Toward nightfall he was back in the city walking toward the castle. Agnes lived under those towers and high roofs, his beautiful regal mistress, who looked so proud but who could nevertheless lose herself, abandon herself completely in love. He thought of her with joy, and gratefully remembered last night. To have been able to make that marvelous woman happy he had needed his entire life, all the things women had taught him, his many journeys, his needs, wandering through the snow at night, his friendship and familiarity with animals, flowers, water, fish, butterflies. For this he had needed senses sharpened by ecstasy and danger, homelessness, all his inner world of images stored up during those many years. As long as his life was a garden in which such magic flowers as Agnes bloomed, he had no reason in the world to complain.
J. Murphy, chairman, Purple Key Society
JULY: "There was a great deal of work to be done in setting up the Congress. It became apparent that the work would have to be done this summer, in the hope that Student Government could become meaningful. But after Commencement, when the dorms were locked up, I had no place to live... I commuted from Boston until Alumni Saturday was over, and a week later returned with my solution to my housing problem: the tent... My first nights in the tent were not unpleasnant..."

"While the College, like any other institution, needs government, it should also have as many of the qualities of the anarchist's utopia as possible, because it is built also on the notion of each man's responsibility for his own knowledge, utterance, work, behavior, and freedom. That's got to be the flavor of the College..."

OCTOBER: "We are calling for a periodic moratorium on 'business as usual' in order that students, faculty members and concerned citizens can devote time and energy to the important work of taking the issue of peace in Vietnam to the larger community. On October 15th, participating members of the academic community will spend the entire day organizing against the war and working in the community to get others to join us in an enlarged and lengthened moratorium in November... Join the call..."

NOVEMBER: "A Student Government, if it has any justification for existence at all, is purposeful so long as it endeavors to interject an element of energy, freshness, novelty, and immediacy into the life of its campus. Its central problem is one of inertia. Student Government must try to summon its campus into motion. Viewed wrongly, its task is seen as the destruction of apathy — the search for an issue which will unite the student body, eliminate their lethargy, abolish their indifference. This view supposes single-mindedness of the students. This approach only subjects them to more manipulation than they already experience by molding each student's interests into the pursuit of the one cause.

"The role of Student Government, properly conceived, is not destructive but creative. It must concern itself with the creation of a mood — a mood that will engage each student, that will engender a feeling that each student's thoughts and efforts are meaningful, a feeling that he can make things happen. For mood is forever being sliced, cut, stamped, ground, excised and obliterated from our lives by the totalitarian nature of our society.

"The mechanics of mood is what Student Government is all about. It is a mechanism which, if effective, must serve very diverse interests. In six months it can appoint fifteen percent of the College Senate, give out free punch, study curriculum, subsidize SDS, set up a Draft Center, do community action, change registration, organize a Moratorium, live in a tent, etc., etc.

"But do not understand me too quickly. I don't see this semester as anything more than a turning point. We have begun to create something here, but this new mechanism has to do more to deal with the life style and direction of the College. Let this semester be a propaedeutic for the future..."

DECEMBER: Blacks are distrustful of white Americans. Curiously enough, the whites of whom blacks are most distrustful are not the racist bigots whose political conservatism oppressed blacks for so many years. It is the white liberal and the white radical whom blacks distrust most. The conservative bigot seldom hesitates to make clear his unequivocal opposition to concepts of greater rights for blacks and, in this respect, he can be trusted to be consistent. His terms are clear.

Seeing themselves as more enlightened, the white liberal and the white radical are quick to condemn the racists' insensitive irrationality. Although their respective philosophies proceed from relatively different premises and employ different strategems, both the liberal and the radical present grave dangers to Black initiatives to solve Black problems.

Consider the liberal. All too often, the liberal white's commitment in the area of civil rights is inversely proportional to his commitment to his own personal life. The liberal can be expected to be a stalwart champion on the forefront of the struggle only as long as there is no direct threat to his family, his home, his job, or any other aspect of his security.

To Blacks, the fair-weather liberal is of little value. Inconsistencies in the liberal's commitment indicate an hypocrisy which makes it difficult for Blacks to believe much of what he says. This credibility gap concerning the white liberal's commitment to Blacks is what impedes his effectiveness in the Black movement.

While the liberal weighs his own interests against those of the Blacks, the radical uses the Black movement as simply another vehicle for fermenting "the revolution." The radical seems to have no genuine interest in the Black movement, seeing it as simply another forum from which to harangue the establishment. The radical can demonstrate for peace in Vietnam on Monday, occupy an administration building Tuesday through Friday, and join the welfare mothers' protest on Saturday.

The radicals' vascillation is a function of his search for a cause and as a result the radical fails to reach the stage of total commitment to anything except revolution. This arouses Black distrust. The radical's presence in the Black movement is counterproductive; to the extent that he is able to inject peripheral or unrelated issues, the particular problem with which the Blacks may be attempting to deal is overshadowed.

