

Adventures in the mind

A wolf decides; can we?

By Richard Fulton

Somewhere in the Beartooth Mountains of Montana lived Bearwolf, probably one of the lesser wolves in Northern Montana at the turn of the century. His great power was symbolized in his universal wisdom and bear-like strength.

An old Indian chief who knew the ways of Bearwolf from personal experience sat down with me one night next to his campfire. Smoking a rosewood pipe full of freshly picked Indian spice, the leather vested old man related the following story.



"His strength came from the Northern Black bear, while his cleverness was derived from the Great Wolf. My people call him Bearwolf, and his story is known to my people only, therefore this tale is told to very few."

I squirmed upright in a taller sitting position, while my eyes became lost in the dancing flames and glowing embers of the blazing fire. Transforming the reality of the fire, my eyes focused on a mountain scene almost 80 years ago.

"Bear quickly became a natural leader, growing in wisdom and strength everyday. Travelling with the pack for his first three years, Bear had experienced the ways of the wolf, as well as the seducing customs of man. Even though many members of his pack became very close and friendly with the Indians and occasionally a solitary whiteman trapper, Bear held his distance for he saw many evils in the wolves' relations with man.

In return for protection and companionship, fellow wolves stayed for long periods of time with these men feasting on deer and elk kills of the men. Bear was so furious at his fellow wolves for this behavior, he was known to attack whole villages attempting to free his companions, but the "civilized" wolves failed to understand the self-imposed trap they were caught in. Unable to undo man's evil ways, Bear collected wild fellow believers and travelled North out of reach of the seducing hands of man's way of life."

The descriptive picture of a large wolf terrorizing an Indian village of multi-colored tepees, practically sacrificing his life and soul in his natural and wild manner, froze before my eyes as I continued to gaze unconsciously into the flaming fire.

Running full speed across mountain grasslands into a thick pine forest towards the rock outcropping on the North ridge, my transformed wolf body disappeared into a wind carved cave to sleep with my ten young puppies and their precious mother.

Bailey impressed with Guilford

By Carrie Hackman

This past week Guilford College once again provided the community with exposure to a new personality and expertise in the form of a distinguished Quaker Visitor.

Dr. Jackson Bailey's visit provided an opportunity for students, faculty, and the citizens of Greensboro, to gain an appreciation, understanding, and respect for the countries of China and Japan.

Dr. Bailey and his wife Caroline were here during their Spring break from Earlham College in Indiana where he is director of the Center for East Asian Language and Area Studies.

He is a recognized specialist in these areas and most recently both of the Baileys were co-producers of a thirty part television series entitled "Japan, the Living Tradition."

This series was shown nationally on PBS stations in 1978 and at the beginning of this year. The enormous undertaking and completion of this series is, however, only one of many accomplishments in the life of Jackson Bailey.

To many the most lasting

impression of Jackson Bailey will undoubtedly be his seemingly endless supply of energy and knowledge. This was true at least for the classes this writer attended and last Tuesday evenings' discussion on "The New China in a New Asia."

This discussion actually took the form of questions and answers lasting approximately an hour. Dr. Bailey made some introductory remarks concerning problems the United States and China now have in dealing with one another.

The fact that there have never been good relations between the countries before, creates a touchy situation in their current relationship. In the past Americans have perceived the Chinese as souls to be saved through missionary activity or as customers for our goods awaiting exploitation.

The Chinese perceptions of Americans include memories of foreign enclaves in their land. The blindness that has plagued both sides is now beginning to be overcome, and the two societies are beginning to take stock of one another.

Dr. Bailey stressed the misunderstanding that still persists

over American conceptions of China's Great Leap Forward. This program was an attempt to introduce the machine age to the people of China.

Ideas as basic as the wheel had to be dealt with in a population needing advanced technology in a short while. The failings of the Chinese to make steel properly were ridiculed by those who did not understand

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Memories of Serendipities past

"Healer" Sun to head conference

After a Standing Room Only presentation in Dana Auditorium last year, Patricia Sun will speak again on campus sponsored by the Spiritual Fron-

tiers Fellowship. Patricia Sun will do her unique three-hour, all-in-one lecture/workshop/and healing experience Aug. 13-18. Students are eligible for

work scholarships for the week, or may attend individual lectures by ticket.

An extraordinary teacher, human energizer and natural healer, Patricia Sun graduated Phi Beta Kappa with two degrees after three and one-half years, from the university of California, Berkeley. Emerging from a professional background as a clinical psychologist with a PhD in family counseling, she has lectured at numerous universities and taught all over the world.

