

SCHOLASTIC

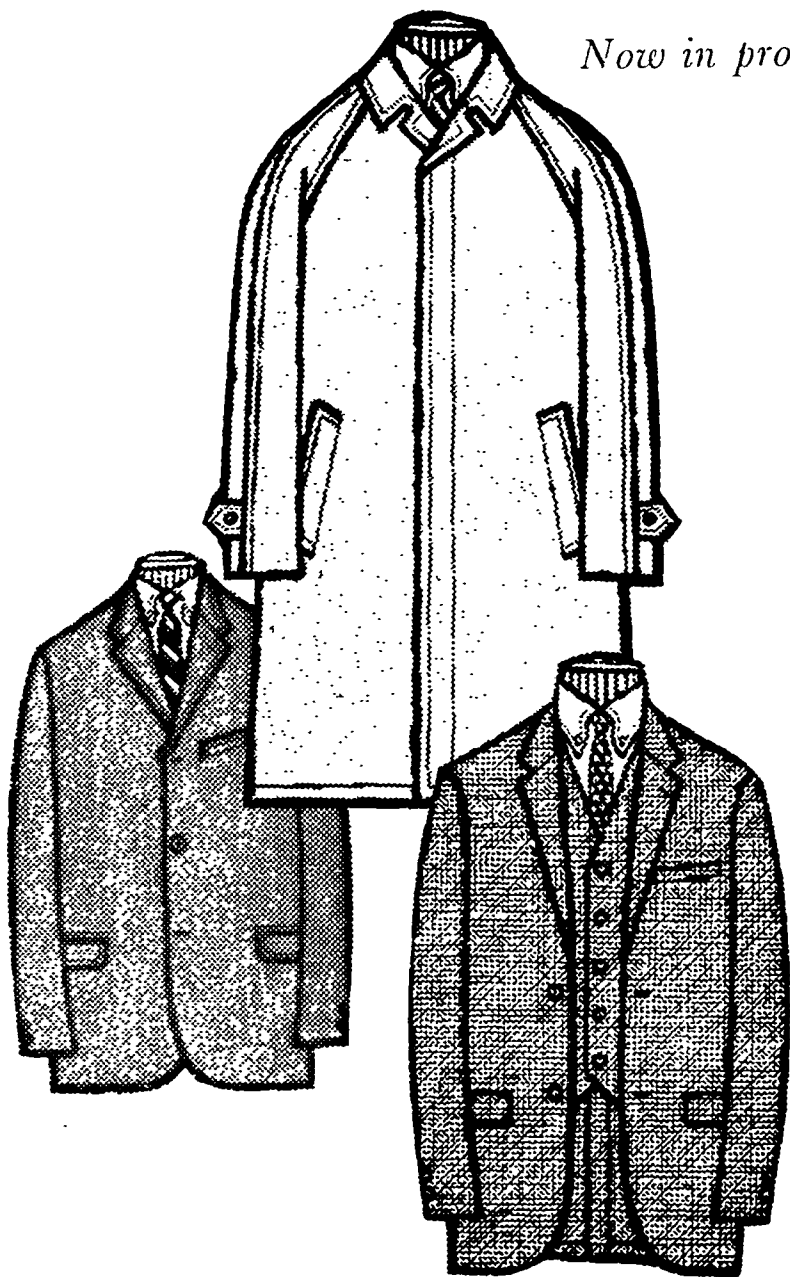


Notre Dame / January 17, 1969

The Underworld at Notre Dame



Now in progress . . .



Our Annual

SALE

of university-styled

SUITS, SPORT COATS
TOPCOATS

at savings of

$\frac{1}{4}$

$\frac{1}{2}$

$\frac{1}{3}$

Stock up now during this once-a-year Campus Shop sale event . . . you select from our regular stock and save up to one-half! Stop in soon. Use the Campus Shop Way to buy . . . your account is already open.



ON THE CAMPUS...NOTRE DAME



'Tis the season for

White Stag

SKI JACKETS

We now have in stock a fine selection of these great and versatile jackets; choose from many colors and styles. White Stag knows what the university man wants . . . style, fit, comfort and long wear. These fine jackets priced from **\$23**

TURTLENECKS

We carry these popular White Stag turtleneck styles in a rainbow of colors! The year of the turtle is here . . . enjoy the looks and comfort of this sensible fashion. You'll want several to match your wardrobe. **\$5**

Your Campus Shop Account Is Open
Stop in, select your apparel now . . . you pay
ONE-THIRD • ONE-THIRD • ONE-THIRD
in June in July in August
no service or carrying charge



ON THE CAMPUS . . . NOTRE DAME

Journalism Workshop

Sponsored by the SCHOLASTIC during the first week of February, right after semester exams, and before your new courses really get going. For any ND or SMC student interested in any kind of writing — regular news, features, and sports; holiday issue; football review; literary issue; teacher-course evaluation . . .

Also for anyone interested in design and layout, for business majors desiring experience in budget management, advertising, and circulation, and for photographers who would like to learn how to develop their own pictures and get paid for it. Absolutely no experience necessary. The following salaried positions on next year's staff are open to anyone who can afford a few hours time for this workshop: sports editor, associate editor, contributing editor, art director, photography editor, copy editor, circulation manager, and business manager. Just fill in the form below and either slip it under the SCHOLASTIC door or send it to SCHOLASTIC; Notre Dame, Indiana 46556, and you'll receive more detailed information in the mail.

Please send me information about the workshop in the following subject(s) :

Writing () **Photography and Art** ()

Business and Circulation () **Design and Layout** ()

Name _____

Address _____

Telephone Number _____

SCHOLASTIC

Jan 17, 1969 / Notre Dame, Indiana / Vol. 110, No. 13

FEATURES

- THE GREAT TEDDY BEAR CONSPIRACY / Philip Kukielski... 14
... AND OTHER HELLISH PLOTS / Thomas Payne..... 16
Photos by Raymond Patnaude
ALL WITHIN A GRAIN OF SAND / Patrick Gaffney 18
AN INTERVIEW WITH OTTO PREMINGER / John Walbeck 19
THE NIGHT OF THE LAMB / Martin Dolan 20
THE UNMASKING OF AN ICE POWER / Raymond Serafin 24

DEPARTMENTS

- LETTERS 6
IN PASSING 8
ON OTHER CAMPUSES 10
COMING DISTRACTIONS 12
MAGAZINE RACK 22
MOVIES 22
THOMAS PAYNE / State of the Union Address 23

Editor-in-chief / WILLIAM CULLEN Managing Editor / TIMOTHY UNGER
Executive Editor / JOEL GARREAU

Associate Editors / JAMES FULLIN, THOMAS HENEHAN, MARTIN McNAMARA, THOMAS PAYNE

Art Director / DAVID HESKIN Coordinating Editor / JOHN DUDAS
Photography Editor / DENNIS MALLOY Copy Editor / STEPHEN KRCHMA
Art Editor / KIM KRISTOFF Assistant Copy Editor / TIMOTHY MANNION
Sports Editor / WILLIAM SWEENEY

Contributing Editors / KATHLEEN CARBINE, PHILIP KUKIELSKI, RICHARD MORAN, STEVEN NOVAK, MICHAEL PATRICK O'CONNOR

Business / PETER McINERNEY
Circulation / TIMOTHY SCHLINDWEIN
Public Relations / RICHARD LAVELY

Faculty Advisor / FRANK O'MALLEY

Contributors / TONY INGRAFFEA, KATHLEEN SHEERAN, JOHN WALBECK

Writers / George Arkedis, Marilyn Becker, Thomas Booker, Barry Breen, Kathy Callan, Tom Card, James Coburn, Adrienne Coyne, Steve Duak, Michael Fallon, David Finley, Joseph Furjanic, Kathy Gibbons, Cynthia Golan, Bill Golden, Terry Goodwin, Maureen Gore, Len Groszek, Mark Hannahan, Lynne Hauck, Dave Hirschboeck, Robert Keefe, John Keyes, Tom Knowles, Timothy Murphy, John Norton, Jim Petelle, Mark Seeberg, Jody Tigani, Joseph Tynan, Robert Vadal, Jim Werner, John Zipprich. Copy and Layout / Robert Devita, Kerry Durr, Andrea Magazzu, Chuck Nelson, David O'Brien, Kevin O'Connell, Mary Jane Sullivan, Lee Paterson. Artists and Photographers / Douglas Allaire, Martine Bethards, Zack Brown, Terry Dwyer, Steve Kogge, Michael McClear, James McDonald, Fred Quiros, Ole Skarstein, Stefanie Stanitz, Richard Walsh. Business and Circulation / Bob Burke, James Grady, Mark Kearns, Robert McGrath, Joan McInerney, Jan Tocks.

Second class postage paid at Notre Dame, Ind. 46556. The magazine is represented for national advertising by National Educational Advertising Services, 360 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Published weekly during the school year, except during vacation and examination periods, the SCHOLASTIC is printed at Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ind. 46556. The subscription rate is \$5.00 a year (including all issues and the FOOTBALL REVIEW). Please address all manuscripts to the SCHOLASTIC, Notre Dame, Indiana 46556. All unsolicited material becomes the property of the SCHOLASTIC.

Educational Radio is a BORE

Well, yes. If you find the best of serious music, from Praetorius to Stockhausen, boring; if you can't find anything of interest in symphonies, sonatas, operas, ballets, oratorios, concertos or songs.

If, in addition, progressive rock leaves you cold, if you can listen to names like Jefferson Airplane, Moby Grape, Buffalo Springfield. H. P. Lovecraft, or Jimi Hendrix without the faintest glimmer of recognition. If it doesn't matter to you that Captain Electric's new record was premiered on an educational station.

If you're not at all interested in Jazz, folk music, Indian music, the avant-garde, drama. If you couldn't find a little joy in listening to Dick Gregory rapping about the U.S. for 30 minutes, or in David Moynihan describing the Coleman report, or in specials about Acid, the Presidency, blues and rock, politics, and just about everything else. And if you don't want the news, not just from the United States viewpoint, but as described in the foreign press.

If none of that does anything for you, you're right—educational radio is a bore.

WSND-FM 88.9 Mhz

letters

The SCHOLASTIC welcomes letters from its readers on all topics of current concern. Letters should be addressed to William Cullen, Editor-in-chief; Scholastic; Notre Dame, Indiana 46556.

LIONEL?! REALLY!

EDITOR:

I would like to clear up two misconceptions that have arisen as a result of the Christmas issue of the SCHOLASTIC.

First of all, the electric trains pictured on page 19 of that magazine are obviously not Lionel. The superior quality of the machines, as evidenced by the fact that the tracks have, realistically, two rails rather than, noxiously, three and by the fact that the engine gleams profoundly of metal rather than cheap plastic, indicate clearly that they are American Flyer.

Second of all, Sally Davis notwithstanding, I do not now, have not ever, and hopefully will not at any time, look like a chicken hawk, baby or adult variety. And I have a note from my mother to prove it.

Joel Garreau
606 N. St. Peter Street
South Bend

SPLEEN GENE

EDITOR:

Senator Eugene McCarthy's support of Russell Long in last week's contest between Long and Edward Kennedy for the post of the Senate Majority Whip might have been fatal for the forces of liberal progress if 1) the Senate respected McCarthy or his logic and 2) Kennedy had not gained the kind of respect that did in fact elect him. Fortunately for those concerned with meeting Nixon's reactionism with liberal proposals, neither of those conditions were present, and Kennedy won easily without McCarthy's support.

