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A Story of a Peace Mobile: The People, the Patrolmen And the Pentagon Building

BY DENNIS GALLAGHER

Washington D.C., Oct. 23— It was an incredibly sad, devicive day. No knight on a white charger could have wished for a cause more pure and just than opposition to the Vietnam war, but by the end of the day, whatever went with the demonstrators had been dissipated by dogmatic exaggerations, purposeless violence and a general spirit of unseriousness that brooded over all the proceedings like a miasma. The day began with a rally at the Lincoln Memorial which lacked unity, and was followed by a march to the Pentagon which was simply a mass stroll down the highway.

The day ended with random and meaningless violence which buried whatever good had come out of the day in a mass of broken heads and tear gas. Bright and early Saturday morning, herds of police — municipal and military — set about securing any and every place that might be subject to the onslaught of the dangerous and militant marchers. A cordon of military police sealed off the driveway of the state department building. There was even an MP assigned (for no obvious reason) to the corner of 13th and I Streets, a half mile from the nearest public building.

The marchers looked anything but dangerous as they moved like sheep into the letter-categorized sections on both sides of the long reflection pool in front of the Lincoln Memorial. One loud speaker voice urged all black people to sit together in Section I. Apparently the New Left has come a long way since 1963, when desegregation was its goal.

Despite the fact that people were being directed as completely as in the most complex bureaucracy, the remarkable thing about the Mobilization was its disorganization and disunity. It seemed as if the whole thing had only been thought of yesterday. Speakers followed each other with no definite order or united purpose.

At various times speakers asked for a moment of silence for the late great Che Guevara and put forward the proposition the C.I.A. agents had killed Malcolm X. The tone of most of the speakers was doctrinaire leftist. John Wilson of SNCC talked about how the white man would now learn what it was like to be dealt with by "White Honky Cops." Despite the presence of Dr. Spock and several others who sought primarily an end to the war, there was a constant danger that the cause of peace would be lost amid anti-capitalist and revolutionary sentiment.

Just Thought of Yesterday...

The crowd, however, was not really interested. Its attention was caught by the speakers only once, when an American Nazi tried to attack one of the speakers. Before and after that, the crowd gave only sporadic attention to the speakers, and instead gathered into small groups for quiet and often apolitical conversation. The speakers never succeeded in making a coherent group out of the marchers. To see them walking quietly about, you might have thought it was Washington Square on a Sunday. A sort of Easter for the beautiful people. (And many of the girls were in fact beautiful. And the boys, if shaggy and oddly dressed, were physically normal, peaceful, and smiling.) The whole thing was a sort of quiet carnival. Not very awe-inspiring, but wholly innocuous.

The move to the Pentagon didn't begin until about 2:30. The demonstrators had listened to speakers and entertainers whom they couldn't see for over three hours. Yet most were still patient and eager to keep the march orderly and quiet.

The march itself was a liesurely walk that took about forty minutes. Marshals gathered from the ranks of the marchers kept a sort of order. A large portion of the

eighty thousand or so who gathered at the Lincoln Memorial rally never made it to the Pentagon. But perhaps forty-five thousand were on the Department of Defense grounds at one time or another.

What happened at the Pentagon is not easy to explain in terms of the almost detached mood of the crowd at the Lincoln Memorial. Perhaps it was only that the marchers were young and eager to take the cues provided for them, eager to do the right thing.

The clues were certainly there. When I arrived a loud speaker was proclaiming that acts of civil disobedience were necessary to further the cause. Although it would not be specific, the voice made it clear that those who refused to provide the violence it called for were cowards.

On To A Sandy Bank...

We moved on to a sandy bank where some fences had been cut down and we made our way up a hill to the roadway above. Some twenty yards from the cut fence, a group of military police were arresting those who came back down the hill into that area. It was a purely arbitrary line, since anyone who had gone up the hill was trespassing anyway. That those who went down were arrested to the accompaniment of a crowd that cheered them on and jeered the police.

A few minutes later a shout broke from the crowd above us near the Pentagon building. Some seventy-five yards from the mall entrance the military police had set up a line. A group of demonstrators had crowded around the edges of this line and were pushing into it, only to be pushed back. Finally a group broke through the line and went up the steps of the mall entrance only to be beaten back by the clubs of the police. The three who actually made it inside the Pentagon were quickly arrested.

While those in the front of the line were pushing and shoving, with the Military Police, those in the back kept up enthusiastic chants at once reminiscent of both Latin American Revolutions and Collegiate Panty Raids. The



shouts were serious ideological slurs—like Fascist! — but the group was such that it was hard to realize that the police could do more than put them on disciplinary probation.

