

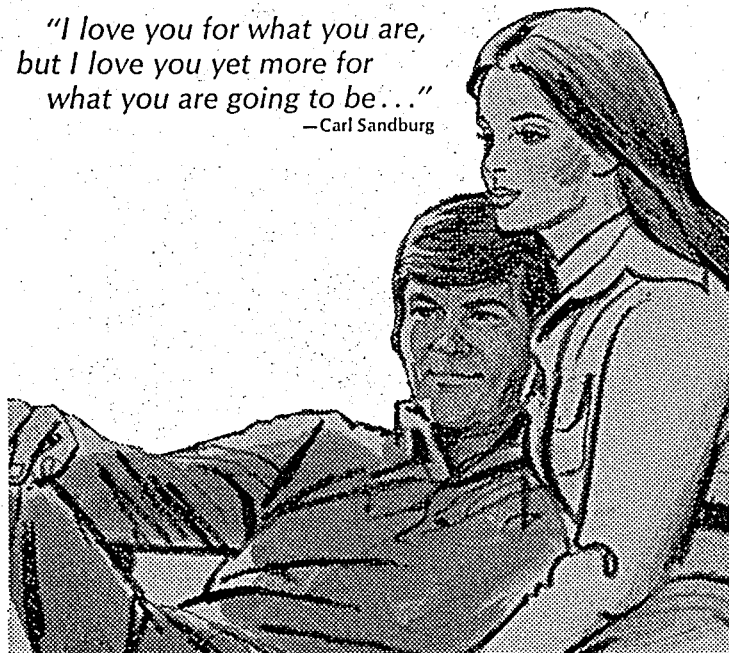
Scholastic

February 15, 1974

*Suggestions
for a mediocre
winter evening*

*"I love you for what you are,
but I love you yet more for
what you are going to be..."*

—Carl Sandburg



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Scholastic

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Notre Dame, Indiana

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The Politics of Calendar--Making

On January 24, the Academic Council finally extinguished (temporarily, at least) a controversy which had been the talk of the campus for weeks, by voting 30-27 to sustain its approval of the pre-Labor Day 1974 Academic Calendar. Though the vote was, on the surface, a defeat for the student body (which had been explicitly voicing its objections to the pre-Labor Day start), it was, in a larger sense, a signal victory for student input into the University's decision-making processes — an input which had begun to seem nonexistent.

The controversy has its roots in the November 1969 decision to end the first semester before the Christmas break. The Academic Council approved this move by a 21-15 vote; but, after seeing it in practice, Father Burtchaell thought it had some problems. So in March of 1972 he persuaded the Academic Council to allow classes to begin before Labor Day. The decision was extremely unpopular with the students, who succeeded in having the vote reconsidered by means of a petition signed by five faculty and five student members of the Council. The Council reversed its decision by a 33-15 vote, but then reversed itself again, 28-19, in December, at Burtchaell's request and despite strong student opposition.

The Council then became involved in other matters, particularly the revision of the Faculty Manual, and the matter was not revived until this year.

Just reviving it was a battle. Chris Nedeau, whose top priority as Student Government Academic Commissioner was to lead the fight against the calendar, found that after the first brief introductory meeting of the Council, all the meetings were cancelled until December. At that time the Executive Committee was convened for the purpose of cancelling the December meeting of the full Council, "for lack of business." Nedeau objected that the students most definitely had business that they wanted to discuss — specifically, the calendar. But Fr. Burtchaell convinced the other Committee members that there was no point in reviving the matter until the calendar had been tried. The members, weary of a seemingly endless string of debates over the calendar, agreed. The December meeting of the Academic Council was cancelled by a 9-1 vote.

"The administration was not taking us seriously," said Nedeau. "They didn't think the students knew or cared about what they were talking about; so our first job was to convince them of that and get them to respond. Getting them to respond to us, even if we didn't win, was the most important thing."



Chris Nedeau

To prove that the students really did oppose the new calendar, the HPC conducted a poll that showed 89% of the student body were opposed to the pre-Labor Day start. The principal objections were: the calendar would decrease opportunities for summer jobs (59%), decrease summer earnings (69%) and raise costs for people living off campus (52%). 65% would stay to see the football game that came during the lengthy October break, and 74% would prefer the long break at Thanksgiving.

Burtchaell rejected the poll, claiming it was inaccurate and taken while the students were too angry to think straight about the matter. He began a speaking campaign to convince the students, or at least to silence the growing opposition. Speaking before the HPC and an open meeting of the SLC, he presented the arguments he had used in the past. The University's accreditation would be jeopardized if there were less than 72 class days in the first semester. The University needed a long midsemester break to relieve tension. Many other schools were starting before Labor Day. St. Mary's would have to change their calendar again (which they had changed to correspond with Burtchaell's new calendar). There was no other way to fit all the days in. The mobile home show had been moved forward (after lengthy negotiations by Burtchaell and others) in order that the new calendar might be implemented. (This last argument left many suspecting that what was at hand here was as much a matter of saving face as anything else. The administration seemed determined not to lose its calendar after long and difficult negotiations with the operators of the mobile home show.)

The SLC meeting was held in the CCE, in order

that students might attend. The crowd was hostile and unconvinced by Burtchaell's arguments. When HPC chairman Pat McLoughlin read a statement deriding the new calendar, the students cheered, and Burtchaell, for the first time in recent memory, appeared uncomfortable and pressured. But he stood firm in his arguments. Later that evening he jokingly said, "I put on quite a show for them this afternoon." Indeed he had. But the reviews weren't favorable. The *Observer* continued its series of editorials against the calendar, and students began to look for other ways out of the whole mess.

It was at this point that a meeting was convened of all interested student groups, including Student Government, the HPC, the student SLC members and Academic Council members, the *Observer* and the *Scholastic*. From this meeting emerged a basic course of student action to continue the first. The first step agreed on was for Chris Nedeau personally to ask Father Hesburgh to convene the Council to reconsider the calendar. When this failed, the only recourse was a petition by 10 members of the Council, which would force Hesburgh to convene a meeting. The petition, signed by Nedeau, three administrators, and six faculty members, was delivered to Burtchaell, who promptly pointed out that the Council was only empowered to draw up guidelines for calendar-making, not to consider specific calendars. The petition was reworded to conform to these limitations, and this time was accepted by Burtchaell. He and Nedeau agreed to hold the meeting off until second semester, since exams were rapidly approaching.

The 1974 calendar is, by Father Burtchaell's own admission, experimental.

"That is one thing I want to stress," Nedeau said. "We kept on good terms with the administration even when we were fighting them. We have to deal with them every day, and we had to look beyond the current battle to other things that might come up later. We need a friendly or at least civil relationship with them."

But at the Executive Committee meeting after break, Burtchaell wanted reconsideration delayed, and suggested that he would table consideration of the '74-'75 calendar because it had not been tried yet, and do the same for the '75-'76 calendar, since it was so far away. Nedeau convinced him that he would be doing serious damage to the good faith between students and administration, so the Committee agreed to reconsider the calendar in full session. By mutual agreement, Nedeau would speak first, with Burtchaell to follow him.

Nedeau could use all of the old arguments and the evidence of the poll, but a head count showed that would get him no more than twenty votes. If he was to have any chance at all, he had to come up with a new attack. The break came when he discovered that there was no accreditation requirement of 72 days. A difference of two or three days was no difference at all as far as the North Central Accreditation Association was concerned. "In no way could it conceivably endanger your accreditation," North Central's director said.

Nedeau also had counterarguments to Burtchaell's points. Notre Dame had never let other schools set automatic precedents for it. St. Mary's did not like the new calendar any more than the students did. Moving back the mobile home show would just make registration easier. He offered a compromise calendar with a short midsemester break, a longer Thanksgiving break and 70½ days to Burtchaell's 71½.

After these arguments were presented, a series of straw votes showed the Council favored a short midsemester break and 70 days. Then Burtchaell spoke. "His having the last word hurt us badly," Nedeau said, "but someone had to have it and it turned out to be him." He brought up the arguments he had been using for the last couple of years, stressing the idea that it should be tried before it was rejected and that the administration could be trusted to reconsider it next year. "In effect, Burtchaell turned the issue into a vote of confidence in the administration," Nedeau pointed out. "But still we came damn close." In fact, the hand vote was too close to call, so secret ballots were used. Burtchaell won 30-27.

After the dust had cleared, Nedeau worked as hard as he had on the fight itself to keep students from becoming vindictive over what he felt to be a disappointing but not unfair loss. "It was a defeat, but that was no reason to make it a disaster."

And thanks to Nedeau and others, it was not a disaster. Quite to the contrary, it was a healthy and productive pooling of student resources which succeeded, at least in this one instance, in reminding an often-forgotten administration that it cannot deal lightly with the opinions and legitimate wishes of the student body. It threw a spark of life into Student Government, which up to that point (except for the work of Nedeau) had appeared disturbingly lackluster and complacent. And it can only be hoped that the fight succeeded in reminding an inactive but plaintive student body that it can exercise some amount of influence on administrative decisions.

