that He gave His Son that men might have life and have it more abundantly." This awesome paradox is at the core of the Gospel and forms the crux of the constant struggle the Catholic intellectual has with faith.

The Catholic is called to live in this world, to serve it in love, and by God's grace to save this world; yet this is a broken world, fractured not only from God but even from himself. The Catholic too is a fractured man aspiring to so much yet so fallible, weak, and helpless. And unfortunately the Christian's intellect and will are as fractured as any other element in this broken world.

What has all this to do with the colleges and universities? These institutions by their very nature and traditions are devoted to serving in their quest for and dissemination of truth the highest values of man. Granted that the vast majority of university disciplines seemingly have no relation to man's life of faith; granted that our contemporary knowledge explosion has so centrifugalized the various sciences and disciplines that a modern university looks like a wild Mediterranean bazaar with each fragmented branch of learning hawking its wares in a jargon so specialized that only its "expertized" devotees understand its claims; still, the modern university exists not only to expand the frontiers of knowledge but also to put order into the ever expanding domain of reason. If the student revolt which began at Berkeley and recently paralyzed the Sorbonne and Columbia shows nothing else, it shows that students will not be computerized, treated as things, but they insist that they be treated as human beings and that the university itself be a human and humane institution. Students insist that the university must be devoted not to truths accumulated and used by any power structure at its asking, but that the university must be committed to human values and dedicate itself, its research, and its teaching to a distinctively moral purpose of humanely raising the human condition by loyal commitment to a frankly acknowledged system of human values. Anyone who thinks that a modern university can repose in moral indifference, cold scientific objectivity, does not understand the modern student revolt. As misguided as many college students are today, their moral intuition is perfectly accurate. Man does not exist for the cold contemplation of truth, truth exists for the efficacious enrichment of man.

Thus, granted that there is nothing Catholic about the atomic table, the sonnet sequence, the statistical method, every scholar, teacher, and student, if he is to be a man, if he is to be an aware Christian, a vital Catholic, must somehow master his own discipline *and* a total scheme of human values based on an adult vision of the order of truth. For the Catholic, particularly now, this is often a painful and crucifying process. By his faith he is committed to a magisterial church. If Catholicism means anything, it means an institution claiming especially in its hierarchy and Supreme Pontiff a teaching authority guaranteed by the abiding presence of the Spirit of God. The great task of the Catholic intellectual is the awesome trial to reconcile his faith *and* the magisterial

doctrine it involves with his life of reason.

Some will argue that this is a false problem. Faith, they say, is a commitment to a Person and not to a body of concepts. Neo-fideism and moral sentimentalism have gutted the intellectual substance of Catholic belief. Others argue that doctrine not only develops but radically changes. Dewart and others have attempted to yank the epistemological "rug" from under any substantive doctrinal tradition in the Church. The discussion of the nature of the Church in such works as Küng's, Baum's, or Ruether's argues a mode of change, a prognosis of ecclesial convulsion and metamorphosis which makes any magisterial pronouncement little more than an intellectual parking ticket. The debate over *Humanae Vitae* is no quarrel about birth control but a challenge to the very power of the Church to teach anything authoritatively. This statement may ring as brash ignorant oversimplification, but the charge against Pope Paul is not about his teaching but the mode and competence by which he teaches. It requires no theologian, only one alert to ordinary logic, to see that he who judges the competence of an authority is perforce claiming jurisdiction over that authority.

The dilemma of these days was best expressed by John Cogley some months ago:

> I believe that the theology of Vatican II already seems dated to many in the forefront of Catholic renewal . . . it is futile to try to meet the present situation by referring Catholics back to the theology that held sway before Vatican II. It strikes me as being equally misguided to refer people to the literal Council documents, as if they were some kind of last word. Actually the last word is the most recent word, and Vatican II already seems to have taken place a long time ago, so much as happened since.

For many faith has become theology and theology has become a frantic effort in intellectual history. In this context even infallibility means nothing for dogma changes and infallibility is nothing more than a hyperbolic ornament whose scope and content are just as much a creature of change as any other theological notion.

The great task facing the Catholic intellectual today is somehow by God's grace to re-grasp his proper relationship to the Magisterium, especially his filial attachment to the teaching authority of the Pope. Without the Magisterium to teach the meaning of the Deposit of Faith, the hope and meaning of our salvation slither about in the chameleon dance of everchanging theological speculation. That tensions are inevitable between intellectuals and the Magisterium is obvious; that the Magisterium today must be a million times more cautious than ever before given fantastic growth of knowledge and the frenetic dissemination of opinion through the news media is also obvious. I frankly feel that the tolerance and patience of Pope Paul and the hierarchy in the face of the virulence of the present controversy are heroic. But the real burden is on the shoulders of the intellectuals. In any situation, in any cause, in any discipline or scientific question, theirs is the task not only of exposing truth as the human intellect sees it, but of making the exposition of truth really serve the highest needs of man. Very

little genuine intellectual progress can be made in the earthquake of controversy. Though the Magisterium always needs the Catholic intellectual, the Catholic intellectual needs the Magisterium as never before. In the past persecution was simpler, Christians were thrown to the lions. Today we often claw ourselves to death with the fangs of our intellectual pride.

It is precisely because this task of reconciliation of Catholic faith and modern intellectual growth is so difficult that the Catholic university is so absolutely necessary. For the Catholic there must be no *false* wall of separation between faith and reason, intellect and will, conscience and Church. Proper distinctions exist but man is a unity, his gift of faith and his cultivated reason function in an integrated totality. No schizophrenia is more dangerous and devastating than an attempted separation of man's life of reason from his life of faith. Reason does not cause faith, prove what is believed; but faith lodges in and constantly employs the faculties of intellect and will as its mansion and its communicative powers in the soul of man. Man's reason and man's love must ever make faith his honored guest to whom all is subordinated or his guest will surely depart. The Magisterium of the Church is the only ultimately authentic teacher and interpreter of the Deposit of Faith, God's good news given in Christ. All human sciences, even theology, are only handmaids in this enterprise to the Magisterium. The Catholic university is, then, that very special kind of academic institute of higher learning where the meaning of Catholic faith is clarified, deepened, enriched, and, to the degree possible for man's fractured intellect and will, reconciled with man's life of reason. It is that sacred assembly assisting the man of reason to find and enhance his life of faith and helping the man of faith to make possible a life of reason.