The police indeed had guns and could easily have killed any or all of the demonstrators. The demonstrators cursed the military and called them tools of Wall Street; they were ultimately dependent on their restraint and coolheadedness for their very lives.

Finally as the situation was getting out of hand and several people who had repeatedly run the lines were clubbed into submission, someone threw a teargas bomb. The military said they didn't do it, but everyone else said they did. While it was apparently against official orders, it would have in any case been totally justifiable. Most of the crowd charged back down the hill in reasonably good order followed by a small army of gas-masked soldiers.

False Unity Of Opposition..

Later that evening the Pentagon group began to dwindle. There were a few more arrests but no incidents as major as the rush on the mall entrance.

The Notre Dame contingent of 110 was scattered yesterday, and never functioned as a unit. Only a few were involved in the groups that rushed the mall and none apparently were arrested.

Two Notre Dame students did come close to arrest as they camped all night in front of the mall entrance to the Pentagon.

"Along about one o'clock there were only about 500 of us left," said one of the students. "The MP's started making a lot of arrests of the groups. We figured we would be next because we were the biggest group and they had us surrounded on all four sides. So we put out some of our fires and gathered up our things and waited but they never came and about 4:30 a.m. we got out."

The march was no national disgrace, in fact, considering the lack of leadership and organization, it is amazing that the group did not degenerate further into mob violence. The Mobilization was an incoherent series of opposition between love and hate; peace and violence. The marchers had only the false unity that comes from being opposed to the same thing. And nothing positive except in the way of individual experience will come from that.

30 Protest N.D. Mass

An estimated 30 Catholic Traditionalists walked out of the 11 a.m. Sunday Mass at Sacred Heart in protest against use of the new English Canon. One woman, as the priest came forward to distribute Communion, accosted him, called the Mass "Judeo-Masonic Devil-worship", and then herself left.

The incident began as the woman, identified as Mrs. Peggy Stapelton of Pittsburgh, Pa., approached the priest and asked, "How do I know there was a true Consecration of the Mass?" The priest replied, "You must have faith." Mrs. Stapelton then said, "This is Protestantism. Protestantism is nothing more than Judeo-Masonic devil-worship. I'm heading for the nearest synagogue." She then stalked out.

The opinions of the rest of the group, which filtered out of the pews during the Canon, were characteristic of Mrs. Tessie O'Brien of Chicago, who said, "We have descended to the Protestant Church level and dragged Christ off the cross in so doing. It's no Mass, it's a farce. I was disgusted. You can take just so much and no more."

Mrs. O'Brien's son Michael, an 18 year old high school senior supported his mother. He stated, "From what I have read of the holiness of the Canon part of the Mass, I felt it was a sacrilege to stay any longer due to the drastic change in the Canon."

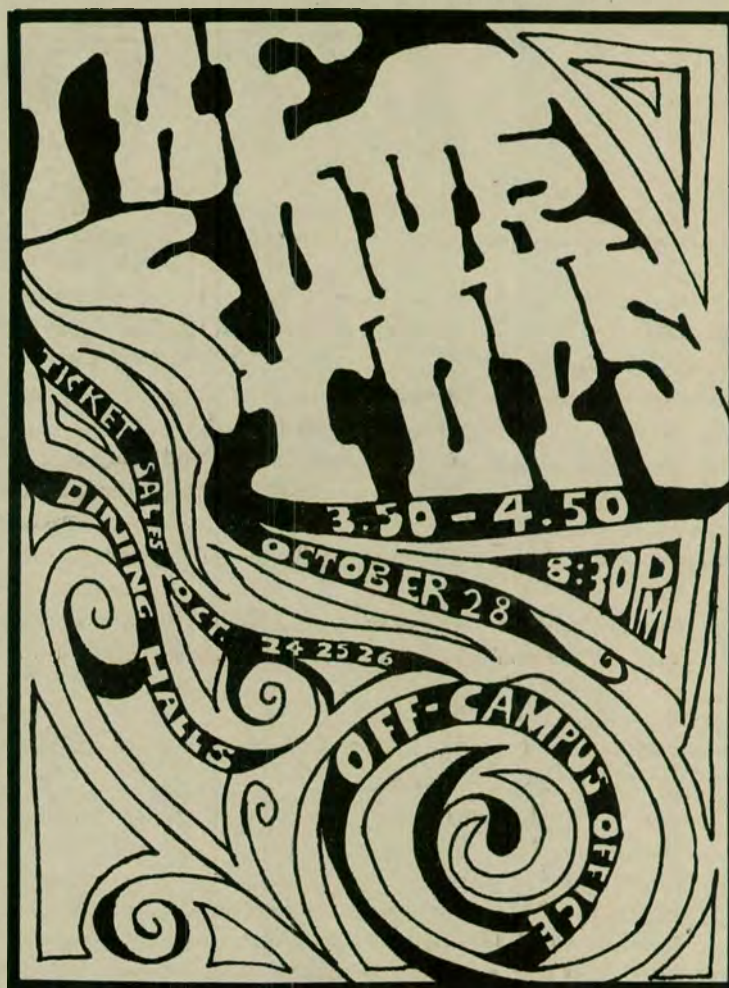
After leaving, the group stayed outside the Church for a few minutes. Mrs. Stapelton told a number of people waiting outside the Church, "There was no Mass in that Church. There was no Consecration." Another member of the band urged a woman not to enter the Church, claiming, "There is nothing more than devil worship going on in there."

