



And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.
scholastic / october 17, 1969



READ IT CAREFULLY . . .

(We *really* mean what we say)

PAY ONE-THIRD	PAY ONE-THIRD	PAY ONE-THIRD
in	in	in
<u>JUNE</u>	<u>JULY</u>	<u>AUGUST</u>

Without interest or carrying charges of any kind!

It's *simply* a great way to buy. Your account is open.



ON THE CAMPUS . . . NOTRE DAME

Letters	4
Markings	
Freeze-Drying the Myth / Ray Serafin	5
The Gap & The Bridge	6
Tactical Concerns	8
And to dust thou shalt return	9
The Moratorium: Stopping the Mandella	10
Rich Moran & Ray Serafin	
On Joining the Resistance	14
Tom Henehan	
Notre Dame War Dead	18
Senator Goodell & SR 3000	22
Steve Novak	
Modern Revolutionary Warfare: Insurgency	24
Fran Maier	
Mewling & Puking in the Nurse's Arms	27
Michael Costello	
Departments	
Perspectives	29
Movies	31
Football Picks	31
John McKay & Clarence Davis	33
Last Word	34

Editor-in-chief Richard Moran *Executive Editor* Philip Kukielski
Managing Editor Michael Hendryx
Art Director Michael Patrick O'Connor
Associate Editors John Keys, Raymond Serafin
Assistant Editor Carolyn Gatz *Copy Editor* John Kwicien
Coordinating Editor Patrick Kerrigan
Photography Editor Gary Cosimini
Sports Editor Terry O'Neil *Contributing Editor* Steve Novak
Contributors Pat Gaffney, Fran Maier
Business Greg Naples *Circulation* Michael Malone
Public Relations James Murphy
Faculty Advisor Frank O'Malley

Writers Marilyn Becker, Thomas Booker, Steve Brion, J. Gerald Burns, Kathy Callan, James Coburn, Michael Costello, Phil Glotzbach, Dennis Hand, John Knorr, Thomas Kronk, Tim Kuntz, James McConn, VeAnn Patterson, Kevin Reilly, Marilyn Riordan, Walter Secada, Mark Seeburg, Martin Siravo, Tom Ward *Copy and Layout* Mary Le Carr, Joseph Creen, Robert Devita, Eileen Donoghue, David O'Brien, Kevin O'Connell, VeAnn Patterson, Mark Richardson, Greg Stidhom, Mary Jane Sullivan, Colleen Unger *Business and Circulation* William Pelletieri *Photographers* Jim Hunt, Beth Malmsheimer

The opinions expressed in the SCHOLASTIC are those of the authors and editors of the SCHOLASTIC and do not necessarily represent the opinions of Notre Dame, its administration, faculty or student body.

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.

Letters

A Point of Law

EDITOR:

Four points on your editorial, "A Question of Priorities," criticizing the Notre Dame Law Center program in terms of Notre Dame's meagre efforts to recruit and educate black students:

1. Funds for the Law Center are coming, if they come, in a special fund drive addressed to the legal profession; they are not coming out of present University resources.
2. Anyone who believes that the civil rights movement has made any progress, or ever will make any, without dedicated lawyers — black and white — is a utopian. Utopia was a place without lawyers, as well as a place that never was.
3. The Law School's record on recruiting black students and black faculty is nothing to crow about, but it is better than any other Notre Dame college has done, and about as good as Dartmouth's (i.e., approximately 10 per cent). It should be better but improvement assumes books and a building and teachers.
4. Even a lawyer cannot disagree that mutual understanding between black people and white people is worth university resources — plenty of them. But a black student can be forgiven for putting an even higher priority on his own future. Helping to educate black people for the legal profession is also worth university resources.

Thomas L. Shaffer

Associate Dean, Notre Dame Law School

Money Again

EDITOR:

In view of the current furor over University expenses (e.g. the excuse for suspending the *Juggler*—it cost too much) the following figures from the publication *Lineaments of Change; the State of the University of Notre Dame in 1968*, sent to alumni over the summer, might be amusing and enlightening.

N.D. University Press lost \$68,086

"other enterprises (Morris Inn, bookstore, etc.)" lost \$195,224

Miscellaneous expenses lost \$39,691

Income from student fees, restricted grants, investment income, gifts, etc. totalled over \$28,000,000.00; expenses for education ("Instruction and research," Scholarships, fellowships, grants-in-aid) totalled less than \$24,000,000.00 (for the above, see pp. 14-15) A few more bits of information might also add to the picture: "Generally, we estimate that as far as his academic expenses are concerned, the student pays

about 70 percent of them which means we have to generate the other 30 percent through other sources. . . . The students generally cover the cost of room and board." Fr. Joyce, p. 19. As for the new, expensive Athletic and Convocation Center, Fr. Joyce is quoted as saying "We *hope* [italics added] it will generate enough various kinds of activity to support the entire building. . . . I think the best we could hope for would be that the building be self-supporting for the operations in it." p. 23.

You might keep these figures in mind the next time you hear you are only paying for 1/3 of the cost of your education: you are paying all of your room and board, and over 2/3 of the other costs of *education* (and, the athletic programs more than pay for themselves). The assorted presumed profit-making enterprises actually lose money (if the real reason for trying to discontinue the *Juggler* was its expense, why not discontinue the University Press. Is it that faculty are presumed to need facilities for expression and students are not?). One might just wonder whether the University has its priorities right, when Black studies lacks money so we can maintain golf courses and fancy rooms on the 14th floor of the library.

James H. Sweetland

Department of History

The Rhetoric of Non-People

EDITOR:

I am rapidly becoming nauseated by the rhetoric that classifies people as less than human. I hear of the "niggers" in Harlem, the "nips" in World War II, and yes, the "pigs" in Chicago. Now I hear of the "dink" (*Scholastic*, October 3, 1969, "The Bleier Percentage"), in reference to the people of North Vietnam. I could make observations regarding the connection of less than human nomenclature to people of color, but then I suppose I'd be at a loss to explain my objection to terming white human beings "pigs." Let me just state that I always believed that there was a distinction between animals and human beings. No matter how evil a man's action may be, or no matter how much a man has been made a tool of an evil structure (contention: the latter is usually the case with evil men), the man is still a human being.

The degree that we think of our fellow men as less than human, is equal to the degree that we must define our own identity in negative terminology (e.g., "if nothing else, I'm not a 'nigger' "). Men, and particularly white men, will never find a true and meaningful identity until they are able to do so in positive terms.

Philip R. McKenna



Ray Serafin



Freeze-Drying The Myth

One night last week Dick Cavett replaced Johnny Carson on the *Tonight* show. A point unimportant probably even to the Nielsen people, but during the past summer Cavett distinguished himself by having the least inane show on television.

The show's guests that night included Jimmy Breslin and Biff Rose. A funny thing — in the sense of unexpected: Cavett maneuvered Breslin off the New York Mets and into the Chicago Conspiracy and then the Vietnam moratorium. Tastelessness offended, several people in the audience booed Breslin. Later Cavett got Biff Rose to talk about the insanity of Nixon's new marijuana-control measures. (As response? the unspoken dialogue: *Audience*: entertain us, we didn't ask for you anyway; *Cavett*: it's about time you thought a little bit about these things).

Of course, before any discussion got too far, the sponsors had to be appeased. (Try our new freeze-dried coffee, it's just like the real thing, it is the real thing, in fact it's better . . . not to mention our superb job of packaging). Explaining why Cavett no longer has his own show: Carson, et. al., are masters of the cute phrase, dispensers of the trite philosophy, executors of the commercial (which is to say corporate) will.

Ah, yes! the content is in the packaging, perhaps even of the packaging. What is dangerous is not ideas but that ideas generate other ideas. What is dangerous is what cannot be totally explained. Therefore explain

the phenomenon yourself, present it as your very own commodity (why just this month *Newsweek* created Arlo Guthrie).

So the media fill in all the blank spaces — at least on the surface, thus negating the participation in myth. The movie *Che* destroys myth by setting up its own cellophane boundaries within which the character must exist. And the hippie movement had to begin to die as soon as the magazines decided that the life-style made good copy. The media create the words that define the roles: New Left, flower children, militants, radicals.

There are undoubtedly people who think our biggest mistake of the Vietnamese war was in not presenting it more attractively. The problem at the Democratic convention last year was slightly different: the cameras recorded things before anyone could decide that they hadn't happened. The war itself will be serialized as soon as the mystery of life can be freeze-dried — as soon as the life-myth can be enclosed in a jar and robbed of its magic.

For now, Arlo Guthrie can be the hero of the young (it has already been decided). He'll even be on the *Tonight* show: Arlo tell the people about your movie, let everyone know what Alice is really like, what indeed are your plans now? but don't bother mentioning that napalm-burned bodies smell ugly—there's a deodorant commercial next.

Markings

The Gap

This year's Senate elections, for the benefit of those of you who may have missed them, were held last week. The overwhelming lack of response to the event was its most prominent feature.

The Senate has not been the world's most active body in the last two years. Last year, outside of a year-end filibuster, the most interesting feature of the Senate's business was the presence of a ubiquitous journalist who habituated the upper rows of the chamber. The fact that the journalist in question had a better attendance record than any of the Senators may be an indication of why the Senate is not held in particularly high regard.

The Senate was at one time regarded as a good jumping-off spot for potential Student Body Presidents. Last year, however, the two top contenders emerged from the unheard-of Hall President's Council, and the vast Student Union bureaucracy. With the advent of the SLC, the Senate has lost its once prominent place in campus politics.

These factors probably have something to do with the fact that only 68 candidates were on the ballot competing for 45 Senate seats. Of the 26 members of last year's Senate who are still undergraduates, only nine will be in the body this year — including four stay Senators. Five incumbents ran, and each was returned to office — although two of them had changed constituencies.

The election got off to a bad start, and went downhill from there. At the initial candidates' meeting, there were four halls which did not have

enough candidates to fill all of their seats. Then on Sunday, the first day of the campaign, the Hall Presidents' Council declared that, in the name of "hall autonomy," they would each count the votes in their own halls. The Senate's election committee yielded on this point, as long as the committee was allowed to verify the results. This decision may go down in the annals of Senate history as the first step on the road to the Senate's demise.

The campaign went along somewhat unnoticed by most students. The fact that nine halls had uncontested races made the whole thing seem less interesting than ever. In Alumni, one candidate was debating as late as Tuesday evening whether to have his name removed from the ballot because of the lack of competition. "I don't want to run unless I can beat somebody," he said.

Kevin Smith, running unopposed in Flanner's Tower A, summed up his campaign like this: "I went around to talk to people for a couple of hours one night, and nobody wanted to listen. It was a complete waste of time."

In the halls where there were contested seats, the candidates had a different problem. "The biggest problem in my campaign," Jack Fiala of Sorin commented, "was convincing people that there was something to campaign for."

On Thursday, October 9, the people went to the polls. Or at least they could have gone to the polls. The turnout at the polls was something less than striking. In Grace Hall, with over 500 residents, the leading

vote-getter received a grand total of 17 votes. Off Campus was one of the places which saw the most activity at the polls. The leading candidates there received 85 and 63 votes, respectively.

The election committee found itself in a bit of a bind Thursday night. Two different sets of ballots were used in the election — one printed by the Senate, the other by the HPC. The latter ballots had space provided for write-ins, while the former did not. When write-in candidates defeated contenders on the ballot in two halls, and almost nosed out that reluctant candidate in Alumni, challenges were filed by losing candidates. Keenan Hall President Tim Mahoney, striking a blow for "hall autonomy" threatened to burn Keenan's ballots — presumably after they had been counted — without sending them to the committee for verification. It fell to John Zimmerman to open the Keenan ballot box — sent back to the committee with a changed lock — by unscrewing the lid and removing it.

The election is over, and a new Senate has been elected. Included in the membership are two former SBP candidates (Kevin Smith of Flanner, and Ed McCartin of Holy Cross) and one former vice-presidential hopeful (Fiala, who was McCartin's running mate last spring). Hopefully, the Senate can rise above the mire in which it was elected. If so, maybe next year's elections can be held and maybe someone will care. If not, the Senate may die an unnoticed death, unmourned and soon forgotten. —Steve Novak

& the Bridge

The vast majority of Notre Dame students have traditionally reacted to the workings of the student government with indifference and passivity. This apathy seemed due, at least in part, to the general lack of communications between the government machine and the individual student.

In an effort to bridge the student government-student body gap, SBP Phil McKenna this year established the Ombudsman Service under the direction of Jim Smith. This service is designed uniquely and specifically to include the student body in the structure of its government. It is intended to provide the necessary link between the elected officials and their electors.

In a letter recently circulated campus-wide, coordinator Smith specified the threefold purpose of the service: to accept student complaints

and comments, to investigate the causes of the problems, and to arrive at some solution to them through mediation or direct action.

He and his staff of seven intend to investigate all complaints in order to be able to direct the grievances through appropriate channels and to procure sufficient evidence to convince these channels of need for change.

The Ombudsman Service also gives the Off-Campus student a louder voice in the government. "Another outstanding advantage of the service," says Smith, "will be its provision for the O.C. student to relate to the campus."

Many problems, however, seem too complicated for direct action on the part of the Ombudsman Service. For complaints about the University grading system, for instance, the service will only be able to assume

the voice of the student. "Governmental influence in these areas is limited due to the complications of authority (e.g. faculty, administration, graduate school admission directors) who bear influence on academic policies.

By analyzing recurrent problems, the service plans to "implement change on a broader level." It intends to expand beyond the scope of immediate problem solving and root out the sources of long-standing frustration and inconvenience to the Notre Dame students. Possible starting points are visiting hours, campus car regulations, and limited cutting policies.

