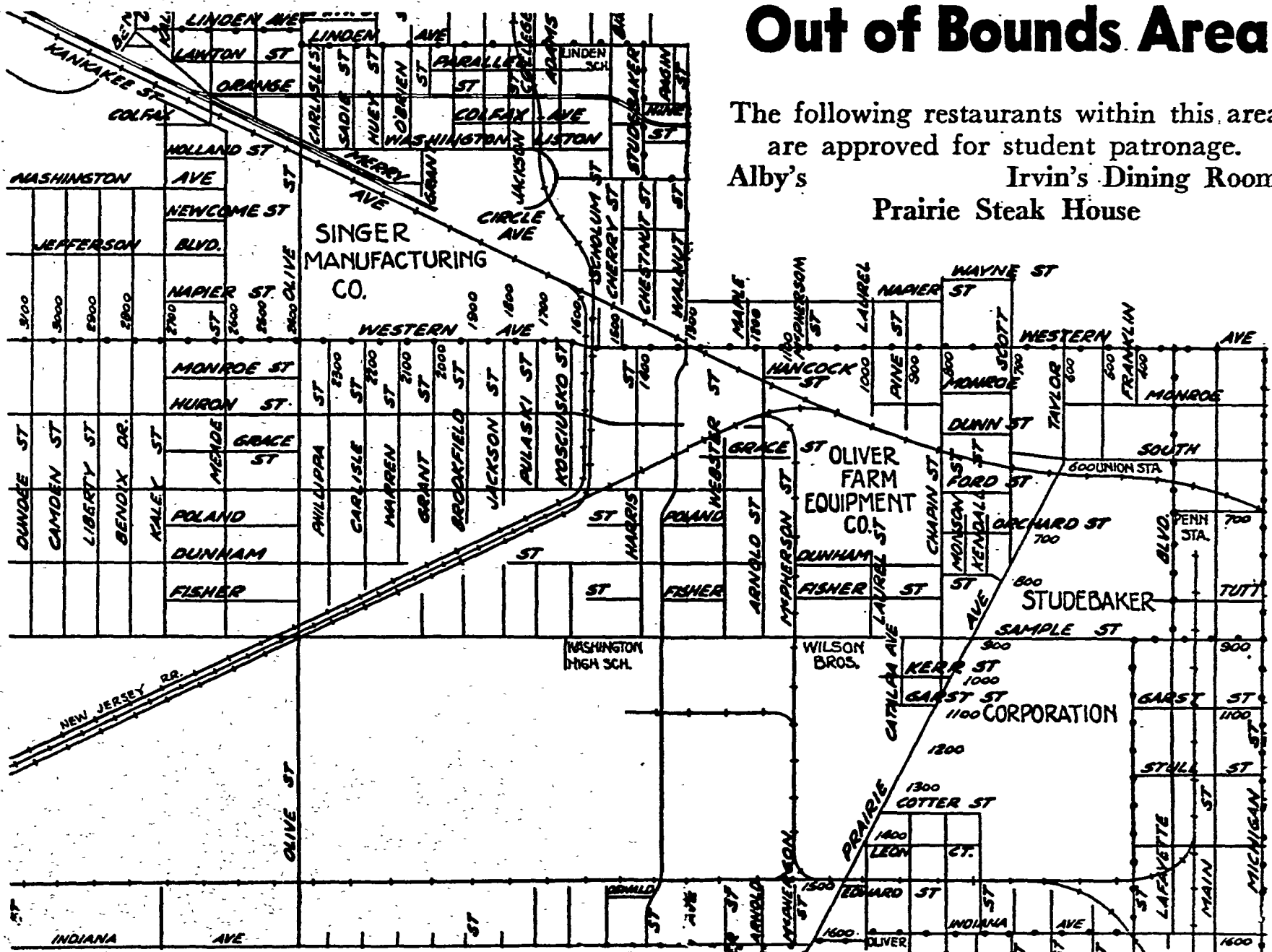


Out of Bounds Area

The following restaurants within this area are approved for student patronage.

Alby's Irvin's Dining Room
Prairie Steak House



OUT-OF-BOUNDS AREA

The out-of-bounds area includes Western Avenue from the 200 block west and South Main Street from the 300 block south, and all the city area south and west formed by the intersection of these two streets. It also includes the streets forming the boundaries as shown on this map.



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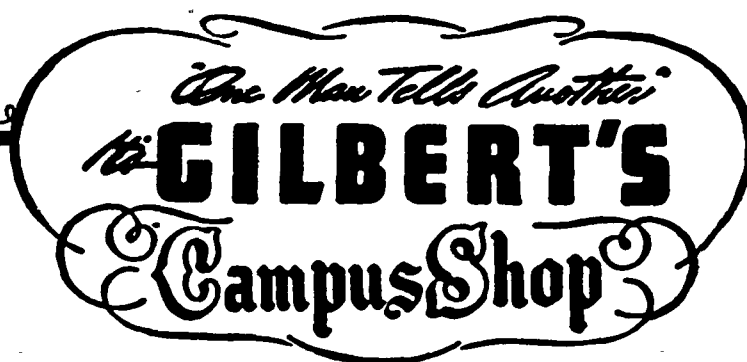


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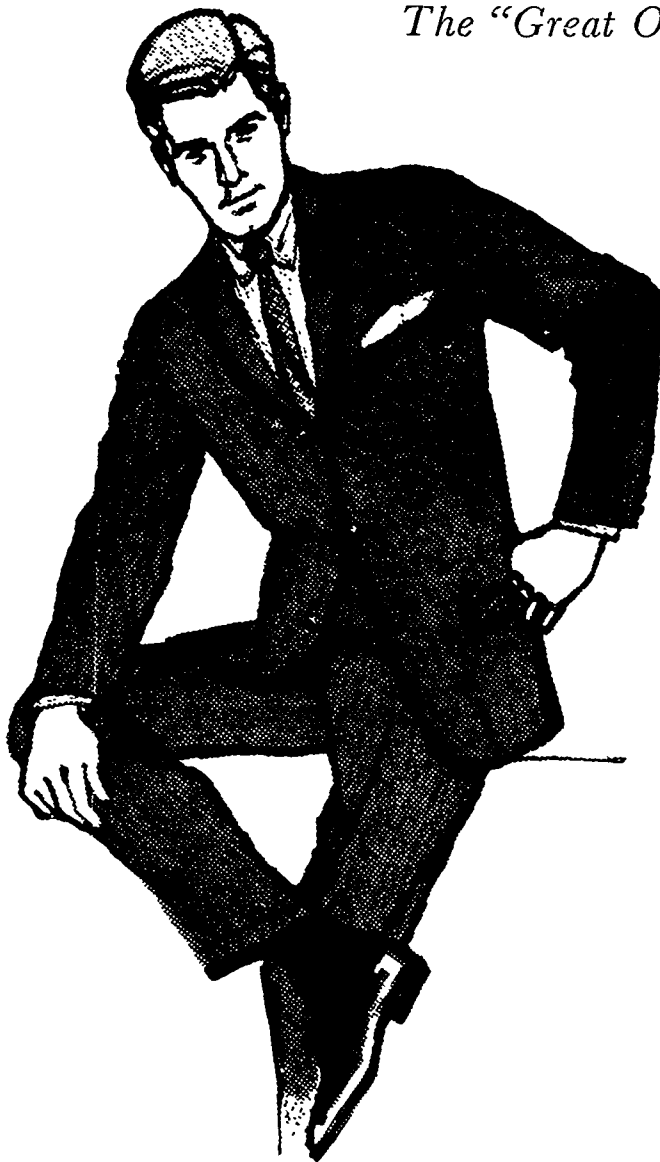
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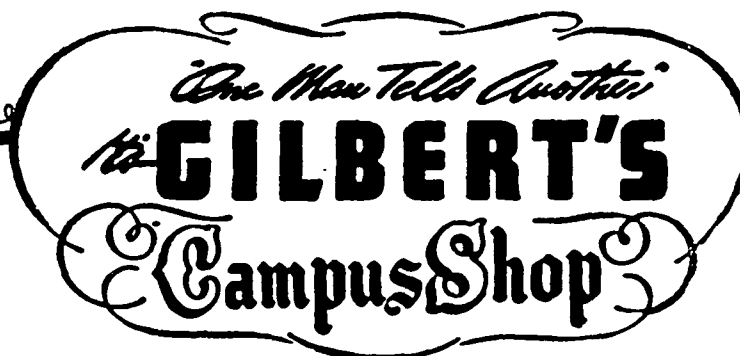
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in July

ONE-THIRD

in August

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ON THE CAMPUS . . . NOTRE DAME

coming distractions

DAILY

In the University Art Gallery: the Scholz Collection of "Life of the Virgin Mary in Drawings"; Notre Dame's Artist-in-Residence Konstantin Milonadis exhibits his new works. (Both through Sunday, April 23.)

