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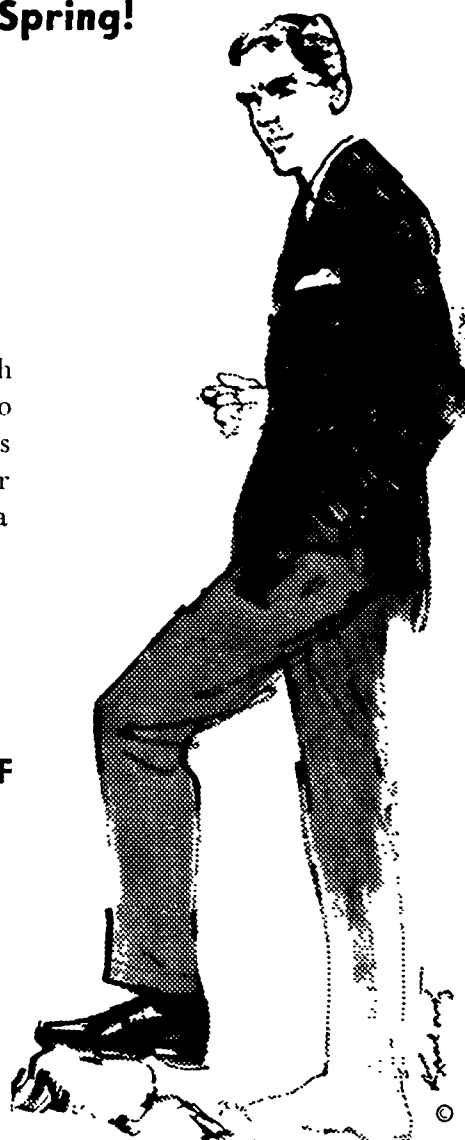
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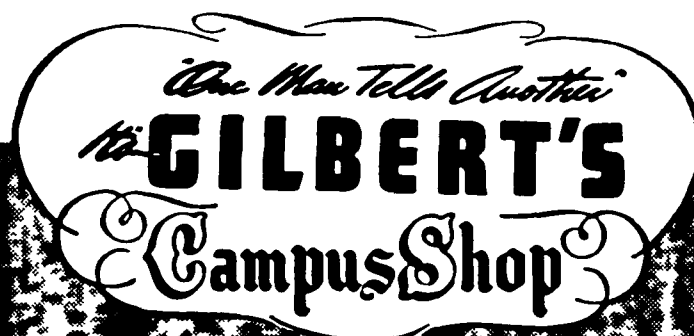
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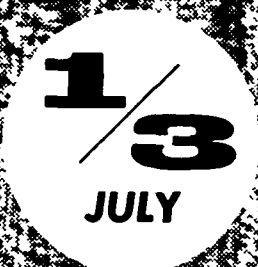
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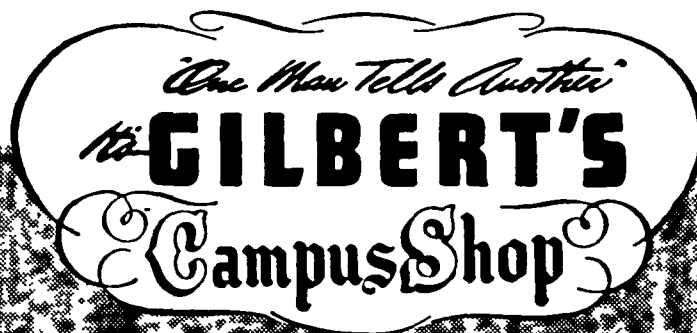
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SCHOLASTIC

The Student Weekly of the
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Founded 1867

Vol. 105 March 13, 1964 No. 17



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The Scholastic

Defense for Honor

(The editors of the SCHOLASTIC have asked Pete Clark to write this guest editorial on the honor system. It does not necessarily represent the editors' personal views, but we feel that Mr. Clark is qualified to reflect the kind of responsible student opinion that we have intended the editorial page to be used for.)

THAT NOTRE DAME should have an honor system seems to be generally accepted; the questions, then, are what type, when, and how. But it is difficult to separate the idea from its application, and so student committees have worked since 1955 to provide concrete proposals for consideration by the University community. This continuing effort has most recently produced a specific plan which will be accepted or rejected next week in a campus-wide referendum. Discouragingly, for those who favor the idea in general, the proposed plan is imperfect; it has not been adequately tempered in the kiln of public discussion. But it does contain the seeds of a solution, and so must be defended in general with recognition of its potential.

Very simply, the elements of the present proposal are these: it is to cover the academic realm, it is to rely on student enforcement, it is to be applied next year, and it is considered as the first step in an evolution to a more complete alteration of present attitudes and practices. Here are the answers to the questions posed originally; now it remains to understand the implications of these answers.

Clearly recognizing the basic reasons for an honor system at Notre Dame is essential to understanding the particular path chosen to reach that goal. Two reasons are predominant, one pragmatic and the other idealistic. Most people are aware that cheating is a serious social and moral wrong, yet it continues here. This is, first, a practical consideration for it is an inequity to the honest student who sincerely desires to compete in the academic atmosphere. An effective honor system is seen as the correction to this inequity; it will deter, hopefully, some inadvertent cheating and eliminate from the community compulsive cheats.

This practical aspect may justify an honor system, but it does not supply the basis from which further developments may be drawn. And so it is further argued that an honor system should improve the entire atmosphere of the University by instilling a sense of personal honesty and responsibility in each man, which, it turn, should lead to further leniency in disciplinary regulations. Several distinctions are relevant to this line of thought. First, it is highly unlikely that sweeping changes in present restrictions will be forthcoming in the near future. This is not to say that demonstrations of responsibility won't be recognized, but outside of the academic realm, little opportunity for such demonstrations exists within the present structure. Furthermore, it is very hard

to ascribe to arbitrary social restrictions the same seriousness that is deserved by the academic area. We are talking about a program created, accepted, and instituted by students within the existing structure of the University; it is impractical to consider anything else. It is far easier to agree upon our primary purpose here than it is upon the peripheral ideas of social and extracurricular activities. And so it seems appropriate to concentrate upon the one place within which corrections can be applied.

We have considered the practical and idealistic motives for instituting the general type of system proposed. It is important to recognize one other distinction that explains the curious hybrid character of parts of the plan. The present proposal is not intended to be permanent; it is for immediate application, for the years of transition. Everyone is aware of the difficulty individuals may face in their first encounter with honor system violations; until an entire class has worked under it, there will be problems. This is, however, no argument for postponing adoption. So long as the participants are prepared to face the difficulties and commit themselves to adapting to the idea, we can be assured of eventual success.

In any discussion of honor systems, one inevitably looks to the schools that operate under one now. Most prominent among these are the military academies, the University of Virginia, and Johns Hopkins University. Each of these institutions has in common the preservation of some ideal of honor, be it that of a military officer or of a Southern gentleman. For years we have been told that we are Christian gentlemen, to which we can only smile wryly when the action behind the words implies precisely the opposite. The boorish behavior of which some of us are occasionally guilty, and of which few of us are proud, can be blamed, I think, on the prevailing attitude that no one really believes that we are indeed men, much less gentlemen, until we receive a diploma. Such a deplorable chain of thought rapidly degenerates into a vicious circle when students' actions only confirm others' suspicions. An honor system successfully applied to a limited area is one way out of that situation.

It cannot be overemphasized that we are combatting innate pessimism and that even limited success is vastly preferable to grand failure. We are, of necessity, thinking in long-range terms and so the benefits will not be immediately apparent. But while the men who have studied the situation are still available the seeds must be planted and nurtured. It is unfortunate that this student body is so rarely obsessed by an ideal; for the honor system offers a most noble opportunity for positive improvement of our environment. It will be a disgrace if the chance is not seized.

Very briefly, then, the case must rest on each student's devotion to one of two ideals. Whether he merely wishes to exist among honest men or whether he seeks to prove the existence of that substantial ideal to which we all would like to subscribe, the Notre Dame man; every man who would see Notre Dame a better place should support and contribute to the development of an honor system next year.

—J. PETER CLARK

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COVER

This week's cover loosely depicts the Collegiate Folk Festival (special date package — \$2.50) March 8, 10, 12.

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Letters . . .

EMERGENCY CALL

EDITOR:

Last Friday a student ran out of Badin's south door, attempted to leap the wire bordering the grass, caught his ankle and fell, severely dislocating his elbow. This is not written to discuss the relative brilliance displayed in jumping wires, but rather to point out the inability of students to obtain help in such an emergency situation. The student in question was forced, both by pain and uncertainty as to the extent of injury, to remain lying on the grass with one Army blanket underneath and one covering him, while a wind blew that left even those of us standing by in coats shivering.

The students attempting to locate an ambulance were faced with the following situation: our talented switchboard operator told them to call the ND fire department (which does not maintain an ambulance); the fire department gave the students a number for the infirmary (which also does not maintain an ambulance), but no one answered. They then again dialed the operator, who gave them another infirmary number. After there was again no answer, one student continued his efforts to contact the infirmary while another called St. Joseph Hospital. Here he was directed to call an emergency room number, then a police number, then a police surgeon's number, and finally got the ambulance upon calling the Sheriff's Office.

In case you're wondering, that's two phones used, eight agencies contacted, and at least ten dialing operations performed. Obviously the University is not responsible for the total delay directly — St. Joseph's did not have the correct number ready, either. Nevertheless, if the University operator had known the number to call for an ambulance, time could have been saved. As it was, a student lay on the Main Quad for 35 minutes, in danger of shock or possible increased injury.

This may seem to be an exaggeration of a situation that in fact *turned out* to be not serious; but such a consideration misses the point entirely. When an operator is called in an emergency, one quite reasonably assumes that said operator will know the best way to obtain medical help, and that is the important point; our operator did not provide that information. Beyond that, let's expand the specific example in a hypothetical but not unreasonable way. Have our friend land just a little differently,

resulting in a compound fracture or a head injury with consequent bleeding. The conclusions are obvious, and one statement summed up the sentiments of most of the observers — "A guy could lose a hell of a lot of blood in 35 minutes."

It seems reasonable to suggest that the University ensure swifter medical aid in an emergency by having its operators maintain a *correct* list of numbers to call in case of accident. Even more, operators just might take the information in such cases and contact help themselves, since it is easier for them than for students using pay phones or our interhall system. In this specific case, just having the correct number readily available would probably have saved 10-15 minutes of exposure that hardly contributed to the health of the student involved.

Al Dudash
245 Badin

IT'S THE GREATEST

EDITOR:

I have been involved in the Mock Conventions at Notre Dame since the beginning and I believe that the 1964 Convention is easily the best that we have ever had. In this light I would like to thank all concerned, delegates, alternates, and committee members, for their concern and work which made such a success possible. The work of Tom Woods, Mike Dillon, and the committee heads was especially important and deserves the thanks of everyone. We can hope that the 1968 Mock Convention will equal the quality of its 1964 predecessor.

Paul C. Bartholomew
(*Dr. Bartholomew has indeed been involved. He is the founder of the Notre Dame Mock Convention.—Ed.*)

FUN WITHOUT LOVE

EDITOR:

Much has been said on both sides of the road about the apathetic attitude of St. Mary's and Notre Dame students in regard to the social situation. Saying that it is a definite problem is both unnecessary and redundant.

A poll was taken on a recent Saturday night which showed that there were 300 girls in the freshman and sophomore classes alone who stayed in. Just out of curiosity tonight, we looked at the sign-out books in Holy Cross Hall and counted 188 girls out of 310 who were not signed out. Now that our Social Center is open, it does not seem to be our prerogative to come to the Rathskeller on a dateless Friday or Saturday night. At the same time, though, we know that most Notre Dame and St. Mary's stu-

dents find it embarrassing to walk into our Social Center only to find five pinned or miniaturized couples listlessly playing gin rummy or two couples shuffling around in front of the juke box.

We feel that if perhaps both Notre Dame and St. Mary's students got together without the express purpose of finding the "love of their life," perhaps we could have some fun for a change.

Our Social Center is open; if you'll come, we will too.

Hope to see you soon.

Three Sophomores
Speaking For Many

WHEE FOR DUPUIS

EDITOR:

Thank you very much for Mr. Dupuis's article on unilateral disarmament. Unfortunately, the adjective *outspoken* must be applied, since most Americans will be shocked at his proposals. I do hope that someday his ideas will be made real, and that the American people and the Russian people will realize that they both are actually the World people.

David W. Grant
307 Breen-Phillips

PITH

EDITOR:

Dupuis has been duped.

Jim Mayer
305 Walsh

HONOR NEEDED, NOT SYSTEM

EDITOR:

Last Thursday, the student body was given its first official look at the proposed Honor System. The report that was placed in each mail box on campus included an explanation of the rules under which the system will work and a section that gave the Honor System Committee's rationale for adopting the system.

The rules that the Committee has set up are fundamentally sound and show that much thought was given to every facet of the system. However, the arguments used as a rationale seem to imply that Notre Dame will be deficient in training Christian gentlemen unless it adopts an Honor System. These arguments state that the present mood of the student body is that "the responsibility to maintain academic honesty resides outside the students in a body of overseers." If this can be said of the academic rules of this University, it might also be said of the disciplinary rules as well.

The Honor System Committee argues that "cheating injures the student most of all; it is self-defeat-

(Continued on page 9)

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'Letters'

(Continued from page 7)

ing. . . . Each student has the responsibility to maintain the common interest to practice honor himself and to encourage it among his fellow students." This argument applies whether the Notre Dame community adopts the proctor or honor system. Under either system, the student has the responsibility to act as a Christian gentleman on his own. In the ideal sense, external rules serve only to remind men of their duties and not to build negative deterrents which involve threatened punishment.

As the Honor System Committee says, "if a student has any conscience," it is hard to "shirk a responsibility that he has, in effect, taken upon himself." In a Christian life, each man must take responsibility upon himself and live up to that responsibility. Those Notre Dame students who do not have the personal fortitude to maintain academic honesty under the proctor system will not have it under the Honor System. Such people will find new methods to get around the new system. Rather than asking each student to become, in effect, a proctor, we should attempt to foster an attitude in the student body that will make proctors, either students or professors, unnecessary.

Charles G. Siebert
Joseph J. Sperber
301 Pangborn Hall

action by the students. The proposed Honor System seems to me to be an outstanding example of constructive student action. If you are really interested in making Notre Dame a great university, you will use all your power to unite the students behind programs that engender maturity, and breed mutual respect and a community spirit you will support the Honor System.

As to the rules — this process of changing tradition is a very delicate and indeed difficult situation. The student record of maturity in the past two years is one which is certainly subject to question — and no doubt *is being questioned* by those who are opposed to any change in tradition.

If you are really interested in seeing your ideals put into action at the
(Continued on page 33)

SEE LATIN AMERICA UP CLOSE

How much do you know about Latin America? About the Alliance for Progress? Are Yanquis to blame for Latinos' shortcomings? What does the Moscow-Peking split mean to Lima, Caracas, Managua? Can free enterprise cope with the staggering problems of Latin America?

These are some of the questions that TIME's Special Correspondent John Scott set out last summer to answer firsthand. "How Much Progress?" is the result—a 140-page report to TIME's publisher. It is the twelfth in a series of annual studies Scott has been making for TIME, analyzing major political, economic and social developments throughout the world.

"How Much Progress?" also includes a comprehensive bibliography and comparative tables on Latin American population, GNP, exports, prices, monetary stability, U.S. investments, and food production.

A copy of Scott's report on Latin America is available to students and educators at \$1.00 to cover postage and handling. Write

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EDUCATORS

OLD HAND'S ADVICE

EDITOR:

I read your editorial, "Curfew and Honor" with interest. As one of the group of nineteen students who in 1961 wrote a lengthy report on the role of discipline at Notre Dame, I am sympathetic to your cause. However I am extremely critical of your method.

Building a tradition of intelligent and mature student response to all challenges in the University Community is a process which cannot be accomplished in one or two years. The Administration made the first move in September 1961 when the traditional morning check and lights out rules were abolished. And mind you, I believe this was no easy move to make. Say what you like, no matter how justified changes may be, traditions are hard to change in any society.

