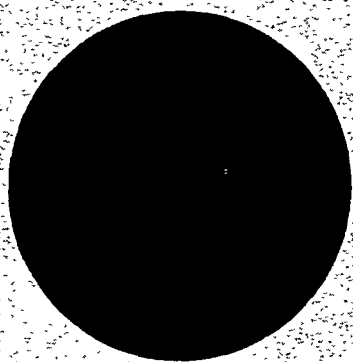


scholastic

september 18, 1970



Juggler

Notre Dame's journal
of literature is now
available at special
subscription rates.

"A fine beast of a magazine"

— J. Michael Yates

Subscription: 3 issues only \$2.00
mailed off campus and out of town
delivered on campus.

Make check payable to:

Juggler
Box 583
Notre Dame, Ind.

Name

Address



editorial	4
markings	
sanctuary at	
notre dame/ <i>martin siravo</i>	6
the week in distortion	8
<i>cassandra/jack fiala</i>	10
<i>l'ours (the bear)/jules supervielle</i>	11
notes from a battlefield tour/ <i>john williams</i>	12
a space for friendship and reflection/ <i>john roos</i>	16
make peace with your adversary	
before the sun sets/ <i>greg stidham</i>	20
photo essay/ <i>gary cosimini</i>	24
windows in walls and a dozen	
notes per second/ <i>rory holscher</i>	27
birth of tragedy (yellow)/ <i>john stupp</i>	28
the '70 campaign/ <i>don kennedy</i>	30
movies/ <i>john stupp</i>	33
football/ <i>don kennedy</i>	33
last word	34

editor-in-chief: steven brion
art direction and photography: gary cosimini
associate editors: carolyn gatz, bill mitchell
assistant editors: steve dixon, jack fiala, rory holscher, john stupp
assistant managing editor: greg stidham
sports editor: don kennedy/ research coordinator: bob fulton
business: howie sutton/ circulation: cliff zmick
public relations: jeff noonan/ faculty advisor: frank o'malley
staff: bob garvey, phil glotzbach, tom macken, ed maccartin,
bernie ryan, martin siravo, victoria vanpatten, bill wilka/ business and
circulation: mike casanova, dan hogan, william pelletieri
photography: jim hunt/ artists: kim kristoff, ginny maloof

cover photo by gary cosimini

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.

Editorial



This will probably be the last issue of the SCHOLASTIC delivered to St. Mary's College. After an elaborate scenario of exchange between the Office of Student Affairs at Notre Dame (which finances the magazines), Dr. Jack Detzler, Chairman of the Student Publications Board at St. Mary's, and the SCHOLASTIC editorial staff, the College has decided to omit funding for the magazine this year. The final suggestion offered by Dr. Detzler was an early request for funding next year and perhaps a temporary return to the situation of two years ago: distribution of the magazine to St. Mary's students with no cost to the College. In other words, in this situation St. Mary's would prefer to act as parasite—letting Notre Dame foot the bill but receiving the SCHOLASTIC as a student publication written for both campuses. Quite logically, Notre Dame has rejected the plan.

The Student Publications Board came into existence with the Community Government structure at St. Mary's. Its composition officially includes Dr. Detzler, faculty representatives and representatives of the student publications funded by St. Mary's. A year ago, the College met the needs of its yearbook and literary magazine and then divided the remnants of its budget between the *Observer* and the SCHOLASTIC. The amount budgeted to the SCHOLASTIC did not meet the figure presented by Fr. McCarragher as the cost of the copies sent to St. Mary's. But the Vice President for Student Affairs agreed to accept that amount.

During the academic year 69-70, the Student Publications Board met periodically but without ever notifying the SCHOLASTIC to send a representative. Though this oversight appears to have been a bureaucratic mishap, the SCHOLASTIC staff remained uninformed of any difficulties that were arising about the future relationship between the College and the magazine. Further, the staff was unaware when the Board began considering financial allotments for this academic year. Dr. Detzler communicated only with Fr. McCarragher, who once again requested a cost for St. Mary's delivery far above the amount that the Board could even feasibly allocate.

From this complex set of circumstances, the staff of the magazine learned only that St. Mary's would not continue to pay for delivery and this was revealed in the midst of confusion during the last week of the school

year. Appeal was made to the Board, however, and the editors appeared before it to request reconsideration.

The letter announcing an end to St. Mary's funds for the SCHOLASTIC cited a lack of student interest in the magazine as the rationale for that decision. According to the letter, the source of that interest poll was the student representatives on the Publications Board and the student government officers on the Student Affairs Council. In a random telephone poll, the magazine's staff asked this question: "Do you think there is sufficient interest in the SCHOLASTIC on St. Mary's campus to warrant delivery there next year?" The results showed 47 out of 50 positive responses.

The Board relented and offered to make a budget allocation if the price that Fr. McCarragher had set could be brought into the College's financial range. Request for a price cut was made, and denied by Fr. McCarragher.

The cause of this situation includes mistakes by the decision-making functionaries on both campuses. But the root of the present situation lies in the fact that the SCHOLASTIC Editorial Board was ignored through the whole process. Any possible negotiation to arrange some compromise might have been begun by the editors; and they could only have done so if there had been more time. This was not possible during the last week of May.

This year, even with a new Vice President for Student Affairs at Notre Dame who has expressed a more amenable attitude toward such a compromise, Dr. Detzler has informed us that the budget is set. A request may still be made, and is being made. But, according to Dr. Detzler, there is little possibility that the Budget Committee will allocate funds at "this late date."

Even if it were within the power of the SCHOLASTIC Editorial Board (which it is not) to allow St. Mary's to temporarily take the stance of parasite such a decision would only postpone and ignore the most basic problem involved: an unenlightened self-interest that has plagued both institutions.

The situation is unfortunate. But it is only one of many unfortunate results of a curious inability on the part of both schools engaged in this "cooperative" effort to cooperate. And, as in kindred situations, it is only the students of either school who feel any consequences.

Markings

Sanction

IN February of 1970 James Francis McFadden argued in a Federal District Court in northern California that his rights as stated in the First Amendment of the Constitution were being violated. As a Catholic, McFadden was asking for the right to practice the beliefs of his religion — one of which, the “just war” theory, holds that it is moral to participate in a war only if it is justly instituted, for a just cause, and if it is fought by just means.

McFadden felt that the war in Vietnam did not fit the description of a “just war” and refused induction. Because his refusal was selective (i.e., he did not object to all wars) he was liable to imprisonment under the present draft law which recognizes moral objections only if they are based upon standards arising from a tradition of pacifism (i.e., *all* wars are unjust). Basically the position taken by McFadden was that it was unjust for the U.S. Government to sanction as valid any conscientious objection which grows out of the pacifist tradition while not sanctioning objection based on the religious tradition of the “just war” theory. This amounts, he said, to blatant discrimination against Roman Catholics.

Along with McFadden, Section 6J (Conscientious Objector provision) of the Selective Service Act was also on trial. The Court ruled in McFadden’s favor, but Section 6J did not fare as well. It was declared unconstitutional. As condensed in the Federal Supplement the Court’s decision was:

“Statute exempting from military service only those persons whose religious beliefs forbid them to participate in war in any form placed such a burden upon religious beliefs of Catholic selective objector, who believed that war in Vietnam was an unjust war, so as to

violate free exercise clause of the First Amendment.”

“. . . statute exempting from military service only those persons whose religious beliefs forbid them to participate in war in any form violates equal protection and due process of the law.”

LAST spring, a group of seniors eligible for induction after graduation faced the same dilemma that McFadden had faced. They could not reconcile their impending military service with their belief in participation exclusively in “just” wars. However, most of these seniors were not able to benefit from the decision in the McFadden case; they did not live in the northern District of California but in sections of the country where the conscientious objector provision was still considered constitutional.

If these seniors were to avoid a contradiction between their beliefs and their actions they were forced to consider a dismal set of alternatives: leave the country, go to jail, lie about their moral objections to the war, or follow the long arduous route of administrative and judicial channels which McFadden had traveled. This last alternative involved appealing to local draft boards for reclassification as Selective Conscientious Objectors and then proceeding through the channels of appeal on the local, state and finally Presidential levels of the Selective Service mechanism. Once they had exhausted the administrative channels, the applicants for Selective Conscientious Objector status would have to face the expensive, time-consuming, and psychologically torturing process of taking their appeals to a Federal Court.

Sanctuary at Notre Dame

Recognizing the need for such provision in the draft law, Professor Charles McCarthy, then a member of the Non-Violence Study Committee, wrote a letter to members of the U.S. Senate urging a revision of the law.

In an attempt to help the seniors who wished to apply for a Selective Conscientious Objector status through the administrative and judicial channels of appeal, Professor McCarthy formed a group called the S.C.O. Sanctuary. Hopefully, the members of the S.C.O. Sanctuary at Notre Dame could stand together in an effort of mutual aid while battling for the same rights which had been recognized by the Federal District Court in California.

The original plan was for those hoping to join the S.C.O. Sanctuary at Notre Dame to go through the procedure of facing their local and state boards when the time on their 2-S deferments had run out. Each student would then decide whether or not he wished to continue until all administrative possibilities were exhausted. If a student did decide to carry his appeal through to the end of its administrative possibilities, then he would be faced with still another and more difficult question: whether or not he wanted to step past the boundaries of appeal and actually violate a law by refusing induction. Those who wished to persist in their attempt to receive an S.C.O. status would return to the Midwest.

It was important that these students refuse to step forward at an induction center in the Midwest because the trial for a draft resister is held in the same area in which he refuses induction. If all the members of the Sanctuary faced trials in the same area it would solidify the group and expedite their efforts to help one another. As each student refused induction, money

would be raised by the Sanctuary for his release on bail. While they were awaiting trial, the students would join the Sanctuary at Notre Dame where they would receive free housing and, if it were requested, free legal aid.

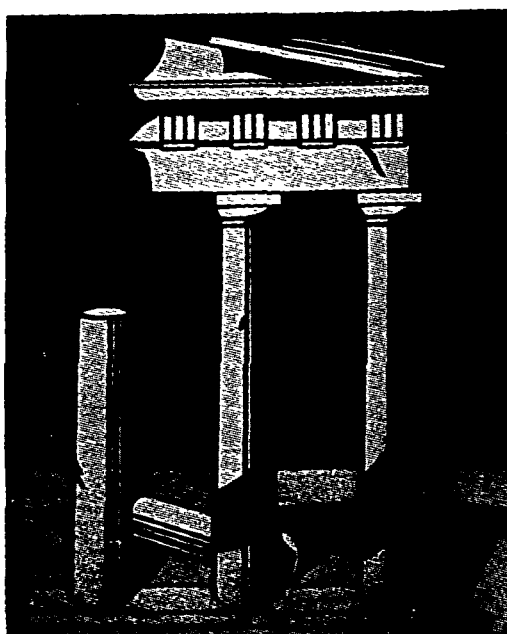
At present the S.C.O. Sanctuary remains whole and holding to its original objectives. During the summer Professor McCarthy made investigations into the legal possibilities for the group's success using the resources available through the University and is optimistic that their plans will work.

Because some 2-S deferments have been extended into the fall and because of the great amount of business which bogged down local draft boards during the summer, most of the students who hope to participate in the Sanctuary at Notre Dame are still involved at home in the administrative phase of their appeals.

When the group was first conceived by Professor McCarthy he hoped to secure University housing for the participants. Since these plans have met with little success, arrangements have been made to provide rented housing for them somewhere in the vicinity of the campus. "Over 50 faculty members from Notre Dame have offered to teach a 'free University course' for the sanctuary participants during the coming year," Professor McCarthy said.

But more basic than all of these plans, one of the most important benefits that hopefully will arise from participating in the Sanctuary will be the psychological advantage of not having to stand alone in an appeal for recognition of the S.C.O.'s rights. As Professor McCarthy has said, "trials are a lonely business" and the psychological support that members of the Sanctuary will receive from one another could be the difference that will provide strength not to abandon the battle.

—Martin Siravo



The Week In Distortion

Holy Toledo

While on a trip, poet George Starbuck passed through Toledo, the glass center of the world. Until then, Starbuck hadn't been aware that the world had a glass center. And while he hesitated at the thought of such placid fragility, it made some sense. Then Starbuck arrived at Pittsburgh where a sign said PITTSBURGH, STEEL CENTER OF THE WORLD. But Starbuck knew better.

Briton has launched against Leonardo in recent years: Gibbs-Smith also uncovered a German woodcut and description of "an armored vehicle" that is the ancestor of our modern tank . . . an invention formerly credited to the Italian.

One wonders, after such a spurious performance, what "discovery" Gibbs-Smith will come up with next. Perhaps that the *real* painter of the *Last Supper* was a German apprentice named Johan Von Schtumpp.

