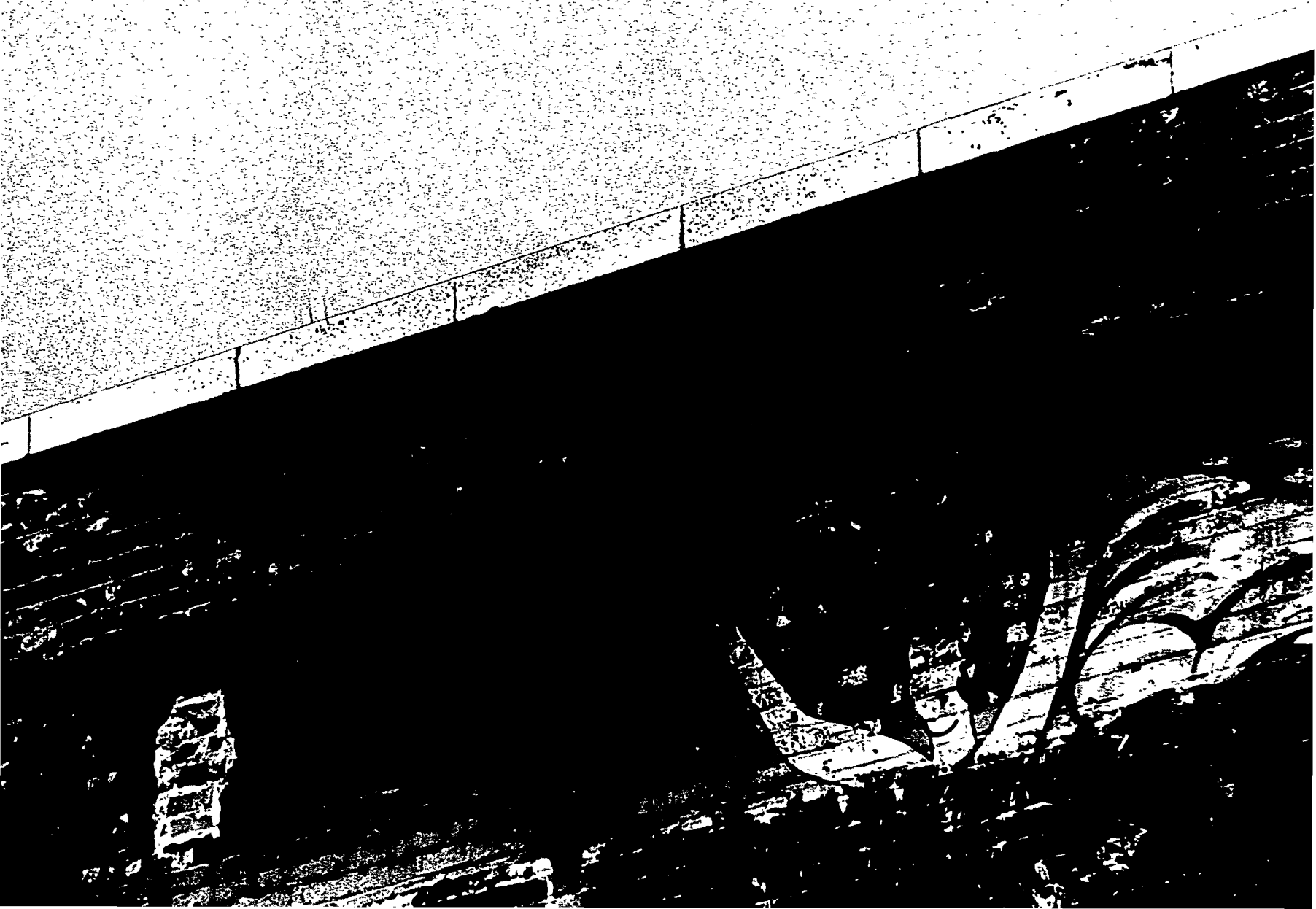


scholastic

november 6, 1970

**showdown at opelousas:
a melodrama in two acts**



Introducing the fastest ladies' shaver in the whole wide world.

You know those timid little ladylike shavers? Well, forget them. Because the big, all-new Lady Norelco 20L is here. And it's the world's fastest ladies' shaver.

It has the biggest shaving head of all the ladies' shavers.

The largest active cutting area. And an extra-thin shaving head to shave extra close and smooth.

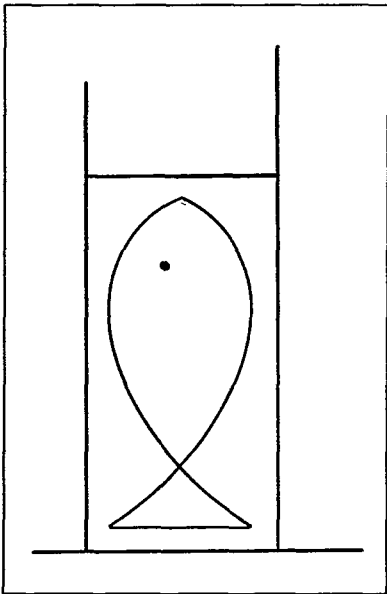
Which means you can shave your legs and underarms 40 to 50% faster than with any other ladies' shaver in the world.

The new Lady Norelco is a beautiful poppy red, and it comes in a shiny black case. And that makes it the fastest, prettiest ladies' shaver in the whole wide world.

The new Lady Norelco



Norelco® ©1970 North American Philips Corporation, 100 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017



letters	4
editorial	6
st. john's of the prairie/ <i>rory holscher</i>	7
markings	
god, man and urban studies/ <i>jim fanto</i>	8
gallumping gourmet/ <i>leo j. mulchahy</i>	10
week in distortion	11
showdown at opelousas/ <i>ernest bartell, c.s.c.</i>	12
ictus: on the hassle of staying alive/ <i>jim coburn</i> ..	17
arrowsmith: two-dimensional perspective/ <i>linas sidrys</i>	20
the sorcerer and his apprentice/ <i>john gerber, c.s.c.</i>	24
after the goldrush/ <i>john hurley</i>	28
coming distractions/ <i>tom gora</i>	31
who are those guys down on the field?/ <i>don kennedy</i>	32
last word	34

editor-in-chief: steven brion

art direction and photography: gary cosimini

managing editor: bill mitchell/ associate editor: carolyn gatz

assistant editors: steve dixon, jack fiala, rory holscher, john stupp,

bill wilka/ assistant managing editor: greg stidham

sports editor: don kennedy

business: howie sutton/ circulation: cliff zmick

public relations: jeff noonan/ faculty advisor: frank o'malley

staff: john banks-brooks, tom booker, tim burke, greg chinchar,

jim coburn, jim fanto, bob garvey, phil glotzbach, tom gora,

joe hotz, nick kiernan, dave kravetz, tom macken, mike mooney,

leo mulchahy, martin siravo, mary ellen stoltz, victoria vanpatten,

rick whately

business and circulation: joe leahy, ron hein, jack deschauer, marty zone

photography: jim hunt, michael lonier/ artists: kim kristoff, ginny maloof

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.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

NOTRE DAME • INDIANA • 46556

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH
(Area 219) 283-7461

To the Editor:

I am writing this letter to express my admiration of the beautiful, almost classical simplicity of Rick J. Moskowitz, A Republican Notre Dame Law Student.

With apologists like Rick J. Moskowitz, the repression doesn't need critics! Did you intend his letter on "Richard Roudebush, you are a cowardly heel." to serve as a textbook illustration of infantile ¹⁹⁷⁶ rism, or did it just turn out that way?

One of the things I like most about living in a time when the issues are so simple, is that writing letters to Editors also becomes very simple.

James J. McKenzie
Instructor - English Department

P.S. Concerning your NAME, I hope the rumors of a SCHOLASTIC coup d'état by Republican Notre Dame Law Students are unfounded. Would anyone read a magazine entitled The Roudebush? Your circulation would surely suffer.

Letters

Neither free nor gratis, but non-refundable!

To the Editor:

I read with some dismay the letter of October 23 from Mr. Cahill, the Business Manager of Athletics. He stated that our football tickets are given free of charge by the University for our personal use. It surprises me that a man of Mr. Cahill's position knows nothing of the reality of the situation.

Having heard of a similar response from another bureaucrat in the Athletic Department earlier in the year, I did a little investigating. From Father Jerome Wilson, C.S.C., the Vice-president of Business Affairs, I learned the following. The University, indeed, does not itemize a specific charge for football tickets on a student's bill; however, money is collected for tickets under the conspicuous heading, Miscellaneous Expenses. Many other expenses are included under the heading, but Fr. Wilson assured me that football tickets were among the expenses not itemized. The money collected is put into the general University fund and allocations are made to the various departments according to their requests. No amount is cut right off the top of a student's tuition and given directly to the Athletic Department, but one can be sure it gets there eventually.

Hopefully, the situation has been clarified sufficiently and students won't be duped into believing that the University is giving up the opportunity to collect on the approximately 7000 student seats in the stadium, I also hope that the athletic department will kindly speak the truth in the future and not continue their use of deceptive semantics.

Daniel P. Hyde
48 St. Edward's

THE SCHOLASTIC invites its readers to react favorably, unfavorably, with love or with malice—in any case, to write letters. Please send any and all such material to: the Editor, Notre Dame SCHOLASTIC, 4th Floor Student Center.

The slop Grace slung

To the Editor:

Re "Like King at a Klan Convention" was singularly short-sighted and superficial.

It seems that the audience's neanderthal behavior is the only thread by which you suspend your argument that Ti-Grace had something to say. Are we to assume that bad manners are a reasonable argument for Women's Liberation? I don't know which is more lamentable, those who have successfully galvanized their sensibilities or the slop that Grace was slinging throughout the evening.

I suggest that Ti-Grace could have saved a lot of time by simply coming onto the stage, stating her facts, then quickly departing. It would have been a lot more convincing. A lecture's purport is, supposedly, the addition of insight and knowledge to one's repertoire. Not this time! She had to put on an act, the star performer. The problem is that difficulties, inconsistencies, and injustices are not assuaged by ham actresses.

Listening attentively, I found not one logically developed argument for any of her positions. There are arguments, certainly, and rather persuasive ones. Too bad it wasn't a more fruitful evening.

Can you imagine Miss Atkinson as anyone more than a "Women's Lib" advocate? I doubt it. She has, with great facility, isolated herself from any constructive endeavor. Once a flicker of hope danced forth — when she said she cared about us, about people, about the human race. It was a grand illusion. She didn't care; she doesn't care. She seems completely devoid of any passion or compassion. Perhaps you didn't notice how she fashioned objects out of children, "the child as parasite," but need I remind you that children are human beings, and they deserve all the benefits and glories that accrue to that status, as do you, as does she, as do I? Moreover, one could feel her resentment of self, as she seemed to be flagellating her psyche all evening: "My body like a garage; one of those THINGS can grow inside *my* belly! My god! My god!" She had reduced herself to a something instead of being a someone.

Lastly, you overlooked her supercilious savagery, like the Goddess-of-Whatever-I-Say-is-Certain-Moral-Truth, had descended upon the unelected. We ask forgiveness, and they send us Grace. Her alleged moral superiority was hollow, boorish, and tasteless. She must be one of the many Willie Lomans in that chic world where the monomaniacal reign supreme. The merchants of style were selling her, it's too bad you didn't shop around. It's too bad.

John R. Olsen
Notre Dame Law School

Editorial

Egg On His Face

After getting showered with some eggs and rocks in California last week, President Nixon had this to say: "Violence in America today is not caused by the war, not caused by repression. There is no romantic ideal involved. Let's recognize them for what they are: Not romantic revolutionaries but the same thugs and hoodlums that have always plagued a good people."

Nixon's reaction was a predictable extension of shaky utilitarian political philosophy. Men have always tried to make sense of events, and one could hardly blame the President for seeking an understanding of the events at San Jose. But he has failed to let those events speak for themselves. Instead, he has tried to put them to use, his own political use.

It is a strange logic indeed that insists such an attack had no political overtones, but that it should be dealt with politically, i.e., by voting for conservative candidates.

Does Nixon really believe that those "thousand haters" in San Jose have in no way been motivated by his own national policies? Does he really believe political violence at home has no link to political violence in our name abroad. Does he really believe the cause of it all lies in "appeasement" of radicals?

Nixon's insistence that "there is no romantic ideal involved" will probably be debated on semantic grounds with little success. The lingering and more important

reality, to which Nixon seems blind, is the extent to which he has veiled military violence behind the drippy, flimsy garment of "romantic ideals." Thirteen thousand men have been killed and tens of thousands wounded in Vietnam in the 21 months Nixon has been in office. Why? The romantic ideal currently in vogue, following the logical demise of "self-determination," is "Vietnamization"—or "just peace."

Nixon's self-righteous wails against those who would do him violence resound comically, tragically against the human destruction he has continued to commission in Vietnam. That violence is certainly no more justified than the violence at San Jose. The professed motives in each instance fail to speak to the resulting behavior.

What the President fails to realize is that the people who stone him have long since concluded of this nation's leaders what he says of rock-throwers "Let's recognize them for what they are . . . the same thugs and hoodlums that have always plagued a good people." Nixon and the rock-throwers have much in common: both seek to justify their own violence by condemning the violence of others.

But Nixon finally has himself to blame for getting stoned. A man who does violence under the guise of "romantic ideals" can only expect the same from his opponents.

Rory Holscher

St. John's of the Prairie

St. John's of the Prairie, a parish church not much larger than a chapel, stands on a gentle hill overlooking the Little Maquokata River. It was built one hundred years ago by the German Catholic families who first settled the hilly, deep-forested country just across the Mississippi, and it has been maintained to serve the people who farm that country now.

It is, in many of its aspects, a miniature of the cathedrals which the settlers had known in their homelands. Most of the old houses in the area were built from the native lime and sandstones, but the church is made of whitened factory bricks, which must have been imported at considerable expense. The altar is elevated above the pews, and the ceiling is vaulted in the European fashion — the thing I recollect most distinctly about such churches is that candlelight or even electric lighting could never reach to the highest part of the ceiling, so that the deepest, most mysterious shadows were always unnaturally above us.