If there are to be more changes in the University, they will only be the result of criticism led by you, the men of the SCHOLASTIC. Yet your criticism must lead to constructive

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SALUTE: DON LIEBERS

Recognize the man below? You may have seen him on your campus. You see, Don Liebers (M.B.A., 1960) represents Michigan Bell on many college campuses—Don's a Staff Supervisor in the College Employment Section.

Don earned this important promotion after demonstrating his ability in both line and staff jobs. On one, as an Accountant in Comptroller's Operations, he revised the Revenue Accounting Department Instruction for billing directory advertising—a major contribution.

Seeing what he could do, Michigan Bell next put Don in charge of the 71 Data Processing people who, among other duties, issue the company's entire monthly payroll!

Again Don proved himself, and again his reward was a promotion—this time a full-level jump to Staff Supervisor.

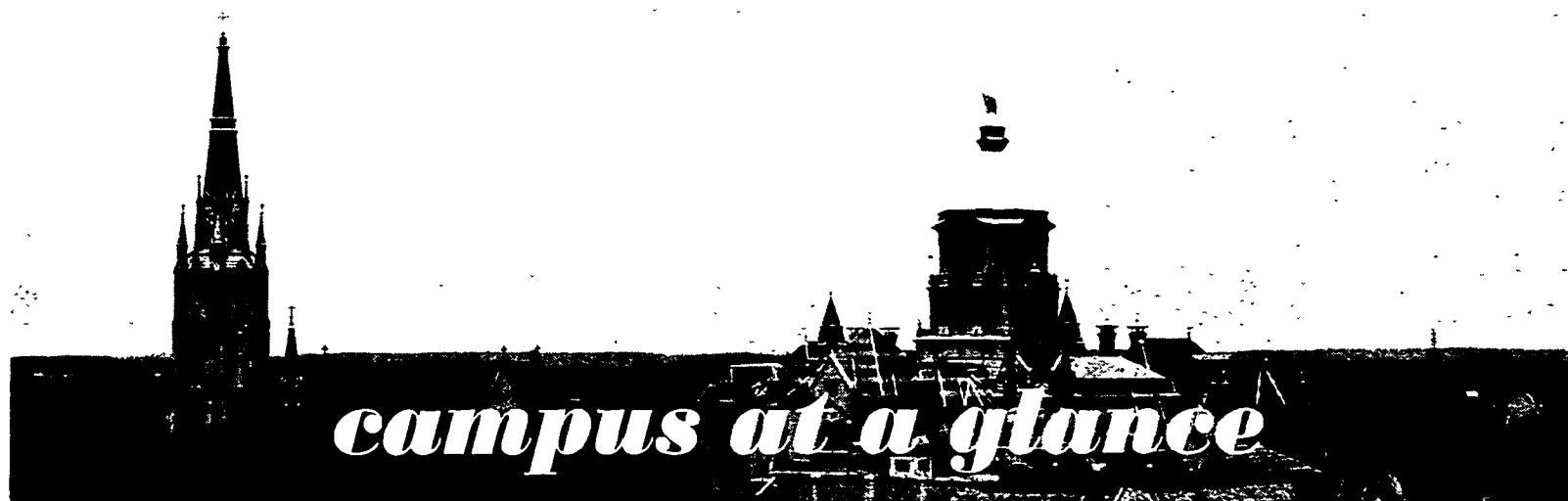
Don Liebers, like many young men, is impatient to make things happen for his company and himself. There are few places where such restlessness is more welcomed or rewarded than in the fast-growing telephone business.



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TELEPHONE MAN-OF-THE-MONTH





Dedication Unveiling

His Eminence, Eugene Cardinal Tisserant, will celebrate an outdoor Solemn Pontifical Mass at the dedication of the Notre Dame Memorial Library on May 7, 1964. His Eminence, Albert Cardinal Meyer, the Archbishop of Chicago, will give the sermon at this Mass which will be offered at ten o'clock in the morning on the mall in front of the new library. These two Cardinals will be among those receiving honorary doctorates at the convocation. Besides the dedication ceremony there will also be an academic convocation, a luncheon and a banquet.

Cardinal Tisserant, the dean of the Sacred College of Cardinals, is also prefect of the Vatican Sacred Congregation of Ceremonies, Librarian, and Archivist of the Roman Catholic Church. He is a scholar of languages, particularly the oriental tongues and he served as Secretary of the Sacred Congregation for the Oriental Church from 1939-1960. He earned the Croix de Guerre in World War I, and after the war he returned to the Vatican library and became prefect of the library in 1957. Cardinal Tisserant is a native of Nancy, France, and will be eighty years old this year.

Cardinal Meyer of Chicago has previously been a faculty member and rector of St. Francis' Seminary in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, the Bishop of Superior, Wis., and Archbishop of Milwaukee. In 1958 he succeeded the late Samuel Cardinal Stritch as Archbishop of Chicago and, a year later, he was named a cardinal. Cardinal Meyer is a former President General of the National Catholic Educational Association, a former episcopal chairman of the NCWC Department of Education, and is a moderator of Serra International, the Catholic laymen's organization for fostering vocations for the priesthood.

Before the Mass a magnificent

granite mural, covering the eleven-story front of the library, will be unveiled. The mural which will be 132 feet high and 65 feet wide depicts Christ the Teacher, surrounded by His apostles, saints and scholars. The mural consists of 7,000 pieces of granite from sixteen countries, with 81 different kinds of granite that have 171 different finishes. The mural is the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Phalin, Winnetka, Ill., and was created by the celebrated artist, Millard Sheets. Mr. Sheets says that the mural will take on different colors and textures throughout the day, depending on the direction and intensity of the sunlight.

Holy Cow!

To be pious or to eat — that seems to be the question facing those students who regularly attend the 12:15 Mass on Sundays. Take last Sunday as a prime example: With characteristic brevity the 11:00 Mass ended promptly at 12:35, and as a result the late Mass had only reached the Communion at 1:10, when a general exodus began of students desiring at least a running chance of making their Sunday steak dinner. The fleet of foot arrived just in time to hear Ziggy issue an order to "Lock the doors!" which shut out the less athletic ones. For the next ten minutes there was a pregnant calm, and then Ziggy made his mistake; the doors were reopened. Into each cavern of the dining hall flooded 50 or 60 angry students, demanding to see Ziggy. With justified temerity the DHQ's and many of the workers fled to the inner sanctum of the kitchen and slammed the heavy oaken door behind them.

Here was a near impasse, but some of Ziggy's own men, working on cleanup, provided the solution to the problem when they started slamming trays on the tables and shouting "We want Ziggy!" The banging and

shouting quickly caught on, to the extent that several of the padres eating above sprang to the windows to see what was the matter. Five minutes, four salt shakers and thirty glasses later Ziggy appeared, with an announcement that all would be fed. Dining Hall scuttlebutt attributed Ziggy's change of heart to a phone call he placed to Fr. Collins, and claims that the numbers of those eating late were recorded separately and preserved for future action.

The dining hall side of the problem was presented by Mr. Volmi, head of the University food services. He admits that there should have been no question about feeding the students, and that the dining hall manager in charge at the time was at fault. In the future the dining halls will close as promptly as ever, but if 50 or 60 students are late for legitimate reason, they will be served, though they may have to wait.

Mr. Volmi notes that the heart of the problem is the Mass schedule at Sacred Heart. For three years now the dining halls have moved the dinner hour later and later to allow for the late Mass, only to watch the powers-that-be reschedule the Masses at correspondingly later times. At this rate, dinner will soon be running into supper; anyone for spaghetti over strip steak?

Involvement Weak

Co-ordinated and directed by students, the eleventh annual Student Foundation Week, March 15-21, will aim to inform the students on the work of the Notre Dame Foundation. It raises money for the University and is asking for student endorsement of this work through student contributions to the Student Foundation Week Scholarship Fund.

Under the direction of chairman Paul Meagher and co-chairmen Tom Hildner and Pete Budetti, over seventy students will be involved in a

campus-wide person-to-person campaign March 15, 16, and 17. By this personal contact the members of the Student Foundation Week Committee hope to explain the role of the Notre Dame Foundation. After answering questions from the students on any aspect of the Foundation, the solicitors will ask the students to make a contribution so as to "involve himself." The contributions will directly benefit the students in the form of partial scholarships given to returning students — the number of scholarships depends upon the total amount contributed.

The Notre Dame Foundation plays an important role in raising money: student fees supply only about two-thirds of the total operating budget for Notre Dame. The remaining sum is a result of gifts from alumni, friends, industry, and philanthropic organizations.

Last year Student Foundation Week collected \$1,366.55 from 63% of the on-campus students. The average gift was five times greater than the "token gift" made during the first nine years of the drive. The increase in the amount and decrease in the number of the contributions supposedly indicate that attention was paid to the rationale behind Student Foundation Week. Also, last year was the first year of the Student Foundation Week Scholarships, now being used by Tom Buhl, John Pesta, and Jim Bruch. This year's committee hopes for an even greater response by the students.

Laetare for the Arts

Poet Phyllis McGinley was announced as the 1964 recipient of the University of Notre Dame's Laetare Medal last Saturday by Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, University President. The Laetare Medal, the highest honor conferred by the University, is presented annually to an outstanding Catholic layman. Past recipients include author-diplomat Clare Boothe Luce and the late President John F. Kennedy.

Father Hesburgh, in announcing the selection of Miss McGinley for the award, said: "Phyllis McGinley is the most respected contemporary writer of light verse. . . . Like other Laetare Medalists before her, but in her own unique way, Phyllis McGinley is a woman whose genius has ennobled the arts, illustrated the ideals of the Church, and enriched the heritage of humanity."

Among Miss McGinley's other honors are the Edna St. Vincent Millay Award, the Christopher Medal, the Catholic Poetry Society Award



Phyllis McGinley

and the Catholic Institute of the Press Award. She has received honorary degrees from Marquette University, St. Mary's College and Wheaton College in Massachusetts. In 1955, Miss McGinley was elected to membership in the National Institute of Arts and Letters, and she received the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry in 1961.

Phyllis McGinley was born at Ontario, Oregon, in 1905, and was educated at the Universities of Utah and California. She has been an English teacher and advertising copywriter as well as a poet and essayist. Her first book of verse, *On the Contrary*,

was published in 1934, and her work has since appeared regularly in *The New Yorker*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *Good Housekeeping* and the *Saturday Evening Post*. Miss McGinley and her husband, Charles Hayden, are currently living with their two daughters, in Weston, Connecticut.

First Effects of Tutoring

On Sunday, March 8, the South Bend tutoring program held its first evaluational meeting. Reports were made by captains of the six districts now operating. The program has been in existence since October, but only the oldest district has any statistical indication of its effectiveness as yet. It was found that eleven of the thirteen students being tutored by the district had shown grade improvement. A letter received from the principal of South Bend Central Junior High School expressed the opinion that the program was helping the majority of his participating students, and district captains reported that the major problem encountered was a difficulty in reading ability. Efforts are in motion to improve the technique of reading instruction for next year's program.

The organization exists to help academically underprivileged students in South Bend by furthering their desire to learn, to show them that someone cares about what happens to them, to improve their study habits, and to help them fulfill themselves as persons by developing their academic capabilities. Schools recommend students for the program. Parents are contacted and, if they agree, the names are given to a district leader. All districts are independent; some are organized by the central committee, and some are sponsored by campus organizations. The students receive one hour of instruction a week at various host locations in South Bend.

By the end of the year, there will be more than 250 student tutors from Notre Dame, St. Mary's, and St. Mary's Academy, but as of now more are needed. Interested students should contact George Bernard in 358 Morrissey.

Enlightening Lutenist

Competing last Monday night with the Bengal Bouts was Suzanne Bloch, lutenist, singer to the lute, Player of Virginals and recorders. The program of "Music in Shakespeare's Time" presented the audience with dances, love songs, and even a singing commercial done in the style of the times. Clothed in Elizabethan garb and employing an informal air



Suzanne Bloch

in her explanations, Miss Bloch encouraged her audience to listen to seldom-heard instruments. An amazing dexterity was shown on the 18-string lute, as Miss Bloch presented "Farewell dear Love" from *Midsummer Night's Dream*, "Heigh-Ho for a Husband" from *Measure for Measure* and "Willow" from *Othello*. This air of a renaissance drawing room held the rapt attention of a larger-than-usual audience.

"Dome" Gone Buggy

The *Dome* recently sponsored a contest for all campus shutterbugs, with awards presented for the best pictures in four different divisions. Category A involved still life, portraits and scenes and Category B consisted of action shots. There was also a distinction made between color photographs and black-and-white shots.

Forty-eight photographs were entered, more than half of which were in color, and they were judged by Mr. John Howett of the Art Gallery and Mr. Bruce Harlan, University Photographer. Winning the \$10 award for the best black-and-white was Pat Ford, and Nick Tobin received \$5 for the best shot in Category A. Mike Hoyt won both a \$10 award for the best color print and a \$5 prize for the best Category B entry. The photographs will be displayed in the Library in the near future.

Cast Cast

Father Arthur S. Harvey, CSC, Director of the University Theater, has announced the tentative cast of the long-awaited production of *My Fair Lady*. In the title role of the "world's greatest musical" will be Marilyn Petroff, who was seen last year as Kim in *Bye-Bye Birdie* at St. Mary's and as The Girl in the *Fantasticks* at Washington Hall. She plays Eliza Doolittle, the Cockney flower girl who wants to become a lady by learning to "speak proper."

The man who tries to work this transformation is Henry Higgins, Professor of Speech, to be played by David Clennon, who led the cast of *The Visit* earlier this year. Higgins sets himself the task of passing Eliza off as nobility at various society gatherings. When this game is over he discovers that his interest in the girl is deeper than the surface beauty which he has created with new diction and manners.

A parallel social change is wrought in Eliza's father, the gay rascally dustman, Alfred P. Doolittle. Doolittle's life centers around beer,

women and songs, especially "With a Little Bit of Luck," and is portrayed by Robert Oberketter.

Higgins is urged to take up the difficult linguistic challenge by Col. Pickering, who offers kindly encouragement and financial assistance. David Garrick plays the jolly Colonel, just after appearing in the title role of *Tartuffe*.

The cast also includes Hildegard Vargyas as Higgins' housekeeper, Mrs. Pearce; Angela Schreiber as his mother, Mrs. Higgins; and David Van Treese as Eliza's suitor, Freddy Eynesford-Hill. The sets for *My Fair Lady* have been designed by John Patrick Hart.



The Kinsmen

Folk Fest Forecast

A new addition to the world of music at Notre Dame, the Collegiate Folk Festival will be held in the Stepan Center on Saturday, March 14. A preliminary session will get under way at 1 p.m. with the final competition at 8 p.m.

Patterned after the well-established Collegiate Jazz Festival, the folk-fest will feature groups and individuals from Midwestern colleges and universities, competing for a generous array of prizes. The top award is a two-week-paid engagement with the Ford Caravan of Stars at Daytona Beach, Florida, during the Easter vacation. Among participating groups will be The Kinsmen from Southern Illinois University, The Rathskeller Singers from Illinois Institute of Technology, The Three Pence from University of Detroit, and The Four Winds from Notre Dame. Judges of the contest include

Mr. Peter Welding, Asst. Editor of *Downbeat* magazine, and Mr. Archibald Green, Resident Folklorist at Illinois University in Champaign.

Tickets for "The Spirit of America," as this first CFF is entitled, will be priced at \$.75 for the afternoon session and \$1.50 for the evening performance. The following special package prices will be offered: \$1.75 for both sessions, \$2.50 per couple for both sessions.

Rights and the Constitution

Dr. Paul C. Bartholomew led a discussion by members of the Brownson Community Sunday night on constitutional law aspects of civil rights legislation.

He explained that the proposed civil rights bill has its tentative legal basis dually in the interstate commerce clause and the 14th amendment to the Federal Constitution. The latter basis is questionable, he asserted, since the 14th amendment has historically been interpreted as applying only to discrimination by government, not by individuals. He noted, incidentally, that David Lawrence's contention that the 13th, 14th, and 15th amendments were never properly ratified is quite cogent but entirely academic in point of its practical consequences.