When the Mass ended, Mrs. Stapelton told a number of people leaving the Mass that it had been invalid and renewed her argument with the priest who had said the Mass. Pointing a finger at the priest, Mrs. Stapelton asked, "How do I know this wasn't a satanic Mass? We know there are black mass cults on this campus." The priests disclaimed any knowledge of such cults. Mrs. Stapelton then departed the Church, shouting back as she left, "We know Purseley is a Satanist."

The Traditionalists took issue with more than the Canon of the Mass. Mrs. Helen Murphy of Wilkes-Barre, Pa. stated: "I look around and see Rosicrucian crosses, I see a table taking the place of the altar, I see a Masonic Presidents' Chair. Everything I saw in that Church is Masonic. The liturgy announces the anti-Christ."

The group, consisting of people from New York, Pennsylvania, and Illinois as well as Indiana, attended Mass earlier in the morning at a Ukrainian Rite church in Chicago.

They came to Notre Dame to "protest the takeover of Our Lady's University by the cult of satan." Mr. Luke Murphy summed up the group's feelings as he said upon leaving, "It is no longer the Roman Catholic Church. It has been taken over by the enemies of Christ. They have brought their devil worship into our very churches."



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JAY SCHWARTZ

No Suh



Every year at Notre Dame a secret award springs forth from an equally secret committee and sneaks upon the campus at one of those dining hall votes. The voting is tucked neatly away for a month and then as George Washington's natal day, the Patriot of the Year award assails Du Lac in resplendent glory. Not just one Student has been left scratching his head and many had gone so far as to suggest that the organization behind the grandiose prize strongly resembles one of Mayor Daley's ward machine. This parallel might be a bit absurd but at least Daley goes to mass everyday.

It's not that I'm against patriotism or anything like that. In fact, I sort of enjoy it. For instance, I remember that as a boy we use to run up the steps of the Washington monument and make my dad drive around the Lincoln Memorial so that we could count the 48 columns. And one time I made 35 bucks selling programs at the Cherry Blossom Parade when some goof from Oskosh, Wisconsin bought 80 at a dollar a shot—one for every member of the Masonic Lodge back home. I like flags and hot dogs and I still think little George threw that coin across the Sapahannoh river. I like fireworks, sparklers, and apples. I like the country and all kinds of things, even Notre Dame once in a while. My likes and loves are ebullient, big and nice but the few hates are fierce. And my dear lads out there or up there somewhere I really don't like your damn award one bit at all. No suh and that's final.

Out of the convoluted group we call class government and that we sometimes call ours comes that stealthy committee that tells us what and who is a Patriot—this amorphous committee has suggested in the past such outstanding Americans as Chet Huntley and David Brinkley. Not that our twin newscasters don't love their mother or baseball but who really cares what they do like.

The trouble with the award seems to come from the fact that no one knows who a patriot is. Our committee seems to like people that fight wars and only those who fight well. I really don't care for warmakers. But pity our senior heroes who have to decide upon patriots. Picture that committee working, sweating, and trying to grind out a bit of decency for the campus.

"How about Adlai Stevenson?"

"But he couldn't come to speak."

"Why?"

"He's dead."

"Yeah, and besides I think he was a pinko."

"Yeah, that's the trouble with intellectuals. No grasp of reality."

"By the way do you think those jerks will picket again this year?"

"Who cares. Give me another beer."

And that's the way it goes on campus before February. Right here at Notre Dame the fight for decency, freedom, and Americanism continues. And like a voice in the proverbial wilderness, I can only cry out, "No Suh."

Hartke Tells Viet Answer Here, Tonight

According to Academic Commissioner Chuck Nau, Senator Hartke will make a major pronouncement on the Vietnam war when he speaks tonite. Hartke's office informed Nau of this by phone Friday. The office assured Nau that the statement would be one of the most significant made in the debate on the War.

Nau believes the statement could take on two forms. The first is a flat statement of opposition to President Johnson. In view of Hartke's longtime opposition to bombing policies, this is a distinct possibility.