Rooms for Rent

The following from a faded copy of *National Catholic Reporter*:

"Take a verse from the Revelation as the basis of computation. The text is in XXI, 15, and reads as follows: "And he measured the city with a reed, 12,000 furlongs. The length and breadth and height of it are equal." This represents a space of 469,783,088,000,000,000,000 cubic

feet. It sets aside one-half of this space for the Throne and the Court of Heaven, and one-half of the balance for streets, which would leave a remainder of 124,198,272,000,000,000,000 cubic feet. . . . Then divide this by 4,096, the number of cubical feet in a room sixteen feet square, and this process gives 30,321,843,759,000,000 rooms of the size indicated. Then upon the hypothesis that the world contains, always has contained and will always contain 990,000,000 inhabitants, and that a generation lasts for thirty-three and one-third years, which gives a total number of inhabitants every century of 2,297,000,000, assume that the world will stand for 1,000 centuries or 100,000 years, which would give a total of 2,970,000,000,000 inhabitants for this period of time. We then reach the conclusion that if (there were) 100 worlds of the same size and duration, and containing the same number of inhabitants, there would be more than 100 rooms of the size indicated for each person."

If all you wanted was a little cottage, you can go to hell.

Mama mia

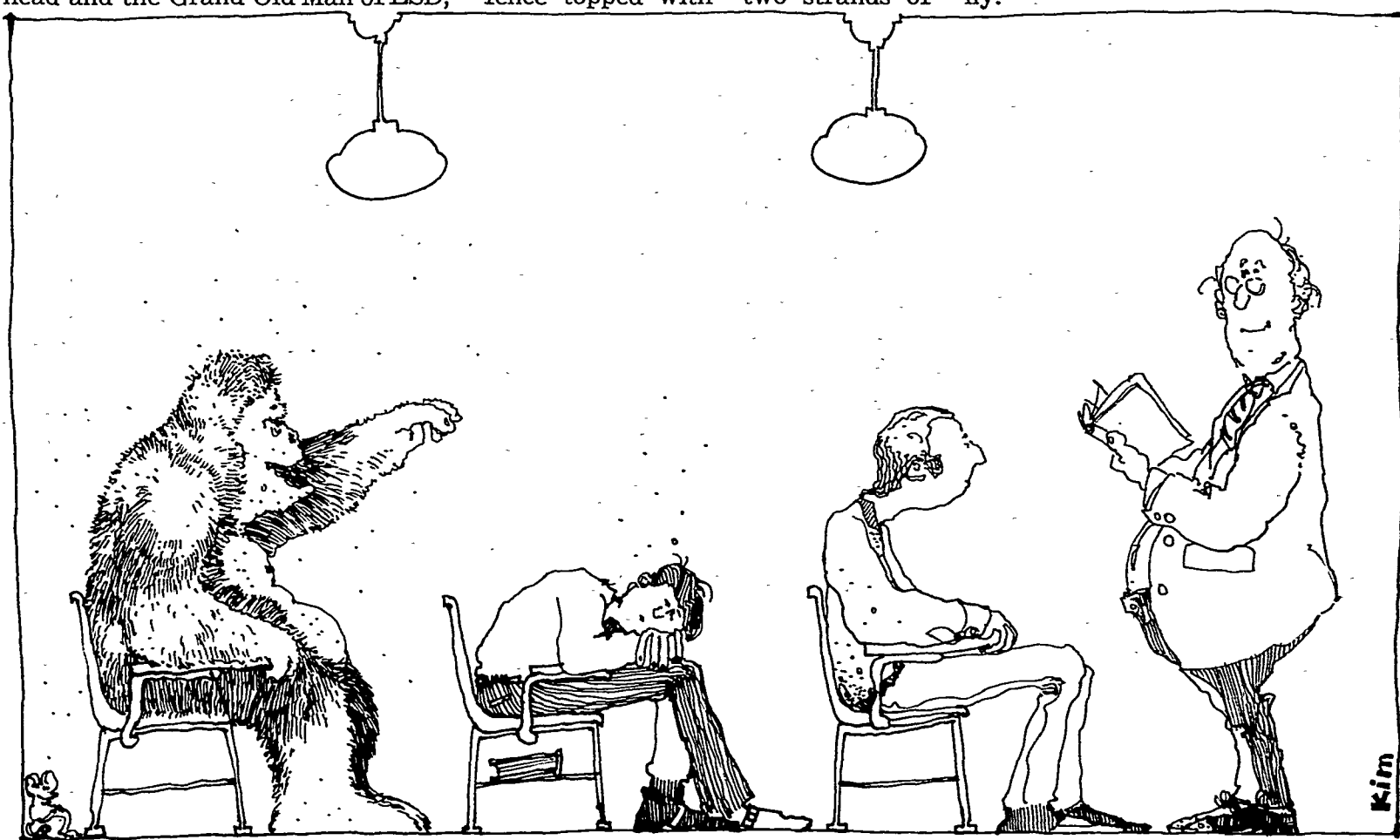
In an obviously ethnically motivated fit of pique, Charles Gibbs-Smith, an architectural historian has, he claims, "proven" that Leonardo da Vinci "did not devise the helicopter, as is generally believed." Rather, he states, it was first invented by a Flemish toy designer. This is the second attack the

Toward Greener Grass

Timothy Leary, 45-year-old head
head and the Grand Old Man of LSD,

walked away from a minimum-
security prison in southern Califor-
nia last Monday night. After mys-
teriously surmounting a 12-foot
fence topped with "two strands of

barbed wire," he left behind only his
prison clothing, one of his socks and
a note that read: "Like ha ha, man.
They laughed when I said I could
fly."



Jack Fiala

Cassandra

One living remembrance of a great summer is my puppy. She hung around the house where I was staying in Wyoming for about a week at which time I decided to call her mine. (That's not quite accurate . . . what I actually called her was "Puppy.") After a few weeks all the crew decided that I had to name her. Dawn usually directed all my affairs, so she decided that the pup should be called "Cassandra." That seemed to be a pretty good name, as dog names go, and the pup was christened. Still I call her "Puppy," which by this time is a misnomer (an anachronism, in fact) since she is now three feet long and weighs about forty pounds.

My housemate Jim calls her that also. Cassie should be thanking her lucky stars (or whatever dogs thank) that he does call her that.

You see we have a scavenger for a dog and a bird-watcher for a neighbor lady, and bad things almost happened to the dog by way of our neighbor when she saw Cassie clicking down the sidewalk with a dead bird in her mouth. The lady grabbed Jim and laid the city pound rap on him. He answered by calmly explaining to the lady that the dog couldn't possibly have killed the bird because she is just four months old and is still teething.

She wouldn't listen to a word of it at first, but Jim went to work on her and soon brought her around to that point which is the introspective no-man's-land between disbelief and belief. At that point he caught a glimpse of Cassie (without bird) and called to her in his most modest (yet somewhat insincere) coat-and-tie Golden-Domer voice, "C'mere, Puppy." The pup came ambling over to the two, head bowed and tail wagging — a real Norman Rockwell scene. That tipped the balance and our neighbor lady smiled.

No doubt it was the name "Puppy" that saved her

from the threatened dogcatcher's net. Had Jim said, "C'mere, Killer" or "Wild Woman" or "Bird Dog" or any one of a host of other dog names I doubt that the lady would have smiled at all. An appropriate nickname and a mild tone of voice saved Cassie's skin, which was after all the only thing that really mattered.

The impact of different names is really uncanny. I noticed during the summer that if a student were to be understood by his fellow construction workers, he must lay his words on them as carefully as one lays an egg into a frying pan, making certain that the yolk of what he wants to say doesn't rupture and change the verbal feat into a sticky, gooey mess. Jargon is completely taboo at times when the use of correct grammar would hint at a collegian's conceit; good health becomes much more appealing than good grammar.

Someone has set down a task for this year's SCHOLASTIC staff. It's a very basic one: to help reestablish some common meanings. The staff is to hopefully concern itself with the sanctity of clear and understandable language, and not language comfortably designed to satisfy one's peers and alienate those already distant.

The task doesn't call for lexicographers or scribes of the American language. But what is needed now after the shouting and the marches and the strikes of last year is maybe nothing more than a quiet confession that "hippies" like beer and ball games on Saturday afternoons, that even "young intellectuals" talk baby talk to their girlfriends, and that "political activists" quite often enjoy a game of frisbee. And human sensitivity can be very contagious. All it takes initially is to have the courage to drop one's own badges and standards, to stand naked in front of those who would categorize and catalogue you and say, "Look, man — same as you."

L'OURS

(THE BEAR)

There is no breathing at the pole.
A bear keeps turning and turning
around a ball whiter than the snow,
whiter, indeed, than the bear himself.
How do I make him understand
from my corner of the city,
that this is an ancient globe
more and more diminished
toward a midnight sun.
I have no recourse; my bear
is too far away and too different
from the familiar beasts
who pass at my door.
Not understanding, the bear inclines
above his tiny sun
which he tries, very slowly,
to rekindle by his breath
and his sombre movement.
He must suppose it to be
a bear cub who is sensitive to the cold
and dying inside the ball,
tightly closing his eyes.

JULES SUPERVIELLE
(trans. rory holscher)

notes from a battlefield tour

THE new Bank of America in Isla Vista is almost finished and should be open for business by now. It is being rebuilt in a style become increasingly familiar in campus and ghetto communities, which someone has dubbed "riot renaissance." There are heavy walls, no windows, and as few doors as possible. BOA's architects have tried to pretty it up with a sort of Spanish veneer; it might have looked all right in Los Angeles, but it is an uncommonly bad job for the Santa Barbara area, where an imaginative and tasteful use of early California themes embellishes the downtown business district. The effect is that of a stolid mission set out amid unloving tribes. "No one is going to burn down that mother," remarked my travelling companion. "They'll blow it up next time."

For anyone who hoped or feared that the bank burning in Isla Vista last spring represented the transfer of student militancy from the dean's office to the real centers of power and oppression in America, a visit to the town is bound to be disillusioning. It is visibly apparent that the causes of the upheaval were essentially local and that there is little that William Kunstler could have done to cause (or Ronald Reagan to prevent) some sort of uprising among Isla Vista's inhabitants. Perhaps nowhere in America is the exploitation of white people who are neither poor nor old so naked and complete. The type of exploitation is not extraordinary — the same sort of thing can be observed in urban ghettos, resort towns, old people's colonies, and other college communities. What is impressive is the simplicity and completeness of the screwing that Isla Vista's inhabitants get and the fact that these inhabitants, as students at the top of California's rigidly tracked system of higher education, are the children of the Golden State's economic elite.

(Even if one buys the official propaganda that California tracking is done on intellectual rather than socioeconomic lines, it is surprising that the protectors of this elite would allow it to be so thoroughly taken.)

Except for a handful of private dwellings and businesses, Isla Vista consists entirely of student apartment complexes, the sort of "motel modern" structures that we have recently seen appear on Notre Dame Avenue. Outside there are no sidewalks, but there is ample parking space and a routine, treeless version of California landscaping. We didn't go inside, but it is safe to assume that there are the same thin walls, showy but shoddy furnishings, and overpriced vending and laundry machines that grace such dwellings in Ann Arbor, Madison, or South Bend. The exorbitant rents in such buildings usually promote the sort of overcrowding that students often move off campus to escape. But the students at UC Santa Barbara have few of the choices that avail to students at other universities. Dormitory space on campus is restricted to some 2600 spaces for over 15,000 students. Santa Barbara is still essentially a winter resort town, which means a restricted supply of the crumbling edifices with which student renters in other urban areas can make do. Moreover, the University and Isla Vista are quite remote from the city proper, over ten miles from downtown Santa Barbara and separated even from the suburban fringe by an airport and a state park. Students without wheels must either endure an expensive 40-minute bus ride (the last bus runs at 6 PM) or live on campus or in Isla Vista. Even if they live on campus, they must trade in Isla Vista. In other words, the developers of the town have a captive community and they know how to exploit it. Needless to say the town is unincorporated and has no locally-elected government. This is said to have caused some



jurisdictional difficulty in putting down last spring's upheaval, but represents a special convenience for businessmen in such matters as taxes, zoning, and the provision of local services. There is now a movement on to incorporate the town, which should provide an interesting test of the establishment's commitment to the virtues of democracy and self-government.

The commercial district of Isla Vista consists of a U-shaped parallel to the back entrance to UCSB. It features one bank, two gas stations, one drugstore, three or four restaurants, a coffeehouse, a head shop, a few other service stores and a half-dozen rental or real estate agencies. These last places have gone in for a simpler form of riot renaissance architecture: boarded-up windows. If I recall correctly only the bank and real estate offices bear the scars of last spring's rebellion, although the drugstore sports a telling slogan ("The nite is ours!") along its back wall. There are some other candidates for defacement, in the opinion of at least one tourist. The gas stations, for example, whose rest rooms all sport coin-operated locks. Nothing is free in Isla Vista. There is a beach, the shoddiest one I saw in California, covered with kelp and sandflies, with at least two drainpipes emptying onto the sand from the bluff above. Perhaps these are nothing more sinister than storm drains, although it

does not storm in southern California very often and these drains were trickling water or some other liquid onto the beach even in the very dry month of August. Perhaps the beach still bears the scars of the Santa Barbara Channel oil spill, but whatever the cause of its seediness, it is an appropriate adjunct to the disaster in human ecology that Isla Vista represents.