While there is reason to believe the interstate commerce clause would be upheld as sufficient legal basis, in view of such precedent broad interpretations as those permitting the establishment of the FCC and the enactment of the Pure Food and Drug laws, Dr. Bartholomew would regret such a contingency. He is anxious about the dangers of allowing the Supreme Court to torture constitutional provisions, however desirable the end that is served.

Specifically, with respect to the proposed civil rights bill, he has two misgivings. First, he feels it empowers the federal government to venture further into the realm of police action than is consonant with individual liberty. Second, as the proposal now stands, access to courts is in effect biased in favor of Negroes, and reverse discrimination cannot be a satisfactory solution.

He noted that states are in a far better constitutional position to enact civil rights legislation than is the federal government, since states have all powers not expressly denied them, while federal government needs a constitutional "hook" on which to "hang" legislation.

Recognizing practical impediments to effective state legislation, Dr. Bartholomew nevertheless proposed two alternatives to torturing the inter-

state commerce clause. First, the Federal Constitution can be amended. Second, the federal government can induce states to legislate, as has happened before, by offering financial incentives in more or less subtle forms.

The Grind Halts

The two final sessions of the Mock Republican Convention were taken up with selecting a running mate for Henry Cabot Lodge. Following the raft of nominations on Thursday afternoon, the delegates chose the Governor of Oregon, Mark Hatfield, as their Vice-Presidential nominee. This occurred after two ballots, and was accomplished only because a number of states changed their votes at the end of the roll call.

The list of candidates for the nomination seemed endless, and included such prominent men as Abner Siebel of Connecticut, Joe Schell of California, and Elmer L. Premo of Vermont. The latter is the father of Vermont's chairman, and was entered in the race to show that "anyone could attain to public office in this country." Joe Schell had the distinction of a singing second — California dele-

ton, and Governor Hatfield. Impatience finally overtook the weary delegations, and support for Hatfield mounted as one state after another switched to his bandwagon. In closing the 1964 Convention, Chairman Mike Dillon and Dr. Bartholomew commended the students for their interest and serious attitude during the proceedings.

The Eternal Nay

Last week a notice appeared on the hall bulletin boards announcing the emergence of a novel new club, The Dissenters. Promising to concern itself with everything from Beethoven to Cassius Clay, this unique club held its organizational meeting on Saturday. The organizer, Bengal Bouter Tom Echewa, laid down the foundations of the club by explaining that it was set up as a kind of antithesis to the Wranglers, another discussion club on campus which deals with philosophical and academic subjects. The Dissenters, which so far consists of only nine curious souls, will not talk about such esoteric subjects but will look into things which are "more down to earth." The club operates

The members disagreed about such essential points as to the place where the meetings will be held, the idea of the club having a constitution, the time of the next meeting, the format to be followed by the club, whether a summary should be inserted at the end of meetings and whether there should be a recording secretary or not.

C.A. Grants Available

Five scholarships, each worth up to \$750, are available to freshmen and sophomores who plan to major in Communication Arts, according to Prof. Thomas J. Stritch, Head of the Department. The scholarships are the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Terence P. Keating, he a C.A. major of the class of '59, of Chicago.

Pointing out that the C.A. major is primarily a major in writing aimed at careers in which writing skill is necessary (journalism, advertising, broadcasting, business communications), Prof. Stritch said that scholarship applicants should be prepared to submit samples of their writing. He stressed that writing skill is more important than over-all academic achievement. The official announcement containing all the qualifications is available at the Office of the Committee on Scholarships in the Administration Building.

In addition to the Keating scholarships, Prof. Stritch also announced four scholarships for incoming freshmen who plan to major in Communication Arts, each worth up to \$1,000. These are named for the four Midwest newspapers who have donated them: Chicago's *American*, the *South Bend Tribune*, and two Indiana papers which are part of Federated Newspapers, Inc., the *Lafayette Journal and Courier*, and the *Marion Leader-Tribune and Chronicle Tribune*.

Protestant on Ecumenism

A personal acquaintance of Pope Pius XII, Professor Oscar Cullman, professor of Protestant Theology at Basel University in Switzerland, will speak in the Memorial Library Auditorium on March 19 and 20.

Coming here from his present teaching job at the Union Theology Seminary in New York, he will be sponsored by the Theology department and will speak on the "Thoughts of a Protestant Observer at the Vatican Council" on Thursday, the 19th. In two sessions on Friday, at four and at seven-thirty, he will deliver a lecture on "Salvation History as the Basis of Ecumenism."



Conventional Warfare

gates sang his seconding speech to the tune of "We Love You, Conrad." However, the number of delegates in attendance at this performance could not have filled a small piano bar.

When the balloting began at the evening session, many state chairmen were angered by such a mass of candidates. They cautioned the delegates to approach the proceedings with greater seriousness. After the first ballot, primary contenders were limited to Senator John Tower, Senator Carl Mundt, Senator Thruston Mor-

under two presuppositions: everything has an interesting aspect; everybody is an expert on something.

The Dissenters lived up to their name in this first meeting. First of all, the members of the club dissented as to the name of the club. Feeling that the idea of the discussions were to probe various subjects, a couple of members could not see how the name "dissenters" fitted the purpose of the organization. But judging from the dissension during the meeting the name is well deserved.

'DR. STRANGELOVE'

by Robert Haller

DR. STRANGELOVE is another picture from Hollywood's boy wonder, the erratically brilliant Stanley Kubrick, who has directed such varied films as *Paths of Glory*, *Spartacus*, and *Lolita*. Except for its opening sequence, *Lolita* was a disappointment, but the main cause of this can be found in Vladimir Nabokov's screenplay rather than in Kubrick's direction. His volatile talents (which were so impressive in *Paths of Glory*) had not left him, and the proof of this can be seen in his newest and perhaps finest film, *Dr. Strangelove or, How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb*.

Kubrick's thesis is that modern war is stupid, that the cold war is subject to sudden heat waves, and that the slightest of these can be fatal. In his film deterrence fails to deter, peaceful competition aggravates the arms race, tensions are heightened, and instead of peace, humanity finds suicide to be its fate. Much of what Kubrick says is true and he states it in a film that is more often brilliant than not, exceedingly ironic, and steeped in suspense.

Lampoon in hand, he has Swiftly sailed into our contemporary sea of international irrationality, ruthlessly satirizing the unloved American liberals, the calmly horrified British, the paranoid ultraconservatives, and the crudely clever Communists, all caught up in the spell and terror of the bomb, mega-deaths, and doomsday.

Telling the story would be difficult and out of place here, but a listing of the cast and the roles they play can indicate the substance and attitude of the film makers (screenplay by Kubrick, Peter George, and Terry Southern; story from *Red Alert* by George) towards their subject. Peter Sellers appears in three roles — the President of the United States, Merkin Muffley; the ex-Nazi with an uncontrollable prosthetic hand, Dr. Strangelove; and the blandly British Group Captain, Lionel Mandrake. Sterling Hayden is the cigar-chomping sexually psychotic Commander of Burpelson Air Force base, General Jack D. Ripper. George C. Scott is the war hawk General "Buck" Turgidson, and Keenan Wynn is the similar but dull-witted Colonel "Bat" Guano. The pilot of the "one that got away" is Major

T. J. "King" Kong, expertly played with doubt, fear, and then growing determination by Slim Pickens (playing a part assigned to Sellers until he broke his ankle).

Kubrick has invested his story with a detail and realism that is striking and seems to be authentic. In fact he was given no cooperation by the Department of Defense and everything that appears on the screen is a mock-up. The B-52 is also a model, but it has been so carefully photographed that it seems real. The war room in the Pentagon probably does



not look like Kubrick's version, but its construction serves a dramatic purpose with its hovering lights, surrounding darkness, and the large dimly illuminated maps tracing the converging paths of the attacking bombers. There is a spectral apocalyptic quality in this room not unlike that of a courtroom at midnight.

Kubrick has been criticized for the inaccurate picture he paints of the Air Force, and his critics claim that the attack he portrays actually could not happen. This is irrelevant. Kubrick's point is not that our particular deterrent system is at fault and can be remedied. The whole idea of deterrence, he argues, was constructed by fallible men, and just as the men are imperfect, so is the system. To depend on it in the long run would be disastrous. Some will

criticize him for not supplying an alternative, but this is not necessarily his function. Indeed, there seems to be no answer unless this country or Russia, or both, withdraws from the arms race.

From Keenan Wynn's repeated "prevert" to General Ripper's solemn explanation of how the Reds are systematically poisoning America's water supply, the acting, timing, and delivery of lines are flawless. George C. Scott gives the finest performance of his life, surpassing even his part in *The Hustler*. Peter Sellers and Slim Pickens run away with much of the rest of the film.

The ending is logical, and after its irony, strangely beautiful. As cloud after cloud rises into the sky and the singing goes on without end, the swirling masses of air and matter seem to be divorced from the destruction they are wreaking. A similar feeling was crystallized in the audience

in *Paths of Glory* when Kirk Douglas crept over the shattered landscape between the French and German lines. The twisted rubble and torn wreckage of a downed airplane were not as horrible as they were *different*, possessing a beauty of their own. What this signifies I wouldn't pretend to know other than Kubrick's attempt to find beauty everywhere. He certainly finds it in the rest of *Dr. Strangelove*, from the war room to Siberia.

As of this time *Dr. Strangelove* appears to be the prime candidate for the Academy Awards next year, and only one picture would seem to be better — *Becket*. Kubrick's skill as director, I predict, will not be challenged, and he will be the Best Director of the Year, if he doesn't also have the Best Picture.

on other campuses

• THE TWO BARRY GOLDWATERS, Sr. and Jr., each had difficulties with the athletic department when they appeared on the Northwestern University campus. The university's "Youth for Goldwater" wanted to use Northwestern's fieldhouse, McGaw Hall, for an address by Barry, Sr., to an expected crowd of 10,000. The athletic department turned down the request on the grounds that such an attendance would require the erection of temporary seats, and that this would interfere with spring practice for several sports if bad weather necessitated the use of their "cow-palace."

Two weeks later Barry, Jr., made an appearance at the Northwestern-Ohio State basketball game. When he attempted to pose for a prescheduled picture with the Northwestern pom-pom girls, an usher stepped in and told the group that all picture-taking had been forbidden by athletic director Stu Holcomb. Other ushers forced spectators to remove their campaign buttons, and even attempted to remove the buttons, sashes, and cowboy hats themselves from the group of "Goldwater girls" seated in the stands.

• "PEANUTS," THE COMIC STRIP, is a symbol, often carrying the message of God, according to Robert Short, a University of Chicago theologian. He believes that Charlie Brown suffers from the curse of Original Sin. Charlie is always trying to fly a kite,

but it keeps getting smashed against some tree. Even if no tree is in sight, one appears to demolish the kite. The tree is a symbol of the cross upon which Charlie is continuously crucified.

Short explains that Charlie could conquer the curse if he would overcome his vanity, and emulate Snoopy by practicing Christian humility. "Snoopy licks people's hands much like Christ washed the feet of beggars."

Linus, clinging to his blanket, typifies man's need for spiritual security. And when Lucy forces him to memorize lines for a Christmas play, Linus shows how man acts through the fear of God.

Lucy's bullying of Linus and tormenting of Charlie reveal the basic softness of human nature. Men are trapped by their nature in the doghouse of sin. They want to escape, but it is not easy, says Short, displaying a cartoon of Snoopy blocked in his home by an overhanging icicle. Short doesn't know if cartoonist Charles Schulz is aware of this message, but he insists it is there nevertheless.

• OVER A HUNDRED STUDENTS of the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn were waiting in a school auditorium to see *Abbott and Costello in Alaska*. No one was alarmed when a man walked in, unplugged, dismantled, and closed the movie projector, then strolled away with it. When the group

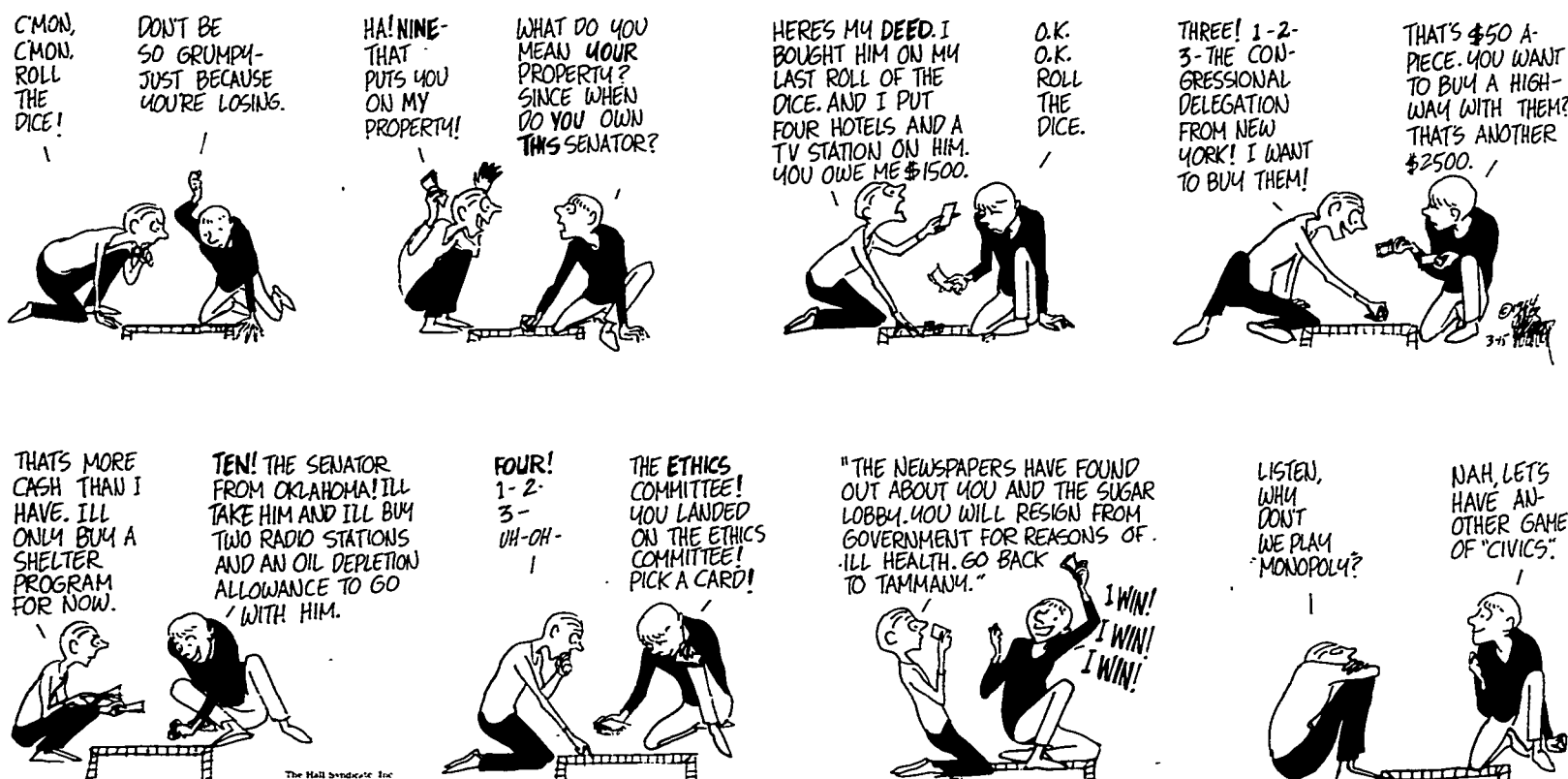
sponsoring the movie couldn't find a projector to use, they called the Superintendent of Buildings. He arrived with some of his staff, searched the nearby rooms, and concluded that the gentleman had stolen the projector.

The Superintendent asked the students for a description of the thief. Out of the hundred present only three had seen the man leave. Two of them were of no help; and the third could only recall that the thief was of average height and build and wore a charcoal gray overcoat.

• THE STUDENT SENATE at the University of Colorado has passed a resolution asking the House Committee on Un-American Activities to investigate the American Legion. The action occurred after a recent attack by the Legion on the National Student Association (NSA). Claiming that the NSA shows a "high degree of left-wing and pro-Communist infiltration," the Legion said that the establishment of NSA chapters at tax-supported schools would create openings for the spread of Communist propaganda.

