

export business. "Nothing," said the demonstrator, "except that what Harvard exports is crap — Herrnstein, Moynihan."

"And what does that have to do with the BULLETIN?" asked the staffer.

"I wouldn't know," said the demonstrator. "I haven't read it."

Among those personages receiving write-in votes in this year's election of new members of the Board of Overseers were Ralph Nader, with five votes, Senator Edward Kennedy, with three, Daniel Ellsberg and Allen Ginsberg, each with two votes, and the following, each with one vote: Marlon Brando, Angela Davis, Germaine Greer, Timothy Leary, Eldridge Cleaver, Mickey Mouse, and Minnie Mouse. Ralph Nader got five write-in votes in the contest for new directors of the Associated Harvard Alumni. Norman Mailer got three. These got one: Bernardo Bertolucci, Benedict Arnold, Donald Duck, Daniel Ellsberg, and Fritz the Cat.

Rising to speak in the midst of the Wednesday afternoon downpour, Father Theodore Hesburgh borrowed a famous

quip from the equally wet Tercentenary Exercises of 1936 — "This is Harvard's way of soaking the rich." It was first spoken publicly on that occasion by Dr. James Rowland Angell, then president of Yale. Dr. Angell had overheard it spoken by Alan Gregg '11, a distinguished physician and wit.

Father Hesburgh then went on to disclaim any personal connection with divine judgment, if such there had been. "I'm in sales, not management," he explained.

The *Crimson*, in its haste to put out an extra by the end of Commencement, managed to run Father Hesburgh's picture over the caption, "George F. Bennett," and vice versa.

William M. Murphy, a retired post-office worker and former artist's model, became the oldest man ever to receive an A.B. from Harvard. At 78, Murphy has compiled 46 years of on-and-off study at night and during the summer. Having completed extension studies in government and English, Murphy intends to go on with his education. "The first two letters of the alphabet," he

says, "are not enough for one man, even at my age."

Shortly after noon on Commencement Day, while members of Dudley House were being handed their degrees in the quadrangle behind Grays Hall, a street theater group entered the Yard to protest continued U.S. involvement in Southeast Asia. The leading member of the group held a sign that said: "Commencement — 100th Day of U.S. Bombing." Behind her came masked figures identified as "Kissinger" and "Nixon," and others in costume representing murdered people and death. "You're all murderers," intoned a member of the group. "Thank you for your silence," said the figure of Nixon to the silent onlookers. "Because of your silence, I can go on bombing Asian children."

Memorandum to the University Marshal: Beg Logan Airport traffic control to make June 13, 1974, a day when Harvard Yard is not that part of Metropolitan Boston over which a deafening succession of airplanes fly while landing and taking off.

Apologies to Harvard

The Phi Beta Kappa Poem

Dear, drear Harvard, crown of the pilgrim mind;
Home of the hermit scholar, who pursues
His variorums undistracted by
All riots, sensual or for a cause;
Brick village where the wise enjoy the young;
Refuge of the misshapen and unformed;
Stylistic medley — Richardson's stout brown,
Colonial scumble, Puseyite cement,
And robber-baron Gothic pile their slates
In floating soot, beneath house-tower domes
The playtime polychrome of M & Ms — ;
Fostering mother, Time that doth dissolve
Granite like soap and dries to bone all tears
Devoured my quartet of student years
And, stranger still, the twenty minus one
Since I was hatched and certified your son.

A generation steeped in speed and song,
In television's quick indignant ease,
In Doctor Spock, chic rags, and gushing hair
Has come and gone since, Harvard, we swapped vows
And kept them — mine, to grease the bursar's palm,
To double-space submitted work, to fill
All bluebooks set before me, spilling ink
As avidly as puppies lap a bowl
Till empty of the blankness of the milk;
To wear a tie and jacket to my meals;
To drop no water bags from windows, nor
Myself (though *Werther*, Kierkegaard, and *Lear*
Encouraged death, the deans did not, and warned
That suicide would constitute a blot
Upon one's record); to obey the rules
Yclept "parietal" (as if the walls, not me

Were guilty if a girl were caught between
Them after ten); in short, to strive; to bear;
To memorize my notes; to graduate —
Thus were my vows. Yours were, in gourmet terms,
To take me in, raw as I was, and chew,
And spit me out, by God, a gentleman.