The Ombudsman Service is a first step. All that is required is enough concern over a problem and enough desire to "tell somebody off" about it. The Ombudsman Service will listen and act. —T. P. Macken

Nebula

The modicum of concern for the Student Senate, as expressed by light turnouts of both candidates and constituents in the recent election, seemed to center upon the role of that body in a setting dominated by the legislative powers of the Student Life Council and the concept of hall autonomy as embodied in the Hall Presidents' Council.

It is an inherently nebulous role which SBP Phil McKenna and the Senate hope to clarify this year.

"The activity of the Senate will consist mainly of committee work, which is the main function of any legislative body," McKenna said, "The emphasis will be on research. Last year the problem was that most of the bills presented to the Senate contained very good ideas but they didn't say much. There was a lot of fine rhetoric but we needed well-documented plans, definite proposals."

The new self-conception demanded a restructuring and the student government constitution has been rewritten, chiefly by Stay Senators Rich Hunter and Tom Thrasher.

The four standing committees, Student Affairs, Human Affairs, Academic Affairs and

Union and Finances, represent the foundation upon which Senate activity will build, and while the body as a whole will probably limit itself to two meetings per month, committees will meet weekly.

Bills which are formulated in committee will then be presented to the Senate and if passed there they are submitted to the SLC or another of the many University councils. McKenna sees this relationship as vital inasmuch as the eight students on the SLC have neither the resources nor the representation to provide the initiative on all legislation.

The HPC, third contender in the power game, is, constitutionally, within the domain of the Senate and is empowered only to express official opinions on matters concerning hall life.

Government officials have already composed a long list of Senate priorities for the year. Among the first to be reported and considered will be student representation on the University Forum, and the Academic Council and the budget which is this year more firmly under Senate control.

—John Keys

Tactical Concerns

Armed with a tactical knowledge gained through political experience, Pete Kelly, former ASP chairman, has focused his sights on the development of the Notre Dame Community Relations and Volunteer Services program. Having acquired a working knowledge of community structures in South Bend during the Kennedy and Brademas campaigns, Kelly saw that with proper organization a liaison could be established between the city's schools service agencies and the relatively untapped service manpower at Notre Dame.

With the exception of the neighborhood tutoring program, which was itself hampered by difficulties in finding volunteers and transportation, Notre Dame students were involved in little organized community service in the South Bend area. This struck a discordant note with Kelly, who perceived something of a contradiction in a university atmosphere which preached humanism but found itself more often than not in a state of isolationism. Feeding on this bit of dissatisfaction, Kelly spent most of last year roughing out the framework of his program.

With Kelly's background as a base, a pilot committee was set up to acquaint the South Bend community leaders and the student bodies of local colleges with the scope and intent of the program. The program, as it was sketched for various groups such as the Chamber of Commerce, was two-pronged in its construction. The Notre Dame committee would act first as a centralized "service union" for agencies at Notre Dame, providing both publicity for these agencies and, hopefully, a common pool of volunteers. Eventually, this campus-based committee would expand to coordinate the service attempts of IUSB, Holy Cross, St. Mary's and Bethel College.

The second aspect of the proposed organization was that it would sponsor forums in which civic leaders and Notre Dame students would meet in a semiacademic atmosphere, to work on the problems of involving academe in the community.

Through the course of last summer Kelly fortified his acquaintance with the South Bend area by working with Project Step, a branch of the Neighborhood Youth Corps. During the summer Kelly found himself expanding his original ideas about coordinating the efforts of existing Notre Dame service agencies to include the possibility of staffing some civic programs with badly needed part-time student help.

Moreover, Kelly proposed to the administration and faculty of the University that academic credit be given to students who simultaneously work in community-service projects and research the problems they encountered in their work.

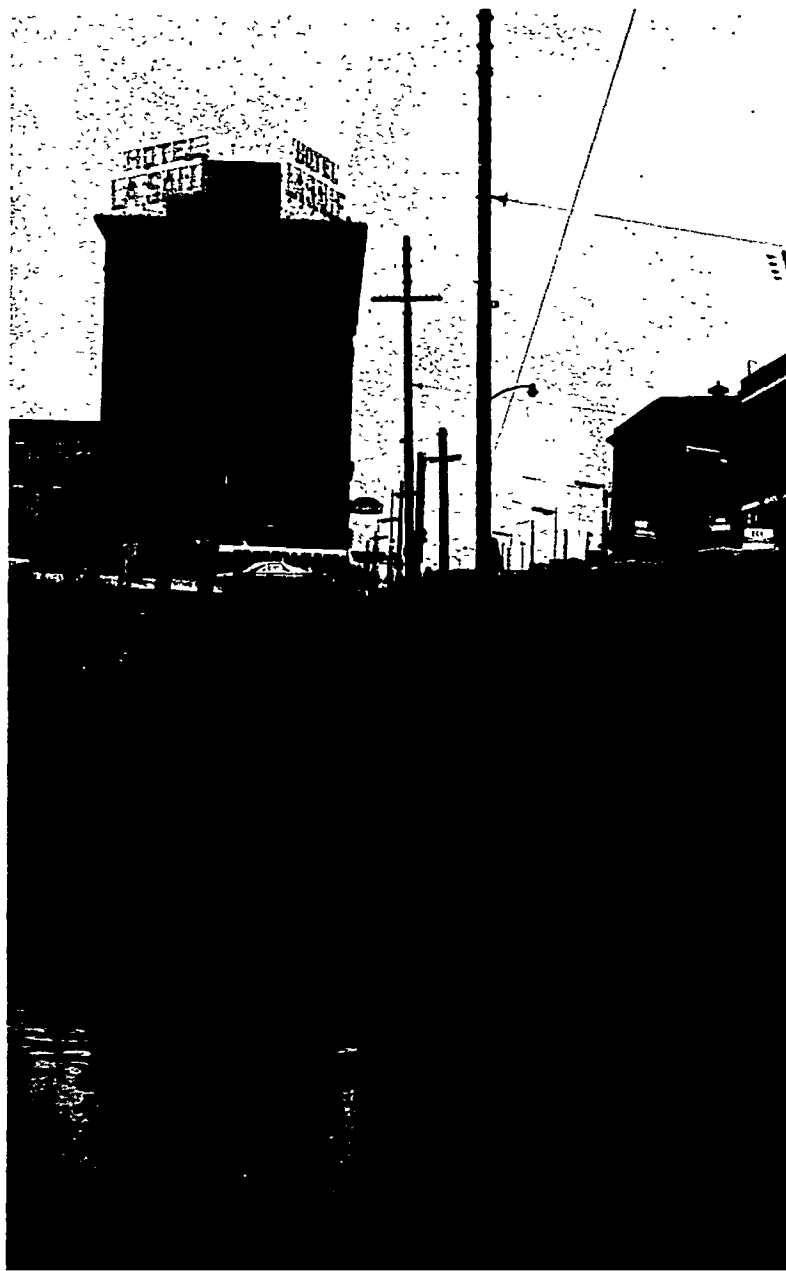
At this point the preliminary matching of community needs to student "power" had been completed at Notre Dame; work toward coalescence with colleges,

other than St. Mary's, has not fully materialized. The Community Relations and Volunteer Services program was given sponsorship by the student government, and Kelly a part of the student government offices.

The establishment of a campus-wide canvass, run on a weekly basis through the Hall Presidents' Council has hopefully solved the recruitment and communications problems. Up-to-date listings of available service projects are to be posted in the hall and interested students are to be referred to a central bureau. In this way Kelly hopes to keep a running tab on the number of service volunteers on campus and their varied interests. This provides the flexibility of communications needed on short-notice projects, such as a weekend sports program for a local grammar school.

In exchange for this service to the community, South Bend civic and community leaders are to participate in the forums and gabfests Kelly proposed before the Chamber of Commerce last May. Kelly sees as a finale to these forums a large Notre Dame-South Bend conference which would involve South Bend leaders and students in "workshops" dealing with problems facing South Bend. Plans for this are still tentative, awaiting the reaction of those in power in the city.

—Tom Booker



And to dust thou shalt return

The geologist's has seldom been a romantic moon-in-June job. Dedication to the systematic study of rocks, pebbles and dirt has not always had a lustrous appeal for those who are scientifically inclined. The geologist has, no doubt, often found himself wondering about the extent of the glory which can be attained from expertise in sedimentary layering or reverse vertical faulting.

No more. This is the year of the moon. Geology has come to the forefront. Within the moon rocks lie the hidden secrets of the universe. Spotlights ready; geologists have their day in the sun.

Dr. William Fairley of the Notre Dame Geology Department has been rather subdued throughout all of the excitement. Of course, the entire moon business has struck a note of professional interest in his field of petrology, but he frankly never expected to get personally involved with any of the studies surrounding the moon landing.

Two weeks ago, he got his chance. Indiana University was one of few schools blessed with the opportunity to examine real moon-stuff close up. And before their studies began, they felt it might be generous to allow a select few for a first viewing.

"Oh, yes, they invited the whole state. They put us in a kind of amphitheater setup, and let us watch while the cameraman snapped photos of Dr. Meinschein posing with the vial of dust."

Dr. Warren Meinschein is Indiana's eminent geochemist, selected as a "principal investigator" for the moon study by NASA. The vial contained a quantity (about an inch-worth) of actual moon dust, priced (by

I.U. publicity people) at somewhere near \$50 million.

"We listened to Meinschein explain what he was going to do with the dust, then they let us go down to take a better look."

The vial was encased in a double layer of glass to protect against contamination. Any human contact and the dust's value would have plummeted considerably. I.U. was taking no chances.

"That was because Meinschein plans to search for alkanes in the dust. In short, these are organic materials and could prove the presence of some sort of life. So if someone touched it with a sweaty finger the sample might lose a little of its significance."

The viewers, some 3,000 as reported in the *South Bend Tribune*, stood frozen in curiosity, noses pressed firmly to the glass.

"Well, I could tell it was dust but not much else. I had forgotten my hand lens but that wouldn't have helped much. I only stayed about three minutes. Then I got elbowed out by some big guy."

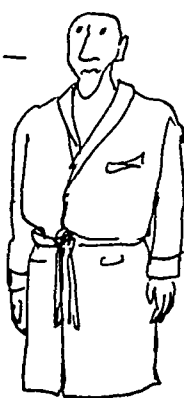
Dr. Meinschein has a lab full of decontamination and dust-inspecting equipment that the taxpayers paid for, and his theory of alkanes as "molecular fossils" would make some kind of scientific headliner if the dust comes through. I.U. has already printed a folder describing Meinschein's "vital work in space research."

Dr. Fairley departed the scene rather unmoved by the whole experience. He didn't expect Meinschein to make any particular giant leaps for mankind with his study either.

"I frankly don't think he'll find a thing worth talking about."

—Bill Carter

WHY CAN THERE
BE NUDITY IN
THE THEATRE—



AND NUDITY IN
FILMS—



BUT THERE CAN'T BE
NUDITY IN CARTOONS?



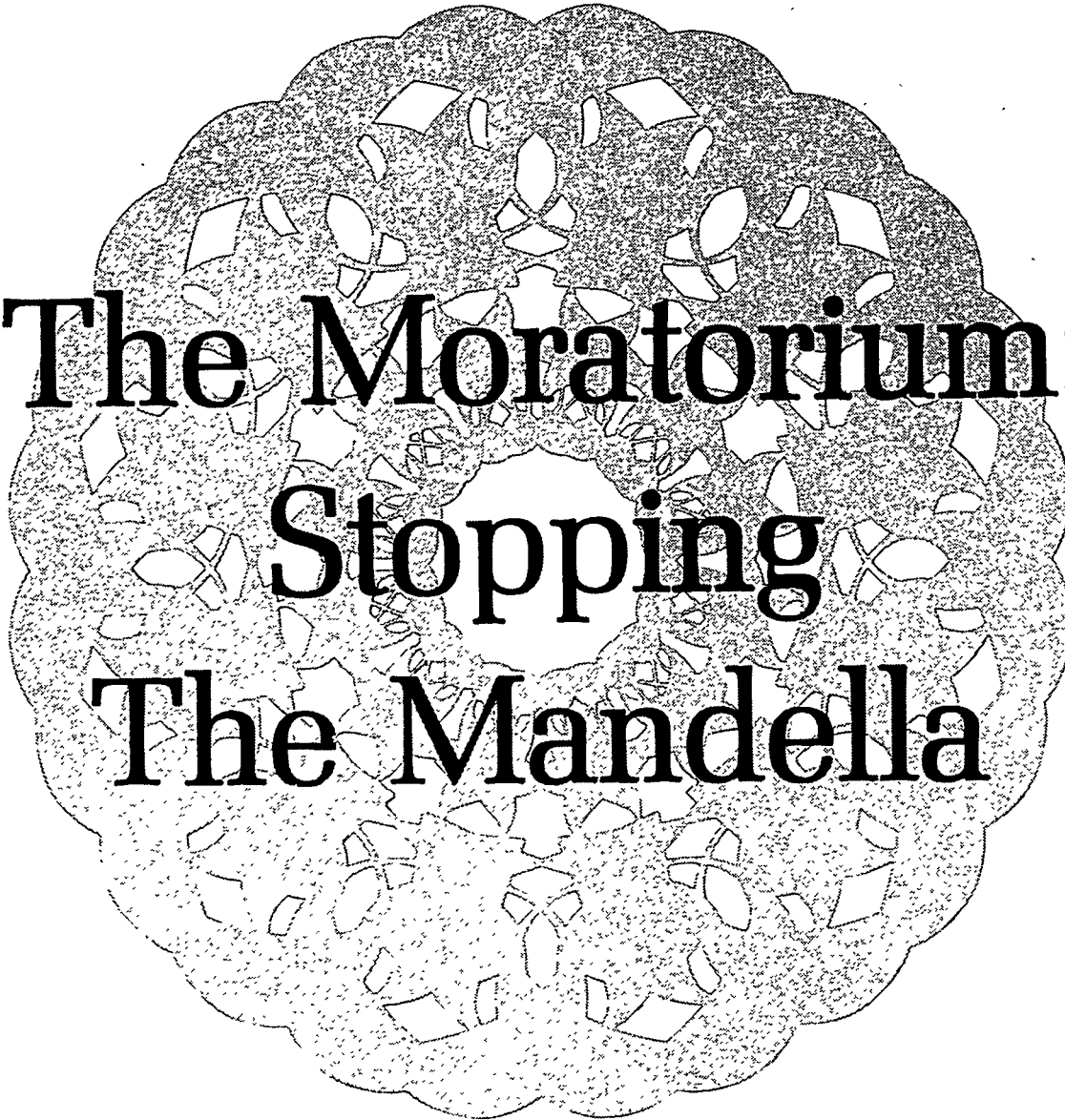
WHY?
WHY?
WHY?