The resolution stated that no grounds to justify the Legion's charge were to be found. The call for an investigation of the Legion was contained in an amendment introduced by Senator Richard Carpenter. Carpenter claimed that the policy of the Legion is to brand every opinion contrary to its own as Communist-inspired, and that "there are other forms of un-Americanism than Communism."

feiffer



SOME NONPOLITICAL IMPRESSIONS OF THE MOCK CONVENTION

by a common delegate

—Bill O'Grady

THE RATHER DULL, rather disappointing perfunctoriness of the opening session speeches . . . the distinguished hoariness of Keynoter Senator Saltonstall in contrast to the candidate images of youth and vibrance transmitted by the young and vibrant local promoters . . . the profusion of cigars, ubiquitous talismans of striving politicians, from state chairmen to less exalted people-pushers . . . more interestingly, Dave Ellis' final-night pipe, suggestive of post-bellum mellowness and tranquility.

Dave Ellis in general, his positive hostility to rules of syntax, his introductory admonition to remember that before all else the delegates were co-students and ought to "stay friends" through what was after all a game, his appended promise, conspicuously redeemed, to "raise a little hullabaloo" himself, his probably more rumored than real machinations and diabolical pacts, his infuriating dilatory tactics, the air of anticipation every time the chairman from Mississippi was recognized from the platform, his general color and, in the end, winning good-naturedness.

The admirably staunch but sadly denigrating grim Goldwater partisan next to me who suffered intensely as the South supported liberal Easterners and who did not return to the convention after the victory of Mr. Lodge . . . the surpassingly colossal demonstrations for Goldwater and Scranton, auguring ill for Lodge and the other candidates . . . the young lady three seats away who obviously knew what she was at the convention for, and would not be distracted by politics . . . the positively pastoral concern of some state chairmen for the enlightenment and guidance of the flocks entrusted temporarily to their care.

The confidential comment by a knowing N.D. freshman to the effect that "These girls aren't as dumb as their questions sound — they just want you to talk to them" . . . in contrast, the frighteningly well-informed and businesslike lady politicians who also abounded . . . Congressman Bruce's heroic performance, entirely admirable despite his later



disregard of his prefatory profession of disinclination, under the circumstances, to assail the Democrats . . . demonstrating late on an enervating Tuesday evening on behalf of a distinctly unexciting favorite son and straining with desperate ears for the imperious announcement that "The time for this demonstration has ended."

The superb performances of Mr. Hilton Hill and the lovely lass from SMC who, quite unrealistically, not only knew the words of the national anthem, but rendered them with great feeling . . . the masterly job of Permanent Chairman Mike Dillon, often seemingly on the edge of exasperation but always in control . . . his proud and hopeful convention-concluding claim that if the Stepan Center did not then hold people capable of dedication to high ideals, the United States did not have such people.

The amused look of Dr. Bartholomew as levity began to become rampant on the convention's final night . . . Tom Hoobler's stirring and studiedly bombastic tribute, as impassioned as it was strident in delivery, to Congressman Taft . . . the indomitable individuality of the three Virgin Islands delegates, whose singular lack of consensus on ballot after ballot was widely marvelled at . . . the welter of rumors and predictions of deals and duplicities in the men's

room between the fourth and fifth ballots on the fateful night . . . the initial expectation that the seventh ballot, too, would be indecisive.

The eminently sensible extra-convention comment that what is really of interest is how students of ND and SMC stand and operate politically, not how artfully they can self-consciously pre-simulate the outcome of the actual convention . . . the mounting exasperation of the delegates as the "man who's" and "state which's" rang inanely through the hall, time- and patience-consumingly . . . the disarming and even charming apology of Paliamentarian Bob Engler for an irregularity of the first night, contributing significantly to the continued high tone of the proceedings . . . a thousand and one light moments, intentional and inadvertent.

The most gracious moment of the convention, Bill Carretta's fine acceptance speech on behalf of Mr. Lodge and his expression of gratitude to Pete Clark, "for having taught me a lot" . . . the standing ovation for Mr. Clark, gentleman and scholar . . . the warm feeling that Dave Ellis' hopes for no dissolutions of friendships had perhaps been realized, despite earlier signs disturbingly to the contrary . . . Mr. Hoobler's last word . . . the slow trek toward the exits . . . and a farewell to a distinctly pleasant habit that had ingrained itself in just four days.

Lost Writers Under the Dome

by Thomas Hoobler

MALCOLM COWLEY, noted critic, editor, and poet, writes in *The Moderator*, a national student magazine published in New Haven, Connecticut:

"I've been thinking about the importance of literary magazines on the campus today. The situation has changed more than students realize. College journalism up to World War I was usually unsubsidized by the college. In fact, the idea that it should in any way be an adjunct to the English Department would have been shocking to the student editors. They had to make their magazine interesting enough to the college so that a large number of subscriptions could be sold. . . . Because they depended chiefly on undergraduate subscriptions, they had to write and print things that would interest the college community.

"At the present time, however, a great many magazines are subsidized by the college or university, by the Department of English, or by the Student Activities Committee. . . . When the quarterly get its money in that fashion, many of the editors and many of the contributors feel no need whatever to attract the interest of the student body, so that the magazine is likely to be more esoteric than the college magazines of the 1910's and 1920's. . . . Years ago there were literary magazines on almost every campus. There were two of them at Harvard until 1917, the *Advocate* and the *Monthly*. The *Advocate* printed an issue every fortnight and the *Monthly* printed eight or nine issues a year. In other words, each year Harvard got out 25 or 26 issues of a literary magazine. Now there is only the *Advocate*, which prints only three or four issues. Many fairly large colleges have no literary magazine. If they do have one, it seldom appears more than four times a year.

"The combination of these two elements, the lack of bulk and the lack of appeal to the campus, has limited the effectiveness of college literary magazines and has closed

an important avenue of publication to the young writer on campus. . . . It is possible now that the writers who will be moderately famous in ten or twenty or thirty years are not writing at all for the literary magazines of their universities."

THIS IS BY WAY of introduction to a problem that exists here which is apparently widespread among colleges. I would like to make clear that I do not intend this to be a criticism of the quality of this year's or any past year's *Juggler*. To give credit where it is due, the *Juggler* is a magazine that the University has every reason to be proud of. The content, as student writing and thought go, is much above average, and the format and technical quality ("design," as its masthead reads) is professional. But the *Juggler* does have its faults, as I will show; and these faults contribute to the bleakness of the literary situation at Notre Dame.

To talk about "the literary situation at Notre Dame" calls up an impression of pretentiousness that is unavoidable here whenever people speak of any aspect of the intellectual life of the student, simply because so many of the students are fiercely and proudly anti-intellectual (see SCHOLASTIC "Letters" column, any week). It is tempting to ascribe this rampant anti-intellectualism to the overemphasis on football or to some other reason similarly contemptuous of the sweaty spirit of athleticism that rests like an incubus upon the campus. Another reason, seldom cited but probably more significant, is the repulsive show that the students who are typified as "intellectuals" put on.

In the mind of the average student, an intellectual is one who has one or more of the following characteristics: 1) hasn't had a haircut and/or shave in two months, presumably because excessive hair obviates the necessity for washing; 2) rates himself against his fellow intellectuals by the number of professors in his department he can call by their first names; 3) belongs to a clique centering around any of several professors, most of whom can be seen in the cafeteria

with their entourages at any time of the day; 4) shows his superiority by shunning contact with all students except those who are members of the same clique he belongs to.

This is a caricature, of course, but it is belief in this caricature that feeds the anti-intellectualism on campus. Moreover, the caricature obviously is only an exaggeration (sometimes only slight exaggeration is needed) of real students.

The aspect of cliquishness is particularly associated with the *Juggler* staff. An administration official has told me that it is his impression that the *Juggler* serves solely as a vehicle for the small group of students whose names appear in the front, and that they make no effort either to solicit contributions or to sell or distribute the magazine. He cited the fact that virtually the entire printing (of a thousand copies or so) of the third issue of last year's *Juggler* was found, undistributed, in the editor's room after he graduated.

The opinion that a clique runs the *Juggler* is partly due to the impression that the *Juggler* publishes material written only by its own staff. This obviously is not true, as a look at the masthead will show, but it is true that the staff makes no particular effort to solicit material from the students at large. The unjustified, but often made, assumption is that they don't believe good work could possibly be done by anyone who is not already in the group, or who has not acknowledged the superiority of the group by submitting his work for their judgment.

It will be argued that since the *Juggler* is now a superior magazine, then there would seem to be no real need for soliciting extra material. There are two answers to this argument.

The first involves an examination of the success of a magazine that has been professionally rated superior to the *Juggler*. Last year, the National Student Association and the *Saturday Review* held their first annual college literary magazine contest. Over two hundred student literary magazines were examined, and the *Juggler* received an honorable mention. The first



place award went to *Silo*, the literary magazine of Bennington College. Here is what the sponsors of the contest had to say about the production of *Silo*: "*Silo* was able to attract such outstanding contributions primarily because the editors, Arlene Heyman and Jeanne Pavelle, were so diligent in their efforts to solicit quality material. Initiating a renaissance in the fall of last year they revamped the staff structure [and] solicited campus-wide support. . . . Encouraged by this activity, Bennington students, faculty, and administration closed ranks in support of the *Silo* staff. Faculty members offered criticism, financial backing, and . . . printing techniques; students provided editorial material and, through the student government, set up a workshop for recruiting and refining local literary talent. The result of all this activity was a magazine reflective of both energetic editorship and a *uniquely creative community experience*." (italics mine) The *Juggler*

presently puts out a superior magazine with little or no effort on the part of its editors to solicit material; given the enthusiasm of the editors of *Silo*, the *Juggler* editors could be publishing the best literary magazine, instead of merely a good one.

The second reason why the *Juggler* editors ought to show more interest in discovering new student talent is the "community experience" that could result if the *Juggler* led the way in revivifying interest in writing at Notre Dame. At present, the only reason "creative" isn't a nastier word than "intellectual" is that the term "creative" is meaningless with virtually no one at all to apply it to. A few people majoring in fine arts and perhaps one or two in the English department are the only students here who can be called creative.

Who encourages creativity? Literary creativity, at least, finds an academically sponsored outlet in the two creative writing courses offered by the English department, which together enroll about 75 students. There is also the possibility for English majors of doing a creative senior thesis, so the College of Arts and Letters is at least willing to let students be creative with credit, if not actually encouraging it. (Fr. Charles Sheedy, the Dean of Liberal Arts, himself a published short story author, is concerned about the problem and recognizes that creativity may be stifled by the confines of a university, but believes that academic discipline can be helpful to the development of a writer.)

One way that prospective writers here could be encouraged is to make available to them contemporary writing, as it appears in the "little magazines." Most of the faults of the student writers in the writing classes and in the *Juggler* are faults of inexperience: they try to write like the writers they are familiar with (what else could they be expected to do?), and the writing that is produced is consequently either science-fiction — quite a lot of that, really — or imitative of popular magazine style, from *Saturday Evening Post* to the *New Yorker*. The writers "who will be moderately famous in ten or twenty

years" are not published in the mass media until they are already famous; by that time a new generation has sprung up, and they always appear first in the "little magazines," with which young writers at Notre Dame usually have had no contact. There are over 250 professional literary quarterlies in the United States. None of them is available at the Notre Dame Bookstore, and very few can be found at the Notre Dame Library.

AS I HAVE SAID, the quality of the writing in the *Juggler* this year is high. The *Juggler* apparently doesn't have the problems of *Riata*, a magazine at the University of Texas, which published this list of types of stories it would no longer like to receive:

Stories about:

- a. strangely beautiful boys
- b. the vicarious suicide of the author
- c. first visit to a whorehouse or first love affair
- d. life after World War III
- e. Christ-figures
- f. unmotivated sadism
- g. people maltreated by fraternities
- h. Tobacco Road
- i. Holden Caulfield

On the other hand, the *Juggler* does have the effect of discouraging student writers, albeit unavoidably, by the extremely small amount of material and authors it does publish. The first two issues of this year's *Juggler* contained a total of five short stories. Two of them (40%) were by the same author. With this extremely limited source being the only chance for publication on campus, the budding writer may justifiably be discouraged from writing at all.

This is not entirely the fault of the editors of the *Juggler*. They have a limited budget in the first place, and it is their right to use their publication as they see fit — if they choose not to publish many short stories, they are still continuing in the spirit of the prospectus of the *Juggler*. The first issue, April 1947, contained the
(Continued on page 32)

EXISTENTIAL ATHEISM

an introduction

by Jim Clare



IN ORDER THAT this discussion may prove at all useful, it seems necessary that a frame of reference be established to which we can return when our speculations flounder, as they most certainly will. It is essential, to do justice to this point of view, that our chosen reference be firmly grounded at the heart of this argument — i.e., existential atheism. For this and other reasons which will become apparent later the position of the contemporary French philosopher Jean-Paul Sartre has been assumed.

When Sartre debarked from his plane on a recent trip to Switzerland, he answered the waiting reporters questions with the statement "God is dead." Hardly a statement stunning in its originality, Sartre's comment certainly establishes his position. Hazel Barnes, in her introduction to the English translation of Sartre's major work, *Being and Nothingness* says: "... a second primary aspect of Sartre's work which, fully as much as his emphasis on the negativity of consciousness, is the object of hostile attack and misunderstanding — his atheism."

It is to this atheism as expressed in Nietzsche's "God is dead" that we turn our attention. The questions which naturally arise out of such an attitude are: "Who is this God?" and "If He is dead, how and why?" The answer to the first seems obvious, but of extreme importance. The divine corpse which Sartre has found is specifically the God of Aquinas and Catholicism. It is an all-

powerful Creator. In the eyes of Sartre, this nonexistent God is the end-point of man's existence. For Sartre, "To be man means to reach toward being God. Or if you prefer, man fundamentally is the desire to be God." All of being seems to be leading, through man's need to this God. Why then does this God not exist?

In order to answer that question properly, we must briefly look at Sartre's concept of reality.

There are first the "phenomena," i.e., objective reality; what Sartre calls Being-in-itself. This *en-soi* is the proper term for all the objects of awareness. It includes not only physical bodies, chairs, stars, etc., but also emotional states, concepts, political and social institutions; in a word, anything which we may say that it is possible to be aware of, is in the category of the phenomena, the in-itself, the *en-soi*. These objects are, in Sartre's word, *solid*. Their existence is in themselves. But there is no duality between essence and appearance in this case. Properly speaking, there is no essence, if we mean by that something other than the appearances. There is only appearance, or rather, there are only appearances. The thing manifests itself as a series of appearances, and in fact, that series is itself an appearance.

The being of the object rests solely in this series of appearances and in each individual appearance. There is no core of "thingness" deep in the heart of the object which drains to

it all the being of the object. There is no ultimate essence in which the substantial being resides once the accidentals are trimmed away. Nor is there any *noumenal* being as Kant suggested. There is no reality existing somewhere behind or above the object to which the object points over its shoulder. The being of the object resides solely in the object, completely fills the object and no more. This is not to say that the being of a thing is like a sap or life juice filling the container called the object, and *giving* it being but rather that the being is the principle of unity of the series of appearances which is the object. It is, in fact, Being-in-itself.

All other being falls into Sartre's second category, the *pour-soi*, or Being-for-itself. Being-for-itself is the consciousness that is aware of the phenomena, of the in-itself. That which cannot be an immediate object of awareness is awareness. (For the moment, we are using the terms consciousness, awareness, and Being-for-itself synonymously.) Consciousness can only be consciousness of something. We will insist on calling nonsense the statement "I am aware" which cannot answer the question, "Of what are you aware?"

The function of consciousness is to reveal the being of the object. There is no being in the Being-for-itself as there is in the Being-in-itself. Being-for-itself is essentially a negative activity. Before we can tell what an object is, we must tell what it is *not*. For instance, to be aware that

this magazine is a magazine, we must first be aware that it is not the desk it lies upon. There is, in the example of perception, always a figure ground or visual field which first appears as a unified, integrated whole. In order to distinguish individual objects, it is necessary to isolate, to decide the limits of the object, to negate all else.