But this ultimate subordination of the research and teaching to the Magisterium seems to contradict the essence of free inquiry and open speculation requisite for the intellectual life of a university. How can science really progress? How can there be any real academic freedom? How can there by any honest pursuit of truth if even scientific conclusions can be Magisterially overruled? Here we see the captious schizophrenia of the Catholic intellectual. In a very real sense he does not enjoy the same freedom as the non-Catholic. Either his act of faith deals with facts or it does not. Either the content of his faith, though mysterious and analogical, is real knowledge or it is not. Either his Church through its Magisterium has been commissioned by God to teach authentically, even infallibly, or not. Each of these is "hard saying." But as an adult Catholic trying to lead an intellectual life, I either know what I believe by faith, I either accept the Magisterium's official teaching explicating the Deposit of Faith, I either subordinate, though I do not understand the Magisterium's reasoning, my professional judgment, or I do not see how I can have Catholic faith.

The nature, content, and scope of my act of faith cannot be evolutionary in the radical sense of that word or I never know at any given moment what I believe or even if I believe at all. The arbiter of faith cannot be scientific theology, "democratic" collegiality, or consensus

among any single or all branches of the Church, for in each instance some ultimate authority must judge the authentic worth of the conclusions reached. Protestants generally have used the principle of Scripture as their supreme authority; Anglicans and others the Apostolic and Patristic Church. Catholics have always held the authority of a Magisterium and the Primacy of the Holy Father. To argue that Vatican II makes this norm for Catholics outdated is self-defeating. If Vatican II overrules any defined doctrine, if it contradicts the traditional Catholic doctrine on the arbiter of the Deposit and meaning of Faith, then Vatican II can be subsequently overruled and any real authoritative teaching becomes logically impossible and we are left only with the convulsions of theological speculation.

In my view Vatican II is highly traditional and insistent on the nature of the Church's Magisterium. Its doctrine of collegiality in no way diminishes the special and independent authority of the Pope:

> But the college or body of bishops has no authority unless it is simultaneously conceived of in terms of its head, the Roman Pontiff, Peter's successor, and without any lessening of his power of primacy over all, pastors as well as the general faithful. For in virtue of his office, that is, as Vicar of Christ and Pastor of the whole Church, the Roman Pontiff has full, supreme and universal power over the Church. And he can always exercise this power freely. The order of bishops is the successor to the college of the Apostles in teaching authority and pastoral rule. . . . But this power can be exercised only with the consent of the Roman Pontiff. For our Lord made Simon Peter alone the rock and keybearer of the Church (cf. Mk. 16:18-19), and appointed him shepherd of the whole flock (cf. Jn. 21:15ff.) *(Documents of Vatican II*, ed. Walter M. Abbott, S.J., p. 43)

Obviously I still think, reason, and, given *proper situations*, even challenge what I claim is either not taught or incompetently or incompletely taught. But not only in those issues structured as clearly defined dogmas but also in those questions treated with the vigor of insistent magisterial pronouncement, I must give religious assent and obedience or I do not see how I have Catholic faith. Speculation does not belie faith or obedience, provided speculation does not assume overt contradiction as its first premise. Wonder is not infidelity; astonishment is not rebellious pride. Our intellects work with as much self-churning gusto as do our imaginations. Our wills constantly cherish any good we spy. Faith in a Magisterial Church does not paralyze nor even ask that we stop our highest faculties. But it does demand assent. We must ever remember that God's truth operates in, can be scarred, and even eaten alive by the acid of our fallen intellectual nature. Christ, our way, our truth, our life, realizes and fulfills His promise to abide with us through the Magisterium of His Church.

This position on the authority of the Magisterium would seem to make Catholic intellectuals skulking minions of an ecclesiastical power structure, the Catholic university a propaganda institute. But it must be borne in mind that even within the most rigorously enforced standards of full

academic freedom, even within those institutions claiming that the only test of truth is the test of science, all kinds of academic positions are constantly excluded. What medical school would tolerate a man who became a witch doctor or insistent absolute Christian Scientist? What law school would tolerate a Hitler or a Stalin? What literature department would countenance a man who taught *Mad* comics instead of Shakespeare? Certainly these are excessive examples. Life, especially academic life, is never so simple. But the point is that if one is clever, if one is a slippery rhetorician, any position can assume amazing academic credentials especially in the humanities and social sciences. Whether contemporary scholars wish to admit it or not, they conduct universities on certain philosophical principles on the nature of man and they exclude even very bright colleagues and compelling doctrines because they do not fit into the basic philosophy of human value and ideals on which our varied institutions are founded.

Any real university is a community of scholars, each working in his specialized discipline, but all working for a total scheme of human values by which civilization can live and for which men can die. The university is the home for man's dreams, the ivory tower for his highest aspirations. Not just in the physical sciences but also in the humanities, the highest ideals of man are cherished, argued, and, thank God, often proved and defended in the harsh crucible of reason in the university. Though mundane in so much of what it does, almost a nightmare in its manifold enterprises of research, teaching, and social commitments, any real university must live for the worth of man, the nobility of the human spirit, the sacredness of the cooperative human enterprise. The law can protect justice, it cannot make men just; often by its vigor it can lead men to callous abuse. Commerce can feed, house, gainfully employ, but it cannot give men the will to live. Most religion today, so often private sentiment chorused in ambivalent humanistic yearnings, denuded of any claim to authentic authority, cowering before harsh issues by dumping them into the consciences of the lonely, empty so often of any prophetic vigor, even religion is hardly stout enough to humanize man because it can only appeal to consciences formed ultimately by the intellectual leadership of the university.