The question is far from dead. The 1974 calendar is, by Father Burtchaell's own admission, experimental. It is conceivable that the student body and the faculty will eventually find it to their liking. Even so, this year's battle will not have been a waste of time. It served the more important function of leading the students to rediscover their voice in the affairs of this community. And, if the calendar proves undesirable, the administration's credibility will lie in its willingness to reconsider the specifics of that calendar. One can only trust and hope that they will pass the test.

—pat hanifin
& kerry mcnamara

DOME 74 yearbook of the university of notre dame

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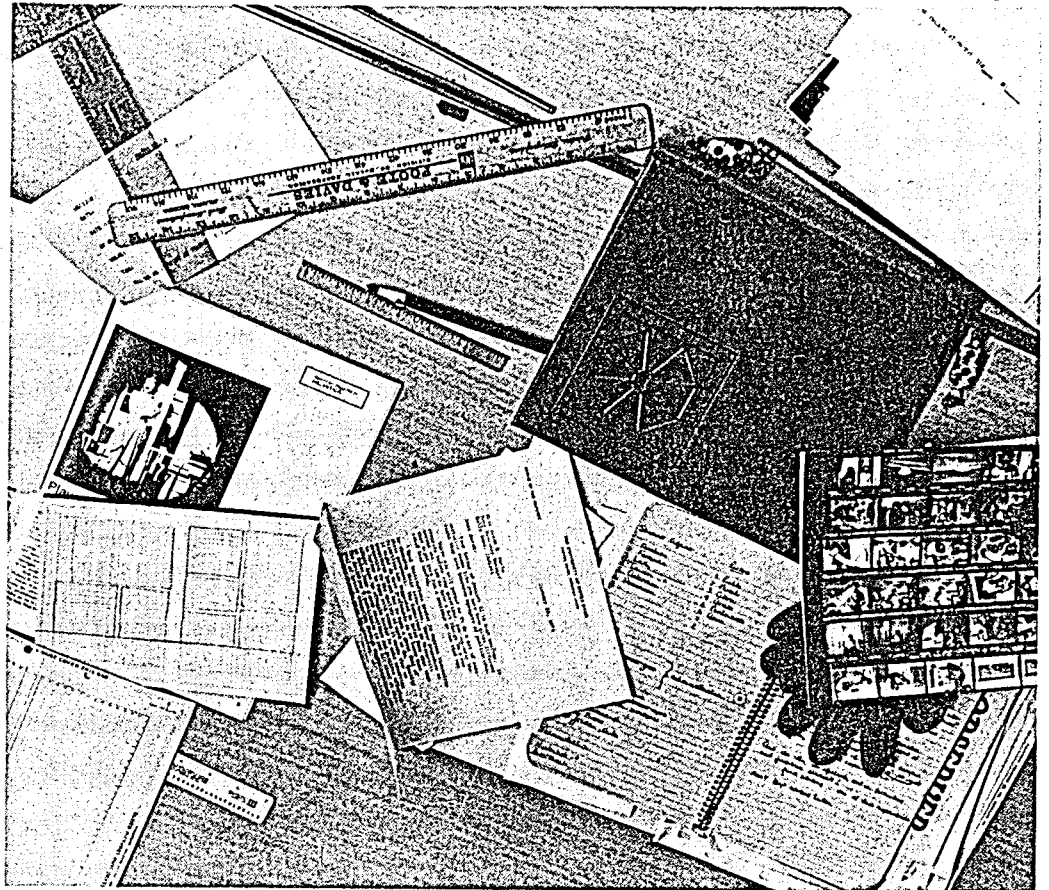
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Among all the writers and publications who each year describe, dissect, and analyze the complexity that is Notre Dame, there is none whose intent is more ambitious than that of the Notre Dame *Dome*. That intent is to capture between the yearbook covers the character of the University over a year of its life, in an image that will last once the year is past. And it's not an easy job.

But even though the suns of June are still months away, the job is almost done for the editors, photographers, and writers who are attempting to capture 1973-74 at the University of Notre Dame. By the beginning of March, *Dome* '74 will be in the hands of the publisher, to be in the hands of the students by May. When it is, it will be the finished product of a staff of nearly fifty students and a budget of just under forty thousand dollars. With a circulation of almost seven thousand copies, it will be among the top twenty college yearbooks in the country in total readership.

Editor-in-chief of the 1974 *Dome* is senior American Studies major Rod Braye. He heads one of the youngest editorial boards of any of the campus media, and is in charge of coordinating the work of the several section editors: sorting through the three or four thousand negatives submitted for possible use, writing the copy to go with the ones that are selected, and laying out the pages as they will appear in the final book. "My job is as coordinator, not master planner," he says. "Each of the section editors has eighty to eighty-five percent control over his own part. This way you'll be much less able to see the marks of one personality through the finished book."

Braye and the staff face some problems different from those of the other student media. Without the feedback that characterizes the *Observer*, *Scholastic*, and *WSND*, whose contact with their audience is much more frequent than the *Dome's*, the problem of obtaining an objective view of the work is much more difficult.



Dome Editor, Rod Braye

And the very nature of much of the *Dome's* content (in particular the most popular Sports and Student Life sections) is so subjective as to make the difficulties even greater. How will the readers react to two pages of close-ups of the ducks on St. Mary's Lake? There is no way to tell until the finished books are unloaded in May.

Another problem is avoiding the cliches of the Notre Dame image in assembling the yearbook's portrait. "We're all aware of Notre Dame's image — beer-drinking, football, and all that. Everybody likes cheerleaders, and so we get plenty of pictures of cheerleaders. Everyone likes pictures of pretty girls down by the lake. The idea is to get beyond that and show the other sides as well, through copy and through pictures if you can."

Braye hopes that the '74 *Dome* will have some surprises for the readers when it appears. Among the less definable (not only for the readers but for the editors as well, who will see their finished product a little sooner than anyone else) will be the influences of the young editorial board members, and of the Notre Dame women on the staff, whose presence has been missing in previous years. More specifically, the yearbook will feature more use of natural color throughout the sections, less graphics, and more copy than last year's *Dome*.

"We think this may be the start of a departure from the style used in the last two books," said Braye, "which were both a reaction to the very traditional format and large amount of copy used in the 1971 edition. The cornerstone of a book is its copy, and although not returning to the style of the '71 book, we're using text in capsule form to follow the pictures. It's through the copy that you can really catch the mood of the place."

The book will also include full-color spreads on the Southern Cal and UCLA games and, if all goes well, a several-page cartoon view of the University, as drawn by a "slightly offbeat" Architecture student.

In any case the finished 1974 *Dome* will be the product of months of hard work in an attempt to realize that difficult ambition — of catching, and holding, the character of the University this year.

—pat roach

Satanic Chic

It was, I think, Oscar Wilde who observed that there are some minds so open as to leave room for no more than a draft. That is a witticism, and as such it becomes somehow isolated. One need look only as far as NBC's *Tomorrow Show*, however, to find Wilde's generalization proven true. There is at least one such mind loose (very loose) in the desolate spaces provided and expanded by American television. It belongs to Tom Snyder, the show's host, and is at least as drafty as certain sections of Notre Dame's Oak Room. The disposition of this mind is made more and more evident in each installment of the new program, and there is really something very pure and fine about it. But one night last year, *Tomorrow* moved quietly from the amusing to the absurd, from the absurd to the grotesque, and from the grotesque to the downright dangerous. Snyder's typically indiscriminate enthusiasm inspired him to present to his viewers a reenactment of a Satanic curse. Not a real curse, mind you, but merely something to enable you "to sorta get the feel" of the experience; a little something to help you sorta "relate" to the thing. Nobody's getting hurt around here, folks.

Nobody's getting hurt around here, folks.

One of the nice things about a television set is a knob which, if turned sharply counterclockwise, makes the sound and the image of the tube go away. On some sets, it is not turned but pushed in toward a panel below or beside the tube. On other sets there is a cord which extends over distances of up to 30 feet attached to a small box about the size and shape of an eight-transistor radio. There are buttons and knobs all over this mechanism, but I am not sure how one of these is operated. I know of one remarkable television set in Peoria which only goes off when it is unplugged.

It is not the fault of technology, but of something deeper and far more mysterious, that there are too many times that one simply doesn't want to turn, push, unplug, or fumble with whatever it is that makes that big, cold, dim, blue eye close.

About the curse:

By its inclusion in that show, it was presented as a trivial thing. A harmless thing. A boring thing. A thing taken at random from that welter of trivial, harmless, boring things which makes up the world which much of nighttime TV explores and propagates. It was presented as merely another one of those many things which, in our desperation, we must attempt to endow with significance by giving them our attention. The brands of shoes favored by most mailmen, the sorts of tires preferred by the California State Patrol, the schedules of Los Angeles milkmen, the size of tips lately given to Burbank bartenders, the late show.

Because nobody's getting hurt around here.

Tom giggled and said "ouch" when the Satanist priest beseeched the Fiend to destroy his enemies and plunged a dagger into the neck of a wax doll.

Ouch.

I believe in devils. Even if one doesn't believe in devils, however, no great amount of imagination is required to understand that something crucially wrong is going on here. If, for example, Roman Catholicism were a small sect in the Santa Cruz Mountains, a priest would probably be invited to the show. Tom Snyder would probably ask him to demonstrate the ceremony of the Eucharist between commercials.