ONCE THE OBJECT of consciousness has been determined, its being has been revealed. But it does not exist *in* the consciousness, only *for* it. This chair is not in my consciousness but still "out there" in the world, next to that table. However, consciousness now has meaning for me, since it is consciousness *of* that chair. Consciousness has come into being: But consciousness does not have a being of its own apart from the being of the object. We have defined all being other than that which has its own being in itself *to be* consciousness. Perhaps an analogy will help to clarify. Consciousness is like a mirror which has no being itself but only reflects the being of the objects which come within its range. Consciousness is contentless. If it had a being of its own, how could it exist *only* when it was consciousness *of* something? If it had a being apart from the borrowed being of its object, what happened to this being when it was no longer conscious of this object? Consciousness is always other than Being, *i.e.*, consciousness is nothingness. It is through this nothingness that being is revealed. Consciousness is present to being, but never is being. It is always that hole in the middle of being which will constantly haunt it.

This consciousness, which is always in a sense self-consciousness (*i.e.*, awareness of the fact that it is aware of something) realizes that it is nothingness — that it is only nihilification — that is dependent on the Being-in-itself for its fleeting and borrowed being — it is a complete lack which has a desire for Being. This is the experience of Nausea which Antoine Roquentin expresses in Sartre's novel, *La Nausée*. The consciousness desires the discreteness of the object. It longs to be able to identify with itself. But it never can. For if Being-in-itself *is, is what it is*, and *is nothing but what it is*, then Being-for-itself, catching the full im-

pact of Sartre's flavor for paradox, *is not, is not what it is*, and *is what it is not*. To say that Being-for-itself *is not* means that it is not being in the sense that the in-itself is, it is nothing, has no being of its own. To say that Being-for-itself is not what it is means that it cannot coincide with its borrowed being. It must always be something other than the being which it reveals. It is not what it is. And lastly, to say that it is what it is not means that it is in the process of *becoming*, that it is not quite the borrowed being of the object to which it is about to present itself. It is always not quite what it will be. It is what it is not.

IT IS OBVIOUS at this point that many questions are to be left unanswered. The process by which Sartre comes to these statements is a long and involved one and one from which the conclusions cannot be properly lopped off as is done here; unfortunately no alternative is available. In any event, this is the state of affairs. This is what is.

In the light of this we may now look at this consideration, "Man ultimately is the desire to be God," and see what that means. It would seem from what we have said above that the Being-in-itself and Being-for-itself complement and augment each other. While it is true, of course, that Being-in-itself does not *need* Being-for-itself, it can never have its being revealed unless it is present to the for-itself. We have already seen that the for-itself desires the in-itself and desires to be the in-itself. Would not the logical end of this duality be a Being which was both in-itself and for-itself? Would not, in fact, this transcendence-transcended be the God of which we speak?

But is such a God possible? Can there be a synthesis of Being-for-itself and Being-in-itself? This is a contradiction, for Sartre. If the for-itself is to exist fully it must be this nothingness of which we spoke before. It must be a complete lack if it is to reveal being. How can it then also be the in-itself? The only way for the for-itself to become the in-itself is by being filled, by becoming a solid being, in fact by dying; for then it certainly could not live as becoming, as always about-to-be. It would have to be both Being and Non-Being, an irreconcilable self-contradiction.

diction.

Sartre is, someone will object, posing to us a straw God which he unflinchingly burns. But if Sartre's concept of the state-of-affairs of reality is so, and if God is necessary, that is, filling a human need, is it not then logical to assume that the need filled is the supreme one — the resolution of the duality of being?

"Suppose," another will ask, "God is conceived of, not in these ambiguous terms, but simply as Creator?" This immediately plunges us into the age-old dispute of free will vs. determinism. The presence of a God who has made me has, in Sartre's terms constituted me as an essence before an existence. Simply His presence is an imposition on my freedom. His presence determines my death. His knowledge is enough for me never to alter His Will and His Will unfortunately includes my death. Even by suicide I cannot controvert His Will for He knows already that I will commit suicide and that is in His Divine Plan. For Sartre, the existence of God destroys human freedom. Sartre will not posit the existence of a Being which will destroy him.

Sartre's God that is dead is then the necessary God. The reason that He is dead is that He is not needed. Sartre is confident that he has depicted the human condition precisely without the need for positing a God to guarantee it. Being for Sartre is contingent. There is no such thing as a necessary being. Sartre presents no argument against a God whose presence is revealed, except that He cannot be a necessary God; and if we are to examine a contingent God in Thomistic analysis, we find we have no God at all.

But the existentialists, Sartre included, base an assumption of the nonexistence of God on a prelinguistic, even prereflective experience that there is *no God*. What happens in such a case? Remember, "Without Me you are nothing." And indeed without the presence of God we are nothing. *We* are nonbeing. How often do we speak of the death of a loved one as leaving behind a hole in ourselves? How much greater is the hole when God is dead? For what is left? — ourselves, and we are nothing.

Next week we will examine these and the other consequences of the death of God.

CONVENTION COMMENTARY

by Jeremy Lane

NOTRE DAME'S 1964 Mock Republican Convention leaves several unanswered questions in its wake, the most important of which is simply: Why Henry Cabot Lodge? Of the 1308 delegates at the convention, why did 699 vote for Lodge rather than for Scranton, Goldwater, Rockefeller or Nixon? Some apologists try to answer the question by pointing out something wrong with each of the other candidates, but this is no answer at all. What we are looking for is some reason why they voted for Lodge. When Bill Carretta, Lodge's campaign manager, took the platform Thursday night to make his acceptance speech, he asked the delegates, "How many of you knew whom you were voting for?" The response was anything but overwhelming. To say that 200 of the 700 voted for Lodge out of conviction, that is, because they believe in the things he stands for, would be a maximum estimate. And it leaves at least 500 votes to be accounted for. Only a combination of three different movements could have given him those votes: the Compromise Candidate, the Beat-Scranton movement, and the Bandwagon.

It became obvious after three ballots that Gov. Rockefeller was not in serious contention, so his campaign manager withdrew Rockefeller's name from the race. Believing William Scranton to be the best of the remaining candidates, he asked those who had voted for Rockefeller to throw their support behind Scranton. This move did not produce the hoped-for surge; because many of Rockefeller's backers realized that Lodge is more liberal than Scranton, a substantial number of them turned to Lodge instead. And in addition to this direct increase of support for Lodge, the Rockefeller withdrawal could well have produced a long-range effect.

After 5 ballots, when it became clear that Goldwater could not win either, some of his men started looking for a compromise candidate. Remembering that Rockefeller had thrown to Scranton, they erroneously assumed that Scranton was a liberal,

and not knowing anything about Lodge, they turned to him as their compromise candidate. This conclusion produced the unlikely combination of liberals and conservatives both turning to the same man, believing that he alone of the remaining contenders came close to representing their views. Of course for the Conservatives this proved to be more capitulation than compromise.

In 1952 Senator Robert Taft was the leading contender for the Republican presidential nomination. He was also the leading spokesman for the conservative movement in America. At the convention he was defeated by Dwight D. Eisenhower, but the movement which led to Taft's defeat was ably led by none other than Henry Cabot Lodge. His supporters on campus mentioned this concentration on Eisenhower's campaign as an excuse for Lodge's defeat by John F. Kennedy in Massachusetts. So to the campus conservatives goes a large share of the credit for nominating the man who defeated Goldwater's predecessor. This search for a compromise overlapped to a certain extent with the "Beat Scranton" movement which became tangible at the convention.

At the beginning of the year Barry Goldwater was considered the "man to beat" for the nomination. But once the serious campaigning got under way the picture changed rapidly. The main factor was a top-notch campaign organized and led by Pete Clark on behalf of William Scranton. The Pennsylvania Governor was an unknown on campus at the start, so Clark had to bring his name out early, before people had made up their minds. It would have been ideal had Scranton's momentum reached its peak right at the convention. But the campaigns were being run in terms of weeks instead of days, making it almost impossible to gauge student reaction and sentiment with any accuracy. Possibly even the Scranton people didn't realize just how effective their campaign would be. For whatever reason, "the Logical Can-

didate" quickly took the lead, and became the primary target for the other campaigners. Most people had already concluded that Senator Goldwater was at the peak of his strength on campus, and they knew that it wasn't enough to win. Supporting Nixon or Rockefeller required a certain dedication which was not proving contagious. So when the word went out, as it did, to "Beat Scranton," the candidate who turned up was Henry Cabot Lodge. People looked to him because they knew nothing about him except that they could use him to beat Scranton. This was the situation as the convention opened.

But by itself this would not have been enough. Lodge didn't have enough votes going in, and the votes he picked up from Rockefeller and Romney would not have put him over.

THE FIRST HINT of how deep the "Beat Scranton" movement ran came when the assistant chairman of the New York delegation resigned to join Massachusetts and give the Lodge nominating speech. Whether or not his credentials were in order is of no import; the question is, why did he wait until the night before the convention to make the switch? A sudden, last-minute conversion to the Lodge cause is possible, but somehow seems unlikely. Knowledgeable people began looking elsewhere for the answer as the convention developed.

They found it among the Southern states. In fact, the whole convention might be summed up in three squares of a cartoon. In the first square we see a prominent, homespun student leader wearing a Goldwater hat and asking for a roll call. The second square is again dominated by our leader, and he is still wearing his Goldwater hat, and he is still asking for a roll call, but now there is a change. Across the back of his hat five letters stand out: L-O-D-G-E. And the third square is a foregone conclusion: same personage, same hat, but again there is a difference. L-O-D-G-E is written across the *front*

going to get the nomination on campus.

Had the Southern states remained firm in their support of Goldwater, the convention would have been deadlocked. In this event the odds would have turned in favor of Scranton. People knew more about him than they did about Lodge; they had more of a basis on which to vote for him. Lodge had practically nothing going for him except momentum. I attended many delegation meetings, and there can be no comparison between Scranton's campaign and Lodge's. The Scranton campaign was by far the best on campus. If people had once come to the realization that Lodge was not going to sweep to inevitable victory on the crest of a wave which built up in the week preceding the convention, he would have been stranded as people turned to the real compromise candidate, which Henry

of the South.

In the Platform Committee meetings, they led the fight for the labor plank, which endorses the concept of Right-To-Work laws. At the convention, 15 of Georgia's 24 votes were in favor of the majority plank. Kentucky supported it by 19 of 25. Twelve of Mississippi's 13 votes went conservative. And Arkansas unanimously voted conservative.

Then came the nominating ballots. Georgia went 14 of 24 for Lodge; Kentucky had 22 out of 25 favoring Lodge; 9 of Mississippi's 13 were for Lodge. And "uncompromising" Arkansas went for Henry Cabot Lodge, unanimously. This for the man who is probably the most liberal of all the candidates at the convention. Their strategy was successful; they stopped Scranton effectively. They did decide who was going to get the nomination on campus, because once it be-



of his hat, and the Goldwater sticker has dropped by the wayside. Once again there is the possibility of an eleventh-hour conversion, but this seems even more unlikely than the first one. There can be no doubt that our leaders were playing the game of politics with their usual finesse. But, unlike the real thing, there were no cabinet posts to be promised, no judgeships to be bartered; in fact there was nothing at stake but the smugness arising from the realization that they had decided who was

Cabot Lodge is not. But the deadlock never materialized, and the reason was the voting trend of the South. While some people can be excused for switching from Goldwater to Lodge on the grounds of ignorance, the whole movement cannot be explained that simply. It is probable that Roll-Call Ellis, Gentleman George Callahan & Co., did not realize how many votes were under the control of their petulance, but there is no other explanation of the glaring inconsistencies in the voting record

came apparent that the Lodge bandwagon was rolling, there was no stopping it.

Only this combination of conditions unique to the political climate of Notre Dame could have brought about the nomination of Henry Cabot Lodge. If we can use the word "choice" at all regarding his nomination, we would have to say that he was the "illogical choice," as most delegates were left in ignorance by a campaign which did little to illuminate his philosophy or his stands.

BY SOME PECULIAR QUIRK nearly every student of literary pretensions at Notre Dame seems to think himself divinely appointed to be a critic of film and theater. Not so with the other arts. Exhibition after exhibition goes up and comes down in the University Art Gallery without notice from THE SCHOLASTIC or the *Juggler*. Musical events come and go to equal student critical passiveness. But let a word be uttered on the stage of Washington Hall, or in the cuddly confines of the Colfax, and lo! the voice of the student critic, ignorant and unafraid, is heard in the land.

The SCHOLASTIC's film criticism of the last several years consistently shows little understanding of the art of the film. This is its only consistency, for otherwise it has been conspicuous for its lack of standards. Mostly it consists of offhand cracks, whose cleverness or lack of it has little to do with the film under review. However, though such criticism is the stuff of conversation rather than print, the film criticism seems to do no harm. Certainly it does not affect film production, and it seems to have almost as little effect on student taste. At any rate the fine work of the Student-Faculty Film Society toward a better understanding of the film art in constructive ways seems to go on undeterred by it, and courses in the screen arts find other and worthier texts.

With the criticism of the University Theater the case is different. The University Theater is the work of the University community. Its productions are the joint effort of students, faculty, staff and townspeople. These are creative efforts at education through the theater arts. Because the theater is a give-and-take proposition,

the response of the audience is important. The reviews in THE SCHOLASTIC are bound to influence the student audience. But for the past several years these reviews have been of a piece with the film reviewing: personal, standardless, ignorant, mistaken.

Mr. Frank McConnell's review of *Tartuffe* in THE SCHOLASTIC of February 14 praises the production, as well it might. But it does so in a context so wayward as to make the praise suspect. *Tartuffe* was imaginative and interesting, yes. But to call it the finest production of the last four years is to betray so unformed a sense of theatrical criticism as to give a wildly erroneous impression of the work of the University Theater during this student generation. Especially after the triumphant season of 1962-3 the judgment is laughable. As an achievement in the theater *Tartuffe* was nowhere near the much more difficult and superb *Hamlet*, nowhere near the miraculous *Long Day's Journey Into Night*. It is far more comparable to *The Fantasticks*, and it is hard to choose between them.

Of course, it wasn't hard for Mr. McConnell. His notice of *The Fantasticks* damned everything about the production except the performance of Richard Kavanaugh. That he missed its charm and enchantment argues only a deficiency of sensibility. But he also missed its superlatively fine direction, and that's unforgivable in theater criticism.

His reference to Richard Kavanaugh's abundant talent is pointlessly echoed in his notice of *Tartuffe* — indeed, it is his central idea. The ignorance which underlies his remark,

"it was hard to imagine the Theater's putting on a successful play without him," is hard to believe. Does Mr. McConnell imagine Mr. Kavanaugh worked without direction? Does he think the University Theater pined in frustration till Mr. Kavanaugh came on the scene? Like most ignorant critics, Mr. McConnell fancies himself an authority on acting. His failure to understand the paramount position of the director (the same is true of the SCHOLASTIC's film criticism) is the clearest proof of his incapacity.

Of course Mr. McConnell is right to praise the exceptional talent of Mr. Kavanaugh. But even here he slips into critical opaqueness. To suggest that Mr. Kavanaugh's performance in *Long Day's Journey Into Night* was superior to that of James Cooney, for one, is just nonsense. Or to suggest that he seemed anything more than a talented student actor beside the sensitive and profound performance of Jeanne Klein in *The Cocktail Party* is worse than nonsense. The SCHOLASTIC's review of this play, by Mr. McConnell's equally inept predecessor, Carl Weidemann, singled out this great performance as being one of the production's weaknesses. This is a grievous injustice to Mrs. Klein, to the play, and to the University community — one which, incidentally, Mr. Kavanaugh was the first to acknowledge.

NOW THESE ARE, perhaps, matters of opinion. But only in the same sense that the superiority of Beethoven over von Suppé, or Delacroix over Greuze, are matters of opinion. Those who prefer von Suppé and Greuze are entitled to their opinion,
(Continued on page 30)

Quality and the Critic

by
**Thomas J.
Stritch**

Professor Thomas J. Stritch offers his views on recent SCHOLASTIC movie and University Theatre reviews, and SCHOLASTIC reviewer Frank McConnell hastens to explain his own position.