The liberal has much to offer the Black movement. But the Blacks are rightly distrustful of the liberal's paternalism: though liberal to the point of including the Black in Black-assistance projects, the liberal usually seeks retention of the decision-making power within the project.

The radical must be considered by Blacks in their planning of approaches to particular problems. His inclusion is undesirable because of his limited attention span, his desire for the public eye, and his failure to think plans through. But his exclusion creates the danger of unbargained for lateral support of dubious value.

Wary of the liberal's paternalism, the radical's pueralism and the absence of total commitment with both, the Black has turned to his own Blackness, recognizing that his only vested interest is completely intertwined in the fact of his Blackness. T. Dougherty
F. Meyer, station manager, WCHC Radio
J. Day, chairman, Cross and Scroll Society
Student unrest, the Black revolution and outrage against the war have all required prolonged gestation periods at Holy Cross. Lengthy intervals of time, sometimes years, have separated their bursting forth from the initial eruptions at other campuses. Holy Cross has displayed a pronounced tendency to ripen at a slower pace than many other, larger and more heterogeneous colleges. Yet, as Holy Cross approached the end of the sixties, this time-lag was being irretrievably narrowed. The complacencies of 1966 seemed distant and artificial in the face of the intense realities of the new decade. In the space of only four years, Holy Cross made up a lot of ground.

One aspect of this time-lag can be discerned in Holy Cross' attitude toward the arts.

Artists must take their places at the vanguard of society, offering new perspectives, re-ordering the old, and continually redefining our apprehension of ourselves. But Holy Cross is not a center of the arts and does not consciously produce artists. Thus, the institution must act as a distributor to the students of what is most easily called culture. The rapidity with which new thoughts and trends are transmitted to the students as well as the breadth and quality of their exposure to the traditional cannot be uniformly controlled. Variable factors such as the resources and disposition of the institution and the vigor and open-mindedness of its members inevitably insure some sort of cultural time-lag. This is especially true of a school like Holy Cross where none of the aforementioned variables are predictable.

Film is a particularly apt example of how this cultural time-lag has been somewhat reduced during the past four years. The first film shown for freshman orientation in September of 1966 was Jules Dassin's *He Who Must Die*, a turgid and insufferable, modernized version of the Christ story, a choice that reflected many of the college's *in loco parentis* attitudes. For film to be taken seriously then it had to contain equal portions of Christian mythology and humanistic uplift. A neat contrast can be made with one of the last films that will be shown this year, Claude Chabrol's *Les Biches*, among other things, a sensitive study of sexual deviation.

However, this change in scheduling habits can be deceptive. Not as many, by far, will go to see *Les Biches* because it is by the great Chabrol as will go because of the subject matter. Although films are often shown four nights in almost any week, film is still regarded by most as peripheral entertainment and not as a serious art form. There is still a strong unsophisticated element that will loudly demand nudity in an exquisite Japanese film like *Gate of Hell* or conversely declaim the corrupting influence of Godard's attack on bourgeois society in *Weekend*. The more serious films of the more esoteric (at least for Holy Cross) filmmakers are still supported by a small coterie. But the coterie has expanded in four years. The ten who would have gone to see Bresson's *Trial of Joan of Arc* in 1966 today would probably number forty. Jean-Luc Godard, the most influential filmmaker of the sixties, is just being tested on Holy Cross students, but with predictably lukewarm
symposium, a concentrated and prolonged discussion and debate of one issue by a panel of distinguished thinkers in that field. The future of Christianity was at issue one year; another year, an examination of the role of dissent in a free society was coupled with a look at the emerging Black Arts.

All in all, the Cross and Scroll Society provides the most immediate means for confronting the campus with the new and controversial ideas that are essential for any kind of intellectual life. The rude reception Barbara Deming's lecture on Vietnam provoked three years ago would be unthinkable today. A lot of minds have grown in the intervening time and the Cross and Scroll has undeniably had a hand in this. It seems evident that, in many cases, a carefully chosen Cross and Scroll program is a powerfully effective deterrent to the cultural time-lag.

If the cultural time-lag in film, theatre and ideas can be computed in months and years, the lag in the appreciation of the fine arts of music and art at Holy Cross would be a large multiple of those other measurements. To be sure, the glee club and the Worcester Music Festival are venerable institutions, having served for a long time as oases in a musically parched wasteland. But sufficient relief was not forthcoming until Hogan Campus Center was finished in 1967. For the first time the fine arts possessed a permanent repository: a recital hall on the fifth floor, ample space for mounting art exhibitions and a student committee to program fine arts events on a regular basis.

It has not been an easy task to overcome the campus' built-in antipathy to definably 'cultural' matters. But even with limited resources and feeble student response, the Fine Arts Committee has presented numerous concerts and recitals by both professional and student artists each year. The quality of the programs has varied, but the enthusiasm, sophistication and taste with which they have been presented have remained constant. Student-faculty photography exhibits and intercollegiate art exhibitions were some of the committee's innovations and have, in a small way, served to lessen the gaps between students and the arts.