It would be far out. Nobody would be getting hurt. If one doesn't believe that there is a reason to believe anything, most of the above will make no sense. Nor will this:

This is really not an article about the *Tomorrow Show*, but an article about *The Exorcist*. I have seen the *Tomorrow Show*. I have not seen *The Exorcist*.

The Exorcist is coming to South Bend. It might even come to campus. I will want to see it when it does. Here is why:

1. It is a scary movie; I like scary movies.
2. It is so scary that many psychiatrists are now swamped with calls from all sorts of people with all sorts of emotional and imaginative problems which can be traced directly to their viewing of this big, ugly, frightening film.
3. That is scary.
4. It would be fun to swagger out of the theatre like Paul Newman and say: That was about as scary as a peanut butter sandwich. Or the Illinois State Journal. Or the Dean of Students. I've seen scarier things than that in *Observer* editorials. (I think I might have.)
5. I am young and American, with a gigantic capacity for boredom. *The Exorcist*, whatever else it might be, is apparently not boring.

The film is an alleviation of boredom which I hope that I, and the people I love, will not experience. It is grounded in and appeals to a fascination which is, simply, evil.

Evil.

The erudite and occasionally articulate Mr. Philip Lesh, a brilliant bass guitarist for the incomparable Grateful Dead, was once asked for his reaction to the troubles at the Altamont rock festival. Do you know what he said?

"It just don't seem right."

—michael garvey

Coming Distractions

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 15

- ... Joyce Carol Oates, Sophomore Literary Festival, Library Aud., 8:00 p.m. Speaking on Humanistic Psychology and Literature.
- ... South Bend Art Center, Film Series.
- ... Shinbone Alley, Presbyterian Players.
- ... Lloyd Orrell Gospel Concert, Morris Civic Aud.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16

- ... Shinbone Alley, Presbyterian Players.
- ... A Warm December, O'Laughlin Aud., 7:00 & 9:00 p.m.
- ... Isaac Bashevis Singer, Sophomore Literary Festival, Library Aud., 8:00 p.m. The Supernatural and Literature.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 17

- ... The Crime of M. Lange (Renoir). Cinema '74, Engineering Aud., 8:00 & 10:00 p.m., \$1.00. Patrons free.
- ... Gertrude Stein's Gertrude Stein, with Nancy Cole. Little Theater (SMC), 8:00 p.m.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 18

- ... Mexican American Lecture Series: Dr. Fernando Penalosa (California State Univ., Long Beach). Library Lounge, 7:30 p.m.
- ... A Day in the Country and French Can Can (Renoir). Cinema '74, Engineering Aud., 8:00 & 10:00 p.m., \$1.00. Patrons free.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 19

- ... Marcel Marceau, O'Laughlin Aud., 8:00 p.m.
- ... Spies (Lang). Cinema '74, Engineering Aud., 2:00 & 4:00 p.m., \$1.00. Patrons free.
- ... AFROTC Lecture Series, Library Aud., 4:00 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20

- ... Music Dept. Guest Artist Series: Roberta Bowers, mezzo-soprano; Rhea Shelters, pianist. Library Aud., 8:15 p.m., \$1.00.
- ... Shanghai Express (Von Sternberg). Cinema '74, Engineering Aud., 8:00 & 10:00 p.m. \$1.00. Patrons free.
- ... American Scene Series: Inflation and the U.S. Balance of Payments. Carroll Hall (Madeleva), 7:30 p.m.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21

- ... Scarlet Empress (Von Sternberg). Cinema '74, Engineering Aud., 8:00 & 10:00 p.m., \$1.00. Patrons free.
- ... Poetry: Chaos, Form and Tradition Series; Goethe: Poetry of Experience, Stapleton Lounge (Le Mans), 7:00 p.m.
- ... Faculty Recital: Susan Stevens, soprano. Little Theater (SMC), 8:15 p.m.
- ... Shinbone Alley, Presbyterian Players.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22

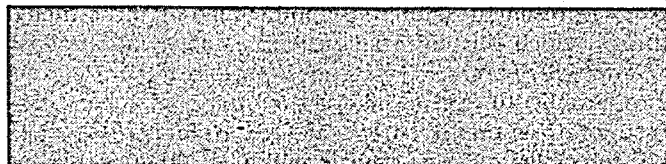
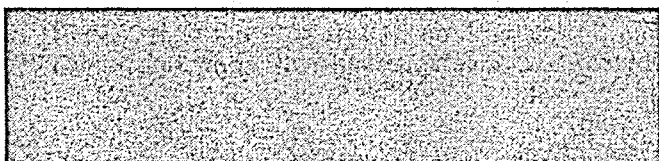
- ... Philidor Trio, Music Dept. Guest Artists Series, Library Aud., 8:15 p.m., \$1.00.
- ... Shinbone Alley, Presbyterian Players.
- ... Marx Brothers, films 1 & 2, CAC, Engineering Aud., 6:00 & 10:00 p.m. \$.75, or \$3.00 for all six films (2 each, Friday, Saturday, Sunday).

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23

- ... Marx Brothers, films 3 & 4, CAC. Engineering Aud., 6:00 & 10:00 p.m. \$.75, or \$3.00 for all six films.
- ... Shinbone Alley, Presbyterian Players.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 24

- ... Marx Brothers, films 5 & 6, CAC. Engineering Aud., 6:00 & 10:00 p.m. \$.75, or \$3.00 for all six films.
- ... Deliverance, Washington Hall.



MONDAY, FEBRUARY 25

- ... **La Strada** (Fellini, 1954), Engineering Aud., 7:00 & 9:30 p.m.
- ... Prof. Howard V. Malmstadt (Dept. of Chemistry, Univ. of Illinois). "A New Generation of Laboratory Instrumentation," 123 Nieuwland, 4:30 p.m.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 26

- ... **Vienna Boys' Choir**, Elkhart Concert Club, Elkhart Memorial High School.
- ... **AFROTC Lecture Series**, Library Aud., 4:00 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27

- ... Prof. Howard V. Malmstadt (Dept. of Chemistry, Univ. of Illinois). "Automated Spectrophotometry," 123 Nieuwland, 4:30 p.m.
- ... **Black Studies Film Series**, Engineering Aud., 7:00 p.m.
- ... **American Scene Series: Legal and Ethical Implications of Behavioral Analysis**, Carroll Hall (Madeleva), 7:30 p.m.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28

- ... **Latin American Black Poetry** (Poetry: Chaos, Form and Tradition Series), Stapleton Lounge (Le Mans), 7:00 p.m.
- ... **Music Forum: Norman Dello Joio**, Little Theater (SMC), 4:30 p.m.
- ... **A Comedy of Errors**, National Players, Union Aud., Goshen College.

FRIDAY, MARCH 1

- ... **Music Dept. Guest Artist Series: Jeanne Traun**, soprano; **Harriet Peacock Le Jeune**, flute; **Hilda Freund**, piano. Library Aud., 8:15 p.m., \$1.00.
- ... Prof. Howard V. Malmstadt (Dept. of Chemistry, Univ. of Illinois). **Reaction-Rate Methods of Analysis**. 123 Nieuwland, 4:30 p.m.
- ... **Two Gentlemen of Verona**, Morris Civic Aud. (Broadway Theater League of South Bend).
- ... **Sleeping Beauty**, I.U.S.B. Theater.
- ... **Choral Concert: Dello Joio's Music**, O'Laughlin Aud., 8:15 p.m.

OPENING:

- March 1: Todd Walker, Photography**. O'Shaughnessy Gallery, through March 31.
- March 1: Graphics of Leonard Baskin, Laus Pictorum**. Radecki Galleries, through March 31.

CONTINUING:

- Graphics in Architecture**, Radecki Galleries, through February 28.
- Objects and Crafts 1973**, Good Library, Goshen College, through February 24.
- Northern Indiana Artists and St. Joseph Valley Watercolor Society**, South Bend Art Center, through February 24.
- Indiana Printmakers' Traveling Show**, Moreau Gallery (Lower), through February 24.
- Paintings by Suzanne Golubski**, Moreau Gallery (Upper), through February 24.
- Paintings by Harold Zisla**, Hammes Gallery (SMC), through March 1.
- Baroque Works from the Permanent Collection**, O'Shaughnessy Gallery, through February 24.
- Faculty of the University of Minnesota**, O'Shaughnessy Gallery, through February 24.
- Paintings by Mrs. Margaret Moody**, YWCA Art Gallery, through February 28.
- Dorothy Miner Memorial Exhibition**. A selection of late Medieval and Renaissance manuscripts from the McNear Collection, O'Shaughnessy Gallery, through April 14.
- Don Vogl, Recent Graphic Works**, O'Shaughnessy Gallery, through March 8.

—rick gering

Foreign Masters Festival

Cinema '74 presents five films by three great masters Feb. 17-21: on Sunday, Feb. 17, at 2:00 p.m. Fritz Lang's *Spies* and at 8:00 and 10:00 p.m. Jean Renoir's short "A Day in the Country" plus *The Crime of Monsieur Lange*; on Monday, Feb. 18 at 8:00 and 10:00 p.m. Renoir's *French Can Can*; on Wednesday, Feb. 20 at 8:00 and 10:00 p.m. Joseph von Sternberg's *Shanghai Express*; and lastly on Thursday, February 21 at 8:00 and 10:00 p.m. Sternberg's *The Scarlet Empress*. Admission is \$1 and free to Cultural Arts Commission patrons. All films will be shown in the Engineering Auditorium.