SO THAT'S WHY.



©1969 JIM HAMIL



The Moratorium: Stopping The Mandella

THE GREAT MANDELLA
(The Wheel of Life)

So I told him that he'd better shut his mouth
And do his job like a man.
And he answered "Listen, Father, I will never kill another."
He thinks he's better than his brother that died
What the hell does he think he is doing to his father
Who brought him up right?
Take your place on The Great Mandella
As it moves through your brief moment of time.

Win or lose now you must choose now
And if you lose you're only losing your life.
Tell the jailer not to bother
With his meal of bread and water today.
He is fasting 'til the killing's over
He's a martyr, he thinks he's a prophet.
But he's a coward, he's just playing a game
He can't do it, he can't change it
It's been going on for ten thousand years.
Take your place on The Great Mandella
As it moves through your brief moment of time.
Win or lose now you must choose now
And if you lose you're only losing your life.

Tell the people they are safe now
Hunger stopped him, he lies still in his cell.
Death has gagged his accusations
We are free now, we can kill now.
We can hate now, we can end the world
We're not guilty, he was crazy
And it's been going on for ten thousand years.

CHORUS

Take your place on The Great Mandella
As it moves through your brief moment of time.
Win or lose now you must choose now
And if you lose you've only wasted your life.

In South Bend, Business as Usual

In front of the St. Joseph's County Courthouse an American and an Indiana state flags flew. To the left of the front entrance was a tomb . . . three wreaths and five small American flags, on the tombs were these words: "Here rests in glory an American soldier known but to God." Two women sat, reading newspapers, on the low wall in front of the building. South Main Street, South Bend, Indiana. Business as usual. It was ten o'clock in the morning.



"My God is a God of love and wrath. And you, sir, are a Communist. I know who sent you. Who? I'm not saying, but *you* know, and I know who sent you. I feel sorry for you, for all of you. You are caught in Communism and you can't get out. I despise you all." We were so standing at 12:30 across the street from the demonstration at the South Bend Courthouse. She spoke loudly. She did not scream. She spoke with the tone of one who was convinced . . . Convinced of her own moral rectitude.

By 12:10 Main Street was crowded with about 600 people, the crowd spilling onto the roadway, policemen directing part of the traffic away from the area. Students from Adams High School had just arrived, the last large group to show up. They had met at Pottawatomie Park that morning, talked there in groups with about 40 ND-SMC students until 9:00. They had marched from there to the courthouse. One girl had been pulled out and ordered back to school by her father. The fire had caught hold: the faces were young, they spoke and sang. Some of them spoke well, others giggled while the names of northern Indiana men killed in Vietnam were read by South Bend clergy. They were all very much alive, glad to be out of school; some were only tangentially struck by all that swirled around them, yet all were more aware of their world than any generation of high school students before them.

The speakers continued. Dr. Willford, an organizer of the demonstration, spoke: "We *do* have a national destiny. But it does not involve the slaughter of human beings." Revs. Banks and Herton, and Rabbi Rosenthal read the names of the dead. A speakers suggested that all present send a postcard to Pres. Nixon. The crowd of lunchtime watchers continued to grow, in both number and volume, across the street. They also spoke. Their words say perhaps what much of South Bend said.

A Toyota stood parked directly in front of the speakers: "You're probably some Notre Dame guy with checks and a pocketfulla credit cards. And ya know why? Because *my* generation made it that way, *my* generation made this country great. Look: I been your age, you ain't been mine. You kids are all Communist dupes. And bringin' draft cards into the mass is the lowest, the *lowest* thing yet. It's not Notre Dame anymore, that's all I got to say. And one more thing: today's a day to stand up, to either stand up as a goddam Commie or as an American." Then someone suggested, "Does that mean there's no place for morality in the mass?"

By one-thirty it was almost over. The construction workers on the bank skeleton across the street were quiet: no more catcalls or whistles, no more boos and shouting. They were back at work. Lunchtime was over. No more fun.

Michael Darcy, a student at Indiana University at South Bend who helped organize the demonstration spoke off to one side as the crowd split up: "I was

pretty impressed with the whole thing. It came off well. The immediate effect of it can't be judged, because it helps in putting up an amorphous pressure to end the war. I think demonstrations help to put together the general sentiment of a lot of people, and that they can be effective."

The crowd moved off toward Notre Dame. It was largely high school students and South Bend residents walking up Main and Michigan toward the campus. A black highway department worker in a fatigue hat and work shirt spoke, slowly, through split lips: "You know, anyone can make a mistake, but that don't mean you got to make it over and over again, right? We should get out of there now. Will this help, will anyone listen?" "Yeah, they'll listen, the man gonna listen."

The South Bend people continued to talk . . . the group of marchers further and further away, up Michigan towards Angela. "I congratulate you kids, on today." It was a retired school teacher. She stood on the corner of Michigan and LaSalle. She smiled.

The marchers still walked. They were loud, happy. They celebrated and sang, shouting in decorated cardboard army helmets, carrying signs and wearing buttons . . . the paraphernalia of revolution. What their minds felt remained unknown. It was still, finally, Saturday for some of them. They neared the campus, their voices rose, running to catch their excitement.



They chanted as they approached the main quad, mixed with the Notre Dame students already there, and were lost. The South Bend demonstration was over. The Notre Dame students who had been there looked once again to the campus. At least for now the wall was up again. All that was left were the religious services at community churches that night. The alliance between citizen and student was over. Business as usual. But for one brief moment, for eight hours the two communities were one. This is the stuff of which peace is made. One last worker said it all: "Send them postcards." Send them postcards.



On Joining the Resistance

The thing, then, is not to abolish war but to find the true war. Open the hidden heart in wars of mutual benevolence, wars of love.

— Norman O. Brown

The following piece is the summation of my thoughts, often confused in tone and degree of seriousness, scattered through two notebooks and plenty of margins as they occurred to me during the week before turning in my draft card.

For me, the decision was more personal than political; I am primarily interested in continuing to grow and learn and make of my life a deeply satisfying process. The draft, of course, stands in the way of any such aspirations, and I concluded that only by confronting my enemy head-on in defiance would I continue to enjoy living with myself.

But, since making the decision to take part in Wednesday's ceremony, I have had plenty of opportunity to reflect upon the implications of my action on the people in my life. This reflection has made me happier about resisting than I had been. I am acting to maintain a spiritual and intellectual state of life that many would call "apolitical" — but that very action is a monkey wrench in the workings of the body politic, and touches many, many people as demonstration of a political position favoring radical individual freedom. And that's fine with me, because I can't be all that happy until all of us learn to get along, to be happy together.

Good luck — see you when the dust settles.

Today I read a story by a young war correspondent, relating the confusion of his months in Vietnam. Suspended between the roles of spectator and participant, he volunteered to ride a chopper into a heavily embattled area; a cagey black sergeant had tried to dissuade him from the mission.

"You a reporter?" he'd asked, and I'd said, "No,

a writer," dumbass and pompous, and he'd laughed and said, "Careful. You can't use no eraser up where you wanna go."

In joining the resistance, I am performing my own act of war, adding my weight, for what it's worth, to one of the forces straining at the frontier of contemporary life. And the price of such an attempt to enter the workings of history, to act freely and decisively for oneself in the hope of touching the lives of others, is that you have to throw away the eraser. How do you live seriously and independently in a time of confusion, fear, and the temptation to sell yourself cheap for the promise of comfort and anonymity? You bet your life.

Everyone from Stephen Spender to Joni Mitchell has observed that the "New Left" of American students is made up largely of aging children, clinging to their visions and ideals only at the price of chronic dissatisfaction. "What I wanna know is, what are you kids for?" plead the poor, misunderstood citizens — and the kids just reply, "More!" Of course, only such a spirited and straightforward assault on the inane assumptions of status-quo morality could hope to make any waves at all on the printed circuits of daily life here in plasticland. But no matter how "necessary" or "appropriate" the petulant outcry of the student rebels may be, it is simply impossible to exist forever as a student. We have to grow up, kiddies, and when we give up the shelter and privilege afforded us by the University's sanction — and that means everything from reduced-rate theater tickets to II-S deferments to the right to be unemployed without arousing the suspicion of cops and neighbors — we face

Peace is not the goal— Peace is the way

a crossroads. Rather than admit defeat and begin to live in perpetual irony, apologetic at being "too serious sometimes," the temptation is strong to hibernate for a while, hole up in a tenement with a barrel of grass and a pile of records, some books and perhaps a typewriter, and wait for the revolution to happen.

But, no matter how skeptical I may be about the future of my people and the possibilities for my own life in America, no matter how strongly I cling to the convictions and loyalties and the simple sense of self that I have developed through years of reading, discussion, traveling, no matter how impossible it may seem to find an established "slot" to fit into — I must be a man. "Growing up" is perhaps an inappropriate phrase; the task is to stand up. The time has come to end the life lived with one eye searching out what's wrong and the other eye cocked timidly over the shoulder, and to begin living positively, in pursuit of the Moment, in defiance of fear, in love and at peace with ourselves and with all men.

And since we live in a world at war, divided against itself by rampant fears — the real, if distant, threat of nuclear holocaust and the deep scars left by the shared sexual fantasy perpetuated by racial myth — for me to live as I see fit, to act on the assumption that things are as they ought to be, is to live at odds with my surroundings. My life is nothing but a series of encounters with others—if I am to be true to myself and live in accord with what I see to be the best in human life, then I cannot help making some waves. Hopefully, I can get through to someone; at any rate, I will be actively defying any action or system which is predicated (intentionally or otherwise) on stifling or killing human beings for some "higher good."

Action from principle, the perception and the performance of right, changes things and relations; it is essentially revolutionary, and does

not consist wholly with anything that was.

—Henry David Thoreau
"Civil Disobedience"

To be a monk without a cloister, to refuse to surrender and compromise the spiritual quest in the face of defeat by the crosscurrents of social reality — this is what nonviolence is. You can call it fanaticism or madness, but one who has been driven to such a life can disprove you simply by living successfully and happily; and in America today, the life of the resister is simply the most attractive alternative for many of us. The price of the incredible comforts and securities our society offers us is a slow death of boredom, a surrender of our future as individuals; and he who refuses to enter the contract will be the most magnetic force on the scene. He who constructs his own reality and survives will be a living challenge, an invitation to everyone he meets to break loose and find the freedom which allows real peace and love:

The more blatantly irrational the society becomes, the greater the rationality of the artistic universe.

—Herbert Marcuse

The great lie of American life in the lifetime of my generation is the assumption that conformity to an ever-more restrictive list of rules, customs and precautions will insure some future happiness, a pot of gold free with the rainbow that is sure to appear when the big storm is over.

But I know different; there ain't gonna be no pot of gold because life itself is the prize, not a storm to be endured. Peace is not the goal, as Muste taught us; peace is the way, and there is no Platonic ideal of Truth half so exalted as the simple truth of honesty among fallible but loving men and women. And love isn't something to wait for, it's just the song we sing along the way.

Tom Henehan

Deep, Solid Thinking & A Sense of Humor

The weather reports had predicted frost.

For many the day of peace began the night before when in ones or twos the blue denim soldiers of the Resistance filed past the vaulted arch and into the nave of Sacred Heart. The confessionals near the rear of the church were thrown open; the examination of the national conscience was about to begin.

The assorted field jackets and armbands of the Movement clashed dramatically with the Gothic splendor of the church. Some retreated into meditation; others, obviously ill at ease, shifted nervously in their seats, mentally facing the long night ahead. On the front steps, three analysts assessed the fifteenth before it began:

"I'm not anti-Christian or anything, but it seems that to just sit around and pray will turn the Moratorium into an exercise in mental masturbation. That's why I'm going to South Bend tomorrow."

But students Tom Kronk and Pat Gaffney had an entirely different conception of a "vigil for peace." Gaffney, a seminarian, mounted the pulpit and suggested a group journey to the Grotto for borrowed candles and a procession across campus.

Chanting "Kum Ba Ya," the pilgrims of peace threaded a line around the campus and past the lakes to St. Mary's.

Hall Presidents at St. Mary's, forewarned of a

"panty raid" and remembering the last one, advised their constituency to lock their doors. Someone pointed out the comic counterpoint: "Next you got these quiet voices filtering over the air."