Indeed, the only fatality was McCarthy's credibility as a statesman, or, for that matter, a man. McCarthy's support of the racist Senator from Louisiana was, he said, based on his belief that Kennedy's election would not bring true reform to the Senate. McCarthy would then, on the face of things seem to imply that Long's reelection would. That is so obvious an absurdity that even McCarthy must have been aware that such is not the case. But, in any case, if McCarthy did not believe Kennedy to be a qualified liberal, he

himself should have sought the post. Certainly one more gallant crusade would not hurt Sir Bitterroot.

The reason for McCarthy's betrayal to both the Senate Liberals and his highly overrated constituency throughout the country is, of course, easily discerned by anyone familiar with McCarthy's mind and past political record. As one of his worshipping aides put it recently, McCarthy simply looks upon the Kennedy family as a chronic national disease. McCarthy supported Lyndon Johnson in 1960 and worked hard behind the scenes to help his Texan friend to beat Kennedy. While Lyndon called Kennedy's father a Nazi, and John Connally talked of Kennedy's responsibility to the Pope and dependence on drugs, McCarthy cloaked his support for Johnson in a supposed effort to nominate Adlai Stevenson for the third time.

McCarthy's admiration for Lyndon did not end in 1960, as Notre Dame Professor Marshall Smelser made clear in 1964 in a *Harper's* magazine article touting Gene for Johnson's Vice-President. Gene evidently liked Lyndon's Big Daddy approach—at least then—and thought the best way he might cash in on it would be as Lyndon's left, well let's say, arm. McCarthy started to swipe at his chief competitor for the nomination, Hubert Humphrey, with diligence previously unseen in his pathetically inept years in the Senate. And he went to any length to get the nomination. Nothing was too tasteless or specious for the now ambitious junior Senator from Minnesota. He would say anything about Lyndon to get in the press, and developed the nasty habit of being photographed wearing a twelve-inch "LBJ for the USA" button. But Lyndon picked Hubert and Gene's outlook changed.

By 1967 McCarthy realized that Lyndon was vulnerable on the war, and suddenly the man who had spoken so eloquently for the Gulf of Tonkin resolution three years before called the Vietnam war a catastrophe. Seeing a chance to humiliate Johnson, and perhaps get the kind of favorable publicity that sells books and lecture appearances and—who knows—maybe even win the Presidency, McCarthy ran for the Democratic nomination against Johnson.

Suddenly, McCarthy's pro-Johnson, anti-Kennedy approach shifted completely. Now Johnson was a

rube, an ogre, killing helpless women and enjoying it. Kennedy, now dead and somehow respected for being something greater than McCarthy had perceived, was now McCarthy's ideal. The first McCarthy literature and speeches now talked about "starting anew," and picking up the reins where dear friend Jack had dropped them. Throughout New Hampshire, McCarthy had himself photographed in front of memorial busts of JFK. His literature was full of photos of himself and Kennedy and somehow, somewhere, some suspicious quotes by Kennedy, praising McCarthy, turned up—evoking memories of Broadway flops that somehow, somewhere get "It's a hit" ratings for their press advertising.

In any case, the ploy worked well. At the kickoff speech of the campaign at the December 2nd, 1967 Conference for Concerned Democrats in Chicago, McCarthy even managed to evoke tears from the audience as he talked about his late friend "Jack." The display was as wet as it was deceitful.

However, New Hampshire was won, and from that point on McCarthy suddenly became Clean Gene—the holy warrior who had stood alone, the man the people found. And so the myth began. Logic was lost but winning votes was the name of the game.

McCarthy's capture of the liberal community and the students was based primarily on myth. Now Gene was the great hope of the black man. It didn't matter to McCarthy (or his supporters) that he had voted against the anti-poll tax amendment. Nor did it bother them that, somehow, he just couldn't bring himself to talk about the black tragedy in America. That lack of public concern and his failure to visit the black ghettos more than three times in the course of his entire campaign didn't bother a lot of people, especially the anti-Kennedy element, the crossover Republicans and the large racist community from which he pulled so many votes. A film of McCarthy shaking the few black hands proffered as though they were so much unwashed fruit also won votes for the "great crusade." McCarthy and the troops evidently saw no contradiction involved in this peace candidate's disdain and unconcern about gun control. This of course had almost everything to do with the single victory in Oregon. McCarthy even made a point of re-

iterating his stand against gun control the morning of Robert Kennedy's death.

McCarthy "libs" overlooked a lot of things in the Senator's past. Like his constant support of the oil-depletion allowance. His more youthful supporters were evidently unbothered by his votes against 18-year-olds voting in the District of Columbia. Nor were the peace types upset at his votes against draft deferments for Peace Corps and VISTA volunteers or his vote against any attempts at replacing the present draft system with a voluntary service system. Nor were these forces for peace at all disturbed by Gene's alliance with Barry Goldwater in 1961 in the fight against JFK's Arms Control and Disarmament Agency.

The liberals also seemed to have overlooked McCarthy's vote to remove some one million workers from the protection of the minimum wage act, or his vote against giving agricultural workers the same minimum wage protection as other workers. The McCarthy liberals concerned with the elderly chose to overlook McCarthy's vote against attempts to reduce the deductible feature of Medicare and his votes against measures that would have reduced considerably the price of drugs for senior citizens.

But now the focus is on 1972 and not 1968. And it is clear that Gene's intellectual arrogance and vindictive pettiness are all that remain of the Great Crusader. Perhaps that is best, for now those of us who are truly concerned with saving this country can get to the work at hand.

It is to be hoped that those who still support McCarthy will disenthral themselves. To those who cannot, however, some advice: If Russell Long refuses to be Gene's running mate in 1972, there's always Curtis LeMay.

Charles Nau

ORIENTAL OVERSIGHT

EDITOR:

While reading "passing gifts around . . ." in the SCHOLASTIC's Christmas issue, it became obvious to all in our group that while gifts were provided for our Innsbruck and Angers counterparts, the Tokyo contingent was completely ignored. It seems that we, studying here in the Buddhist heartland, have more need for assistance at Christmas time than those students studying in

Europe. I sincerely hope that further oversights of this nature do not occur, and offer a possible belated gift for the Tokyo group: someone who cares.

Paul C. Roberts
Tokyo, Japan

UTTERLY BEAUTIFUL

EDITOR:

Could you please send me another copy of the SCHOLASTIC for November 15, 1968? I would like to send a copy (or two if you can spare) to Tim Leary. Cathy Cecil's *And This God's Name Is Abraxas* is utterly beautiful.

Mike Aldrich
Lemar International

CONGRATULATIONS

EDITOR:

Congratulations to those students and faculty members whose demonstration discouraged the CIA from recruiting on the Notre Dame campus, reported here in the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* (Nov. 21).

Hopefully, such activity will force Notre Dame Alumni and friends to seriously consider the excesses of the CIA in particular and American foreign policy in general.

In Notre Dame,
Albert J. Zangrilli, '63
Pittsburgh, Pa.

RHETORIC OR . . . ?

EDITOR:

I would like to commend the SCHOLASTIC for the articles on the draft in the issue of November 22, 1968. I have long been in favor of a volunteer army and read "Why the Draft?" by James C. Miller several months ago.

One of President-elect Richard Nixon's campaign promises was the establishment of a volunteer army. . . . I just hope it wasn't pure rhetoric and that he does what he promised.

Thomas E. Verkuilen '72
114 Keenan Hall

THINKING AHEAD

EDITOR:

I just recently received my copy of your very fine publication "Football '68" and enjoyed reading it very much. It is nice to see this magazine improve over the years.

I read with special interest "A Little Speed to Turn on the Varsity" by Thomas Booker. I found his appraisal of the prospects named Min-

nix and Cieszkowski very worthwhile reading, but I do wish he had gone into more detail as to just what kind of a season the freshman team had. As a lifelong Notre Dame fan, you see, one has to be thinking ahead to next year even at this early date.

William M. Farley
Afton, N. Y.

OUTSTANDING PHOTOGRAPHY

EDITOR:

Just received the 13 December 1968 issue of the SCHOLASTIC, "Football '68" — an excellent issue — outstanding photography.

B. M. Berkowick
Lawton, Oklahoma

A CHARITY LINE

EDITOR:

One thing Notre Dame has been noted for in the past is its school spirit built up over the years commencing with the days of Rockne. If our former coach were here today he would be appalled at the lack of sportsmanship such as that exemplified at recent basketball games. Any player, regardless of which team he represents, deserves silence during an attempt at the charity line. Certainly, we all want our players to be treated with consideration by the hometown crowd whenever we are the visiting squad. We would be the first to raise cries of "poor sports" if this were not the case.

School spirit is the enthusiastic loyalty given to the athletes by the student body. Somehow this affection is only generated when the Irish are ahead on the scoreboard. Thus, our team also suffers for lack of respect. Good school spirit dictates that we boost the players' morale during times of scoring droughts instead of expressing dissatisfaction verbally at the coach and the members of the squad.

Poor sportsmanship was the keynote of many a response uttered forth from our student body cheering section at our football games this fall. Must this continue throughout the entire basketball season? Thankfully we have some good spirited observers at Notre Dame, but their efforts are nearly negated by the noisy activities of the poor sports on campus. If the University's tradition of good school spirit is to remain it won't have some of our student body to thank.

Sheila B.-J. McIntosh
Graduate Student

in passing

DUST off that old scarlet letter, Hester, board up the Avon! There's a big meetin' a comin'!

It's a far cry from those secret sex lectures of your late grade-school years (if your nuns were hip), but February 6-10 will witness the Academic Commission's Pornography and Censorship Conference, the first such party this side of Poughkeepsie.

In the past student understanding of censorship has been limited to familiarity with the permanent collections of obscenities scattered across campus, but the importance of the problem in a free society demands more attention.

Notorious guests have been invited. Allen Ginsberg, poet laureate of the saprophytic intellectuals, will lecture and read from his work as will Gerard Malanga. The big surprises should accompany the Theater of the Ridiculous whose Yale performance left very few at the Candy counter. There will be a collection of contemporary original paintings, including a few of Tom Wesselman's seascapes. The films will be here in all their splendor, names like Warhol, Genet, Noren, Kuchar, and Smith. The latter's *Flaming Creatures* suggests a documentary on ND student life, but we may be mistaken.

All kidding aside, the conference should be worthwhile with a balanced program presenting both pros and cons of a vital issue. It deserves your support — honest to Ginsberg it does.

—J. K.

COVERING the Main Quad with a canvas and having students participate in producing a mammoth painting is one idea currently being discussed by the Contemporary Arts Festival committee. Besides focusing on contemporary movements in art, like viewer participation, the Festival will also include more traditional approaches.

For a week and a half starting April 17, modern dance, poetry, drama and other contemporary art forms will be available to the Festival's patrons.

Student involvement will be emphasized throughout. Seminars and workshops, with talents such as poet James Dickey and dancer Dan Redlich, will supplement the

regular performances and exhibits. Students will be giving poetry readings and dramatic interpretations.

Unless the Student Fund Committee intervenes for financial reasons, the lead-in to the entire Festival will be the appearance of the Chicago Symphony on April 7.

—T.W.