The settlers who built the church were farmers, and when they first entered the area in the fall of 1849, they agreed, sensibly, that it would be best for them to move further to the west: they felt that a better crop might be taken from the flatter western land, and also that the threat from wolves and other wild animals would be less there, since the animals could be easily seen and hunted down.

But suddenly they hated the thought of spending winter on land they did not expect to farm. They de-

cidated that instead of building shelters against the approaching weather, they would continue their journey immediately, even at the risk that an early blizzard might catch them defenseless, and that some would be killed.

I wonder sometimes how men of an agrarian tradition, indeed, men with families, could be possessed by such a raw impulse. I can suppose only that it was the newness of the country. At any rate, they were lucky, they did not leave: as they hurried to round together the oxen, which had been left free to graze on the wild grasses, one of the men fell down a wet hillside, breaking his leg. The dangers of travelling with a cripple were of course too great to be overlooked; they were forced to stay, and to endure the winter where they were. By the time the leg had healed, and spring had made the ground firm for traveling, their feelings about the place had changed unexplainably. Although they retained all of their doubts about the place, they had resolved, for reasons never elaborated, to settle there permanently.

The headstones in the cemetery are barely readable now, and its only adornment is a finely tooled iron crucifix about two feet tall. The crucifix is so weathered that most of the Christian characteristics, like the beard and the pathetic eyes, have been worn away, although the general form of the figure is still intact. The figure has his back to the graves and the dead, and is facing out across the river valley.

Markings

God, Man, and Urban Studies

The concept of an Institute for Urban Studies had been discussed several years prior to its actual formation in September of 1969. Last year was devoted to organization, to arranging all of the ideas and suggestions made to the Institute. It was discovered that most students who were interested desired work/study programs and internships in local community organizations. The Kennedy Institute urged that these programs have a significant impact on the communities and that the students be accredited for their work. The Urban Institute's program, after adopting these recommendations and receiving financial support from an IBM grant, was approved last spring by the Academic Council.

The Institute for Urban Studies is, simply, a liaison between the University and the local community. In order to fulfill this unique position, it has two main functions: it relates the resources of the University to the communities of which it is a part; and it gives students and faculty an opportunity to concentrate their disciplines on urban areas. The Institute gives the local community access to its faculty and students, whose assistance and knowledge can prove invaluable. Simultaneously, the students are situated so as to achieve an approach to a fundamental urban concern, and can maximize their participation in organizations working to cure it.

The problems, as articulated in the Institute's brochure, are diverse. Central among them is white racism, through which many urban institutions are molded to

conform with white middle-class values. The absence of employment and economic opportunities contributes to the explosion of poverty in many areas. Urbanization and the rapid increase in population make it imperative that physical planning take into account all aspects of community life, and be truly comprehensive and sensitive to human values.

Organizations primarily concerned with alleviating racial discrimination, assisting in community development and planning, educating minorities and adults, and working towards environmental control all sponsor internships and work/study programs. Although these organizations are local, many of them affiliated with national, state, and county governmental institutions. Foremost among these are the Urban Coalition, a Washington-based group seeking to bring together representative leadership from all segments of the community to address metropolitan problems, and the Model Cities Neighborhood Planning Agency, designed to ease urban poverty. Local business corporations, such as Bendix or Indiana Bell, are also involved in the work/study internship.

The nucleus for development of such programs will revolve around local organizations using students as interns with their staffs, board members, or neighborhood volunteers. These agencies, however, are flexible — enabling the individual student to develop his own program under their auspices. Undergraduates, for example, are eligible for the following opportunities: a double major (one in Urban Studies), a certificate for

18 hours in Urban Studies, or participation in the Urban Work/Study Intern Program. Graduate students may receive master's or doctoral degrees, citing an Urban Studies concentration; law students are eligible for work in the field also.

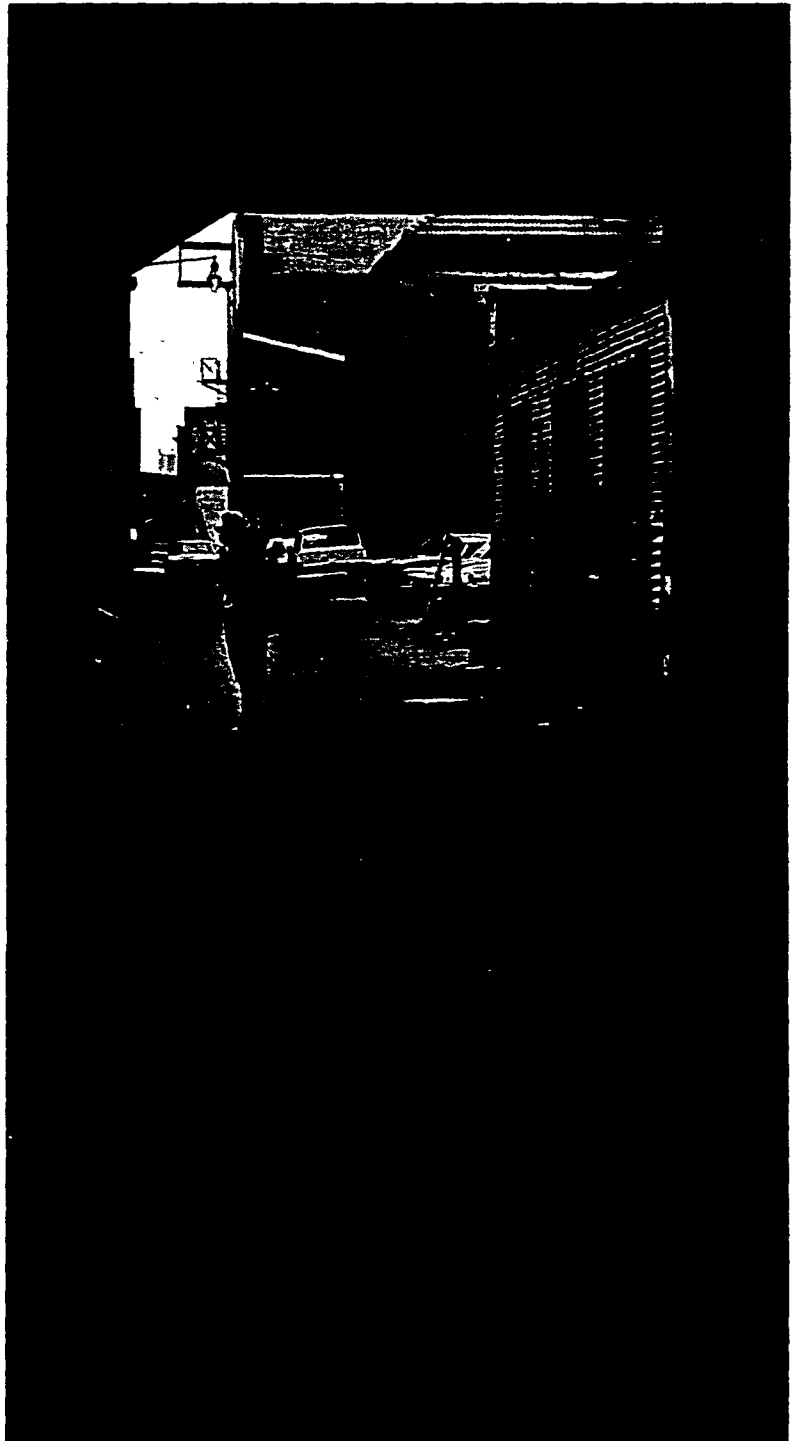
Interested students must, however, work out a program relating their internship with an academic field; the college department and advisor will then decide eligibility and number of credits. Each accepted student must, at the close of his internship semester, present a paper evaluating both the academic worth *and* the effectiveness of his organization in the fight against urban problems.

The new Institute for Urban Studies is by no means static, and its future plans are both exciting and feasible. It hopes to assist the foundation of a South Bend community center which will preserve the community's historical, governmental and economic records. Such an information pool might well provide public and individuals with the necessary data to begin any local problem.

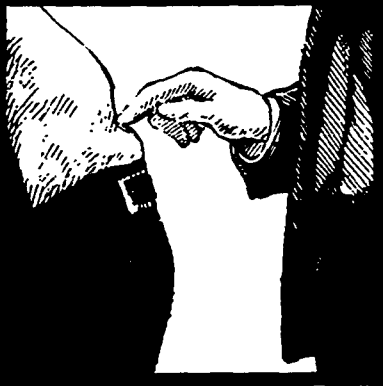
It is indeed a liaison between university and local community. But that does not imply it is a tool for exploitation of the university by the community, or vice-versa. They must grow in each other, in a symbiotic rather than a parasitic relationship. For the students involved in the Institute — whether through research or active organizational work — are first concerned about men and their collective destiny. Otherwise, why the Institute? And it realizes that its primary responsibility is to elicit this concern:

God, Man and the City, this is the most important aspect of urban studies. Communities are important because they are made by and of persons . . . because they are part of man's quest for the eternal. Unless the economic, functional and technological aspects of community life are seen in this light, they are distorted.

—*Jim Fanto*



the gallump ing gourmet



*Alfred's Bar (and Restaurant),
Lincolnway west, on the right
side, just a bit past the
obermannish cow on the way
to (but much closer than)
the airport.*

Whisking toward the airport, the scenery along Lincolnway West looks like the most innocuous thing going. It is not. The bland shops lining the street past the downtown area hold South Bend's remnants of a merchants' world different from the fierce competition of the downtown. For all of their paltry appearance, the smaller businesses offer an option to the sterile rat race of department stores and shopping centers. In a technological world, the brand of mercantilism found along Lincolnway is probably passé, but decidedly more interesting and just plain nicer than its swank progeny.

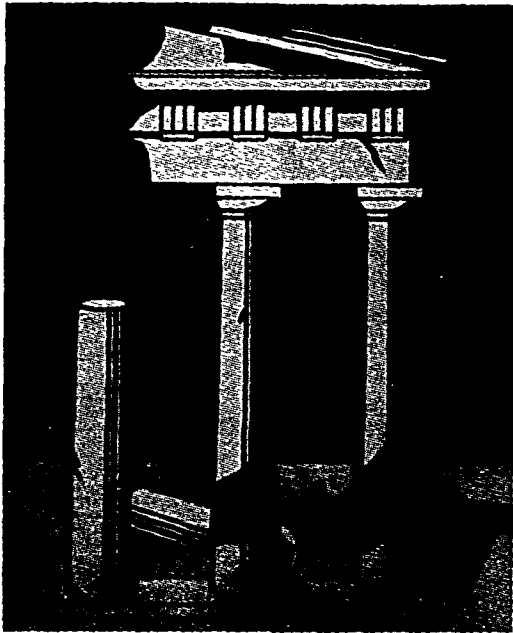
Along Lincolnway the lady who makes dolls has her shop, where she will teach the art of ceramics or dolls to anyone who buys supplies. And further down the street *Alfred's*, marked only by a tiny Pepsi sign. Booze and food are the merchandise, much like the bars that have grown out of Notre Dame's presence. But *Alfred's* is too far away to depend on student patronage for an identity. It's one of those places with conversations among the regulars that have probably gone on for years, a pool table that the same people occupy for hours. It's one of those places where *Alfred's* grandfather's portrait hangs over the bar, and crazy cheap murals occupy the walls. It's one of those bars where faces still register surprise when women walk in.

A real live Alfred reigns behind the bar, mostly drawing beer from the tap or pulling a cold bottle out of the kitchen refrigerator. But that fact doesn't hinder the shelves and a big wooden cabinet from displaying hundreds of mysterious bottles — most of them well-aged simply from neglect.

All of this scenic splendor — the pool table, the murals, the bar and its patrons — fades beside the magnificence of *Alfred's* food. Ah, the food. Delightfully wretched Hungarian goulash, the specialty of the house. Decidedly unhealthy, what with the excess of grease bubbles floating on top, but so wickedly good and so hot (the burning of tongues is a regular event, although the descent of them is not) and there's always so much of it. Sixty cents (sixty cents!) for a meal; or sixty cents plus the price of a hamburger, good, too, and looking more healthful. Dinners, full dinners, for a dollar or slightly over a dollar.

Alfred's is one of those places where you eat and you listen rather than talk. And you listen not to conversation but to tone, to mood. And you emerge relaxed, and sometimes even lulled. It is someone else's world; it belongs to the people who go there all the time. They'll let you come in, but the entrance of new people doesn't affect possession. Not in the least.

—Leo J. Mulcahy



The Week In Distortion

Flush on!

The latest movement among all the movements that have abounded in the last decade is, perhaps, the best movement of all the movements that have abounded in the last decade. That is: there is, at the University of Chicago a newly formed chapter entitled, "Committee for Violent Non-Action." To protest the world, the Committee called for mass action on a precisely designated date and hour. All violent non-activists simultaneously flushed the toilets in an undetermined number of bathrooms located around the city of Chicago. The power play involved was an at-

tempt on the part of the Committee to create a water shortage and make the Establishment quake in its boots. Or something like that.

One wonders why he didn't notice the lack of smog, the air so perfectly clear.