ONE'S preconceptions of Berkeley are so overloaded by the media picnic of the past six years that it is difficult to sort out anything gained by a first-hand casual inspection. Telegraph Avenue, even in the dead space between sessions and torn up for conversion into a mall and the addition of more riot renaissance architecture, is the scene that one expects it to be. There the commercial possibilities of cultural and political revolution are exploited to the fullest. The campus itself is lavishly appointed. The architecture is respectable, the landscaping superb, and though the place lacks the symmetry and collegiate charm of the prettiest eastern and midwestern campuses, one's instinct is to wonder how the inhabitants of so lush a setting could have mustered the anger to sustain the rebellions of the last decade. Few revolutions have had a lovelier Lexington.

Yet, without quite being able to explain it, one understands after a few hours' poking around why so many of the groups that at one time or another have made Berkeley their Mecca—big league academics, dropouts, heads, radicals, and Reagan freaks—are currently down on it. It is a groove to see Zig Zag on sale at the Student Center and the Hare Krishna people doing their thing in Sproul Plaza, but there is a considerably less groovy undercurrent of fear and hatred in Berkeley. At bottom it is a scary place, perhaps because there, of all places, it is impossible not to realize the possibility and consequences of a second civil war. Our waitress at the pancake house, where people come to come down in the early morning hours, was from Wisconsin and told us she was heading home. Even with the Madison bombing fresh in the headlines and all the evil that it foretells, she felt she would be safer there than in Berkeley. Perhaps for that reason, wayfaring freaks seem to have preferred Boulder and Oregon to Berkeley this season. It felt good to know that you were from Indiana and had a way home, that you could dig Berkeley as a shrine but not as a capital.

REGRETTABLY for symbolic purposes the University of California at Santa Cruz is not halfway between Berkeley and Santa Barbara; it is only an hour or so down the coast from the Bay Area. But it is difficult to resist portraying UCSC as a "halfway house," combining discipline without rigidity, liberation without chaos. Such is the stated aim of the Santa Cruz program and, by such accounts as I have seen, it has been reasonably successful. Certainly it is the most successful of the widely-heralded "experimental" colleges that sprang up in the wake of the first Berkeley upheavals. The basic idea was to combine in a cluster of small residential communities informality and flexibility in academic arrangements without sacrificing the essential rigors of the contemporary pursuit of learning, to adhere to a basic commitment to liberal education without shunning the intellectual demands of a scientific and technical society. The task required administrators willing to forsake the certainties of bureaucrats, faculty willing to venture beyond the intellectual and emotional shields of professionalism, students willing to balance the allurements of new freedoms and passions against the demands of ancient disciplines and serious pursuits. Another requirement was money. The splendid physical setting of graceful redwood and stucco buildings amid forests and rolling fields were aptly described by my guide as "a giant playground." But if one can forget that UCSC's 2000 acres would hold two or three of those teeming manufactories (San Diego, San Jose,

Fresno or SF State) where less privileged Californian youth matriculate, there is much to admire there. Even if only half of what has been written about the place is true, it represents an enviable achievement. Apart from less readily measurable accomplishments, there has been no "trouble" there. This alone serves to distinguish Santa Cruz among the more prestigious institutions of learning in the United States.

The physical arrangements at Santa Cruz, combining faculty and student housing and classrooms in five residential colleges (accommodating 65% of undergraduate students, with more space planned) grouped around a library-laboratory core, no doubt have much to do with the success of the experiment. But so does the willingness of the educators there to confine themselves to the business of education. In contrast to other California campuses, Santa Cruz has no intercollegiate athletic program beyond the unsubsidized club sports level. It operates no radio or TV stations or defense installations, owns no subdivisions or downtown real estate. There are no fraternities or sororities, no faculty club, no Kellogg Center for the regaling and fleecing of businessmen. Much to its credit, it has a somewhat unsavory reputation among "heavies," although the Santa Cruz historians with whose work I am familiar are men of respectable accomplishment. Apparently too there is a healthy inattention to the policing of students' sexual and consumption habits and to their socialization into the habits and attitudes of existing economic and social organizations. Most classroom evaluation is done on a pass/fail basis, with written comments on an individual student's work by his instructors; what testing and grading there is, is said to be determined by joint faculty-student agreement. Under certain conditions students can initiate new courses for credit and even teach them. Thus UCSC classes generally fail to inculcate the habit of competing for artificially scarce resources and a proper respect for existing hierarchies. The result, according to one survey, is that most Santa Cruz students reject the material goals of our present society but are willing and able to equip themselves with the expert knowledge needed to transform or subvert the *status quo*.

Unquestionably, this description is too generous, based as it is on second-hand knowledge and a brief visit. Still with due allowance for reservations, one cannot help feeling that the defense and extension of higher learning in the present age of American history is being carried on there with courage and intelligence that few older or less fortunate institutions seem able to muster. An impending failure of nerve, which permeates the mood at Berkeley and restricts the breathing space on all our major campuses, seemed more remote at Santa Cruz than any place I've visited in a long time.

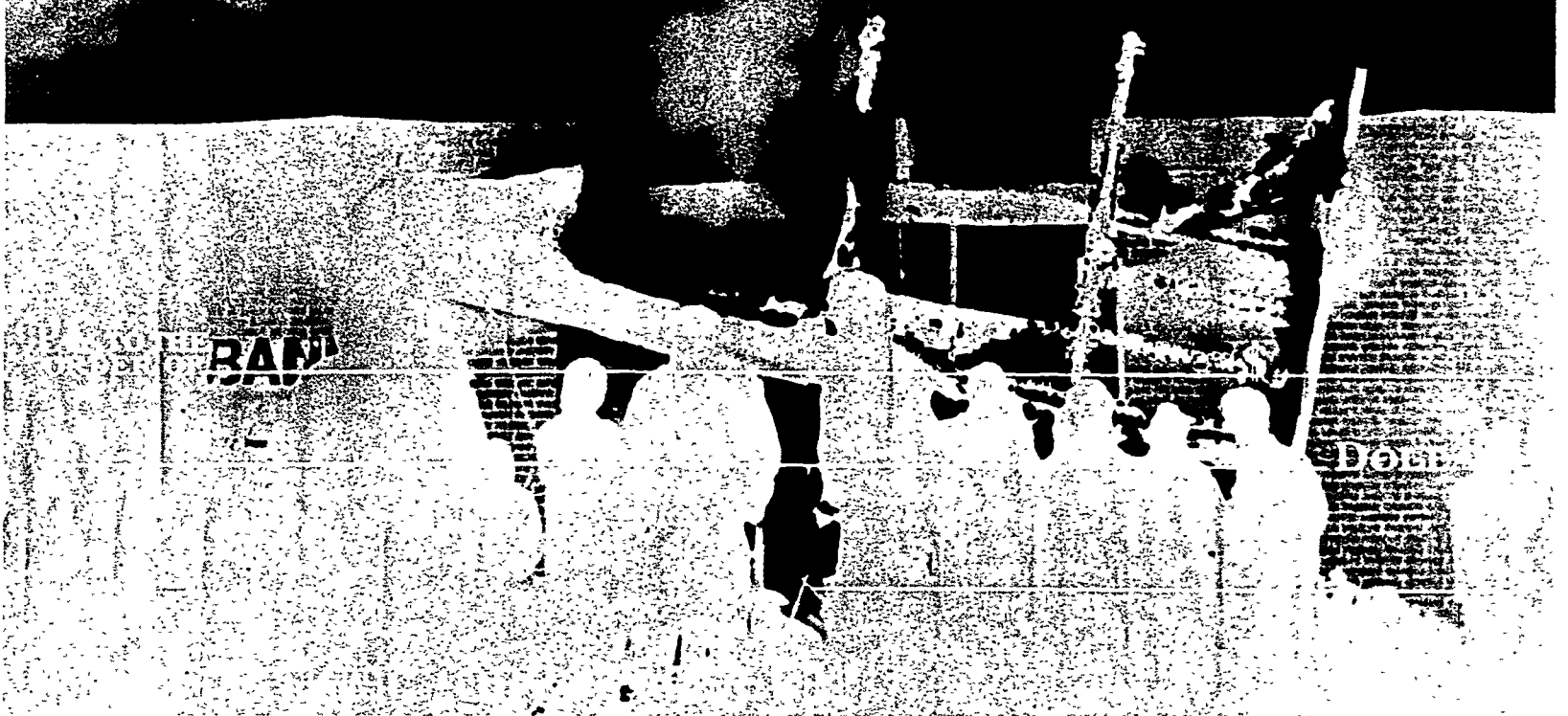
Bank of Amerika
NATIONAL SAVINGS ASSOCIATION

ISLE VISTA BRANCH
953 Embarcadero Del Norte, Goleta, Calif. 93017

No. 139

90-3259
2122

19



THE University of California at San Diego exerts a different appeal as a model. Combining the small residential college idea with a stronger emphasis on graduate and professional training and research, it comes off as a "halfway house" between the multiversities like Berkeley and UCLA and the cozy experimentation at Santa Cruz. UCSD also enjoys the most enchanting location: a complex of stunning architectural monuments set in hilltop groves above the exquisite (and exclusive) resort suburb of La Jolla ("the jewel"). This time last year the place must have seemed to offer something for everybody: southern California's easy sun, sex, surfing and dope for the fun-seekers; outstanding scientific research facilities for the career-minded; Herbert Marcuse for the serious radicals and revolutionaries. Now Marcuse and his former student, Angela Davis, dominate the public image of UCSD, providing for a running quarrel (possibly a fatal one) with the UC regents and the inhabitants of San Diego, whose legions of retired and active naval personnel make that city a sort of Indianapolis in Eden. As the California educational system completes its transition from the age of innovation that began with Kerr and SLATE at Berkeley to the age of Reagan and Hayakawa, La Jolla could well become the next big battleground.

Speaking of Hayakawa, no battlefield tour is complete without a visit to S. F. State. One's first impulse is to wonder where, amid the jumble of ticky-tacky buildings, did the opposing mobs of police and strikers find room to do battle. A second impulse is to tote up the contrasts: the lavish appointments of the UC campuses vs. the drab functionalism of SFSC, the noisy struggle between UC regents and faculty over the jobs of Marcuse and Davis vs. the quiet dispatch with which Hayakawa is purging his faculty, the success with which white and black activists at SFSC integrated their struggle against racism and imperialism vs. the thoroughness with which their struggle was suppressed. There are some hard and bitter truths at the core of these contradictions, truths that indict liberals and radicals as fully as their opponents. But it becomes easy to ignore the sticky places when one is making a first acquaintance with San Francisco. After a brief tour of Hayakawa's campus, we hitched a ride up Nineteenth Avenue across the Golden Gate to Sausalito, where the fog yielded to sunshine and the freaks were gathered by the bay.

john williams

perspectives

a space for friendship and reflection

SHORTLY the student body and faculty will vote on whether or not to schedule a two-week recess in late October to allow students time to participate in Congressional Campaigns. Having been deeply involved in the events that spurred the scheduling of this referendum, the events surrounding United States intervention into Cambodia last spring, and having thought long on the matter since then, I feel obliged to try and make clear some of those thoughts and the decisions to which they led. The decision is twofold. First, I still believe that the grave crisis of authority and purpose evidenced last spring and continuing now is, in part, best met by active participation in electoral politics. Second, I have decided that I shall oppose certain formulations of the referendum.

The Academic Council meets on Sept. 21, and will probably formulate the referendum at that time. The formulation might take the following form: "Classes will be suspended for two weeks. These classes will be made up on Saturdays and evenings. The reason for the recess is that the University has an obligation to involve itself in action as well as thought." A justification

not wholly alien to this one was given by Bill Wilka last week in a *SCHOLASTIC* article, where he said: "But at least the walls of university ivory are cracking. People are admitting that the university can no longer abstain from participation in the political process and yet justifiably pass moral judgment on political failures."

Even if the justification is not mentioned, any plan similar to this will of necessity be viewed in this way. Given the tightness of the new schedule, all classes will not be made up. And even if they are, they will be operating under the assumption that reflection can be "made up" in one's spare time, after the real business is through. A different proposal, which rescheduled all classes after Christmas on a full-time basis, and which clearly stated the reason for such rescheduling, might prove acceptable. But for the moment I wish to discuss why a proposal of the first kind, which seems necessarily to put the University in a role of action as well as thought, appears inadvisable, even given the legitimacy of electoral activity by individuals.