Thus today, of all public institutions, the university is the only home for any authoritative formation of human ideals. Is it surprising that the young so often revolt in universities over moral issues? Is it surprising that in the university especially the prophetic vision of Martin Luther King was caught? No man can live by bread alone; no man can live on the cynical coin of mere physical fact. To be a man demands serving a scheme of human values and ideals. But if we so readily admire a man of large vision, liberal spirit, generous impulse, and strong ideals, if we recognize that especially today because of the sovereignty of knowledge, the university is that institution especially empowered to demonstrate and defend human ideals, is then a Catholic university such an anomaly?

For the Catholic, the ultimate ground of his ideals is a commitment to the redemptive and personal friendship of Christ whose truth guarantees far more securely than

even the most noble human speculation the absolute veracity of human ideals. We hear so much today about being an authentic Christian and not bothering to be a Catholic. We were never more Catholic for being less Christian and we can never be more Christian for being less Catholic. Our faith tells us that Christ was not just another humanistic prophet, but God's Word. Above I admitted that the Catholic intellectual does not have the same freedom as other intellectuals. He does not. He has the freedom of the children of God. He is in faith privy to the fulness of God's revealed truth.

Furthermore, the Catholic university is necessary and its future vigor lies not only for dialogue between the intellectual and the Magisterium, but also for the *public* life of intellectual dedication conjoined with and inspired by a deeply spiritual *public* commitment to a life of faith. Men form Catholic universities for the same reason they form any community: it is human and necessary to share what is most precious to us. As we cannot be Christian alone, so we cannot easily be intellectual Christians in insolation. Intellectual Catholicism is not mere niggardly acquiescence to the mandates of authority, it is a special form of the public life of faith.

Here again a striking parallel can be drawn from the natural order. As we admire any man of high ideals and rich human sentiments, so do we notice the often ascetical vigor of his moral commitment. History is rich and constantly chides us with the sacrifices and even martyrdom of those who honored human ideals even though they could not believe in God. We cannot approach Catholic belief, we cannot attempt a life of faith without the prayer, sacrifices, dedication to the ideal of holiness Catholic faith calls us to. It is not so much that we honor God by believing; He honors us by letting us believe. How much of our present crisis of faith is caused by our attempt to believe on empty stomachs, by our attempt to reconcile faith and reason in a life practically empty of a genuine effort for piety? This is not to guise intellectualism with religious sentiment, but to see the real price for genuine Catholic intellectualism.

We have too quickly forgotten our saints, our martyrs, and especially our crucified Lord. As any real university exists to enoble man and society, so a Catholic university exists for the same purpose but as Catholic it begins and keeps alive its process not only in the laboratory, library, classroom, and seminar, but also at the foot of the cross. I do not mean to confuse piety with learning, scholarship with faith. Prayer is not study, aspirations facts, the liturgy academic demonstrations, religious assent speculative insight. There is no such thing as Catholic chemistry, Catholic accounting, Catholic literary explication. But irrespective of the nature of a scholar's discipline, each man lives ultimately by a scheme of human worth and must sensitively arrange his particular science with his scheme of priorities of human value. So the university as a human society exists ultimately to orchestrate all sciences to the value and service of man. For the Catholic his faith cannot be properly verified in this process unless grounded in the struggle to be holy; *and this men should do in common.* As Vatican II urges:

> Faith teaches that the Church . . . is holy in a way which can never fail, for Christ, the Son of God, who with the Father and

the Spirit is praised as being 'alone holy', loved the Church His Bride, delivering himself up for her (cf. Eph. 5:25-26). He united her to Himself as His own body and crowned her with the gift of the Holy Spirit, for God's glory. Therefore in the Church, everyone belonging to the hierarchy, *or being cared for by it*, is called to holiness, according to the saying of the Apostle: 'For this is the will of God, your sanctification.' (I Th. 4:3; cf. Eph. 1:4)

Now this holiness of the Church is unceasingly manifested, as it ought to be, through those fruits of grace that the Spirit produces in the faithful. It is expressed in multiple ways by those individuals who, *in their walk of life*, strive for the perfection of charity, and thereby help others to grow. *(Documents of Vatican II*, ed. Walter M. Abbott, S.J., pp. 65-66; italics mine.)

Thus I would urge that not only is there a future and fierce necessity for Catholic colleges and universities so that faith and reason, science and Magisterium, can live in unity in the House of Intellect, but I would also argue that the future Catholic university can be one of the most noble institutional achievements of the twentieth century. Its renewal has already begun. The academic quality of a number of our institutions has risen faster than we dreamt possible. Very probably our crisis of faith is largely caused because we have intellectually outstripped our piety. Our spiritual renewal must now be equally invigorated. Catholic higher education will not die because we have dropped St. Thomas or the *Ratio Studiorum*, but because we have failed to witness Christ in our intellectual lives.

There are two very special areas of spiritual/intellectual renewal which deserve comment. First we must redesign our liberal arts curriculum. The vast changes of this age have largely deprived us of our customary style of academic life. In the past we perhaps a little too naively assumed that we could *train* students to be humanistic and Catholic by following certain procedures of curriculum, discipline, and spiritual exercises. Modern experience shows that students are too nervously free to be *trained* but must be creatively presented the very best of our academic traditions and the soundest of our modern developments. But we must be surgically cautious about simply catering to the frantic intellectual impulses of our age. As in every discipline so in the total order of our liberal arts core, we have the professional as well as the Christian responsibility to present first those truths which have stood the test of time and not merely those opinions which in the fickle mayhem of today seem relevant.

Our students will face fantastic demands after they graduate. They feel alienated and even frightened by the massive institutions that "run" our world. They are foolish as we were foolish at their age, but they are lonely as we never were. Their very opulence and freedom have liberated them from home, from much contact with their parents or any adults, and have isolated them in a post-adolescent subculture which is the worst imaginable ghetto. We can only liberate them by the sturdy truths which really will perdure. It is not that our past has become

irrelevant as that our methods of teaching it became stale.

Secondly we must carefully reinvigorate and even change the *details* of the spiritual exercises we offer as part of the life of the Catholic university. Again it must be remembered that as men we need to share what is most precious to us; as Catholic intellectuals we need to pray with our students. But we must go to God on God's terms, in Christ's way, in his footsteps. We must not dare yank Christ and His liturgy about as the dangling elements of some kind of self-serving emotional football rally. If such exercises as retreats are "out," then they must be replaced by a new style of spiritual exercises. But they cannot evoke real Christian commitment unless grounded in Christ's standards of holiness.