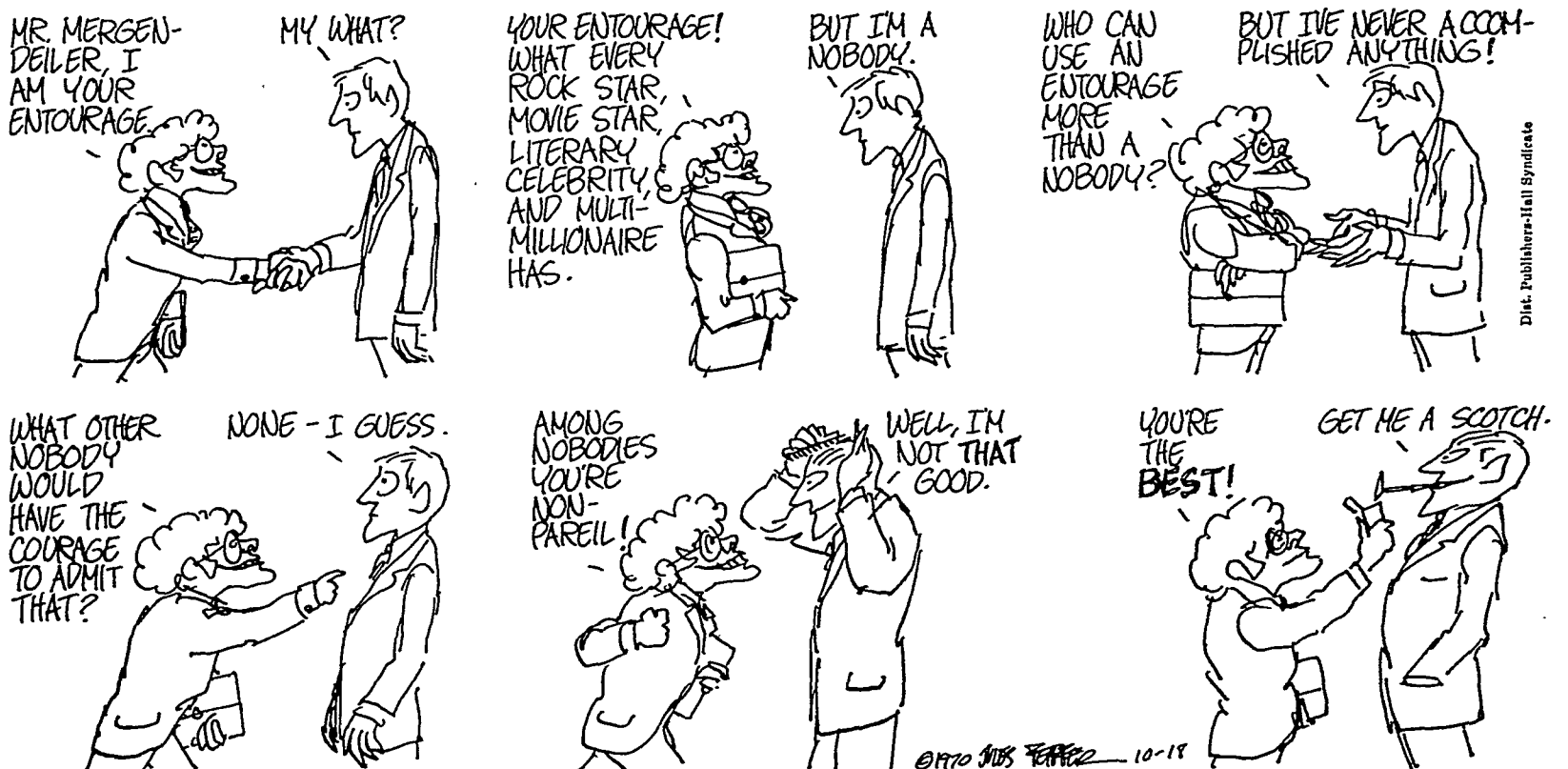
Further

President Nixon, last week campaigning for candidates in Indiana, told the audience at one stop how glad he was to be in that fine city of GARY, with its "wonderful and unique" people.

An aid whispered something in his ear, and Mr. Nixon immediately asked to be excused for lauding the people of Gary while in the "fine city" of Hammond.

Ripeness is all

Former Notre Dame football coach Frank Leahy lamented this past week the impatience of today's youth. "Too many youths," he said, "desire to lead before they've been taught to lead. Too many of them desire to teach before they learn how to teach. And some desire to retire before they've learned to work. Unfortunately, they are the only kind of fruit that rotted before it ripened."



Dist. Publishers-All Syndicate

ERNO LUBAC 10-18

showdown at opelousas:

*a
melodrama
in
two acts*

Act I: In which the Truth wins out

Only a few weeks ago, Father Ernest Bartell of Notre Dame's economics department traveled south to Opelousas, Louisiana. He went to testify for the plaintiffs in a desegregation suit against the local Catholic school.

He never got to testify. And though the plaintiffs won, they lost. Amidst all the confusion, the courtroom melodrama had all the characteristics of a confrontation between archetypes, a clash of clichés.

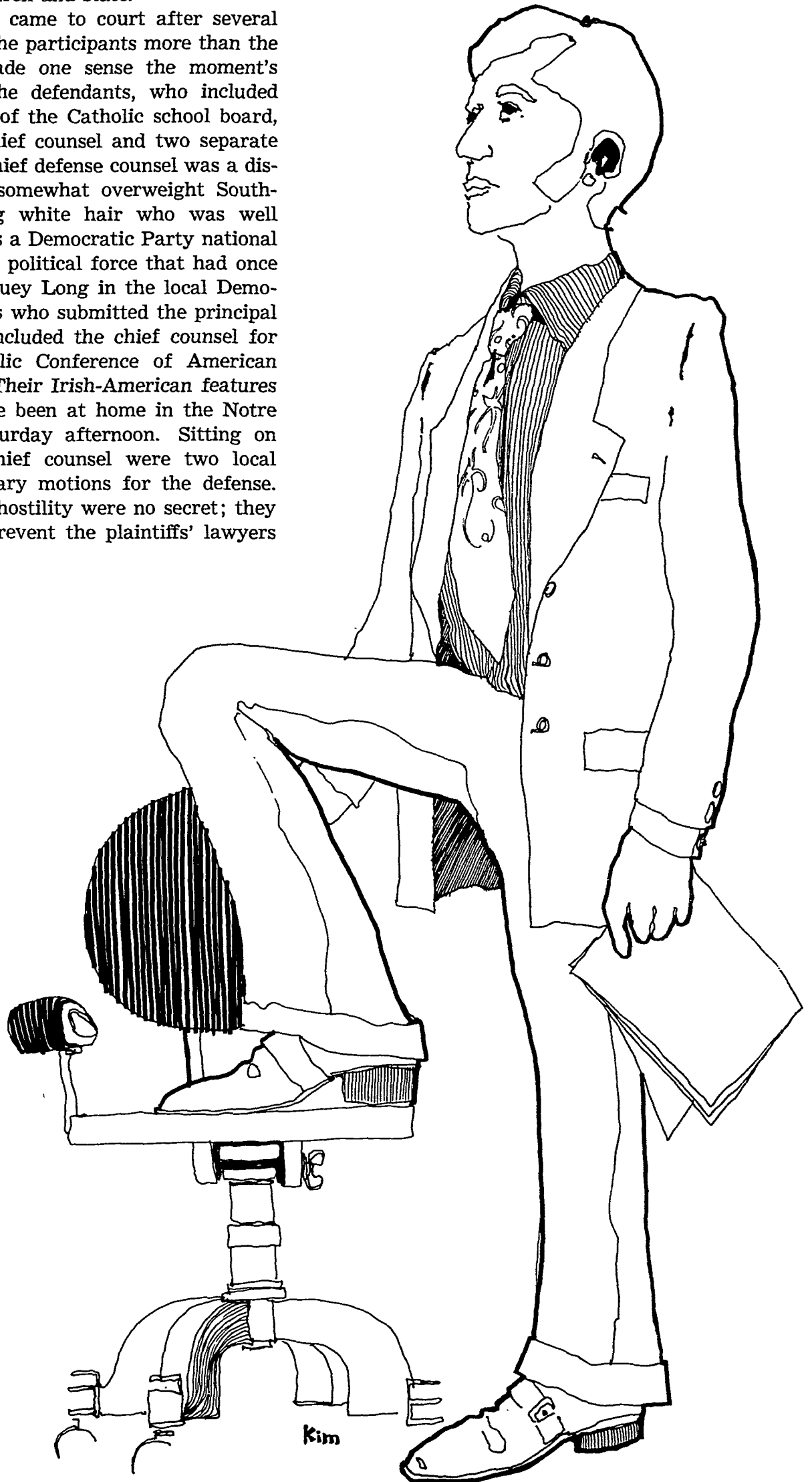
And yet it speaks strongly to those who would believe that the battle for equal education in the South has been won, or that the present national administration is living up to its promises instead of its political debts. For beneath all the laughter sits the bitterness expressed in a letter Father Bartell received later from the plaintiff's chief counsel. "I am very sorry," he wrote, "that the judge evaded the issue. I am most sorry for the inconvenience it caused you . . . and the other witnesses, but I am also sorry for the people of Opelousas who have again witnessed that the federal courts are not diligent in the protection of the rights of its black citizens."

IN the wake of recent civil-rights legislation, school desegregation cases have not been unusual in Southern federal courts. What was unusual about the case heard in the Federal Circuit Court of Opelousas, Louisiana, in October was the fact that the suit for desegregation was directed against the Catholic school board of the diocese of Lafayette, Louisiana. The suit was filed by a group of black Catholic citizens in Opelousas and the schools involved were a 12-year all-white Catholic School (The Academy of The Immaculate Conception) and a 12-year all-black Catholic School (Holy Ghost) — both located on the same property and separated only by an integrated Catholic cemetery.

Both schools serve the same geographical area and the economic status of the families they served did not differ as widely as might be expected. The physical facilities of both schools are excellent and quite comparable. In fact, Holy Ghost is considered something of a showplace among all-black Catholic schools in the South, having been dedicated personally by the apostolic delegate to the United States in the 1940's. Although nothing but race differentiated the enrollment

of the neighboring schools, the legal case for desegregation raised larger issues, including the quasi-public status of Catholic elementary and secondary schools, and the separation of Church and state.

When the case finally came to court after several months of delays it was the participants more than the issues, however, that made one sense the moment's historical importance. The defendants, who included the Bishop as a member of the Catholic school board, were represented by a chief counsel and two separate groups of lawyers. The chief defense counsel was a distinguished, middle-aged, somewhat overweight Southern gentleman with long white hair who was well known in the area both as a Democratic Party national committeeman and as the political force that had once ended the monopoly of Huey Long in the local Democratic Party. The lawyers who submitted the principal motion for the defense included the chief counsel for the United States Catholic Conference of American Bishops in Washington. Their Irish-American features and demeanor would have been at home in the Notre Dame Stadium on a Saturday afternoon. Sitting on the other side of the chief counsel were two local lawyers with supplementary motions for the defense. Their aggressiveness and hostility were no secret; they had physically tried to prevent the plaintiffs' lawyers



and witnesses from visiting Immaculate Conception Academy on the day preceding the trial, something to which the plaintiffs' representatives were apparently legally entitled.

The chief counsel for the plaintiffs was a tall, quiet lawyer from the Harvard Law School, director of the Harvard Institute of Law and Education. He was assisted by two younger lawyers from Harvard, another young lawyer from Washington, D.C., with shoulder-length hair and wire-rimmed glasses and two priest-lawyers, a Dominican and a Jesuit. The bright shirts and ties of the two priest-lawyers, their long hair and the pair of wire-rimmed glasses worn by one, contrasted noticeably with the appearance of their professional and clerical colleagues in the courtroom.

THE defendants were represented principally by the superintendent of Catholic schools — a dapper, heavily scented youngish monsignor with wavy hair, cool blue eyes and a dimpled smile. While standing off to one side in his monsignorial cassock during the confrontation at Immaculate Conception School the day before, he had never lost his cool, delicate smile. He spoke freely and smoothly about the distinguished family heritage and about the need for more youthful episcopal leadership in the diocese. (The word I'd like to use here for "smoothly" is really "unctiously," but

that may be a little too much.) The pastor of the white parish, who is responsible for the finance and operation of Immaculation Conception, was an elderly white monsignor wearing thick cataract lenses, who seldom spoke with anyone.

The school itself was represented by its two principals, aged, expressionless Marianite Sisters of the Holy Cross, squarish and somewhat formidable in their traditional black habits. Also in attendance were the town banker, one or two other town businessmen and one distinguished silk-suited gentleman who was later revealed to be the largest landowner in the area. This group was joined later by four younger crew-cut gentlemen with open sport shirts — a crew which looked like it might have stepped from a pick-up truck complete with rifles in the cab.

The plaintiffs had been chosen from a large group of volunteers and as a group appeared highly respectable, conservatively dressed and soft-spoken. The principal of the black school was a relatively young, slim black nun from a local order; she was accompanied by the other black nuns from the staff, all of them dressed in simple blue dresses and small head coverings. Two "expert witnesses," an educator and an economist, had been called in to offer evidence on such matters as the dependence of the schools on public support and the economic and educational feasibility of desegregation. Although the judge had demanded that all witnesses be present, it turned out that they were not allowed even to testify.

The judge turned out to be an articulate Southern jurist who alternately concealed and revealed his brilliance hidden behind a slow-moving Johnsonian drawl and mannerism. He had agreed to hear first the principal motion of the defendants to stay judgment until next September, since they had already agreed to ultimate desegregation. But for the plaintiffs, a decision to stay would be a defeat, since it was widely known that white Catholic parents were busily trying to raise \$70,000 to build a private Catholic school by next fall.

The judge quickly set a dramatic tone by vigorously interrogating the principals' defense attorney from the Bishops' Conference while responding to the latter's motion to stay judgment. It was quickly evident that the judge had done his homework, and the defense lawyer was frequently embarrassed by the magistrate's questions and criticisms. Finally the attorney began repeatedly to thank His Honor and attempted to sit down. Each time, however, His Honor would lean back, perpetually cleaning his glasses, and request that the attorney please remain standing for just one or two more questions — which invariably were more like the thrusts of a prosecuting attorney. The defense attorney offered several grounds for delaying desegregation until Fall, 1971. But each of his arguments was effectually demolished by the judge himself. Although this performance delighted the friends of the plaintiffs, their chief counsel was disturbed and suspicious during the first recess.