THE stir began in early May of 1968 when Johnny Dee announced that he had received letters of intent from seven top prospects. That stir turned to a wave of optimism as the Magnificent Seven began doing things like beating the varsity in seven out of eight tries before the 1967-68 season had even begun. In their regular freshman schedule they whirled, shot, and swirled their way to the best record any frosh team had ever completed. Add to the frosh accomplishments the third-place finish by the varsity at the N.I.T. and one couldn't even find cockiness around anymore, just a calm acceptance of the fact that one or two National Championships would be won within the next several years. Save UCLA, this year's team was expected to smother every opponent without a second thought. But, at the midway point in the season, the locals will have to assume yet another air, that of patient waiting.

Sophomores have a way of maturing slowly in college basketball. Notre Dame is not the first group to enter into the varsity wars long on talent and a bit shorter on impressiveness. The Irish record at this point is certainly the best that anyone could expect of a team that had to start, in some cases, four sophomores. Injuries have nearly totalled the guard ranks. Up front Bob Arnzen is still trying to get over his heel ailment and now back-up center John Pleick has had to be shelved. But as seasons go, breaks even off, and Notre Dame has a bundle of good ones awaiting. Even without Austin Carr the Irish present an awesome display of talent and depth which is taking time to mold itself. The offense has not been the fluid machine that everyone expected. This often happens when sophomores are depended upon to form the groundwork. They're up against players

who make up in experience what they lack in raw talent. They aren't playing Michigan State's freshman team anymore.

—J. C.

A SCHOLARSHIP that would be inclined to help minority groups — like non-Catholics and day students" will be awarded this spring by the St. Mary's Coffeehouse. Diane Smith, one of the managers of The Nth Degree (formerly The Sorrowful Mystery), explained that \$1,300 has been collected so far at the Coffeehouse. Now that entertainment is offered on Saturday as well as Sunday nights, enough money will be available to give a \$2,000 scholarship, to be spread over four years, to an incoming freshman.

"We wouldn't even be concerned with the money [50 cents on Saturday and Sunday evenings] if it weren't for the scholarship" noted Kathy Grady, the other manager. There is another monetary angle too. The Administration still considers the Coffeehouse to be on an experimental basis. It's supposed to remain financially solvent. Since the Administration is still interested in putting a Fine Arts Library where the Coffeehouse is now, the pressure is still on. As Kathy put it, "They're concerned about using the space well, so we need people down there."

People willing to work (take money, make coffee) would also be welcome. As the college now pays maintenance people, the work is a lot easier than before, requiring only about five hours a week. Kathy and Diane are also looking for a couple of guys who would help out with publicity on the ND campus.

—K. C.

THE comparative advantages and propriety of shaving and of permitting the beard to grow, it is perhaps not easy to determine. On the side of beards, it has been argued that nature must have bestowed such an appendage for the purpose of being warm; and that, as Tertullian affirmed, it is 'blasphemy against the face' to reject it altogether. It is certain also that a well-kept beard adds greatly to dignity of appearance, finely sets

off other parts of the countenance, and, in particular, gives great expression to the eyes. . . .

"On the other hand, it may be alleged that, as the beard has always been shaven wherever men became highly civilized, its growth must have been found incompatible with the convenience and refinements of such a state, and would be a serious encumbrance in many delicate acts."

—*The Penny Magazine*
October 4, 1834

"Beards" and other misfits who question the relevance of university structures to pressing social questions might do well to glance at the display case in the east concourse of University Structure No. 72. It will be discovered that the burning question "to shave or not to shave" was afire with existential urgency long before the Spoiler and the Stripper came down Madison Avenue.

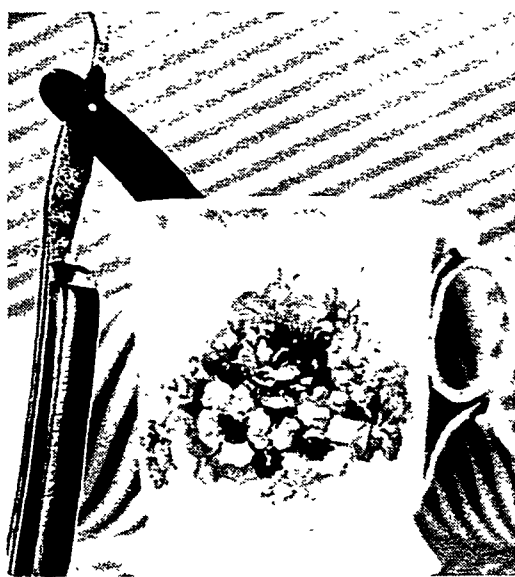
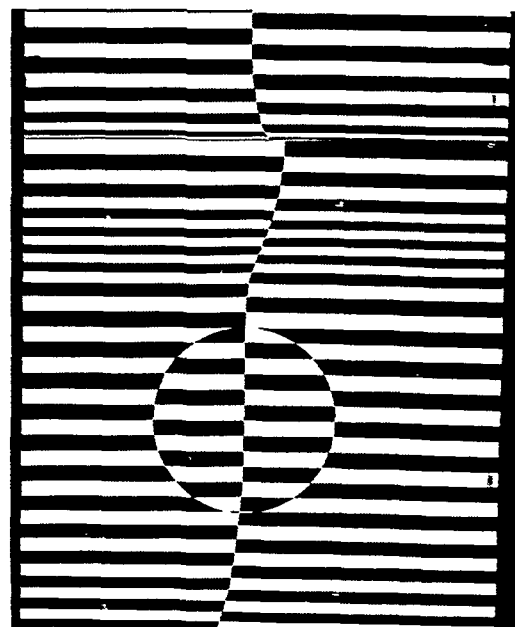
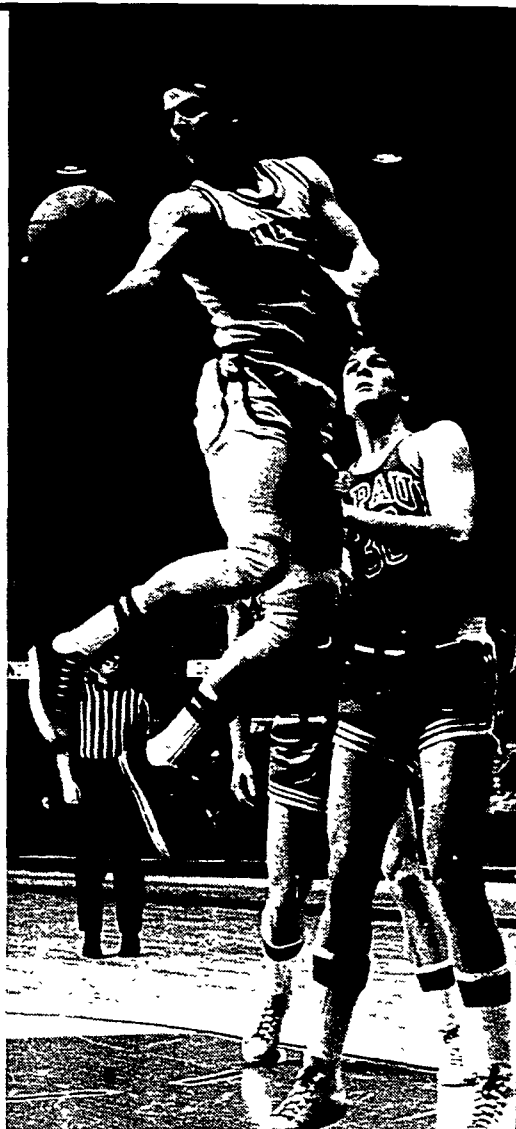
This display is the brainchild of Dr. Francis Lazenby, assistant director of the Library Humanities Division. It combines the visual appeal of sociohistorical artifacts (antique razors, mugs, brushes, mirrors, etc.) with obscure commentaries on the history and art of beard styling, gently pushing the message that research can be fun.

The SCHOLASTIC contacted Miss Pat Fenelon, the librarian in charge of the display, who explained that the showcase had been put together in a single day, using antiques donated by four or five librarians.

"To assemble the display," said Miss Fenelon, I found articles on shaving in *People's Index* and the old *Reader's Guide*. Shaving is a part of social history, and shaving instruments from the past keep that history alive. The china in the display is from Germany and is over 50 years old.

"I like to go to the Navy Mothers or St. Vincent DePaul," she continued. "I never spend more than a dollar on anything, but you can get beautiful things for one-tenth the original cost. Anyway, we try to design exhibits which will appeal to the boys. When you have to shave every day, it's nice to have an idea in your head."

—J. F.



Seen in passing this week: O'Connell drives for a layup; a preview of the Contemporary Arts Festival; A remedy for facial fuzz; A helping hand for a skater.



on other campuses

TEN students, expelled from Bluefield State College (W. Va.) have asked the Supreme Court to rule on the power of college administrators to expel student demonstrators.

The students claim that student demonstrations are an exercise of the right of free speech. Consequently, they argue, a student threatened with expulsion is entitled to a trial by jury.

The case stems from a massive demonstration in October, 1967, staged to protest racially discriminatory practices. About 200 students, most of them blacks, marched back and forth during halftime of a homecoming football game, carrying placards and denouncing school officials. A federal court found that at the end of the game, they followed Wendell Hardway, the school president, to the parking lot and rocked and beat his automobile.

Two days later, 10 students were told that their "riotous behavior" had menaced Hardway and other spectators and that they were, therefore, immediately suspended.

The 10, through the ACLU and the NAACP, said that the 14th amendment's due process clause guaranteed students facing expulsion the right to bring a lawyer to the hearing and the right to cross-examine witnesses.

In a recent development, four students from Union College (Schenectady, N.Y.) who were studying at Concord College (Athens, W.Va.) on an exchange program were asked to leave the West Virginia school after they distributed copies of the article "Student As Nigger" at Concord and nearby Bluefield.

The *Bluefield Daily Telegraph* accused the Union students in an editorial of being "crusading young obscenity peddlers" and continued:

"If they wish to create more Berkeleys and Columbias at Bluefield State College and Concord, articles like Farber's will do the trick."

THE use of marijuana, LSD and other hallucinogenics may be a form of "rest and recovery" for unusually sensitive or talented college students, according to a Yale psychiatrist.

Dr. Kenneth Keniston offers that view in the winter issue of the quarterly *American Scholar*, published

by the society of Phi Beta Kappa.

Keniston acknowledges that "remarkably little factual information is available" about the extent, motivation and effects of student drug use. But he feels that his own firsthand observations and some "scattered studies" warrant a few generalizations.

First, he is convinced that, with the exception of those who indulge once merely to experience it, less than five percent of all college students use drugs.

The public impression that drug use is engulfing college campuses stems from the fact that it has become quite common at a relatively small number of prestigious schools.

"The highest rates are found at small, progressive liberal arts colleges. At perhaps a dozen or so colleges, it seems likely that the proportion of students who have tried marijuana exceeds 50 percent. But there are more than 2,200 other colleges in the country.

"The hippie subculture often provides a rest-and-recovery area, or even a staging area, from which unusually sensitive individuals take stock of themselves, explore their lives and relationships with a small group of other people and sometimes return to normal society."

Keniston believes that the three most important factors in understanding student drug use are outside stimulation and pressures, affluence, and political disenchantment.