The main point of the festival is to expose a few of the lesser-known works of these three very great directors. Jean Renoir (the maker of *Rules of the Game* and *Grand Illusion*), Fritz Lang (the maker of *M*) and Joseph von Sternberg (the maker of *The Blue Angel*) were all far too good to have made one, or possibly two "masterpieces" only to have spent the rest of their careers in the creation of "minor" works. Each of the films in the festival bears the mark of the truly great filmmaker. Each exhibits the vision, the technique, the overall artistry that is found only in the work of a true master. To anyone at all interested in the film medium, at all interested in those men who define the standards of film art, to anyone interested even in the very broad idea of artistic expression itself, the festival should be a fascinating event; and to those just looking for a few good movies to see, any of these films should be a joy to watch.

Spies, Fritz Lang's story of secret agents and master criminals (Sunday, Feb. 17, at 2:00 p.m.) combines explosions, rooms filling with water and mysterious Orientals with the avant-garde German film art to create an exciting and worthy predecessor to Alfred Hitchcock and

James Bond.

Orson Welles has singled out Jean Renoir's *Grand Illusion* as one of the two films he would have for posterity. Renoir has been recognized as one of the greatest, if not the greatest, filmmakers of all time by both audiences and critics.

Born in 1894, the son of the great Impressionist painter of the nineteenth century, Auguste Renoir, Jean directed the first of his 35 films in 1924, *La Fille de L'Eau*. Three major creative periods divide his career: pre-World War II when he had classics such as *Boudu Saved from Drowning* (1932), *Toni* (1934), *Les Bas-Fonds* (1936), *La Grande Illusion* (1937), *The Rules of the Game* (1939). His American adventures encompass the years between 1941-1954 during which he made five movies in the States, one in Italy and one in India.

In 1956 Renoir abandoned filmmaking, submerged himself in the theatre for three years and then taught drama at the University of California at Berkeley.

In "A Day in the Country" (1936) (Sunday, Feb. 17 at 8:00 and 10:00 p.m.) Renoir took a painting by his father and created a whole film around its central tableau. An innocent young girl comes of age in this short film. In the late 1800's a merchant takes his family for an outing on the banks of the Marne, where his wife and his daughter are seduced. Renoir appears as the Innkeeper.

The Crime of Monsieur Lange summarizes Renoir's belief during the thirties that the common man, by united action, could overcome tyranny. In it, the head of a printing press steals all of the firm's holdings. The employees organize, collect some capital and begin publishing popular novelettes of their neighbor Monsieur Lange. The dishonest proprietor returns to confiscate the now prosperous business,

but he is killed by Monsieur Lange.

French Can Can (Monday, Feb. 18 at 8:00 and 10:00 p.m.) is one of Renoir's recently unshelved fifties movies. It is a colorful and loving portrait of shows and show people set in Paris in 1888. In order to save his dwindling finances, a nightclub owner, Danglar, decides to revive the Can Can and present it in a spectacular cabaret which he will build — the Moulin Rouge. Danglar's plans, relationships with various women and lavish rehearsal and performance scenes are detailed.

Joseph von Sternberg's films complete the festival series. His foremost criterion for good filmmaking is style. Whereas critics of his time took style to mean some sort of interior decoration, Sternberg's definition inextricably interwove the character's personality with his own. Sternberg's fame is derived from his association with actress Marlene Dietrich. His films have everything — social criticism, sex, myth, romance — which his pessimistic philosophy can ultimately reduce to light and shadow.

Shanghai Express (Wednesday, Feb. 20 at 8:00 and 10:00 p.m.) casts Marlene Dietrich as Shanghai Lily, a woman journeying from Peking to Shanghai. The film is dedicated to the proposition of unconditional love.

The Scarlet Empress (Thursday, Feb. 21 at 8:00 and 10:00 p.m.) reflects Sternberg's shift to a style more harsh, cruel and suicidally extravagant. Dietrich again stars, playing Catherine the Great. Barriers between sex and politics are battered down, the decor is incredible and insanity sweeps the orgy and torture scenes.

The directors' series promises to be a cornucopia of cinematic talent and artistry. It is a must for all movie buffs.

jane thornton

The Poet of Silence

"The action of the mime may be compared to that of a glass blower holding aloft a transparent masterpiece before the astonished eyes of the Sunday strollers, who burst into applause. The artist of the Mime throws suspension dots into space, and the spectator writes his own letters on this curve."

—Etienne Decroux

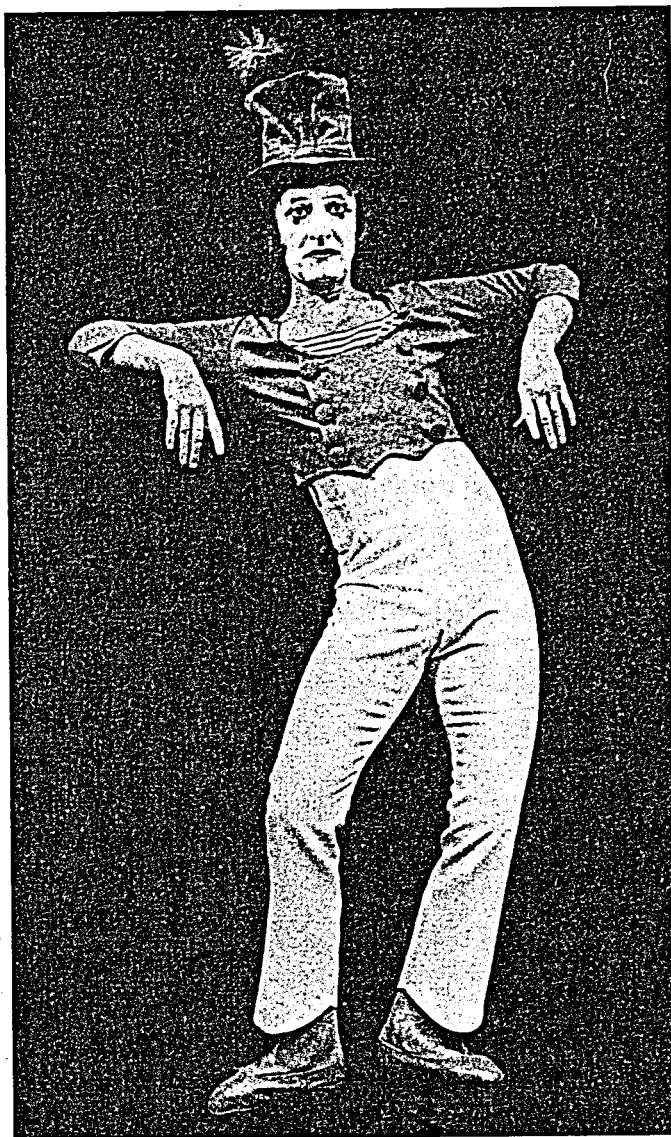
According to Jean Dorcy, chronicler and comrade of the great French mimes of the 20th century, the first mime in history was a certain Livius Andronicus. "Having lost his voice, he had a chorister speak his lines, while he, Livius, mimed to the piping of the flute and the rhythmic clash of cymbals: the Mime was born."

It is a long road indeed, from our mute Livius and his narrator to the silent adventures of Bip, Marcel Marceau's man of a thousand attitudes. Picking up fragments of style from the Chinese and Japanese theater of Antiquity, the Mime of the dance, the Commedia dell'arte, and the circus clown, the art of Modern Mime (on which the French Ecole du Vieux-Colombier, which spawned Marceau, Barrault, Decroux and so many others, seems to hold a monopoly) has attained an intricacy and purity of style and form which, unfortunately, is rarely understood. Marcel Marceau, the best-known inheritor of this long tradition, arrives on the O'Laughlin stage this Tuesday evening. Those of us who were fortunate enough to see him here last February are waiting anxiously.

In explaining just what Mime is, Dorcy undertakes to more carefully enumerate what it is *not*. A mime is not an acrobat, a clown, or an actor in a silent film. Rather, he is an artist who, with his body as his only medium draws sustained images in space. He is a sculptor of human form; an architect of image, using only his body for raw material. He is not (despite a confusion which even many dictionaries perpetrate) the same as a mimic. He does not imitate — he creates.

Marceau, the silent prince of the world's stages, while contributing significantly to the development and popularization of Mime as an art form, has at the same time added to the confusion over the essence of Mime by developing idiosyncrasies of style which have earned him the harsh criticism of many of his fellow artists. He is often (perhaps jealously) accused of overpopularizing and commercializing Mime for his own sake. Jean Dorcy himself, at the end of a laudatory chapter on Marceau, was led to warn:

"For the survival of the Mime, we are inclined to rely more on the school of Etienne Decroux than on Marcel Marceau's spectacular successes."



Another serious complaint lodged against Marceau is his elaborate use of his face as an expressive medium. Dorcy, Decroux and others have complained that this not only serves to further confuse the audience about the difference between the art of Mime and the meanderings of Chaplin's Little Tramp; it furthermore draws attention away from the rest of the body, where the expressive artistry of the mime should lie.