Artwork by Kim Kristoff



WITH the local Southern lawyers the judge was flippant and almost contemptuous; they had entered additional motions to have the case dismissed entirely. One of the motives rested on a legalistic claim that the plaintiffs had sued the wrong parties, since the Catholic Church and the bishops held title to the property, not the Catholic School Board. The plaintiffs had, in fact, deliberately avoided filing suit against the Bishop directly as a matter of discreet courtesy.

The judge apparently took pains to embarrass or refute the defense attorney's statements. At one point, when the local Southern lawyer had completed his presentation of one of a series of motions and had begun to return to his seat, he was queried by the bench concerning his reason for being seated. He answered that he wished to give his opponents an opportunity to answer his first motion. The judge promptly advised him that the bench was certain the plaintiff's attorney was capable of rebutting all of the defense attorney's motions at one time. The snicker in the courtroom was spontaneous but uncomfortable.

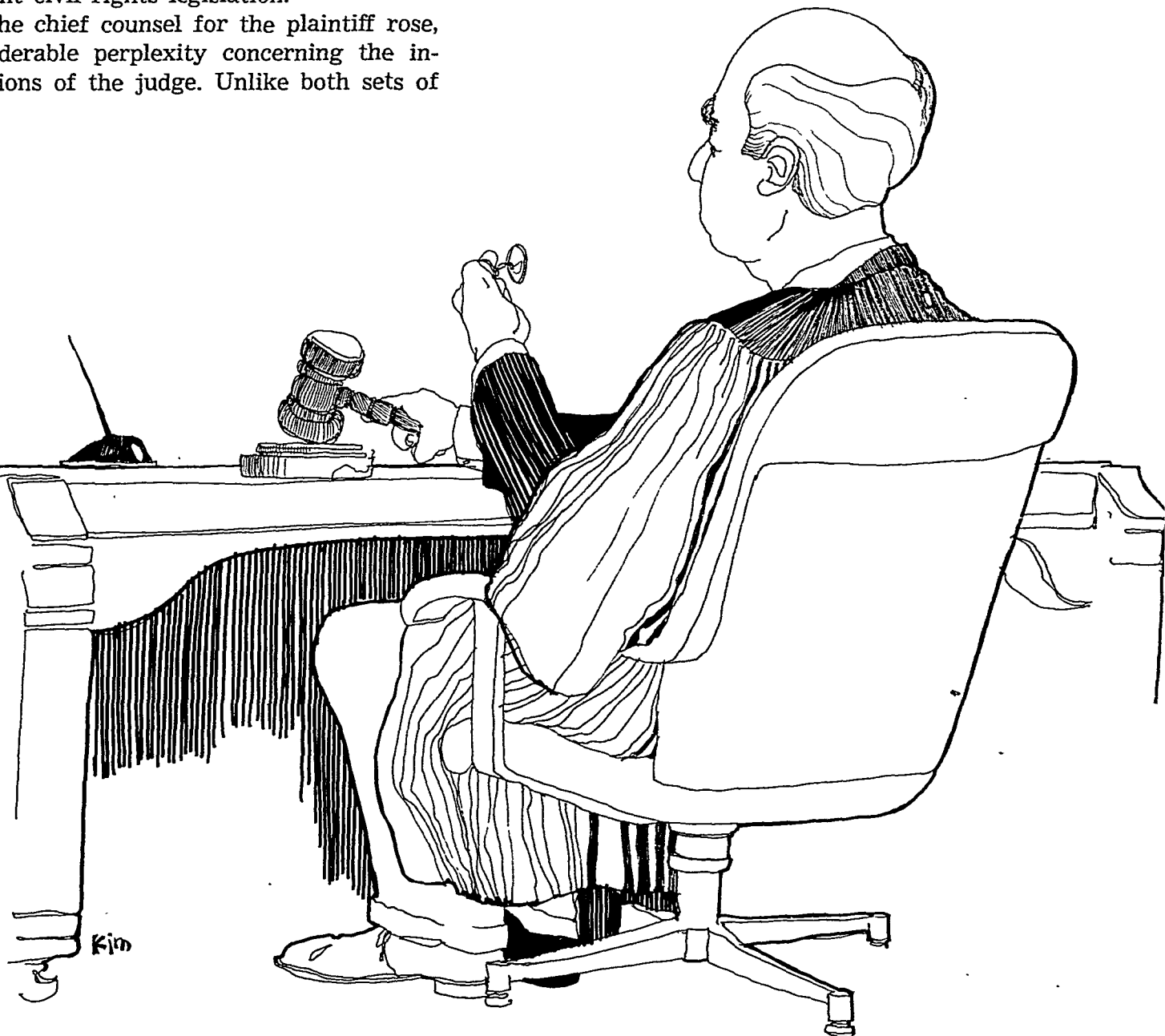
At another point, one of the local lawyers cited a decision made in an earlier civil rights case, and was almost immediately stopped short by the judge, who began to read from the exact paragraph of the decision containing the attorney's quote. It was obvious that the quote had been entirely out of context. Before the local attorneys completed their motions for dismissal, the judge had made it clear to everyone in the courtroom that he knew all the relevant law on the subject, particularly recent civil rights legislation.

By the time the chief counsel for the plaintiff rose, there was considerable perplexity concerning the intentions and actions of the judge. Unlike both sets of

lawyers for the defense, the plaintiffs' counsel spoke slowly, deliberately and in carefully measured respectful tones. The judge responded in kind, and for a while the low-keyed exchanges between the Harvard lawyer and the Southern judge had all the tension and (lack of) visible reaction normally seen in an Indian wrestling match.

The attorneys for the plaintiff had prepared their case carefully, and the judge was once or twice visibly surprised when he found himself cornered or prevented from following a line of reasoning which might have led to a clear judgment for the defense. At these moments, he would simply employ an administrative tactic of impassive silence and then proceed along a different line of thought — despite the best efforts of the plaintiff's attorney to stop him. The judge seldom attempted to rebut or refute any of the points made by the Harvard attorneys. However, he refused to concede that any evidence or testimony need be introduced in response to the stay motion, since it was presumably a matter to be settled in law rather than fact. All this despite his agreement with the plaintiff's contention that the argument used by the defense were in fact factual and called for evidence and testimony in response.

Gradually, the tension began to diminish and the suspicion began to grow in some minds that the script for this particular melodrama had been completed before the show went on.



Act II: *In which the truth wins Out*

IN fact, after six hours of argument the judge took a five-minute recess and returned to render a lengthy and detailed verdict. Ignoring his own demolition of the defense arguments in favor of the principle motion (to stay judgment), he finally granted what the defense wanted. And that not because of the arguments presented by the defense attorneys, but for reasons chosen by his honor himself. As he explained, there was at present a case before the Louisiana Supreme Court to test the constitutionality of new state legislation for financial aid to Catholic schools. He expressed confidence that the decision in that case would assist a final decision in this one.

At the same time, he rejected all motions made by the local defense lawyers to dismiss the case, and affirmed his own jurisdiction despite the Catholic Church's implication in it. In fact, he acknowledged that the Bishop indeed owned the school property and advised the plaintiffs' attorneys to include the Catholic Church, the diocese, and the Bishop as such in any further action. He thereby served warning to the defense that desegregation would take place or be settled soon in a clear church-state confrontation. He directed his own clerk to secure from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare an administration statement stating its satisfaction with the diocesan compliance to HEW regulations concerning desegregation as a prerequisite for eligibility for federal aid. This was matter that had been raised by the plaintiff earlier. The judge had, however, agreed earlier with the plaintiffs' attorney that such administrative judgment was not *required* for legal judgment in school desegregation cases. The plaintiffs found no consolation in a realization that, given the present psychology in motivating the national administration, the information requested might be long in coming.

THE decisions were rendered in a language and tone that made them seem eminently equitable, particularly after the judge had impressed all with his knowledge of the law. The plaintiffs had not lost their case, but it was clear that they might well lose their cause. The judge ended by pointing out that before the case would come up again, he himself would be retired and a new judge would take over the hearings. The chief counsel for the plaintiffs requested and was granted permission to query the judge concerning the exact meanings of his decisions, and proceeded with considerable tact to restate those decisions in simple and clear-cut terms that made the implications of delay obvious to all. When asked by the attorney whether or not his own interpretations were correct, His Honor could only answer yes.

A revolutionary might have screamed "Fraud!" at this point. One of the attorneys, however, said afterward, "As an attorney I believe that the legal system is the best means to resolve many of the conflicts which divide our society, but my faith is shaken continually by such unforthright conduct as the judge's granting the motion to stay the proceedings. I can best describe the judge by saying 'the judge is chicken.'"

Nevertheless, an appeal is being prepared and the Louisiana Supreme Court has unintentionally been of help with an exceptionally speedy decision in the constitutional case to which the judge referred. The reputation of the Southern judicial system and the Southern Catholic Church may still be at stake.

Ernest Bartell

ictus:

on the hassle of staying alive

Ictus: the symbol of the early church. The fish: on a path as formless and free as the ocean. The magazine: a difficult synthesis of historical validity and natural definition. The juxtaposition of symbols has created an entity out of the minds of students determined to reach, grasp, shape the idea of non-violence "not merely to throw out concepts, but to try to suggest direction and goals, to ferment personal consciousness." (statement of purpose on title page.)

ICTUS was originally the result of the teamwork between three second-year students from a philosophy course which I offered the second semester of the last academic year. It must be said first of all that this course was an experiment. The rationale behind this kind of experimentation was a personal crisis of the American higher learning." (Mario Corradi)

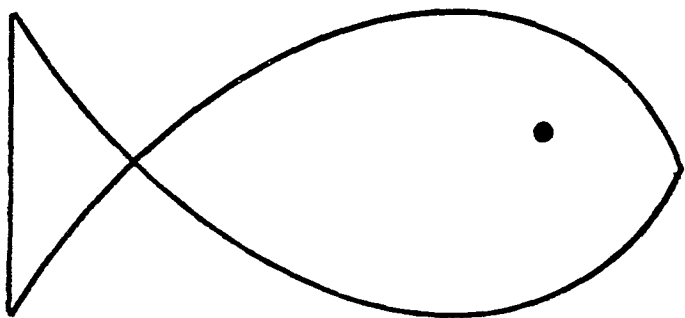
The Institute on Non-Violence was founded and funded in the spring of 1969 by a grant from the Gulf Oil Company; Father Hesburgh solicited it in response to a group of students. The germ was cultivated in the disruptively political climate of the Pornography Conference and the DOW-CIA demonstration and, organization was hastily established to draw off some of the explosiveness of that spring. Professor Charles McCarthy was named Director. Other people were approached: Jim Douglas was recruited as full-time staff. Arrangements were made with other departments for part-time seminar leaders, and non-violence emerged in the University.

As for me, within the limits of a four-month philosophy course and the handicap of the requirement, I myself tried an experiment. I asked for student participation in the shaping of the course on an equal basis; and so together we attempted an understanding of the relationship between the individual and society in the post-Hegelian philosophical inquiry. With my, and their, satisfaction the experiment became a true intellectual adventure. We brought academia into our very world and philosophy became the critical eye of reality. (Mario Corradi)

The conception of the Institute was marred by bureaucratic ineptitude: the program became the bastard child of the University, without departmental affiliation, tenuous faculty arrangements, and accrediting and approval handled through the College of Arts and Letters. Conflicts developed; it was unclear where the immediate responsibility for operation lay. Since Father Hesburgh had originally procured the grant, the Institute had nested under the Golden Dome almost by default. The status of the program had to be changed; last spring, through a series of meetings with the Arts and Letters College council and at other levels, the Institute was aligned with the College of Arts and Letters along with the other administratively similar programs: Black Studies, Urban Study Program, and the American Studies Program.

Along with this change, Father Maurice Amen replaced Charles McCarthy as director of the Institute. Father Amen continued the policies that McCarthy

ictus: the symbol of the early church



the magazine:
a transition from . . .

had established: the thrust of the academic program was a contemplative understanding of the Gandhian life-style, that is, commitment to action could not be made without a thorough examination of self. Other priorities were set up: the speaker program, the Thomas Merton House in South Bend (which is working with the local community), a ten-week program last summer at Mount Savior Monastery in New York State. There is enough money to finish this year and begin the next; more grants are being explored.

That inquiry gave us new exciting insights, but at the same time led us toward an agonizing moral dilemma. Toward the end of the course it seemed that, in dealing with a world whose basic structures we had understood to be exploitation, repression, and violence, no other alternative was left except a revolution. We saw the Western world engaged in a "happy mutual robbery" and the Cartesian man "manipulated, packed, commercialized, and sold"; we faced the perversion of "being" into "having"; we unmasked the pervasive, hidden violence against the dignity of the human person perpetrated in the factory, the church, the family, and the university and for a moment we thought that the chain of violence could be broken only through violence. But we listened to the lesson of history and we saw no positive outlet in violence and no future in the "criticism of the arms." So we decided to explore a last option, non-violence. In it we found an answer.