Modern Americans erect barriers to protect themselves from the unbearable stimulation that bombards them through modern mass media, but they run the danger of becoming entrapped in their own protective armor, he says.

"And the use of drugs . . . becomes more attractive to youth precisely because the drugs preferred by students often have the effect of dissipating, blurring or breaking down the boundaries of individual selfhood and personality.

"The use of drugs is associated with a questioning or rejection of the traditional success ethics of American life," Keniston says.

He relates the assassination of John Kennedy as a leading factor in the rise of drug use among young people in recent years.

"The political climate of the

last few years has created a negative view of the possibility of meaningful involvement within the established institutions of the society. At the same time it has convinced many students that society is in desperate need of reform."

NOW that Spiro, Crafty Richard (protocol forbids us calling him "Trickie Dickie" any longer), and the rest of the Let's Bring Back The Fifties Club has taken over in Washington, campus editorial writers can no longer tell us why they'd rather have Hubert Humphrey elected — a sentiment which was shared by the vast majority of college papers (with the rest supporting Cleaver, Gregory, or no one) — they have turned to commenting on the November events.

Four papers which had rather interesting reactions are from the University of Chicago, Seattle University, Sacred Heart University in Bridgeport, Connecticut, and the University of Missouri's Kansas City campus.

Said the *Spectator* from Seattle: "There can be no doubt that disaffected youth played a large part in selecting the President under which we will live for the next four years. Now, having torn the hell out of Hubert Humphrey, they can reassert their leadership by screaming, with admirably righteous indignation, 'look what the establishment gave us!' To anyone with his wits about him however, the cry of the Leftists would have a decidedly hollow ring. Despite their protests, Richard Nixon is their baby."

The *University News* from Kansas City said: "If Mr. Nixon truly wants to unite the country, he's going to have to overhaul some of his proposals (including his onetime stand that 'we must be prepared to meet force with force' in dealing with civil disorders in the ghettos; if need be, tanks) if he hopes to enjoy some measure of success. Anyhow, thank God, there's a Democratic Congress."

Sacred Heart's *Obelisk* spoke in a similar vein: "Now that we know that the forces of reaction have been elected to office, the question comes to mind, just how much do muffled cries and frantic ravings do toward effecting real change? To what extent can the new vocal minority — college students —

work meaningfully in the system, or will they be faced with impossible alternatives again? With Nixon's election, the prospects look bleak to many. But let's not fall prey to pessimism. Humphrey-Muskie listened to students; let's hope that we continue to be listened to."

The *Chicago Maroon* had a reaction all its own, but then Chicago is a place that has many things not common to other parts of the country (thank God). "There is actually very little to be gloomy about. Certainly we can look forward to an amusing four years; Spiro will keep things jumping even if the President gets bogged down with an obstinate Congress. Besides, waiting around for a revolution to get ripe can be boring."

TRINITY COLLEGE, founded 146 years ago, announced late last week that, beginning in September, women would be enrolled for the first time as undergraduates.

The college, located in Hartford, Connecticut, said that it will start seeking applications from girls to enter in the fall as either transfer or freshman students.

Trinity officials said they expect to have close to 100 girls on campus next fall, with a substantial increase in 1970.

Two agents of the Philadelphia office of the FBI recently raided the offices of the *Daily Pennsylvanian* on the University of Pennsylvania campus in an effort to find out who was responsible for the placement of an ad in the October 18, 1967, edition of the paper calling for resistance to the draft.

The editors of the newspaper refused to give the information to the agents, who lacked search warrants. The agents said they would attempt to subpoena the information.

The ad listed 81 students, university employees and alumni who said they would refuse to serve in Vietnam. The FBI agents said they needed the information to build a conspiracy case against anti-war activists.

The agents also expressed interest in an article printed September 19, 1967, by a Penn editor who said he would attempt to avoid the draft by failing the physical examination.

THE 22-year-old daughter of a Radcliffe College vice-president was found clubbed to death in her apartment last week — the same apartment in which one of the victims of the Boston Strangler was murdered.

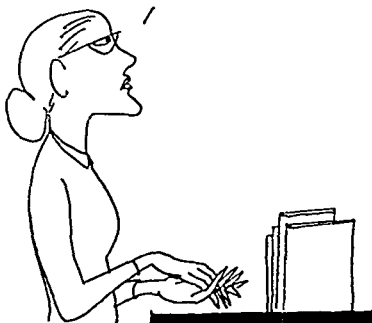
Police disclosed that the body of Jane Britton was found in her fourth-floor Cambridge apartment with traces of a powdered-substance known as red ochre on her body and around the room. Red ochre is a pigment that has been used by primitive cultures for 30,000 years to color pottery, adorn bodies for burial, and prepare corpses.

Miss Britton was a graduate student in anthropology. Working on the theory that the killer, who delivered five heavy blows to Miss Britton's head in committing his crime, was probably familiar with ancient cultures because he used the red ochre to anoint the body after he had killed Miss Britton; the police interviewed the chairman of Harvard's anthropology department and obtained from him a list of 100 students in Miss Britton's classes to use for questioning.

—Steve Novak

feiffer

TODAY'S LESSON CONCERNS A MAN WHOM EVERYONE CALLED A LOSER.

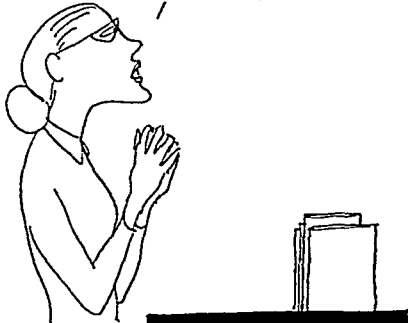


AND YET THIS MAN WHOM EVERYONE CALLED A LOSER EVENTUALLY BECAME WHAT, NELSON?



PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

HE RAN FOR PRESIDENT AND EVEN THOUGH HE WAS FAVORED TO WIN, HE LOST.

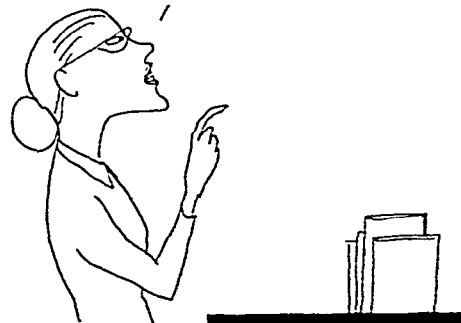


AND HIS NAME IS WHAT, HUBERT?



RICHARD NIXON.

HE RAN FOR GOVERNOR AND AGAIN HE WAS FAVORED TO WIN, BUT HE LOST.



AND THE LESSON TO BE LEARNED ABOUT OUR COUNTRY FROM THIS UNPRECEDENTED COMEBACK IS WHAT, EUGENE?



IF YOU'RE PRESIDENT YOU'RE A LOSER.

DAN. Publishers' Hall Syndicate 1969

© 1969 E. F. FEIFFER

coming distractions

DAILY

Convocation Center:

10 a.m. - 10 p.m. Monday through Saturday.

1 p.m. - 10 p.m., Sunday.

Handball, squash, tennis, track, weight training, boxing, basketball, frisbee, volleyball. Reservations — no more than 48 hours in advance. Call 8975 after 3 p.m. or stop at Interhall Issue Room. Non-reserved areas on first-come-first-served basis.

Lockers: Available for \$1.00 refundable deposit. Issued daily 6:30-10 p.m.

Recreational skating: Daily, 1:30- 3 p.m., 3:30-5 p.m., 7:30-9:15 p.m. N.D. student, \$.25 per person, SMC student, \$.50 per person, rental skates, \$.50.

O'Shaughnessy Art Gallery: Still Life Painting; Selections from the Richard Brown Baker collection of contemporary American, British, French, and Japanese artists.

Moreau Gallery (SMC): French posters of 1890's. Paintings by Liu Kuong-Sung.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 17

- 3:10 p.m. Dr. P. C. J. Gallagher, Ford Motor Company on Dislocation Studies by Electron Microscopy. Rm. 5, Cushing Hall of Engineering.
- 4:30 p.m. Prof. W. Stoll, Department of Mathematics, on Value Distribution of Holomorphic Maps in Kahler Manifolds. Rm. 226, Computer Center.
- 7:00 p.m. Swimming: Notre Dame versus Wayne State and Cleveland State. Rockne Pool.
- 7:30 p.m. Hockey: Notre Dame versus St. John's of Minnesota. Convocation Center, Students, \$1.
- 8:00 p.m. Lecture: Samuel Hazo '48, Professor of English, Duquesne University on The Poet in America. Library Auditorium.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18

- 8:30-12:00 noon Last chance to complete SMC registration.
- 7:30 p.m. Hockey: Notre Dame versus St. John's of Minnesota. Convocation Center. \$1 with I.D.
- 12:00 midnight (approximately)
The Professors: Assistant Vice-President for Academic Affairs John W. Meaney moderates a panel discussion on Medieval Communication. WNDU-TV Channel 16.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 19

- 11:30 a.m. *Window on Notre Dame*: Assistant Director of Public Information Richard W. Conklin moderates a panel discussion entitled Catholic Schools: A Look Into the Future. WNDU-TV, Channel 16.
- 7:30 p.m. Hockey: Notre Dame versus St. Thomas, Minnesota. Convocation Center. \$1 with I.D.

MONDAY, JANUARY 20

- 7:30 p.m. Hockey: Notre Dame versus St. Thomas, Minnesota. Convocation Center. \$1 with I.D.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 21

Last class day.

James L. Fullin

ESCAPE MOBILE

Dragged down by exam cram?
Bugged by a roommate? Fed up
with dorm meals?

Escape from the ordinary.
Escape in an Olds Cutlass S.

With a Rocket 350 V-8
your escape will be quick and
easy. And economical.