Also in the offing, according to the Academic Commissioner, is a revelation of specific Administrative plans to invade North Vietnam. Hartke has hinted at this in recent weeks, coming under criticism from the Indiana press.

In addition to the Hatfield and Hartke speeches, the Academic Commission will present a joint appearance of Wyoming Senator Gale McGee, a supporter of the President on Vietnam, and South Dakota Senator George McGovern, a critic of U.S. action in Vietnam.

Academic Commission head Chuck Nau also secured Robert Welch, who will speak Tuesday evening at Stepan Center. The topic of Welch's address is "The Communist Conspiracy in the United States."

The speech by Welch comes little more than a week after the Rev. Francis Fenton, a Catholic Priest from Bridgeport, Connecticut, spoke in South Bend under Birch Society auspices on the topic of the Communist threat to the churches.

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THE OBSERVER

A Student Newspaper

EDITOR - IN - CHIEF

PATRICK COLLINS

FOUNDED NOVEMBER 3, 1966

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA

Showdown At Security Corral

This Wednesday night the Student Senate will hold its first official meeting. On the agenda, besides a constitutional amendment which will allow the Senate to pass legislation contrary to university regulations if the Senate so chooses, is a Senate declaration submitted by Human Affairs Stay Senator Richard Rossie calling for the disarming of the campus security guards. We support that declaration and urge the student body to its support.

The declaration recognizes, as we all do, the need for campus guards to protect and guard the life and property of the members of the university community. The argument given by the security director for arming the police is the riot that occurred in South Bend this summer. But the fact still remains that guns have never been needed on the Notre Dame campus. We would wholeheartedly support the immediate arming of the police if rioters were approaching the campus but we doubt the possibility of this occurring.

Notre Dame is situated on the edge of the city of South Bend, not in the center. The campus has a certain amount of real insulation in more ways than one. Furthermore, the danger of riots has been greatly reduced now that summer has passed. The argument based on the riots just does not hold water.

The argument that there is a potential need or that a gun is part of a policeman's

uniform is still held up as if it were a law given on Mt. Sinai. But the potentiality and the reality are often very far apart. The Senate declaration maintains that this separation does exist, and we agree. Nevertheless, the declaration states that if the administration or the security office can demonstrate to the Student Senate the need for guns, then the Senate will approve the arming of the four or five campus guards.

We simply do not believe that this University needs armed guards. We really only need watchman, and the arming of a certain number of guards could irritate rather than quell a chaotic situation.

We do not believe that guns are necessary to tell the students to get off the grass or to tell a student he cannot drive on campus. We do believe that an armed policeman can easily anger a student who otherwise would have just been slightly "ticked off." And ultimately we come to a greater potentiality — that a student might be shot by an angered policeman. If potentialities do exist, then the reality that a student could be shot by an angry policeman is certainly the greater — and ultimately more tragic — potentiality. We still believe that "walking softly and carrying a big stick" is a better policy.

The Senate, if it passes this resolution and we hope it does, will have taken a responsible stand. We hope the Administration will listen.

Impossible Dream

Notre Dame's much touted ideal of eventually becoming a totally residential university is in serious trouble. The high rise dormitory complex to be erected north of the library has been hailed by the Administration as the culmination of this ideal and promises to enable all undergraduate students to live on the campus, however, will never make this a residential university. Simply lumping a couple of hundred rooms together with a chapel does not create a residence hall, as all the halls built thus far prove. Lounge facilities, for example, are sorely lacking, both in the older halls and in the planned high rise halls where there will be only one lounge area for every twenty-five students.

A residence hall must be a complex of facilities allowing each student more breathing space than a nine-by-twelve cubby hole. One solution is offered by Rice Un-

iversity where the newer halls boast a "living room" adjoining every two sleep-study rooms in a suite type of arrangement.

A hall should offer more than a place to sleep; it should provide a liveable atmosphere, as no hall on this campus does as yet. Some halls have worked out compromise arrangements, such as Breen-Phillips' new basement lounge which provides a comfortable place to relax within the hall. Individual students have even pooled three or four rooms, crowding beds together in order to save one room for a TV-study lounge.

But all these are stop-gaps. It seems our administrators might learn from other universities how to best house its students. But until they do something to make residence halls tolerable places in which to live, the lure of off-campus freedom and mobility will continue to attract more and more students away from on-campus halls.



THE REPORTER

A Pre-Game Warm-up



BY DENNIS GALLAGHER

Mass demonstrations are like football games in that while there are a lot of preliminaries, nothing is really determined until the event actually begins. Thus arriving in Washington on Wednesday afternoon is like arriving on Campus the Wednesday before a football game. You have to look very closely to see the signs that foreshadow the great event.

