

complains we aren't analytical. Wolin complains we aren't cautious, and those against us just complain. Everyone wants to put us in his box, and we just don't fit.

... feeling
the
elephant ...

I don't mean to imply that these books are worthless. They are fascinating artifacts from which emerge, for example, half a dozen indirect name-calling debates, and an absurdly-serious surface picture of the naked ugliness of the Liberal Pluralist Establishment. The feeling that 113 blind contributors are feeling the elephant is inescapable; but not all of the contributions are totally perpendicular to relevance. The Lipset/Wolin tome has contributions by Kerr and Cleaveland which are indispensable; and Wolin's own *Abuses of the Multiversity*, which prefaces a brief and beautifully humane description of the conflict by saying:

"Yet the authority of (this seemingly invulnerable institution) crumpled under the pressure of a few thousand students who had no other power than the moral courage to say 'no' before the colossus and the tactical skill to say it at the right time and in unison. Absurd it may have been, but trivial it was not."

The Miller/Gilmore book provides the Petras/Shute article, a sweet critique of the nominal political situation within which we functioned, and Trillin's *Letter From Berkeley*, the only article giving a sense that we were human beings. Draper's book is that of a well-meaning friend; of all the nonstudent writers, he was the only one to take the trouble to watch us in operation consistently. This lends a partial validity to his book, reflected in his liberal quotations from our persons and pamphlets: read it if you can read only one. The best potential single piece, by my odd lights, is the abridged version (1 1/2 of the text) of Ken Sanderson's joyous epic poem *Multiversity Lost*, tucked away as an appendix in Miller/Gilmore. The original poem does more to reflect the living complexities, the turbulence, and the lack of easy answers that so characterized the controversy (even, or especially, in FSM's collective mind) than these books together do. Little of this shows here: the abridgement was, at best, clumsy.

... Multiversity
Lost ...

But the books are relevant in a deeper sense. They are a complex landscape peaked by humaneness and fissured by spite, drifted deep by leaf-skeletons of words in the winter weathers of the heart, with no blank places marked *Here There Be Tigers*; these contours were the mold

that shaped FSM (and this review). They are the archetypal trace of the ambience we struggled within and against, even on their surface. The Lipset/Wolin tome is modeled after Kerr's view of his role as President/Mediator, so liberally and revealingly quoted in his words: all the leading, organized interest groups are represented (but a critical part of FSM's nature is that it wasn't organized), and the book succeeds in being distasteful to every constituency, a sphere bristling with views that balance each other hopelessly. (But there's another dimension without which everything is flat, and it's absent.) As on the campus, comprehensiveness substitutes for relevance, criticism for judgment. The Miller/Gilmore book has the same difficulties, less offensive because its authors are apprentices in sympathy with FSM. Draper's book, in his own cranky-but-fun style, is mostly a fairly evocative description of the surface of events. It bogs down when he tries to analyze what FSM was, in basically political terms; the dead names of the past cloud his eyes.

... cranky-
but-fun
style ...



In these books taken together, FSM appears in reverse: the absent dimensions are revealing. There is no humor, no poetry, no community, no contact with the real, no collective sense of value, no sense of the strange. The atmosphere is one of analytical structures that refuse to become relevant, to function properly. Ironically, no one notes the most characteristic theme of FSM's dialogue on education, politics, scholarship, etc.: not that the structures should be changed, but that they should function properly and relevantly: we did not want new channels, new methods, but the proper functioning of those that were.

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No Comment Dept:

TENNIS ANYONE?
by Anselm Atkins

Vatican II publicity has made us all aware of the diversity of rite tolerated within the Catholic Church, especially around the Ethiopian fringes. But some nooks and crannies, ancient and strange, have never been exposed to daylight. In the interest of anthropologists, sociologists of religion, rubricians, and the wondering laity, I wish to present an outline of the ritual habits of the biggest, ruggedest, prayingest contemplative order going. I conceive this report as a technical supplement to J. Huizinga's *Homo Ludens: A study of the play element in culture*.

The ritual of the monastic oratory, as devised by St. Benedict and his diverse sons and daughters, can only be described as "play." What follows is a summary of the official games played, with their objects and rules. Keep it by you for reference when you read monastic literature; visit monasteries on retreat; see monks on television, or read about them in *Time*.

LINES AND SQUARES

"Step on a crack and break your mother's back!" Sacred lines—the expansion joints in a sidewalk, the "pee-leg" line at track, hopscotch lines—may not be violated. A. A. Milne's verse about the bears—"Bears. Just look how I'm walking in all of the squares"—is based on this *Weltanschauung*. Monks, too, demarcate their churches with invisible dividers. Jung-Cartesian coordinates run longitudinally down the dark Gothic nave from altar to vestibule, and latitudinally between the superior of the choir on the left and the superior of the choir on the right. The latitudinal or abbot-prior axis may not be crossed except by a reader or a servant of the church, on his way to his duties. All other trespass is forbidden. The altar-vestibule line, however, may be crossed if a neutralizing bow is made. As with the Neptune ritual at the equator, the idea is to duck and get going.