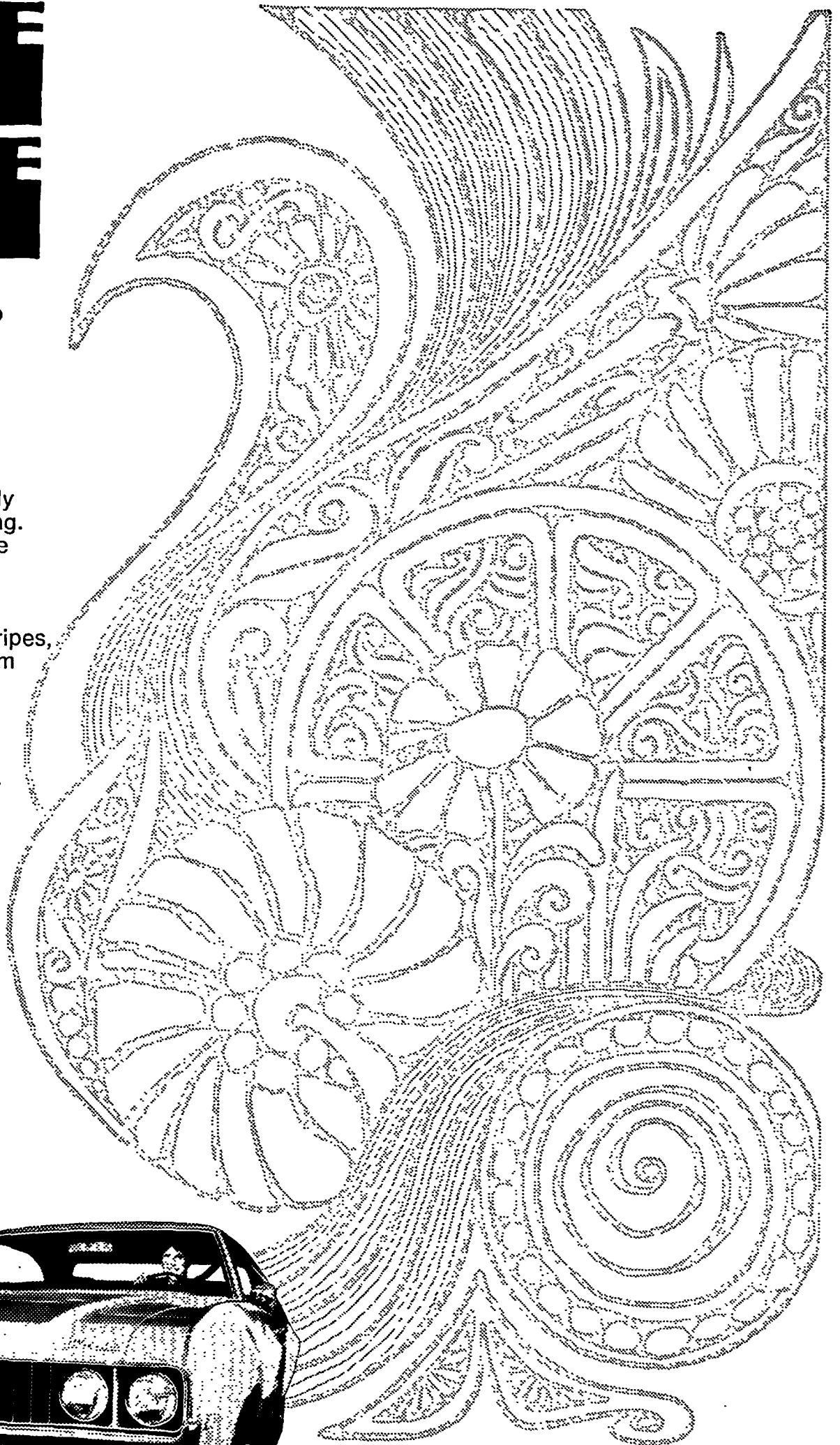
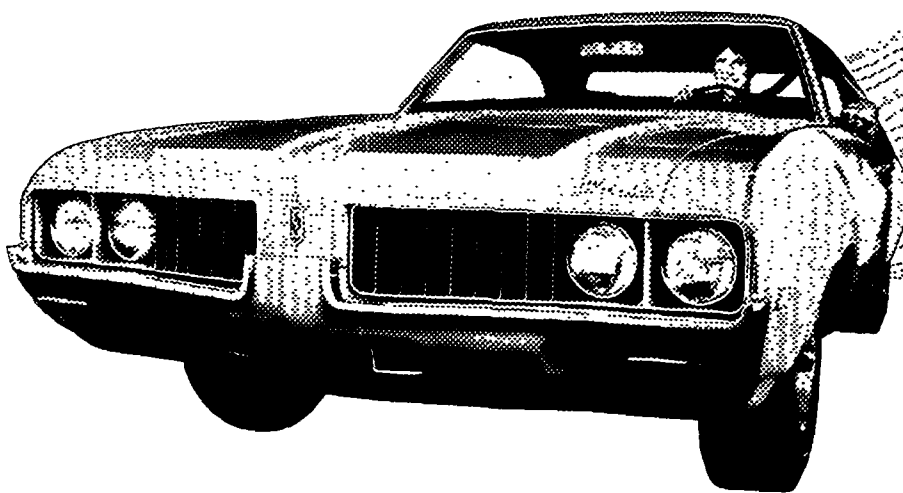
Or order it up with a console-
mounted Hurst Shifter, and really
get in sync with what's happening.

Or better yet, go directly to the
head of the class with W-31
Force-Air Induction and
put everybody down.

Custom Sport Wheels, GT stripes,
buckets—you can get as far from
the ordinary as you care to go.

The main thing is to escape,
baby. And there's only one way
to go.

Cutlass S. The Escapemobile.



**Cutlass S:
the Escapemobile
from Oldsmobile**

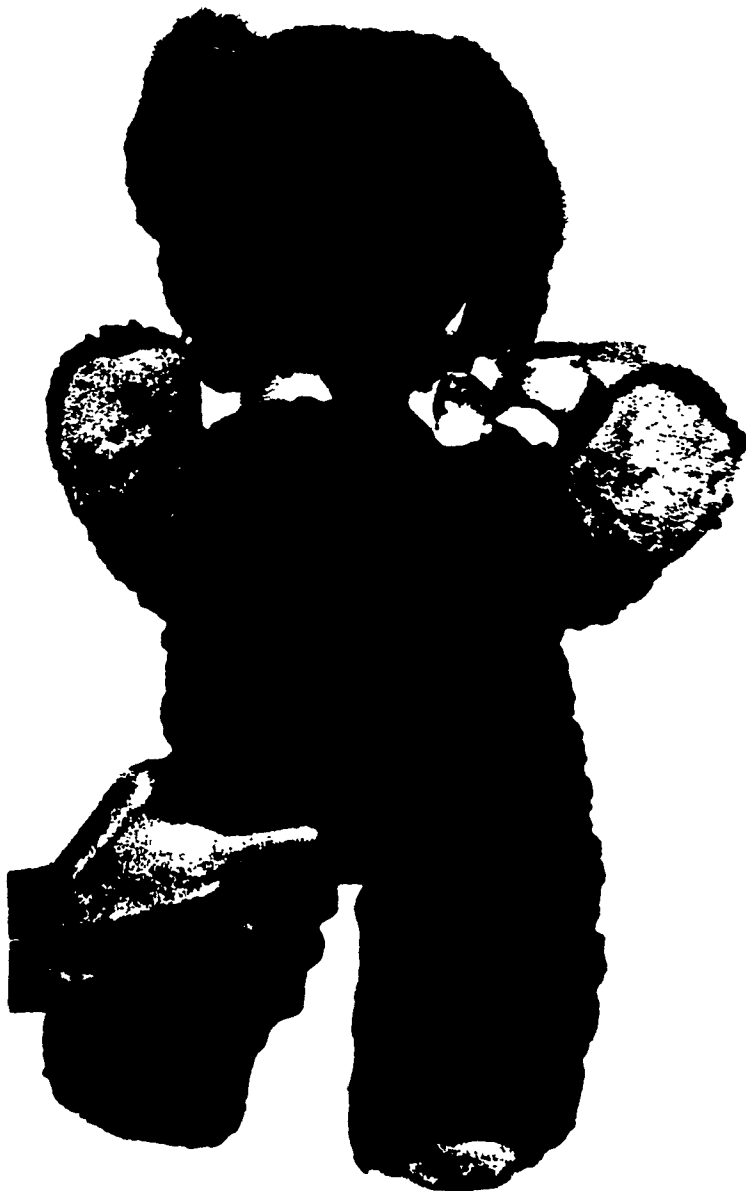


MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Olds ads for college students are created by college students.

The Great Teddy Bear Conspiracy

by Philip Kukielski



Learning of the increasing number of unsolved larcenies that have occurred at the University in the past few months, the SCHOLASTIC resolved to add its weight to the forces intent on preserving justice, honor and the tradition of Anglo-American jurisprudence. Dutifully offering our services to the C.I.A., the FBI, INTERPOL, Notre Dame Security and the Camp Fire Girls, the SCHOLASTIC was rejected on all fronts. Undaunted, the SCHOLASTIC decided to make it on its own. Regardless of whether or not the powers that be availed themselves of our services, the SCHOLASTIC was determined to make the world safe for bureaucracy.

LAST Thursday night, while walking through a lonely section of the campus pondering the facts related to the mysterious Christmas robberies, this reporter was suddenly attacked from out of the shadows by an undetermined number of assailants. Screaming a bloodcurdling cry of "Apellpye, Apellpye!" these mini-attackers (none stood taller than four feet high and seemed to range in age from three to seven) quickly overpowered this reporter. Binding my hands fast with rope woven of black licorice, and securely blindfolding me with a disposable Playtex diaper, I was loaded on to the back of a late-model paneled tricycle and whisked across the frozen Indiana tundra.

Some time later, I regained consciousness and discovered myself in an abandoned warehouse, which I was later to learn was the secret headquarters of the para-military Mini-non League. Gamely, I struggled to my feet although I was variously suffering from a broken arm, a dislocated shoulder, assorted body lacerations, and an agonizing case of diaper rash. Much to my relief, my captors removed my bindings and I found myself face to face with a tall, athletic-looking man, vaguely resembling John Wayne, clad in paratrooper boots, camouflage fatigues and a U.S.A.F. overseas cap. Somewhat coolly this man introduced himself as Capt. America and gruffly inquired as to my name. Cordially he removed the M-14 which had been resting securely on my Adam's apple, allowing me to assert that I was not in fact a descendant from a German shepherd or



any other member of the dog family, as he had erroneously supposed. The scowl that flashed across my captor's face when I had finished introducing myself almost instantly led me to believe that those people of Eastern European lineage did not rank among the closest of his friends. Spurred to quick thinking by the prospect of having further physical harm performed on my body, I remembered the old adage taught to me by my Polish grandmother: "If people don't like your name, say you had it changed to increase the readability of the phone book." This answer seemed to confuse Capt. America sufficiently for me to continue with my defense. Hoping to successfully stifle any ethnic prejudices he might have, I hurriedly explained that I was actually the bastard son of a French Foreign Legion officer and the lost princess of the Ming dynasty who immigrated to America on the Mayflower.

Finally Capt. America regained his composure sufficiently to blurt out, "But, are you American?" Deftly fielding this question I sang all three stanzas of the *Star-Spangled Banner*, recited from memory the Boy Scout Oath, and named all 50 states and their capitals. This garish display of patriotism brought tears to the old boy's eyes and he embraced me as a long-lost brother.

CAPT. AMERICA led me into his office where we could proceed with the interview under more civil conditions. The room was bare save for two wooden chairs and a desk. The walls were decorated with placards carrying the aphorisms, "Register firebrands, not firearms," "Remember the Titanic," and "Impeach Wendell Willkie." My stirring rendition had convinced him that I was no longer suspected of being a spy, and after a few casual drinks, I was able to ferret out the amazing story behind his secret organization.

Capt. America admitted that his group had engineered the thefts that had occurred at Notre Dame over the past few months. But, he was quick to add, they made sure to steal only from known communists or ex-Eugene McCarthy supporters. The money brought in by this operation was to be used in the

greatest tradition of American free enterprise, to corner the world teddy-bear market. Somewhat puzzled by this explanation, I pressed for further details. The members of the Mini-non League had come to the conclusion that the cause of much of the student unrest in America could be traced to the early childhood of these young rebels. Extensive research had brought to light the fact that nearly every student radical had been raised according to the prescription of Dr. Spock, now ranked by Capt. America as a communist of the order of Marx, Lenin, and Earl Warren. To combat the pernicious influence of Dr. Spock, the Mini-non League chose to fight fire with fire. Once the funds had been raised to successfully corner the teddy-bear market, the League would begin mass production of their own specially designed brand of cuddly doll. Within each of these toys is hidden a small tape recorder that carries the complete sound track to every John Wayne and Audie Murphy film ever made. The recorder is designed to begin playing these recordings once the child is asleep. Through this clever use of sleep-teaching, Capt. America hopes to inculcate in the youth of America some sense of the joy of war and the courageous savagery latent in man. I learned that my assailants were the product of a laboratory test that had been run on select young children to determine the viability of such a plan.