Our problem is again largely tired structures *and*, unfortunately, silly new structures and no structures. Our students want ideals, can serve causes generously, and honestly mean to be Christian even when admitting that they are no longer Catholic. We must respect our students' questions and be carefully concerned over their infidelity, but we must not dare ignore their spiritual problems. We must not write off their loss of faith as spiritual acne. They are far more isolated from the patterns of religious belief and practice of their parents than we were. Christian life is organic and its loss by the young will not necessarily be rectified in maturity. Christianity and Catholicism are evangelical by the mandate of Our Lord. Woe to us if we through lazy indifference argued on the basis of specious adolescent psychology allow God's young to slip from His hands when in His Providence we were to help Him secure them. True, God gives faith and will see to His own; but He has shared responsibilities with us. We can lose the young by the scandal of our lives, by the scandal of our scepticism, *and* by the scandal of our indifference.

If only we can struggle to accomplish these ideals, by God's grace we will save our institutions and forge even greater Catholic colleges and universities in the future. Our Lord has promised that where two or three are gathered together in His Name, there He is. Can He refuse His help, His efficacious blessing where thousands are gathered in His Name for the service of truth, for the education of His beloved young, for His witness in the intellectual life for the greater glory of His Father?

— RICHARD W. CLANCEY

Souls of the Seasons: a Song in Four Parts

I. JONI'S SONG

Rough and tumble, roll and crumble
Country winds came blowing you in one day
And opened locks upon the rocks
There was nothing close to make us pay

I suppose that I should be the one to be amazed
How could I have predicted the circles of your ways
Thought I'd go around you, somehow
I still found you anyway . . .

Lilac wine, a sprig of thyme
Your hand went 'round my head and stopped my brain
And when I mentioned going away
You looked at me just like I'd gone insane

Later I returned from a task I chose to do
I went back to the country, anticipating you
Found a man beside you, tried to look inside you
Told me you had nothing else to do . . .

Now where I wander life is fonder
I really have no cause to complain
Snow keeps falling flake on flake
And snow on summer landscape soothes my pain

Underneath the mountain is a narrow passageway
Up above the boulders hover, threatening someday
When they fall the passenger will blindly lose his way
And a thousand years from now who will know his name?

II. JONI'S HAIR IS GOLDEN

Joni's hair is golden, and she wears a leather coat
She wraps herself around you in the poems that she wrote
Her palms would wrap around your mind
She takes you up on rain and wine
But Joni, she'll bring you down.

Joni's song is magic, it shivers in your ears
She makes you stand up tall and she can break you down in tears
She keeps her head above it all
Leaves you standing in the hall
And Joni, she'll bring you down.

Joni has a kitten, black and white and grey
She'll ask if you can keep it for her while she's gone away
The kitten's name is Donna Blue
She writes and sings good songs for you
But Joni, she'll bring you down.

Joni's boat has sailed now, bound to a foreign land
Now that I've had time to heal I think I understand
Joni's man is just ideal
She can't know anybody real
And Joni, she'll bring you down.

III. UMBRELLA MAN

Umbrella man, you made the rain go away
Don't bother coming around today.

Lovers windowshopping on a wet suburban street
Buying all the things they cannot own
People stare at longhaired kids with sandlesheltered feet
Ho Chi Minh could walk here all alone

Umbrella man, you made the rain go away
Don't bother coming around today.

Your feet are sore and aching, but there is no grass around
No soft spot to lay your weary head
You know the place too well to hope you ever might be found
Where's the chance to live and not be led?

Umbrella man, you made the rain go away
Don't bother coming around today.

Churches are not crowded, no war broke out today
God sits in his gold box patiently
Proper downtown dealers sell their diamonds from a tray
The curbside lame still beg for charity

Umbrella man, you made the rain go away
Don't bother coming around today.

Travel bureau pictures now say nothing more to you
Plastic jets defile the windowsills
You want to grab a brush and paint the city cobalt blue
And like an outlaw on the run, fly to the hills

Umbrella man, you made the rain go away
Don't bother coming around today.

All at once you see him on the edges of your sight
Where the benches were just whitewashed freshly grey
His mouth is full of wisdom and his eyes are full of fright
And there is nothing close to make you stay

Umbrella man, you made the rain go away
Don't bother coming around today . . .

IV. WHAT'S THE USE OF STAYING

When you see the waves over the breakwall
When you smell the smoke in the air
If you hear the southbound geese flying overhead
You know that October's coming near

And a girl you once respected
Someone else has slept with —
What's the use of staying,
What's the use in staying here?

Can you take the soul of a season
Captured in the crystal of a tear?
Maybe you can find out why things happen the way they do
Maybe you can find some cause for cheer

A reason for not going
The way the winds are blowing —
What's the use of staying,
What's the use in staying here?

North country breezes blow their cool winds down your way
You know you can find new friends up there
And by the things you say and do they'll know you very well,
And you'll know them by autumn time next year

And so you say farewell
With a thousand truths to tell —
What's the use of staying,
Ain't no use in stayin',
What's the use in staying here?

— WALTER ONK

With Regard to the Welfare Morass

THERE IS an interesting contradiction which is being foistered upon the vast, silent, and (usually) gullible majority of the American public these days. Part of the contradiction is repeated endlessly in the form of "nigger," "Polak," "D.P.," or "hillbilly" jokes, which usually dwell on some aspect of an alleged *a priori* mental and/or physical deficiency, which the members of each aforementioned group possess. The other part of the contradiction is usually noted in discussions concerning the employment situation or the welfare programs in existence. Here our less fortunate citizens are miraculously transformed into sly, conniving, professional loafers — masters at the art of avoiding work and collecting comfortable welfare checks, so as to perpetuate their undeserved affluence. When pressed to expand on these astute remarks, many relatively affluent (and relatively unenlightened) citizens begin to parrot the following stereotyped oversimplifications:

1. *The "big, black Cadillac" argument.* This rationalization is usually characterized by the following remark: "They can't be that bad off — look at the cars they drive." This argument usually arises as the result of a trip through the local ghetto, where, it is noticed, high-priced, late model cars line the streets. It is also occasionally used after having been cut off on the freeway on the way home from work by a Negro driving a new Pontiac or Oldsmobile.