Even his most severe critics, though (many of whom he has outlasted), cannot dispute Marceau's mastery of his style. His sense of timing, his ability to invoke space and duration in a single gesture, and his astonishing control are sufficient recompense for his supposed excesses. And his ability to draw upon sensation and experience, to portray in a single "attitude" what most of us require a page to say, is perhaps the most valuable contribution to the art of Mime in recent years.

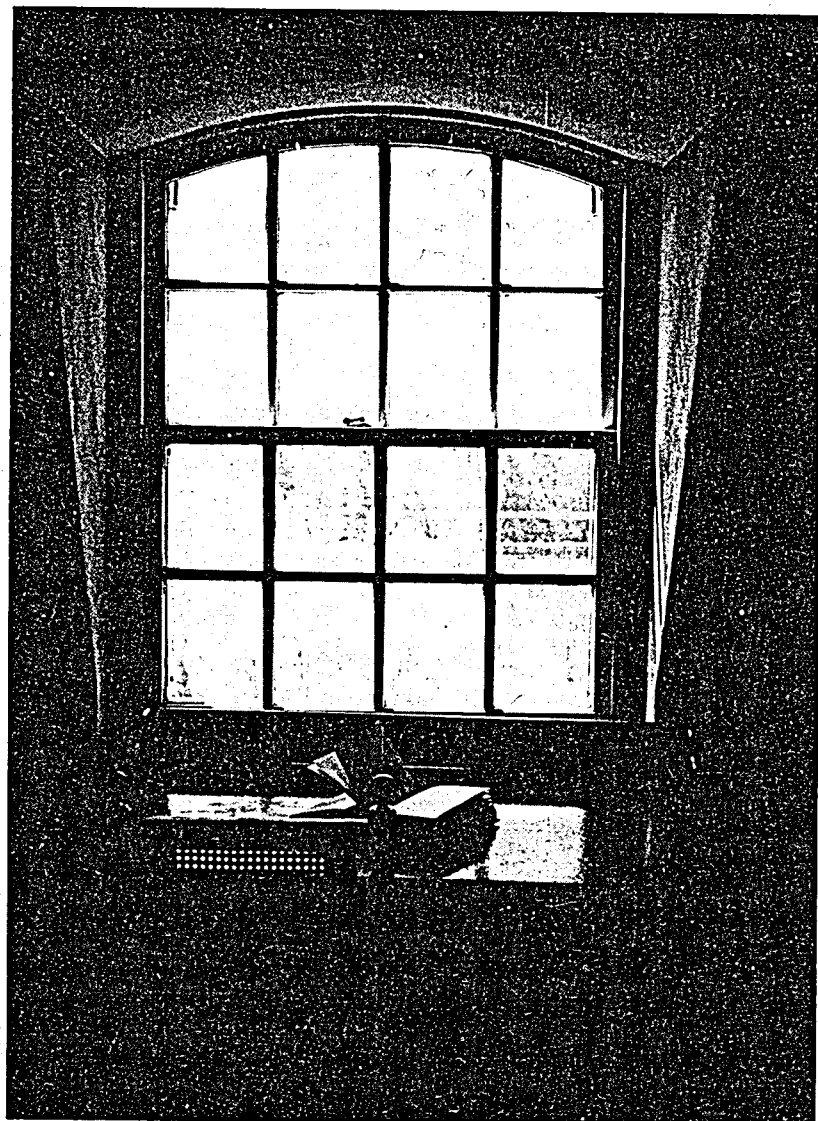
So we wait patiently for Tuesday evening. Even the most vehement objections to particular aspects of Marceau's style melt away when Bip arrives on stage and announces with his first wide-eyed gesture that he has the world in his pocket — and we had better watch carefully, for he is about to let it out.

And we *will* watch. And Bip *won't* let us down.

—kerry mcnamara

The

C.
R.
A.
P.
Report



The
Committee
on Reorganizing
Academic Priorities

Introduction

On 8 February 1974, we, the Committee on Reorganizing Academic Priorities, got together to thrash this turkey out on a typewriter in a desperate attempt to meet a *Scholastic* deadline.

Several points should be made about this report:

1. We are not founding this University. On the contrary, we're graduating in a couple of months if we don't get kicked out first for having those female fruit flies from Biology in our rooms after parietal hours.

2. According to Newton's First Law of Motion, large institutions tend to be run as though they were somebody's hobby.

3. We're not going to name names. We really don't have to; we're pretty good at innuendo. What does slander mean anyhow? Take that, Howie Bathon.

4. Our task proved staggering. The only way out was plagiarism.

Week in Distortion

Catholic Character

This University certainly has a lot of Catholic characters.

Financial

Ain't looking too good.

All those protests a while back convinced people that those university guys didn't know what was going on. The Greeks used to kill messengers bringing bad tidings. Of course we're more civilized; we only cut off funds.

That tax reform act in '69 made generosity more costly, they say. 'Taint so; less profitable, with smaller deductions is more like it.

There is also a lot of money to be made through the Bookstore, A.C.C., etc. Since these are for students, they should have a prudent price policy. "Prudent" and "low" are not necessarily synonymous.

Enrollment

Notre Dame and SMC should explore symbiotic post-merger academic relationships. Maybe that means they shouldn't be enemies anymore. Maybe, too, they could share facilities and continue exchange program; anything, that is, short of pushing the beds together.

Notre Dame should be sensitive to the injustice of policies that discriminate against women. You can be sensitive to them, you see, without abolishing them. Hmm, do you know anybody whose promotion is being sat on? (Hint: Theology)

Also, when all those women graduate, they shouldn't be spared the Alumni Fund dunning notes. Maybe they can have Sugar Bowl tickets, too.

We should aid graduate students more, but aid fewer of them. We should treat them much the same as undergraduates; i.e., poorly.

Residentiality

Next to the academic mission and those aforementioned Catholic characters, residentiality is the least dispensable of Notre Dame's hallmarks. Bye-bye, hallmarks. What this has traditionally meant is that everyone at Notre Dame has resided somewhere. Seriously, though, the halls are overcrowded, which doesn't look so good, so we're recommending getting rid of overcrowding. Hall life will be better for the lucky people who get to stay. Since we're not about to build new dorms . . . well, tough luck, buddy.

Halls are designed for prayer, study and sleep, but the noise levels often make these impossible. The halls are not designed for normal living, though, which is also impossible at times.

The hall rector is the chief "between classes" educator. But you didn't know this.

Rectors should be Congregation of Holy Cross members, who have had this and similar duties as their work, and calling ever since the hardworking Father Sorin blessed our fair shores with their presence. Additional advertising space is available in this report for the nominal fee of \$1 per line.

Physical Environment

We have a beautiful campus, although the buildings to the east of Old Juniper Road were placed (and possibly designed) by a random-number generator. We might even let somebody besides Ellerbe do a couple of buildings for a change.

We need long-range planning. This conclusion, a landmark one in Notre Dame history, was arrived at after lengthy deliberation.

Notre Dame is a great place. We have a wonderful tradition, a great community life, love of fellow man evident at all times, last chance for advertising space at regular prices.

We should make residentiality available to everyone who wants it, but we don't expect to do much more construction. We do expect an overall decrease in the consistency of our statements.

We submit this report to the Notre Dame community at large in the expectation that, after extended study and comment from various constituencies of the University community, it will no doubt be ignored. Did we ever expect more?

—t. j. clinton

A Television Jones*

It was the prime time of the Comet Kohoutek's coming. Radio talk shows, dinner conversations, telephone speculation, countless furtive glances at the sky and even prayers for visibility at dusk all heightened the expectation surrounding the unearthly wonder. It would be splendid. It would be chilling. It would be a cosmic entertainment spectacular, liberated from the incessant necessities of commercials, presented as free, worthwhile, non-discriminatory entertainment, rated "G" for "God's own," guaranteed finally to be unmatched for eons. In 1985, the arrival of Halley's Comet, regular as clockwork, would even be a dull testimony of the way things were back in January, 1974. Certainly, the week of January 6 promised a great celestial reward.

And so, for five consecutive nights, impervious to the immoral sceptics—the scientific rogues and scoundrels who disgustingly suggested that "it ain't like they said it would be"—I gazed for two twilight hours into the Southwest sky hoping for the wonder comet to show itself like an apocalypse. I waited and watched, watched and waited. Once, at the edge of *delirium boredom*, I suspected I saw Venus sprout a tail and begin wiggling through the void. But was the comet's absence disappointing? It certainly was not. Sometimes mistakes are made which even professionals cannot foresee and, since they are not foreseen, the blame must not be focused on anyone, since professionals are sometimes unforeseen and they lose track of the inoperative truth factor of their cognitive input. It was no big deal.

In fact, over the vacation, I came to enjoy lethargy and lethargy catches. Prior to the Kohoutek vigil and continuing throughout the week, television could be relied upon to take up the slack. Those weeks of constant viewing trained me well for continuous nights of anticlimax. I didn't complain. It was very easy to sit and view and view and view some more. During one commercial, I remembered that I had not experienced such a complete immersion into the underworld since sophomore year of high school—the year in which my class rank slithered from the top 50 down to 267 out of 330. Recall to me the unsettling reminder that my

initiation into study was tenuous, coming at the heels of the network cancellation of such greats as "The Man From U.N.C.L.E." and "It Takes a Thief." Subsequently, a privately enraged boycott ensued against the networks.