The idea of non-violence fascinated and conquered my students. Three of them, John O'Reilly, Dennis Lundy, and Michael Feeny, decided to explore more

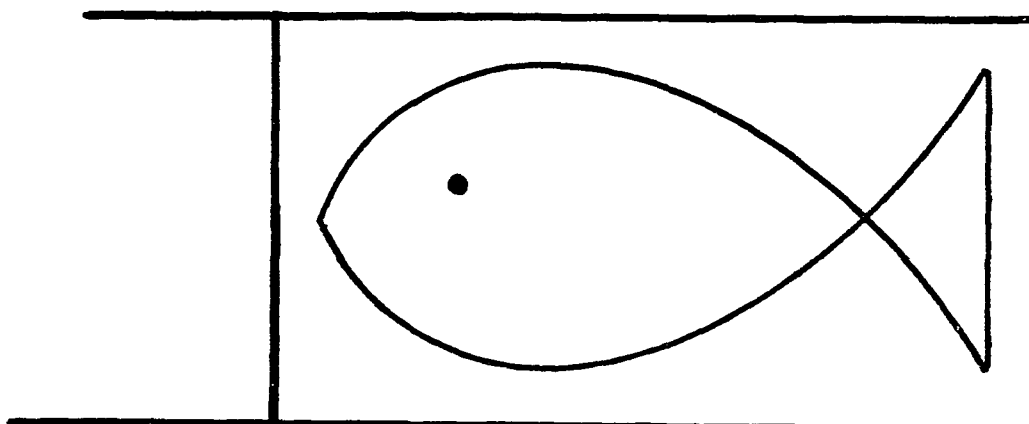
deeply the implications of non-violence philosophy through a series of short essays rather than through the usual term papers. What came out of their effort was something that looked like a magazine. (Mario Corradi)

ICTUS, confronted by the Institute's steering committee in the fall of 1969, proposed a rationale linking it to the Institute as semi-autonomous. This position caused problems: why should the editors (only one of whom had any official connection to the program) publish from a limited budget without more direct supervision? How much should the magazine cost to print? Why couldn't they sell it? And who would be responsible for editorial blunders? A compromise was accepted: an advisory board composed of Institute's Director, Bill Mitchell, Mike Kovacevich, and the three editors, assume the responsibility of publishing.

The first issue appeared in January of 1970. It was substantially a reprint of the articles gathered by Corradi; this series had first appeared at the graduation last spring when, using their own money, the editors had put out a 32-page mimeograph to distribute to the seniors and the audience. The magazine worked well; it was a forum for some literary fables and critical analysis — without particularly offending anyone (excepting the introduction by Corradi—added in January and containing a directed criticism of Notre Dame as an educational institution).

The next two issues — to appear in March and May — were designed for thematic continuity. However, the strike upset their plans for a motif and the

the fish: on a path as free as the ocean



... a sophomore class paper
to an incisive commentary

May issue took on new directions of sex and violence. The time was of moral frustration and political maneuvering: it was natural ICTUS would move away from the reflective to a more deliberate and directed position. Such articles as "Dandelion" by John O'Reilly and "Of Gandhi and Lorca"—poems by Steve Brion maintained the previous stand; but the inclusion of Dr. Nutting's "We" and Michael Feeney's letter to his draft board represented a new thrust calculated toward a definite bias. This antagonized some people, and others felt that the editors had gone beyond their original rationale for a contemplative forum. Somewhere in the upper echelons of the Administration the decision was made not to authorize use of the Non-violence Institute's name to continue ICTUS for the next year.

This decision was included in a letter transferring the order of business to the College of Arts and Letters: unfortunately the five editors (by this time John Dwyer and Michael Fallon had joined the staff) were not told of its demise. Nor was anyone else in the Institute told: the requisition of money stopped at Dean Crosson, and started the bureaucratic run-around. Finally, the editors saw Father Burtchaell who gave limited approval — and sent it back to the steering committee. A temporary solution was reached: they would publish one issue which would be evaluated by Father. Amen, who could then continue ICTUS or drop it entirely as a lower order priority. That issue is to come out in the next two weeks.

"But whatever the outcome, once we have taken up anew this road to freedom we will no longer be able to hide behind the canard of accommodations: But

after all, who am I to decide? Once again, if we have forgotten, these men are here to remind us of the ageold truth that it is our glory as men to be able to reflect and to decide. It belongs to us to sift evidence with our critical powers, and to allow the convictions which well up to take over our vital processes until — I'm all there: HERE, standing behind, standing for, embodying what I say."

David Burrell, C.S.C.

ICTUS and the Institute on Non-Violence have merged: the touching is a tenuous product of the spirit of nonviolence — to offer other people the moment to create a new order of peace. But this moment is shaky; the questions that they first confronted have not been answered and the project is becoming a chore. The editors must continue the fine distinction of being sponsored by the Institute while retaining the editorial independence and flexibility they need to function on any issue. They must counter any personal dominance with new people; yet their experience must direct the future of the magazine. The first issue this year will be crucial, not only in relation to the immediate sense (continued existence), but as a transition from a sophomore class paper to an incisive commentary.

"We are the unwilling. / Led by the unqualified / Doing the unnecessary / For the ungrateful." (Inscription on the helmet of a Green Beret — last page of ICTUS: May, 1970.)

jim coburn

perspectives

arrowsmith: two-dimensional perspective

linas sidrys

The large attendance at Professor William Arrowsmith's lecture and the great attention shown to his ideas are complimentary both to the lecture and to the intellectual curiosity of the student body. However, whereas the content of his talk is generally acknowledged to be of extreme significance and particular relevance at the present time, the solutions he proposed to the problems of education and society must be questioned. We should consider the completeness and effectiveness of his suggestions, especially in terms of how they pertain to a Catholic university.

Professor Arrowsmith's synopsis of the problem of education in America is probably acceptable to anyone who has traversed the "wasteland from the primary level to the most prestigious universities and colleges" with more than just semiconsciousness. The educational system not only fails in its primary duties by producing "mass illiteracy," isolating and repressing curiosity, but is also racist and culturally deterministic. It fails to offer any moral or spiritual direction and, ultimately, it is spiritually deadening.

These wrongs of our educational system are not self-contained. Professor Arrowsmith feels that they are symptoms of even deeper illnesses in our American society. He developed this idea by contrasting the attitudes of American society, which basically have not progressed since the Indian days, with those of the

American Indian and pre-Socratic cultures. The Indian encountered and recognized forces beyond himself, forces manifest in the earth and communicated by dreams. This formed the basis of his wisdom. On the other hand, the white man does not recognize any power beyond his own. All things become valuable only to the extent of their use to him. Our present American society is thus based on this glorification of the individual, of his egoism. Paradoxically, this *hubris*, by destroying the spirit, leads to a mass culture and a mass man.

His conclusion thus follows: we must see the nobility and the possibilities offered to us by the wisdom of the Indian peoples. However, there is a basic difference between us, now that the family and religion have lost their influence on us. Also, our government lacks political leadership and vision — leaving only the university as a potentially effective force. The university must reject its narrow professionalism and become the place for spiritual and moral development. He then proceeded to give some concrete proposals.

William Arrowsmith's ideas and plans thus arise from the realization that a fundamental quality is missing in American society. He feels that this quality was present in the Indian and pre-Socratic cultures, and that it is responsible for the ultimate difference in the cultural orientation. Thus it is important to find

exactly what value enabled the "primitive" man to condemn in such a confident and noble manner our materialism and egoism and to determine its source.

One aspect of this value has already been noted: that of acknowledging the existence of a force above one's own. This implies a recognition of the superiority of this force, a dependence on it, and leads to the feeling of reverence for it. This feeling is nothing more than the reverence a child feels for his father; the feeling of reverence which led to ancestor worship and the embodiment of natural objects, such as the earth, with parental qualities. It springs from the unconscious, being a fundamental quality of man's spirit. This feeling may become highly complex and include love, submission to an exalted and mysterious superior, dependence, fear, gratitude, hope for the future, and other elements. When these feelings are abstracted by reason from their historical manifestations, it constitutes what one may call a "natural religion."

We acknowledge this fundamental principle when we feel the nobility in the primitive peoples' loyal devotion to their nations' gods. Even now, we ourselves are impressed and fascinated by the ancient Greek and Roman myths, responding to the archetypal spirit. However, notwithstanding this appeal to our subconscious, we are restrained by our reason, which tells us that this reversal is misapplied. The Swedes remember Odin, and the Lithuanians the thunder-god Percunas, but none advocates a return to their worship. From this, one realizes that natural religion is an inseparable part of the law "in our hearts." By observing the actions of those who have repressed this law, we also come to realize that a rational fulfillment of the other demands of morality is impossible without it.

Professor Arrowsmith, after admiring a manifestation of this fundamental principle in the American Indian, turns to seek its source in the historical forms of society. Whereas others, in a logical thought progression have then turned to nature and the tribal unit as a means to moral and spiritual growth, Dr. Arrowsmith does not even consider this possibility. As he has already rejected our present individualistic, po-

litically based structure as inadequate, he can only propose the university as the potential means for spiritual regeneration.

This proposal is obviously incomplete and impractical. The solution does not spring from a true awareness of the problem and its causes, but resembles a frantic grasp at a hoped-for possibility. It should be evident that a moral and spiritual problem cannot be solved by a physical, organizational solution. A better organization can develop the conditions necessary for spiritual growth, but it cannot, in itself, develop the spirit. It cannot show us the spiritual ideal for which we should individually and collectively strive, it cannot show us the necessity of this ideal, nor can it give concrete means by which to attain this virtue.

Another objection to the proposal is the immense and radical demands placed upon the university merely by its attempting to provide an environment favorable for spiritual growth. In the past, a secular university did not even consider this imperative, because this was not its role in society. Its function was, and is, strictly the pursuit of academic excellence, an excellence determined by an empirical and positivistic yardstick. One cannot expect a radical reorientation of this direction from the professors, because they themselves are the ones who have restricted the university's function. After all, for most men in our society, the most comfortable and easiest thing is to deal only with the empirical familiarities of their profession — and sometimes even this effort is beyond their willingness. The personal contact needed for teaching compassion, initiative, and spiritual energy is usually impractical, impossible or just unwanted.

Neither can one expect a radical reorientation from the students. We have also been inculcated with the "unvalues" of *hubris* and egoism, by American society and our previous education, and we share the attitudes of our professors. Each of us has ingrained in himself the thought that he will soon be entering this outside society, where the only thing that matters is how much you produce; where each will fight (every other) for his own part of the production. The cor-

rosive egoism which affirms that one can "do it alone and in your own way" in material and spiritual matters leads to loneliness and spiritual death. It is the pride which each develops in the attempt at autonomy, the will to be one's own master, which destroys the recognition of a higher power. The self-sufficient man who tries to master his little part of the world cannot feel a reverence for his Creator; he cannot even love the world. Instead of the stewardship which the Indian felt, the present American uses the earth and other men for his own power, pleasure, and profit.

The ultimate solution to the entire problem can only come from outside of ourselves. We must, like the Indian, recognize the existence of powers greater than ourselves. To think that we can renew ourselves would be to increase even more in *hubris*. A spiritual regeneration requires a moral imperative, and spiritual means. Thomas Merton had the same problem in mind, and a more comprehensive and realistic solution to it, when he wrote in *Conjectures of a Guilty Bystander*:

We understand what it might mean to transform the world by political principles spiritualized by the Gospel. It is an attempt to elevate man, whether professedly Christian or not, to a level consonant with his dignity as a son of God, redeemed by Christ, liberated from the powers that keep him in subjection, the old dark gods of war, lust, power and greed.

Christianity sets a moral imperative of transforming the world, of regenerating all of our individual and social environments in the spirit of Christ. This imperative is familiar to all Christians and requires no elaboration. What does require an incessant repeating is the necessity that we grasp this truth in its full scope, with a full consciousness of its meaning. Attaining this consciousness requires that we change from a two-dimensional attitude to a three-dimensional perspective — that we be elevated to a new understanding. It also indicates that we cannot improve unless society is improved, for society is the inner fulfillment of the individual. The development of mo-

rality or the realization of the good is only possible for the individual in a social environment and through interaction with it.

Professor Arrowsmith realized the necessity of an institution capable of fusing the powers of intelligence and conscience, a place for contemplation and action. The Indians realized the primary importance of the "... God who walked and talked with the white man as friend with friend." These insights seem to indicate that the potential for the true means to America's spiritual regeneration is uniquely latent at Notre Dame, a community which can fully combine the society of the university and the spirituality of the Church.



Linas Sidrys is a sophomore majoring in science pre-med. He comes from Streator, Ill.

Each week the SCHOLASTIC will make this column available to a member of the University community to explore and comment upon any issues of general interest to the Notre Dame-St. Mary's community. Views expressed here do not necessarily reflect the editorial policy of the SCHOLASTIC.

Students — Europe for Christmas, Easter, or summer? Employment opportunities, charter flights, discounts. Write for information (air mail)

Anglo America Association
60a Pyle Street
Newport I.W., England

Seek Campus Reps — Cars in Europe
Students & campus organizations to represent U.S. firm for rental and purchase of tax free cars in Europe for students and faculty. Earn flat fee. Substantial bonus earnings plan also available. For application write: Dir. Student-Faculty Programs, Car-Tours in Europe, 555 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10017.

Chemical Manufacturing

Rohm and Haas Company

Plastics, Fibers, Pharmaceuticals,
and Chemicals for Agriculture,
and the Processing Industries.

Will Interview on

NOVEMBER 16, 1970

For positions of responsibility,
diversity and strong future
advancement possibilities.

**RESEARCH, ENGINEERING, PRODUCTION,
TECHNICAL SALES, FINANCE.**

Philadelphia headquarters. Plants and Offices throughout
the U.S. and in 33 foreign countries.



smc girls
interested in
scholastic
subscriptions

\$2.00
per annum

contact
mary leahy (4143)
box 465
st. mary's college
notre dame, ind.
46556

The Sorcerer and His Apprentice:

All
Paths
Lead
Nowhere

John
Gerber,
CSC



'Would you teach me about peyote, don Juan?'
'Why would you like to undertake such learning?'
'I really would like to know about it. Is not just
to want to know a good reason?'

'No. You must search in your heart and find out
why a young man like you wants to undertake such
a task of learning.'

* * * * *

'Will you teach me, then?'

'No!'

"Is it because I am not an Indian?"

'No. It is because you don't know your heart.
What is important is that you know exactly why
you want to involve yourself. Learning about
"Mescalito" is a most serious act. If you were an
Indian your desire alone would be sufficient. Very
few Indians have such a desire.'

Carlos Castañeda

DON JUAN is a Yaqui (Pima) Indian from Sonora, Mexico; a *diablero*, *brujo* or "sorcerer" in the ordinary terminology of his own people; in his middle and later years, according to his own statement and preference, a "man of knowledge." On the evidence of *The Teachings of Don Juan*, he is a true *guru*, a "wise man," a master of the inner way.