Capt. America informed me that his group was only a small part of a massive organization designed to reconstruct American Youth. In the Far West an organization known as the Birch John Society was ardently at work attempting to control the world market on toilet fixtures. Hopefully, this group will be able to replace the current porcelain facilities with a new product made of unfinished birch. Their rationale is that a few strategically placed splinters will acquaint the young at an early age with the pleasures of pain and prompt him to lead a Spartan existence.

Tired by a long day and his mind somewhat blurred by the narcotic effect of whiskey and branch water, Capt. America drifted off to sleep, teddy bear in hand, mumbling to himself the words to the *Battle Hymn of the Republic*. □

... and other hellish plots

On Wednesday, November 31, at 2:39 p.m. trial was held and judgment given by the *ad hoc* commission of oyer and terminer in the case of Notre Dame v. Stanislaus Glarucki, Stella Slipdiski and their confederates. Although many suspected the infamous spy ring of delaying telephone installation in order to establish the central monitoring station discovered by Arthur Pares, this was never proven in open court. What clinched the case against them, however, was the conspiracy, traced out by Pares and the hard-nosed detectives of the Notre Dame Security Force, to poison leftist students and professors at the Coffee Hour in the Library. Documents found in a hidden office on the Library's third floor, accessible only by a key, conclusively linked the group to the CIA and established Glarucki as the chief operative at Notre Dame. The following pictures of CIA agents in action were used at the trial by the prosecution and are reproduced by the SCHOLASTIC to familiarize the student body with the *modus operandi* of the enemy amongst us. If any student observes suspicious activity such as that described on these pages he should at once call the Security Office. And remember it's only polite to ring at least ten times before hanging up.



Prosecution exhibit A. Glarucki in disguise makes inconspicuous pick-up of a secret document at the ring's established microfilm "drop." The cryptic document, headed "How to make it look like food poisoning" was found on the person of Pierre de Sade, chief chef at the North Dining Hall, after one of the periodic outbreaks of diarrhea on the North Quad. Investigations into de Sade's past revealed that he had been brainwashed into being a "manchurian candidate" by the CIA after having been captured by the Counter-Insurgency Unit in a siege of the Biology Building.

Prosecution exhibit B shows a CIA rehearsal for seizing and robbing the Bookstore. Armoured car on the left would be used to subdue resistance while the truck on the right would make off with Bro. Conan's supply of Notre Dame sweatshirts, nighties, jewelry, etc. Notice CIA cunning in choosing such a vehicle to carry the loot.





Prosecution exhibit C shows Stella Slipdisk, under cover as a maid, in the clandestine Farley Hall station from which Richard Rossie's room was electronically monitored. The equipment was permanently damaged due to an electrical overload when Chuck Nau entered the room.



Prosecution exhibit D proves the presence of Washington-based CIA liaison officer on campus. Security Force agent on bicycle tailed him along a torturous path to the ROTC building where he was overheard plotting with CIU cadet officers for a coup d'etat aiming at the restoration of the Catholic Church.



Prosecution exhibit E shows Glarucki installing an explosive device in the basement under the chapel at Farley Hall. As Glarucki later admitted, "the plan was to blow up all the peace creeps at once as they congregated at Mass."

Text: Thomas Payne
Photography: Raymond Patnaude

All Within a Grain of Sand

by Patrick Gaffney

There is a Season, Eugene S. Geissler, Ave Maria Press, 1969, \$4.50.

IN some old unfurnished basement, far from the din of coffee houses and high-ceiling drawing rooms, some unkempt young writer is sitting nervously at his card-table desk. The restive chill of the unpartitioned room, the rawness of the concrete floor, the vulgarity of rafters and naked plumbing conspire to press his loneliness into a long unbroken thread, which passes through the window to form his only voluntary link with other men. His mattress stretches out on the floor behind him, with one end against the wall. At the other end, under a mound of bottles, books, and fusty clothing lies his unused guitar, face down. The strings have already begun to rust.

There he sits, lonely, godless and hirsute, waiting for the fickle muse to revisit his barren studio.

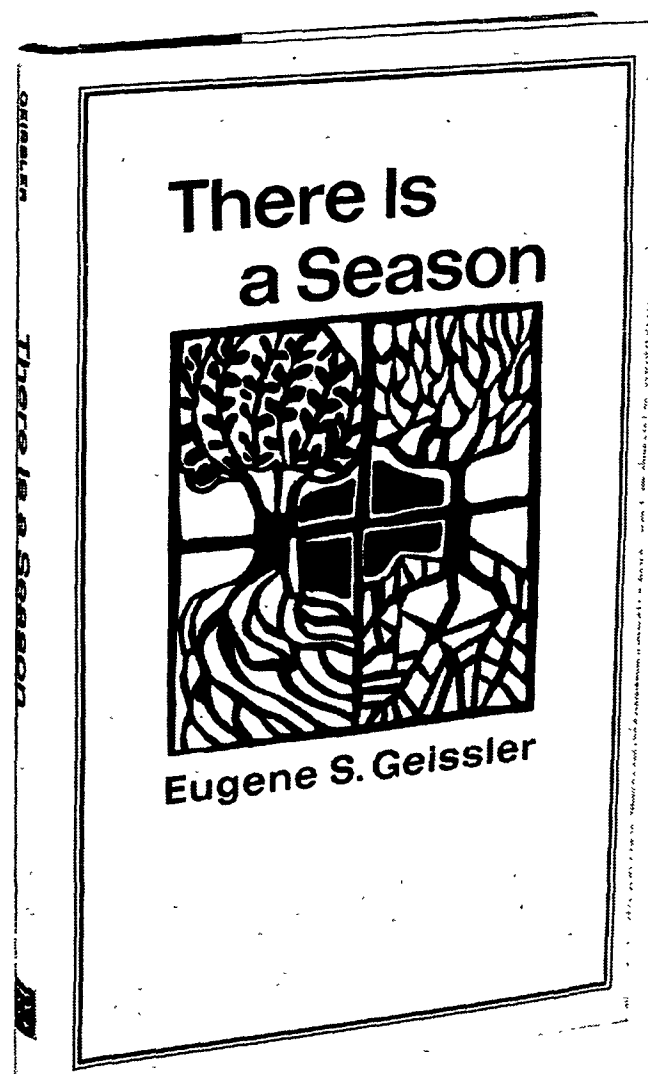
In what basement or in what particular town this scene transpires, I don't recall; in fact, it may be a product of my own fantasy. But be that as it may, I have some news for this pale and caring fellow, and it's also news for anyone else, of any state of mind or body, who for one fleeting, unguarded moment felt one tinge of sympathy for that writer's efforts.

THE news, simply told, is a new book, entitled *There is a Season*, by Eugene Geissler. It contains the thoughts and recollections of a father, a series of stories, almost myths, related by a remarkably sensitive man, stories which mark the slopes, not the crests, of life's waves. The tales bear no reference to the newspapered world; they treat experiences most of us have learned to call banal. Nothing is banal for those who know how to see; every shrivelled seed is an oak tree, and every blade of grass is a meadow.

The first half of the book is a tale of mortality. It carries us back to a buckskin boyhood in rural Wisconsin, a half-century ago, to a half-remembered spring time when death took the father from a young family. Eugene Geissler calls it a tall tale, for time can reshape memories, and death leaves strange and "unreal" impressions on the soft, pure clay of a child's mind. Curious incidentals which pass unnoticed in the eyes of adults often become the hinges of history and the reservoirs of faith in the hearts of the young.

This mysterious meeting with mortality was repeated and reversed when the child became a man. On Good Friday, a generation later, Eugene Geissler's own daughter Anne died suddenly. Not even two years old, she was then the youngest of 11 children. It happened in the kitchen, the center of family activity, in broad afternoon, when someone, just for a moment, had turned his back.

THE death of this child, the focus of so much love, the object of so much hope, left a gap which could not be mended with words. There was only time, which somehow, did not heal the wound, but surrendered to it.



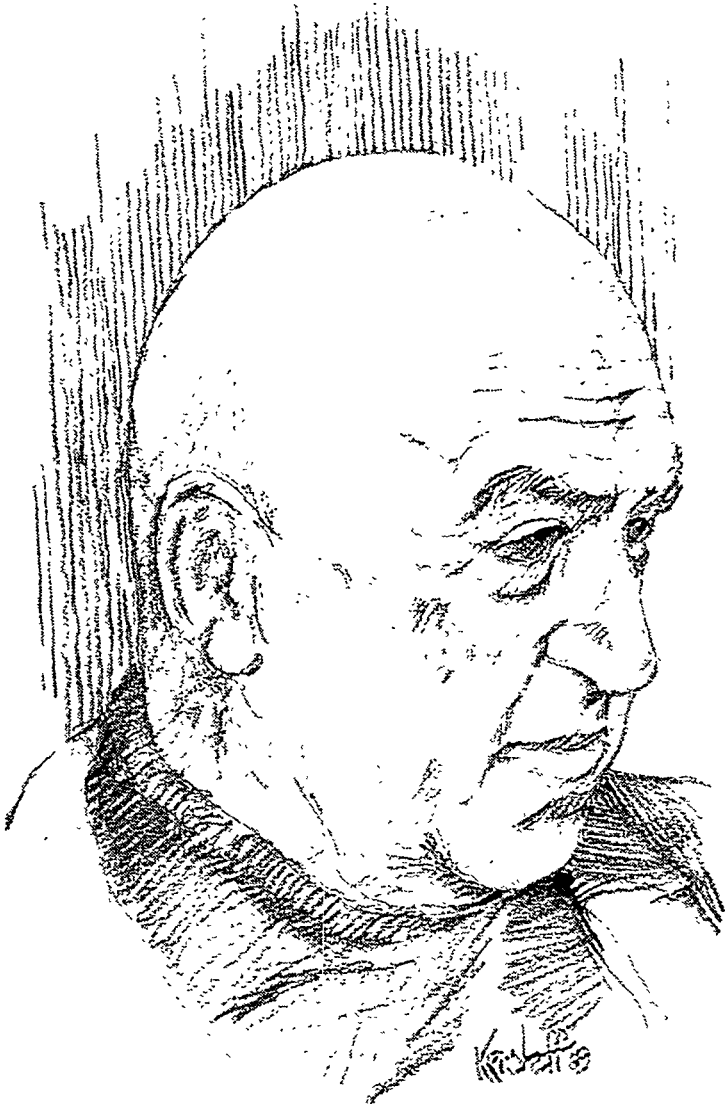
Time was not the consoler, it was the victim; for this child who was so kind and so perfect had somehow carried with her the love of those who loved her. So cherished, frail and innocent, Anne had only the promises of baptism and the unfathomed love of her family as her security.

This second encounter with death did not fit well in the mold cast so long before. A tall tale whispered to a small boy met starkly with an unexplainable tragedy. A myth, a way of believing was challenged. The reconciliation between the two views came slowly and forcefully, and it left the father with an insight which he playfully calls his "Midas touch," a belief which links him to a power beyond the touch of pain.