In the Basement of the Kellogg Center: Notre Dame's NROTC holds a display of its role at Notre Dame.

(The Art Gallery's hours: Daily 12 to 5 p.m.; Sat. & Sun. 1-5 p.m.)

FRIDAY, APRIL 21

- 4:00 p.m. Michigan State's Dr. Charles C. Killingsworth speaks as the guest of the Economics Department in the Kellogg Center.
- 4:15 p.m. University College, Dublin, Ireland, sends to Notre Dame, Fr. Thomas P. Dunning, C.M., to lecture on "Courtly Love in Shakespeare," in the Library Auditorium.
- 8:00 p.m. In the Library Auditorium, the Student Government Conference on Student Stress begins.

SATURDAY, APRIL 22

- 8:00 p.m. Student Stress Conference continues in the Library Auditorium.
- 8:00 p.m. In Stepan Center: A Social Commission-sponsored dance featuring "Blues Magoos," admission \$2.00 at the door.
- 9:00 p.m. The Ladies of Notre Dame sponsor their annual Spring Dance, at the South Bend Country Club.
- 12 midnight "The Professors" on WNDU-TV hosts James J. Carberry on the topic "The Mores of Our Times."

SUNDAY, APRIL 23

- all day William Shakespeare was born in 1564, and died on the same date, 52 years later.
- 2:00 p.m. Sophomore Co-Ex Discussion with Aaron Henry (President, Mississippi NAACP). Fiesta Lounge.
- 2:00 and 7:30 p.m. Cinema '67 presents *Looking Backward from Robert Goodnough*, in the Engineering Auditorium. Admission 75 cents.
- 3:00 p.m. Professor Robert Hassenger moderates the Student Government-sponsored Seminar on American Education, in the Law Auditorium.
- 8:00 p.m. Conference on Student Stress — Library Auditorium.
- 8:00 p.m. In O'Laughlin Auditorium at SMC, The Glee Club gives its annual Spring Concert.
- 8:00 p.m. The Student Government Symposium on Civil Rights opens with an address by Aaron Henry, director of the NAACP in Mississippi, in Washington Hall.

MONDAY, APRIL 24

- 8:00 p.m. Saul Alinsky lectures as a part of the Civil Rights Symposium in Washington Hall.

TUESDAY, APRIL 25

- 6:30 p.m.-8:30 p.m. \$10 down payment for 1967 Student Trip to Atlanta. Coke Bar of Rathskeller.
- all day Deadline for *Juggler* Material for the Spring Issue. Submit manuscripts to 303 Badin.
- 8:00 p.m. Columnist Drew Pearson lectures in Library Auditorium on the topic "Do Congressmen Steal?"
- 5:00, 7:15, and 9:30 p.m. The Notre Dame Filmmakers present *Darling*, starring Julie Christie, in the Engineering Auditorium. Admission 50 cents.
- 9:30 p.m. Film: *Harvest of Shame* followed by Activities Night in Washington Hall (late permissions for SMC).

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26

- 6:30 p.m.-8:30 p.m. Student Trip down payment (see above).
- all day Room Reservations with the Director of Student Accounts begin.
- 8:00 p.m. Dan Watts, of the Black Panther Party in New York City, speaks in Washington Hall on "Black Power and the White Man."

THURSDAY, APRIL 27

- 3:00 to 5:00 and 7:00 to 9:00 Final ticket sales for the 1967 *Spring Weekend* will be held in the Fiesta Lounge of the Student Center. Prom bids, accommodations, flowers, party tickets, and Communion Breakfast tickets will be available.
- 11:00 to 5:30 Tuxedo fittings for *T.H.E. Prom* will be held in Room 2-D of the Student Center.
- 8:00 p.m. The Indiana University Theatre presents *Marat/Sade*.
- 6:45, 8:00 and 9:30 p.m. Film: *Black Natchez* in Engineering Auditorium. Free.

FRIDAY, APRIL 28

- all day In 1789, the crew of *HMS Bounty*, under the daring leadership of Fletcher Christian, mutinied against Captain William Bligh.
- 8:15 p.m. Hans-Martin Linde and Louis Bagger, playing the recorder and harpsichord, give a concert of Baroque Music in the Library Auditorium.
- 4:10 p.m. Discussion on the "Negro Family Life in the Ghetto" led by Mrs. Jacqueline Taylor and a group of ADC (Aid to Dependent Children) mothers from Gary.

Compiled By JIM BRITT

SCHOLASTIC

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University of Notre Dame

Founded 1867

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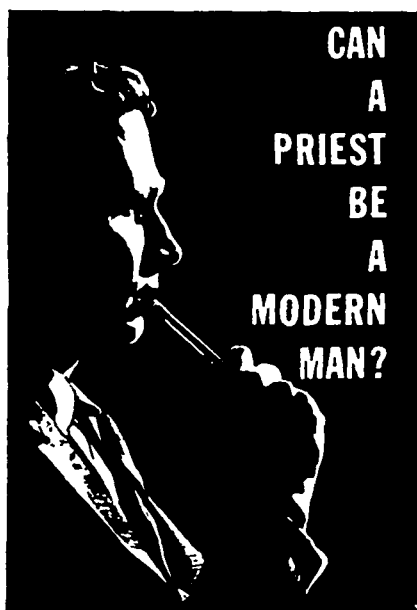
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The Sandbox

"It seems so inconsistent for you to say that you are developing young Catholic leaders when you will not give even an adequate hearing to the leaders of your leaders. This makes student government not an effective organization but a frustrating sandbox." So wrote John Gearen to Father Hesburgh in January of 1963 (see cover story).

Several weeks ago the Student Senate adopted a resolution requesting the Administration's position on a statement of academic freedom. Father Charles I. McCarragher, vice-president for student affairs, refused to reply because the matter is still under discussion within Administration and faculty circles in the writing of a new faculty manual. "They can ask me for an opinion. But student government can't pass a rule telling me I have to do anything. They can ask me for an opinion, and if

it's reasonable, I'll give it. An awful lot was presumed here."

A great deal was presumed. Like mutual respect. A definitive statement on academic freedom at this point is hardly called for. Nor is a peremptory negative response from the Administration. That the faculty, Administration, and lay board of trustees are considering academic freedom does not preclude student discussion of the issue. Student discussion should not be ignored but rather carefully weighed by the Administration.

The Administration could have made some reply, short of a definitive statement, to the Student Senate's request. There was the possibility of dialogue. Instead, the Senate was relegated to its sandbox.

letters

RETURNING

EDITOR:

Cynics have often said that religion is a search for some authority; I never believed this until I came into contact with the "instant" boys, the ones who sell quickie Christianity through some nauseating form of "conversion." Campus Crusade, here on campus last month, was such; no less does this pagan pentecostal movement appear to be. Lay on those hands, brother, and let that Spirit come a-flowing into me. Humbug.

Did someone in this movement forget that religion is, after all, a human endeavor — not something infused like a gigantic vaccine against the devil? As for "returning" to the early Church — enough errors have been made and corrected in the last two thousand years, why throw them all out and start leading people astray again? If that's religion, then I'm an atheist — and I'm no atheist. As for this Spirit and presence jazz — that's faith, which means it's as much true as false, no more. If it makes someone feel good, maybe it's useful — the Catholic answer to LSD! Grow up, boys.

When the devil left, to the smell of burning sulphur (I feel sick even writing that), he evidently took the time to carry off sense, reason and sanity with him.

David Coulter
442 Morrissey

WASTELAND

EDITOR:

"SMC — Masters of Conceit" read the banner being unfurled over the heads of the student section in Notre Dame Stadium one Saturday last fall. Inquiry with the ballboy standing beside one puzzled observer on the east sidelines revealed that "SMC" denoted "Saint Mary's College." The sports editor of *The Duke Chronicle* then slowly smiled in sympathetic recognition of the pregnant meaning of this bitter, pathetic protest.

The night before he had been stunned to discover the striking similarities between the social situation at the South Bend campus and that at his own school. Like Duke, Notre Dame was found to be situated conveniently in a "cultural wasteland" (to borrow a phrase from *Where The Girls Are*). Also like Duke, Notre Dame was found to have a women's institution located within two miles of the men's campus and served by a

shuttle bus service. Like Duke men, Notre Dame undergraduates were found to suffer from the unfavorable male/female ratio that this arrangement seems inevitably to produce.