During the break, therefore, television again became an easy entertainer. By refusing to watch death and dissolution on the news every night, I incubated my sensibilities so that I could still read the newspaper without depression. Mired in such a rapturous bog, I even snickered to myself while calling to mind my parents' stories of their childhood nights as the family sprawled in front of the large radio listening to the likes of Jack Armstrong, the Shadow, and Jack Benny, primitively using their imaginations.

But if soap operas can teach us anything at all, the message is clearly that oftentimes television love affairs are short. My relationship ended abruptly by necessity the day before returning from the break. A Television Jones on a college campus is an irredeemably hooked cookie. While driving south on the New Jersey Turnpike, after leaving Newark, I began suddenly to ponder. I thought primarily of hazardous circumstances. On a Sunday, my thoughts drifted from the real possibility of running out of gas to the more insidious and no less troubling proposition: what is television's nature? Why do people watch it? What is it good for? Is it no more than a saccharin-coated mind-wearier or is it a blessing of some kind? I wasn't quite sure. In my own experience, it was so easy to slip unconsciously into a comfortable addiction. Besides merely watching, for example, I searched daily with great interest through the *T. V. Guide* to find out: a. who were Johnny Carson's guests that night; b. was there a "glitter-rock" television concert scheduled; c. what was A.B.C.'s special on "Wide World of Entertainment"; d. what reformed saloon singer either was hosting a special, or philosophizing as a private eye who never loses, or suffering as the witless and deadpan husband on an old west situation comedy set in Broken Nose, Idaho. One need not tire the mind to realize that television is a medium which can very easily consume the viewer.

Small wonder then that tomes are written on the complexities of television, its socio-cultural effects, the specific impact of T.V. on familial relationships, the current propensity of various advertisers to create and sustain certain consumer needs and, certainly, the profound ability of the television medium to wage election campaigns in living rooms throughout the country (thereby creating and sustaining the need for the acceptance or the rejection of certain public servants). A bibliography would prove too extensive for inclusion here.

There are, nonetheless, certain broad categories under which many theoretical attempts to strip away the false tinsel—only to discover the real tinsel underneath!—might fall: television makes human beings more civilized; or, television makes people less civilized; the tube breaks down the authority structure in families because the children might be more apt to listen to Walter Cronkite than Dad; or, the tube strengthens the authority structure in families because the parents ultimately decide whether to watch professional wres-

ting or "Hallmark Hall of Fame"; television continually shrinks our world, transforming everyone into citizens of a "global village," united by mass communications; or, television isolates societies because people can easily identify whole cultural, ethnic or natural groups insofar as television presents, in effect, only stereotypes and mass caricatures.

No matter what an individual's theoretical dish might be, it seems incontrovertible that commercial television, as it now stands, adequately treats a limited number of events or subjects well. It is strange that most of these presentations stem from sources independent of the studio or a producer's whimsy. Hence; the prevailing higher "reality" factor tends to stimulate the viewers' interest more profoundly. Such presentations include news coverage, weather forecasting, coverage of special events—assassinations, natural catastrophes, elections, space shots and sports—and various theatrical productions which are transplanted onto T.V.—*Hamlet, Much Ado About Nothing, The Poet*



Game. This is not to suggest, however, that all which television produces is unequivocally terrible. Rather, such exceptions as "F. Scott Fitzgerald and 'The Last of the Belles,'" "Hallmark Hall of Fame," the Dick Cavett specials, some movies, and a few series help redeem television markedly. Nonetheless, the greater proportion of weekly air time contains lackluster mediocrity, at best. It is a wonder as to how intelligent T.V. critics across the country—not to forget *The Observer's* Art Ferranti—survive and maintain sanity given the general redundancy of the offerings.

Indeed, it would be unfair to focus the entire blame for television's sloven posture on the general viewer. Insofar as personal experience indicates, television does easily addict. When one gets hooked on anything, the nature of the malady substantially increases the addict's toleration of inferior quality. Anything will do—beer is beer, wine is wine, dope is dope, smoke is smoke, situation comedy is situation comedy. It is also understandable that television, unfruitful as it might appear to the passive observer, does relax people after a day's work. Given the demise of "old radio," the high prices of movies and the theater, the hellish proposition of playing cribbage every night, the near impossibility of organizing a citizen's revolt against the re-repackaging of old ideas, given all of this, there seems not much else to be done for entertainment on a mass cultural level. One could argue that "snuggling up with a good book" is a stimulating alternative to the dial. Yet a grand increase in the mass consumption of novels—McLuhan, I think, refers to reading as a "cool," less seductive medium—shares the same chances of fruition as a new American revolution.

In short, the problem plaguing the paucity of T.V. excellence resides not so much with the viewer as with the profound overemphasis on the system of commercial broadcasting. Too often, T.V. shows seem merely

to fill in time between commercials. It is less humorous to realize that commercials are generally better than the shows and they only last sixty seconds, too. The real talent is undoubtedly manifest to the degree that commercial "constructors" can sell soap interestingly. Consider the evidence. During one two-hour stretch when I was plastered before the tube, my four-year-old brother was, at times, more zealous about the commercials than some of the shows. He stopped legitimate play to stare transfixedly at the advertisement . . .

When writing about television there is always so much to say. My outline tells me that I am going to write about the omnipresence of Dr. Joyce Brothers, about how Dr. Joyce must never sleep—she must work so hard—about how splendidly cheerful she was when proctoring "The American Love Test." According to outline, much needs to be said about new theories of communication which will allow Johnny Carson to pursue conversations coherently even with commercial breaks arriving after every few verbs. And there are always the "glitter-rock" concerts and Sonny and Cher to consider as well. There is so much to talk about but, in the end, it all comes out the same: the problem with television is the problem with Christmas—overly commercial emphasis.

At present, no solution seems possible. The people watch and watch. Commercials will continue to convince Americans that they need a new laxative when prunes seldom fail. Yet things might change. Perhaps even the Comet Kohoutek will return to shine like they said it would. Its chances for a comeback will not be realized, however, until the networks resurrect the "Star Trek" team to go fetch that comet. If they succeed, it could mean millions. Mr. Spock will make sure it works this time.

*"Jones"—A junkie of any kind. Refer to Cheech and Chong's "Basketball Jones."
—jack wenke

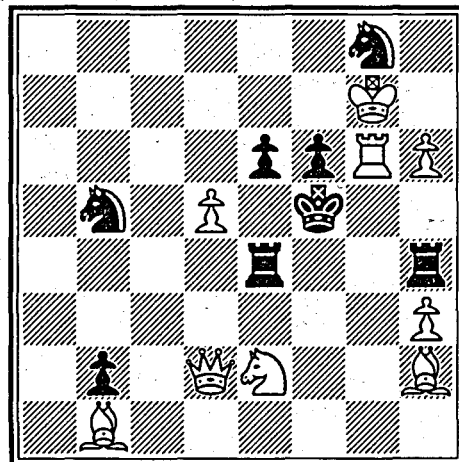
The Crooked Rook

ANSWER TO LAST PROBLEM

1. R-KR4 P-Q4 2. Q-R8 mate
P-Q3 2. Q-R3 mate

CHARLES PROMISLO
First Honorable Mention
Good Companions
February 22, 1915

White mates in two moves



SOLUTION IN NEXT ISSUE

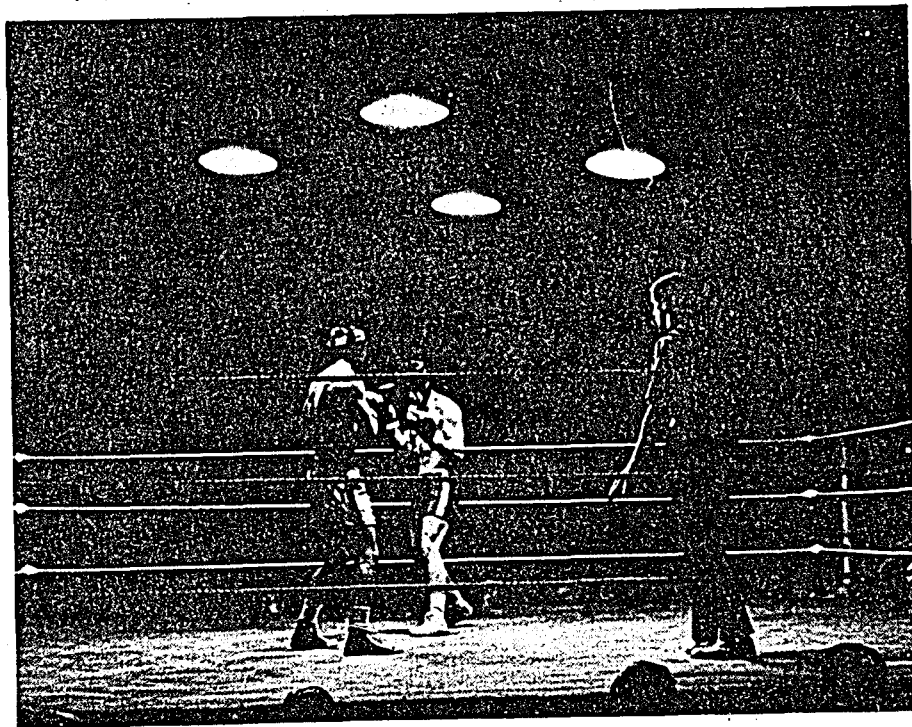
Paper Bengal

Like any true artist, Ali makes it look so easy. Within the confines of the ring that is his canvas he paints his special picture. He is at once a dancer and a matador . . . gliding around his opponent and peppering him with swift arm movements until the victory is carved out. By the whole force of his character, Ali elevates boxing to a strange sort of poetry that seduced me a long time ago. And here I am at the mirror again, dancing to the left, flicking the left jab, and looking and feeling like Ali.

glory. Easy! Of course I'll be my usual subtle self about it so I don't seem like a deluded fool, which I may be. I'll talk to Samaniego; he won the 160-lb. division last year. I'll tell him I want to work out with him. You know, get in shape and learn a little boxing, nothing too serious.