* * * * *

The events of the fifteenth itself began first at St. Mary's. Resister Peter Smith and his wife Shelley were amongst those opening the morning discussion in the Coffeehouse. On "The Woman's Role in the Resistance," Shelley Smith spoke through the jargon: "I have a two-part program on women in the Resistance: we can get ourselves together and then take care of business. Get together means know ourselves as people; then decide how much of the feminine bag we're going to take and how much of the human bag we're going to take. Maybe then nobody will have to be a he-man or a she-woman, and nobody will have to be a soldier."

Father Burtchaell, who was holding his own teach-in in Dillon Hall, talked about sex and violence. He did not condemn all violence, he emphasized that war was more than personal violence. "War takes on its own inner momentum; it can arouse an aggression new to man." He spoke of the secondary activities of sex and violence: dance and sports. "Sports are pantomimes of war." Later that afternoon, the soccer team had a game, the football team practice, and the Mets a victory.



At the Theology Department teach-in on the main quad, an inner sanctum of people sat on the still-wet ground to listen. Others posted themselves on the periphery until enchantment or disenchantment set in. The crowd grew from about 75 to 300 people in the half hour after 11:00. Two dogs, more interested in frivolity than the theology of peace, bounced one another off the podium and managed to dominate attention.

But little frivolity was radiated through the crowd: reflective seriousness prevailed. Most impressive of the speakers was Robert Meagher whose gift of phraseology correlated with his descriptive ability to summarize the moral dilemma of the pacifist: "A guy asks you, 'Yeah, you're a pacifist, but what would you do if someone tried to assault your grandmother while you were in the room or if a ten-month-old child were in the middle of a highway with a cliff on one side and a rockslide on the other? You got a passenger in your car; who are you going to save?'" Meagher argued forcefully that these arguments on crises are not valid; that a person must worry about leading his day-to-day life first. "The violent man sleeps through the sermon on the Mount to build up energy for the extraordinary situation."

While the Theology teach-in was proceeding seriously, Colonel Roland Spritzen, Assistant Dean of the Freshman Year of Studies, took a dim view of the Moratorium: "I just look at the source. It's the toilet-paper mentality." When asked if he was referring to the toilet paper strewn at football rallies, he replied: "Yeah." He figured that about "90 per cent" of the participants in the Moratorium were the same ones who strew the trees with toilet paper during football rallies. Asked about the faculty members participating in the Moratorium, the colonel replied: "Yeah, same kind of men. Toilet-paper mentality."

Enter Captain Electric stage left. The curtain falls on the teach-in. A portion of the audience adjourned to their favorite post-theatre spot, the South Dining Hall. Others, apparently fasting, sat in small circles, talking quietly. A bus driver from the South Bend Transportation Authority viewed from his Olympus: "I'm against war, since before Vietnam, since Korea. I guess no matter what Nixon says, he'll have to listen even if he doesn't act." His response of phlegmatic approval was typical of the noninvolved adults who were observing.

* * * * *

In *A Separate Peace* John makes the ultimate prophetic announcement on human conflict: "War is a bore." And unfortunate as it may be, even the efforts of peace may become something less than inspiring. And the Wednesday-afternoon assemblage at the flagpole fell loosely under this category. Lotsa people, lotsa talk, but nothin' much happening — on the surface anyway. As with most of these gatherings the real education is to be found wandering around the supine bodies rapping occasionally and perfecting your best eavesdropping style. The scene setting has that familiar look; puppies, small children, a makeshift stage, a borrowed PA system and that persistent gaggle



of organizers behind the stage engrossed in tactical planning and last-minute decisions.

Davis Darst of the Catonsville Nine in the initial address astutely seized on one of the essential problems of those that seek a social revolution. As important as the effect of any individual action is the spirit with which it is performed. We are a people especially sensitive to method, a people who tolerate most anything so long as it is performed with a modicum of cordiality. Witness the average cocktail party. Darst called for a tripartite disposition for the revolutionary: a willingness to humanize the "enemy," e.g., your parents and relatives, a sense of celebration and most important of all a sense of humor — a sense that along with a cosmic religious intensity characterized the day.

While Darst spoke Security Director J. Arthur Pears stood to the side, arms folded across his white raincoat and commented, "This is tremendous; to have a crowd this large and quiet. It shows there is a lot of deep, solid thinking going on."

* * * * *

The crowd was moving. It moved down the Main Quad past the Rockne Memorial down the steps to the small group of trees in front of the ROTC Building. The crowd was silent, the air was heavy with their silence and with the black banners they carried. White crosses were hammered into the soft-after-rain ground. And still the silence. The line of marchers stretched back, back until it filled the road's bend; back so the student could see only people. Their mouths were tight, they were together. They moved as one. Past the Grotto and the Fieldhouse out onto the grass in front of the Library.

Notre Dame



Joseph Adrian '64
died March 12, 1967



Edward J. Dalton '65
died August 14, 1966



Curtis Baker '60
died March 28, 1967



Lawrence Dirnberger '66
died February 24, 1967



Kevin Burke '67
died November, 1968



Patrick Dixon '67
died May 28, 1969



Thomas Carroll '59
died April 26, 1968



Hans Grauert '63
died November 3, 1967



John Crickelair '68
died August, 1969



Patrick L. Haley '63
died April 18, 1967

War Dead



James Pavilcek '65
died November 3, 1967



Joseph L. Powell Jr. '64
died October 17, 1968



Michael Rich '67
died November 5, 1968



Edwin Shank '59
died March 25, 1964



Robert J. Stork Jr. '64
died March 1969



William Wilders '62
died November 16, 1966



William Wiik '66
died July 29, 1967

Not Pictured

David Sullivan,
attended Notre Dame '62-63,
died September 5, 1968

The above list of Notre Dame students who have died in Vietnam was gathered from the **On Record** section of back issues of the **Alumnus** magazine. It is most probably incomplete; perhaps, severely incomplete.

—Ed.

Yes, Seven Times Yes



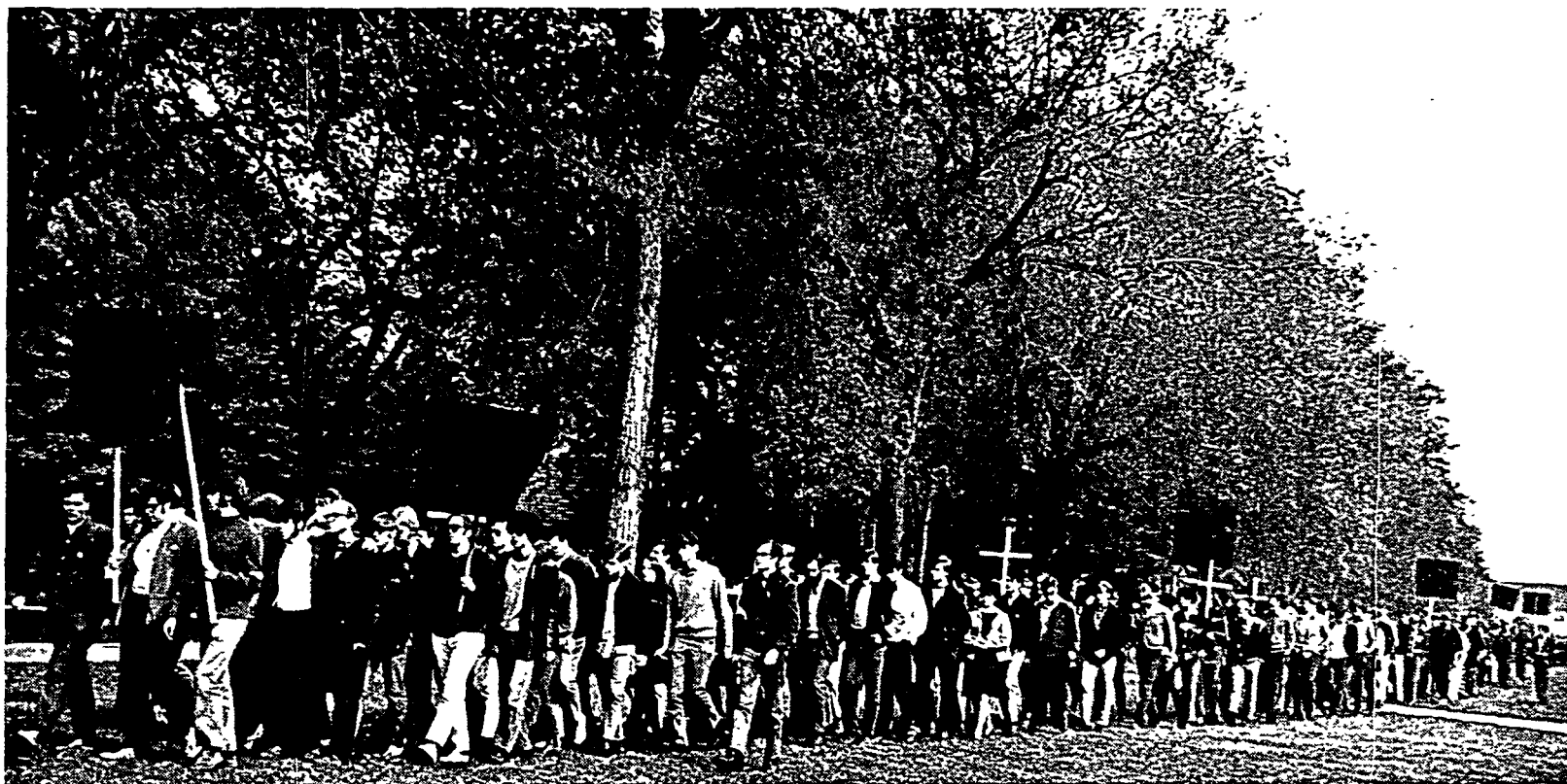
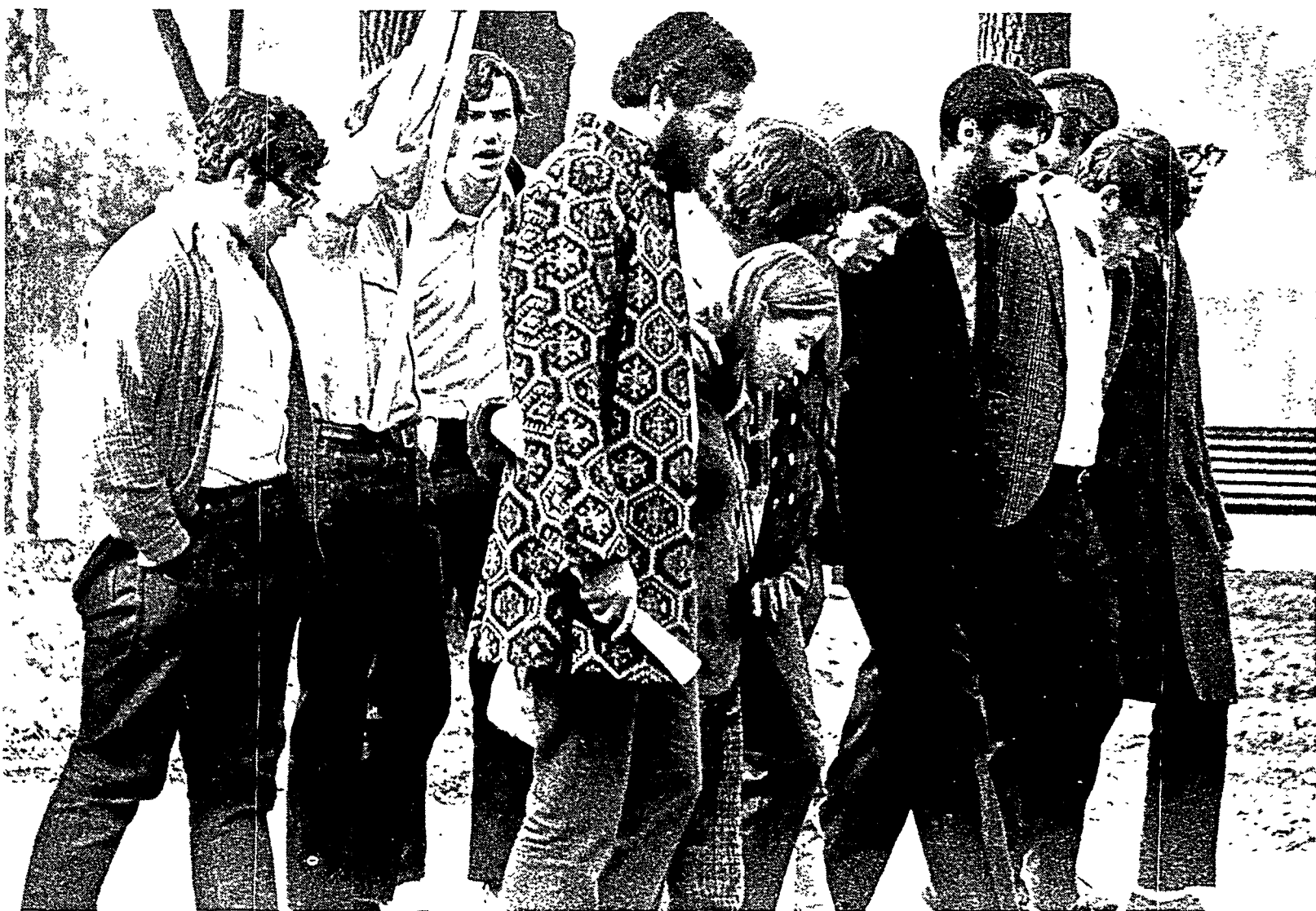
The Mass began, priests in white surrounded by a community of students. Music came from a light blue truck to the right of the altar. The service began with three readings by Notre Dame students. Father Burrell spoke to all, spoke of responsibility and Christianity, spoke of the seven people who were the truth of this day, spoke of those who could not make that same decision. His words hung, as deep and as heavy as the silence. He spoke truth . . . it was gentle and strong, a message of life, an affirmation. The message of life that seven people brought to this campus this day. And then the Offertory. Jim Douglass read, quietly, their statement:

We proclaim this truth of life and resistance to concerned Americans everywhere who continue to believe in life and are willing to stand up for it. By our actions here today, in forming the Notre Dame Resistance, and by our continuing to spread this truth of Resistance and civil disobedience to a law of death, we hope we can help to return America to the path of life . . .