Engagement in electoral politics can be defended in several ways. The balance of power in the Congress is

very close. Effective support in crucial campaigns can directly affect the outcome of certain key issues facing the Congress in the next two years. The ABM, Haynsworth and Carswell votes indicate the narrow margin of power. In our own environs the election or defeat of Vance Hartke will mean the difference between a 51-49 vote and a 50-50 vote on certain crucial issues. The argument that the electoral system has been totally unresponsive seems unconvincing. It is not responsive simply to sentiment, nor are all districts truly competitive. But enough seats to swing the balance on crucial issues are responsible to effective concerted support of candidates: Stevenson, Hartke, Gore, Metzenbaum, Tunney and Duffy are involved in close races, the outcome of which will determine the posture of the Senate. To affect these races students will have to exhibit a determination and commitment not consistently evidenced in the past.

"The argument that the electoral system has been totally unresponsive seems unconvincing."

It will be difficult to do so without a recess, but not impossible. Until the weekend before the election, evening and weekend work is what is required in local elections. And in hometown races the most crucial period is the Saturday, Sunday and Monday before the election. In the vast majority of cases this could be accomplished by missing only one or two days of class.

But if the election of these men seems important and possible, why not favor the recess as formulated above? The answer must come on two levels. First, that institutions are important for man and society, and preservation of institutions and their proper spheres of activity is something to be zealously guarded. The activity to be preserved is that free pursuit of truth at which the University aims. One might argue that each man inte-

grates these activities in his life with a combination of searching, choosing and acting. Hence the University can as well. But this view forgets our neediness and weakness. Finally, we do not live and act alone. In a whole variety of ways that individual acting depends upon prior activities and opportunities. Men need space and friends to engage in that search for the truth which must precede our acting well. It is my feeling that the recess as proposed above would take away from the stability of that space, by changing the focus of the University from truth to action.

THE EXPERIENCE of Nazi Germany is talked about by those who would have the University choose. But one can learn two things from Nazi Germany. First is that at some point in time—which cannot, because of the complex character of human action, be articulated in advance—the University must speak out against those concrete manifestations of disorder and evil which threaten the very existence of the University and the society around it. It seems that not even the most dedicated devotee of academic freedom could in principle disallow that possibility. But we also learn a second thing. And that is until the point when action forces itself upon us, the greatest danger in modern society is the subsumption of all thought and activity into the realm of power. In order to have the possibility of judging and reordering a society, there must be some space within that society where all things can be investigated to their end, regardless of the desires of the ruler.

One might argue that the University has already lost its neutrality, and that the only question now is which side it will join. In some respects the first part of this argument is right. It seems that the same arguments that can be made for ROTC can be made for election breaks. My response is that what is required is not a forfeit of the battle for the University as a space of

truth by joining combat with the opposite partisan for control; but rather a systematic and calm attempt to return the University in all of its activities to its appropriate focus.

One might also argue that this particular incursion into action will not affect the stability of the University; that prudent deviation from the ideal is acceptable. In principle I might agree. But concretely I sense a growing intolerance on the campus. Already I feel that it is difficult for a professor or a student to express views contrary to the prevailing sentiment of the faculty and student body. True, no one ever claimed that speaking one's perception of the truth against an impassioned majority could be accomplished without courage. But when the claim of truth is met with impassioned denunciation and bitterness rather than an alternative account of reality, then the space of the University has been dangerously restricted.

The referendum, as stated above, involving by its justification and content a de facto substitution of political action for reflection, can only add to this growing trend. Without a clear separation of the activities of partisan and thinker, the University can only become a battleground for opposing factions. Which is not to say that the thinkers at a University do not judge. But they do not, at the University, extend that judging to a holding of power or an imposition of ideas. What differentiates the clash of factions from the clash of ideas is that the latter can only be resolved in terms of the truth, while the former can only be resolved in terms of power.

THE second concern which leads me to reject the referendum as phrased above is a view of the substantive rather than the formal relation of truth to activity. Just as the University's involvement in immediate action tends to destroy the formal conditions of truth, so too the active involvement tends to destroy the substan-

tive content as well. This of course involves a claim on my part to knowing what the essential character of truth and its relation to action might be at a University. I can only attempt to tell what I have seen in part, knowing that I do not understand it in full.

"Is it not a luxury to be engaged in a simple seeing when so much doing is required?"

The highest form of truth, and that form which appears to have originally drawn men together to pursue in common the question of what is, can only be expressed as the knowledge of truth as manifested in being, that loving contemplation of reality which is expressed in the choice of Mary over Martha, Rachel over Lia. The second seems to be the knowledge of more concrete things, of man's songs and stories, his governments, his buildings, his land, his house, his work. The two are both related to action, but in different ways. The latter appears to be directed toward helping and changing and doing. Regardless of the origins of communal intellectual activity, the roots of our activity here and now in part point to this sort of understanding. In this realm a space for truth is required, because "what is to be done" can only be discovered in an atmosphere of freedom and calm. The pursuit of truth in that case is clearly aimed toward action, toward doing, but that doing well requires understanding.

But what of that other sort of knowing? Is it not a luxury to be engaged in a simple seeing when so much doing is required? In one way that appears to be the major question facing Notre Dame. Both parties agree that immediate and partisan involvement is destructive of the understanding involved in both sorts of truth. But those who know in order to do claim that the joyful and shining character of life is comprised of doing and acting rather than seeing and contemplating. The other party might reply something like the following.

The truth and goodness of the world is brought to be in part by men's deeds, and the character of the whole would be less if those things were not done. But at the same time, the shining character of the deeds we seek is derived not from ourselves or our impulses, but from the character of being. Perhaps part of the world's coming to be might be involved in the seeing of the roots of being by some men. Even more, when the part of action is chosen, the part of Lia and Martha, man is for the most part unable to do that which he wishes without some understanding of the roots of that shiningness he longs for. In one way the monstrosities of liberal humanism: the remaking of man under Stalin, the rape of nature in the name of progress, the sepulchre-like character of institutions nominally aimed at the bettering of the human estate, the grasping and controlling character which eventually subsumes all of our political relationships—all spring from the fact that man, though well-intentioned, has lost contact with the roots of doing, the source, character and limitations of those things in human life which shine. It might be that in order to act without wrenching and defiling the character of nature one might have to know something of the character of the world in a more reflective and contemplative way.

"... the greatest danger ... is the subsumption of all thought and activity into the realm of power."

For these reasons then, I urge the defeat of the referendum if it is posed in the manner stated above. There does, however, seem to be another alternative which the Academic Council should consider. That is to schedule the recess subject to completion of all classes in a full-time session after Christmas. The justification for the recess would be roughly as follows. "The elections present a legitimate claim upon students and faculty as citizens. Regardless of University action,

many will engage in such activity. The University shall not allow political action to be substituted for learning. Nor shall the University itself, in practice or principle, define its role as one of active participation in such matters. The University will take cognizance of legitimate needs of its members in its scheduling. The recess involves a recognition of the demands which citizenship places on all citizens, but in no way implies that it is the University itself which shoulders these burdens."

Such a proposal, if properly formulated, seems consistent with the role of the University we spoke of before. The scheduling of full-time classes after Christmas (or during Thanksgiving and before Christmas) shows that one must sacrifice something to be involved in two spheres of life. It also indicates that the work of a University cannot be done part time, and that action cannot be a substitute for it. In this understanding there are precedents, such as the origins of summer vacations which originally allowed students to tend crops during summer months. Such a proposal could be instituted on a permanent basis, indicating that it was a matter of recognizing the legitimacy of other burdens of its members, but emphasizing that the University's part was not one of engaging in that activity itself.

One might claim the difference between the two is ephemeral, that any action by the University will of necessity indicate a partisan stance one way or another. It is probably true that some will interpret any action in this way. But hopefully for most the difference would be real. The Academic Council can, by its formulation of both the reasons for and the mode of rescheduling, delineate the way in which the action is to be understood. The two alternatives I have considered seem to involve different self-understandings of the University. One would exacerbate the already present tendency towards passion and unreflective action which finally will destroy itself. The other makes clear the roots of the University's life, and rejects the role of partisan activist which some would have it fill.

**to make
peace
with one's
adversary
before
the sun
sets**

**greg
stidham**

To Frankl it is the existential vacuum. Schofield calls it philosophical neurosis. To the average member of contemporary society it is a largely unrecognized lack of meaning in life. It prompted Frankl to write a book and Schofield to concentrate his efforts to its study; for many upper-class white Americans it is the impetus toward drugs, alcohol, or toward actual neurotic syndromes — each of them a search for solutions along roads that attempt to fill the vacuum. Mark Dellamono has walked several of these paths, including the drug-party-booze one that is present on this campus and others. But his last trip offers the possibility of a much less conventional solution.

Mark and five other Notre Dame students began their association with Professor William Storey through the Program for the Study and Practice of Non-Violence. Their backgrounds were all different, their personalities varied. But the groundwork for their common experience was laid during the second semester of last year. Through their associations with each other and with Storey, Charles McCarthy and Father Maury Amen, they began to plan what they hoped would be a viable personal alternative to what Mark calls a disharmony between what we are taught and say we believe, and the way we live.

The plan began to take shape last spring; it was largely through the efforts of Dr. Storey and Charles McCarthy in the Non-Violence Department that it was made possible. Storey had spent several years as a member of a Benedictine monastic community and in those years developed a friendship with Reverend Father Damasus, founder of Mount Saviour Monas-

tery near Elmira, New York. When Storey first suggested the possibility of students living in the monastery for an extended period of time, Father Damasus must have had some misgivings, for nothing similar had ever taken place in the 1500 years of monastic history.

He was not the only one with misgivings by the time summer arrived. Mark's story of his own apprehensions concerning a secluded life where one gets up at 4:00 a.m. and has to have his head shaved makes a humorous anecdote by itself. There were serious apprehensions as well, for there is something mysterious about any man whose only words about his convictions are silently voiced by his daily acts. Living with a community of such men exacts a tremendous amount of commitment from a person, and its demands for total openness and self-surrender are enough to instill at least a mild fear in the most committed of men. Thomas Merton, in the introduction to his book, *Silence in Heaven*, states:

They do not expect to be understood by men because they do not fully understand themselves. . . . That is why it is very important for the reader to remember that the monk, the solitary, cannot clearly explain himself to the rest of the world, and he is very foolish if he attempts to do so. What a tragedy for a monk to expound what he conceives to be a clear, definite, easily understand-



Last summer six Notre Dame students spent ten weeks at Mount Saviour Monastery in Elmira, New York. The six were John Cox, Doug Daher, Mark Dellamono, Tom Hampson, Mike Shaughnessy, and Tom Sullivan. Last week the SCHOLASTIC spoke to one of them, Mark Dellamono.



able explanation for his monastic life, for his vocation to be hidden in God. That means he has made the mistake of convincing himself that he understands the mystery of his vocation.

That terse statement offers another important message — the danger of trying to express the inexpressible, or of trying to write about something which must be experienced to be fully understood. Anyone who has talked with Mark Dellamono or any of the other five has encountered this problem. An apparent hesitancy to talk about the experience is instead an inability to describe it adequately. It results from an unconscious fear of giving an erroneous impression, a common fault when discussing purely experiential phenomena. But there can be no mistake that, somehow, the experience of living as a monk for ten weeks has helped these men to order their lives and begin reconciling ideals and actions.

How? That is the all-important question in an age where the need for that reconciliation has reached the point of crisis. Yet to attempt to answer that question would be to do a grave injustice to those six men who themselves cannot sufficiently answer it and to those who may be asking the question themselves. Nonetheless, it may be possible to give some sort of insight as to what took place during those ten weeks.

NEARLY all Catholic monasteries, regardless of the order, follow certain guidelines set down by St. Benedict in the early sixth century. The Rules of St. Benedict are very specific and seem to cover nearly every aspect of monastic community life and conduct. If

printed in pamphlet form, the 73 chapters of "rules" would require 100 pages of print. Upon a first casual reading, they will likely seem stern and overly specific, even trivial or irrelevant. But during a slower, more careful reading, one becomes aware of a very human and loving attitude which pervades the rules and transcends the apparent sternness. Underlying all of them is a definite concern for "the other person," for one's relationship to him and, through these two, for one's relationship with God. Chapter 4 contains 72 statements which Mark feels are more than an interpretation of Christianity: they are Christianity itself. Included among them are these:

- 1.— In the first place, to love the Lord God with the whole heart, the whole soul, the whole strength; 2.—Then, one's neighbor as oneself; 12.—Not to become attached to pleasures; 30.—To do no wrong to anyone, and to bear patiently wrongs done to oneself; 71.—To make peace with one's adversary before the sun sets.

It is this code of conduct that outlines the daily life of a monk. The first job of a monastery — and of the person newly entered into the monastic life — is to reorder the priorities of human existence. A difficult enough term to define, it is an even more difficult task to accomplish. A monastic community is a community of men who have ordered their priorities in a similar way and who together have adopted a life style based on them, gaining a strength from each other's presence.

Each day in the monastery is designed, as Mark explained, to flow with the natural rhythm of the day.