A Note on Student Criticism

by
**Frank
McConnell**

WHILE SUFFERING no delusions of divine appointment (having been asked to write this by the editor), and making no disclaimers as to my relative inexperience (which is not, I think, for a student reviewer or a group of student players an exceptionally opprobrious admission), I think that a few points raised by Professor Stritch's article bear discussion and qualified dissent. The article, I believe, may be fairly broken down into two main areas of attack: attack against student criticism of student productions, and against SCHOLASTIC criticism in particular.

Much of Professor Stritch's criticism in these areas, of course, is well taken: as I am sure most members of the University agree with him as to the relative merits of Beethoven and von Suppé, so I am sure most recognize the admissibility of his

opinions as to the respective merit of former University plays. But I am not sure that there is not a particularly subtle *caveat* to this analogy: that is, that none of the former University productions having been quite comparable to Beethoven, matters of relative merit in our plays are not quite as readily apparent as the Beethoven-von Suppé couple. Perhaps it is fair to say that the situation is like judging the relative merits of von Suppé and Dukas — in which situation Professor Stritch, I am sure, would allow a little more latitude of disagreement.

On to the first area of Professor Stritch's criticism: against the "lack of educated and cultivated response from the audience," that is, from the student body, toward University Theater productions. The first paragraph of Professor Stritch's article, implying that something is wrong with student criticism of plays and movies because student criticism of musical and painting events is nonexistent or apathetic, seems to me quite correct in its critique of criticism of music and painting at Notre Dame, but not particularly convincing as comment on the matter at hand.

The second two paragraphs, however, contain the crux of this argument, and, as presented there, the argument is a serious one. But while at first student criticism is accused of holding no firm standards, its primary fault is later described as its ignorance of the fact that the Theater is part of the University community, and that "the theater is a give-and-take proposition," that is, that such criticism is disoriented toward the genetic circumstances of the production, *e.g.*, time, amount of work put into the play, etc.

Two points should be made here, I believe: the first, simply that criticism, if it is to have standards, does well to avoid what has been called the "genetic heresy" — I believe this much of the work of Professors Brooks, Wimsatt, and Wellek is admissible in the present situation, at least; and the second, that the SCHOLASTIC itself, and the critics who write therefor may be considered equally members of the University community, and equally engaged in a learning process of their own, which equally requires practice and judicious freedom of exercise. Professor Stritch has perhaps enforced a lamentable dichotomy between the University Theater and the student body which benefits from it: for while no one (and let it here be understood, not I) would ever disparage the sincere and often truly unselfish work

which goes into each production of the Theater, I think most students feel that the Theater is close enough to the life of the University as a whole to allow criticism of it in the same disinterested, impersonal manner in which criticism of the SCHOLASTIC, the *Juggler*, and WSND is carried on. As a matter of fact, is it not a compliment of rather a pleasing nature that the University productions *are* criticized, not simply as productions by friends, but according to their intrinsic merits or defects? And this habit of non-genetic criticism, at least, is a standard.

Again, the criticism of SCHOLASTIC criticism is in part well taken, but sometimes open to debate. In the first place, I am not sure that the reference to Dick Kavanaugh really *was* the central idea of the *Tartuffe* review: I thought it relatively clear that Mr. Kavanaugh was introduced as a point of contrast between this year's and last year's Theater, and I felt that the great part of the review was devoted to a consideration and approbation of the production; I do not think the reference was "pointless" (although I am willing to grant, that it may have been dwelt upon too long), since this was the first University production I had seen since Mr. Kavanaugh left, and since Mr. Kavanaugh was so central a part of the Theater last year.

I do not, of course, think the University Theater "pined in frustration" until Mr. Kavanaugh came on the scene, nor am I completely ignorant, as Professor Stritch suggests, of the paramount position of the director in a theatrical production (as witness the *Tartuffe* review, of which roughly a third was taken up with a high commendation of the direction of the play. But I feel it is and was fair to believe that Mr. Kavanaugh's talents, always under the highly competent direction of Father Harvey and Mr. Syburg, were noticeably superior to most other talents which had come under that direction.

I FEEL THAT two less important points should be made, both of which relate to Professor Stritch's criticism of my work as reviewer. The first: I do not fancy myself an authority on acting, and I do not believe I have given an impression of such fancifulness to many besides Professor Stritch. Looking over my review of *Tartuffe*, in the sections devoted to appraisal of the actors, I find a preponderance of such words as "seems," "impression," and "convincingly" — in other words, my appraisal of the actors has been simply

(Continued on page 31)

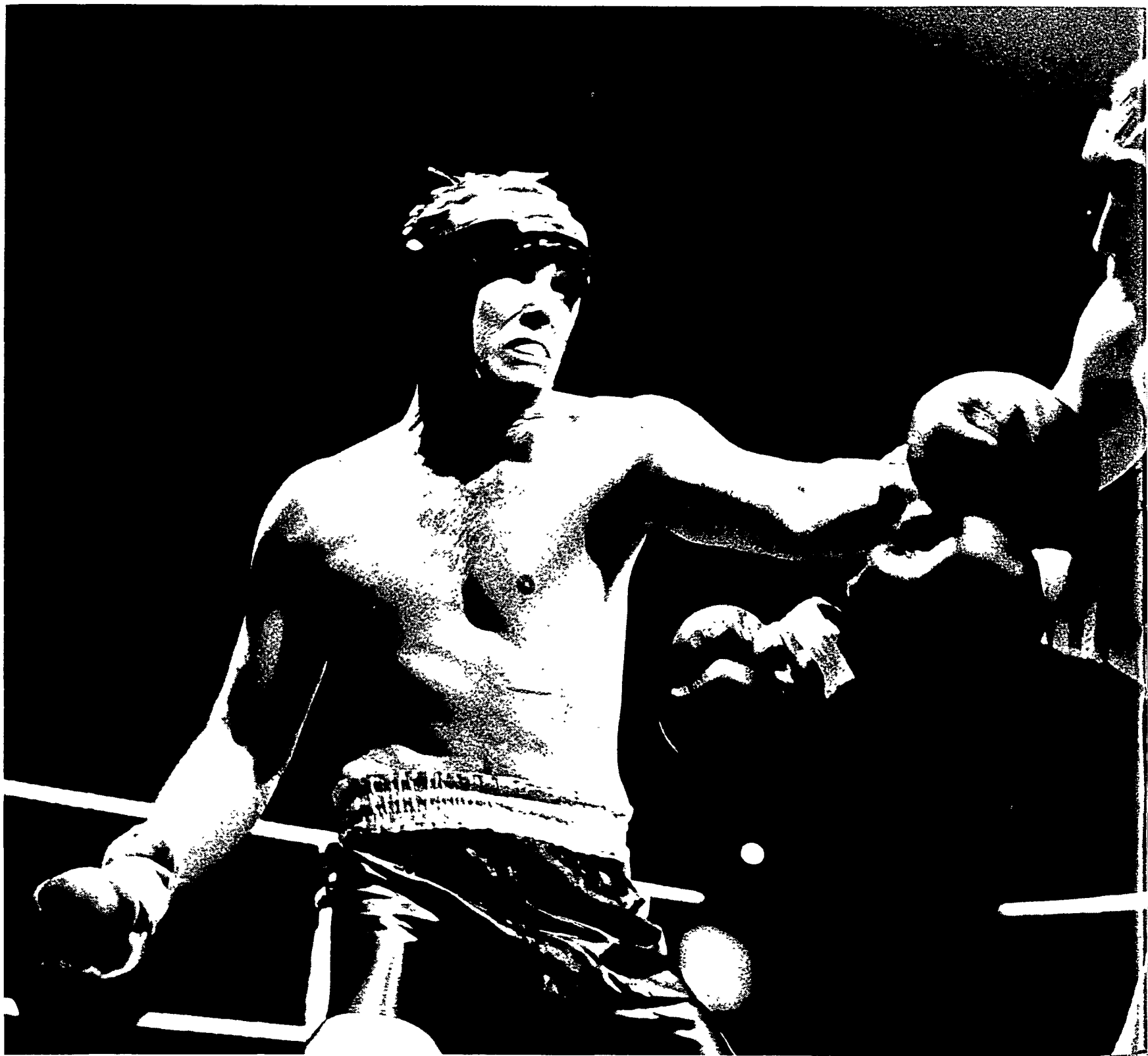
WINNERS, LOSERS, GLORY AND BLOODY

by John Whelan

THE EXCITEMENT which pervades the Bengal Bouts each year is generated by the vision and enthusiasm of Dominic Napolitano; it is nurtured through months of arduous training by 60 dedicated men; and finally it bursts forth in the preliminary matches. The excitement, once in the open, grows in volume

and intensity throughout Bengal Week, and reaches its climax in the Friday night finals.

This year is no different. The preliminary bouts have been consistently exciting and consistently unpredictable; if they are any indication at all, the Bengal Bouts' tradition of excellence and excitement will be main-



'NOSES

Win or lose — none have yet drawn — almost three score boxers have put on one of the best preliminary shows in the 34-year history of the Bengal Bouts. Tonight's finals promise to maintain the pace.

tained by tonight's finals.

Bill Hill and John Kane will contest the 125-pound title. Hill won his way into the finals by defeating little Girdhari Sambvani; Kane won a more impressive decision over Vendel Matis. Hill has the advantage in reach and strength, but Kane should win with his superior speed, footwork and jab,

in a division where the probability of a knockout is slim.

Such is not the case in the 135-pound division. Ed Armento, in scoring a second-round TKO over tough Tony Karrat, looked like he could fight effectively at 145 or 155 pounds. His opponent, Clay Calhoun, has won his previous fights with a reach advantage and a good, stiff jab, but Armento is fast, strong and very aggressive, and Calhoun may find himself outclassed.

The 145-pound class, where the combatants are Tom Echewa and Pat Farrell, should provide one of the best — and most interesting — fights of the night. Echewa, the runner-up to Sammy Van Ness last year, has won both of his 1964 fights by TKO, and pound-for-pound is probably the most devastating puncher in the Bengals. But he has no jab, and in order to unleash his brutal hook-combinations, he must make a rush, dropping his gloves as he comes. So far, his charge has panicked all his opponents, but Farrell has a great left hand and a wealth of experience — and Echewa does not like to be hit in the face.

If Farrell can keep Echewa outside with his fine jab — or score on him in that split second of opportunity as he tries to bull his way in — he can score the upset of the tournament. We believe he will.

In the 155-pound division, which has already seen its share of upsets, Tom Von Luhrte faces Bill Predebon. Von Luhrte likes to bolt inside and slug it out — a la Echewa; however if Predebon maintains his poise, he should be able to employ his superior reach and jab to decisive advantage.

The Fieldhouse will have to be solidly anchored to withstand the effects of the clash between Tom Vrobel and Ray Flynn for the 160-pound championship. Both have been slug-gers from the opening bell, and both have carried their fights in the preliminary rounds. Flynn is a little less the wildman, however, and a little more the boxer, and his more extensive experience should be the decisive factor. This one will be wild and woolly.

Junior and two-time champ Jerry Houlihan squares off against sophomore Mike Smith in the premier fight of the 1964 Bengal Bouts, for the 165-pound title. Houlihan is a deceptive boxer who always manages to do the right thing at the right time; Smith beat Jude Lenahan in the semifinals, and this alone gives him an impressive set of credentials. But Houlihan has never lost, and won't.

Two of the best losers in Bengal Bouts' history, Jude Lenahan and John Wyllie (who were beaten in the semifinals by Smith and Houlihan), will add the tenth and possibly the best fight to the card. Both fighters are in perfect condition; Wyllie is a better inside fighter, is strong and has rapid combinations; but Lenahan is unquestionably the best defensive boxer in the tournament, and his speed and jab should provide the margin of victory.

Two-time champion Dan Manion meets Paul Huch in the 175-pound final. Huch has a quick jab, and could win on points if he stays away from Manion's left hook. Manion is virtually a one-handed fighter, but his determination and the sheer ferocity of his left-hand punches have kept him undefeated so far — and probably will again.

The fight between George Kloppenberg and Tony Carey, at 185 pounds, will be an anticlimax in one sense only — it will be the second-last bout. Both fighters are strong, aggressive and experienced. Carey is faster, but is very mercurial — he can be very, very good or very, very bad. Kloppenberg is steadier and has a sounder command of the fundamentals. He should win.

Two freshmen, Angelo Schiralli and Ed Driscoll, will vie for the crown in what could be one of the best heavyweight finals in years. Schiralli looked good in beating defending champ Jack Anton, but Driscoll got the bye on the basis of strength, boxing ability, and experience. Driscoll should justify the faith of those who made him the favorite — but in the Bengal Bouts "anything can happen and often does."



SCOREBOARD

Fencing: Bill Ference, Sam Cirmone, Steve Dreher, and Dick Marks led the Irish to a victory-filled weekend. Wins over Fenn, Oberlin, Buffalo, and Syracuse raised their season record to 14-2, with two matches remaining.

Track: Of the six runners representing Notre Dame at the IC4A meet in New York, three finished second in their events: Pete Whitehouse in the 60-yard high hurdles, Bill Boyle in the 600-yard run, and Bill Clark in the mile.

Skiing: The Notre Dame Ski Club finished tenth in a field of fifteen, as Denver took the NCAA Championship at Hanover, New Hampshire.

Wrestling: Forfeits in all but three matches gave Notre Dame a 28-10 victory over Chicago. The win made the final dual-meet record 5-4; the Irish matmen still face the Four-I Tournament in Cleveland and the NCAA Tournament at Ithaca, N.Y.

Swimming: Chuck Blanchard broke his own 200-yard varsity record with a clocking of 1:52.8, in pacing the Irish to a 52-43 win over Kent State. They close the season with a 7-6 mark.

Rugby: Twenty-three members of the Rugby Club will make an Easter trip to the West Coast, and will play USC, Santa Clara, the San Francisco Olympic Club, Stanford, and California.

SCORES

Wrestling

Notre Dame 28, Chicago 10

Swimming

Notre Dame 52, Kent State 43

Fencing

Notre Dame 20, Fenn 7

Notre Dame 16, Oberlin 11

Notre Dame 20, Buffalo 7

Notre Dame 18, Syracuse 9

Hockey

Port Huron Junior College 13, Notre Dame 3

SCHEDULE

Wrestling

Mar. 13-14, Four-I Tournament at Cleveland, Ohio

Mar. 19, NCAA championships at Ithaca, N.Y.

Fencing

Mar. 14, Indiana Tech and Case Tech at Notre Dame

Track

Mar. 14, K of C relays at Cleveland, Ohio

Voice in the Crowd

AT THE VERY SAME TIME, last Saturday, when Rev. Edmund P. Joyce was announcing the hiring of Notre Dame's new basketball coach, the March 24 issue of *Look* magazine was rolling off the presses with a scathing indictment of the student body for its allegedly shameful treatment of the old one.

The new coach, Johnny Dee, is from all reports highly competent; as for the allegations by *Look*, they are patently absurd. In an article on the United States Basketball Writers Association All America team, Senior Editors Tim Cohane (a pep rally speaker here last fall) and I. R. McVay comment:

"Not that the college game couldn't use a police lineup for some of the tinhorn sports, sadists, lunatics and morons who infiltrate too many basketball audiences these days. Consider a few incidents and situations discussed by the USBWA committee at the All America meeting in New York.

"An El Paso citizen accompanied the Texas Western team to its game with New Mexico at Albuquerque, where he planned to give \$7,000 to a local charity. He changed his mind at the game for a good reason. A lady in his party was hit with an empty whiskey bottle.

"At Southern Methodist, the Mustang Band, appropriately togged in shameful red, was back to its old kick of sitting at the end of the court near the visitors' bench and greeting their foul-shooting efforts with sudden bursts of noise.

"As Vic Bubas, the Duke coach, found out, a visiting team at South Carolina can't assure itself an audible time-out conference even by gathering at midcourt. The Gamecock cheerleaders and drummers surround them like Indians moving in on covered wagons, and make just as much racket.

"Even the Ivy League, which prides itself as a leader in good taste, as well as academics, has a blemish. Opinion is unanimous that some students at Princeton games use the foulest language on visiting players that can be heard anywhere in the republic. . . .