It was even discovered that one can be shot down fully as murderously in the lobby of Holy Cross Hall as in one of the parlors on Duke's East Campus (habitat of the "East Beast," a discouragingly rare species held in captivity by the keepers of Duke's "co-ordinate" Women's College).

With this background in mind, gentlemen, I find myself compelled to advise you of the foolishness (indeed, futility) of your confidence in the merging of ND and SMC as the panacea for your social ills (SCHOLASTIC, March 10). It won't work, fellas, as 3000 males at Duke can attest. Being tantalized in your classes will only aggravate the inevitable frustration. And is it worth the academic competition (*They* study)?

Your problem, guys, is a simple demand and supply disequilibrium. You're buying, she's selling, and it's a seller's market. As long as there are six of you for each one of them, you lose.

Richard S. Miller
Duke University

A PLACE FOR EXCESS

EDITOR:

O'Dea said, "The students will love it." We'd like to ask those who have objected so vehemently to the actions of the ASP on election night what so greatly shocked them. In the past, Notre Dame students have shown a unique dynamism in releasing emotional stress. The campaign inevitably channeled a great deal of feeling on the part of many people into one moment. If the actions of some will be considered irresponsible, they cannot be considered outside of tradition.

Perhaps the Notre Dame student feels that an excess of liquor is justifiable only at such meaningful events as a football game (when a "grossable" crowd is assembled), in a room, or in plying a date at some party. How about the Friday night toilet paper throws in the fall? How about the publicity for every social function short of a lecture at this University? And how about the good times freshman year displaying a reeling virility to the Rathskeller regulars? Evidently, that some should be drunk or drinking in the students' own Center is irresponsible and out of the

ordinary: perhaps a fluorescent moon from the second-floor balcony would have gone unnoticed or applauded.

Furthermore, our songs expressed a feeling which many hold and on which the campaign concentrated. The ASP hoped to define through its campaign a student-administration relationship which gives the student a chance many feel he has never had before. Our candidates received votes because what our songs expressed is a common hope. After recounting for two weeks and thinking for two or more years about injustices suffered, understandably our actions at the moment of decision would demonstrate hope for a change and resentment against the past. The ASP successfully united a large segment of the student body behind important issues; we hope that the glorying of some in a reassuring unity can be understood.

Sincerely,

Timothy J. MacGary
Leonard Joyce
Dennis M. O'Dea
Thomas Figel
Brian McTigue
Jon Sherry
Joseph Brennan
Jay O'Brian
Charles B. Wordell
Edward F. Kickham
Colm Gage
Barry Maher
Phil Kukielski

ON THESE PAGES

EDITOR:

One can only assume that somewhere in the well-oiled (?) machinery of the SCHOLASTIC office there lurk several typists and/or typesetters with the sole ambition to render articles irrecoGNizable (sic) to the writers and indecipherable to their readers. Anyone who can transform Catherine Daneuve into Brigitte Bardot (as in one of my reviews) has an evil sense of humor.

I refer to my review of *The Madwoman of Chailot* in the March 17 issue, where time and again words were changed (or even negated) which totally destroys the sentences. For example, "importance" (line 70) should read "impotence," "program" (line 79) "pogrom," and "A typical" (line 133) "Atypical." I hereby disown anything I have written (or will write) on these pages.

Marty McNamara
410 Morrissey

news and notes

• **STUDENTS FOR a Liberal Government**, the second student political party to spring up at Notre Dame, will officially come into existence with its first meeting on April 26. Headed by Richard Hunt and David Stark, both off-campus senators, Mike Greene, a senator from Dillon, Bob Rigne, and "five or six" other senators, the new party will, in Hunt's words, "be primarily interested in academic changes, including the wholesale revision of the Freshman Year of Studies, the establishment of a system for student evaluation of courses, and the like." Hunt feels the party differs from the ASP not only in its emphasis on issues academic, but in its "opposition to coercive and obstructive demonstrations." Other than that, though, the goals of the party are basically the same as the ASP, according to Hunt. However, the new party hopes to "try to unify and represent the great majority of the students." Hunt feels that the ASP does not do this and, in fact, only represents a vocal minority of the Student Body.

• **APPARENTLY** the uproar over the Notre Dame-St. Mary's merger questionnaire put out by the Notre Dame Sociology Department hasn't raised as much controversy with the Lay Board as it has with the faculty. The Lay Board of Trustees of St. Mary's met on April 13-14 to elect new officers, to discuss finances of the college, and to appoint three new advisors among other things. The supposed problem of the questionnaire and the probability of future cooperation was brought up, but held the floor only for a very short time. However, the Lay Board has decided to appoint various members to study each type of cooperation already in existence — Barnard-Columbia, Harvard-Radcliffe, and so on — and is asking these members to report back to the Board at a later date.

• **THE GREAT SORIN-BADIN** feud of yesteryear is on again! Or a somewhat milder version thereof, anyway. The two halls will stage a tug-of-war (Badin challenged) as part of an all-day outing at the Mishawaka Conservation Club on Saturday, April 29. Your favorite refreshment will be provided for spectators. That evening: a wild toga party.

• **SPRING ARRIVED** in South Bend Monday. You could tell by the blowing of the municipal cool in the South Bend *Tribune* over the panty raid. St. Joseph County Sheriff Elmer Sokol (who, curiously enough, called in the dogs even though he is not up for re-election) protested to the press that the raid by "1000" students "resulted in endangering lives and threatening injury and property damage to a great extent." He also promised the citizenry of our fair host city "stern action and possible prosecution" for students who instigate future raids that "result in injury or property damage at St. Mary's." The "insti-



gate" remark is rather ironic considering SMC's enthusiasm for the spontaneous display of affection. However, apart from that, the only injuries observed were to the jacket and shirt of Mike Burke of the WSND news staff. These are still being picked from the teeth of a city police dog. Nevertheless, reliable sources indicate that there was widespread vandalism. Reportedly, large quantities of toilet paper were deposited on the east side of LeMans Hall and a "barricade of lumber," as the local press described the three saw horses, were thrown up across the road from the Dixie way to Holy Cross. The Hoosier hysteria regarding the raid did have its tragic aspects. A \$50,000 lumber fire was raging out of control when two false alarms were turned

in. Fire fighting equipment already hard pressed had to be dispatched to respond to these alarms. Further, several burglaries were perpetrated while the more than 20 city, county and state police with their three dogs stemmed the tide of invasion across the road.

• **SMC's FLEDGLING** Action Student Party is now for real. In the recent senatorial elections on that campus, three sophomores ran on ASP platforms and all three were elected. The number of senators allotted to the upcoming junior class is four. They include Mercedes Dwyer, a staff student and a re-elected senator, and the three ASP's: Mary Kennedy, Trudy Ernst, and Susan Davis.

• **DID YOU** ever wonder where all those TV quiz shows gets the mountains of merchandise that they give away as prizes? Maybe Tom Eckerle of 331 Fisher Hall could tell you. A week ago Saturday night someone strolled into Tom's room and left with his stereo, a tape recorder, his records, his watch, a camera and his suit cases. The rector of Fisher, Rev. Lloyd Teske, C.S.C. reports that so far the thief has made a clean get away.

• **THE SENIOR CLASS** will take time out from its last bitter-end semester to hold their Senior Ball on Friday, May 12. This year's theme will be based on a visit to a chimerical town in Southern Spain and will be titled "Malaguena, The Crossroads." It will be held from 9 to 1 in the Stepan Center and the music will be furnished by Peter Palmer and his Orchestra. The Ball will be the integral part of a weeklong hedonistic escape known colloquially as "Senior Week." Ticket sales will be held again early in May.

• **RAMBLING WRECKS** by the time they get back to campus, next year's seniors will be flying to Atlanta for the annual November Senior Trip. Visiting Georgia Tech's homeland for the first time since the Fighting Irish ended a Yellow Jacket 29-game winning streak in 1953, the tripsters will, for \$87, be treated to three glorious days in the sunny deep south, two big parties Friday and Saturday night thrown by Tech, and flights back and forth. Accommodations are at the Dinkler Plaza Hotel in Atlanta. Initial down payments of \$10 for the trip will be taken on Tuesday and Wednesday, April 25 and 26, in the Coke Bar of the Student Center from 6:30 to 8:30 p.m.

campus:

the administration speakers policy



Known Communists, Nazis, Birchites, black-power enthusiasts, white-power enthusiasts, hedonists, church reactionaries, intelligent alumni and, in fact, anyone who the Administration feels would be "contributing to the academic side of the university" by their presence will now be allowed to speak on campus, according to a policy statement Fr. Charles McCarragher gave the SCHOLASTIC last week. Their ideology will have nothing to do with the decision about whether or not they'll be permitted to disseminate their views, the vice-president for student affairs stated. The two criteria that will have to be met is whether or not the subject matter has any "academic" value, and whether or not the speaker is capable of speaking intelligently on the subject. This is the first time that a policy statement about speakers at the University has been presented to the student body by the Administration.