The monks rise, with the sun, at 4:00 a.m. Daily activities are divided almost equally into three categories. The monk devotes about five hours to each: 1) liturgical and other prayer; 2) manual labor, whether domestic, craft, garden or field work (The six Notre Dame students, who were living as postulants, worked with the other postulants painting the buildings, work that consumed much of their time devoted to labor. They also took part in the milking and haying.); 3) reading of one's own choice. Dinner is at 6:00 in the evening, and the community retires by 9:00.

The repetition gives monastic life a continuity and regularity that is almost completely lacking in an ordinary modern life. It is for this reason that the six find it very difficult to discuss any one particular aspect of their lives as monks, such as prayer or work or recreation. The life must be considered in its entirety, for the essence of that life is not anyone of the parts, but all of the parts taken as one. In stating this, they have unknowingly corroborated something that Merton also states:

The monastic life cannot be defined by any one of its parts. It cannot be reduced to one of its aspects, any more than the life of any living organism can be fully explained by one of the vital functions which that organism performs. Man is a rational animal, they say. But he does not exist merely in order to grow, or eat, or work, or think, or even to love. On the contrary, growth, nutrition, work, thought and love all unite in promoting and increasing the existential depth of that mysterious reality which is the individual person. . . .

BUT how can all this, just this, accomplish so much, assuming that it did? Could this alone help a person reorder his priorities and strengthen his conviction? Could this actually help a person reconcile his thoughts on the way he should live with the way that he actually does live to the extent that it apparently has with these

six students? I suspect not, and this is where the problem of nonexperience becomes important. The only clue, and even this is speculation, is the men themselves — the monks who are part of this community.

Mark's own reflections lead one to believe this. He tells of a big emotional letdown after about two or three weeks, "after the novelty of getting up at four o'clock and of doing farm work has worn off. It was then that we began to think of leaving or to count the days remaining. But in reality, it was then that the real experience was beginning, and I think this was due to the ability of the monks to understand what we were experiencing and to communicate their concern for us."

Regardless of *how* the ten weeks accomplished what they did, one might validly ask: What does all this have to do with student concerns and with non-violence? The first part of the answer lies in the fact that students are experiencing the existential vacuum as much as anyone; this taste of monastic life seems, at least for these six Notre Dame students, to have been a successful solution. The second part was best expressed by Merton in his words at the Bangkok Conference a few hours before his death: Students and monks are similar in that they assert the claims of the society to be fraudulent.

How viable an alternative is a plan like this for students? Father Martin, the prior of Mount Saviour, is optimistic about the potential of the plan; certainly both the monks and the students were more than grateful for the experience of having lived together. Father Martin is now in Rome to attend the Abbots' Conference and he has been granted floor time to describe what took place at Mount Saviour this summer.

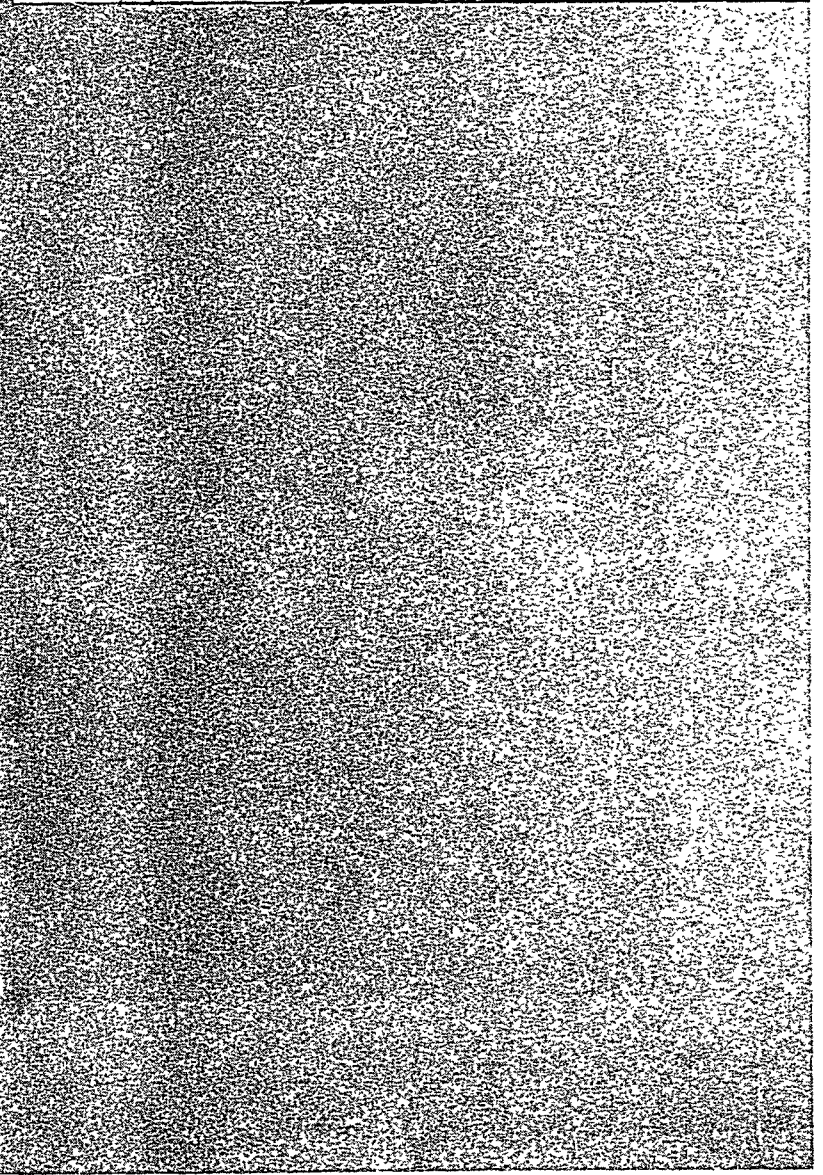
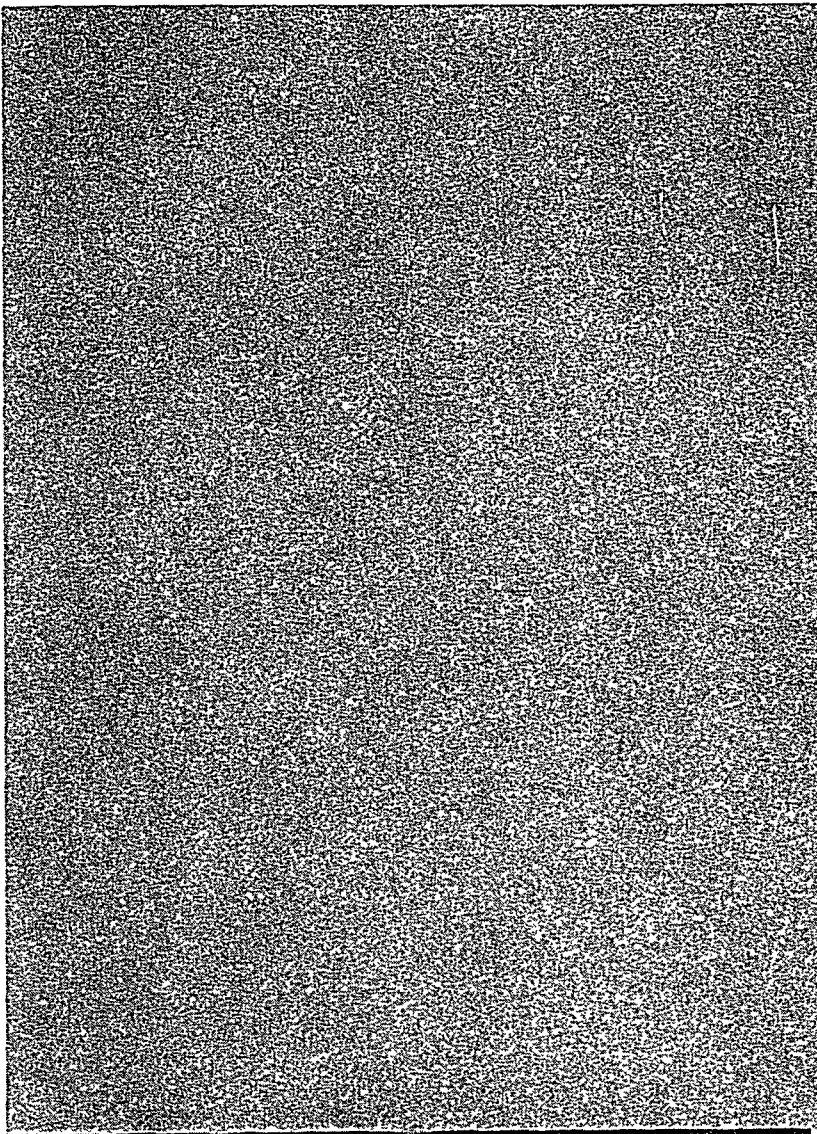
But the ultimate answer to the question of the effects of the plan will not come from this conference or any conference. Only the months and the years can supply the answer, and that answer will have to be in terms of the permanence of the personal harmony that students like Mark are able to find, and of the effect their life style has on others who have not shared a similar experience.

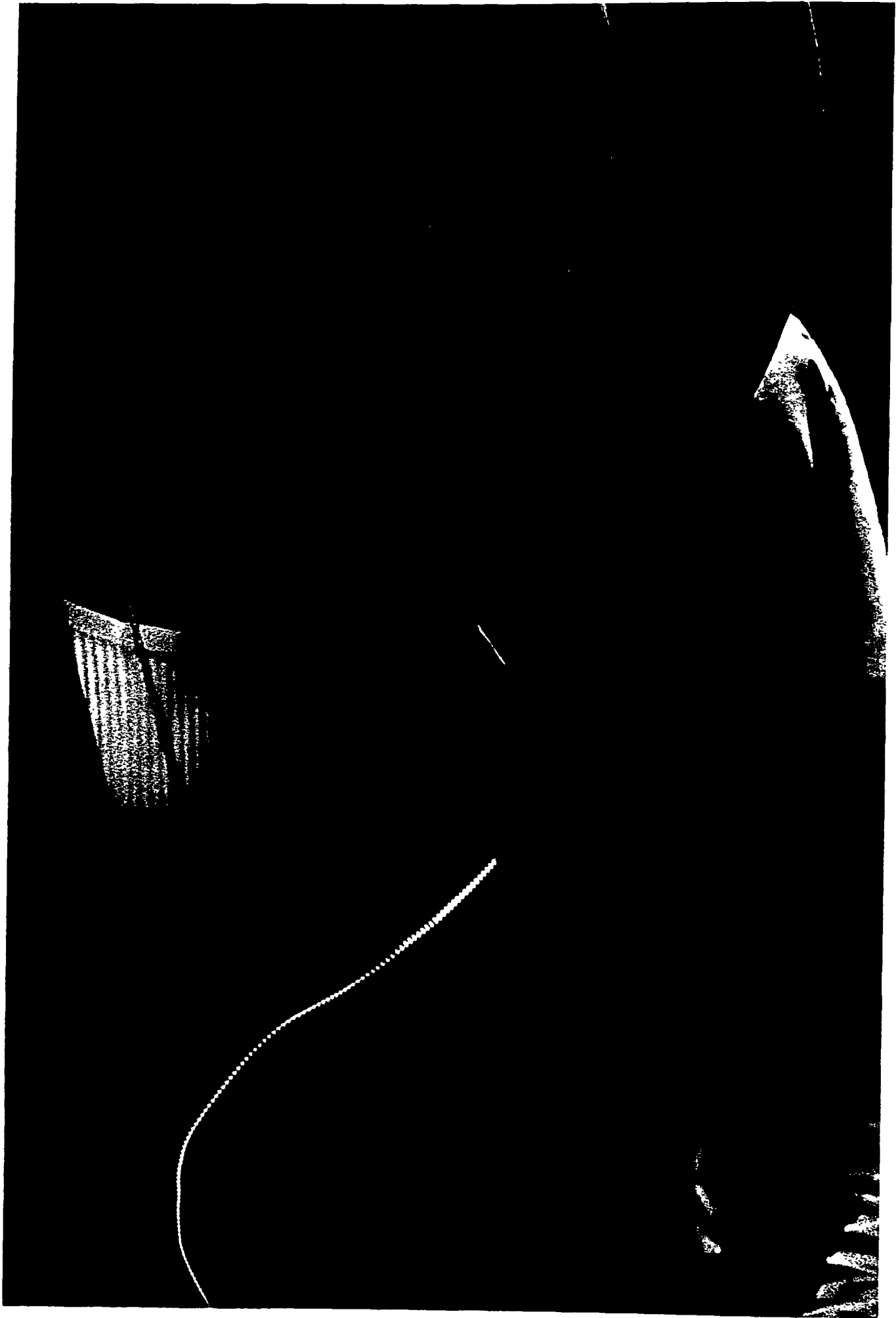


for this people's heart has grown dull,
and their ears are heavy of hearing,
and their eyes they have closed,
lest they should perceive
with their eyes,
and hear with their ears,
and understand with their heart.