"Johnny Jordan announced he would quit coaching at his alma mater, Notre Dame, after this season because he could no longer stand the abuse from his own student section. It is incredible that Notre Dame's fathers of the Holy Cross, with their tradition of discipline, have allowed this condition to fester over a long period. [Italics mine — TW]

"On an Ohio State visit to Indiana, a Hoosier penny hit Bradds between the eyes. Suppose it had hit him in an eye? That same night, a Buckeye coach was forced into a fistfight by an Indiana roter. . . ."

First of all, it is obvious that Messrs. Cohane and McVay have absolutely no knowledge of the facts: the "abuse" which Johnny Jordan took from his own student section consisted of the words "Jordan's gotta go," chanted by at most an eighth of the students present at the game (indeed, many of the others were not even aware of the action); and the "long period" over which the Holy Cross Fathers allowed the condition to fester was perhaps half a minute. Never before or after was Jordan subjected to any sort of unpleasantry by the students, much less abuse.

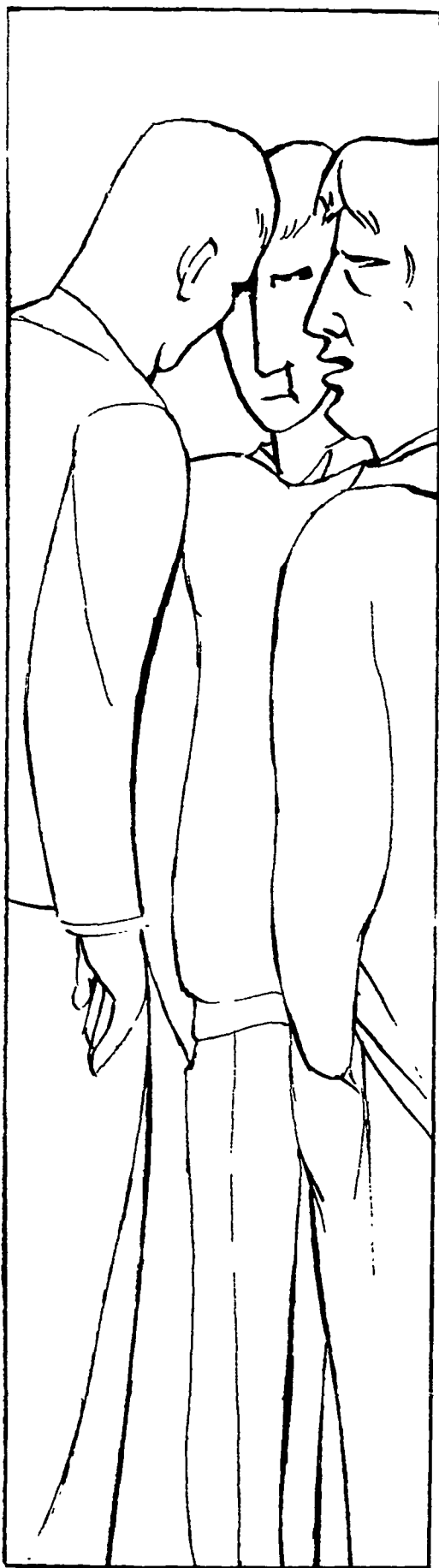
Secondly, Cohane and McVay have included Notre Dame students indiscriminately in the category of "tinhorn sports, sadists, lunatics and morons." And thirdly, the Jordan incident — as it actually took place — hardly deserves inclusion with throwing bottles at fans, deliberate and malicious attempts to interfere with visiting teams' playing, throwing objects at visiting players, or engaging coaches in fistfights.

In short, Cohane, McVay, and *Look* magazine are guilty of irresponsible journalism: not only are they making an allegation based on incomplete and inaccurate information, but they are guilty of poor taste as well.

— TERRY WOLKERSTORFER

COMMUNICATION: THE BASIS OF A COMMUNITY

by Pete Budetti



PAUL HORNUNG. Tom Dooley. Edwin O'Connor. — All are great men in our Notre Dame history; all are men who have, in one way or another, proven their worth. But how great, how valuable were they to the Notre Dame community in *their* days, in the times when they were living, working, studying, playing here, and were not simply part of a "history"? How much did their own classmates benefit from these men who were to contribute so much in so many ways to Notre Dame in the years when they were no longer students? We, of course, do not know; but if they and their contemporaries were as wrapped up in their own small spheres of classes, assignments, "friends," meals, snow, and all the thousands of other rut-forming aspects of Notre Dame's collegiate life as we are today, it is very likely that those persons who truly knew and profited from these great men were few.

And not just these famous few. What about all the other people who were the campus society, the community, at those times? How much did they contribute to and glean from each other *while they were here*? Whatever it was, it probably came out *via* that one valuable, though imperfect, source of inter-student communication and understanding, the bull-session. Many, many persons have said that they learned, *really* learned, more from those all-night talks by the light of a "borrowed" candle than they did in all the classes they ever sat through. What is it about the bull-session that causes it to be such an efficient educator? It is probably due to the spontaneity, the sincerity, and the individuality of what is said and the atmosphere in which it is said. However, at least two things are missing and prevent the "sessions" from reaching their potential for the body of students as a whole: sober, leisurely reflection on affirmative points and criticism of these points; and a large enough listening-contributing group.

As a matter of fact, these two things are missing from nearly all of our academic work, and our total lives as students. We seldom stop to

think about what we have learned or created, about its place in ourselves, and our place in the living university. How many of us actually reflect about these things, see ourselves more clearly as a result, and put our self-insight across to others, thereby helping to build the true friendship that is based on knowledge and understanding of ourselves and each other? A pitifully small number, and these on the limited scale of the bull-session.

Without these bonds, these close, personal, interested friendships, Notre Dame can never be the unified vital community of men that she potentially is, that would make her so perfect, so beautiful, so far along the road toward the Mystical Body on Earth. These bonds must be wide, must spread out and include even those with whom there is no *apparent* bond, and even those with whom there appears to be a direct conflict. Football players must know something about and understand the value of the math major; math majors must know something about and understand the value of the general program man; men in the general program must know something about and understand the value of the business major, and so on.

The only way, absolutely the *only* way that this can be done is by each person looking into himself, seeing what he is, what he likes, where he belongs, what his relationship to everyone else is, and then communicating this to the other people who live here, now. There can be no "common - unity," hence no community, if there is no communication.

BUT HOW? How can we reach this level of inter-student knowledge and understanding? By well-prepared, large-scale, frequent, public bull-sessions? Exactly! Or, at least, almost exactly! The plan is new, and is full of potential. We call them Student-to-Student Discussions, and they are being handled by the sophomore class because someone has to do the administering and the paying of bills. The idea is simple; arrange for a stu-

(Continued on page 30)

"The Critic"

(Continued from page 24)

but only as private persons. Not in print.

To set down any criticism in print implies responsibility. Perhaps neither Mr. Weidemann nor Mr. McConnell should be blamed for their irresponsibility. They are inexperienced. It is only natural for them to ape the manner of professional criticism without its substance. But it is also only natural for students to read them uncritically, the more so because Mr. McConnell especially writes so extremely well. And this is palpably unfair to the University Theater.

What makes most student opinion such a troublesome matter is the lack of educated and cultivated response from the audience. The falsest assumption possible about journalism is that its practitioners can and do write anything that pops into their heads. Most of them have tried that, once or twice. They have found what student writers can't find, except from the much-abused administrations which every now and then have to act as surrogates for a public which keeps writers to the mark of responsibility or forces them out of journalism. As everybody knows, in a democracy the system does not work perfectly. But it does work, on the whole and in the long run.

Herein lies the basic reason why the newsier and more objective *The Voice*, especially of late, is a better sort of student publication than *THE SCHOLASTIC* of these last several years. Their critical team of Messrs. Schulte and Quine is at least quieter, if not much more authoritative.

These student critics, whenever they write, cannot possibly know how very good our University Theater is. They cannot know how remarkable an achievement this is in view of our resources and staff. Purdue and Northwestern, to name two neighbors, have large graduate schools of drama and faculty staffs of tens; yet their productions are no better. The critics cannot know these things because they are too inexperienced and too ignorant. They should not pretend to know them in their reviews.

The most remarkable fact I know about Notre Dame is its achievements in the arts in view of the small number of students who specialize in any art, and the small staffs which man the Departments of Art, Music and Theater. Of all of these the theater seems to me the most remarkably fine. This is no peculiar minority view; good critics the country over who know our work agree. Those of us who have worked anxiously to make it so cannot help the wistful hope that some suspicion of the fact might take root in the student body, and occasionally be reflected in student publications.

"Communication"

(Continued from page 29)

dent, *any* student, to spend some time in constructive reflection on a topic of importance and interest to him, and then bring him together with other students for his presentation of the fruits of his thought, for meeting and conversing in a spirit of relaxation and conviviality.

The format is casual and flexible: a short talk of 10-20 minutes in, say, the Student Center Amphitheater, by the one who has been doing the reflecting, followed by 30-40 minutes of friendly conversation in, say, an adjoining room with refreshments provided by the wealth of the treasury of the Class of '66. For example: the first talk will be by Harry Long, a sophomore scholarship end on the varsity football squad; Harry will be in the Student Center Amphitheater on Monday, March 16, at 7:00 p.m. and will have some ideas to present about the interrelation of the academic and the athletic lives here at Notre Dame. The second talk will be given sometime after Easter by newly elected SBP John Gearen, who will announce his topic later.

The student-student discussion series will fail completely, however, if the only contributors are football players or student body presidents. Its real value will be attained only if it serves its primary purpose: to provide the opportunities for *all* types of students to present themselves to and be presented to all other types of students. For this reason every student is invited or, even more strongly, requested to think for a while about what he is and what he has to offer, and then to apply for a spot in the series. A simple letter sent to 432 Howard Hall, telling who you are and what and why you would like to speak on will do, and arrangements will then be made for those of us who are handling this to meet with you and to have a pre-discussion discussion.

We care a great deal about this student-to-student discussion series, and we believe in its necessity and potential worth. If it does — and we think it can — help us pull ourselves out of our self-contained, limited shells and into a fuller realization of each other and ourselves, then it will truly make a significant contribution to the attainment of a real, unified, Notre Dame.

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Student Criticism

(Continued from page 25)

a statement of what I have felt of the performances — a statement I feel it is within the powers of any student with literary interests if not literary pretensions to make.

In the second place, in paragraph seven of the article, Professor Stritch accuses my praise of Kavanaugh of slipping into "critical opaqueness," since it is "nonsense . . . to suggest that Mr. Kavanaugh's performance in *Long Day's Journey Into Night* was superior to that of James Cooney . . . or that he seemed anything more than a talented student actor beside the sensitive and profound performance of Jeanne Klein in *The Cocktail Party*. . . ." I wish Professor Stritch had made it clearer that I suggested neither of these possibilities, since both of these plays were reviewed by Carl Wiedemann. A minor point, but one of special concern to myself.

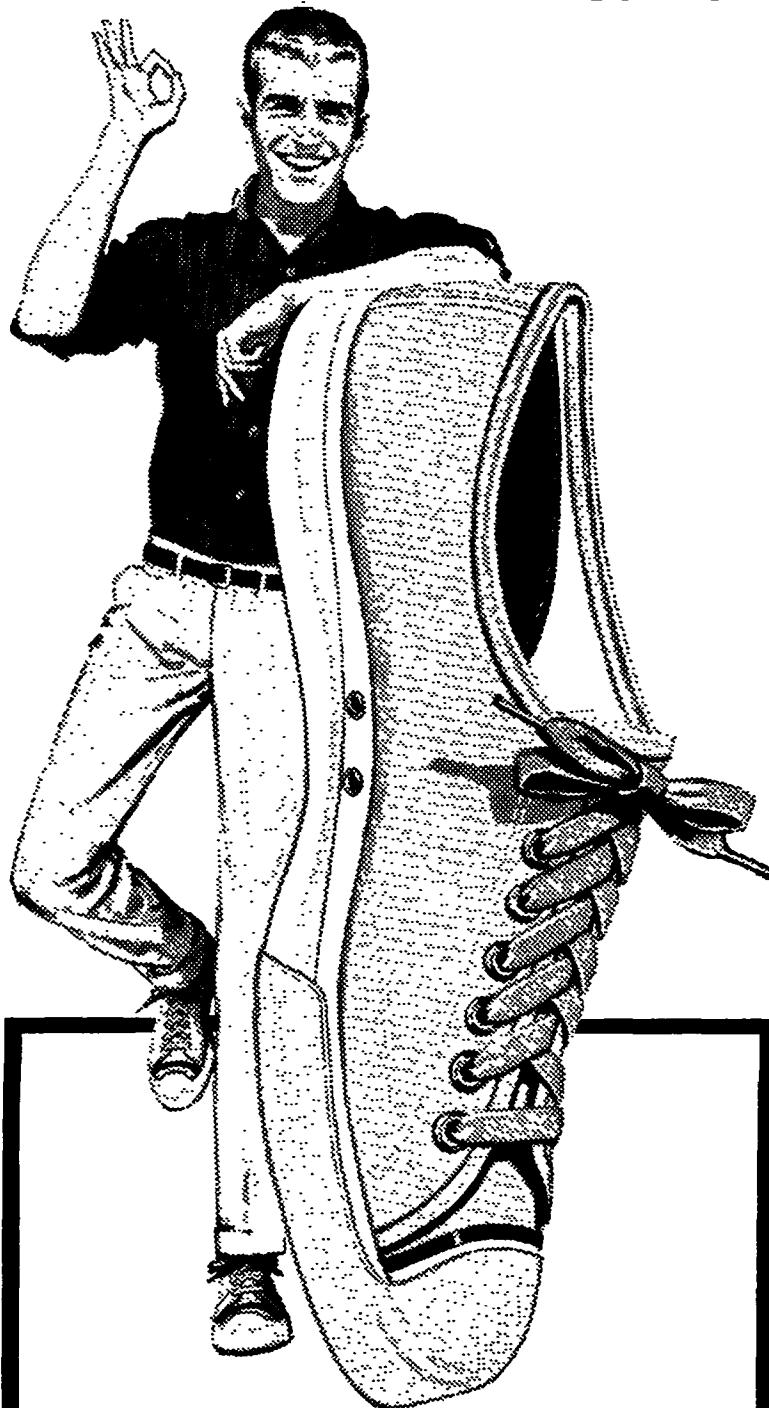
Let this much be made clear: this is not intended as a kind of counter-offensive to the article by Professor Stritch, nor as a claim that his opinions are without exception incorrect. Professor Stritch holds a position of considerable respect in the University community, and a position of wide personal respect among the students who know him. And if some of the personal allusions in his article are perhaps too acrid, which I feel they are, the general tenor of his essay is an important point about dramatic criticism at Notre Dame which has been voiced by a number of people, students and faculty, and which deserves to be in print.

What I have tried to do is to give a general outline of what I feel to be the primary characteristics and critical orientation of the work of myself and my predecessor, Mr. Wiedemann. These characteristics are based, not on an irresponsible personalism, but on a firm fundamental respect of the offerings of the University Theater, and a belief that its productions, if not always of the quality of the *Grosse Fuga*, are at least deserving of — and capable of enduring — the interested and honest criticism of its audience. And if the criticism has at times been harsh and incomplete, it has at least never been flippant or apathetic; just as, if the actors in Washington Hall have been occasionally inept or wooden they have at least never been undeserving of attention and comment, but have continued to function in the large movement of trial and failure which is part of the learning process in the University community.

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the
stampede's
on
for



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Lost Writers

(Continued from page 19)

statement, "Our first purpose is to please her (Our Lady) with whatever art we have." That first issue, however, also contained eleven short stories, more than the *Juggler* will probably publish in all three issues this year.

It seems to me that a student writer on this campus could be offered much more encouragement than he presently is in the way of publication. Publication is, after all, the implicit goal of every writer. If he were writing for his own enjoyment — as some claim — why bother to write it down at all? And frustrated attempts at being published are only good for a writer up to a point. The opportunities for publication at present are such that only the very best writers (even there, only the best in the opinion of a few people who are also students and not absolutely capable in their judgments) appear in print. It is true that not everyone who writes a story should by the fact that he has produced something be offered space, but many good stories are written here that are never published anywhere.