When Carlos Castañeda, the young South American author of this firsthand narrative, met him, don Juan was living among his fellow Pimas in Arizona. Castañeda, then a graduate student in anthropology at UCLA, had begun research "to collect information on the medicinal plants used by the Indians of the area." After a year's acquaintance with the younger man, a year during which Castañeda's "scientific investigation was forgotten or at least redirected into channels that were worlds apart from my original intention," the old Indian took him into his confidence: "I have secrets I won't be able to reveal to anyone unless I find my chosen man. The other night . . . it was clear to me you were that man. But you are not an Indian. How baffling!"

Castañeda becomes an "apprentice" in the Yaqui way of knowledge, the one disciple to whom don Juan is to pass on his "knowledge," as his own teacher or "benefactor" had passed it on to him.

"But Don Juan warned me that I would have to make a very deep commitment and that the training was long and arduous." This proved to be true. In September 1965, after more than four years of initiation, a minimum of fifty visits to Don Juan, hundreds of hours of companionship and conversation, and fourteen "sessions" with three different natural hallucinogens, sessions entered into and conducted under don Juan's generally unobtrusive but always watchful guidance, Castañeda breaks off his apprenticeship in terror. At that point Don Juan's judgment was that "we are again at the beginning, almost as on the first day you came over and asked me to tell you about Mescalito, and I could not because you would not have understood." Castañeda's own judgment and decision, both at that time and a year later, is given in the final sentence of his narrative and reiterated in the course of the seventy page "structural analysis" appended to it, "I was not, nor will I ever be, prepared to undergo the rigors of such a training"; "I do believe that I have succumbed to the first enemy of a man of knowledge" — fear, the fear (in Don Juan's vocabulary) of "loss of souls" "a fear common among men who do not have unbending intent."

PART ONE of the book (pp. 17-198), the narrative, consists of a direct and almost totally unreflective account — "selections from my field notes" — of Castañeda's four years with Don Juan. "My conversations with Don Juan were taken down as they occurred"; they constituted the "teachings" which prepared for and followed upon the carefully graduated steps of

initiation into the uses of the three plants. These transcripts were later edited to brevity. The record of the "hallucinogenic experiences" or "states of non-ordinary reality" is presented in the book "just as I narrated it to don Juan, who demanded a complete and faithful recounting of each experience." In each instance, this report was put in writing several days later — when "I was able to treat the experience calmly and objectively" — and at that time Castañeda added "incidental details to recapture the total setting of each state of non-ordinary reality. I wanted to describe the emotional impact I had experienced as completely as possible."

The outcome of these procedures, the disciplined methods of a trained observer whose personal motives were further tempered by hesitancy and fear, is a harrowing chronicle of the bewilderments and hazards of entry into the inner way and a poignant record of at least temporary defeat. As a record of "hallucinogenic experience," Castañeda's narrative has a verisimilitude as well as a power which is, within the limits of my experience, not usual in the often self-indulgent and irresponsible literature of psychedelia. It is an extraordinary and extraordinarily fascinating book, the most fascinating autobiographical document I have come across since I first read *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*, Jung's autobiography. The Guide, the Apprentice, and the experience itself are what make it so: the unrelenting canniness and tough wisdom of Don Juan; Castañeda's naïve honesty and encouraging fidelity to what he in fact saw, heard and felt; and the archetypal structure of the experience itself — an archetypal initiation experience which is, at once, a classical confrontation between aged wisdom and youthful innocence, consciousness and unconsciousness, the "primitive" and the "modern," the "strange" and the "ordinary," the religious and the confidently "rational" imagination. If the book can be said to point a moral, it is that we are, unlike the "primitive" Don Juan, astonishingly unaware of what we are doing when we open up what we call the unconscious.

The importance of the plans was, for Don Juan, their capacity to produce stages of peculiar perception in a human being. Thus he guided me into experiencing a sequence of these stages for the purpose of unfolding and validating his knowledge.

Castañeda did not understand what *kind* of "knowledge" Don Juan possessed nor what it bore upon. Perhaps he still doesn't, though the final sentence of his book would seem to indicate that he is ready to do so. Because he did not understand that Don Juan spoke the language of the images, the language of the unconscious itself, he did not understand that the "knowledge," the "teachings," and the images of the "states" he experienced bore directly upon "the world of men," upon *himself*, his own life, attitudes, activities, and charac-

teristic modes of thinking and feeling. When he comes to Don Juan, and he is characteristically "modern" in this; he is man who thinks that "I have *my* thoughts in *my* mind and they are under *my* control"; anything else is a matter of "imagination," something "purely psychological" which exists (paradoxically) "in my mind *alone*" — it is not really *real*. After more than three years with Don Juan, he swings toward the opposite pole and comes to believe that the knowledge, teachings and states point toward a second world, "another" world which is an actual and present *alternative* to the "ordinary" world. In this situation he understandably feels threatened with madness, and indeed he is so threatened; he is in danger of being drawn into the world of the archetypal images and forces and being taken over by them, by his own Shadow or "dark" side.

Although there is much in don Juan's language and characteristic way of thinking — much, above all, in the experience and images of the deep psyche itself — to mislead the Apprentice in this fashion, the old Indian himself is never unclear about the nature and bearing of his knowledge. Both in his statements about himself and his own experience and in his teachings he can be quite straightforward: "the man attempting to learn must prepare himself by leading a hard, quiet life." And when, as in the crisis referred to above, he sees there is need to be, he becomes very insistent: "You have the vanity to believe you live in two worlds, but that is only your vanity. There is but one single world for us. We are men, and must follow the world of men contentedly."

BUT the Guide cannot give his kind of knowledge to the Apprentice by *telling* him about it. That was Castañeda's conception of knowledge: "I wanted to hear his views and opinions about everything. I told him I could be happy if I could sit there and listen to him talk for days. To me, *that* would be learning." As Guide, Don Juan has to teach his Apprentice a new language, the language of the images which come from within, a language which is learned only by allowing the images to come or accepting them when they come, by feeling them, meditating them and thus allowing insight to be born. Only in this way, he teaches, will they become *connected* with one's living rather than constituting, or seeming to constitute, an alternative reality which solicits one's vanity, one's impulse toward novelty, spectacle and unquestioned ease, "a world where there is no difference between things because there is no one there to ask about the difference." In short, the Guide has to teach the Apprentice, suggest to him by means of the images given to him, that

there *is* a within, an inside, an inner thing which is "other" than his conscious self and the source of the images, and that the images point to work to be done and place inexorable ethical demands upon the Apprentice.

The difficulties Don Juan has with Castañeda, which such a Guide would have with any of us, are suggested by the following exchange:

Don Juan did not talk about my experience, nor did he ask me to relate it to him. His sole comment was that I had fallen asleep too soon.

"The only way to stay awake is to become a bird, or a cricket, or something of the sort," he said.

"How do you do that, don Juan?"

"That is what I am teaching you. I am a crow. I am teaching you how to become a crow. When you learn that, you will stay awake, and you will move freely."

I argued that what he was saying meant that one really changed into a crow, or a cricket, or anything else. But he insisted I was misunderstanding.

"It takes a very long time to learn to be a proper crow," he said "But you do not change, nor do you stop being a man. There is something else."

"Can you tell me what that something else is, don Juan?"

"Perhaps by now you know it yourself. Maybe if you were not so afraid of becoming mad, or of losing your body, you would understand this marvelous secret. But perhaps you must wait until you lose your fear to understand what I mean."

Whatever Don Juan may say or seem to say about the extraordinary powers of *brujos*, powers which he says he exercised as a young man but in which he has lost all interest, his language here all has an *inner* reference which Castañeda — with his "unavoidable question, 'Did I really become a crow?'" — does not catch. "Being awake" and "moving freely" refer to conscious discrimination and inner spontaneity, to being alive at the innermost quick and intent upon living from that source. Earlier in this same conversation Don Juan had spoken of inner movement and validity and of a "crow's" capacity to discriminate its presence or absence:

"Things that are alive," he said, "move inside, and a crow can easily see when something is dead, or about to die, because the movement has stopped or is slowing down to a stop. A crow can also tell what to avoid or what to seek. When something is moving too fast inside, it means it is about to explode violently, and a crow will avoid it. When it moves inside just right, it is a pleasing sight and a crow will seek it."

"The trouble with you," he had remarked on an earlier, similar occasion, "is that you understand things in only one way. There is something else."

Carlos Castañeda. *The Teachings of Don Juan: A Yaqui Way of Knowledge*. Ballantine Books: New York. 1968

There is a "crow" in Castañeda and, as Don Juan remarks, it has come alive. It is that "something else" or, rather, an image for it, for the "thing" which can only be expressed in an image—the Self, as we say in our crude and ineffectual abstract language. It manifests its presence, of course, in the images thrown up in each of Castañeda's "experiences," images which have the same logic and same significance as dream images, though he doesn't see this and even denies it. But that it is alive, has come actively alive out of Castañeda's terror and need, is manifested most significantly in the central image of his final experience with the plants. There it presents to him as an image of itself an iconic figure of the supreme presence in his world of "something else"—Don Juan, his Guide, a man who is clearly awake and alive and who "moves inside just right":

I had a faint recollection of an absolutely clear scene in which I was looking straight at Don Juan from some distance away. I was looking at his face only. It was monumental in size. It was flat and had an intense glow. His hair was yellowish, and it moved. Each part of his face moved by itself, projecting a sort of amber light.

IT IS no wonder that "Don Juan did not make any comments on my recounting" of this. But the potency and significance of the image can perhaps be gestured at by referring to a similar, and similarly central, one in the experience of Malcolm X (*Autobiography*, pp. 186-187); the details of the two images and the characteristics of the prose in which they are described are strikingly similar. This passage from Castañeda registers, and indicates Castañeda registered more deeply than he knew, what one would have been willing to witness to simply on the basis of the recorded words of Don Juan, particularly on the basis of his two most extended and personal statements about himself. When an old man is able to speak like this, he must be compared to other figures of wise old age, to Socrates in the *Phaedo* or Jung in the "Retrospect" of his autobiography:

Therefore you must always keep in mind that a path is only a path. Look at every path closely and deliberately. Then ask yourself, and yourself alone, one question. This question is one that only a very old man asks, but I will tell you what it is: *Does this path have heart?* All paths are the same: they lead nowhere. But one has a heart, the other doesn't. In my own life I could say I have traversed long, long paths, but I am not anywhere.

Even more movingly, at the very end, on the morning of the day on which Castañeda collapses in terror and withdraws from his apprenticeship, Don Juan accuses himself of having made a mistake—"because your

own nature is violent"—in trying to lead his Apprentice in the way of those who, like himself, only "crave to see." His words on that occasion can serve as his testament, as in effect they do in the book:

'I must admit now that I made a mistake. It is much better, I see now, to start the way I did, myself. Then it is easier to realize how simple and yet how profound the difference is. A *diablero* is a *diablero*, and a warrior is a warrior. Or a man can be both. There are enough people who are both. But a man who only traverses the paths of life is everything. Today I am neither a warrior nor a *diablero*. For me there is only the traveling on the paths that have heart, on any path that may have a heart. There I travel, and the only worthwhile challenge for me is to traverse its full length. And there I travel—looking, breathlessly.'

I HAD intended to devote most of this review to a description and analysis of Castañeda's experiences with the plants; to try to indicate the task which the images of the "state" propose to him: that he must see and accept the dark or unknown side of himself—the unconscious itself, the source of the images, the "animal" or instinctual thing in himself and his feminine or feeling side—and that he must also, in learning to live from his "heart" rather than his "mind," come to terms with his father and with the purposive male thing in himself. But I have been unable to do this. Castañeda is a foolish, courageous and lovable young man—as all males have been or are as young men, at their best. If I met him and it were possible to do so without impertinence, I should wish somehow to help him "see."

But it is the old Indian who has won my heart and, consequently, most of my attention. He is not "nowhere," he is where we would all wish to be; that "something else" is now almost all of Don Juan there is. He is that most beautiful of human beings, the wise old man who is a true master and a generous, demanding Guide. It has been a rare, disturbing and unexpected privilege to meet him. Castañeda, too, has become aware of the privilege that was his; he uses the final lines of Don Juan's testament as epigraph for his book: "For me there is only the traveling on paths that have heart . . ." And so one is not surprised by the recent rumors that, after five years, he has again taken up his apprenticeship. "May you go well, little Brother."

Father John Gerber simultaneously juggles the roles of Assistant Professor in the English department, chairman of the Freshman Humanities seminars, reigning scholar and devotee of D. H. Lawrence and collector of the political cartoons of David Levine (for the more curious, consult back issues of The New York Review).

after the
after the
after the

IN all the changes that have come over (or overcome) rock in the past five years, the changes of Neil Young seem to be the most representative of the total turmoil. At the same time, he remains a real enigma, a driver without a car, some sort of eternal unexplainable quality. With Buffalo Springfield, his haunting simple-complex compositions clashed painfully with Springfield's progressive, yet fairly conventional style. The same seems to hold for his work with Crosby, Stills, and Nash — he is there, but not in the same way as Stills is there. His songs teeter on the delicate edge between insight and madness; although they can be despised as pretentious and, sometimes, meaningless, they are never discarded totally.

Everybody Knows This Is Nowhere, his first album with Crazy Horse, went down like stale candy. There were flashes of brilliance in "Round and Round" and most of the second side, but on the whole it lacked direction, finesse, and even technical competence (I am considering the balance as well as the overbearing and crude leads). But then there is the feeling that the album generates — a semi-high innocence, pinwheel-turning-at-a-mile-a-minute, and most of all singing with a mischievous smile as if this was not all, but this was all he's gonna give you now. There is only one song in which Young uses just acoustic guitar, as if to point it out to us — the melancholy, desperate and lulling "Round and Round."