I spent my morning and early afternoon Thursday and Friday touring the Government district looking for signs of peace activism. A tiny group of about a half dozen bedraggled peace people passed out Mobilization for Peace literature in front of the Treasury Department Building across from the White House. A somewhat larger group of two dozen did the same in front of the state department building.

Of course there were some more significant things happening. At the higher administrative levels, the leaders of the several peace movements were holding what seems to be more or less hourly press conferences. There was the question of grounds permission and a parade permit which was not settled until the eleventh hour (Thursday) when government officials realized that a large number of the demonstrators were likely to go through with scheduled plans with or without permission.

And of course there was the usual flak from congress about Communist domination and unpatriotic acts. John Stennis, the Senator from Mississippi indicated that he believed the Mobilization for peace was Communist inspired. Mendell Rivers, a problem drinker, and head of the House Armed Services Committee termed the march a national disgrace.

The most marvelously convoluted suggestion of all came from Senator Byrd of Virginia. He said, "These demonstrators cannot stop the war. But they wreak untold mischief both at home and abroad. They could prolong the war and if they do, the blood of those American boys will be on the hands of the peacenicks." Apparently, then, if you are for peace, you should be for the war.

Meanwhile, Doctor Spock and some of his compatriots were trying to turn in draft cards that they had received from protestors across the country. The Justice Department was understandably reluctant to accept the cards since it would have involved Spock, poet Robert Lowell, and several others of national reputation in major violation of the draft laws.

With the leaders talking civil disobedience in terms that included everything from passive resistance to throwing fire bombs, it was obviously time to stay low at least until the firing actually began so I went out in search of Washington.

I am not sure I actually found it. I did spend some time at the Natural History museum as a sort of homage to my childhood rapprochement with triceratots.

I also spent some time in a little Italian Restaurant and bar named unaccountably The Tiki Hut. They have some very nice Scotch Ladies of varying ages who come in on Thursday Night to have a Wee Drop and sing the songs of the Old Heather. If you want you can sing along. Beer (Michelob) is thirty five cents on weekdays and a half dollar on Friday and Saturday night when they bring on the dancing girls. These topics will be discussed more fully in an upcoming travel book entitled "Washington is a kind of nice city, or How to watch half naked women dance without becoming emotionally involved."



The Who

BY MICHAEL HAMPSEY

Remember the British Rock invasion? The Beatles, Stones, Kinks, Moody Blues, and many more singlehandedly uprooted an unhealthy American music scene that was nursed on hot-rods and high school rings. But one quartet that has been tearing up England for some time has been unjustly ignored by the top-pop forty freaks. Quite unjustly, for this group has released good songs and was the first group to experiment with electronic distortion and feedback. Appropriately enough, they are called The Who.

The Who toured the states this summer with Peter Noone and Company, but this apparently had little effect on Herman's screamers, as their excellent single "Pictures of Lily" barely made the National charts. Anyone who has seen The Who live will never forget it. On tour they opened with a joyfully ear-splitting version of Eddie Cochran's "Summertime Blues", and ended their act (and most of their equipment) with "My Generation", their first English hit. In between they performed most of the material from their second album, "Happy Jack".

The songs on "Happy Jack" (Decca DL-4892) differ radically from the wilder stuff for which the Who are famous. There is very little feedback or rave-up patterns at work here. The Who have grown and their songs are more reserved, giving us more of Alexander Pope's concept of True Wit than electronic music.

The major Who songwriters are Peter Townshend and John Alec Entwistle. John Alec is the bassist, but on the album he displays some very nice French horn work, and wrote two fine songs. "Boris the Spider" and "Whiskey Man". Both have undertones of wry social comment, the latter song conjuring up all the properties of Dostoyevsky's "Honest Thief".

Townshend is the Who's lead guitarist. Anyone expecting flashy Bloomfield-Kalb solos will be let down, or rather, put down, by Townshend's work. Instead, his chordal patterns brilliantly complement the fine vocal harmony and the other two instruments, especially Keith Moon's drumwork. Not enough can be said about Moon's powerful drumming and impeccable timing.

All of these qualities which make the Who great are best displayed on the last cut. "A Quick One While He's Away". Townshend has created the first Classical Rock Opera. His lady-in-waiting is seduced by a certain Ivor, the Engine Driver, and upon her man's return confesses "I missed you but I must admit, I kissed a few and once did sit, on Ivor the engine driver's lap, and later with him had a nap". The perfect setting. And we are all told; "you are forgiven". Townshend's rhythm build-ups and changes make the lyric a complete Rock statement, perhaps the finest cut over ten minutes yet recorded.