In several passages, Eugene Geissler speaks of the "power to see the world in a grain of sand," a facility which he openly admires and obviously possesses. But in his case, as these later chapters reveal, it is more than just an ability to see. It is the ability to take a grain of sand and share with it his own gift of life.

ANY poet or artist knows the strange autonomy his creations assume. When a skilled novelist fathers a character, or a painter makes a man out of oil and pigment, that character or that man grows less supple and less obedient as the plot thickens or as the paint hardens. Somehow flowing from the arm through the pen and brush, a ghost of life is given to the character. Word by word, stroke by stroke, the creator loses control. The new man stands away on his own two feet and claims a life of his own. This is the refracted image of the reality which the author describes in the second half of his book. He is simultaneously an artist and a malleable artifact. In time, the children become artists, each discovering his gifts and constructing a unique future with the tools and materials at hand. "Art and life are where you find them" — that's the motto. □

Otto Preminger



Scholastic: Are the good films being made today getting lost in the valley of the nudes?

Preminger: Well I think people are only going to see the films if they are interested in the story and perhaps the quality of the actors and directors. But, I really don't believe that there is a great number of people that go to see films only because there's a nude. It's untrue. If nudity makes a point in the film, a story point, fine but otherwise I don't think it's interesting. As a matter of fact, I went last Friday when I was in Los Angeles to the showing of a 60 mm movie. It was great to come to see the film. I went in and there was literally only four people in the film, one woman and three men, all in the nude. They had all these parts acted completely nude and I must say that after some time I got terribly bored and I walked out. Not only was I bored but I felt also that it was a great disadvantage for the actors and for the film. After some time it was just repulsive, you know, because you saw a nude woman or even a nude man all the time the body should have been secondary. You might achieve some shock with it but you also might have had some beauty. But if you look at the nude woman for an hour and a half, it's ugly. You have every flaw in her body and this becomes obnoxious. So I walked out.

Scholastic: Do you believe the new rating system will encourage more film-makers to put nudity or sensationalism in their films, so that they can rate their movies "For Adults Only"?

Preminger: The rating system will make no difference. I do believe that it is good to have the "For Adults Only" warning in the ads for parents or guardians who want to give their children a certain type of education. We warn them that this is a film that we recommend only for mature audiences. This film chil-

dren or young people should only go to if accompanied by a grown-up, a parent or a guardian. A few films and I tell you only a very few are of such nature that we don't recommend anybody under seventeen to see them. But this is like a warning signal. The policing, even if the theaters cooperate, is especially rare you know. It is in the nature of movie theater managers that they are greedy and I think that if they can get two dollars from somebody they don't worry if he is 17 or 16. So even if picture makers put that warning signal out, the policing will always be up to the parents. Because it is also up to parents whether their children are out running around on the streets and are perhaps the object of much worse influence than any film can have. If they just let them run wild, and don't try to discipline them or give them education or give them mentally a good sense of values, what is good, what is bad, what is wrong, what is right, then I think it's hopeless anyway.

Scholastic: Where are the new talented directors coming from today?

Preminger: Well, I think more than ever directors come now more from television. They used to come more from the theater and from the legitimate stage or they used to be starting as camera men, as directors, as actors, or as writers. Now television is a very good training ground for new young directors.

Scholastic: We know Preminger the producer and director was at one time a good actor. What is Otto Preminger the man like?

Preminger: I don't think that I am qualified to talk about Otto Preminger the man because I happen to be too subjective on the subject. You have to watch me as much as you can or ask other people. If I knew something bad I wouldn't tell you. And if I tell you only good things there would be the chance of course that you wouldn't believe.

Scholastic: Sir, on this note, it's said around Hollywood, that you have brilliant elbows. What do they mean by that?

Preminger: That I have grown-in elbows?

Scholastic: No, brilliant elbows.

Preminger: Never heard of that, where did you read this? You know, you also speak always of Hollywood. I don't even live in Hollywood. I live in New York. But what are brilliant elbows?

Scholastic: I don't know I couldn't understand, I just read it.

Preminger: I shine them. I shine them every morning? With shoeshine?

Scholastic: I guess it's something that you outgrow.

Preminger: I don't know.

Scholastic: Thank you anyway.

The Night of the Lamb

At a dinner with pumpkin pie
and clams and red peppers
she sat in a leather chair
held together with tape
watching and not smiling
with a ceramic cup
of hot wine in her more red
than white hands.

Her orange corduroy pants
and crumpled white blouse
made her look as warm and comfortable
as a late afternoon
of snow and fog.
I could not talk
to her then,
breathless from being pulled
into a whirlpool
from which I had no desire
to escape.

I felt her listen to
her husband read that
which she did not like
and to please him she would
not say she did.
But she listened her love
which was more
than he or anyone
read or could read
and I tried to ask her about it later
but she only smiled
and asked what I meant.

Later, she went
with the others.
I couldn't go but
I had no choice.

She drank whiskey and asked for matches,
telling about "instructing and delighting"
and how poetry must
have a purpose.
She was a thousand miles away
but I was in her home.
Her hair almost reaches
the back of her knees.

She said she knew
what was good
and what was bad.
I am ancient she said
and I like life too much
to die with his hand
over my eyes.
There were small scratches
on her wrists and hands.
She looked away
waiting still listening,
the goblet in the castle.

The stillness of a broken shell
in deep grass
gathers the wind
around itself
and hums the sky to sleep.

I thought I would
kick up my heel
and throw back my head
when I left but I only gave her
a kiss.
The night holds the innocent close to its breast,
the sacrifice is in the being.

Martin Dolan

Magazine Rack

Norman Mailer, "Looking for the Meat and Potatoes — Thoughts on Black Power" — *Look*, Jan. 7

AH, yes, Mr. Nixon, what we need, what you should promote are black businessmen, black capitalists; the "boys" should learn to peddle goods to the white fathers. This is Black Power.

And Ron Karenga says, "The white boy is engaged in the worship of technology; we must not sell our souls for money and machines. . . . We are not here to be taught by the world, but to teach the world." This is Black Power.

What is Black Power? Is it the black honkie doing the white man's work? Is it the Negro doctor? The corporate lawyer colored black? Or is it Jimi Hendrix turning on? Is it the soul of Eldridge Cleaver, the soul hot and steaming, vibrant and defiant, the soul of ice?

Norman Mailer, in *Look* of January 7, sees the old civil rights movement breaking up. He looks on as the black man belchingly swallows his faith in the white honkies. And he sees two types of black man growing up. One is the "rational" man: the political aspirant and the would-be business tycoon, the black that is trying to grow up white, the black that wants to call himself black while he acts white.

THEN, there is the left wing of Black Power pushers,, those that realize that color is more than skin-deep. And the left wing is sending notes from the underground. The left wing is dark and seething — and irrational. These are the blacks who laugh at congressional subcommittees and spit at the gears and cogs of technology. The faith that they have swallowed does not digest and build strong bodies twelve industrial ways. Instead, it turns the stomach and fills the room with the stench of hate and anger — all vomiting forth.

But the left wing of the Black Power movement is more than a stench. Perhaps, if we move outside our standpoint, we can see what the irrational man is saying: black is beautiful. And black is beautiful not because it has decided to become white. Rather, it has vowed to remain black and to discover black. To understand this black pride, we need not relinquish the standpoint of the white man: cultural relativity can cross skin-color lines. But we must relinquish the standpoint of technology. Technology abhors irrationality and advocates conformity. Technology sets itself up as a god, a god who refuses to recognize the dark, violent, and mysterious side of the soul. "The technological society is not able to deal with the self-image of separate peoples and races if the development of their self-image produces personalities of an explosive individuality. We do not substitute sticks of dynamite for the teeth of a gear and assume we still have an automotive transmission." The opponents of the Vietnam War and the proponents of Black Power have become bedfellows in the face of a common oppressor: the fabled military-industrial complex.

But the mind of Norman Mailer gymnastically pumps from the identification of Black Power and the New Left. And where does it land? Of all places, Bill Buckley's lap. "The left wing of Black Power speaks across the void to the most powerful conservative passions — for any real conservatism is founded on regard for the animal, the oak and the field; it has instinctive detestation of science, of the creation-by-machine."

NORMAN MAILER understands that Black Power is ultimately a reversion, a reversion to a vision of humanity, a vision of the dark side of man's soul. And the word "soul" is no accident. "He had at any rate a vision. It was that he was black, beautiful and secretly superior — he had therefore the potentiality to conceive and create a new culture (perchance a new civilization), richer, wiser, deeper, more beautiful and profound than any he had seen."

But why am I, a white American, glorifying black culture? Am I not white? But ultimately Black Power is beyond racism; it does not declare one race better than another; it declares a whole view of man better than another. Ultimately, Black Power can transcend cultural relativity. If all cultures were relative, the black man could just as well adopt the technical culture as his own. Ultimately, the vision of Black Power is not a vision of the skin color as black; it is a view of the soul as black. The soul is black, a black monolith perhaps, because it is mysterious and violent and simply not reducible to a HAL 9000 computer program. Black Power is irrational—but so is the soul.

—Richard Moran □

Movies



STATE: The problem — relate cop-hero to skeptical audience. Solution? Preston — the antihero, the "cop in a turtleneck." The image sounds a bit too hip to handle. *The Detective* tried, and fouled on its own mal-adjusted scripting. *Bullitt* is another story. McQueen controls his character methodically, intelligently, without any self-conscious stylizing. He gears down the excess "flash" in his role. Clever, sharp, efficient he is, but awkward too, and fallible: the camera sees to that, catching him for example, as he rifles a paper machine for the news. Jacqueline Bisset plays a schmaltzy romantic sexo-intellectual (she was just born that way), and big Robert Vaughn is the hackneyed integrity foil. Together they make garbage (e.g., "I don't know you anymore" and "We all have to make a deal," etc.). Fortunately, McQueen's performance and some terrific action photography shore up an otherwise clouded plot-line. The editing produces a peculiar mixture of moods — rich, smooth depth of field transitions in night-clubs, to the quiet of home, to the brutal impact of gunplay. The film exploits color, and shadow to the hilt. Well worth the dollar seventy-five. *Bullitt* is exciting, effective. At 1:15, 3:15, 5:15, 7:15, 9:15, or call 233-1676.

COLFAX: *Camelot*, with Richard Harris and Vanessa Redgrave. As far as I'm concerned, the definitive work on King Arthur's court was Bing Crosby's *Connecticut Yankee*. This version has a lot more pomp, pageantry and romance, but essentially the same effect: indigestion. Miss Redgrave, by the way, has recently taken up the cause of natural breast feeding. You can write her to find out why, in care of her studios. 2:00 and 8:00, \$1.75.

AVON: *The Impossible Years*. You can take a peek at this piece of dishonest trash for \$2.00 a head. Even economically, it makes no sense.

—Eric Hearble

State of the Union

*Tom
Payne*

Much of President Johnson's last State of the Union address was a defense of his maligned five years in office. To those of us whose political awareness has largely been taken up with the Viet Nam War for the past four years, the long catalogue of domestic accomplishments may have come somewhat as a shock and raises the question why was there such passion last

year at this time to get rid of Johnson once and for all.