Young has always had a penchant for stringing melodies together, running three or four thoughts concurrently, as if there was not enough room to say all he wanted. Always he is concerned with clashing emotions, usually of the type which promote a love affair or destroy it. Neil Young is an incurable romantic — always has, always will be, from the beleaguered rock singer in "Mr. Soul" to the plaintive "Oh Lonesome Me." Many have attacked him for staying in the boy-meets-girl, boy-loses-girl syndrome, saying it is no longer a strong enough subject for a musician of his talent. His sensitivity notwithstanding, the repetition gets a bit boring; but then again his most beautiful work is on the romantic side.



goldrush
goldrush
goldrush



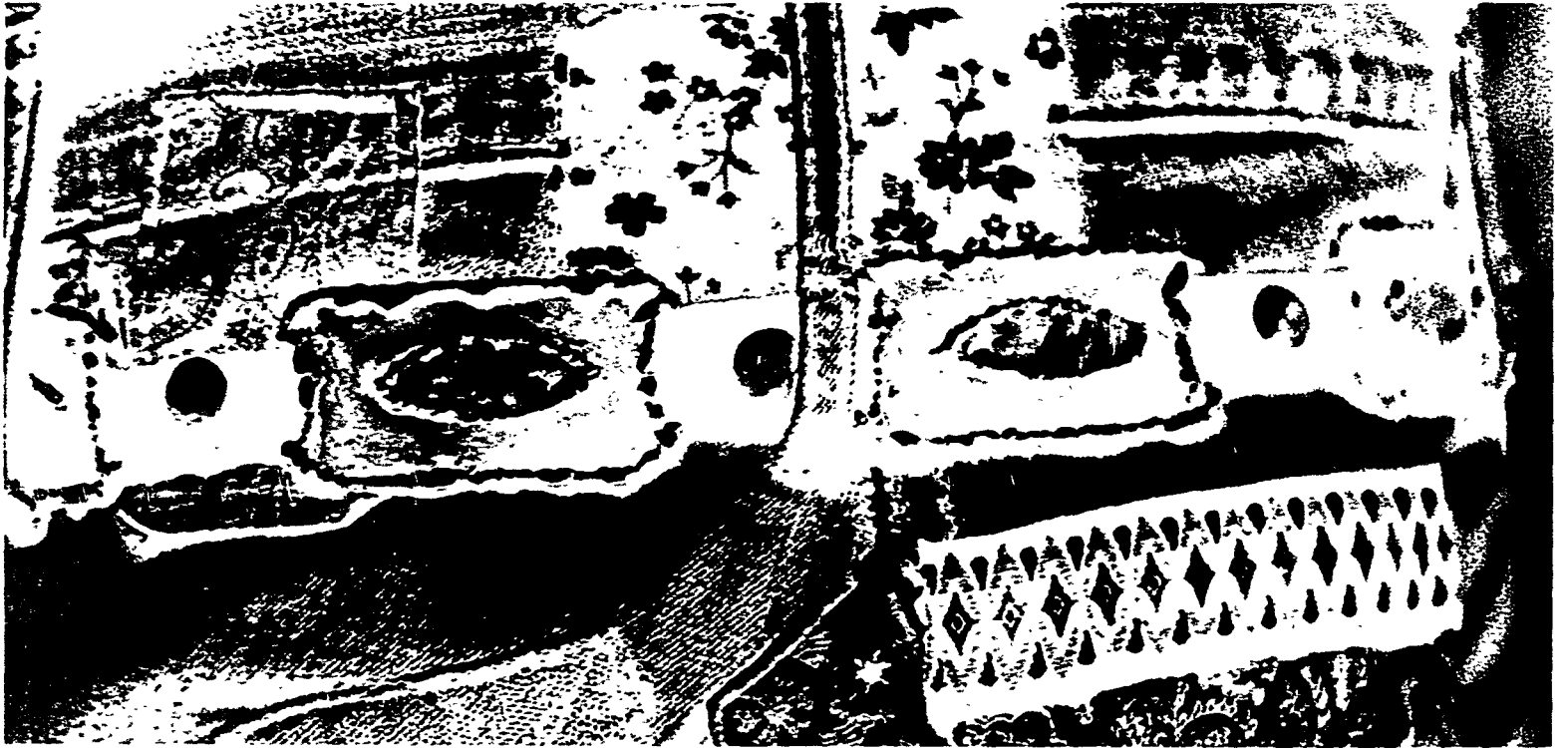
THE second album, *Neil Young*, comes complete with brooding portrait and photograph of him and a Lipton tea bag. Inside, much restraint, fine orchestration; the balance is just right, and his voice for once is attuned perfectly to the poetry. Yes. Poetry. Romantic, at times surrealistic, at others down in the good earth (a new topic), it is at all times imbued with a sense of integrity. Even in "Last Trip to Tulsa," a trip through the land of paranoia, the feeling of independence and fierce self-reliance is revealed in the end. The classic is "Old Laughin' Lady"; its poignancy, bittersweet, dissolving into a soul-chorus wail, and then recrystallizing in the heart-filling return of the lady through despair:

there's a fever on the freeway
blinds out the night
there's a slippin' on the stairway
just don't feel right
but there's a rumblin' in the bedroom
and a flashin' of light —
and there's my old laughin' lady
everything is all right.

The mood of the entire recording is one of fulfillment, which made me wonder where he could go next.

The trips weren't enough, the money wasn't enough, the fame wasn't enough. How long can one stand on the edge of completing the ideal without going completely mad? The dream is, impossibly, within reach, completely attainable. The equipment stands ready, plugged in, tuned, warm and waiting; it is all there except for one thing — didn't you try to say something once, and didn't what you said *mean* the idea once, and now you stand ready to take on the tumult again, and now the meaning doesn't come out. . . .

After the Goldrush is a fine failure, a beautiful mistake; there is too much wrong to praise it, too much right to condemn it. There is no use picking the thing apart, for its abominations and miracles pervade the entire album. In the first album, there is a hint of despair; in the second, despair is destroyed by the



old laughin' lady. But *After the Goldrush* conquers the devil only through madness and simpleness, or simple-mindedness. Unity is attempted through the use of one harmony, a triad of thirds with variations. (It occurs at some time in every song; we must assume that Young is making a point.) There is also a common chord progression through the album, placed again at important intervals.

If used correctly, these devices could have forged the singleness of meaning that Young had been looking for, the direction he could not seem to find. Agonizingly, he comes so close as to be one step away from reaching the goal. What is impossible to understand is that Young fails by one step each time. As far as the harmony goes, the harmonial consistency breaks down in "When You Dance I Can Really Love," in which the triad is used in a completely meaningless chorus instead of in the meaningful refrain. The chord progression fails in "Southern Man," where his obsession of five years with that awful fuzz lead line rears its head again. Still, the more successful combination situation

of the chords and the harmony in the other songs is more than enough indication that he had some sort of important connection in mind.

If there is a pervasive feeling in the recording, it is a grasping, a clutching at something-values, the green land, the old laughin' lady, perhaps — values that have already disappeared and are gone forever. Thus, *After the Goldrush*. It also could speak of his failure to justify the talent that had brought him so much money and fame, and demonstrate a frustration that is very difficult to accept. Neil Young is running away from it before it destroys him — or, more hopefully, he is accepting that frustration as a fact, and attempting in his own way to deal with it:

when you see me fly away without you
shadow on the wall you know
feathers fall around you
and show you the way to go
it's over.

("Birds")

john hurley

coming distractions

Tonight at 7:30 and 10:00, the Cultural Arts Commission will present **The Graduate** in the Washington Hall Theatre. Admission is \$1.00.

The Social Commission will present **Sergio Mendez and Brazil '66**, Saturday, November 7, at 8:30 in the Athletic Convocation Center.

Jane Fonda is still expected to show Sunday, November 8. But if you've seen enough of her, *Le Treteau de Paris*, a French acting company, will present **Caligula** in French, at 2 p.m. in O'Laughlin Auditorium.

Mortimer J. Adler, author and educator, will speak on Monday, November 9, in the Library Auditorium.

Thursday, November 10 will feature the politically oriented **San Francisco Mime Troupe** at 8:30 p.m. in O'Laughlin Auditorium performing "The Independent Female — or — A Man Has to Have His Pride."

Political educator **I. B. Tabata** will lecture on Wednesday, November 11, in the Library Auditorium on "Free South Africa."

For Nixon fans, **Kevin Phillips**, the GOP political aid and southern strategist, will lecture on Thursday, November 12, in the Library Auditorium.

For \$6.50, \$4.50, or \$1.50 (logical and well representative prices), you can listen to **Bob Hope**, Saturday night, November 4; or if cued laughing isn't your bag, **Bonnie and Clyde** will be shown Saturday and Sunday in Washington Hall at 7:30 and 10:00.

Allen Cohen, associate professor of psychology at the J. F. K. Institute of Drug Abuse Education and Research College in Martinez, California, will lecture on drugs on Sunday, November 15, in the Library Auditorium.

Cinema '71 begins its "Surrealism Festival" on Monday, November 16, with "Orpheus" at 7 p.m. in the Engineering Auditorium. Also, the "Perspective '70 - '71" Lecture Series will feature **Victor Preller** of Princeton University, speaking on the Philosophy of Religion, Monday and Wednesday (Nov. 18) at 8 p.m., and Friday (Nov. 20) at 3:30 p.m. in the Architecture Auditorium.

The Cultural Arts Commission hopes to present **Earthlight**, a contemporary theater and dance group, Tuesday, November 17, depending on the availability of financial resources. Cinema '71's "Surrealism Festival" continues with "Beauty and the Beast." On

Wednesday, "Blood of a Poet," and "Un Chien Andalou" will be shown. Thursday's film is "Exterminating Angel," and the final film of the festival will be "Last Year at Marienbad" on Friday.

Florrie Fisher, a drug addict for 23 years who "kicked the habit" will lecture in the Library Auditorium, on Friday, November 20, at 8:00 p.m.

"Figure and Shadow," a show of paintings and drawings by **Rev. James Flanigan, C.S.C.**, is on display in Moreau Gallery of St. Mary's College until December 9.

The Notre Dame Art Gallery is currently featuring, through December 20, a display of graphics and paintings by Notre Dame's Professor of Graphics, **Douglas Kinsey**.

The Fighting Irish Theatre, organized by Jim Leary and Michael Cervas to resemble Second City and Earthlight, is recruiting talent in all fields. They encourage you to at least inquire at 283-1681.

On November 11, the first chapter of Shakespeare at Notre Dame begins with a filmed German production (in English) of **Hamlet**, produced by Hans Gottschalk and starring **Maximillian Schnell** and shown at the K of C Hall. One reviewer has written, "Academy Award winner Schnell brilliantly portrays the noble and tragic Prince of Elsinor in this stunningly photographed film. Schnell's Prince exhibits a profound concern for his family and country . . . A brilliant portrayal." All films in this series will be co-sponsored by the Knights of Columbus and the English Department; all proceeds to go to **Sister Marita's School**. Next: **Orson Wells**, producing, directing and starring in a controversial and exciting interpretation of **Othello**, the last scene of which was shot in a Turkish bath, after the costume manager quit. Admission is fifty cents (cheap).

Tonight, English poet **Tom Raworth**, who grew up a "teddy boy in the days of bicycle chains and razors," and who has been (successively) an insurance clerk, laborer, assistant transport manager, continental telephonist and editor of the magazine *Outburst* will read at the Library Auditorium, at 8:00. His work has been described by **Charles Olson** as "preternaturally wise," which is like something (but not exactly) like **Leo J. Mulchachy** saying your cooking is "magnifique."

—Tom Gora

who are those guys down on the field?

Forget Notre Dame Stadium for a moment and the sixty-thousand plus frenzied mob that shows up five Saturdays in the fall every year without fail. Forget, too, how everybody worries about polls and analyzes each scrimmage with an eye on a National Championship. 'Cause when you're at a club football game in Mount Vernon, the *game* of football dreamily fades into a bottle of Ripple or a pitcher of Rheingold. And the fun begins . . .

About twenty miles from midtown Manhattan, just off the Hutchinson River Parkway stands Mount Vernon Memorial Stadium: seating capacity, 17,000, and the forgotten home of the defunct Westchester Bulls of the old Atlantic Coast Football Conference. Now, on alternating Friday nights, it hosts a strange ritual under the guise of a football game (club football, to be exact).

Now, let me explain about club football. In the Metropolitan area, schools like Fordham and Brooklyn College resurrected old memories with a return to the sport and others added it for the first time. The teams (or clubs) are self-supporting and are organized similar to ND's own lacrosse and rugby clubs and consequently must make up in enthusiasm for what is lacking in talent. But the excitement isn't generated on the field; it's all centered in the stands (or under the stands or behind the beer concession). Last Friday night a strange group gathered at Memorial Stadium to witness the annual "clash" between Manhattan and Iona Colleges.

I grabbed myself a good seat at mid-field (there were plenty of good seats with only 2,000 "fans" on hand), right in the middle of the Manhattan section. A good friend (a trusty pint-bottle of Southern Comfort) was securely tucked away under my arm ready to ward off the chill of an early New York freeze. With the kickoff the crowd rose to its feet, not because the Iona back was stopped cold at the twenty, but to join in a chorus of boos and catcalls (to put it mildly) as Mount Vernon's finest "gently" ushered the first of many casualties from the stadium.

But the ranks weren't fazed a bit. They turned for

amusement to the *eighteen* cheerleaders who were vainly attempting to lead the mob in a round of "Go, Jaspers, go."

"C'mon Brady, let's see some action, huh," yelled a glassy-eyed Manhattanite. "Waddy think 'dis is, a football game or sumpin'?" (Brady's a cheerleader, not a flanker, although when somebody pointed her out I quickly realized what caught the chap's eyes.)

A safety and a halfback-option TD for the Jaspers brought such classic cheers as:

"Who's got my Ripple, goddammit. Jesus, Mike, you drank half the bottle, you bastard. How's it goin', Joanie baby? I see your well-stocked in the refreshment department, eh? Heh, heh, heh. Hey Braaady, why're you'n Clara just standin' aroun'? Do sumpin', will ya', for Chrissakes?" (All this in the span of a few seconds, from the same mouth.)