Isaiah 6:10







windows in walls and

THE University Arts Council decided that its first activity of the year would be an outdoor festival, combining the talents of campus poets and musicians. But then the South Bend weather descended, and the program was forced indoors, to the boxing room of the old Field House. This circumstance probably reduced attendance somewhat, but people did come, and the Field House did not leak. The program included several performers whose talent has made them well-known locally: Paul Guernsey and Jim Moran, who play several dozen notes per second, and the old favorite Occasional Bluegrass Band. Much of the best entertainment, however, was offered by performers who hadn't played before to audiences at Notre Dame. The first act of the afternoon included two experienced musicians who were heard by many for the first time. Mike Canale sang and played hot folk and blues guitar, and Tom Booker moved gently through some semi-classical arrangements. Richard Fitzgerald, the chairman of last year's Sophomore Literary Festival, presented some of his own poems, including a fine one entitled "Vacation." The biggest surprise of all came late in the afternoon after much of the audience had drifted away. Patty Larkin accompanied herself on the guitar as she sang five songs she had composed herself. Her words suited the music, and even more importantly, the melody line was carried by a rich, delicately controlled voice, which everyone ought to hear.

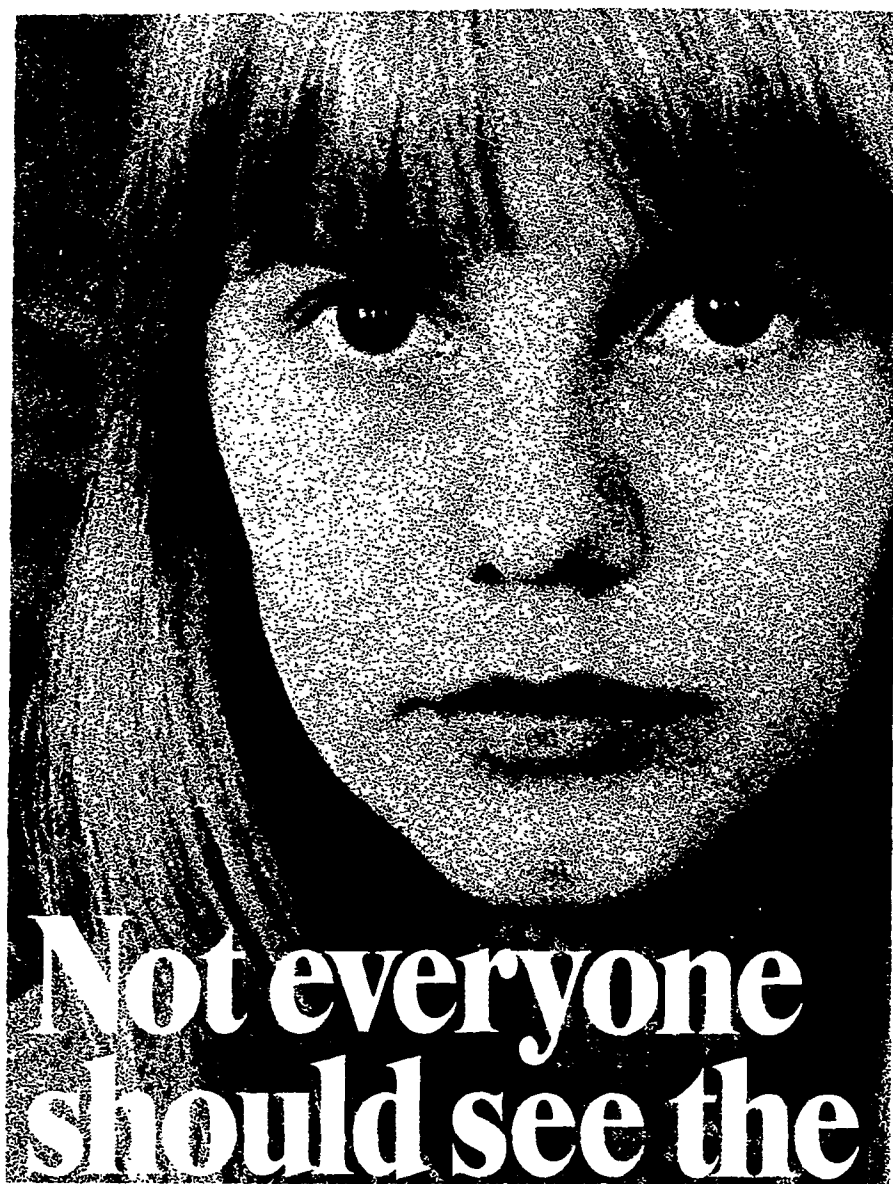
It is encouraging to realize that the sudden appearance of all this new talent is no coincidence: finding and helping campus artists, new and experienced, is one of the purposes UAC chairman Robbie Barteletti has set for the Council this year. The purpose is hopeful, since art does not belong to a community where only a few persons practice it.

— Rory Holscher

THE Moreau Gallery of St. Mary's has opened its 1970-71 season with an exhibit of paintings by Robert Mejer. His work is concerned with some elusive questions basic to working on canvas. How, for instance, does a straight line penetrate the canvas space? We usually think of lines in terms of the points at which they intersect with other lines, as the sides of a rectangle join with each other. In Mejer's paintings, however, we are confronted by occasional lines which don't intersect anywhere, which contain their own beginning and end. For an instant the colors, normally line-bound, are free of this limitation. The effect is temporary because, even if the concept of lines on the canvas is expanded, one set of line-restrictions remains hard and unchanged — the sudden edge of the canvas persists. All the play and freedom stops there. The best of Mejer's paintings make us aware not only of his own geometry, but of the geometry which defines his medium.

Not all of the work is this serious. One piece is apparently designed as an optical illusion device: anyone who focuses on the blasted red-and-green check pattern will see it superimposed on the rest of the canvas as soon as he moves his eyes. This sort of trickery is entertaining and works in a welcome contrast with the rest of the exhibit, where the preoccupation with line and edge is likely to try the interest of anyone who wants to know exactly what each painting represents. Those who can sustain their interest will see that a canvas reveals form as does a window in a blank wall.

a
dozen
notes
per
second



Not everyone should see the birth of tragedy (yellow)

VILGOT SJOMAN's film is not for everyone. It may, as Vincent Canby of *The New York Times* suggested, "deeply disturb the emotionally right-wing moviegoer who has grown up in the comforting tradition of movie houses in whose ceilings little stars twinkled and clouds did everything but rain." If you are in favor of Franco's regime in Spain, some scenes in the film may irritate you. If you like your movies to come to you in a neat tidy Hollywood package, you may not take to the film's stylistic experimentation so common to Europe's important new filmmakers. But if you are interested in what William Wolf of *Cue* magazine calls "a landmark likely to permanently shatter many of our last remaining movie conventions," *I Am Curious (Yellow)* may be just for you. The Evergreen film presented by Grove Press stars Lena Nyman. A Sandrews Production. Admission restricted to adults.

Vilgot Sjoman served the major bulk of his film apprenticeship under the fairly imposing shadow of Ingmar Bergman, although it is difficult to see any relationship between the two, other than the fact that they are working with their own conceptions of the

Swedish people. Sjoman appears to have severed himself so absolutely from a classical approach to film, that his work is marked with the scars of such a separation. *I Am Curious (Yellow)* has obviously been influenced by the surface technique of Godard. When I use the word "surface" — I mean, that cinematically and even politically, there are close relationships between the two.

Some of the agony of experimentation is necessary if an artist is to keep moving forward — hand-held cameras, grainy black and white footage, constant focus and f-stop adjustment. *I Am Curious (Yellow)* has more than its share of the above. Like Godard (and anyone who has seen *La Chinoise*, or even *Week-end* will agree with me), *cinema verite* films have a propensity for boredom. So do a great many works of art for that matter. But the point here is this — Godard, while at times boring, has been able in a relatively short number of years to come to grips with the deficiencies which will always arise from time to time in any experimental production. Sjoman, on the contrary, has not paid his dues. The discipline, both ideological and creative, which is required to unite the elements in the film collage is just not present in *I Am Curious (Yellow)*.

I Am Curious (Yellow) — playing at the Avon.

A case in point — in *Weekend*, Godard's actors confront the camera and the audience and expose the masks of objectivity. Similarly, they confront the world of traditional fictional isolation and find the truest expression of art only insofar as it is essentially joined with the political and social movements of a revolutionary culture. Sjoman, on the other hand, is plainly confused. While his actors refrain from confronting us directly, they seek instead for an indirect confrontation through the "play within a play" device. The force which is enhanced for Godard, is diminished for Sjoman — the haphazard editing of the "real" and the "fictional" elements of the film, while perhaps being artistically valid, is received by the viewing audience as very uncontrolled. Godard is sure of the dimensions of the real and the fictional. Sjoman is not.

The business about indirect audience confrontation leads me to pursue another confused line of reasoning — Sjoman's film, since it fails at the so-called frontal assault, is forced against its own will to confront the audience on purely sexual and naïve political levels. I'm not sure Sjoman intended this. The film cries for a direct and powerful feeling, but somehow, it is merely filtered through collage after collage, diluted into boring and rambling plots and subplots, fictional and otherwise.

Politically the film is naïve, but mainly because the characters are either predictably stupid or merely young intellectual types. It does, however, offer a fascinating historical look at Sweden and its Socialist form of government. Interviews with heads of state and labor leaders are quite informative, and not in the least bit pretentious. Sjoman plays some great visual puns in the midst of this "documentary" approach. One in particular — at dawn we see the panorama of the Swedish Royal Palace and the other government buildings. Meanwhile, the narration is predictably political — then we see Lena and her boyfriend making it in time to the national anthem (or some such equivalent) while a startled Palace Guard struggles to keep composure. As another reviewer has stated, the political and sexual implications are quite obvious, and quite humorous.

The idea of nonviolent defense is explored in the latter part of the film, to some pretty specific details. Again, these are excellent in a purely informative manner. But sadly the merely informative residue is all that one can hold on to. The power that transcends surface sexual and political panderings is just not evident.

I'm afraid to admit that *I Am Curious (Yellow)* is merely inferior Godard and nothing more on its own. The publicity surrounding its entry into this country is largely unfounded. Though sexuality is present, it is not at all exhibited unnaturally. We don't have the perverted Hollywood fireworks display taking the place of the actual climax — this, in my opinion, is what should be banned. Moreover, the sexual content is an integral part of the development of a young girl — in no way is it used exploitatively. I must congratulate the film for this.

I began this article with a paragraph originally found in the Grove Press advertising copy, which is distributed to theaters booking the film. Normally this type of ad would appear, with a picture in the newspapers, downtown. Unfortunately, this is not the case. The *South Bend Tribune* is exercising censorship standards of the cheapest variety. While it is evident that the *Tribune* is an inferior publication, it is still disturbing to see censorship on such a low level — since the lowest levels usually reflect the higher levels.

Again, a few closing remarks. I will be accused of trying to order things too much. Granted, I am German and I have a Teutonic love of order; however, I am also Irish, and thereby have a love of disorder. Godard has succeeded in working with "creative chaos" because he has disciplined it and labored with it and experimented again and again with it. He has created out of the rubble of antitraditions a new tradition. But Sjoman is still in the rubble. Some would say that it is a necessary step for him — some films are necessary rather than good. This may be so. A man tries to set his feet down one at a time. In *I Am Curious (Yellow)* Sjoman has tried running before he has learned to walk. Ambition is good, but even Andre Breton has said, "Any man who operates outside of a tradition, is a plagiarist."

john stupp

the '70 campaign

As this year's football preview in *Playboy* states, "Notre Dame's schedule isn't quite as Mickey Mouse as it was in '69." Three potential top-twenty teams (Missouri, LSU and Southern Cal) and two perennial foes (Michigan State and Purdue) head the list of the ten opponents that stand in the way of Ara's second undefeated season at Notre Dame. Of the five other teams on slate for the '70-'71 season, three of them (Northwestern, Pittsburgh and Georgia Tech) boast squads much improved over last year's patsies.

Beyond the scope of difficulty regarding this year's schedule is the fact that the Irish will be playing more "physical" opponents than were seen last year. Injuries, then, could play a decisive role in the 1970 outcome. If the Irish can last the year without any serious injuries at key positions, a shot at the National Championship would not seem unlikely.

The opponents:

at NORTHWESTERN — Coach Alex Agase's offensive unit returns seven of eleven starters for the fall season. Hopes of amending last year's 3-7 mark will rest on the shoulders of two of them: quarterback Maurie Daigneau and fullback Mike Adamle.

Daigneau, inserted in mid-season last year to relieve a slumping Dave Shellbourne, finished with 85 completions in 191 attempts for 1276 yards — in less than five games of playing time. Against mighty Ohio State he debuted with 22 of 34 for 293 yards. With junior receivers Barry Pearson and Jerry Brown returning, Coach Agase may find the passing attack needed to complement the 'Cats' running game.