This statement came on the heels of Fr. Hesburgh's directive to members of the Administration not to comment on the Student Senate's Basic Policy Declaration on Academic Freedom. This policy declaration was presented to Fr. McCarragher to distribute to the vice-presidents of the University for their reaction just before Easter. However, Fr. Hesburgh supposedly felt that everything was subject to redefinition in the area of academic freedom, a large part of which is a speaker's policy, and, therefore, asked that no one in authority complicate matters by issuing their thoughts on the subject.

Bob Moran, outgoing president of the Senate, registered some disap-

point over Fr. McCarragher's statement. Although he found it "very encouraging" to have someone in the Administration articulate a position on who will be allowed to speak on campus, he said that the "only value of Fr. McCarragher's statement is if it is integrated with Student Government action. Otherwise, he'll still be operating in a very one-sided manner." Moran feels that academic freedom should be defined before practical things like policies concerning who will or will not speak on campus are decided.

The Student Senate has passed a Speaker's Policy which would, among other things, establish a board which would review the merits of people whose right to speak here is questioned. This, it was hoped, would eliminate arbitrariness in decisions about speakers which some feel was displayed when, for example, Oral Roberts was prevented from speaking on campus last year. However, the Board's implementation, Moran said, would be dependent on the fate of the BPD.

Tom McKenna, Student Body vice-president-elect, was most enthusiastic about the "one-sided" declaration, however. He thought that it was a "major step" towards understanding. "It's the first step towards a dialogue," he said, "and the first step is always the most difficult. . . . The Administration has never defined an area of its policy before. This is quite a breakthrough."

McKenna's ASP running mate in the recent elections was not so impressed by Fr. McCarragher's ges-

ture. "Anyone should be able to come here to speak," Dennie O'Dea said, "if students are willing to spend money to bring him here. . . . Who can say what has no academic value? You can learn something from anyone."

The Basic Policy Declaration of the Student Senate says, in part, that "Education in its broadest context is the free exchange of ideas. The university is the fixing of this exchange in time and space, and any arbitrary elimination of certain ideas from the field of encounter is tantamount to its destruction."

The problem now is to decide if *all* exclusions of speakers are arbitrary exclusions. Fr. McCarragher prevented Hugh Hefner from speaking on this campus several years ago, and he says that he would do it again under the circumstances of that time. Hefner allegedly was going to be accompanied by Playboy bunnies, the symbol of his regime, a corps of photographers, and a large-scale publicity build-up.

On the other hand, Mike Minton, candidate for Senior Class President, has contacted Hefner, and an agreement has been worked out whereby the Playboy magnate would speak at the University on a panel in which he would represent his particular philosophy of hedonism. Fr. McCarragher has indicated that under these low-pitched circumstances, he would consider letting Hefner speak on campus, in line with his policy declaration. His only reservation, he says, is that he's not totally convinced that the famous connoisseur of the good life is capable of articulating his position. — J.G.



RALPH DUNNE, C.S.C.
Serious Problems—in the Minority



DANIEL WATTS
Hate For Whites—and Some Negroes

PSYCHOLOGICAL SERVICES

On entering the office, the biggest question to be answered was, of course, what does a psychologist look like, anyway? The man who waited within was hardly the picture of the nervous egghead one comes to expect from the movies. Father Ralph Dunne, C.S.C., who comes as the head of the new psychological clinic slated to open on campus next fall, should be able to dispel the frightening image of the headshrinker that might be the one stumbling block to the service Notre Dame has waited ten years to get.

An article that appeared one year ago in these same pages stated the problem in all its painful proportions. "A student with a problem is first referred to Dr. George D. Colip, the University medical director of one year, who feels that 'since this involves student health, I ask that the student come here first.' Dr. Colip, who holds neither a degree in psychiatry nor clinical psychology . . . decides the seriousness of the particular case. . . . To get an appointment with one of the four South Bend psychiatrists usually requires a four- to six-week wait. So the student is usually sent home . . . 'our serious problems are really in the minority. Not more than 12 students were sent home within the past year.'" If the quality of the student investigation is not to be questioned, at least it must be wondered how many students could be expected to confide their problem to a "nonprofessional." Genuine professional and, by the way, immediate competence is possibly the most impressive tool of this young iconoclast.

Finishing up work for a Loyola University Ph.D. in psychology, Fr.

Dunne was in South Bend last week to clean up some of the details that will attend the establishment of the new service that has been christened, "Psychological Services." Most of the fall will be spent in determining the role of the services relative to such other long-standing campus groups as the psychology department, the guidance department, and the advisor systems.

Psychological Services will not be a vocational problems bureau, although Fr. Dunne says, "We expect that aside from students who come in on their own, the majority of students will be referred to us through the guidance department." The Service will be offered out of the third floor of the infirmary, not the old post office, since it is believed the student will be more at ease carrying his problem to a site divorced from the campus mainstream.

"The kind of problem we'll treat depends largely on the individual students," said Father, "and might include someone who continually finds himself depressed or one who is haunted by some kind of obsession or compulsion."

Psychological services are already offered by Illinois and Michigan State universities. Although the psychiatrist, with his strong medical background, generally approaches a problem with a greater emphasis on physical health, college psychiatric services offered by Harvard, Berkeley, and Yale have developed along the lines of the more widely based psychological clinics. Fr. Dunne hopes to, in fact, add the services of a psychiatrist to the staff with the help of a South Bend doctor. However, this, along with the exact means of compensa-

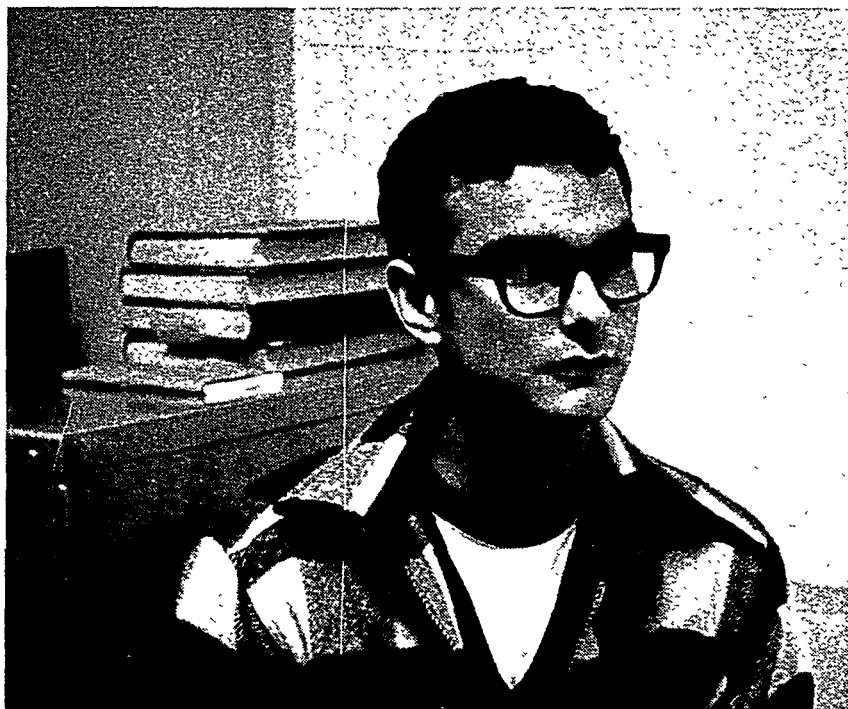
tion for the psychological services, is undecided.

Although two clinical psychological doctorates will comprise the staff next fall, expansion will definitely follow. Also in the unlikely event that the psychology department, which will be formally separate from the service, decides to add clinical courses to the curriculum, it is likely that the new clinic might assume some training responsibilities. — D. T.

