

Time to Speak Out!

Graduate students can no longer hide behind their student deferments. Now they must step forward and be counted as either supporters or resisters of the draft.

No longer can the educationally-elite pay lip service to those who openly resist the selective service. They must choose to fight the draft or fight.

We regard this as a healthy situation for the nation. The time has come when Americans must speak out against the draft and the war in Vietnam and the students are the people to do that speaking.

First, students must speak out against the draft as unconstitutional. Clearly a system of involuntary servitude violates Amendment XIII Section 1 of the Constitution which states: "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States or any place subject to their jurisdiction."

Second, the students must support the right of dissent of those who refuse to serve in the armed forces and those who encourage others not to serve. Students must speak out against

atrocities such as the arrest of men of conscience like Dr. Benjamin Spock and Rev. William Sloan Coffin, who see the moral necessity of encouraging the youth of this nation to resist the draft.

If men cannot exercise they're right to free speech in keeping with their own moral consciences then the right to free speech will be lost.

Third, students should speak out against this country's immoral, illegal and insane involvement in Vietnam. They should stop today to look at the record, a record which reflects constant lies on the part of the present administration.

The record shows every justification this country had for initial involvement in Vietnam has been lost. For example, today we see more and more that there is no monolithic Communist conspiracy in the world and yet our original involvement in Vietnam was based on the belief that such a conspiracy existed.

The record shows that the United States has continued to increase its commitment in Vietnam at the same time it is saying such an increase will not take place. The question now is if, when Lyndon Johnson says he will not use

nuclear weapons in Vietnam, does he really mean he will.

The record shows that the U.S. behavior in Vietnam violates the laws of war which are binding on all Americans. "In the Name of America" was published recently and it contains over 400 pages of examples in which the U.S. has violated such agreements as the Hague (1907) and Geneva (1949) Conventions and the "Nuremberg Principles" if International Law (1946-1950).

The record shows the United States stands increasingly alone in Vietnam. This great nation is being simultaneously laughed and cursed at by the rest of the world.

Now as never before, the citizens of the United States must not say to themselves, "I don't think it's right, but what can I do." That's how Hitler got his start.

The people of this country must act and speak now or face the consequences of history. The graduate students have been thrust into the position of being the first who must stand and be counted as true Americans. Not in the sense of what America is, but in the sense of what America must be.

oregon daily EMERALD

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Dimitri Karakitsos

Is Contemporary Art Sick?

Editor's note: Dimitri Karakitsos is a graduate in business administration.

As I am writing these lines, I get the feeling that some of the people who will read them will not resist calling me an illiterate, uneducated, uncultivated and profane individual.

This is because I am touching on a subject considered as a taboo by most of us. My criticisms will deal with the way

contemporary man expresses himself.

I am not speaking about contemporary Americans specifically, although what I am about to say does refer to them as well. I am speaking about contemporary man in general.

My remarks are mainly directed against "modern art," but, I dare say, they are equally applicable to other forms of expression, such as modern literature, music, theatre and movies.

Responsum Celsinum

The other day, as I was casually viewing some works of art exhibited in the Erb Memorial Union building, I overheard the following:

"Hey, Judy! Look at this! Isn't it neat?"

Judy (standing before a painting entitled "Tiberias," pausing momentarily, bending her head to the right): "Yeah! That looks great!"

I went back and took a second look at the painting in question and I was reminded of what Celsus once said: "Either I am unable to understand what this man is saying, or what he is saying is simply meaningless."

This responsum Celsinum, I thought, could be used with reference to the creator of that painting.

Taboo

But would you dare make a statement like that publicly? How dare you, when the painter (or writer, speaker, etc., for that matter) is not just anybody, but an established artist whose works are admired by thousands or perhaps millions of people? Not only wouldn't you give this responsum Celsinum publicly, but you wouldn't dare whisper it to yourself.

"Well," you might argue with yourself, "perhaps this painter (or writer, speaker, etc.) is sick. What about those people who admire his creations? Are they sick, too?"

But you know darn well that you are perfectly sane and it is rather difficult for you to believe that all those admirers are intellectually more cultivated than you are. So, what's the outcome?

I am afraid frequently the outcome is that we turn the whole matter into a taboo. We just don't talk about it. We repress it deep into our "unconscious," as an adherent of an old psychoanalytic theory would say. What happens is it is often hard for most of us to continuously admit we don't understand what so many other fellowmen accept and admire.