It is a well known fact that the President wanted to be a second Franklin Roosevelt. In a way he succeeded. Johnson's signature appears upon as many reform laws in the statute books as does Roosevelt's. However, history texts will never record how Johnson told a troubled nation that it has nothing to fear but fear itself, nor will they tell of the Johnson equivalent of the fireside chats. For all the impact that the Johnson years have made upon America's law books, upon its institutions, upon its social structure, they have made none upon its soul.

The modern world is not ruled by chiefs or princes or even statesmen. The technocrat and manager are now in command of society and the state, and when these last two are depicted analogically, the analogue is frequently a vast complicated machine. This is the politics of the national budget, of the GNP, of programs, of bureaucracy. It was the politics of Lyndon Johnson.

There is another side of politics, however, a more authentic side. It is the existential side which deals with the fact that sinful men must live together with each other in community. Great existential political leaders have been Elizabeth I of England, De Gaulle

of France and Ducek of Czechoslovakia. Johnson was not, and his failure in this area was signified by the term "credibility gap," a phrase meaning not so much that the American people thought Johnson was a bungler covering up with lies, but that all sense of community—of living together in a meaningful way—had broken down between them and their President and even among themselves.

Will Richard Nixon be any different? It seems that he will not. The government which he is assembling is heavy with technocrats and managers and the only differences between him and the man he is replacing seem to be in method of managing the economy and the Federal bureaucracy. His approach to the race problem is typical of his viewpoint. He proposes to use a program of "Black capitalism" to make the ghetto dweller into a black-skinned version of the white Middle American to whom Nixon is so devoted and from whom he gets his votes. He ignores the fact that the children of Middle America were those chiefly involved in the battle of Chicago and that the long-integrated Army with its egalitarian system of discipline for blacks and whites is rife with racial discord.

To be fair, however, one must add that Nixon's rapport with Middle America may enable him to establish an authentic communication with them. The danger is that Nixon, so deeply immersed in the values and traditions of Middle America, may spend his administration speaking for them, not to them. In a nation hungry for honest sentiment to calm its freyed nerves and soothe its raddled psyche, Nixon may busy himself telling the nation what they want to hear rather than what they ought to hear. The "old Nixon" made it from the House Un-American Activities to the threshold of the White House this way; the "new Nixon" . . . ? □

Notre Dame's first varsity hockey team opened up its first home stand with three games last weekend. The future success of this enthusiastic ice venture depends largely on the play of eleven freshmen — and especially on the one who stands as the last man between the puck and the net behind him.

HE enters the arena conspicuously but anonymously, like an actor of ancient Greece, a mask shielding his true face from the audience. A fellow player grins at him and cracks a joke — does he laugh at it? The mask admits of no emotion. But why the mysterious mask in this play? Does it symbolize Man's loss of identity? Is it a parable of Everyman? But no, it is a shield against one of Man's dangerous and atrocious concoctions — specifically, a six-ounce disc of vulcanized rubber which travels at speeds which the ancient actors credited only to Mercury. In the jargon of this play, the volatile little disc is known as a hockey puck, and the man behind the mask is, in this case, Notre Dame goalie Dick Tomasoni.

Young, ambitious, and talented, Tomasoni himself is a symbol of Notre Dame's first varsity hockey team. As last year's hockey team played respectably, considering its status as a club sport, expectations of quickly moving into college hockey's elite accompanied the team's elevation to varsity status. Notre Dame first brought in coach Charles "Lefty" Smith from St. Paul, Minnesota, and Smith in turn brought in all the best hockey talent he could find in his Minnesota back yard. The happy results of Smith's first recruiting attempt came out of their initial home stand with two wins, a tie, and a lot of exciting promise.

To say that Coach Smith's primary recruiting objective was to get a top goalie would be like saying Johnny Wooden didn't mind recruiting Lew Alcindor. You can't lose if you keep the other team from scoring, and you can't consistently win in hockey without a solid man in the nets. When two otherwise evenly matched teams meet, the difference in the game rests on the goalie's shoulders — or, hopefully, in his big goalie pads. Such was the case when Ohio University opened up Notre Dame's home season with back-to-back games.

THESE two teams had earlier split two games in Ohio, but the Irish trounced the visitors in the first game, 8-5. Despite the final score of the loosely played hockey game, Ohio actually outshot the Irish, 33-32. But Tomasoni made all the big stops early in the game as his teammates built up an insurmountable lead. Another of the nine freshmen from Minnesota, John Womack, played a standout role by netting three goals, hockey's hat trick. Just to prove that some of the "old men" can still skate, sophomore Paul O'Neil and junior Phil Wittliff each contributed two goals.

The next night Tomasoni, who feels he perhaps tends to stay too close to the net, played brilliantly. Basically there are three styles of goal tending. The first is that of the stand-up goalie who never sprawls on the ice and who uses his big stick a lot. Another style is that of a goalie who usually comes out of his net to cut down the shooter's angle. And finally there is the style of a goalie who stays back near the net and depends on his reflexes, using his pads and dropping to his knees often.

If Tomasoni emphasizes the final style too much, it didn't show up as much of a weakness in the 1-1 tie with Ohio. He and Ohio's Wayne Marshall matched each other save-for-save through three periods and a

The Unmas



10-minute sudden death overtime. Tomasoni made 44 saves, many of them spectacular, while Marshall stopped 42 shots, with only a first-period drive by Phil Wittliff eluding him. Ohio also scored in the first period on a power-play effort, but for the rest of the night neither goalie gave an inch under pressure — especially in the overtime, in which one goal would have ended the game immediately.

Saturday, Lefty Smith's enthusiastic charges routed the University of Detroit, 12-3. Sixteen minutes into the first period, with the score tied 1-1, it looked like another tight game. Then, with the Irish playing short-handed because of a penalty, a long clearing pass broke a U.D. forward into the open, with only Tomasoni to beat. According to the Irish goalie, "The right way to play a breakaway is to come out of the net and back up as the shooter comes in. The goalie should always try to make him make the first move — if you can do that, it usually takes a great shot for him to score." Earlier the Notre Dame net-minder had been beaten on a breakaway, but this time he made the big stop, making a sprawling save after the attacker failed to "deke" him out of position. At the other end of the rink,

king of an Ice Power

by Ray Serafin



less than a half-minute later, Phil Wittliff banged the puck in from a goal-mouth scramble. Twelve seconds later, freshman center Kevin Hoene also scored and Detroit was never again in the contest.

ALTOGETHER Hoene, who leads the Irish with 14 goals this season, harassed Detroit with four goals — the hat trick plus one. The rest of the evening was an easy one for Tomasoni, who was replaced by John Barry midway through the final period with the score 10-2. The game at least provided an interesting example of how fast Notre Dame hockey has developed. Last year the two "club" teams met in front of a crowd of a freezing few hundred at Howard Park, with the Irish barely squeaking by the visitors, 3-2. With hockey still a club sport at Detroit, last week their team was simply overpowered in front of 1,690 enthusiastic (and warm) fans.

The results of the game should be tempered by the fact that six of the Irish goals came in the third period against a team that knew it was beaten. In addition, the Detroiters displayed a remarkable penchant for picking up penalties, getting called for 73 minutes and

having three players thrown out of the game. And Detroit's first-string goalie, Pete Donnelly, was unable to play because of knee injury sustained in working out with the NHL Detroit Red Wings.

But unquestionably the Notre Damers proved themselves thoroughly superior in the skating and muscle departments. In those phases of hockey, the impression is left that this team can play on even terms with almost anyone in the country. Notre Dame is not yet ready to step on the ice and beat some of college hockey's best, as witnessed by Lefty Smith's scheduling of Michigan State's freshman team instead of their varsity. The Irish have scheduled four games this season with powerhouse Wisconsin, and will probably not win any of the games. But the experience will be worth the possible losses. A little hockey sense and some precision passing are still qualities that this young squad lacks. But the thought sticks in the mind that in a few short years Dick Tomasoni is going to look from behind his mask to see the stands 4,000 full, and Notre Dame will wonder where it can find seats for all the rest who want to watch a new entry into college hockey's elite. □

NEED A CHEST OF DRAWERS?

Bookcase or Record Cabinet?

Buy it unpainted — Save ½ or more

•
WILLIAM'S

Unpainted Furniture — Established 1948

1217 E. McKinley, Mishawaka, Indiana

Phone: 259-5243

Free Delivery

**STAYING HERE OVER BREAK?
WANT TO MEET NEW PEOPLE?**

try

ADVANCE

A WEEKEND EXPERIENCE

*open to Notre Dame-
Saint Mary's Students or anyone.*

Pat Hayes
Rm. 241B-P
Phone 1293

Contact:

Mary Lee Carr
Box 264
Phone 4675

Original House of Pizza

ROCCO'S

Corner South Bend Ave & St. Louis
(on bus route)

Italian and American Food

•
Try our delicious Steak Sandwiches

•
Pizza, Beer and Wine

Carry-outs: 233-0872

R. K. MUELLER, INC.

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED

Keepsake

DIAMOND RINGS

•
OMEGA — TISSOT — BULOVA
ELGIN WATCHES AND RINGS
SPEIDEL AND KREISLER WATCH BANDS
EXPERT WATCH AND JEWELRY REPAIRING
218 SOUTH MICHIGAN STREET
CALL—233-4200—CALL

Contact Lens Specialist

•
Dr. T. R. Pilot

Optometrist

•
EYES EXAMINED
GLASSES FITTED
OPTICAL REPAIRS

•
212 S. Michigan

234-4874

ATTENTION SOPHS



If you will complete your first two years of college this spring and have not had ROTC training, you now have a special opportunity to earn an Army officer's commission in the next two years. You may qualify to fulfill your military obligation as an officer while you study for a college degree in the field of your choice.

Through a special two-year Army ROTC program you will receive leadership training and experience that will be valuable assets for the rest of your life, in either a military or a civilian career. You will receive an allowance of \$50 each month during your junior and senior years. If you desire, you may request postponement of your military service while you complete your studies for a graduate degree.

Most large business and industrial firms prefer the college graduate who has been trained and commissioned as an officer—who has the ability to organize, motivate and lead others—and who has had experience in accepting responsibility beyond his years.

You owe it to yourself to investigate this important opportunity.

Graduate students with two years of academic work remaining, may also apply for a commission under the two-year program.

For complete information on the special two-year Army ROTC program, attend the initial meeting at 7:00 p.m., 10 Feb., 1969, in Room 217, ROTC Building.

ARMY ROTC TWO-YEAR PROGRAM



CRICKETEER SPORT COATS	From \$49.95
CORBIN PANTS	From \$25.00
GANT SHIRTS	From \$ 8.00
SHETLAND SWEATERS	\$16.00

Most guys go on picnics in June.

You go on picnics in January.

You've got style.

You find a girl who can cook like a French chef, and one deserted beach. Combine them, and you've got an afternoon that can turn out a lot more interesting than a football game and since it's not an ordinary picnic, you wear a Bold Traditionals Coordinate. Cricketeer has won the Caswell-Massey Fashion Award three years in a row for being so expert at these great outfits: a bold plaid wool Shetland sport coat, matching hat, a dyed-to-match sleeveless Shetland pullover and color-coordinated hopsack slacks, all pre-matched for you by Cricketeer with plenty of style.

CRICKETEER®

Rasmussen's

130 WEST WASHINGTON

OPEN MONDAY AND THURSDAY 'til 8:30