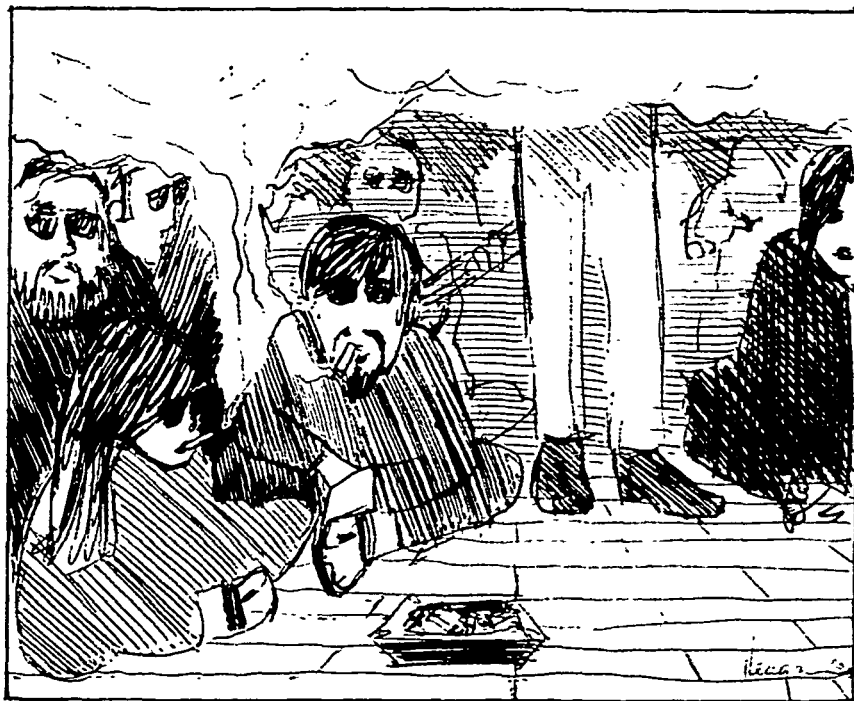
"REVOLUTION AND THE STUDENT"

To stimulate involvement in social work and to bring the vital issues of all aspects of the social revolution to as many students as possible, nine campus organizations are sponsoring a week-long symposium on "Revolution and the Student." Beginning Sunday, the symposium will emphasize provocative and lively lectures and discussions and will publicize the local and summer projects open to Notre Dame St. Mary's students. The lectures will feature four of the most outstanding and outspoken civil-rights leaders: Aaron Henry, Daniel Watts, Jesse Salas, and Saul Alinsky while the discussion session will zero in on the problems of ghetto life and of the migrant worker. In addition, films will illustrate both problems, and activities night will provide personal contact with members of local projects.

Representing diverse segments of the University, the sponsors of the symposium are the sociology and government departments, ADA, CILA, the Student Government academic commission, the Committee on Minority Enrollment, the Senior Class, YCS, and the law students, through Grey's Inn and the Student Law Association. Members of the committee actually



CHICK SCHOEN
A Balance Between Them and Us



A MORE OR LESS PSYCHEDELIC PARTY
With Bananas and Pulsating Lights

organizing and running the events are Jim Carmody, Chick Schoen, Richard Rossi, Bill Reishman, Tom Trebat, Hank Topper, Brian McTeague, Bill Toms, Betty Doerr, and Mrs. Diane Anson.

Aaron Henry, president of the Mississippi NAACP, will open the symposium with a lecture Sunday night. Henry, 44, who was once president of the Mississippi Council of Federated Organizations and is deeply embroiled in the politics of the state, was called by James W. Silver "the most likely candidate in Mississippi for the next Medgar Evers treatment." His Clarksdale pharmacy has repeatedly had its windows smashed, and his home was once bombed.

Saul David Alinsky takes a harsher stand. A veteran campaigner for mobilization of the poor to fight for their own destinies, Alinsky criticized the 1964 Economic Opportunity Act for not providing an authentic social revolution. He describes the War on Poverty as "a green wave of dollars, killing these militant, eager leaders of the poor, buying them off and killing them." In Chicago, Alinsky first organized the Industrial Areas Foundation in the Back of the Yards district, then moved to the South Side to found the Woodlawn Organization. He moved into Rochester the year after the summer riots, and within three months welded 134 Negro groups into FIGHT (Freedom, Integration, God, Honor — Today). His approach lumps the opposition together as the "status quo," and repends partly upon the unified reaction of the status quo to his tactics.

Equally outspoken is Dan Watts, 43-year-old editor of *Liberator*, a

monthly magazine aimed at black nationalists. Founded in 1960 and with a current circulation of 15,000, the magazine recently made headlines when staff members James Baldwin and Ossie Davis resigned to protest its anti-Semitism. Watts was formerly an architect with a large New York firm. His hatred for whites as well as many of his fellow Negroes has been described as inexhaustible.

Jesse Salas, a graduate student at the University of Wisconsin, is the head of *Obreros Unidos*, an association of the migrants and former migrants of Wisconsin. This organization, which takes its inspiration from the Delano grape strike, represents the beginnings of the unionization of the migrants of the Midwest. Last summer Mr. Salas led marchers from Milwaukee to Madison where they confronted the governor with a list of demands.

Informal discussions throughout the week will offer firsthand descriptions of life in the ghetto. Each of the four lecturers will participate in informal sessions with students on the afternoon of his talk. On Friday, Saturday, and Sunday afternoons there will be more discussions centered on the Moynihan Report and Negro family life, the migrant workers, and student radicalism. Mrs. Jacqueline Taylor will bring a group of ADC (Aid for Dependent Children) Mothers from Gary for the discussion of the controversial Moynihan report. Saturday will feature migrants from South Bend as well as from the J.O.I.N. (Jobs or Income Now) organization in Chicago. Mrs. Mary Dixon, a sociologist at the University of Chicago, will lead discussions on student radicalism on Sunday, April 30.

Tuesday night's program is designed to acquaint students with opportunities for participation in the revolution. The program will begin at 9:30 and late permissions for SMC have been arranged. After a showing of *Harvest of Shame*, the popular documentary on migrants made several years ago for television by Edward R. Murrow, there will be a chance for students to meet representatives of all campus organizations which sponsor action projects. In addition, Washington has detailed information on summer projects across the country. On Thursday evening there will be several showings of another film, *Black Natchez*, which was shown for the first time on Easter Monday on Educational T.V.

The symposium committee feels that "Revolution and the Student" will represent a unique opportunity at Notre Dame — the opportunity for each student to thoroughly examine what is probably the central issue of our times, and to find for himself a role in that revolution. — *Tom Malone*

MIGRANT WORKERS CENTRO CHRISTIANO

The campus chapter of the Americans for Democratic Action has been very busy lately. It is presently championing the cause of the Mexican-American migrant farm worker community of South Bend. There are about three hundred families in this area, employed mostly by the Heinz Co. in its cucumber fields. Besides the transients there is also a growing number of first and second generation Mexican-Americans who have now made South Bend their permanent home.

(Continued on page 31)

on other campuses

"GENTLE THURSDAY"

In the jargon of the young American, there have been created terms for almost every day of the week. There are cries of O.H.I.M. on Mondays; on selected Tuesdays we mourn "Black Tuesday"; Wednesday usually goes without notice, as did Thursday, and, of course, there always T.G.I.F. for Friday. But Thursday has finally come into its own.

On many campuses across the nation, April 6 was known as "Gentle Thursday." On Gentle Thursday, students congregated on campuses ranging from Michigan State to Oklahoma, to sing, sit, sun, and sympathize gently. There was a hope that the gentleness of Thursday might rub off onto Friday, but that didn't happen.

What are the characteristics of Gentle Thursday? Students sitting blowing soap bubbles, students sitting chatting, students playing quiet folk guitars, students singing quiet folk songs, and students making quiet love on quiet grass under quiet skies all were present on Gentle Thursday.

At Norman, banana smoking and playing hopscotch were also gentle events. Styled as a day of fellowship, Gentle Thursday appeared to be orga-

nized by campus locals of the SDS, Students for a Democratic Society. Oklahoma had only one mishap, when Nazi-uniformed anti-Gentle-Thursdays tried to break up the gentle people. They carried the Swastika and the Stars and Stripes side by side, and were armed with eggs, which were never thrown. Finally, after failing to upset the bubble blowers, the antagonists dispersed, leaving the students who were "seeking fun and friendship" to themselves. As the day of fellowship ended, the students cleaned up the remnants of picnic lunches, marbles and paper and left, gently.

At MSU, the Gentle Thursday "be-in" was characterized by 30 students sitting peacefully in a tree near the student union. United Press International reported that while some students blew soap bubbles, others sat and read, and others squaredanced on the quad; an MSU security guard walked by holding a purple-paper flower, one of many in evidence on the campus.