2. *The "mother with 18 kids" approach.* In this argument it is asserted that poor mothers fornicate for the sheer joy of collecting bigger welfare checks every month as a result of a family made larger by the addition of several illegitimate children.

3. *The "they don't want to work" attitude.* This is a favorite of business executives. Usually specific or even recurring instances are cited to substantiate the point. The example is usually that of some poor person (often a Negro) who has quit his job a few weeks or months after completing an expensive training period. This much can be substantiated. But some businessmen can rarely resist the temptation of speculating with regard to the motive for quitting. In their opinion, fully 99% of those who quit their jobs in such circumstances do so to consume great quantities of alcohol and engage in endless orgies of one kind or another.

These supposed lines of reasoning are interesting if only because they seem to point up a recurrent strain of "know-nothingism" in the thinking of

many Americans who use such crass arguments. They absolutely refuse, in many cases, to accept the more reasonable explanation for the problems of the poor. After all, it does seem more reasonable to suppose that the poor buy expensive cars because they either don't know how to spend the little money they receive or else they cannot spent it on something more fundamental (like good housing) because there is none of it available. It is more reasonable to conclude that poor females engage in prostitution because of weak family structures or to earn enough to support the children they already have. It is reasonable to suggest that the poor often find it hard to hold a job because of the boring nature of the job, lack of opportunity for advancement, difficulty in reaching the plant site, and other similar reasons.

Poor people are not inherently stupid. Nor are they, for the most part, opportunistic loafers. They are a group, thirty million strong, who have failed, for one reason or another, to realize the American Dream. Sometimes it is their own fault, but mostly this is not the case. They are usually underfed, underclothed, undereducated, underhoused, and overabused. They are subjected to a welfare system and poverty program which discriminate as much against them as they do for them. It is becoming clear that the welfare system is a failure.

People who are poor today cannot collect welfare simply by virtue of the fact that they live in a state of poverty. This is due to the categorical nature of the welfare system. One must not simply be poor in order to receive welfare. He must meet certain, rather restrictive requirements in order to qualify for welfare. The result is that if one is poor but not aged, handicapped, or the parent of a minor child, he will receive no aid. One may not even get aid if he is lucky enough to fall into the right categories, because often he is not told of aid which he could rightfully receive according to law. The result is, according to George Hildebrand, economist from Cornell University, that "both in intent and in effect, the categorical programs exclude perhaps fifteen million adults and children in families which are mostly headed by able-bodied working poor." Since all Federal funds are categorically distributed, as are the overwhelming majority of state funds, the coverage of the poor is obviously incomplete.

Even more shocking are the parsimonious amounts of money available to the deserving poor citizens. According to the President's Advisory Council on Welfare, less than a half dozen of the state systems raised needy people to the brink of the non-poverty living level (defined as $3200 for a family of four; $1500 for a single individual). The inadequacy of the system caused Charles I. Schottland, the former Commissioner of Social Security, to remark: "Even in Massachusetts, which has one of the most liberal public assistance programs, the amounts available to reliefers are barely enough to keep body and soul together, and fall below the accepted poverty line."

A complicating factor arises in the fact that cities have more leverage in Congress, and consequently receive more welfare aid than surrounding rural areas. The result is a migration of the rural poor to urban areas in hopes of obtaining jobs or at least higher welfare payments. Add to this the fact that administrative costs under the present system are deplorably high and

fantastically wasteful, and it becomes apparent that what is needed is more than a patching up of the present system.

In view of the facts cited, a universal, guaranteed subsidy to the incomes of the poor becomes a plausible solution. Many different plans have been proposed. Some call for guaranteeing an income of a certain level. Others base the size of the subsidy on the number of children in the family. Perhaps the best program is the so-called negative income tax, originally proposed by Milton Friedman, among others. This plan calls for granting a percentage of the difference between a person's income and the poverty level. Thus if a 50% negative income tax were instituted, and a family of four realized an income of only $500 for the year, the payment they received would be 50% of the difference between $500 and the $3200 poverty level for a family of four. The family would then receive $1350 (one-half of $2700). Some sort of incentive might also be added to keep a family's earnings above the poverty level. In this way, a person or family would not be simply living from a dole, a common criticism of present programs. The poor people would be encouraged to increase their earnings in order to receive matching funds under the subsidy program. Under the present system, all welfare is often cut off as soon as the head of the household goes back to work. Since net income does not immediately climb, the family often drops back onto welfare, since it is easier merely to collect a check than work for it. No incentive to work exists under the present system.

Realistically, two major problems arise under such a proposal: under-reporting of income (cheating) and misspending of funds on nonessential items (e.g. liquor). The first problem can be substantially solved by modelling the administrative system on either the Social Security Administration or the Internal Revenue Service, both of which have low administrative overhead and keep cheating at a reasonable minimum by their procedures. The problem of misspending must be met through the use of the social worker, who presently functions as a sort of policeman. The social worker could probably deal with the more fundamental problems of the poor under a guaranteed subsidy program.

The cost of such a program will be great, perhaps as much as twenty-five billion dollars annually. It is apparent to *all* Americans that the present welfare system is unsatisfactory. Most poor Americans sincerely need and rightfully deserve financial assistance. They do not, in many cases, get such assistance now. A comprehensive program of guaranteed subsidies would be universal, more equitable, more adequate. It would give the poor the direct purchasing power they need. They would not be subject to programs such as the food stamp program and the food surplus program, which tend to set the poor apart from the more affluent segments of society. Equipping the poor with the immediate cash purchasing power they need and the incentive to work would be a large step towards helping the poor achieve what Steinbeck calls "economic anonymity." the risk of such a program is great. But it is a greater risk to depend upon a system which has clearly failed, and offers no hope.