The seven patriots tore up their cards, dropped them into the Offertory basket. The crowd, the transient community, was quiet. It gave all the support it could at this time in this place: it stayed silent, it respected

and loved and was afraid for the seven who represented it. It spoke to them in its silence. It prayed for them, perhaps. And it cried . . . inside, at the horror of it all, the horror of forcing a man into this corner, of forcing him to make these decisions, of forcing him to affirm his humanity in this way. Father Burrell had asked this community to *feel*, to be hurt by what the seven had to do. They were; they had to be, for the action would allow nothing else.

And the Eucharist, the sharing of Christ's body and blood, the sharing in *his* humanity came alive, too. Especially for the seven; they were one, from this point on. They were one. They had, as one, touched people who had never been touched before. The Mass was over. Chuck Darst smile, hugged friends. Father Burrell thanked those on the truck, those who had given the music. He smiled. The crowd that for one hour had become a community, walked, remembering, silent still, filled, sad and joyful at what had passed. The affirmation had been made. Seven patriots had taken a risk, had risked their lives in order to affirm life. And this could not be forgotten by anyone in the crowd. For they had *seen* Christianity . . . they had seen it and they could not forget. For some of them, the revolution had begun, inside, to grow. The seed had been planted. The seed of Christ's word. The prayer: that it did not fall on deaf ears.



Senator Goodell & SR3000

Charles Goodell was appointed last year by Nelson Rockefeller to fill the unexpired term of the late Senator Robert Kennedy. Goodell, who was thought of at the time as a relatively conservative upstate Republican, has surprised the party's conservative wing in the last year by voting against the ABM, supporting the National Vietnam Moratorium, and introducing SR 3000, a bill calling for the withdrawal of all American troops from Vietnam by December 1, 1970. Senator Goodell spoke at Notre Dame last Friday in a speech sponsored by NSA. As the Senator was returning to the airport to fly to New York, he was interviewed by Contributing Editor Steve Novak.

Scholastic: Senator, why did you introduce SR 3000 at this particular time?

Goodell: I think it's time we get out of Vietnam, I think it's time that the members of Congress exercise their responsibility in getting us out of Vietnam. We have the power to declare war, to raise and support armies, and provide and withhold the funds of the military. My proposal would simply withhold any funds from the military, as far as Vietnam is concerned, after December 1, 1970.

Scholastic: Is there a particular significance to the date December 1?

Goodell: Only in that it would provide time for an orderly withdrawal and give the South Vietnamese notice that they must take over the burden of the fighting themselves.

Scholastic: What reason would North Vietnam have for negotiating at all if they knew that in one year the United States would be out of Vietnam?

Goodell: First of all, my proposal would give the South Vietnamese notice that they would have to make the reforms necessary for their own survival, and broaden their popular base. Secondly, this has been a condition North Vietnam has asked be met in order to make concessions. They might very well respond; our indications are that they will respond somewhat to this proposal.

Scholastic: On October 10, General Creighton Abrams said that the enemy is being "ground up" in Vietnam. How do you react to statements like this?

Goodell: Well, we get various reports from the military. We have for the last six or seven years. They've come back and told us that we were going to win the war very shortly. I read some of these here today to the Notre Dame students, statements made in 1962 and 1963. There are many other observers who are experts in the military field who say that North Vietnam is far from being on the

ropes. Even the Pentagon said about a week ago that this is a lull, they think the enemy is regrouping, and they expect further attacks this fall and winter.

Scholastic: Do you feel that the National Moratorium on the 15th will be successful?

Goodell: Yes, I do.

Scholastic: Do you think it will have a significant effect on the President's policy?

Goodell: I don't think it will have an immediate effect, but I believe this movement is going to spread throughout the population and it will eventually have an effect on the President and members of Congress.

Scholastic: You feel that it is important that the Moratorium reach more than just the students?

Goodell: I think it is imperative that the movement that has been started by the students be extended and broadened to the population in general. I think it is important that the students have taken the leadership in this field and I think that, this time, the people are with them. Two years ago, the young people were ahead of the general population with reference to Vietnam. Today, the American people generally want to get out of Vietnam and they want to get out as soon as possible. I believe the students can serve as the catalyst, to focalize public opinion and get action by our Congress, I would hope action on my SR 3000 that would get all American men out by December 1, 1970.

Scholastic: Will there be enough reaction in the country to get Congress to act?

Goodell: I think there may well be. This is speculative, my reading of the situation in terms of the reaction to my proposal. It seems the American people are overwhelmingly in favor of this kind of approach. There will be polls, there will be other ways of gauging this, but if we reach out, explain, talk to the American people, get them talking to each other and to their elected officials, I believe this bill could very well pass, perhaps next year.

Scholastic: Do you think the government will begin to crack down on dissent within the country? Many people see the current trials in Chicago as the beginning of such a crackdown.

Goodell: No, I don't believe we're on the verge of a crackdown on dissent, certainly not on peaceful dissent. I think it is imperative, however, that the dissent remain orderly and peaceful. The one thing that could give the Pentagon another year or two to go on fighting the war the way they want to fight it would be demonstrations with a large num-

ber of crazy antics and violence that would repel the American people and bring them back in support of the Administration solely out of revulsion against the protesters.

Scholastic: If this does not occur, but the President remains firm in maintaining his present policy, do you think he could be defeated in 1972, either at the convention or in the general election?

Goodell: I think this is quite possible. Under our system, no President can be really sure of a second term. This will depend on the next four years, and what the President does. I think it would be very difficult for him to be reelected in 1972 if we are still at war in Vietnam.

Scholastic: Since you introduced your bill, Governor Rockefeller has criticized you sharply, the President has attacked you, and State Senator Edward Speno has announced that he would like to run for your seat next year. Did you expect all of this adverse reaction?

Goodell: Yes. I talked with the governor at some length on my proposal prior to making it. I knew he very sincerely and as a matter of deep conviction disagreed with me and I expected him to express that disagreement publicly. I've known Sen. Speno was going to try to run for some time. He wanted the appointment originally, and he's been going around the state saying he'd like to run against me.

Scholastic: At this time last year, you were regarded as a conservative; and Governor Rockefeller was the only person of any stature in the liberal wing of the party who would stand up for you. Now he isn't very friendly toward you. Do you think this is a question of your moving to the left, his moving to the right, or both?

Goodell: I don't consider that I have moved very far to the left in terms of voting pattern. Yes, there has been a change in my approach. After all, I represent 18 million people in New York now, not 400,000 in a Congressional district, but most of the change that has taken place in me is in response to the changes in our society. It's a different society than we had two, three, five, seven years ago, with different problems. I don't believe that Governor Rockefeller has permanently moved to the right, as you put it.

Scholastic: There does seem to be a definite movement to the right in the nation as a whole: the Wallace campaign, Mayor Yorty, Mr. Stenvig in Minneapolis, and, of course, Procaccino and Marchi in New York. . . .

Goodell: They aren't elected yet.

Scholastic: No. But what do you feel all of this means, this great outpouring of votes for conservatives?

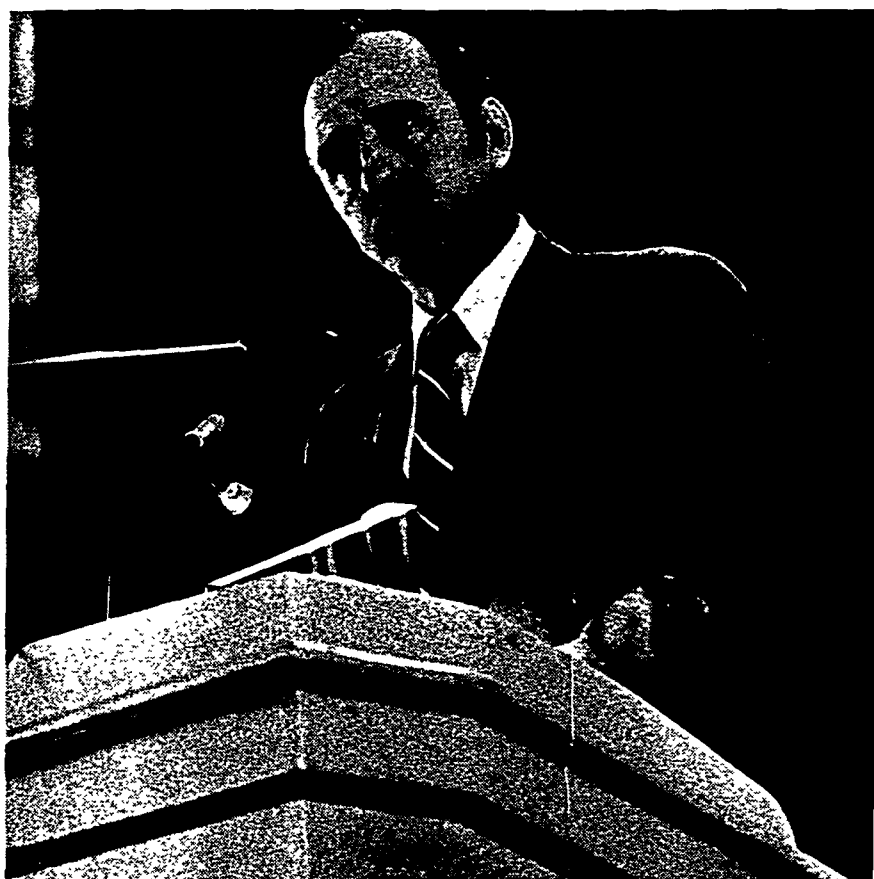
Goodell: Well, I think each of the elections is quite different. I endorsed Mr. Bradley for Mayor in Los Angeles, without actively trying to help him. This was a decidedly racist campaign by Mayor Yorty. The others I don't think are working on the same basis as this. It remains to be seen what will happen in New York. But what they call a conservative trend is defined as being upset about crime, taxes, a variety of problems in society that haven't been solved, and that frustration is quite understandable. I don't believe that negative reaction to this — exploitation of frustrations — is the right answer, and I don't believe the people of New York are going to choose that answer.

Scholastic: Did you expect Mayor Lindsay's defeat in the primary?

Goodell: We knew he was well behind in the beginning. We expected and hoped he would win, and he came very close to winning.

Scholastic: The latest Quayle Poll commissioned by NBC has the Mayor ahead of Mr. Procaccino, with Marchi a rather distant third. Do you think the Mayor's lead will hold up?

Goodell: I don't really know. I think it will, but this is a very volatile situation. There may be some switching on a rather massive scale near the end of the campaign.



Modern Revolutionary Warfare: Insurgency

Fran Maier will attempt in a series of articles to clarify what has become a journalistic catch phrase — guerrilla warfare or, more properly, revolutionary warfare. In this first article, he deals with the methods of insurgency; counterinsurgency and some historical illustrations of revolutionary warfare will form the bases of the rest of the series.

TRADITIONALLY, violent shifts in national political structures have been precipitated by conquest from without or revolution or coup from within. A revolution, while it may drag out for years, is generally explosive, instantaneous, accidental at its moment of inception. Thus, Lenin was in Switzerland when the Romanovs were toppled by street mobs, and Sun Yat-sen was in England when the Manchus abdicated in the face of armed rebellion. In a revolution, the masses move, then the leaders crystallize. The plot, the coup d'état, on the other hand cannot and does not involve the masses; it is a clandestine strike at a government's top echelons by a small, tightly organized group reasonably close to the vital functions of the bureaucracy. Participation by the masses comes later, after the new order is imposed from above — assuming it materializes at all.

The twentieth century has seen the emergence of a new form of revolutionary warfare — the insurgency. An insurgency is a protracted struggle, conducted methodically, step by step, in order to achieve well-defined intermediate objectives; the final product is the overthrow of the existing social-political order. As in the coup, the insurgency is conceived and initiated by a cadre, but whereas the coup strikes for power first and with that power reorganizes from above, the insurgency *proceeds* from a thorough, spreading political education from below. Thus, the insurgency is mass-oriented; it draws its power from the populace, and must be a "popular" movement to survive. An insurgency must expose or conjure a serious social problem to provide itself with a cause; it must present a new set of social axioms to deal with the alleged crisis; then it must convince the populace it can solve the problems infinitely better and more quickly than the government. The latter is done by schooling those ele-

ments of the populace which it can educate, neutralizing those it cannot.

The rules for modern revolutionary warfare are asymmetrical; the antagonists must follow completely different procedures to reach final victory. Thus the insurgent will never resort to purely conventional war methods; further, no government will ever suppress an insurgency with hordes of irregular troops. Guerrilla warfare is specifically suited to the weak, to allow them to progressively gain strength while constantly on the offensive. The counterinsurgent is endowed with congenital *strength*; the insurgent offers few targets for guerrilla operations, and in any case, the counterinsurgent can be neither clandestine nor sure of the populace in contested areas. While guerrilla operations may serve tactical purposes, counterinsurgency must have a different strategic thrust.