Although not specifically designed as a protest against anything, there were antiwar sayings and so forth in evidence in some of the Gentle Thursday goings on. But all in all, Gentle Thursday caught on around the nation. One Oklahoma professor brought his seminar class out of doors, and said that it was the best class he had ever conducted. The quiet campus atmosphere of Gentle Thursday was ideal to hold classes in.

Nonstudents, in the form of white

rabbits, dachshund puppies, and kittens soon began to join the peace-makers, and to enjoy cupcakes and candy and apples. But student opinion on Gentle Thursday ranged from one student who said that it "stinks," to the Norman co-ed who, while clutching her white rabbit, said: "I think it's a great idea. It really makes a person think. You don't realize how far away people have become."

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

Henry Drummonds, Student Body President at the University of Oregon, relinquished his student deferment last October. He did so on the grounds that he felt it was "morally wrong for young workingmen to be conscripted to fight and perhaps die in a major war, while college students continue to enjoy their civilian lives."

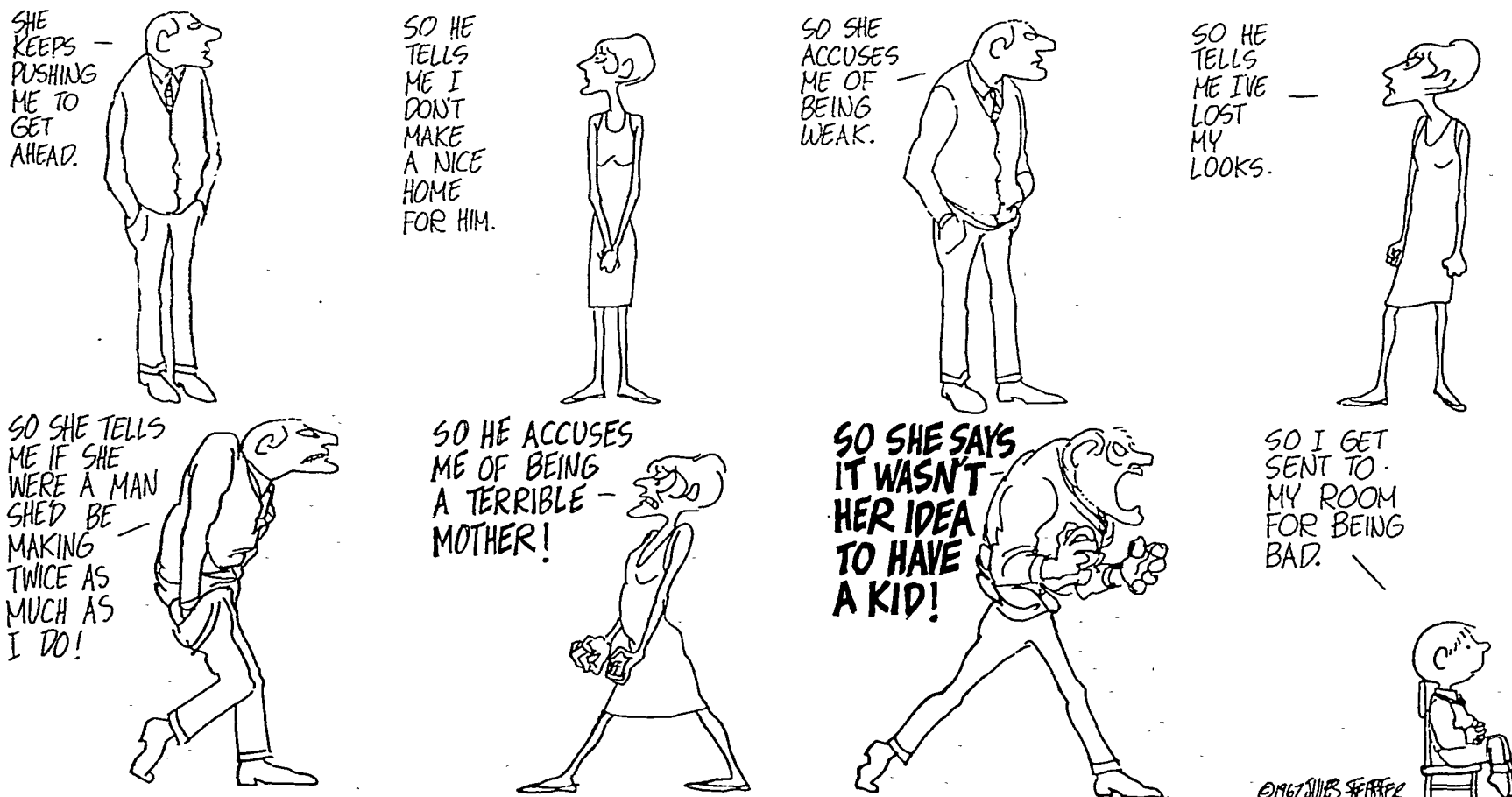
After having been reclassified 1-A, Drummonds was notified that he was being inducted into the United States Army this month. He would have been graduated in May, a history major. Drummonds says that his convictions have not been altered in the slightest since his being drafted. He does not think he is a super patriot or a hero either, since "thousands of men join the armed forces each year, including many college students."

In short, Henry Drummonds, 21, is now the victim of a draft system which could have protected him . . . a victim of his own conscience.

—JIM BRITT

—GEORGE CLARK

feiffer





A DOORWAY TO NOTHING

by jim chapman

TERRY AND I stand on the corner, on our third day out, deciding to try our hand again at persuading those who care, of the need for urban improvement. In most cases we will have to instill desire before we can discuss co-operative effort. Need is something that we can become enthused about but how can you build desire?

Apr. 21, 1967

The street is smothered in children, playing a hundred different games. Some kids are filthy, some clean, most have shoes and a frowning face is rare. The thousands of broken bottles fail to slow up any of them. The sunlight is just dusting by the clouds but the closely spaced buildings keep the streets shady. It's a treat to me to have one of the kids come up and put his hand into mine. Real cute kid. He wants to help us knock on the doors in the first apartment house.

Jim, let's call him Jim, doesn't have much to do at first, the front two doors aren't there. Together the three of us enter the dank, dirty hallway. Imagine the dankest, dirtiest hallway you can. The stench is awful, the light bad, and the linoleum, flooring, for all practical purposes, doesn't exist. Once you enter these buildings, you have to reconvince yourself that you have a job to do. Probably fifty workers like you have been here before and you get no satisfaction at all being the fifty-first. There isn't laziness here on anyone's part. Deep inside you lurks the feeling that it's all so hopeless, produced by the nothingness that seems to float everywhere. Something that struck me later was how quickly this despair evaporated after I left the neighborhood. And the people, that's where the tragedy has fallen. The willingness to work leaves them long before the desire does. By working, they might be able to help themselves but how can they be expected to strive for somewhere when they see absolutely no place to go. The older people are completely immediate in their view of life, they live for today for there is no tomorrow. It is too sad and too hard to put into words.

Again, at the door, we affirm going on. We choose the door to the left. Terry and I balk again as we decide, but little Jim throws the fat into the fire, so to speak, by walking up to and pounding on the door. All I can think of, aside from the door's destruction, is what I can say that will be new to the woman who answers. There isn't anything.

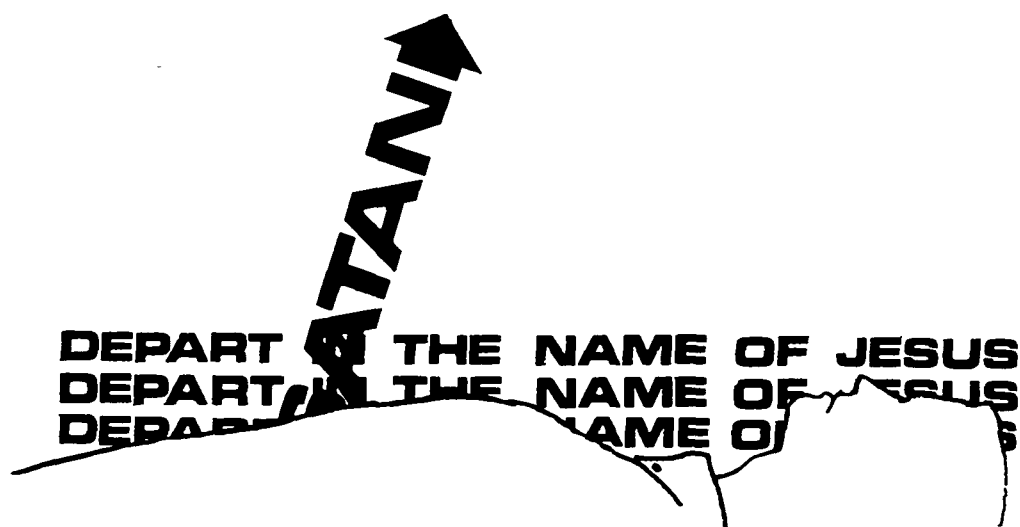
Hearing a voice inside and assuming it to ask what we want, we launch into our tirade. Being from and working with St. Cyril's Church always gives us a starting point and establishes some sort of reference of us to them. Behind the door she asks what it is that we want. Terry spoke and then I spoke about the need for urban renewal, implying all the while that we would like her to open the door. This, in itself, would be a major victory — for us. It's appalling how hollow our words sound; to her they don't even exist, we were just some nice boys who want to visit. Everything feels so odd that you know it isn't just apathy, it's a lack of hope, not just lack but the despair of everything as absurd, as nothing, though she wouldn't be able to tell you that.