Adamle, a 190-pound all-Big Ten selection as a

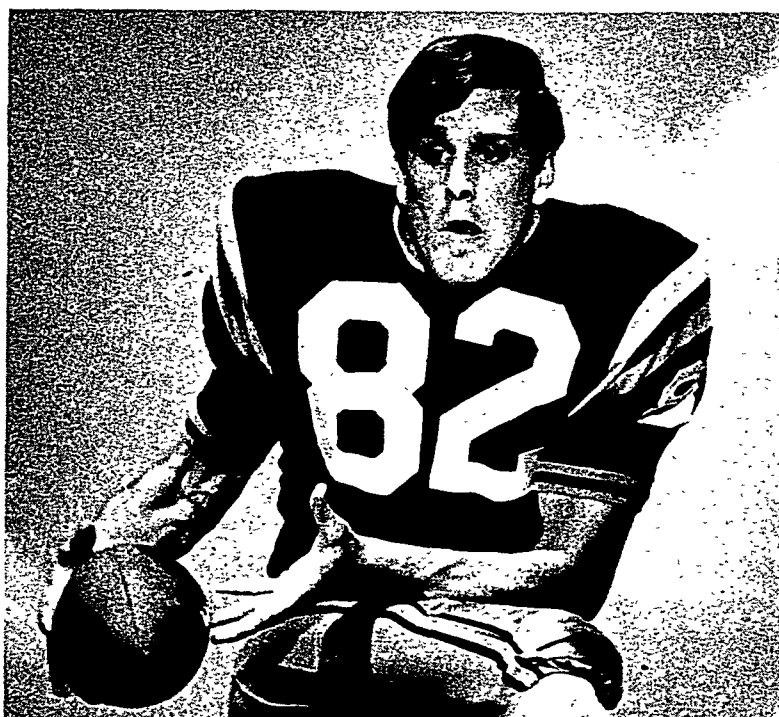
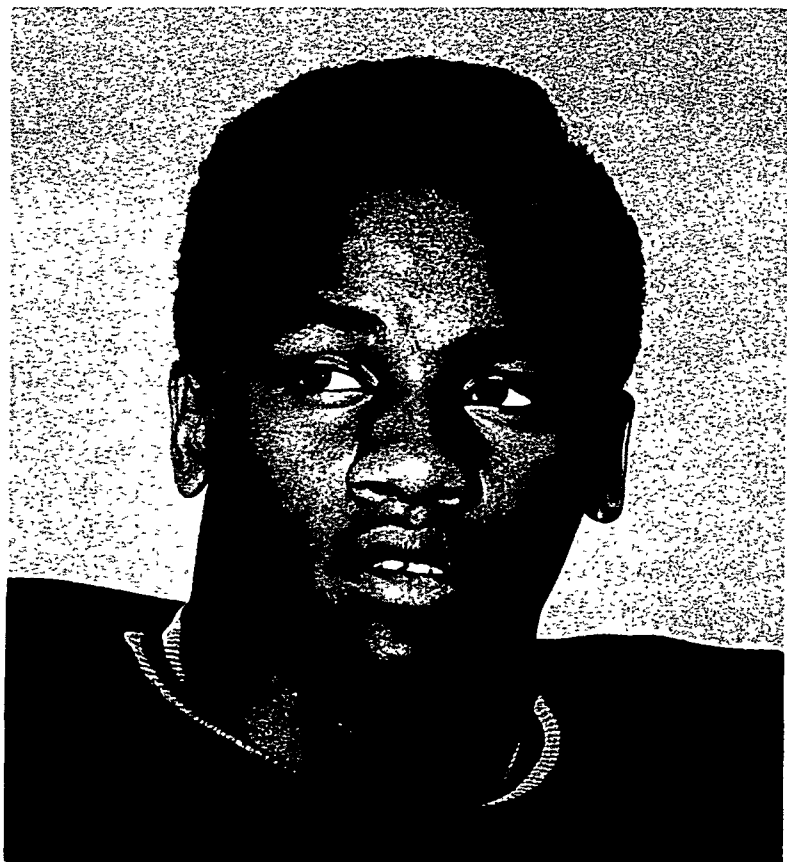
junior, paced the Wildcats at halfback with 666 yards on the ground and 260 yards as a receiver. This year Agase switches him to fullback, bringing Al Robinson into the halfback spot, thus opening up an outside running threat. Robinson is the fastest of the 'Cats' backs, as indicated by his 522 yards on kick-off returns. However, Northwestern will need much improvement on a defensive squad that allowed 4095 yards and 306 points in ten games.

The Irish shouldn't run into much trouble at Evanston, but Ara will have to keep his boys from "looking ahead" to the Purdue game and taking this contest too lightly. Pick: Notre Dame 30, Northwestern 7.

PURDUE—The big question coming out of Lafayette is that of a replacement for Irish-killer Mike Phipps on an offensive unit that has 9 of 11 returning. Right now it appears that soph walk-on Chuck Piebes has at least one foot in Phipps' shoes, but probably even rookie Coach Bob DeMoss won't know until after this week's opener against TCU.

The Boilermakers return with two of the nation's top receivers in Ashley Bell and Stan Brown and, if Coach DeMoss can find anybody to throw to them, they could spell trouble for the Irish defensive backfield.

Purdue lost four of five men on their defensive squad, which held the Irish to 280 yards offense last year, but retains a strong contingent in the linebacking and secondary duties. Halfback Steve deGrandmaison and linebacker Veno Paraskavas spelled disaster for the Irish passing attack last year and will be out for more of the same as the Boilermakers attempt to make it four in a row over the Irish. Pick: Notre Dame 27, Purdue 10.



Who will be throwing to Purdue's dynamic duo this year?



Bill Triplet, State's '69 q.b., will be running more at halfback this year.

at MICHIGAN STATE — Few Irish fans will forget the 1968 game at East Lansing that saw a Spartan team which eventually finished the season with a 3-7 record surprise the Irish with a stunning 21-17 victory. Notre Dame hasn't won at East Lansing since 1949 and the jinx seems to hang heavily over the Irish every year they play there.

This year should be different, however, as State has just too many question marks for Duffy to handle in one season. There's the problem of a new quarterback. Bill Triplett just wasn't making it in the passing department so Duffy may shift to either soph George Mihaiu or j.c. transfer Mike Rasmussen. The running backs are competent, but the offensive line is green.

Veterans abound on defense, including all-America candidate Ron Curl, but this is the same defensive unit that allowed 231 points last season. Weaknesses are evident in the linebacker area, as all three starters graduated last fall.

Statistically speaking, this game should be a breeze, but you never know. . . . Pick: Notre Dame 20, Michigan State 14.

ARMY — Howcum they never schedule an exciting game for Homecoming? Afraid they'd lose face with all the HTHs out here?

With the only bright spot in Army's offensive department gone in the form of Lynn Moore via graduation, Army's hopes of scoring are quite slim. Yeah, scoring. Since there's no question about the outcome, the thrill seems to be in whether Army can get on the

scoreboard after having been shut out in their last three meetings with the Irish.

The Cadets lost just seven of 22 starters and will try it again with qb Bernie Wall and a few whistles and cheers from the Cadets. One of the "Mickey Mouse" games. Pick: Notre Dame 40, Army 0 (for the fourth straight time).



Mizzu's offensive threat, t.b. Joe Moore.

at MISSOURI — Quarterback and defensive secondary lack the experience that led Dan Devine to 9-1 last year, but All-America candidate Joe Moore, third rushing in the nation last year, is back attempting to equal his 1312-yard total of last season.

Mike Roper or Mike Farmer will open at quarterback, and by the time this game rolls around one of them should have some experience under his belt. The offensive line is strong and in :09.2 sprinter Mel Gray Mizzu may find some semblance of a passing attack.

Defensive gaps need to be filled, both on the line and in the backfield, but the Tigers will be solid enough here to pose as formidable opposition to the Irish attack.

ABC-TV picked this one for one of its nationally televised games and the home viewers should be in for quite a show. This will be the first meeting of the two teams with a rematch scheduled in '72. Pick: Notre Dame 24, Missouri 14.

NAVY at Philadelphia — End Karl Schwelm called Navy's signal-caller Mike McNallen "one of the five best college qb's in the country" and stated that "I don't think Theismann or Etter are in the same class with him." Hmmm. Well, Schwelm and McNallen and the whole Middie gang are back again this year and it's really a shame that I'll have to break up a three-day weekend home in New York to see this one.

I wonder what Midshipman Schwelm will rock the world with after this one's over. Definitely in the "Mickey Mouse" tradition. Pick: Notre Dame 44, Navy 0.

PITTSBURGH — This could finally be the year the Panthers turn the corner after losing 33 of 40 over the last four seasons. Coach Frank DePasqua's team returns with 31 lettermen, including 13 starters.

The big plus for Pitt could be a strong showing by the defensive unit. The Panthers eye three of this unit as all-America material — Ralph Cindrich, junior linebacker; Lloyd Weston, senior tackle; and Charlie Hall, senior halfback.

On offense both the quarterback and offensive line positions remain in doubt, but should come around to give the Panthers their first winning season since 1963's 9-1 squad. Pick: Notre Dame 35, Pittsburgh 17.

GEORGIA TECH — The Yellowjackets also appear to be on an uphill swing. Coach Carson has new blood in a rejuvenated offensive unit and plenty of returnees on the defensive side.

The biggest surprise of all is soph-whiz Eddie McAshan, the first black quarterback to command a major Southern team. McAshan had great poise in running and passing his team to a 23 to 20 upset win over South Carolina in the 'Jackets' season opener.

The Yellowjackets are much improved over last season and could derail the Irish express well before the SC showdown. Pick: Notre Dame 28, Georgia Tech 13.

LOUISIANA STATE — Well, the Tigers'll finally get their chance to see what ND's "big, fat, sloppy linemen" (as their campus sports crew termed last year) are really like. LSU's players and coaches alike sure raised a holler about the Irish's "padded" schedule last year, but the Tigers outdistance everybody in the "Mickey Mouse" award this year facing such toughies as Rice, Baylor, Kentucky, Pacific(?), Auburn and Tulane (remember them?).

The Tigers lost 17 starters from the '69 eleven and are quite overrated this year from this writer's viewpoint. The only bright spot is their schedule and their defense, which finds its secondary unit intact, including all-SEC cornerback Tommy Casanova.

The chill winds of the Midwest should freeze their jaws shut after this one. Pick: Notre Dame 27, LSU 7.



Clarence Davis, SC speedster

at SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA — Ohhh, to mention all the Trojans' all-American candidates would take up more room than allotted. Let's start with the offense. . . .

The whole '69 backfield is back intact, with some super-sophs giving the vets a run for their money. Jimmy Jones, whose arm only seems to crank up in clutch situations, will have as targets the ever-dangerous duo of Sam Dickerson (is he STILL around?) and Bob Chandler. Clarence Davis and soph Sam Cunningham keep the defense honest with dazzling running attacks sure to give the Irish nightmares all afternoon. And on defense. . . .

Those j.c. transfers that McKay comes up with every year may just save the day for a squad that loses six starters. Defensive linemen Charlie Weaver and Tody Smith, linebacker Greg Slough (and j.c. boys Ron Preston and Kent Carter) and defensive back Tyrone Hudson are just part of the most formidable defense the Irish face all season.