— CHRISTOPHER R. SCHRAFF

Horizons

in the waking sleep of half remembered dreams
of neon snickers at the window melting into grey
and footstep echoes battering the glass –
i brush my hand across warm skin
and scatter pieces
of the concrete-meadow
girder-mountained
countryside of cold sunlight
that waits beyond the tissue
of the softness of your breath,
my so fragile barricade

– WILLIAM BUTALA

At the Glare of Morning

at the glare of morning
the room resumes its pose –
the walls assemble
flattened pressed and taut
the floor is chill once more
while chairbacks rise
and stiffen in disdain
and the holy place that is a bed
becomes a snarl of dirty sheets
covering beneath
her faint and dimming blush

– WILLIAM BUTALA

Untitled

because you bent to touch me
and brim me full with giving
i will linger in your hand
and sometimes seem to nod –
but never, never sleep

– WILLIAM BUTALA

After 1968: the Democratic Party

THERE have been better years than 1968 in which to be a Democrat. Indeed, there might well be few worse years for the party as there is every evidence that one era is about to end and another begin. For over thirty years the Democratic Party has dominated American politics. Even in the years of Republican control of the White House there was still little doubt that the old General was simply a passing phenomenon and the Democrats remained the majority party. This circumstance was the work of one man, a single architect of three decades ago — Franklin Roosevelt. It was he who constructed and shaped in 1936 an amalgam of ingredients and elements that made his party virtually invincible for untold elections to come. Merged into the union of 1936 were forces new to the Democratic organization as well as others as old as its history itself.

Surviving from the old organization were the Solid South and the political machines of some large urban centers which drew their strength principally from the nationality groups making up much of the Northern working class. But new to the coalition were the presence of organized labor, the Negro, and the intellectual community en masse. As recently as 1932, the majority of Negro voters in the nation had cast their presidential ballots for a Republican and chose Hoover over Roosevelt himself. As for organized labor, historians now believe that its vote was split rather evenly between the two 1932 candidates despite Hoover's lackluster record.

In the case of the intellectual community it was certainly the opportunity offered to participate in New Deal policy-making that attracted so many from the academic ranks into government service. The result, in the latter instance, was more than a little horrifying to some members of the old established order. The *Saturday Evening Post*, for example, accused Roosevelt of establishing "a laboratory for a small group of professors to try out experiments that bid fair to result in an explosion and a stink." Even old-line Democrats such as Al Smith, faced with the invasion of young college professors into high government office, were heard to wail plaintively: "Who is Ickee? Who is Wallace? Who is Hopkins, and in the name of all that is good and holy, who is Tugwell, and where did he blow in from?"

In each case it was the policies, the results, the opportunities offered by the New Deal in operation after 1932 that attracted these elements into the coalition which proved so overwhelmingly successful in demolishing Landon and the Republicans in 1936. The academic community provided the imagination, the

political machines, labor, and the Negro supplied the votes, and the results were a series of triumphs under Roosevelt, Truman, Kennedy, and Johnson in 1964. When the Midwestern farmer, for one reason or another, found himself temporarily dissatisfied with his usual Republican home and added his weight to the blend, the result was simply to convert the usual Democratic victory into a legitimate landslide. Such was the pattern of three decades of politics in the United States.

And yet today the 1936 coalition lies shattered and the Democratic party faces the distinct possibility of slipping into the status of a minority party for the first time since the Republican 1920's. The elements that Franklin Roosevelt so artfully fused together now find themselves alienated and openly at odds with a Democratic and supposedly friendly administration.

The situation is well-known. The most articulate and inventive members of the intellectual community are appalled by a war they consider unwise and even unjust and, much less justifiably, find themselves repelled by what they consider to be the garish, Texas-style politics and taste of the incumbent President. The Negro, whose support could be relied upon by the party in previous years, is now found to be much less reliable as he becomes increasingly angry with unfulfilled promises and empty rhetoric. He now begins to look forward to increasing militancy outside of the narrow limits of traditional politics for an answer and, as one writer recently put it, isn't "making the white, middle-class liberal scene this season."

Organized labor, on the surface, would seem to have remained loyal to the old banner if the love affair between the administration and Mr. Meany of the AFL-CIO is to be believed. Yet, whom does a George Meany really represent? Not the massive Teamsters Union who have shown no friendliness to the administration, nor Walter Reuther's UAW which has already defected both from George Meany's and the President's forces, so shattered is labor's own house. Further, given the continuation of the civil rights and civil liberties issues, labor's rank and file shows more allegiance to the ideas of a George Wallace than to their own nominal leaders.

What then about the traditional components of Democratic power, the Solid South and the urban political machines of the North? The first has, of course, long since proved its untrustworthiness. The South cannot be considered even remotely solid when it forms its own coalition in the Congress with conservative Republicans to block one administration-sponsored program after another, and when it deserted to the Goldwater standard so blatantly four years ago, and does much the same again this year for a George Wallace or a Richard Nixon.

As for the so-called "machines" of the urban centers of the North, with few exceptions, their working parts seem thoroughly rusted. Tammany in New York City has all but disappeared as a dynamic Republican mayor presides over affairs, and reform movements in many other cities (Chicago excepted) have stripped the bosses of much of their old power. Even more apparent has been a willingness of the nationality groups, formerly the source of machine strength, to bolt to the Republican ranks in the face of a growing

Negro political presence.

Thus the Roosevelt achievement lies scattered in bits and pieces and the future indeed seems uncertain.

Is the 1936 coalition beyond repair? The answer would seem to be yes, at least in the form we have known it for thirty years. What is required now would be another Roosevelt, capable of picking up the scattered remnants and molding them together in some new fashion for a new era. But this would require both time and a man of Rooseveltian personality and finesse. Edward Kennedy, in many ways the most politically talented of all his brothers, could well be that force in the 1970's but until then it will probably be necessary for the Democratic Party to pass through the fires of the purgatory of political failure before the necessary human catalyst can emerge. It will be necessary to bear with a second Hoover before one may have another Roosevelt.