Our plaintive yelling finally arouses her curiosity enough to inspect us. She opens the door the slightest bit, having it fastened with a chain. We try to talk ourselves into her apartment, subtly of course, while at the same time running on endlessly on the value of urban renewal to herself, her children, and her neighborhood. Slowing up, we hand her several papers that tell of a very important meeting. She smiles and thanks us, while closing the door. We force a smile and turn away. There are other doors and other people and time to build our hopes again.

I knock,
She answers;
I talk,
She agrees;
I hope,
She can't.

THE GIFTS OF THE SPIRIT

by Jim Cavnar



These are the signs that will be associated with believers: in my name they will cast out devils; they will have the gift of tongues; they will pick up snakes in their hands, and be unharmed should they drink deadly poison; they will lay their hands on the sick who will recover (Mark 16:17-18).

IT WAS IN THESE WORDS that Christ promised the Holy Spirit to His disciples just before His Ascension, the same Spirit He had promised at the Last Supper and after the Resurrection: "... you, not many days from now, will be baptized with the Holy Spirit." When Pentecost came "they were all filled with the Holy Spirit, and began to speak foreign languages as the Spirit gave them the gift of speech."

The events of Pentecost have been recalled here in a growing group of students, faculty, priests, and nuns. Meeting together in groups as large as 250 or as small as two, they have prayed to the Father for a greater outpouring of the Spirit in their lives. As Christ said, "how much more will the heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to those who ask him." Most often this asking for the Spirit has been accompanied by the "laying on of hands"—a traditional fraternal gesture in which several lay their hands upon another and pray for him to receive the Spirit and His gifts and fruits. The effects of this "baptism of the Spirit" have been extraordinary

changes in the lives of many as well as many manifest signs of the power of the Spirit.

Perhaps the most spectacular of the gifts, though clearly the lowest according to St. Paul, is the gift of tongues by which one begins to praise and thank God in a language he does not know. Among the higher gifts mentioned by St. Paul are:

- 1) Preaching — with wisdom and knowledge.
- 2) Faith.
- 3) Healing—curing through prayer.
- 4) Prophecy — speaking under the strong inspiration of the Spirit.
- 5) Discernment of spirits—recognizing the presence of evil spirits.
- 6) Interpretation—the ability to interpret what another speaks in a tongue.

Why are these gifts given?

First, for the common good, as St. Paul says in the letter to Corinth. The Church is the body of Christ and each part of the body, each Christian, receives some gift for the sake of the whole body; each makes a contribution.

Secondly, for the apostolate, as the Council Fathers said. Each believer has the right and duty to use his gifts for the good of mankind.

Most importantly, that the Christian may bear in his own life the fruits of the Spirit: love, joy, peace, patience, kindness. All else is just a means to an end. For as St. Paul says: "If I speak with the tongues of men or angels, but have not love, I am a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal."

The most important result of this activity at Notre Dame and Saint Mary's has been the deep impact on people's lives. A great desire and ability for prayer, a deeper attraction to the sacraments, and a return to the Church have been noted. Several have decided on religious vocations. Some husbands and wives have found a deeper and more Christ-centered love. Very noticeable has been the ecumenical spirit throughout, bringing Catholics into discussion and prayer with Anglicans, Methodists, Lutherans, Pentecostals, Baptists and other Protestant groups.

The "laying on of hands" is hardly essential to being a good Christian or to receiving any of the gifts and powers of the Spirit, but many have found that God has chosen to impart the Spirit in a deeper way through this fraternal gesture. Frenzied emotion is not a part of the "laying on of hands." Neither is chaos. St. Paul admonishes: "By all means be ambitious to prophesy, do not suppress the gift of tongues, but let everything be done with propriety and in order."

How will this work of the Spirit be tested? Clearly by its fruits. Those who receive these gifts must truly be witnesses to Christ and to the love of God, and continue to proclaim that "Jesus is the Lord" and bear in their own lives the fruits of the Spirit. Where will this all lead? Those who have been most involved in these events are the first to admit that they do not know, for "the Spirit blows where He wills." ■

The Pentecostal Movement: Three Perspectives

by Henri J. M. Nouwen

Since the Pentecostal Movement has become a vivid reality at Notre Dame, many students, active participants as well as distant observers, ask, "Is this healthy or dangerous, something to be encouraged or something to be avoided?"

Different students who experienced the gift of tongues, who felt the real presence of the Holy Spirit and for whom a new world of feelings has opened itself, expressed their change. "It is a tremendous experience. It is new, unique, full of joy and peace—I am different, that is for sure—only he who surrendered can really understand what I am talking about. Many problems I have long been struggling with just seemed to vanish, became like an empty shell falling off. Heavy burdens became feather-light things; hostile attitudes converted to deep sympathy. People whom I feared are my friends now. Those whom I hated I can love, those who were managers are partners. I know with a deep certainty that God has spoken to me in a new way."

But sometimes the same students will tell you the other side of their feelings: "I wonder if it is all real, if it is really me. It is like another world which is not mine; one so overwhelming that it seems unreal. Once in a while, after a prayer meeting when I am by myself, I feel lonesome and depressed. Will it last? Perhaps it is just for a short time and then my problems will come back. I wonder if it is really good for me."

The same ambivalence is expressed by outsiders. They see people pray, sing, and read together. They see their happiness, joy, and new convictions but they wonder how real or healthy it is. And whereas all this is so close, it seems very difficult to find the distance to understand without falling into a fanatic rejection and ridicule on the one hand or an uncritical enthusiasm on the other.

This article is an attempt to clarify certain issues and to be of some help in an honest evaluation. We will use, besides my own observations and discussions with students, the recent study by Kilian McDonnell, O.S.B., "The Ecumenical Significance of the Pentecostal Movement" (Worship, December, 1966) and the paper of Martin Fino (Notre Dame junior) about the Pentecostalism in South Bend. We

will approach the subject from three perspectives.

I A HISTORICAL PERSPECTIVE

ALTHOUGH Pentecostalism was originally founded among people with a low economic status and closely related with the nonliturgical churches (Baptists, Methodists and Seventh-Day Adventists, etc.), since 1955 a new wave of Pentecostalism entered the more prosperous communities, inspired many intellectuals, and established itself in the liturgical churches—like the Lutheran and Episcopalian.

McDonnell, who studies the rising Pentecostalism with a group of anthropologists, is probably the most informed and knowledgeable theologian in this area. Considering it as "the fastest growing movement within the Christian tradition" (o.c., p. 609), he asks himself, "How can the Pentecostals with so few means form such apostolic Christians while our liturgies within theological content and tradition fail to communicate the urgency of evangelization to the faithful? Do our liturgies develop a sense of community, forming a congregation which acts, prays, listens, sings and sorrows together? Have the Roman Catholics become comfortable with the too oft extolled beauties of the Roman Liturgy (sobriety, grandeur, clarity, objectivity, lapidary formulations, fixity of form, super-national appeal—the list reads as though drawn up by an enemy) and failed to notice that, in every liturgical instance and in every cultural context, sobriety and objectivity may not be virtues to emphasize, that grandeur amidst poverty may be an indictment, that super-national appeal may, in fact, be a species of Roman liturgical colonialism? Pentecostals are in many lands the fastest-growing Christian denomination. Why? Undoubtedly the answer involves many factors, but this much we know. Our liturgies have failed." (o.c., p. 622-623) And McDonnell even wonders whether "St. Paul would not feel more at home in the free fervor of a Pentecostal meeting than in the organized dullness of our liturgical celebrations." (o.c., p. 615)

There is no doubt about one thing. The rapidly growing interest in the Pentecostal prayer meetings at Notre