An insurgency begins when the decision is made by a political cadre to bring down the existing political order in any necessary manner. Pinpointing the moment of illegality of an insurgency in a "democratic" society can be extremely difficult. In a "tolerant" order much of the insurgency's first phase of the work can be accomplished peacefully, legally, overtly. That phase includes initial political organization, strength-gathering, and the creation of an infrastructure; once a suitable "cause" has been chosen the insurgency must create a party around it. The founding of the first political cells begins the process of building alternate institutions to supersede and interdict existing administrative procedures. Step two in the first phase includes the "United Front," the apparent blending of the Party into a larger, more widely based movement, designed to foster a spectrum of political solidarity around specific issues connected with the cause.

THE vulnerability of an insurgency in its first phase is high; alert security forces can suppress or warp undesirable political elements before they can take root in the masses, particularly if such forces are capable of "extralegal" police activity. The totalitarian regime can deal with opposition covertly and much more efficiently than its democratic counterpart; but even in an "open society," police can manipulate the media,

infiltrate and harass the party, and thus dilute its political decisiveness and public impact. Further, once the party initiates a united front, or even collaborates in the creation of a widely based "movement," its chances of absorption and loss of direction are multiplied incredibly. Consequently Lenin's concept of the small, highly disciplined party of activists is essential in achieving the acquisition of power without making fatal compromises.

Assuming the insurgency has reached the proportions of a "movement," it can proceed to the final stage of its legal, peaceful phase. Strikes, boycotts, mass rallies and demonstrations can be coordinated into a decisive economic and political offensive against the power structure. The psychological effect of this sort of organized resistance can be devastating to *any* government, particularly one ostensibly dependent directly on the populace for its power. At this point of maximum public exposure and interest, the insurgency is nearly invulnerable; any pronounced suppressive measures by the government will backfire; the bureaucracy will be forced into violation of its own democratic ethic, and its remaining credibility will evaporate.

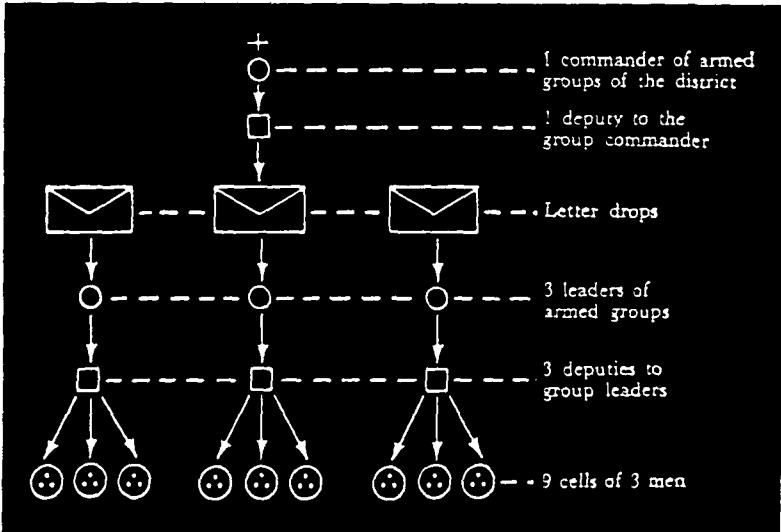
An irresolute or incompetent government may well collapse before violence is required; the resulting political chaos will create a power vacuum to be filled by the strongest and best organized social element — presumably, the party.

IF THE insurgency encounters continued and determined resistance from the government once this plateau has been reached, or if the insurgency's political activity is declared illegal and harassed from the start, more drastic, forcible measures will be resorted to. Coordinated urban, industrial and military sabotage will be employed to disrupt vital utilities and production, and paralyze, on the local level, the government's ability to react. Force, and the threat of force, characterizes the second phase of an insurgency. Violence will be unselective at first — mutilations, mass bombings, indiscriminate killing of innocents, acts of vandalism and terrorism, etc. That the initial murders be "senseless" is critical in one respect — the security of *all* elements of the populace must be undermined; they must be impressed with the totality and the ubiquity of the crisis, and at the same time *denied* a fixed rationale for the disorder and a clearly defined antagonist against which to respond. Random killing will continue, and in fact increase as the insurgency spreads — but the bulk of the terror campaign will narrow slowly to the focal points of government personnel, "lackeys" and collaborators. This tactic serves several purposes: A) the physical elimination of the hard-core

counterinsurgents, B) the increasing breakdown of order, C) further intimidation of the populace, D) the shifting of the wrath of the people from the terrorists to the government, as the source and reason for their insecurity and turmoil. Death is the price for collaboration, and the examples are provided from the government itself.

ONCE the chaos is created, serious ideological re-education can commence; mass propaganda and agitation on general issues come first, followed by exhaustive, detailed doctrinal training once "base" areas are secured.

To develop "safe" zones or bases, the insurgent campaign must move to irregular, guerrilla warfare. Guerrilla operations are locally oriented, but nationally coordinated; the aim of guerrilla warfare is survival through attack. Throughout phase two of an insurgency, the odds of revolutionary warfare are still stacked con-



spicuously in favor of the intelligent counterinsurgent. Guerrillas enforce the directives of the new, emerging political institutions, but are more immediately concerned with shattering the grip of the old ones. Guerrillas are indigenous to the area of their operations; knowledge of terrain, of popular disposition of local governmental strengths and weaknesses, of deployment of troops, material and vital installations, makes them an ideally effective intelligence network and a nearly invisible strike force. Hit-and-run raids, sabotage, executions, abductions — all these tactics corrode, confuse, and tie down enormous quantities of men and machinery to static defense of urban areas and military bases. As the counterinsurgent is usually faced with a limited and irrelevantly trained military establishment, he's trapped in a paradox: if he decentralizes his forces to hold *everything*, he runs the risk of being ground up piecemeal by locally superior guerrilla forces. On the other hand, he may choose to concentrate his strength around the population and industrial centers; this can be accomplished somewhat more economically, and his remaining forces can be organized into strategic reserves for defense and mobile strike groups for offense. The trouble with the latter course is that, in an underdeveloped country such as Algeria or Vietnam, this procedure entails abandoning huge sectors of the nation to political and military exploitation by guerrilla cadres. A people can hardly be held responsible

Demi-Cell	Cell	Demi-Group	Group	Sub-District	District
1 Demi-Cell	2 Demi-Cells plus a Cell Leader	2 Cells plus a Demi-Group Leader	2 Demi-Groups plus a Group Leader	2 Groups plus a Sub-District Leader	2 Sub-Districts plus a District Leader
3 men	7 men	15 men	31 men	63 men	127 men

Political Organization/F.L.N.

to a government that isn't there, and mobile strike groups do not provide a permanent basis for bureaucratic reconstruction. When the troops move out, the guerrillas move back in, and the officials are forcibly removed. And if the populace knows the troops are transient but the guerrillas are *not*, collaboration with the government is idiotic; thus government "sweeps" or "strikes" are rarely successful from anything other than a temporary military standpoint. Insurgent political infrastructure is usually left unscathed in the bustle to push on to find the next battle, to run down the next little band of irregulars. Consequently, base areas begin to materialize — areas where *regular, national* troops of the insurgency can be trained, equipped and organized, because guerrilla pressure on the government's vital points ties down and dilutes army energies. Mobile strikes by the government against distant, inhospitable areas decrease in number and become more random as guerrilla activity spreads. Not only do the government's areas of effective control contract, but also the areas the government can fruitfully contest; e.g., deep-penetration paratroop drops serve tactical purposes, but if protracted supply must be effected through hostile terrain, the original success is rendered useless.

WHILE regular troop formations are being developed, the insurgency must push political subversion in the counterinsurgent's base areas, while extending the number and range of violently contested areas. This not only brings the war closer to home for the government, but also draws its attention and firepower from the vulnerable, evolving regular insurgent army.

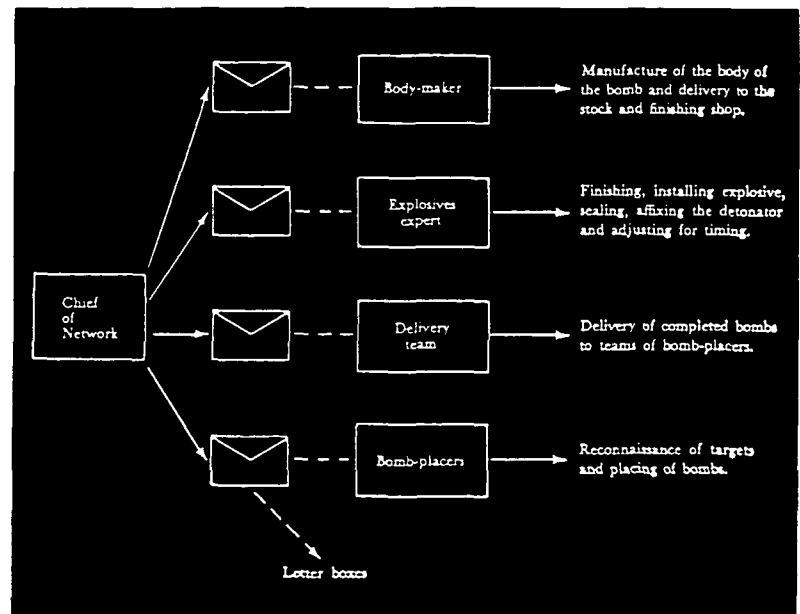
If, throughout the second phase, the insurgency can maintain and exploit its contact with the people, if it can secure the acquiescence of the majority and active support from a disciplined minority, if its policy of guerilla harassment and attrition can produce an appropriate string of tactical successes, if it can safely and successfully assemble a series of liberated zones and a regularly equipped army in the rear, the insurgency will have then won a critical *strategic* victory — a redress of the military balance of the war.

The third phase of the insurgency is all-out mobile warfare waged by fast-moving, regular troops designed to engage and destroy main-force enemy formations, e.g., Dien Bien Phu: A threatened invasion of Laos by Vietminh mobile columns in late 1953 drew the French Commander Navarre into a position in Northwestern Vietnam straddling the invasion routes. The results were disastrous — for the French. On the other hand, French pacification techniques were so successful in Algeria that the FLN never reached phase three, nor evolved any units larger than company size. The victory of the FLN was *political*; on the military side their position was deteriorating noticeably by the time independence was granted.

The insurgent must use caution in embarking on phase three; an underestimation of French strength virtually destroyed Vietminh regular forces in 1947 and again in 1952. Once the French were correctly assessed and the proper preparations made, however, Vietminh

troops successfully outmaneuvered and enveloped French units throughout 1953 and 1954. Rebel troops moved faster and more easily than their French counterparts, and had no visible supply lines to cut, no accessible base areas to smash. French-held cities on the other hand, became increasingly hard to administer. Terrorism and sabotage mushroomed throughout 1953; sniping and block-by-block urban street fighting increased terrifically.

BY PHASE three, political inertia favors the insurgent — if he holds his own in the first few mobile battles, the war is as good as won. What remains is, essentially, a mop-up annihilation of resistance, and



Bomb-Throwing Network

education — reorganization campaigns to rework the social system according to the new order.

To summarize the strengths favoring insurgency, one might list: A) a politically tolerant society which will allow the building of a political infrastructure, and easy access to the primary target — the populace; B) an apparently valid "cause"; C) the lack of a need on the part of the insurgent to be overly concerned with his image, except in the insurgency's earliest period; D) the lack of responsibility, on the part of the insurgent, for the maintenance of order; E) the twin advantages of surprise and initiative, i.e., the strategic offensive; F) guerrilla fluidity, ubiquity, surveillance; G) a solidarity of purpose and ideology; H) the fact that guerrilla warfare is protracted, corrosive and cheap, whereas counterinsurgency is massively expensive and exhausting.

The weaknesses of the insurgency could be summarized as follows: A) complete exposure to police suppression, harassment and infiltration in the early phase of development; B) lack of diplomatic support, media access, weaponry, supplies and money; C) inability of either terrorism or guerrilla warfare to force (of itself) a military decision; D) the complete reliance of the insurgent infrastructure on popular co-operation.

Fran Maier

The Scholastic

The Strawberry Statement:

Mewling & Puking in the Nurse's Arms

"I could tell you my adventures — beginning from this morning," said Alice a little timidly; "but it's no use going back to yesterday, because I was a different person then."

"Explain all that," said the Mock Turtle.

"No, no! The adventures first," said the Gryphon in an impatient one: "explanations take such a dreadful time."

One spring afternoon in 1967 a college sophomore named James Simon Kunen missed crew practice. This in itself, of course, is not remarkable except that instead of rowing on the East River he was to participate in the famous (or infamous) Columbia demonstrations and building take-overs. Kunen never returned to the crew but sports' loss has proven to be literature's gain; out of his experiences, Kunen has come up with a very contemporary and very funny book entitled *The Strawberry Statement*.

After the book's publication last spring Kunen gained a modicum of notoriety as a quasi-historian of The Movement and his prose has since graced the pages of *The New Yorker*, *Esquire*, and even *Sports Illustrated*. He also had a rather triumphant run-in with a youthful protégé of that old crypto-nazi, William F. Buckley, on last summer's *Dick Cavett Show*. The magazine pieces were good and the television appearance was better but *Strawberry* remains the best of all. The Establishment press sells a lot of papers by playing up college confrontations; it's about time we hear from the other side; and for this reason, if none other, the book ought to be compulsory reading for anyone interested in finding where it's at (Kunen, you may be assured, would never stoop to such a phrase) on the college radical scene.