Are there not, however, some words of sustenance that can be offered to the bereaved friends of the victim at this time? The answer would again be yes, but a qualified yes. Given the remarkable resilience of the Democratic Party, a quality which it has exhibited throughout its history, there is reason to believe that it can eventually recover from its 1968 predicament just as it returned from the shambles of the Harding landslide of 1920 or the Bryan disasters of earlier years. There seems little doubt that it will have a rather different personality after its recovery, but recover it will. It is virtually impossible to predict what the exact dimensions of that new personality will be but it seems likely that it may well have a distinctly more leftish cant. A coalition of the youth, the more liberal elements of the labor movement, an important segment of suburban America, the not yet totally disaffected ghettos, and the intellectuals – in general, the elements that formed the constituency of both Eugene McCarthy and Robert Kennedy – could, with patience, faith in the system, and hard work, capture for itself the old party by working from within.

Also adding to the probability of this return to health is the inevitable rhythm of American politics. One can easily perceive four distinct phases in the cycle of our political history. The first could be called "the seedtime of reform." This is the phase in which the reform movement is painfully and slowly gathering momentum, in which progress is modest because conservative forces are still strong, and in which idealism and conviction that change is required is gradually being generated in the minds of a majority of citizens. In our own century, the years of Theodore Roosevelt's presidency, the last two years of the Hoover term when power was slipping from the White House incumbent to the Democrat-controlled Congress, and the thousand days of John Kennedy have been three repetitions of the "seedtime" stage. Each has laid a foundation for successes to come later.

Following immediately upon the first phase would be a second, that of "reform at floodtide." These are the glory days of the liberals, when success comes astonishingly easily, and when everything seems possible. These are the days when idealism is high and the statute books become weighted with new legislation, whether it be the Clayton Antitrust Act of 1914, the establishment of the Tennessee Valley Authority in 1933,

or the Civil Rights Acts of the 1960's.

All too soon, however, the reform-minded party finds its great moments past and itself slipping in the stage of "growing stagnancy." Reform has somehow gone stale as the problems of administering new laws occupy the day; bickering within the administrative structure develops; policy differences begin to fester; and even the hint of corruption hovers about. The young and desirable reform movement has somehow become an over-age and generally unattractive dowager. It has lost its glamor and its ardent admirers and it begins to grumble about the fickleness of public esteem. Its day is done. The Great Society of Lyndon Johnson is only the latest of the spurned.

It is now only a short step into the last stage. "The period of consolidation," the stage which the nation is about to enter as 1968 becomes 1969. In this final phase, there is a rejection of idealism, and a happy embracing of a self-centered selfishness masquerading as "normalcy" or whatever is the catch phrase of the time. It is not, nevertheless, a period of reaction but rather one of consolidation. The legislation enacted by the reformers remains upon the books unrepealed, but little is added to it. The period is marked by a distaste for the intellectual life and the "egg-heads" who live it, a rebuffing of international responsibility, and an apathy towards matters involving social and economic justice at home. For the progressive, the only consolation in this difficult time is the knowledge that the cycle is always in motion and it is only a matter of time and patience. That modicum of hope is all one can today offer discouraged Democrats.

Added to that hope, though, there must also be an admonition, an assertion that the months ahead are a time for preparation. There will be a need for new proposals, for new solutions as well as for new leadership when the political clock reads "reform" once more. If the Democratic Party does its homework now, it will be ready then. In short, there seems little time for grief. There is too much to do.

— C. JOSEPH PUSATERI

Untitled

You grab the black string
That hangs in the moonlight
Of the brown barn,
And sing in a prism-world
Where God's light splits into sins,
And where, near the tower of reaching hands,
All grasp for the white light,
And the girl who disappears.

—MICHAEL PELLEGRINI

The Festival

For an hour of my life,
I played with the motion of love.
My head screamed with the discordant
Noises of the oom pah-pah band.
But the tree limbs only rustled in
Silent acquiescence to the thrill.
My stomach tightened with the suspense
Of carnival games while small children
Played marbles behind the rickety ticket stand,
This, a relatively quiet corner.
My whole body convulsed with excitement,
With dizziness,
While people around me saw,
The sensible frame of things.
I pitched with this unnatural movement,
Up and down, up-down, up-down,
At a freakish pace
So like an enameled, wooden mare.
Out of the foolish night,
His voice shrieked mightily
Like a barker's direction.
I was captive to his urgent voice,
And he, deaf to my dumb, begging gestures,
Was content to release me from this spell
A second later.
He dropped my gasping body on the gravel path.
And all my unassuaged needs
Surrounded me like a crowd of laughing spectators.
And at the end of this prodigal hour,
I still knew nothing
Of the quiet after the festival.

— ALICE KEATING

Chicago, Chicago . . .

MUCH has been said and written in the wake of the disorders which took place during the Democratic National Convention in Chicago. Mayor Richard J. Daley has been both canonized and condemned, the Chicago Police have been called everything from pigs to patriots, and the young people who participated in the demonstrations are everything from committed idealists to idiots who should be committed. About the only common denominator in the reaction to one of America's latest bloodlettings has been high emotional content. The almost absolute polarization of ideas in the clashing factions gave the entire situation the rare opportunity for each side (the police and the demonstrators) to evoke from observers either a flat and uncompromising "I'm with'em" or an equally stern "I'm agin'em." Now I'd like to offer my own first-hand observations on the Battle of Chicago.

The mood and spirit of the people gathered in Chicago are difficult to convey, because what I saw there was a mosaic, with the lasting impression imparted by the sum total of small events grouped together; and I have neither the space nor the memory to reconstruct *in toto* the finished work. But although the details have left me I can still feel the force of their sum.

I spent nearly every afternoon and evening from Sunday (August 25) to Wednesday (August 28) outdoors in either Lincoln Park or Grant Park with the people. The days passed pleasantly, with a mingling both of heterogeneous people and heterogeneous ideas. There were the clean-cut Ivy-Leaguers, and the week-end hippies who were just a little too neat to be real, and the "genuines" complete with *serape* and non-matching headband. The talk ran just as wide a gamut, from stray McCarthy people trying to convince others (and perhaps at the same time themselves) to stay "in the system," to followers of Mao trying to replace the "system" with a new one of their own. There were all kinds there. But nobody stared, and nobody sneered. Instead there was gut communication. And sharing. Sing, sleep, talk, read, or just throw a tennis ball around. The days were sunny and still and cool, and so were the people until nightfall.