We did our bits. All square, and no regrets.
On my side, little gratitude; but why?
So many other men—the founding race
Of farmer-divines, the budding Brahmins
Of Longfellow's time, the fragile sprats
Of fortunes spun on sweatshop spindles
Along the Merrimac, the golden crew
Of raccoon-coated hip-flask-swiggers and
Ritz-tea-dance goers, the continual tribe
Of the studious, the smart, and the shy—
Had left their love like mortar twixt your bricks,
Like sunlight synthesized within your leaves,
Had made your morning high noon of their days
And clung, there seemed no need for me to stay;
I came and paid, a trick, and stole away.

The Fifties—modest decade, much maligned—
Loom in memory's mists as an iceberg, slow
In motion and sullenly radiant.
I think, those years, it often snowed, because
My freshman melancholy took the print
Of a tread-marked boot in slush, crossing to Latin
Under fierce mustached Dr. Havelock
In Sever 2, or to Lamont's Math I
With some tall nameless blameless section man
To whom the elegant was obvious,
Who hung Greek letters on his blackboard curves
Like trinkets on a Christmas tree and who
I hope is happy in Schenectady,
Tending toward zero, with children my age then
To squint confused into his lucent mind.
There was a taste of coffee and of cold.
My parents' house had been a hothouse world
Of complicating, inward-feeding jokes.
Here, wit belonged to the dead; the wintry smiles
Of snowmen named Descartes and Marx and Milton
Hung moonlit in the blizzards of our brains.
Homesick, I walked to class with eyes downcast
On heelprints numberless as days to go.

And when bliss came, as it must to sophomores,
Snow toppled still, but evening-tinted mauve,
Exploding on the windows of the Fogg
Like implorations of a god locked out
While we were sealed secure inside, in love.
"In love"—not quite, but close enough, we felt,
To make a life or not, as chances willed.
Meantime, there were cathedral fronts to know,
And cigarettes to share—our breaths straight smoke—
And your bicycle, snickering, to wheel
Along the wet diagonal of the walk
That led Radcliffwards through the snowy Yard.
Kiss, kiss, the flakes surprised our faces; *oh*,
The arching branches overhead exclaimed,
Gray lost in gray like limestone ribs at Rheims;
Wow-ow!—as in a comic-strip balloon
A siren overstated its alarm.

Bent red around a corner hurtling toward
Extragalactic woe, and left behind
Our blue deserted world of silent storm.
Kikitta-kikittá, your bike spokes spake
Well-manneredly, not wishing to impose
Their half-demented repetitious thoughts
Upon your voice, or mine: what *did* we say?
Your voice was like your skin, an immanence,
A latent tangency that swelled my cells,
Young giant deafened by my whirling size.
And in your room—brave girl, you had a room,
You were a woman, with inner space to fill.
Leased above Sparks Street, higher than a cloud—
Water whistled itself to tea, cups clicked.
Your flaxen flat-mate's quick Chicago voice
Incited us to word games, someone typed,
The telephone and radio announced
Their bulletins, and, nicest noise of all,
All noises died, the snow kept silent watch.
The slanting backroom private as a tent
Resounded with the rustle of our blood,
The susurrations of surrendered clothes.

We took the world as given. Cigarettes
Were twenty-several cents a pack, and gas
As much per gallon. Sex came wrapped in rubber
And veiled in supernatural scruples—call
Them chivalry. A certain breathlessness
Was felt; perhaps the Bomb, which after all
Went *mushroom!* as we entered puberty,
Waking us from the newspaper-nightmare
Our childhoods had napped through, was realer then;
Our lives, at least, were not assumed to be
Our right; we lived, by shifts, on sufferance.
The world contained policemen, true; and these
Should be avoided; governments were bunk,
But well-intentioned; blacks were beautiful
But seldom met; the poor were with ye always.
We thought one war as moral as the next,
Believed that life was tragic and absurd,
And were absurdly cheerful on that basis.
We loved John Donne and Hopkins, Yeats and Pound,
And all things convolute and dry and pure.
Medieval history was rather swank;
Psychology was in the mind; abstract
Things grabbed us where we lived; the only life
Worth living was the private life; and — last,
Worst scandal in this characterization—
We did not know we were a generation.

Forgive us, Harvard; Royce and William James
Could not construe a Heaven we could reach.
We went forth, married blind, and bred like mink.
We seized what jobs the System offered, raked
Our front yards, sublimated for the kids,
Accepted meekly as a rail-stock-holder
Each year's depreciation of our teeth,
Our skin-tone, hair, and confidence. The white
Of Truman's smile and Eisenhower's brow
Like mildew furs our hearts. The possible
Is but a suburb, Harvard, of your city.
Seniors, come forth; we crave your wrath and pity.

— JOHN UPDIKE '54