Kunen has a virtually uncanny ability to hit upon the objective correlatives common to The College Experience today and should be especially relevant to those attending Notre Dame, a college which is in many ways similar to Columbia. For who among us has not

caught a glimpse of the horror of it all:

"My friends and I became preoccupied with the common nostalgic assertion that 'these are the best years of your lives.' We could accept the fact that the college years are exhausting, confusing, boring, troubled, frustrating and meaningless — that we could take in stride; we'd seen hard times before. But that everything subsequent would be worse was a concept difficult to grasp and, once grasped, impossible to accept."

Or felt the common wish for a *deus ex machina* release:

"Floundering about in the rubble of my fantasy structure I latched onto The Letter. Every day I checked my mailbox, hoping to find 'The Big Letter I've been waiting for.' I wasn't sure what it would be, except that it would be a directive or executive order from my superior telling me to do something."?

Most of the book, though, deals with the student strike at Columbia — an experience most certainly *not* common to Notre Dame. And it is here the best and worst aspects of the book are revealed.

In a nutshell, the chief drawback of the book is that Kunen has, apparently quite consciously, declined to engage in any real discussion ("defense" I should say) of the tactics of the SDS. He blithely refers to himself as a "single revolutionary digit" and tells us only that he "got involved in this movement and one thing led to another." There is little discussion of the

conditions in Columbia leading up to the building take-overs, little discussion of even the much-publicized Morningside Park gym. Certainly the SDS had reasons for what they did, but little is given here as to why the radicals decided to act and nothing at all as to their decision to use such — to most Americans at least — ungentlemanly and undemocratic tactics. Again, Kunen tells us that he is against “racism, war and poverty,” but makes no clear case that Columbia upholds these vices or that taking over, i.e., “liberating,” Low Library can help solve them. By entirely sidestepping the quite legitimate complaints of those opposed to the disruptive nature of the demonstrations (the “jocks”), Kunen and his revolutionary cohorts (the “pukes”) imply that their actions are justifiable in themselves, raising the specter of an irrational “revolution for the hell of it.”

But, paradoxically, this is also the book’s strongest point, and, since one cannot have his literary cake and eat it too, it is easy enough to forgive Kunen. Once we accept that the book is not a polemic, but a simple narrative (“notes”) of a college revolutionary, we can sit back and enjoy it no matter what our personal politics are. Kunen, for one, openly admits that “a great deal of this book simply relates little things I’ve done and thought. It may seem completely irrelevant to Columbia.” The goal, then, is a modest one as the author forsakes explanations for adventures, but it is achieved with feeling and understanding and it is for this reason that the book will last long after the factual work on the subject (*Up Against the Ivy Wall*) has been forgotten.

Kunen succeeds in relating his feelings because he has that most appealing (and most rare) virtue for a contemporary radical — he is reluctant to believe in Establishment Plots. He realizes that it is not that those in power are really so evil, it is just that they are not good enough, that “fear has made men blind,” as David Harris once wrote. He sees that Columbia’s administrators have their own visions, that they honestly believe that they are doing the best for all concerned. At the end of an interview with Dean Deane, the issuer of the *Strawberry Statement* (“whether students vote ‘yes’ or ‘no’ on an issue is like

telling me they like strawberries”), Kunen admits to himself rather guiltily, “God what am I going to do? I liked Dean Deane.”

It is this air of tolerance, at least on the personal level, that is ultimately the most striking (at least when compared to the media’s attempt to depict a completely polarized situation — e.g., *Esquire*’s September cover, “Kids vs. Pigs”) and most gratifying point of the book. Kunen is a person engaged in one institution’s struggle (for the SDS is an institution no matter how loosely organized it claims to be) against another and yet he refuses to see the members of these institutions as “digits,” to use his own self-effusive term. Even Dean Deane (truth is stranger than fiction: Heller’s Major Major becomes Kunen’s Dean Deane) has his good points. Of course the trouble comes when one is faced with responding to the Dean Deanes of this world, either as members of social institutions or as human beings. By joining SDS, Kunen seems to have opted for the former, but it is still somewhat comforting to know that he, and perhaps others, still holds out the possibility for some sort of *via media* between the two choices.

As for the coming year, the book is silent about the once and future state of campus turmoil and Kunen has since declared that he will write no more on the Movement. It may at first seem hard to believe that student tactics could yet become even more iconoclastic than those of last year, but it could well turn out that way if both sides become caught up in their own rhetoric. Like Alice, we find ourselves in a situation that grows more and more curious. The only sure thing seems to be that no one, neither the students nor their administrators nor the American people as a whole, seems quite ready yet for a return to the normalcy of the 50’s. We have all become so supercharged with the nervous energy of revolutionary and counterinsurgency life styles, so enamored of fighting for a cause — any cause — that we stand in danger of forgetting the simple and sacramental duty of living out our own lives. Fanon’s question, “Can we escape becoming dizzy?” becomes the crux of the matter and wonderland no longer seems so strange:

“She ate a little bit and said anxiously to herself ‘Which way? Which way?’, holding her hand on top of her head to feel which way it was growing; and she was quite surprised to find that she remained the same size. To be sure, this is what generally happens when one eats cake; but Alice had got so much into the way of expecting nothing but out-of-the-way things to happen, that it seemed quite dull and stupid for life to go on in the common way.”

Reviewed by Michael Costello

perspectives

thomas carney / on losing touch

During the past year, I, as a member of the Education and Student Affairs Committee of the Board of Trustees, have had the opportunity of meeting with student representatives on three occasions. It was as a result of the first meeting that the committee recommended, and the board approved, the formation of the Student Life Council. The results of the activities of that group have been most gratifying.

The third meeting, held in late May, was also very productive, at least as far as it contributed to the education of our committee. Mr. McKenna had proposed an agenda suggesting that discussion be limited to three topics: curriculum reform, problems of black students, and coeducation. Following about a one-and-one-half-hour meeting with twelve of the campus student leaders, we set up shop in the auditorium of the Center for Continuing Education for what had been billed as an open meeting of the trustees with the students. Unfortunately, the timing of the meeting was bad, occurring as it did right in the midst of exams. Only 15 additional students appeared for this meeting, but in spite of that the questions were good and the discussion was open and honest.

However, it is about the second meeting that I wish to speak in this article. The meeting came about in a somewhat impromptu fashion. During the course of the trustees meeting being held at that time, a number of requests from different student groups had been submitted, asking for hearings of one kind or another. By a series of incidents as reported accurately as nearly as I know (I was as confused as anyone else) in the *SCHOLASTIC*, an agreement was reached that certain members of the trustees would meet with the student leaders for an exchange of views. However, the agreement was quickly escalated by the students into an open meeting with the board. As a result of a miracle of communications achievement on the part of the students, about 400 people showed up at the Engineering Auditorium

for the meeting. The trustees were assembled on the platform in front of the auditorium. By that time, reporters, television cameras, and news cameras were at the ready. There we were, before God and the students, practicing trusteeship right out in the open.

The questions involved the investments of the University, and whether or not University funds were invested in our companies. Concern was expressed for the emphasis being placed on black recruiting. The timing of the coeducational program was questioned. Essentially, the questions showed a real concern for the progress of Notre Dame, even though they were sometimes asked with what might appear objectively to be an excess of vehemence.

However, there are two incidents I want to comment on in particular. The first took place when, during a discussion on coeducation, one young man shouted heatedly at us, "You have lost contact with us." It got the loudest applause of the day.

Certainly I, and I assume all the rest of the trustees, would prefer not to be shouted at. However, I realize that there is a certain mentally purgative effect resulting from a display of power over a hated establishment symbol. I recognize, too, that it is more comfortable to express a feeling of power when you know that the symbol, either because of maturity or common courtesy, is not going to yell back. Therefore, if there is some psychological benefit accruing to the shouter, I don't mind being the shoutee. However, I do question the assumption applied specifically to us that we have lost contact with you.

"Losing touch" is not something that can be done unilaterally. It is a mutual thing, happening between two people or between two groups of people. I can't lose touch with you unless you also lose touch with me. The only way you could possibly accuse us of being at fault is to show that we have been deaf to your presentations, that you have presented to us problems that

we have ignored. I just don't believe that is true.

Please remember I am talking about Notre Dame specifically — not Berkeley or Columbia or Cornell.

Do you want an example of why I believe you must share the responsibility for lack of contact if such contact really does not exist? All right. Last year, just before commencement, serious preparations were being made by a group of students for some demonstration indicating the objection to war and the desire for peace on the part of the senior class. One of the proposals — it actually got to the planning stage — was for numerous white crosses to be planted around the campus on commencement day. The purpose? According to the group, it was "to remind the fathers and mothers attending the commencement exercises of the young men being killed and wounded in Vietnam." Do you think anyone who has ever had contact with an older generation would really believe this? They should know that every mother and father of a draft-age son prays every day for an end to all wars. They should know that it doesn't take a vulgar gesture like planting crosses to remind parents of the dead in Vietnam. They should know that every parent identifies with the emotion Thomas Paine expressed in "The American Crisis" in 1776. "If there must be trouble let it be in my day that my child may have peace." The younger generation has certainly lost contact with the older generation if they think that the oldsters need to be reminded that their sons might die in a war.

The second event occurring at the trustees-students open meeting was the result of a question directed at me. I had published an article some time ago, the sense of which was that my generation should start trusting the students. At the meeting Mr. Joel Connelly mentioned the article with some approval.

In answering Mr. Connelly's question, I made the comment that here, also, there is a mutual responsibility — that if we were going to trust students, there should be some reciprocal trust, that even though you thought we might be trying to muddle through, we should at least be given credit for honest effort.

Following the meeting, I was descended upon by an irate student who, very emotionally, asked how I could dare think of the students trusting us. Unfortunately for the progress of our conversation, but probably fortunately for me, the lights in the auditorium were turned out just as I had about reached the limit of endurance of being stabbed in the chest with an emphatic finger. (I guess fingers can be emphatic.) However, the tirade as it had been directed to me was published word for word in the *Observer*, so I can make ready reference to it.

The letter in itself is not important except as it reflects a group of ignorances. The fact that it is intemperate can be overlooked in view of the fact that the individual is sincerely interested in the progress of Notre Dame and wants to eliminate anything that will interfere with that progress. Many of the objections and accusations raised in this letter would be eliminated if the writer had a clear understanding of the responsibilities and activities of the Board of Trustees, and of how the responsibilities and activities of other groups on the campus are interdependent. This will be the subject of a future article. Only a few comments are necessary here.

I have no idea what remark of our chairman was interpreted as meaning that he did not know that coeducation was a pressing problem, as the writer of the letter stated. I have been present with him (the chairman) at at least three formal meetings where coeducation was discussed as a major issue. I know of no one more dedicated to seeking out and solving the problems of Notre Dame than Mr. Stephan. Last year he was on campus at least once every other week, and never a week went by that he did not have conferences in his own office or at some other place around the country. To say that he did not know a problem was pressing is ridiculous. In addition to Mr. Stephan, other members of the board also spend considerable time on the campus. I averaged about one weekend out of every three on the campus last year. Many of you have been exposed to Mr. Hellmuth during some of his hall conferences.

The fact that the board meets only twice a year was mentioned. This is true. However, the executive committee of the board has four scheduled meetings, and is subject to call at any time. Subcommittees of the board are active, and these meetings should also be considered as occasions when information necessary to make decisions is obtained.

We are asked in the letter "why should we trust them to govern our lives when they don't even trust us with a young woman in our rooms." As everyone knows, the Student Life Council was established as the result of the presentation of information by students, administration and faculty to an ad hoc committee of the board. The SLC recommended to the board, and the board subsequently approved the present parietal hours program. It requires something of a distortion of the facts to interpret that as mistrust.

The letter concludes emphatically, if somewhat ungrammatically: "I would like to know just who these successful capitalists think they are kidding." I assume from the tone of the rest of the letter that the description "successful capitalists" is meant as a term of opprobrium. I can't speak for successful capitalists like Father Hesburgh and Father McCarragher, who were on our panel that day, but I think the writer's prejudice, bias, and immaturity are showing.

Since I became a member of the board, I have received only one communication from a student group. That was a request for money.

I think you have lost touch with us.

Dr. Thomas Carney is a member of the Board of Trustees of the University and a Senior Vice-President of G. D. Searle & Co. A graduate of Notre Dame and a former president of the Notre Dame Alumni Association, Dr. Carney has written a series of articles which will appear periodically in this section of the SCHOLASTIC.

Each week the SCHOLASTIC will make this column available to a member of the University community to explore and comment upon contemporary issues. Views expressed here do not necessarily reflect the editorial policy of the SCHOLASTIC.

movies



Jacques—I dunno Elsa, sometimes my life, my whole world, seems like a weird, two dimensional transparency.
Elsa—Run it under the cold tap, love.

CINEMA '70: Correction from last week. Mr. Wexler will be here the weekend of November 15, not December 6. As previously noted, he will be bringing *Medium Cool*, and rushes deleted from the final version.

in 8 mm and 16 mm categories; prints may be silent, optical magnetic, or with tape or phone sound. The festival will, hopefully, be regional in scope this year, but film making at Notre Dame, St. Mary's, IUSB and in the local area will be a focal point of the evening (or some weekend, if the response is sufficient.) More details as they present themselves. Any suggestions or films, let us know — Box 203, Notre Dame or call 234-3557.

AVON: *Funny Girl* plays on. Call 288-7800.

COLFAX: Shirley Maclain in *Sweet Charity*. Call 233-4532.