The darkness united them all. But even more unifying was 11:00 p.m. The people were there to hold a type of unconventional convention, to express in a loose but voluntary togetherness a dissent against a top-heavy government that seemed unrepresentative, working for votes and not people, being motivated by political expediency instead of humanitarianism. And Mayor Daley thoughtfully provided himself as a gravitation point for all the frustrations and discontentments by refusing to permit anyone to sleep in Lincoln Park. PARK CLOSED 11:00 p.m.

This was, I think, Daley's first big mistake in dealing with the people. By posting a much-reduced security force at strategic spots around the park and by permitting the daily assemblies to disband gradually and voluntarily (there weren't really *that* many people who would have stayed in the park), Mayor Daley could have avoided the nightly mass confrontations of Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday. But instead, by his arbitrary denial of a permit that was sought well in advance and through every legitimate channel, Mayor Daley displayed exactly the type of political bossism and out-of-hand rejection of anyone not in tune with the machine that has disenchanted so many of late with the anachronistic governmental structures. If you back up one step and go from "what happened" to "why it happened" I think you will find that Mayor Daley was smugly playing a hand in which he thought he had all the aces, when in reality he was using a deck of cards that the people didn't even recognize as playable any more.

In my right ear I heard "Why don't they just obey the law" and "They were just pushing for a fight." To this the only response can be that the law was not being applied equitably (there will probably be at least fifty winos sleeping in Lincoln Park tonight, peacefully), and that the law should never be manipulated by someone whose power structure does not hold room for that which has been traditionally valued in American society, the right to dissent. Nothing could have brought the people more solidly together than did Dick Daley's alarmist overreaction to the thought of protest in *his* image-conscious city.

And then there was Wednesday, the day of the rally in Grant Park and the proposed march to the Amphitheatre. The rally was fairly well organized with speakers of, again, almost every political proclivity. Phil Ochs sang, a Vietnam vet told why he is working against the war; there was Norman Mailer, Genet, and finally Dick Gregory.

When the rally was over the crowd was informed from the stage that there were three possible alternatives they might want to follow: first, the people who were older and might have young children with them were advised, to insure their safety, to remain in the park until the greater portion of the people were gone; second, those who were of the opinion that they should operate in a manner more radical than the march on the Amphitheatre, e.g., planned street skirmishes, were told to leave the park in two's and three's immediately (Grant Park was at that time surrounded by police and National Guard, who were equipped with gas masks and bayonets); and finally, those who wished to take part in a *non-violent* march to the convention site were told to line up, eight abreast, and to prepare to leave.

I only mention these alternatives in such detail to point up as strongly as I possibly can the fact that from the very start this march was planned as a non-violent show of unity in disaffection with the Vietnam war policy and with the archaic political puppet-work taking place at the convention. The line of marchers was formed in an orderly fashion, and waited. The people at the front of the line were stopped by the police. The leaders reassured the authorities that this was to be a *peaceful* march, that they would obey *all* police instructions and traffic signals, and that

they in no way intended to clog up the normal operations of the city. And they waited. Two representatives of the marchers tried to get down to the Police Headquarters to confer with higher authorities. And they waited. Finally, after about an hour and a half the crowd began to move from the park toward the bridges spanning the railroad tracks which separate Grant Park from Michigan Avenue. Then it broke. Over the bridges, and into the streets.

The details of the actual confrontation are well-known, and I will omit their re-iteration. But there is one thing I would like to make very clear. The crowd was not being "controlled" by anarchists, nor were they puppets whose strings were being pulled by radical street-fighters. They were concerned people whose attempts at operating peacefully and lawfully were repeatedly and arbitrarily frustrated. A permit for the march was sought more than two months in advance of the convention. The only thing between the people and the permit was the fact that the concerns of the people did not coincide with those of Mayor Daley. (Daley seemed awfully proud a couple of weeks later of the people who freely jammed the streets when Richard Nixon arrived.) But to indicate that there was a master plan of disruption behind the cover of a peaceful march is to deal in irresponsible hypothesis.

The combination of a frustrated and hemmed-in crowd with an inordinate number of over-armed and over-alarmed police could only result in a clash. It was here that the extreme elements taunted and provoked. And it was here that many innocent heads were bloodied in a surprising show of poor training and lack of (or rejection of) discipline on the part of the Chicago police. But I think the most extreme elements were given publicity and blame that was greatly disproportionate to their actual influence. The great, great majority of the people were just fed up with being pushed, and were exhiliarated by their moment in the street. And they were in the street in spite of the fact that it was a sure thing that sooner or later the cops would come in swinging. But to condemn the intentions and hopes of the majority of the people because of the actions of a fringe element would be like illegitimacizing the Presidential nomination because somewhere in the balloting a vote was cast for Bear Bryant.

There was no great call for anarchy. There was no one foolish enough to want an all-out battle with armed police three times their number. (I never saw anyone running toward a cop.) But there were people in Chicago with some legitimate gripes, and the harder the authorities tried to suppress their right to air those gripes, the more determined they became that they would be heard. In the end, it was an army of cops on the right forcefully beating a lot of good young minds quite a bit further toward the left.

— PAUL MYSLENSKI

Untitled

A pallid mushroom in a patch of dead,
Brown leaves stood, grown obese on fallen life,
A faceless thing where once wild flowers fed
On mornings, moist and bright. O Autumn's knife
Has severed Summer's tenuous thread.
The verdant leaves in autumnal strife
Perish, and stain with martyr's blood the cold
And windy days, and die a death a hundredfold

More glorious than all our counted Springs.
Though seas of snow will drown in Winter weeks
This noblest sacrifice, remembrance clings
Tenaciously; though Winter howls and shrieks
And lays a frigid hand upon the wings
Of skylark dreams, the world rolls on and seeks
The April sun and builds with flesh and bone
Upon the scraps of summers overthrown.

— GARY L. BRANCAE