So we say, at least to ourselves, that we understand it just as well as those others

and thus we feel relaxed and contented. Eventually, we are led to believe that what is sick might not look so sick after all.

If we are mentally sane and well-balanced individuals, this belief might cost us a lot.

Andersen's Tale

When some contemporary artists, particularly painters and sculptors, exhibit their work publicly, they seemingly try to tell us something like this: "I, the artist, see things this way and you, who look at my work, should see things the way I see them. If you don't, then you don't know what art is, you are uneducated, uncultivated, and illiterate."

On the one hand, these artists want to be judged not objectively but on the basis of their subjective criteria that determine what good or bad is. On the other hand, these same people want the public to recognize them as artists and accept their work, no matter what the public's subjective criteria are.

We, the public, do not accept their work as worthy because we are uncultivated and we are uncultivated because we do not accept their work. That is quite a sophism, I would say.

But the sad thing is that most of these artists are accepted by the general public.

This reminds me of a story that my grandmother told me once when I was a little boy. It's one of Andersen's tales about some weavers who claimed they could make a type of cloth that was so thin, you could hardly see it. They could do this because . . . they used no yarn whatsoever.

In other words, they didn't actually make any cloth, but they claimed they did and that it was invisible. And who would question a thing like that?

So, one day they made a robe of this cloth for their king and asked him to parade before his subjects "dressed" in this robe, that is, naked.

Everybody stood with mouths wide open admiring their king's invisible robe until a little boy screamed: "Gee, our king is naked!" It was only then that the people discovered what had happened.

A similar story, which is supposed to be true, was widely circulating in Europe in the summer of 1966. I believe it was first told by Andre Maurois.

It was announced in England that a "silent concert" was to be given by a famous pianist. The concert hall was packed

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Emerald Editor:

Good Taxes

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There has been a great deal of concern expressed recently over the proposed raising of taxes. It is a shameful fact that people are unwilling to support increased taxation. Taxation is the best way to keep the country strong and prosperous and guarantee the solidarity of the government. Taxation is necessary for a strong central government—and where would we be without it?—Anarchy!

An historical example is England under the reign of King Stephen. How much better to endure a tax than to suffer the chaos of such anarchy! The greatness of the American people lies in their willingness to tax themselves for the common good.

William Rufus,
Graduate,
Political Science
Rannulf Flambard
Graduate, Accounting

The Minority

Emerald Editor:

If there is relatively little racial tension on this campus, it is probably due in part to the efforts of some to keep things cool. This theory is supported by an incident during the preliminaries to the Oregon-UCLA game Feb. 10.

For many basketball fans in Mac Court that night, it was the longest national anthem ever experienced.

Several Black students — at least a dozen — were sitting together in the Oregon section. A sort of collective snicker went up from this group the instant the lights dimmed and the drum roll began. About half the Negroes stood to salute with the rest of the capacity crowd. The others remained sitting. Several of them sang—a laughing, mocking, jived-up version of the anthem:

"Oh, say can you see . . ."
"Yeah, baby . . ." " . . . the bombs bursting in air . . ." "Go, LBJ . . ."

Some of those in the group who were not singing encouraged the others with hoots and jeers.

It was hot and stuffy and close in that student section. Some spectators ignored the scene and fixed their eyes on the flag. Others darted nervous glances at the cut-ups. More than one fellow muttered something under his breath. Several girls sang louder than is normal, apparently trying to drown the disturbance.

For many, it seemed a short eternity before the final words: ". . . and the land—of the—freeeee."

Somehow, several moments of tense silence followed the anthem. There were no smiles in that section, as the teams went into their huddles.

Then, very casually, a young Negro, who had been seated

down in front of the disturbance, rose to his feet and turned around to face the others. At least 200 pairs of eyes blinked. Mocking the deepest Southern Negro accent, toning it with utter contempt, the young "cat" addressed the miscreants:

"You boys keep singin' like that an' you ain' never gonna be set free!"

That's when the place came down. Maybe it was a scream of relief. Maybe it was because the teams broke huddle. Maybe it was because Lew Alcindor loped out onto the floor. Whatever the cause, it seemed to many that the entire crowd of 11,000 was cheering for that minority within a minority who had the guts to stand up and erase the misdeeds of a dozen others.

J. D. Bates
Senior, Journalism