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OBSERVER FEATURES

Streetcar Off The Tracks

BY MICHAEL O'CONNOR

You're an ordinary guy and your wife's sister comes to stay with you. Whenever you want to go to the toilet, there she is in the bathroom, primping or having a bath and taking her own sweet time about. You go and you hammer on the door "For Christ's sake, aren't you through yet?", and your wife shushes you. Blanche is very sensitive and you must be careful of her feelings. You get sore at your wife; your kidneys are sensitive, too. My God, you yell, loud enough so that Blanche can hear you, can't a man urinate in his own home, when is she getting out?

You are pretty sick of hearing her criticize your table manners, and does she have to turn on the radio when you are having a poker game? Who the hell does she think she is? Finally you and your wife have a fight (you knew she was turning the little woman against you all along), you decide to put your foot down, Blanche will have to go. Your wife reluctantly gives in — anything for some peace and quiet around here, but don't think it's been a treat for her.

One way or another Blanche gets the idea and gets sulkier, but it sure doesn't look like she's in any hurry to go. So you have her committed (Look, any dome who acts like that has got to be crazy). Finally it's just you and your wife again.

This variation on the mother-in-law theme is the one solid piece of theatrical furniture that A Streetcar Named Desire can offer. And in a very competent production Father Arthur Harvey, CSC, has presented that bare bone as well as it can be presented. Karen O'Donnell and Judy Muench are the noteworthy members of the cast in their excellent portrayals of the two female leads, the wife and the sister. The male lead, Martin Doucette, in his imitation of the husband, perhaps does not see the fundamental distinctions upon which his role is built. The rest of the cast varies between competence and less; the minor roles are unfortunately neglected and could serve to much more substantially offset the mediocrity of the play itself, as Miss Muench and Miss O'Donnell have.

The sheer mediocrity of the play is undeniable; yes, we have the in-law theme, but why must it be so laden with the antimacassars that make a shot in the dark look like a split dum-dum? Acrimony and umbrage, tears, door-slaming, broken dishes, jeers, cold haughty silences, whispers, raised eyebrows, the determination to take no notice, the whole classic paraphernalia of insult added to injury is Tennessee William's hope-chest.

The domestic dirty linen it contains is generally associated with Mary Worth and TV situation comedy, but that should not invalidate it as subject matter for another shot at that far distant star, the great American drama. But Williams seems to feel that it does; and in his mortification at the literary poverty of his subject, like the Southern women he writes about, he

fails to see its grandeur for its triviality.

He is addicted to the embroidered lie just as much as Blanche DuBois here or the mother in Glass Menagerie are. Although his taste in fancy-work differs (inclining more to the jagged line, the jungle motifs, the modernistic scene) it is just as oppressive. The director, Father Harvey, has taken away the pain of the falsity but without being shielded by embarrassment for the actors, one finally wishing that somebody would rip away Williams's paper lantern and show us the bulb.

The force of Father Harvey's attempt at salvaging what is worthwhile in the play can be illustrated by a single instance; consider Blanche DuBois. In her Williams has caught a flickering glimpse of the faded essence of the sister-in-law.

This is the woman who inevitably comes to stay and who evokes pity because of her very emptiness. Some how Miss Muench has succeeded in hitting at the thin, sleazy stuff of this character; but Williams has, at every turn, been working against—not for her.

It is not enough that she should be a drunkard—this in itself is plausible; she must also be a notorious smalltown libertine and a nymphomaniac. But how can we believe this of a woman for whom conventionality is the end of her very existence. As she elaborates the fiction of her life, the audience is confounded to discover simply to whom is it a fiction? To Blanche, to Stanley, to Stella or Mitch, to Tennessee Williams? Miss Muench has succeeded in making us forget the question and when we do we are a little more at home with the play; but finally the question must be faced and since it goes unanswered, the play condemned.

The amazing character of Stanley Kowalski—the monosyllabic cynic (and where he can get along without words, he grunts), the realist of the bladder and genitals — never had a fighting chance. That curious fellow who describes the sex act as "getting those colored lights going," is played as a vision of crudity who never learned how to talk that way.

His wife, Stella, is clearly the saving grace of the production. She plays a clearly defined character and plays it with a relaxed self assurance that makes for genuine grace as an actress. During moments when a too-encumbered stage is going at a completely arbitrary pace and whatever is good about William's prose is being lost, she can simply speak her lines and redefine the whole clip of the scene.

If dignity could grow in Tennessee Williams' dirt strewn stage, then Miss O'Donnell would possess all in this production and possess with the serious morality that the theatre demands. In a discussion of Streetcar, the ordinary objections against Williams are not necessary. We need only point to Washington Hall and Father Harvey's valiant attempt at making the play viable and dismiss the play as a hopeless failure.

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I sang my harp on the sun's deck
Here at the water in the cool unblossomed year,
And the light notes clung at my hair roots
Like bird cries gathering.