MUSICAL CHAIRS

Played standing, sitting or kneeling, the game is to move as many times as possible before ranks in choir are closed. Each monk has an assigned place which he takes upon entering church. In place and settled, he looks around, guesses who is coming late or not at all, and tries to move homeward, space by space, until no more spaces are left, or until the intonation of the first psalm signals the general fill-in and the end of play. Any move after fill-in scores double. If, for example, the cantor arrives late, all to the east move back one space, and all score double. Any move that forces others to move scores as many additional points as there are players moved.

If a player takes more than one stall at a jump he first bows (except at Tierce) to the altar. No one may pass his senior, but cantors and their assistants may pass anybody, within limits. Abbots' and priors' stalls are not filled except (as happens) by themselves. When a monk is called out of choir by the telephone or business, the players to the east may fill in, and score.

Good players often make two or three moves before a service ends, and may accumulate 25 or 30 points by the end of Prime (which, to date, monks retain).

RED ROVER

"Red Rover, Red Rover, let (N—) come over." Ned (or Nell) runs against a line of locked wrists and either breaks through at a weak point and returns to his own lines with a captive, or is himself caught. Liturgically, a runner is caught if the monks, bowing for a doxology, hem him in as he makes for his place. A choir leader catches by stepping out of his stall to intone while one or more men pass on their way to fulfill a function at a different location. But the leader himself is considered caught if the runner pushes by. Using the hands is a foul. The first superior may catch as many runners as he pleases by rapping the start signal: all drop on knees and knuckles, and those off-base are caught. Other observers, however, make this a separate game and call it "No Man on Feet" or "Red Light, Green Light."

RED LIGHT, GREEN LIGHT

The object of this game, in its religious setting, is to get as close as you can to your home base without being caught in motion.* "Red Light, Green Light," then, is an enlargement of "Red Rover," in that one is considered caught by a "Red Rover" even when no one is anywhere near him. Also, movements during a doxology or intonation are illicit. One stands stock-still to be "safe." If one has not reached base by the time fill-in occurs (see "Musical Chairs") he is caught, regardless of whether he was in motion. He must start over at the sanctuary step and pay a penalty (q.v.).

PENALTY

"Penalty" is a cousin of "Truth or Consequences" and a direct descendant of "Transgression" as formerly played in Jewish circles. It is really an anti-Wittgensteinian meta-game: it establishes rules which shall hold for other games. A "Penalty" is the pink card that reads "Go directly to jail, do not pass 'Go,' do not collect \$200." As the English teacher says, it's like when you goof.

A "Penalty" is drawn by one who comes late, makes a disturbing noise, confuses a syllable in psalmody, or completes a reading not letter-perfect. In "Penalty," if a leader reads the wrong prayer, the cantor or subprior corrects the error by reading the right one, and the offender prostrates. If a singer intones the wrong words, the cantor breaks in with the right words, and the offender pays "Penalty." In the

* For Monks Only: St. Benedict moralizes overmuch here, and his interpretation deserves no higher place than the specialist's footnote.

days when sport was sport and the weak only watched—that is, before the *Usages* were brought really up to date—there was a hierarchy of correctors: cantor, sub-cantor, subprior, prior, and abbot. A corrector who failed to correct the next lowest corrector—supposing that that corrector had neglected to correct—was himself subject to correction. Veterans remember one legendary abbot barking out a correction that sent the transgressor and the whole Kafkan hierarchy of correctors on their noses to the step. Such a thing was called a “strike.”

“Penalty,” like Hearts, is usually played for low. But there’s always a “Black Mariah” for someone, and every choir has someone who likes to try for 26.

DUMBBELL

Sometimes called “Spoons,” Monks chant from two kinds of books: the psalter and the book of antiphons. Each office is composed of songs, psalms, and prayers scattered here and there through these books. There is seasonal, daily, and hourly variety. In choirs where three men share one large book, the midmost, or “tender,” finds the places in it. You are “Dumbbell” when everyone but you has the right place. You and your partners must skip the turn or borrow a look from the adjacent team. If three or more tenders on one side of the choir are “Dumbbells” at once, silence ensues and the opposite side scores a *coup*. If a tender exhibits the wrong place to a leader to sing from, the tender alone is “Dumbbell”; the leader merely pays “Penalty.” Expert players turn their pages softly and discreetly, so that if you doze off while the desert owl is in the ruins, all the other players will be three or four pages and several Positions ahead when you finally wake up and find yourself throwing about in the Red Sea.

FOLLOW THE LEADER

Everyone takes a palm or candle in the right hand, a song-book with a few markers in the left, and sets out after the Master of Ceremonies. Three-handed monks may not play. The Positions and moves are posted previously on the bulletin board, but the MC is not bound to follow them. The MC is permitted to go up and down steps, through crypts and corridors, into sudden sunlight, and into mud, wind, and workmen. Sacred lines are not observed on such festive occasions, and, if Grail psalms are being used, neither are “Penalties.” If a bell rings it’s “Red Light, Green Light.” If you balk or drop a marker you’re a “Dumbbell.” The object is to get “home” before the

SANCTUARY FOOTBALL

cantor can intone the Introit.