One of the seemingly obvious answers is to have the SCHOLASTIC, for

example, resume a function it has had in the past: that of publishing creative work. There is ample precedent for this; for many years, the SCHOLASTIC was not only a news and opinion journal, but served as a vehicle for all kinds of student essays, stories, and poetry. This function was gradually dropped with the institution of a literary magazine, *Scrip*, in the nineteen-twenties, revived upon the demise of *Scrip*, and phased out again when the present *Juggler* was born in 1947. Any publication of creative material by the SCHOLASTIC while the *Juggler* exists would be done as an effort to supplement the *Juggler*, not to replace or compete with it. If there turns out to be enough creative material to demand attention by both publications, we should be glad that we can encourage the efforts of more students.

The SCHOLASTIC will, therefore, now accept contributions of creative material, particularly short stories.

Providing more space for publication, however, is by no means a complete answer to the problem of encouraging creativity here. This is the problem of the artist in America, and it may be endemic to the culture that the artist is not respected, not encouraged to grow, because he is almost always in conflict with a cul-

ture that holds conformity in high regard. The few artists who have at the same time been popular as persons (like Fitzgerald) have been unusual in that they portrayed and glorified the values of their particular age.

It would seem that on a college campus there would be a more receptive attitude toward those who alienate themselves in what is essentially the effort to add to our culture. At Notre Dame, the artist is at least recognized in a non-hostile way by the Administration; by the students, his acceptance is less enthusiastic. I have tried to analyze the reasons why the students are seemingly so embittered by the people who attempt artistry. I hope the conclusion will not antagonize those people on the *Juggler*, whom I could legitimately expect to be in sympathy with my intentions; I do believe that the *Juggler* staff members could be doing much to encourage the acceptance of artists and intellectuals by attempting to inform or appeal to the mass of students who dislike them and, by association, artistry and intellectualism.

Finally, I might hope that in addition to the question, "Where are the Catholic Salks, Oppenheimers, Einsteins?" it were also being asked, "Where are the Catholic Faulkners?"

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'Letters'

(Continued from page 9)

University, you will adopt a strategy that has some hope of success. You will analyze the situation and adjust your approach to suit it. You will not generate unnecessary friction (as correct as your facts may be), that will cause men to choose sides and thus tend to halt any forward progress.

You have the most powerful tool for developing a mature student community. Your freedom in critical analysis is unprecedented in the history of Notre Dame. Remember that and use it well.

O. F. Williams
Notre Dame 1961

CONCEPTUAL SCIENCE

EDITOR:

As students in the College of Science

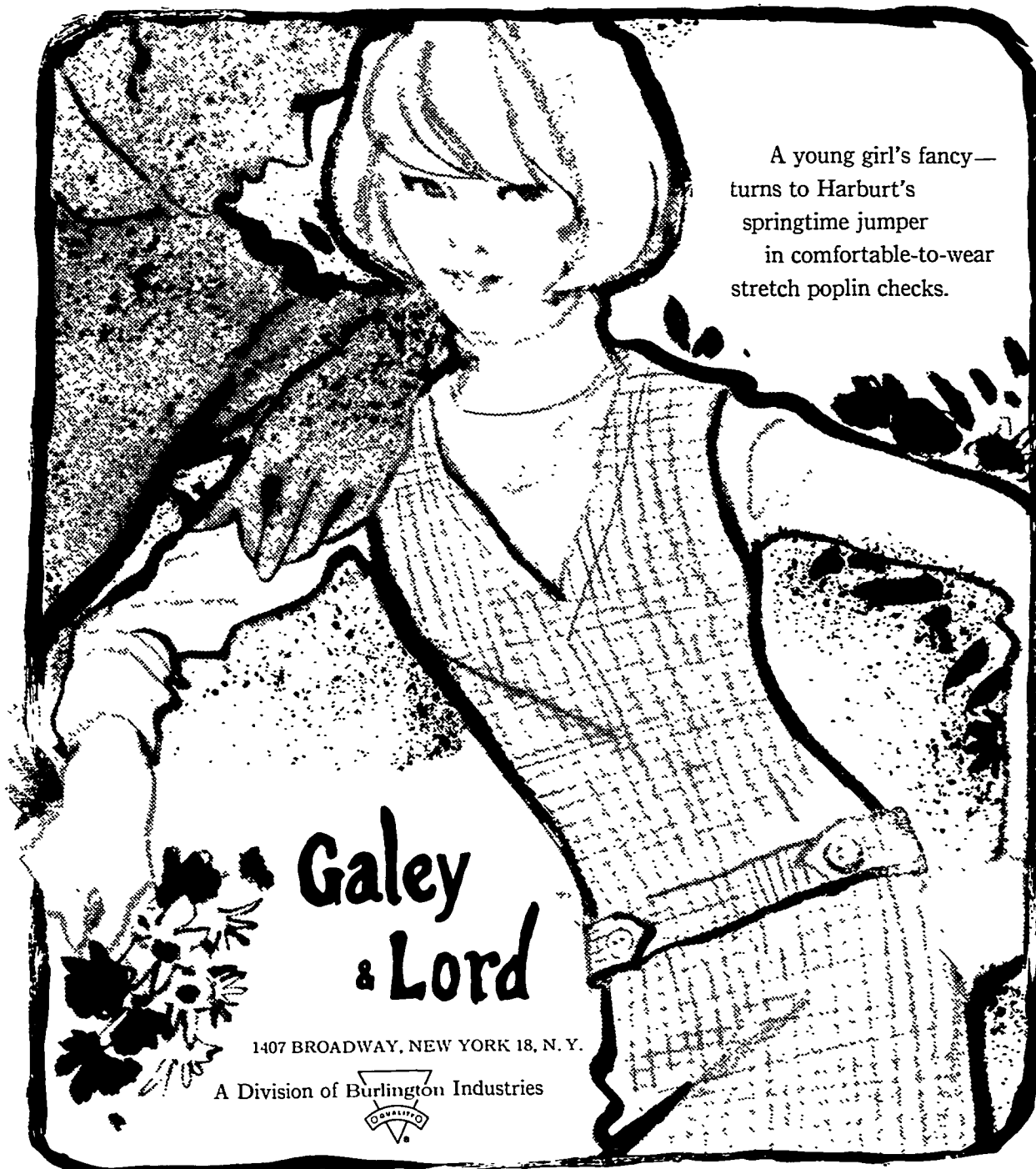
and in the College of Engineering, we wish to protest Mr. Doug Lovejoy's implications concerning the integrity of the students and the type of courses offered in these two colleges. In his article "Freedom, Honor and 'The System,'" he maintains "highly objective material is taught in science courses. The material supposedly lends itself to cheating on examinations. To classify the material taught to science and engineering majors in these courses as "highly objective" only demonstrates an obvious ignorance of the material contained in these courses.

As an Arts and Letters student, Mr. Lovejoy's experience, if any, in science courses would necessarily be limited to the "objective" AB science courses. It is pure fallacy, however, to conclude that all science courses are objective and that, as a result, all students studying science courses are prone to cheating. No mere memori-

zation of formulas, no amount, however great, of glancing on the papers of students around him, no number of cheat sheets will help the student analyze the effects of transient currents in an electric circuit or plot the streamlines of a van der Pol equation. Only a clear understanding of well-taught material and a broad conceptual basis will bring the desired result.

We disagree with Mr. Lovejoy's remarks concerning the study of science at Notre Dame. That cheating in isolated instances may occur is possible, but it is certainly not as widespread among the engineering and science majors as Mr. Lovejoy's article would lead one to believe. In any event, the idea of an honor system at Notre Dame deserves careful study and should not be characterized by an attitude such as Mr. Lovejoy has shown by his remark.

Edward Morgan, Richard Maher



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turns to Harburt's
springtime jumper
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stretch poplin checks.

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Tom Hoobler . . .

The Last Word



NORMALLY WE wouldn't raise our voice (no pun) to call attention to our own accomplishments, but the members of our staff who worked to cover the Mock Convention deserve public commendation. One of the persistent arguments for having a newspaper on campus is that it can cover the news more quickly than a magazine, yet the *SCHOLASTIC* which appeared last Friday included coverage of the convention up to Wednesday midnight. Our convention staff, headed by Joe Wilson, included Pete Siegwald, Jack Pope, Dave Grophear, Rick Weirich, Larry Sicking, and Carl Magel.

THIS ISSUE OF the *SCHOLASTIC* contains an analysis of the convention that alleges, among other things, that Lodge was "the illogical candidate." The early results of the New Hampshire primary, which we are listening to now, seem to belie this opinion — if New Hampshire is any indication, the Notre Dame Mock Convention seems to have chosen the man destined to be the actual party nominee come summer. The curious

process by which the delegates here arrived at the nomination of Lodge is, we think, still valid as a subject of discussion. Politics is sometimes irrational; it always involves compromise. By combining both these elements, the Notre Dame Convention may prove to be rightly prophetic once more — for the fifth time in six conventions.

ENOUGH COMMENTARY on the convention itself appears elsewhere in the magazine, but we would like to praise the foresight of SBP Dave Ellis for his speech on the first night of the convention. Passing up the chance to speak on political or more emotional issues, Dave chose to caution the delegates that the convention was after all, for fun, and that it would be sad if friendships built up over three or four years at Notre Dame were broken off because of the tension and short tempers brought on by temporary partisanship.

Mr. Ellis's warning turned out to be well-advised later, in the heat of the convention, when backers of Scranton and Goldwater began to take personal umbrage to the activities of each other's forces. From the standpoint of friendship it might have been a good thing that Lodge won, for the antagonistic feelings of the two losing forces subsided somewhat when each was defeated. We hope, along with Mr. Ellis, that everyone has become pals again.

THE SHORT "RIOT" in the dining halls Sunday (see "Campus at a Glance," this issue) pointed up a problem that extends beyond a single occasion of the 12:15 Mass beginning late, causing those who attended to be late for lunch. The hours for Sunday and weekday lunch in the dining halls are obviously unrealistic. A large number of people attending the 12:15 Mass must always rush to come in at the very end of the lunch period, and every week quite a few leave Mass early to assure themselves a meal.

During the week, the lunch line closes at 12:45. Since 11:30 classes end at 12:20, people who have both an 11:30 and a 1:10 class must go immediately from class to lunch and to class again. This wouldn't be so bad in itself, except that those people who have 11:30 classes but no 1:10 class also congregate at the same time, jamming the lines so that twenty-minute waits are common. It seems to us that if the weekday lunch period were changed so that the lines would close at 1:00, more people would return to their rooms after their 11:30 classes, leaving the lines

to those who have 1:00 classes to make.

And finally, the dining hall employees seem so eager to close the lines that when the late Sunday rush begins — at least in the South Dining Hall — only two lines are open on each side, causing more congestion. Often, late arrivals at either lunch or supper find that the milk machines have been closed by the time they sit down to eat. It surely wouldn't be asking too much to have all the milk machines working until fifteen minutes after the lines close.

WE NOTICED a couple of weeks back that some exasperated officeholder in the library had apparently given up hope of ever having a sign for his door, and had written his name and position on the window of his office with soap.

WE RECEIVED A LETTER this week, signed with an obviously fictitious name, that charged that students who wrote letters to the *SCHOLASTIC* had them clipped and placed on their permanent records, and were later confronted with them — for instance, at the Sophomore Interviews — "as evidence that (they were) putting nothing over on the administration."

The Vice-President for Student Affairs denies that it is the policy of the administration to file such information on a student, and that even though it is technically possible for rectors to use such information in evaluating students, he knows of no rector or prefect who follows this practice.

We have heard this kind of rumor before, and renew the promise that we made then — and student writing a letter to the *SCHOLASTIC* will have his name withheld in print if he feels the need for it, and only the editor of the *SCHOLASTIC* will retain the identity of the letter-writer. The editor of the *SCHOLASTIC* will furthermore not succumb to any pressure from any source to reveal the identity of a letter-writer whose name was withheld.

THE REFERENDUM on the honor system (see editorial page, this issue) will be held next Thursday. We would like to emphasize the importance of having as many students as possible vote on the question, whether they favor or oppose the system. The more students who vote on the question will mean that much greater importance attached to the final vote. It was suggested at a meeting of heads of campus organizations that 75% of the eligible students would be a reasonable percentage voting to demand any action on the system.



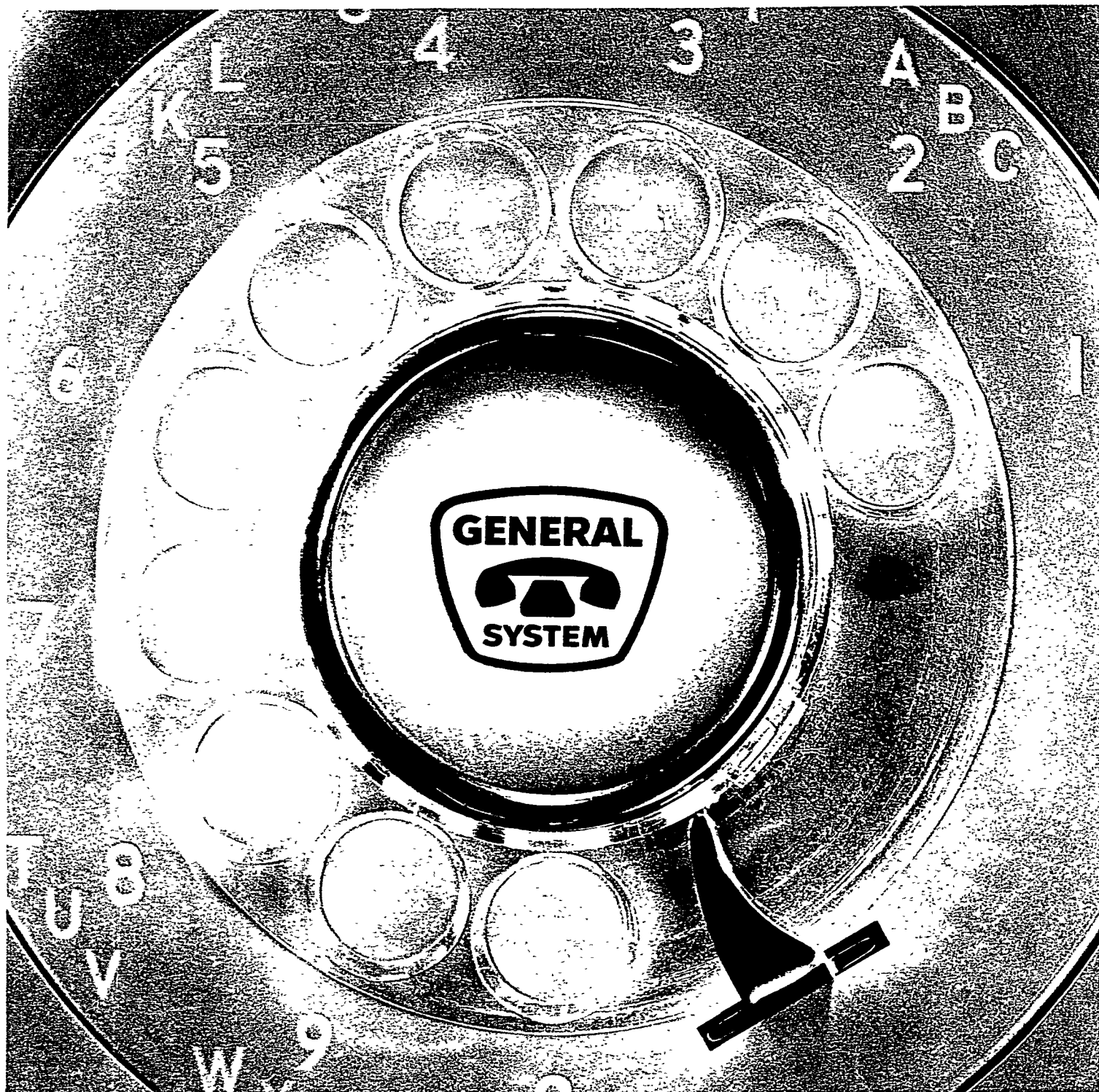
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