This will probably be ABC's Wild Card game, if both the Irish and Trojans live up to preseason expectations, with all the marbles on the line. Pick: Southern California 24, Notre Dame 14.

don kennedy

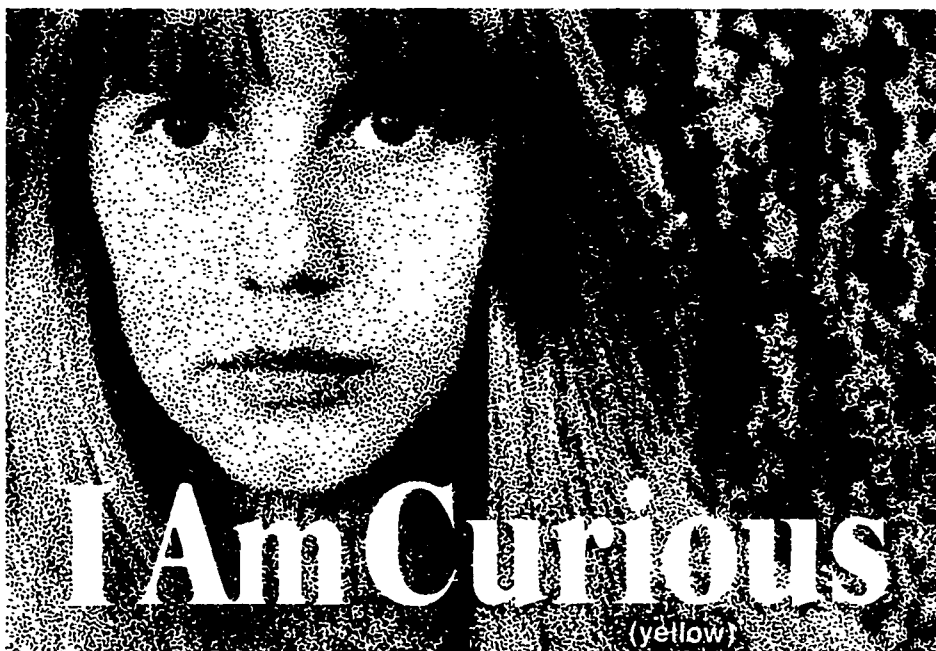
Joining the ranks of *AP*, *UPI*, *Playboy*, *Look*, *Life* and the *Observer* the SCHOLASTIC's pre-season top-ten follows:

1. Southern California (11-0) . . . *strong, fast and unbeatable.*
2. Ohio State (9-0) . . . *sorry, Woody, 9-0 ain't 11-0.*
3. Texas (9-1) . . . *another big year for Darryl Royal and the South.*
4. Mississippi (9-1) . . . *Archie, Archie, Archie . . .*
5. Notre Dame (9-1) . . . *I hope I'm wrong.*
6. Nebraska (9-2) . . . *the Big Eight's hope for 1970.*
7. Penn State (9-1) . . . *Joe Paterno is foiled again.*
8. Stanford (9-2) . . . *any team whose band hitchhikes to the game has got something.*
9. Arkansas (9-2) . . . *loss to Stanford hurt.*
10. Kansas State (9-2) . . . *Manhattan (Kans.) will have something to cheer about.*

movies

COLFAX: *Suppose They Gave a War, and Nobody Came.* Tony Curtis, Brian Keith, Ernest Borgnine somehow muddle through. Times: 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 7:00 and 9:00.

STATE: *2001: A Space Odyssey.* One of the most imaginatively conceived films of all times. Completely devoid of humanity. Call 233-1676.



GRANADA: *Woodstock.* At 1:45, 5:00 and 8:15.

AVON: *I Am Curious (Yellow).* For times call 288-7800.

football

Notre Dame over Northwestern — With all but Kadish ready to go for Ara this weekend the Irish shouldn't have much trouble opening the '70 season on a winning note. The Wildcats, despite an almost complete return of last year's offensive eleven, just don't have the defensive depth to ruin Ara's perfect slate against them.

Arkansas over Oklahoma State — After last week's disaster at Fayetteville, Coach Frank Broyles' charges will go all out to resurrect the honor of the South. It took the Hogs' Bill Montgomery about 20 minutes to complete his first pass against Stanford last week. He'll make up for that and more in this week's one-sider.

Georgia Tech over Florida State — Soph Eddie McAshan's debut as the South's first black quarterback was quite impressive in last week's 23-20 upset of South Carolina. The Seminoles had a scare in their opener against a mediocre Louisville squad, barely eking out a 9-7 decision. Tech

may be finally coming out of its slump of losing seasons.

Louisiana State over Texas A&M — The Aggies may wish they had stayed on the farm after this one's over. This is one of eight laughs on the Tigers' schedule, but the joke'll be on them when they head north to South Bend in November.

Michigan State over Washington — The Spartans' chances of improving on last year's 4-6 record are slim, but, depending on the performance of their revamped offense, they should make it two in a row over the injury-laden Huskies.

Missouri over Minnesota — ABC's Game of the Week. Doc Severenson feels Minnesota's band has the edge over the Tigers' in the half-time department. Too bad Joe Moore and Co. will have to spoil the rest of the Gophers' afternoon.

Pittsburgh over UCLA — Don't laugh. The Panthers return 31 lettermen, including a strong defensive

line that should keep the Bruins' Dennis Dummit running for his life most of the afternoon. UCLA looked awful in its opener against a weak Oregon State team. Upset of the week.

Texas over California — Worster, Bertelsen and Speyrer are back along with most of last year's offensive line. The Horns will be out to prove the early season pollsters wrong.

Purdue over TCU — Bob DeMoss' opener as Boilermaker head coach. Irish fans should watch this one closely. This game will provide the answer to whether or not DeMoss has come up with a qb to complement ace receivers Ashley Bell and Stan Brown.

Southern California over Nebraska — Both teams coming off convincing opening victories. First stumbling block in Coach John McKay's charge toward a Trojan National Championship. The arm of Husker Jerry Tague won't be enough to offset the attack of SC's devastating backfield corps.

the last word

... man seems to mistrust everything that is effortless; he can only enjoy, with a good conscience, what he has acquired with toil and trouble; he refuses to have anything as a gift.

Josef Pieper

IT is a little-known but healthy tradition that SCHOLASTIC editors take same sort of camping trip each summer. (Moran, I remember, was continually regaling all of us with tales of his trips to Glacier and Yellowstone and, most recently, Big Sur.) Well, this summer I decided I had better pay my dues. The number and choice of camping spots on Long Island being rather severely restricted, I decided to bicycle to a State Park located about 50 miles from my home — one with the suitably promising name of Wildwood.

Now I never made it past the Wolf level in Cub Scouts — but I had a knapsack and an oilskin table cloth swiped from a picnic table and a flashlight. So I carefully read through Hemingway's "Big Two-Hearted River" the night before, got up with whoever gets up at dawn, packed some cheese and a wineskin, rolled up my bedroll, put on my pack and started off. One hour later, after two flat tires and subsequent attempts to make the Never-Fail Hand Pump I had brought work, I left my home town and considered myself On My Own.

The north shore of Long Island is pretty enough: though it resembles none of the postcards I have received from relatives and friends with views of glaciers on Mount Something, one must make do. I stopped for lunch, like the book says, beside a stream — or more accurately, a salt-water estuary that empties into Long Island Sound, complete with floating bits of modern Americana and what appeared to be a solid layer of duck feathers. I dutifully pulled out the *Selected Poems of Hart Crane* and the *Collected Poems of Rory Holscher* I had packed along with the cheese and wine and contemplated smugly my accomplishment.

THE road through Stony Brook, Rocky Point and Wildwood is just hilly enough to be exhausting, and

no more. So that by the time I reached the State Park I was ready to "stake out my site" (as I felt Hemingway would have said it) and sit down. But that was not to be: the camp director, after making sure I wasn't too young to camp there (18 is the limit) and that I indeed had some semblance of a tent (another camp rule), informed me that there were no more sites available.

I turned around and rode home, considerably less smug and considerably more sore. Hemingway would have been ashamed: Nick Adams would never have accepted that from a Long Island State Park worker — Nick would have pitched his tent right on the guy's front lawn, I'm sure. I really only mention it because one night last week I was talking to Holscher (the Holscher of the *Collected Poems* mentioned above) about land, Iowa land to be exact; and I remembered two things that had happened on my aborted trip.

I had stopped at a roadside farm stand to buy some peaches, picked out a half-dozen and asked the lady how much they were. She told me to just take them. They were a gift, she said. Then, just a few miles later, I passed a sod farm being watered by a huge old pump that leaked at several places. The water was spring water, and cold as only spring water can be. I drank for several minutes. I let the water run over my head and down my back, until my shirt was soaked with it. I remember I didn't want to leave.

BUT only after we were talking about land, only when I began to think about Rocky Mountain Arsenal and Storm King Power Plant and dumping nerve gas into the ocean and the North Carolina boy who died from the pesticides in his father's tobacco field . . . only after all this did I remember one more thing: how I didn't understand at first when the lady just gave me the peaches; how I kept expecting someone to chase me from the water pump; and how I, like a child, was filled with a kind of wonder at the water's taste and feel so that I didn't want to leave it.

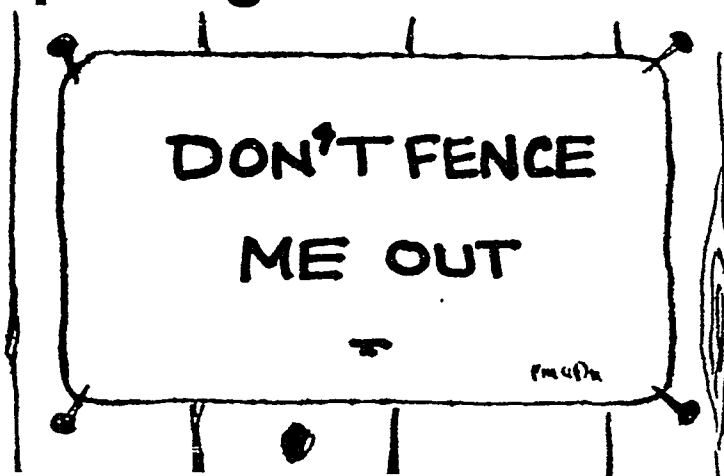
I began to understand why we have done what we have to America.

— Steve Brion

The Scholastic

Neighborhood Study Help Program

- a twice a week Tutorial program requiring three to four hours per week.
- a combined effort of South Bend parents and teachers with Notre Dame and SMC students—operating afternoons or evenings—M&W/T&Th.



NAME.....

ADDRESS..... TELEPHONE.....

TIME: Afternoons 1:00 - 2:30 M&W..... T&Th.....

Evenings 6:30 - 8:00 M&W..... T&Th.....

Last year's Center if applicable.....

SEND TO: J. REID, 201 Morrissey — 3495
H. HEISLER, 441 Lyons — 7992

the **scholastic**

needs

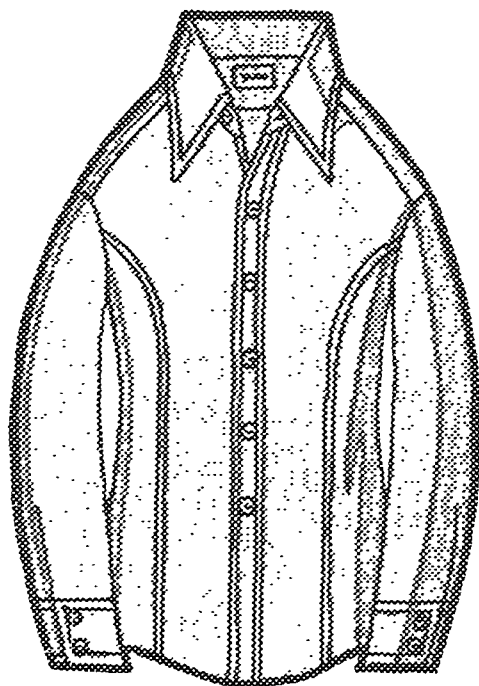
writers / artists / copy
editors / layout / comics
/ circulation workers /
prophets / pragmatists /
photographers / visionaries
and others of these
and similar ilk

if interested and/or
qualified, call or contact:
steve brion
scholastic office
4th floor student center

A NEW LOOK . . .



CampusShop



The shape's the thing!

ENRO CONTOUR

BODY SHIRTS

You've got to see them to believe them . . . these are the newest of the new in shirts. Take your choice of many stripes and colorings, double button cuffs, sharp collar styling. Smooth, sleek, contoured to fit you.

\$9.50

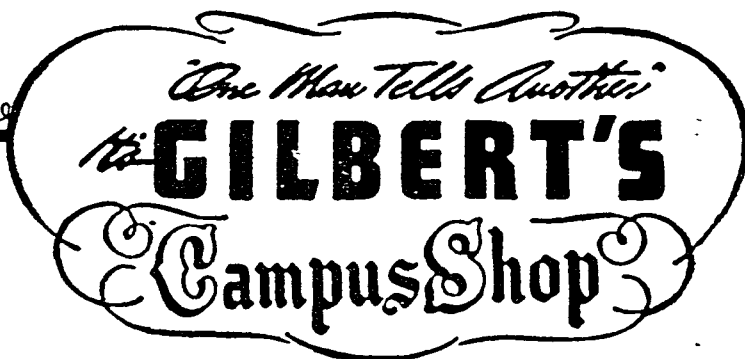
CHECK WHAT WE HAVE IN STOCK

- | | | | |
|--|---|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Flair slacks | <input type="checkbox"/> Leather jackets | <input type="checkbox"/> Sharp shoes | <input type="checkbox"/> Socks |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Slacks in all sizes | <input type="checkbox"/> Suedes, too! | <input type="checkbox"/> Brawny belts | <input type="checkbox"/> Underwear |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Suits in all styles | <input type="checkbox"/> CPO Jackets | <input type="checkbox"/> Ties in all widths | <input type="checkbox"/> Topcoats |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sportscoats | <input type="checkbox"/> Shirts, shirts, shirts | <input type="checkbox"/> Name brand sweaters | <input type="checkbox"/> Accessories, too |

BUY NOW, PAY NEXT JANUARY, FEBRUARY, MARCH

You can wear and enjoy your apparel now, pay one-third in January, one-third in February and one-third in March of 1971 . . . WITH NO SERVICE OR CARRYING CHARGE ADDED. Your account is already open!

YOUR STORE IN STYLE, PRICE AND TERMS



ON THE CAMPUS . . . NOTRE DAME