"Well, I haven't decided if I'm going out again, Greg," said Jerry when I sprung the good news on him last December.

"What do you mean? You're the champ. What about your fans?"



So you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to fight in the Bengal Bouts. I'm no George Foreman, but I'm going to whip this body into the best shape of its life, dance for three rounds like Ali, and end my college career in a blaze of athletic

"If you come out there with me maybe I will," he said. "And if you do, why don't you box?"

"I don't know about that. We'll have to see."

Before Christmas break, then, our plan was set. Jerry would fight

again and I would be out there with him and doing it together would make it easier for both of us. Over the vacation I found myself cutting down on the Christmas cookies, running, playing football, basketball, and tennis, and thinking constantly about boxing.

Suddenly my last semester at Notre Dame became very structured, but I liked the idea. I could relax into an orderly, rewarding home stretch — an interesting course load on the mind side and boxing on the body side. How . . . neat! The first wrinkle in this scheme occurred when I found out that it wouldn't be so orderly. Boxing consumed me. I registered for classes and thought boxing, I read and thought boxing, I showered and hit the curtain with a left-right combination. This sport somehow inflamed the blood.

Due to a 3:30 class on Monday and Wednesday my workouts on those days were restricted to running. I began Wednesday, January 16 in the cool expanse of the ACC Fieldhouse. I ran two miles, around and around that green Tartan surface, 20 times around, like a hamster on an exercise wheel, then finished off the workout with a few games of basketball. Feeling good . . . sound mind in sound body.

Thursday at 3:30 was my first workout with the team proper. After warming up by running one mile, I waited for the boxing room to be opened when Samaniego finally showed up. He just ran four miles outside. Four miles?

The boxing room is authentic. There is a ring in the corner, heavy bags hanging from the ceiling, speed bags and mirrors along the wall, and news clippings from old Bengal

Bouts in glass cases all around the room. There were about fifty guys there and most of them seemed to be my size. We were led through a grueling round of calisthenics — jumping jacks, pushups, situps, jumping jacks, six count burpies, jumping jacks, arm lifts, neck exercises, leg lifts, mountain climbers, toe touches, and jumping jacks. After a five-minute break we did it again, the whole painful, necessary thing. And that was it. The first week is always devoted to conditioning because that's half the game.

Friday was cold and gray, a good day to run four miles. Four miles? Bundled in sweats, with a towel around my neck, Samaniego at my side, and a question mark in my head I bolted out of the ACC and started jogging north on Juniper. It's good to be outside . . . in the air . . . running past cars . . . seeing the snowy fields . . . watching your breath . . . feeling the strength in your legs. We turned left at Douglas and headed towards 31.

"My wind feels great."

"How are the legs?"

"Not bad. Not bad."

The pace was strong and steady as we turned left on 31. There was no more talking. Another left onto Angela, all the way to Juniper, and back to the ACC sprinting the last 400 yards. It felt real good. We joined everyone else for calisthenics and relentlessly pushed ourselves to the physical limit.

Samaniego and I ran the four-mile course again on Saturday morning before the UCLA game and in the shower afterwards I suddenly felt a sharp pain on the side of my right foot. I was limping for the next three days and could do nothing but rest. Although it was my first boxing badge of courage, I felt I was losing valuable time. On Tuesday the trainer told me to keep the foot on ice and if it didn't heal in three days to have it x-rayed. I decided to work out anyway and just stay off the foot as much as possible.

The man who runs the Bengals, Dominick Napolitano, showed up Tuesday at 4 o'clock to continue instruction. They say nobody knows more about boxing than Nappy. They also say anyone who knows him loves him. Nappy sat us down after cal and told us about the program and how \$7500 was raised last

year for the Bengal Missions. Then he started talking about the sad state of boxing in the United States. "It's not a sport here anymore. Boxing used to be a great intercollegiate sport. Now the only schools that have it even on our level are the Service Academies and maybe one or two others," he said.

"It's still a great sport in Europe. They have boxing clubs as we have golf clubs. We used to have clubs but they're all gone now. Why? Because boxing was saturated by money and TV and the abuses in professional boxing came down and affected all of boxing. There was no distinction made between professional and amateur boxing. Pro boxing isn't a sport, it's a show. In boxing as a sport the rules are different. We'll never match up boys who are far apart in ability. We try to get good, even competition. If a man can't defend himself the bout is stopped even if it's only 15 seconds."

After Nappy's talk we put on the gloves and drilled — jab and parry (block). Each drill was two minutes and the arms became heavy. It's harder than it looks to get the mechanics right and to get within hitting range and to keep from flinching and tangling your feet . . . Nobody has seen Samaniego today.

In the locker room before Thursday's practice Samaniego laid a bomb on me . . . he was thinking of quitting. "I want to dedicate more time to other things," he said. "Boxing is as much, if not more, mental as physical. You have to want it and think about it and sleep with it and that takes much more than I want to give this year. As a second-semester senior there are a lot of things that are more important to me — my girl friend and my friends and all the people I haven't given enough time to. Boxing requires total and complete dedication and my emotional involvement is elsewhere. Besides that, I wouldn't want to go through it again, I don't think, because of some of the things it brought out in me, the violence. But of course I don't regret it. It was a fantastic experience."

He worked out Thursday anyway and we went through the drills together. We sparred for real but restricted it to left jabs. Jerry was aggressive and threw heavy punches. My rhythm felt good, but I flinched

at his fakes, threw half jabs, didn't counter, got knocked off balance. I landed a few light jabs, received a fat lip, and pondered the complexity of this art. "Let me know what you decide," I told Samaniego as we left.

On Friday I found that my dedication had already wavered. In those few short days I sensed the terrific physical and emotional ordeal involved in boxing. It is consuming. As I dressed in the locker room someone said Samaniego had quit. I decided to work out anyway. I hit the heavy bag and did the cal. Then we put on the gloves and went through the jabbing and countering drills, rotating partners. I hit my first partner a few times and saw his anger. My next partner was strong and pushed me around. And this was only with the left hand. He faked, I flinched, he landed, I burned inside. We switched partners again and this time I landed consistently and easily. He flinched and I struck and parried his counters. I could see his emotions bubble and some blood on his lip and it all welled up inside me now and I felt badly. I took off my gloves, hung them on the wall, and went out looking for Jerry to learn exactly what he went through last year.

"Jerry," I said, "I can see already that this is so much more extraordinary than I ever imagined. What was it like to go through with the whole thing?"

"Well, I went out at first to get in shape," he said. "If you ask anybody there I think the first thing they'll say is they went out to get in shape. Then you go through a few drills and all of a sudden you're into it. That's what happened to me. Why? Because initially you don't know what it is to box, the emotion involved."

"That's the route I went — from just wanting to get in shape to blowing my mind on boxing, not sleeping at night and boxing the shower curtain and the mirror. When I got nervous and tight I'd jump on the ground and do 50 pushups."

"You're kidding?"

"No! What happens is the more drills you go through the more involved you become. You get hit a few times and then there's a real sensation in hitting him a few times. And what happened was I picked it up pretty good. I felt like I was

moving good and then the sensation tripled. I went from a lackadaisical guy who wanted to get in shape to a completely involved boxer.

"If there was anything more important I couldn't have been out there. When those last three weeks came that's all I could think about. Then you're within a week and that's when Nappy begins his closing talks and that gets you nervous. He gets up there and says, 'You've been using every ounce of energy for the last three weeks so you guys should be drained. For this last week all I want you to do is go through the initial workout and work on your own. What you want to do is concentrate on regaining all this energy.'"

"Why were you ranked low in your division?"

"Because I was an erratic boxer. I'd be in the ring sparring and learning all these things. You know, for example, that you have to parry and you know that when you parry you have to counter, and when you see an opening you have to learn to react fast, but it's hard because you're concentrating on too many things at once. You're thinking about all this and all of a sudden you go into the ring and you do nothing right. You parry and you don't counter and all of a sudden here comes this right that smashes you in the head. That's what frustrates you. It looks easy to throw a punch or two. I mean, you watch Muhammad Ali and he's literally dancing. It's a beautiful thing to watch. But you can't appreciate how complex it is until you try it. There's a real geometry, balance thing in boxing.