GRANADA: *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, with Paul Neuman, Katharine Ross. Call 233-7301.

STATE: *Death Rides a Horse* and some other nebulous feature they couldn't specify at time of writing. Call 233-1676.

BLACK MARIA: The Black Maria Cinema Group announces plans for a first annual Notre Dame Film Festival. Eligible films will be judged

football

Picks by Terry

Notre Dame over Southern Cal — Call it 35-31.

Michigan over Michigan State — That victory over Purdue last week sent the Wolverines to Pasadena.

Tennessee over Alabama — Physically, the Vols are too powerful. Tide slips to 1-2 in the SEC before Birmingham fans.

Florida over North Carolina — Another close fit for the unpredictable Gators.

Nebraska over Kansas — Disappointing Jayhawks fail to score.

Penn State over Syracuse — Nor will Syracuse crack the scoreboard against Mike Reid, Steve Smear, et al.

Indiana over Illinois — Harry Gonso and Jade Butcher celebrate their return to the starting lineup, though the rest of the Hoosiers will find a way to make it close.

Louisiana State over Kentucky — The schedule toughens as Wildcat fans realize that, yes, Johnny Ray is a helluva man, and no, his team is not quite ready for the big time.

Auburn over Georgia Tech — After this loss, Tech coach Bud Carson knows he'll have to beat Georgia Nov. 29 to save his job.

Pittsburgh over Tulane — Damn the ingots and shut down the blast furnaces. The Panthers win their third straight.

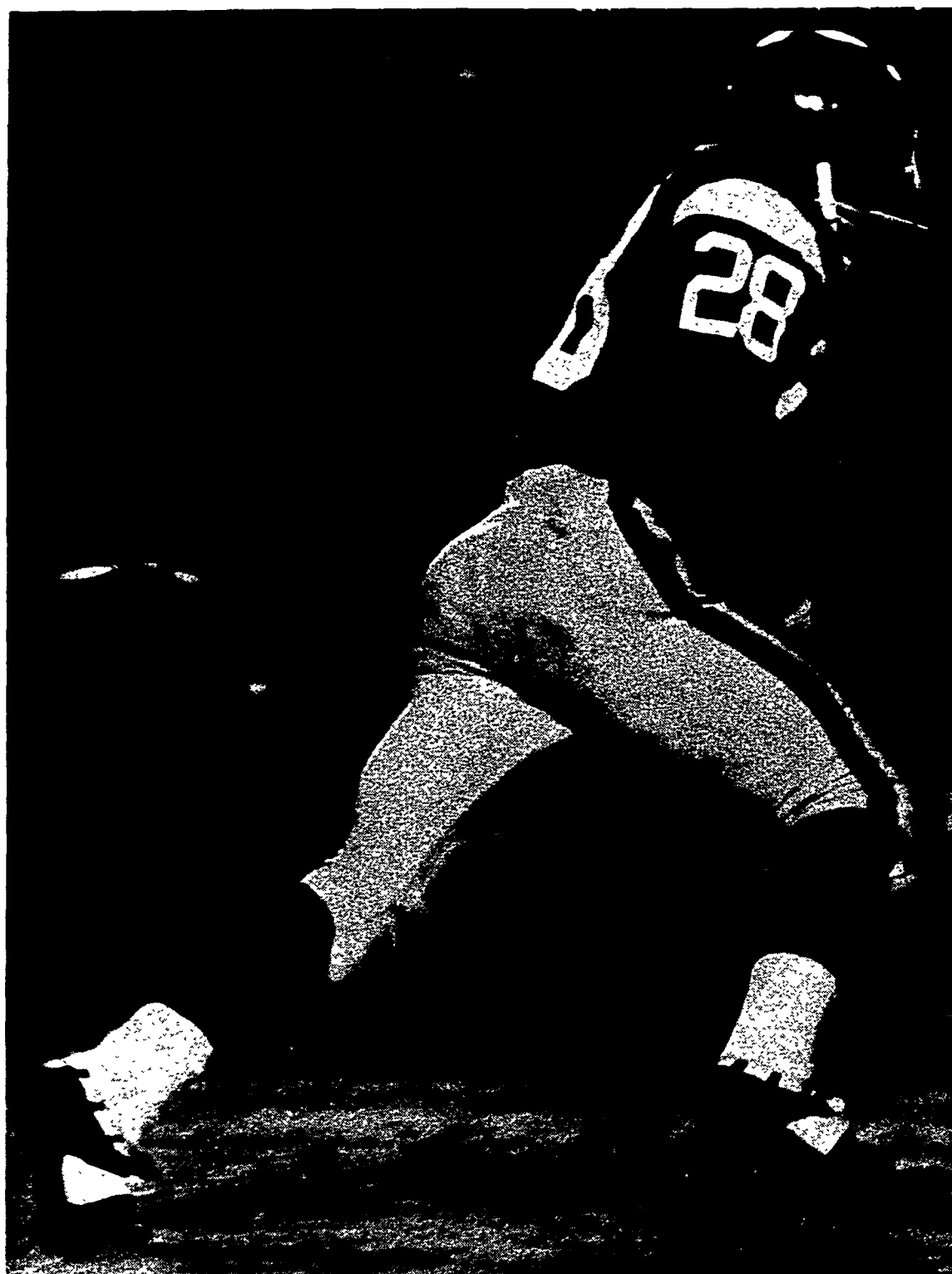
LAST WEEK'S RECORD:

8 Right, 2 Wrong, .800

Season Record:

30 Right, 10 Wrong, .750





Desperation had set in for the Trojans.

Last Saturday, trailing Stanford 24-23 they scrimmaged at their own 15 yardline. There were 55 seconds remaining in the game.

Three downs later, Southern Cal faced fourth-and-five at the 20 yardline. The clock in Los Angeles Coliseum showed just 41 seconds.

Stanford's defense deployed, anticipating a screen pass, a slant-in to the tight end, a hook pattern. Maybe a sideline cut.

Brazenly, however, the Trojans called on tailback Clarence Davis for a quick opener, straight up the middle. Davis hacked out seven tough yards and a first down.

Then quarterback Jimmy Jones marched Southern Cal to the Stanford 18. Enter place-kicker Ron Ayala for a 35-yard field goal attempt. Ayala's toe struck the ball as time expired (genuine Hollywood drama) and the Trojans waltzed away into never-never land with a 26-24 victory.

In 1965 and 1967, USC brought to Notre Dame Stadium tailbacks who later won the Heisman Trophy—Mike Garrett and O. J. Simpson. Based on his first four games for the Trojans, Clarence Davis is better than both.

Davis has rushed 116 times for 658 yards, averaging 5.7 yards per carry. O.J., in his first four games of 1967, totalled 602 yards in 112 tries, a 5.4 yard average. Garrett gained only 833 yards in his entire sophomore year—1965.

Davis is a Garrett-type runner—good balance, picks his holes well. His speed is fair by USC standards (4.7 in the 40, 9.8 in the 100-yard dash). At 5-11, 194 pounds, he is well-built and plenty strong—a former Los Angeles high school shotput champion.

Last fall Davis broke Simpson's National Junior College rushing records as captain and Most Valuable Player at East Los Angeles JC. In one game, he picked up 279 yards and five touchdowns.

Notre Dame's defensive task tomorrow is clearly defined.

John McKay & Clarence Davis:

Southern California

&

The Secret of Their Success

Following Saturday's last-second (literally) 26-24 victory over Stanford, Southern California coach John McKay decided his players should be unavailable to the press this week. McKay, however, did have some thoughts of his own.

Scholastic: What are your initial reactions to the Stanford game?

McKay: What a way to make a living! Actually, neither team deserved to lose. I figured the last team to have the ball would win and we were fortunate enough to have the ball last. Now, we have to come back this week against a very tough opponent — Notre Dame.

Scholastic: Your sophomore quarterback, Jimmy Jones, reacted very well to extreme pressure in that last quarter.

McKay: Jimmy Jones was the coolest man in the ball park. There's nothing wrong with having a sophomore quarterback, as long as he's good. In a situation like that, the coaches and players are the calmest people in the stadium. They just don't have time to be nervous.

Scholastic: How do you rate Notre Dame's offensive unit?

McKay: Well, Theismann is a great quarterback. Notre Dame always has good passing teams and their pass blocking is especially outstanding. They throw a lot of touchdown passes. On film, Theismann looks

about the same this year as last year when he had a very fine game against us. Defenses don't get to him often; we hope we do. Also, he doesn't drop straight back into the pocket often. He's a roll-out quarterback and that poses problems for us.

Scholastic: Defensively, Mike McCoy was very tough on you last year, wasn't he?

McKay: McCoy will dominate any game if you run at him, if only because of his size. Most teams run away from him. Our game plan will be to establish very early if he is there or not and we'll probably find out very quickly just exactly where he is. We'll start our little guard Fred Khasigian (5-11, 200 pounds) on him and go from there.

Scholastic: You have been known to complain about excess noise at Notre Dame Stadium. Do you still feel as strongly about it?

McKay: Notre Dame is the toughest place to hear in college football. You just can't hear in that stadium. Jimmy Jones will not call the starting signals if he can't hear. They [the referees] have to give you a chance to put the ball in play. We'll wait as long as we have to until the crowd gets quiet. Hell, we might be back there three weeks waiting to snap the ball.

the last word

To be born, to create, to love, to win at games is to be born to live in a time of peace. But war teaches us to lose everything and become what we are not. It all becomes a question of style.

—Albert Camus

"POLICE said the victim was Army Sergeant Michael Soto, 20, and that he was shot while trying to escape from a robbery. Soto was home on extended leave to attend the funeral of his brother, John, 16, who was fatally shot by police Sunday." Ten policemen and a twelve-year-old girl were shot in the ensuing battle.

* * *

"A city official suffered a paralyzing injury Saturday during a window-smashing rampage in the Loop by young radicals."

* * *

The Vietnam Moratorium was not, should not have been merely an attempt to change the direction of American foreign policy in Vietnam. Surely, it was at least that much. But many more lives depend on the rejection of the war than those lives which will be lost in Vietnam this year or this decade.

With some draft resisters in prison, others in Canada and Sweden and all in anxiety over the moral blindness of the nation, it is absurdly fallacious to say that the politics of wartime are merely a diplomatic extension of the politics of peacetime.

Last week's events in Chicago, the events surrounding the shootings on the West Side and the conspiracy trial, point up most harshly the problem of war. The devaluation of life cannot be particularized: if one person can extinguish the life of another in Vietnam for unknown reasons, how much less absurd is it to kill for hate or anger or for the phantom of social justice?

When a nation or a society condones the taking of

another's life — whether in the jungles of Vietnam, the gas chambers of California or the stairway of a housing project—the life style of that nation reflects this permissiveness. Unless life is sacrosanct — sacrosanct even from the executioners of reason and human justice — the psyche of any individual or movement can invoke a cause higher than life. And with this righteousness, the individuals or the movement can kill. The cause can be liberty or justice or the preservation of the "Free World" — it makes no difference. The moment that a cause can outlaw life—that murder becomes legitimate—death, in fact, becomes a way of life.

IT IS not altogether coincidental that as the faces of the dead in Vietnam became more frequent and more familiar, the seams of the nonviolent civil rights movement began to burst into violence. The Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee and the S.D.S. (erstwhile peace lovers) began to carry clubs and guns. The fighting and killing in Vietnam licensed fighting and killing in the streets of America.

Mr. Nixon may think he can stop dissent and, thus, the violence of dissent, by tactics such as drafting 19-year-olds who have not yet realized what it is to die or to kill. He may hope to remove the military from the sphere of morality. This may not be his intent. And yet it may be the effect. Dissent may diminish along with morality.

But violence, now bonded by law, will remain. And instead of the grinding and sometimes violent dissent of outraged morality, Mr. Nixon will have only the amoral violence of eight green berets or of your brother getting shot in the street.

War has taught us not only to lose but also to kill. And the lesson that murder is legitimate has spread from Southeast Asia to Chicago.

—Rich Moran



Some necessary items . . .

The Robert Lewis
TEMPEST COAT

This waterproof, wind resistant coat will tame the Michiana winter! Has warm lining and fur collar to provide an extra measure of comfort. Choose from regulars or longs. A great way to go. . . .

\$55

Clarks of England
DESERT BOOTS

These crepe soled, weather-tight boots are the perfect answer for you. Rugged. Handsome. Long wearing. In sand color.

unlined \$15.95 *lined* \$18.95



ON THE CAMPUS . . . NOTRE DAME

Levi's - Jockey

LOOK GREAT! FEEL GREAT!

WEAR

JOCKEY.
BRAND
UNDERWEAR

To feel great in today's new fashions, start with Jockey underwear. The Classic brief and Power-Knit® T-shirt are tailored to fit and designed to make a man feel like a million.

LEVI
WASH PANTS

GANT
SHIRTS

THANE
SWEATERS

LONDON FOG
JACKETS

PENDLETON
SPORTSWEAR

JOCKEY BRAND
UNDERWEAR

BOSTONIAN
LOAFERS

POWER-KNIT® T-SHIRT

Combed cotton, extra wear in every inch of fabric, non-roll Seamfree® collar, keeps its shape after wash.

S, M, L, XL\$1.35

"CLASSIC" BRIEF

Exclusive tailoring for proper fit and support a man needs. Exclusive Comfort Design pouch. Modern trim waistband. New 4 needle front. Total no-gap security.

28-50\$1.75

THE OFF-CAMPUS STORE FOR MEN

Rasmussen's

130 WEST WASHINGTON