

It is almost a cliche to say that in the contemporary United States there is a desperate longing for leadership and an acute shortage of leaders. Whether in the political or religious world, most of us are searching for someone who can lead us out of the morass in which we find ourselves; the quality of leadership available is sadly deficient.

What is not so obvious, I suspect, is how risky it is to be a leader in our troubled times. Three of the great Americans of the last decade, John Kennedy, Robert Kennedy, and Martin Luther King, were killed mostly because they were precisely the kind of men to whom others looked for leadership.

I do not happen to think that the Kennedys were shot simply because they were rich, handsome, and gifted Irish aristocrats, nor was Dr. King shot simply because he was black. Any man arriving on the American scene at the present time who draws other men to follow him runs a serious risk, not merely of being hated by a substantial number of us, but also of being killed by some de-mented member of the lunatic fringe.

We have not had in the Church and, given the the present method of selecting bishops, are not likely to have for the foreseeable future, leaders of the quality of the brothers Kennedy or Dr. King. As a mat-ter of fact, while all historical data are inadequate, one is hard put to think of a time when the American hierarchy has had less charismatic leadership than it does at the present. Nonetheless, should a charis-matic bishop, by some happy chance, appear on the scene, he would likely stir up not only admiration but hatred, and he would be very well advised to take careful security precautions.

It is not so difficult to ex-

ing who proposes to lead us. We need his vision to give us direction, his strength on which to depend, and his attractiveness to hate.

What is more difficult to explain is why at some times in history this hatred for the vigorous and dynamic leader becomes more violent and more destructive that it is at other times. One must suppose that in periods of uncertainty, anx-iety, and confusion the need for a strong father figure upon which to depend becomes greater. But so, too, does the need to destroy the father who is seen not merely as a cure for dependency but also the source of it.

There ought to be some bet-ter way. Perhaps if the mass media were not so eager to give publicity to the polarizers (and they do give them such publicity, no matter how many studies they make to show that they do not), perhaps if the militants of both the Right and the Left (and one certainly in-cludes the vice president) abandoned their wild rinetoric, perhaps if intellectuals put aside their conviction that Mr. Nixon is a Nazi, perhaps if black leaders abandoned their contention that all white men are racists, perhaps if George Wallace sat down and shut up, perhaps if students were willing to give up their hair and their beards for the sake of peace, perhaps if no one burned another American flag, perhaps if more American whites admit that it is hellish to be a black in our countryperhaps then it would not be so dangerous to be a political leader in our country, or at least to be a political leader of stature and conviction.

But then if all these marvelcus thing should occur, those same twisted personality needs that make us want to kill someone we admire (and Sirhan Sirhan is Everyman writ large) would also go away. In the meantime, one can only respect the courage of those who seek public office. They are almost as brave - cr foolhardy - as those heroic souls who become college presidents.

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# Not at His Best

By Father John S. Kennedy

**Balancing the Books** 

Ernest Hemingway died in

1961. A previously unpublished novel by him is available now, nine years later. It is "Islands, in the Stream" (Scribners. \$10).

Unmistakably, it is authentic Hemingway. But is it first class Hemingway? In part, yes. But it is very uneven, and, as a whole, falls far below the best that he did.

It tells of a painter, Thomas Hudson, who is living in the Bimini Islands as the book opens, some time before World War II. Hudson has been twice married, twice divorced. He has one son by his first marriage, two by his second.

For most of the year, the boys are with their respective mothers. But in the summer vacation, they spend some time with Hudson. The first section of the book, and much the best, is entitled "Bimini," and deals with the last reunion of Hudson and his sons.

The boys are skillfully char-acterized. Each has his distinctive realness. Their father's love of them is strongly conveyed, without any sentimentality and often humorously. The memories, pleasures, and ordeals which he shares with them in these few weeks are admirably described.

Thus, there is a protracted struggle by one of the boys to land a gigantic swordfish. Here Hemingway's genius for communicating physical detail is ideally exhibited. The sea, the sky, the heat, the color and might of the great fish, the bodily punishment and elation of spirit which the boy experiences — all these are wonderfully done.

Thomas Hudson, in this portion of the book, has more maturity than any other Hemingway character. And since the protagonist in each Hemingway piece is more or less the author himself, we are here shown a side or dimension of Hemingway never previously revealed.

But this portion ends all too soon, and near its close there is word that the two younger boys, back with their mother, have, along with her, been killed in an automobile accident.

The second and third sections, "Cuba" and "At Sea," are set in the years of World War II, perhaps 1943.

Hudson captains an improvised Q-boat on the lookout for German submarines in the waters off Cuba, where he has been making his home, He re-

at sea, repairs to his favorite Havana bar, has a brief encounter with his first wife, and is abruptly alerted for another mission.

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This portion is marked by H e m i n g w a y 's preoccu-pation with massive drinking, as if it were a truly heroic feat. And the crude sex, meant to be bluntly realistic, actually be-comes ludicrous. It may be said that Hudson, grieving and lonely, turns to these excesses for relief or distraction, but none of the strength and wisdom of the earlier Hudson is discernible here. There is a reversion to the more stock, more primitive, more shallow, Hemingway hero.

The mission to which Hudson is recalled has to do with the hunting down of the survivors of a destroyed German submarine. A group of about ten has landed on one of the keys, killed the few people dwelling there, and made off in a turtle boat. Hudson is to find them.

The search is long and difficult. Finally, Hudson and his crew believe they have their quarry cornered. But the fugitives put up a more fierce and cunning fight than had been expected, and in it Hudson is mortally wounded. As with all Hemingway heroes, he is dying as the book closes.



plain whence comes this hatred for the man who combines this personal attractiveness with strong convictions. Deep in the unconscious of all of us there is a hatred and a fear of the strong and vigorous human be-



## St. Margaret Mary Festival

Finalizing plans for the annual St. Margaret Mary Thanksgiving Festival are (right) Al Reichart, president of the Men's Club and festival chairman Joe O'Keefe. The event will be held Saturday, Nov. 21. Proceeds are used for club-sponsored activities.

### COURIER/2

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