"Anyway, this frustration made me give up on thinking and just go after the guy, sheer madness. And, man, you look like a spastic. Everything I learned about boxing goes out the window and Nappy's having a croak on the side. 'No, no, get him out of there, ring the bell. You ain't boxing, you're going bananas.' That happened about five or six times. Those words stayed with me. Because of that I wasn't picked to do very much in the division."

"So what happened?"

"It was the day before the first fight. I'm not supposed to do anything. I wanted to stay away from the boxing room, but I can't. I jumped rope a little, jabbed a little.

Then I went back to my room to think and try to study. I'd be studying and all of a sudden I'd find myself in a dead sweat. So I put my coat on and took a walk around Stepan Center. Back in the room I was shaking and sweating and couldn't study. I was trying hard not to think of boxing, but I couldn't help it. I was dreaming the whole fight in my head. I couldn't eat dinner that night. Then I went to a concert, came right home, couldn't sleep, took warm milk, and went to bed."

"Morning of the fight."

"All the boxers eat breakfast together and you could feel the tension in the air. After breakfast I went back to my room and tried to take a nap, but I couldn't sleep so I walked around Stepan Center again, thinking and praying. I didn't even know what I was praying for. I wasn't praying to win because it wasn't that important. I just wanted to be able to hold my head high and say at least I gave my best.

"I remember walking over to the ACC with my roommate, Carl McGarvey, and he's saying, 'Well, Champ, how do you feel, Champ?...' And he said Champ so many times I told him to shut up. I was that nervous. I never, ever thought I would be that way about anything in my life.

"Then it all happened. I got to the ACC and as I walked to the training room I got a few glances at the stadium, and I could see the ring at each glance. My heart was throbbing, I was sweating like a pig. All my senses were tremendously sharp.

"After I got my hands taped I walked out to the empty arena and just sat down and started rocking and rocking. I got up and pissed about five times. Then all of a sudden the place was filled and I didn't even notice because I was reviewing in my head everything that had happened in connection with boxing. I relived the whole thing and when I woke up there were 5,000 people there and the first fight was being announced.

"Finally my fight came up and I got dressed very carefully. Everything had to be right. Then a guy came in and, it was just like the stage, and he said, 'OK you're on in five minutes.' Then all of a sudden I felt stiff and started shaking. I

was almost crying. Then Nappy calls us down the aisle. It was like entering the Roman Coliseum. Nappy's voice was cracking. He knew the emotion we were going through and he looked at us and said, 'Now you've worked awful hard for this. Let's go out and have a good showing. I love you both. You're both brave and worked hard.' I look back on it and think if I ever had to go through that again I'd faint.

"When I climbed through the ropes I heard a few friends call out my name, which helped me out, and I'm trying to get loose and think about what I have to do. Then when I least expect it the bell rings and after that I don't remember a punch I threw. I was like a computer. Anyway, I guess I hit him with a lot of left and a few rights because all I saw was blood squirting out and I really got into it. Then I started to loosen up and become aware of what I was doing, and how gross is that? The more blood I saw the more feeling of success I had.

"So I won pretty easily and in the locker room was happy and didn't know what to say and then he walked in crying. He walked over, blood coming down, threw his arms around me and said, 'You're a hell of a fighter, a hell of a guy, and I wish you all the luck.' I didn't know what to say. We both really tried and that's all that mattered. I didn't feel like I had defeated him, or was better than him."

"How did you feel?"

"I felt good. I went home. And then the whole thing started all over again for two more fights. I didn't think I was going to win that second fight but I did and I was emotionally drained. I had to force myself back to another peak of emotional intensity for the third fight. I don't know how I did it. When I won it was an unbelievable feeling. I never worked so hard at something like that and then won. Not that it was important to win. It was just a new sensation to have done something like that and won.

"When the fights were over and we got our awards in the ring I was crying. Why? Because Nappy was crying, and Roland Chamblee was crying, and Mike Webb was crying. It was such a relief to have fought and won that you had to release it in tears."

—greg aiello

Jerry is four, Jimmy is three. They live in an ancient colonial house in Northern New Jersey with their parents, friends whom I visit whenever I'm home. Jerry and Jimmy have developed a simple ceremony of leaving a place at the dinner table for me, in case I should arrive for dinner. And they frequently check the guest bed to be sure I haven't suddenly appeared under the covers.

* * * *

The Urchins' Mass had ended. As people slowly filed out, I stood and spoke to Dave, who had just played the boy in The Giving Tree and was still wearing his clown makeup. As we talked, a little boy, his coat hanging precariously from his shoulders, came over meekly and stood in front of us, looking at Dave with eyes that would have popped out if they had been opened any wider. Dave bent over to greet him, and slowly, cautiously, the little boy extended his hand. As they greeted, a smile the likes of which I have never seen exploded across his face. He scurried away, thrilled at having just met a real live clown.

It is late, I'm tired, and this page is long overdue at the press. My confused thoughts run to children. In our most beleaguered moments, we envy their simplicity, their contentment. We grow jealous of their world, where everything seems to be so simple and calm.

And now, pressured by deadlines and obligations, I let my thoughts run away. I am determined to speak of nothing more consequential today on this page than the simple joys of children. And, in a sense, this is something of great consequence. Children have much more to teach us than we normally wish to admit. The most important lesson they offer to us who complicate our lives so, is the lesson of simplicity.

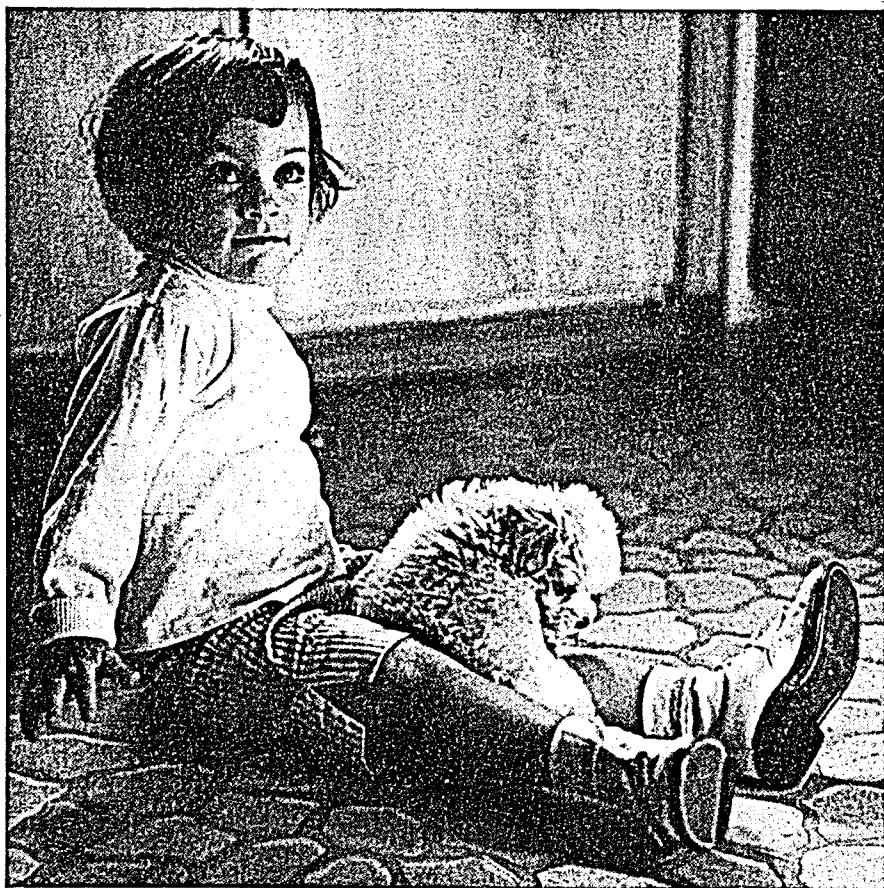
So now, as the phone rings with complaints about my tardiness, I sit here and envy Jerry and Jimmy and the boy with the wide smile. I envy them not because they have an easier life (though I certainly wouldn't mind trading for a few days). I envy them because they guard a secret which most of us seem to lose sight of in our desperate attempts to grow up.

Jerry and Jimmy's insistence that I be left a place at the table is not the result, as some would have it, of any elaborate childhood fantasy. It stems from the most basic human feelings — which children know far better than us. It stems from care, and from a knowledge of how very important we are to one another.

It is to children, then, that I dedicate this page — to thank them for secrets shared over story books, before fireplaces on snowy December nights.

—kerry mcnamara

The Last Word



Notre Dame Review

On March 1, the *Scholastic* will publish the pilot issue of the *Notre Dame Review*, a new journal of the arts co-sponsored by faculty and students. The format of the review will be a balanced selection of fiction, essays, poetry and interviews of a literary vein. Promised contributors for the first issue include Norman Mailer, Diane Wakoski, Sean Lucy, Jacques Maritain (translated by Joseph Evans) and others. The *Scholastic* is sponsoring and funding the first issue in the hope that the *Notre Dame Review* will become a permanent part of Notre Dame's commitment to the arts.

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