All the day's time leaned
Into lengthening shadows
And moments clung like fresh leaves
On water.

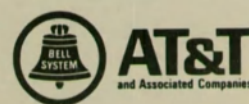
Wind crossed the pond
Leaving stripes and crosses
As though it rolled and cast down,
Cast down its shape for vision.

Wisteria hung for lavender
In a blossom of perfume,
And on the stone a toad
Settled in sunlight.

Is this saturation of senses enough?
Living together between a time frame,
We creature and non-creature
And I among them.

Susan McCord ©Contact Magazine, 1965

To communicate is the beginning of understanding



The Mail

Dear Sir:

This letter is in reference to your October 19 article, "Profs Vote as Expected in Viet Popularity Poll," the title of which was perhaps unfortunate since it is not clear how the Faculty was indeed expected to vote on the Vietnam War issue. Nevertheless, I wish to correct a partially inaccurate statement made in the article. Let me state immediately, however, that the fault does not lie with any inaccuracy in the reporting of Mr. Robert L. Brady who interviewed me. Captain Louis J. Papas of the Naval Science Department informed me by telephone that the faculty members in his department were not ordered by him to take no part in the faculty poll. It turns out, in fact, that the individual in the Military Science Department who had agreed to distribute the questionnaire to the three departments of Air Force, Aerospace Studies, Military Science, and Naval Science simply never distributed the questionnaires to the Naval Science people. I should also mention that we sent exactly 25 questionnaires to be distributed to these three departments and that all 25 were returned, apparently untouched, with an unsigned note stating, "The Army, Navy and Air Force ROTC Departments appreciate being sent the questionnaires for the faculty poll, however, elect not to participate." Captain Papas disclaims any knowledge of, or responsibility for, this note.

I might add that this unfortunate misunderstanding could have been avoided had Mr. Brady interviewed the commanding officers of all three departments involved, as I had suggested to him, rather than simply interviewing Colonel Victor J. Ferrari

of the Air Force, Aerospace Studies Department.

Sincerely yours,

James T. Cushing
Asst. Prof. of Physics

The Naval Science Department was contacted, but Captain Papas was not in. His Executive Officer did say privately, however, that the procedures of the Air Force were not unlike the Standard Operating Procedure of the Navy. (Ed.)

Chesty: (John) Boy with balloons at Oktober fest. Please write to S. R., 1601 East 43rd Street, Minneapolis, Minn. 55407. Minneapolis School of Art needs you!

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ND Shames Illini Defense



BY AL BERRYMAN

Notre Dame came back again last Saturday. Combining a furious defensive effort with a well-balanced offense, the Irish rolled over a helplessly outmanned Illinois football team, 47-7. The stars were numerous—Bob Gladieux, Jim Seymour, Rocky Bleier, but most of the tribute must go to the organized Storm Troopers that we call defense.

The Irish struck early and often. After two early field goals by Joe Azzaro, Tom Schoen returned Charlie Bareither's punt to the Illinois 33. Bleier carried for 13 yards, and after two runs by Jeff Zimmerman, Mr. H. hit Bleier with a beautiful 9-yard pass, giving the Irish a first down on the seven. Zimmerman poured it over from there for the first touchdown of the day.

The next time Notre Dame got the ball, in the second quarter, they moved 54 yards in 11 plays for another score. Hanratty relied on Bleier and Zimmerman to grind it out, and he tossed in an 8-yard pass to Seymour. The touchdown came on an 18-yard strike to Seymour on a play that also saw Gladieux wide open in the end zone. After an exchange of interceptions, Notre Dame received a punt on their own 36. From there it took 13 plays before Gladieux rambled in from 10 yards out. Azzaro kicked the PAT, and it was Notre Dame 27, Illinois 0.

After the kickoff, Dave Martin's Assassins held the Illini at their own 30, and Schoen ran back Bareither's punt to the Irish 42. A Hanratty to Seymour lob fell incomplete, Gladieux blasted for 10 yards, and then Hanratty broke away from a good rush to gun a 48-yard TD pass to Seymour. It was a genuine first-rate bomb, with Seymour beating the entire Illinois secondary. The Golden Toe of Azzaro kicked one wide for his first missed attempt of the season. That left the halftime score Notre Dame 33, Illinois 0.

The capacity crowd of 71,277 was electrified 90 seconds into the second when Ron Bess, who played a whale of a defensive game for Illinois, picked off a Hanratty pass and bolted 75 yards for a touchdown, to make the score 33-7.