Patricia's lecture will include her "healing sounds" presentation, in an experiential integration and balance of the right and left hemisphere of the brain, as per Ornstein's hemispheric differentiation of the brain functioning.

Commenting in an article in NEW REALITIES magazine, Patricia describes the sounds she makes as "very old," they remind us of something in our bodies that we have forgotten. The sound can open up the physical body and allow people to become more receptive to the balance and integration of the right and left sides of the brain."

Also featured at the SFF Conference will be Guilford's Dr. William Beidler. Bill will lead a workshop in *Tantric Meditation*, meeting daily. He was instructor at last summer SFF's workshop on *The Experience of Man's Multibodiness*, a popular workshop during the conference.

Those who cannot take part in the entire week may attend individual lectures, held daily in Dana Auditorium. For more information, call Marilyn Neuhauser, 294-0477.

Movie review

"Deer Hunter" not idiot's tale

By Mike Cysz and Bill Meikrantz

Thinking it was a grave mistake to interrupt the surf and suds of our Floridian spring break with "just another Vietnam movie" we were stunned with surprise after viewing Michael Cimino's impressive production *The Deer Hunter*.

The opening scenes of the steel mill town of Clairton, Penn., introduce us to the major characters; strong, patriotic, beer-guzzling steel workers living to work, play, marry, and hunt -- their personal preparation for an imminent departure to Vietnam. The confusion of an ethnic wedding strewn with religious ritual, strong liquor, and swift music is carried by the men to the mountains for their final parting hunt. Only one of the men, Michael, played by director Robert DeNiro, bags a deer.

Knowing ahead of time of the Vietnam atrocities, the audience realizes their predicament before they do. After the wedding, the screen abruptly shifts to the men on the battlefield. Senseless confusion prevails. Here, cinematographer Vilmos Zsigmond's eye is brutal, unflinching.

Intense initial scenes of civilian slaughter precede the grotesque and horrifying portrayal of the men as captives of the

Viet Cong. The prisoners are forced to play Russian roulette -- the only alternative being a slow, gruesome death in a rat-infested cage. What is the root of this absurdity? No answer is given.

Viewing the vivid games of violence, we badly want to leave. The socking fact is that we can leave -- but the soldiers can't. They must play. The emotional intensity of the reel



reaches a peak when the former mill workers escape their almost certain fate. But did they escape?

Seen in hospitals, they fight to hold onto some small piece of hope and courage to carry them through; yet it can't be done. Nick, played by Christopher Walken, loses his mind. Steve, played by John Savage, loses an arm and his legs. Beside the hospital, bare aluminum coffins, stripped of their ceremon-

ial flags, are loaded methodically on planes to return "home."

Robert DeNiro as Michael returns home. He is greeted as a hero by a town he does not and cannot recognize. The church, home, factory, and bar so once familiar to him are now foreign. The promising marriage, now so distant, must bear the psychological and physical pains of the crippled groom, Steve.

Attempting to turn to the past, Michael and some of the old crew go on the once traditional hunt. Starting out alone on a beautiful morning, Michael tracks an old buck. He readies the gun with the buck insight. The buck looks at him. Instantly remembering the war's cheap view of life, remembering that this is not the past, that life should not be taken cheaply, he shoots the shell high. DeNiro's directing is powerful; Cimino's message is blunt: and the town and Mike's friends cannot understand any of the lessons -- they were not there.

Finally, in order to uphold a pledge he made to Nick, Michael returns to Vietnam in the heart of the US pull-out to bring his friend home. Here, the cinematography of Zsigmond, interwoven with actual film clip of the last days of Saigon, is used with virtuoso effect. Finding Nick mindless as a profes-

sional gambler, playing the deadly game first seen in the cages of the Viet Cong, Michael bribes his way to play at death with Nick. In this stirring scene love and friendship fail; the fateful dice were loaded; Nick puts a bullet in his head.

Michael brings Nick's body back to Clairton. In the sadness of the funeral, contrasting starkly with the initial wedding celebration, those who are left mourn a senseless death. The priest invokes the blessing of God over the coffin, but does this justify it? Cimino leaves the question unanswered. The film ends with the confused mourners gathered for breakfast. The grief is heavy. For some reason, someone begins humming. The tune is God Bless America? Slowly, everyone joins in. The song burns into the ears of the audience. But still there remains the unanswered questions.