Correlative to the rise of the Fine Arts Committee at Holy Cross has been the emergence of the Worcester Fine Arts Ensemble. While associated with Holy Cross, the Fine Arts Ensemble was a visible representation of the nascent interest in the arts among the students. From a wobbly start at a Christmas concert three years ago, the Ensemble has matured greatly, gaining confidence and expertise with each outing. Their two concerts of Italian Baroque and Contemporary Music last year were the brilliant fulfillment of a great potential. They have since become independent of the college, but they maintain their value as a symbol of the promising future that the fine arts have at Holy Cross.

In sum, the expansion in interest and enthusiasm that the arts have generated in the short course of four years has been remarkable. The cultural time-lag between the attitudes of Holy Cross and the intellectually-aware segments of society has begun to decrease. Yet there is the danger that within the framework of four years the progress might seem more prodigious than it really was. Much ground remains to be made up. Only a systemic approach will work. The anti-intellectual and anti-cultural barricades have received only their first battering.

J. O'Mealy
T. Travers, D. Conway, co-chairmen, Junior Prom
A. Martin, president, B.S.U.
When I entered Holy Cross a few years ago, like any typical freshman, I was anxiously awaiting what was supposed to be one of the most significant experiences of my life. The college education I was seeking was to advance me both economically and socially. This education was to make me a better man. As one of two Black men in the Class of '70 entering a predominantly white school, I was especially lucky, for my so-called self-improvement would result from a white education, "the best."

Though I was Black and my Blackness was the determining factor of my actions in life — as it always has been and will be — I soon found that I was Ralph Ellison's "invisible man." I was not seen as a Black man, and neither were the other seven Black students at Holy Cross. The mere fact of our presence told the white students we were different from other Black men, that our aim was to eventually assimilate into white society, there to remain content and thankful that we few were allowed to do so by the munificent white man.

My first two years of Holy Cross were lonely. Even though I had many friends among my peer group, I didn't feel like part of the school. I could not become the shining knight on the gleaming white charger. The mixers, the football games with "Mamie Riley" and "Old Black Joe" were not intended for my enjoyment. I was at Holy Cross to run and study and be happy about that. It's true five more Black students were admitted in my sophomore year, but the now baker's dozen were still invisible. I will honestly say I had accepted my cross. I knew I had to receive a college education and four years was not a lifetime.

I think a turning point in my life and those of many Black students throughout the nation was the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. His assassination affected my lifestyle at Holy Cross. From the words "Martin Luther Coon has been assassinated" echoing in Mulledy to the administration's denial of funds to send two student representatives to the funeral in Atlanta, I became more convinced of our Black invisibility on campus and the insensitiveness of many toward us. Of course there were the prayers and petitions and some sincerity, but most people didn't give a damn. Why should they, he was only a Black.

As part of a new dedication to the rights of man and in memory of Martin Luther King, Holy Cross — like many other institutions throughout the land — attempted to rectify her mistakes of the past. In the Class of '72 twenty Black freshmen were admitted, and forty more were added in the Class of '73. With the formation of a Black Students Union, a new and powerful voice has been heard on the campus, and justice will be done. With the increase of Black students and their presence in every area of Holy Cross life, things had to change and will continue to do so.

White students can no longer expect Black students to carry the proverbial cross — and why should they? The younger Black student does not thrive on sincere thoughts and polyphonic promises, but on action. This was evident in mid-December '69, when rather than hear the "Oh, I'm sorry's" the Black students were willing to give up the "precious" Holy Cross education to be free men.

The Black students entering Holy Cross today, as I did four years ago, have come to Holy Cross seeking not only the same education I did, but an education and environment that includes them as well. They have not come to destroy but to help construct. The Black student not only here at Holy Cross but throughout the nation has become the catalyst for change. The Black students are opening the window of education to fresh thought, their interests being not only academic but pragmatic. Because of these interests, courses are being re-evaluated for their meaningfulness and their value in society today, and new areas are being opened for study. If any institution claims to be truly educational, it must realize that the Black student is an essential and legitimate participant in this process. Acknowledging this, Holy Cross must continue to bring in not only Black students, but students of all backgrounds. Besides admitting these students, other things will have to be recognized. Holy Cross cannot expect the Black student to continue to give, but must be willing to allow him to do what he must. If the student comes to Holy Cross and does not associate with white students, if he doesn't want to fit into this Holy Cross mold, understand why. The Black student today is his own free Black man.

I think Holy Cross is now starting to realize that her value system and her priorities must change. She has an obligation to her students to prepare them to live in the world and to become part of the family of mankind, not just part of "the family on the hill." Holy Cross in the past has produced leaders in every field, and she will continue to do so. But if her graduates turn their backs on mankind, Holy Cross has failed. There is more to life than eating, sleeping, breathing, and material wealth.

If someone asked me why I chose Holy Cross I would not know. I hope in the future I will.

A. Martin
C. Foley, copy editor, J. Dorey, literary editor, J. Twarog, layout editor, K. Burns, associate editor.