Dave Haley received the kickoff for the Irish, and the Comet nearly broke away for six points. The last Illinois defender halted him at the Notre Dame 49. Six plays later, however, Bess again grabbed an interception and headed toward the end zone. He ran this one back 77 yards before Zimmerman brought him down from behind at the 5. Irish defenders slammed the door in the face of the Illini on a great goal line stand, and Notre Dame had the ball again. Hanratty used his running backs exclusively to move out to the 37, when Bleier punted.

Schoen intercepted Dean Volkman's pass and ran it back 32 yards to the Illinois 28. Gladieux



TERRY HANRATTY, Notre Dame's scrambling quarterback, uses some body English in getting four yards away. If looks could open holes, he would have gone all the way. But Saturday Terry settled for lobbing it across as the Irish passing game asserted itself with its old flare.

gained 21 yards around end, and four plays later he pounded over from the one, to make it 40-7, with 30 seconds left in the third quarter.

The final period saw only one score, when Tom Quinn took the last punt of the day and cruised 60 yards unmolested for a touchdown. The action became a little heated between Tom O'Leary and John Wright, Illinois' split end, and on another occasion Charles Kennedy and Nick Furlong had a mild dispute with Mike McDonough, which resulted in McDonough being thrown out of the game.

Notre Dame lost Kevin Hardy early in the game, and possibly for the rest of the season. The big man will be missed, of course, but the Msrs. McCoy, Jockisch, Norri, Kuechenberg and Lauck have jelled into a finely disciplined team which is cutting down on mistakes. The offense will be dependable, especially now that the backfield is set. Gladieux is fully recovered from the injuries which have plagued him, and Zimmerman provides the big fullback that is needed to block.

As far as national ratings are concerned, Ara had this to say after the game: "Well, I guess this might put us back in the running. Last night, I thought our chances were remote, but right now things look a lot better the way the favorites have been falling. The time has passed when any one team can consistently dominate college football. There are more good college football teams and players and the coaching is better."

The coaching is better, and one of the best coaches around visits Notre Dame this coming Saturday. Duffy's boys may not have the best record around, but they have a way of putting games together against the Irish. Notre Dame's fortunes this year have been up one week, down the next. They won't be able to afford mistakes against the Spartans that they made against USC, but then Michigan State doesn't have anybody like Adrian Young and O.J. Simpson. Do they?

OBSERVER SPORTS

THE IRISH EYE

?



BY TOM CONDON

Football is sound; cacophonous, crisp, euphonious and ephemeral — Up, one — Up, two, — Up, three — Alright. Stretch 'em out. You ready to go, big? — AND NOW, THE MARCHING ILLINI — Divvish — Dhs Dhs Diush — eeeuuu — uu — of the brave — got to go to — comeon comeon — Heads? BLEIER HAS CALLED HEADS AND WON — get into it — uuhh — pass — Hrack — Hrack — pass — Kaeel! Kaeel! Kaeel! Ohw — Ahd — Onkk — Damn, we get the ball on the seven and we don't know if we're gonna — Hold it longer — Automatic A — WOULD THE OWNER OF THE CAR WITH MISSOURI PLATES X3162 REMOVE HIS VEHICLE FROM IN FRONT OF THE EMERGENCY — Super Jett — Vddd — Yuss — Yeatt — Alroot!

Where's the Open House? — No, No, I know this sorority house that's really open — THE BOMB! THE IMMORTAL BOMB — THE SACRED BOMB — sweet grimmesome grimmesome on that tweet — FOR YOUR HALFTIME ENJOYMENT — a certain similarity to our pre-game enjoyment — TO HONOR UNIVERSITY RESEARCH THE BAND FORMS A TEST TUBE — THE LINES TOO CROWDED? TWEEEL — No, not again — this happens with alarming regularity — that's the last time — get him, Jeff, come-on, come-on, you've got it -it -it yeah! Hawd hands — Dave! NOTRE DAME TAKES OVER, 1st and 10 — I hear they're not giving out any tickets to St. Mary's anymore — Alumni complained — and they sell'em anyway — Kennedy's booking it with some guy — an' he's up, up, and outa here. Belden's good — he'd be an All American for these sub-beings. Shhsh — slapp — uhuh — RACKLED BY KEUCHEN BERGER? Quinn was supposed to be a one-man gang for some school in Iowa — Bentley? — Kilianey's in there now, second from the end — Think there's any honeys over at the student union? — What's the age in Illinois — You jest? — Haley's Comet — I ran into some guy in Providence who knew him — Homecoming — unkk — ikik — ikik — knocked it down — shame O'Leary's leavin' — Look at that snake in the green — I have been for twenty IN A FEW MINUTES, YOU'LL BE DRIVING HOME — unless you have any sense — the worst score since 1962 — hey, whose got the stuff — come on, fly — Dada Dadas Dada — that soon and is one of a child in ancient Rome learning to speak —

The histrionic markets the thing. A pity.