For seven or more. The game is not confined to monasteries, although monks are the most prodigious players. The general rules are too well known, and the peculiar plays of local MC’s too secret, to warrant or allow any description. Whether the line-up is facing the grandstand or not, and whether the signals are in code or not, it’s still “Sanctuary Football.” Single-wing to the right, end-around, guard pull-out, handoffs, interference, fakes, and fumbles; substitutions, referee, band-and-twirler, water boy, and commentators. If this is a touchy subject we can just drop it.

SOLITAIRE

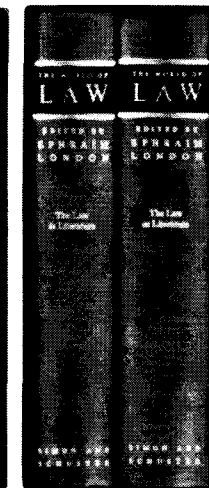
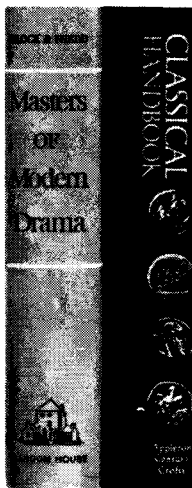
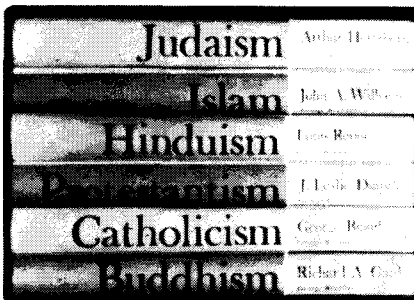
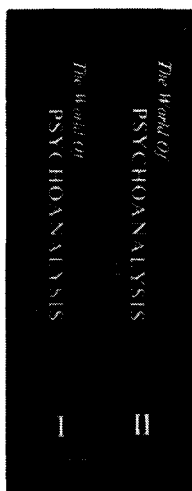
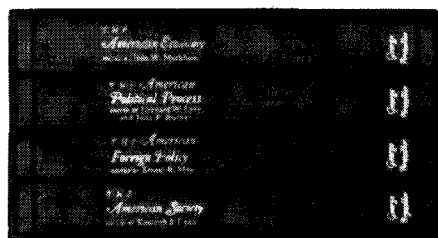
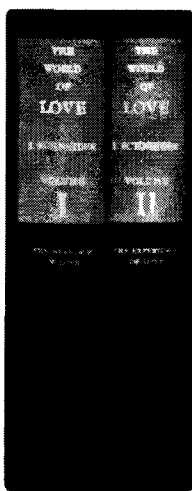
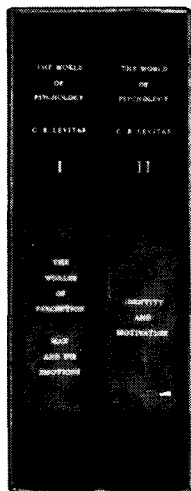
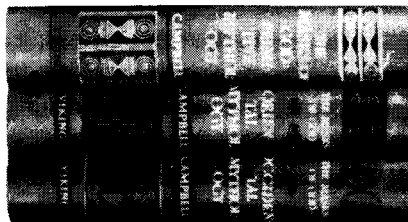
When no organized play is going on, little games of “Solitaire” break out here and there. This game is indulged in by the gregarious as well as by the loner. You can play it and still be a good sport. As Alfred Whitehead remarked, “Religion is what a man does with his solitariness.” One game—“Beads”—employs tokens made of glass, wood, lucite, brass, seeds, or epoxy. The player moves his fingers from token to token and mentally attends to a religious subject. Other forms of “Solitaire” common in the monastic oratory are “Stations,” “Book-and-Pencil,” and “Nose-and-Throat.” Sometimes the “Solitaire” technique is combined with “Twenty-One Positions,” and then it is called “Yoga.” Said one cynic, “Zen what?”

Besides all these official games, there are private unnamed games. Two monks—“whether in the body or out of the body, I know not, God knows”—compete to find names of animals lurking in the Latin texts, and have already found many, including ant, clam, mare, squid, cat, bat, ibis, sole, gnu, alligator, and mini (a small fish). But most of the unlicensed games are too subtle and exquisite for memory or paper to record. In them the monks romp with the freedom of the sons of God. It is only here, in fact, that some are finally able to find an application for the mysterious apothegm, “True worshippers will worship the Father in spirit and in truth.”

Oratory games are, of course, only one small facet of the play element in the practice of contemporary monasticism. I seriously urge anthropologists to undertake a thorough study of the whole subject before this way of life falls victim to the *aggiornamento*, or before the pressure of an evolving world renders it extinct.

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