With the Southern Comfort warming my extremities (and fogging my brain) and noting the poor quality of the game being played, I decided to assert my superiority to the rabble and turned to the guy to my right:

"Who do ya' think is the best in the country, huh?" (With a wry smile and a twinge of ND glory.)

"In what?"

"In what?"

"Football, you jerk!" (A brief scuffle ensued in which we determined he wasn't a jerk; or, better yet, he determined it for me.)

"I don't like football! it's too violent." (He had just deposited me three rows down with a quick left and he's talking about football being too violent.)

"Aw, forget it," I said, as I left to celebrate half-time with a few draughts of Schaefer, as the supply of Southern Comfort had run dry.

Halftime entertainment consisted of watching a couple go at it under the stands, trying to convince my girlfriend that I wasn't under the "affluence of incohol" and could still drive better than A. J. Foyt, and reminiscing with high school buddies about the "good ol' times" we had in Central Park.

With the return of the two teams the crowd stag-

gered back to the stands. (Some staggered; some were carried.) And the party continued . . .

I decided to tour the section and see if the mood wasn't just peculiar to the particular area where I sat. Everywhere it was the same: clusters of friends bombed or stoned out of their minds, turning inward to the group as a source of enjoyment. Bottles of every conceivable rot-gut wine were strewn all over, along with their faithful companions who clutched them to the last. Couples drifted to the far reaches of the stands unaware of the surrounding chaos. The few parents who had survived the first-half barrage of decadence had to divert their attention from the game so as to defend themselves from a rain of bottles, cans and bodies. Meanwhile, the game dragged on . . .

I ducked out to the refreshment stand for a few more beers and returned to my original seat. Three of my four ales disappeared into the crowd before I knew what happened. For a moment, there, I was their savior: I had replenished the "supply."

By the fourth quarter, my head spinning, I had been drawn into the mood of things myself and forgotten about the game (but not the cheerleaders) entirely. The cops had given up trying to restrain the Jaspers and the festivity got wilder. Everyone soon joined in a rousing cheer of "we want Christie." I

asked around, but nobody knew who Christie was. It was that kinda night.

At the game's end the party moved to different Bronx bars and apartments. Nobody replayed the game (as if anyone could even remember it), nobody even *cared* about it. Everything that means football at Notre Dame was absent. For them, the game was merely an incidental to the evening's activities. The whole show had been one big outdoor party without anyone worrying about the winning or losing or how this week's game will affect their football prestige. A good time was had by all.

I was last seen by my girlfriend babbling something about "Theismann for Heisman" and "screw Woody Hayes" in a corner of a Manhattan apartment with a half-drunk can of Miller's in my hand and a dazed look of disbelief on my face. Somehow I just couldn't accept this club football thing. It all didn't fit into my "Knut Rockne — let's win one for the Gipper — go Irish" concept of fan participation. But I couldn't deny that they all had enjoyed a full night's fun. So, I admitted, had I.

By the way, I found out the next day that Manhattan was victorious, 23-7, and, that you should never mix Southern Comfort, beer and wine.

— Don Kennedy

football

by don kennedy

Notre Dame over Pittsburgh — For a while there it appeared that the Panthers were destined to be the "Cinderella" team of 1970. Last Saturday at Syracuse they turned into a bunch of pumpkins.

Georgia Tech over Navy — This game'll help pad the 'Jackets record somewhat. The Midshipmen should plan their future schedules with teams like Hofstra, Rutgers, Fordham, etc.; otherwise, they'll never have a winning season.

Texas over Baylor — Rumor has it that the Cotton Bowl wants no part of the Irish (they're trying for Nebraska instead). Afraid the Horns might not "hook 'em" this year?

Syracuse over Army — After a dismal start marred by racial tensions on the team, the Orangemen have bounced back with four straight wins and are heading for a

possible bowl bid. The Cadets meanwhile, are headed for their worst season in years.

Michigan State over Purdue — Things are finally beginning to jell for the Spartans. Illinois won its first Big Ten game since 1968 at the hands of the declining Boilermakers last week.

Oregon over Air Force — Competition hasn't been too tough for the unbeaten Falcons this year. Those boys from the weird Pacific Eight should ground them tomorrow.

Missouri over Oklahoma — The sooner those Tigers win a couple more games the better.

Dartmouth over Columbia — One week the press bitches about the ineptness of Irish opponents and the next week they go out and rank the Indians 15th in the nation. Who

are they kidding? With Dartmouth's schedule even lowly Illinois would go unbeaten for the next century. Just another example of the gross inequity inherent in the poll ranking system as we know it.

Oakland Raiders over Cleveland Browns — Just to satisfy my father, who's been a Lamonica fan for years. Besides, a true Giant fan like myself has an inbred hatred for the Browns dating back to the days of Conerly-Rote.

New York Giants over Dallas Cowboys — Does anybody know who the first Cowboy qb was? (Hint: It wasn't Meredith and he was under six feet tall.)

Record to date: 35 Right, 14 Wrong, 1 Tie, Pct. .714.

the last word

For five years, between 1808 and 1813, Napoleon's armies occupied most of Spain. No Spanish army existed, and the fighting in defense of the homeland was carried on (until Wellington came) by the peasants alone. It was guerilla warfare, and the atrocities committed by one side only pushed the other to commit worse. Infected with the first, intense heat of nationalism, Spanish peasants and French soldiers killed and ravaged with a savagery that remains unparalleled. F. D. Klingender, writes of the fighting near Madrid:

... to this burning hatred was added the scourge of hunger, for under the conditions of such warfare any regular cultivation of the soil became impossible. Faced with the prospect of starvation, the peasants were driven to fight the foraging parties of the enemy for their very existence.

At the time of the invasion, Francisco Goya was a court painter, a portrait artist. But he was present when French mounted troops filled a square in Madrid with the bodies of dead peasants, and when (the next day) the same troops executed anyone left standing. He saw sieges, battles, ambushes, and the carnage left behind all these for the next five years. And he recorded it all in a series of 80 etchings which he called *Los Desastres de la Guerra*, published only years later.

The figures are squat, almost bloated, as if swollen with some disease they can neither cure nor comprehend. The eyes bulge, they are filled with a terror made more horrible because omnipresent. Everywhere, in every print, the same savagery and horror appears.

Goya's homeland had become a charnel house, a nightmare from which he could not escape for the rest of his life. The prints attempted to exorcise it, but the terror of that nightmare reappears in almost all of his work done after that time. His life was scarred by the same fire that had burned his land.

By the same fire that appears in each of the drawings of war recently compiled by a French journalist, Claude Johnes. These, however, were done within the last two years, by Vietnamese children. Houses burned beneath crude representations of American bombers. Flamethrowers, and limbless corpses and whole families killed in rice paddies are recorded. And everywhere the chinook helicopters, rounded rectangles, sprout guns. The children often draw themselves, wounded and bleeding in a hospital bed or an ambulance.

The whole world is broken, and burning. Everything, even the natural world, is a nightmare. An eight-year old boy wrote with his drawings:

Around me all is dead. It is raining. It is always raining. The helicopters keep making it rain. Around my eyes a girl has an umbrella stuck in her stomach. Grandfather says, "You're alive." My mama says to me, "You're alive." Mama is looking at me. I think, at that instant she has lost her hands.

When the children were asked to draw a picture of their country, they always drew a scene of war. When directed to draw a picture that did not show war, all they could produce were dream-like pictures of homes floating in a blue sky, birds singing in trees that still hold leaves. No people appeared in these last drawings. They are scenes which one child described as "too good to be true."

It is no longer a question of who is right and who is wrong in this war that seems to feed on itself. It is simply that we have created a generation of children whose world is filled with monsters and the corpses of dead parents and friends. That horror will stay with them. It will nest deep inside them and grow like a cancer, perhaps so deeply that not even the scar tissue will be visible. But the fire will be with them always, it will haunt their lives, as Goya's visions returned nightly until his death.

The cost of our folly is comprehended not even by the more than half a million dead on both sides. The children born in Vietnam during this war will carry the terrible cost of our collective pride until they die. And the curse will be renewed with each child born inside the fire.

It is November and despite today's noon warmth, winter comes closer each day. The war is more distant than ever; old and stale, it does not even make a front page. The deaths come in smaller figures now. We no longer notice that they add up. There are no more huge protest marches; some strange exhaustion leaves only a numbed sadness.

I am told it will end soon. And it is winter, a time for moving inside, for staying secure from the cold and wind, a time for hibernation. A time for dreaming of the spring to come.

Only at moments will I remember that, for the Vietnamese and for their children, the dreams have become nightmares. I will try to forget the fear and the sadness that will come then.

—Steve Brion



Is our image slipping?

Some people may have us wrong. It's possible.

For instance, we Paulists are known for the printed and the spoken word. Books, radio, and TV. The glamorous world.

But there is another, bigger world in which the Paulist moves . . .

A dusty corner in Utah where Paulists offer material and spiritual relief to migrant workers.

An area known as East Village and a Paulist who understands the meaning of "taking a trip."

A Newman Center on a troubled college campus and a priest who is not a judge but an understanding ear and a mediator.

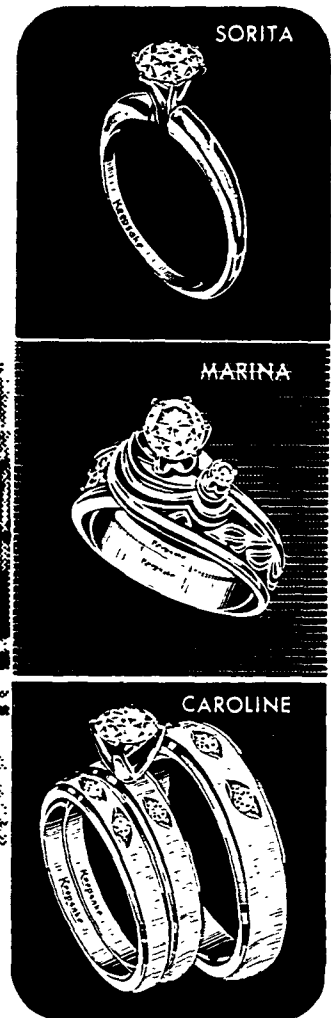
Being a Paulist isn't easy.
Being a Paulist isn't glamorous.
It's better.

For more information on Paulist priestly spirit write to:

Rev. Donald C. Campbell, C.S.P.
Vocation Director

**Paulist
Fathers**

Room 112
415 West 59th Street
New York, N.Y. 10019



When you know it's for keeps

Happily, all your special moments together will be symbolized forever by your engagement and wedding rings. If the name, Keepsake is in the ring and on the tag, you are assured of fine quality and lasting satisfaction. The engagement diamond is flawless, of superb color, and precise cut. Your Keepsake Jeweler has a selection of many lovely styles. He's in the yellow pages under "Jewelers."

Keepsake®
REGISTERED DIAMOND RINGS

Rings from \$100 to \$10,000. T-M Reg. A. H. Pond Company

HOW TO PLAN YOUR ENGAGEMENT AND WEDDING

Please send new 20 page booklet, "Planning Your Engagement and Wedding" and full color folder, both for only 25c. Also, tell me how to obtain the beautiful 44 page Bride's Keepsake Book at half price. F-70

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Co. _____

State _____ Zip _____

KEEPSAKE DIAMOND RINGS, BOX 90, SYRACUSE, N.Y. 13201



Campus Shop

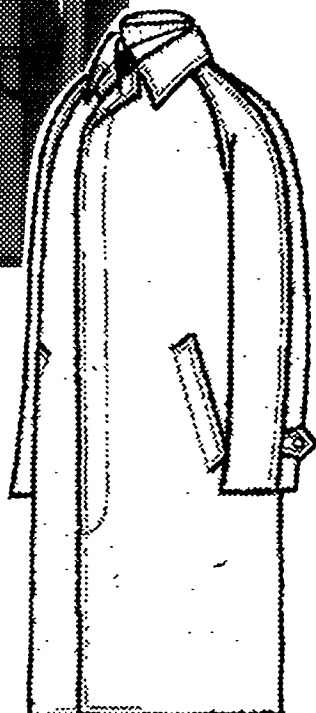


Three great values to consider . . .

University-Styled Suits

25% OFF

Choose from many selected styles, double-breasted, 4-button, Edwardians, vested and others. Now marked at 25% off our regular price. Suit yourself for the holidays.



All-Weather Coat

\$34.50

Regularly \$55 . . . this nationally advertised coat has a zip-in alpaca liner for warmth and a 65% polyester/35% cotton shell for rain and wind resistance. Choose Black or Natural.

Buy now, pay:

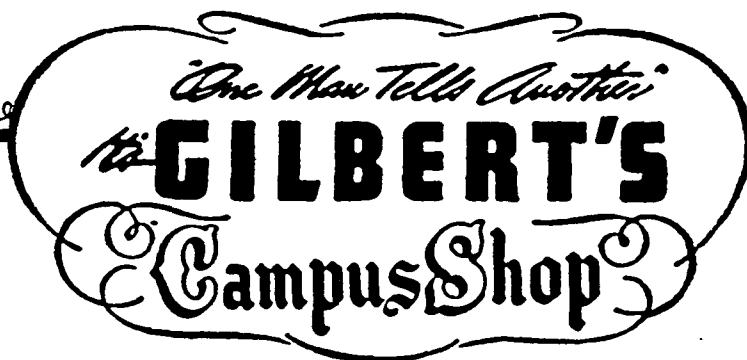
- ONE-THIRD in January
- ONE-THIRD in February
- ONE-THIRD in March

with no interest or carrying charges added

Suburban Coats & Jackets

$\frac{1}{4}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{3}$

You can secure substantial savings NOW on a fine selection of famous name coats and jackets. All are the latest styles, colors and fabrics.



ON THE CAMPUS . . . NOTRE DAME