Dame reveal an intensive need, a long-hidden frustration which manifests itself in the sudden breakthrough of a form of behavior which is rather unusual in this community. It is difficult to imagine how Notre Dame looked in the twenties and thirties when John F. O'Hara was the prefect of religion. Father Hoffman writes: "O'Hara gave Notre Dame its enormous standing within the Catholic populace of the United States as a place where the solid practice of Catholicism could be found. His goals were clear-cut and defined: Mass, Communion, frequent confession, devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and to Mary. His methods were novenas in preparation for Christmas, Easter, Mother's Day, and exams. There were processions, hours of adoration, the rosary, first Friday devotions, and all of them were popular. Freshmen arriving on campus were immediately indoctrinated into the system. By means of the Religious Bulletin, which was read as much beyond the campus as by the students, O'Hara hammered at student foibles, suggested means for advancing in the spiritual life, gave timely notice of approaching religious events, commented on the spiritual significance of the news of the day, presented points of character development, gave short instructions on ideals, corrected student abuses, and answered difficulties. It was spiritual reading in tabloid form. O'Hara kept statistics on religious practice, published religious surveys and was keenly aware of the tempo and mentality of the student body. He was extremely successful." (unpublished article)

Today the picture is completely different. Notre Dame is not a small Roman Catholic college with easy-going students who consider their four years here as a relatively relaxed time with abundant opportunity for prayer, sports, social life and extra-curricular activities, but is a very ambitious and competitive institution, desiring to be one of the most outstanding educational centers of the United States. Today, students often look upon their four years as a competitive race in which only the fittest survive. In the educational revolution of the post-Sputnik time, academic excellence became the key word and Notre Dame wanted to attract

students, not only because it is Catholic, but because it is top-notch. The library sometimes seems higher than the Sacred Heart Church.

But competition asks a price. Although most students take the challenge and are able to utilize the new pressures in a useful and often creative way, many do not and develop an excessive amount of anxiety and tension and experience a painful loneliness often hidden beneath the surface of seemingly well-adjusted behavior. The Notre Dame family now counts hundreds of very lonesome men who consider their neighbor more as a rival than as a friend. For many, their roommate is a stranger and their classmate a threat. "Everyone for himself, and God for us all." That seems most safe. Knowledge becomes a weapon by which you stay in school, avoid the army, win a fellowship, and make a career. And the church does not always seem to help very much. Going through a time of re-evaluation and extreme self-criticism, she offers more questions than answers. Instead of a safe home, she is more a source of deep discomfort for a man who looks for a solid support in a tumbling world.

In this context the Pentecostal Movement on campus very well can be understood as a revival, a rekindling of the devotional church, or the revenge of a repressed sentiment. Everyone who enters the Administration Building (under the golden dome of Our Lady) during a pentecostal meeting is suddenly confronted with all that seems to be at odds with a "typical" Notre Dame man. In the midst of the congregation, students witness how their own loneliness and insecurity have been overcome by the gift of the Holy Spirit. He who never had a friend and always felt afraid now feels free to share his deepest thoughts and desires with his fellowman. Long struggles with most embarrassing problems are wiped away by the infusion of God's spirit. Sadness is changed to joy, restlessness to peace, despair to inner content, and separation to togetherness.

On a campus where people stay relatively distant from each other, the most intimate ideas are shared and the barriers to communication are broken. Where men hardly touch each other, they embrace and hold each other in a free physical contact. They lay hands on each other's heads and shoulders, pray aloud for each other's needs, and let themselves be led by deep spiritual impulses to which they surrender in ecstatic joy and happiness. The new feelings are so great and overpowering that they cannot be caught in human concepts

or words, but break through in ecstatic sounds varying in tone and intensity and expressing a prayer of total surrender and praise, saying with Elija: "A.A.A. Lord, I don't know what to say." Hands, eyes and mouth express unknown happiness, openness, and joy. Young men move up and down in the pleasant rhythm of Biblical songs, or are quiet in a long and contemplative silence. So intense is the exchange that many feel a new, warm intensity pervading their whole persons. Their hands radiate new power and a soft and tender breeze touches their skins. Joy and happiness may break through in tears and sweat, and the intensity of the prayer may lead to a happy and satisfying experience of physical exhaustion caused by total surrender.

The Spirit has come. He who asks will receive and feel that God is not a strange God. He will taste again His sweetness, hear His internal call, and be able to love Him with his whole person, body and soul, without any reservation.

II A PSYCHOLOGICAL PERSPECTIVE

How can we evaluate this new movement on campus? We can understand it as a revival of the devotional church and as a reaction of a repressed religious sentiment in a cool and competitive world. But is it healthy or sick? Does it cure or make wounds? It is very difficult to give a straight answer, but perhaps some considerations may be of help.

Does it heal or hurt? There is no doubt that many people who surrendered to the experience get a tremendous and often very sudden relief from their mental and spiritual pains. Problems they have been struggling with for years are wiped away in a moment and lose their unbearable weight. The question is: Are they cured or covered? Is the real human conflict resolved or "snowed under" the overwhelming power of a new experience? We know that electroshock, an artificially induced emotional experience, can cover a depression for many years but does not cure it. It may make us forget our problems for some years, but, in fact, it delays the process of cure by not using *the human qualities to heal*. One might wonder if the miraculous effect of the Pentecostal experience is not in a certain way like a shock treatment. If a young man or woman suddenly feels redeemed from deep mental suffering, they might, in fact, paralyze their internal human assets to overcome their problem, and when the pains recur later on they might be more discouraged than before. If

we use sleeping pills, we certainly will fall asleep but, at the same time, we can kill our own capacities to find physical rest and become quite dependent on these external forces. And, if the Pentecostal experience in many cases gives this sudden freedom, sudden friendship, sudden happiness and joy, we might prevent the gradual development of our internal capacities to develop meaningful, lasting friendship, to enjoy happiness, and to tolerate frustrations. Many people who have had deep, internal religious experiences (during retreats, cursillos, novitiates, etc.) all can witness to the fact that they relieved many pains for a while, but that the real test came later when there were no feelings to depend on, no experiences to count on. The task lies in the desert where God is not feelable and naked faith is all we have.

For some, the Pentecostal experience might take away (even permanently) certain real problems, but it is very doubtful that it will cure deep mental suffering. It might only cover it up and delay the attempt for a real cure.

Can it be dangerous? For many people, perhaps even for most, it hardly seems to be dangerous. It might be even beneficial to a certain extent, especially for those who through retreats, cursillos and other religious practices have become exposed to the inner feelings that are in line with the Pentecostal experience. But for some it is dangerous — very dangerous.

First of all, for those who are not prepared, every inducement of a strong emotion can break and do serious harm. The Christian tradition has been deeply convinced of the importance of preparation. Christ did not come to this world before a long preparation of his people. We do not celebrate Christmas without Advent, nor Easter without Lent. And St. Paul distinguishes between Christians who still need spiritual milk and those who are ready for solid food. The whole mystical tradition stresses the need for purification in order to enter into intimacy with God and the danger of unprepared exposure to divine powers. During the last couple of weeks at Notre Dame, different students showed remarkable signs of anxiety and confusion. They were so overwhelmed by these new feelings that they lost their hold on reality. They found they could not study any longer or concentrate on their daily work, and felt a pushing urge to share with others. In some cases, physical and mental exhaustion was visible, and people felt on the edge of a physical or mental break-

down. This is dangerous and may lead to psychotic reaction, which needs hospitalization and special psychiatric help in order to be cured. These are exceptional cases, but therefore not less a source of concern.

Secondly, there are those who strongly desire to have the gifts of the spirit but do not feel able to come to the real experience. They wonder why others are so happy, and they are not; why others can speak in tongues, and they can not; why others feel free to embrace each other, and they do not. More than ever before, they feel like outsiders or even outcasts. And they wonder, "What is wrong with me that I do not receive the gifts?" Feelings of guilt and depression can result from this, and many may feel more lonesome than before. For those who ask but do not receive (that often) the Pentecostal movement can create real dangers.

There is a heavy responsibility on the leaders of the movement. Emotion, and certainly religious emotions, need careful direction, careful guidance, and careful care.

Does it create community? Who could deny this? The free and easy way in which the participants relate to each other, talk, sing and pray together should convince everybody that here a real, new community is formed. But there are some questions here. By the sudden break-through of the barriers of shyness and distance, many have given away their privacy. Many have shown their deepest self to their fellowman and laid themselves open for the other. They have stripped themselves of their reservations and inhibitions and have shared their most intimate feelings, ideas and thoughts with others. In a way they have merged their personality with their friends and given up their otherness. But, is this real community? He who has given away so much of himself creates an unquenchable need to be constantly together with the other to whom he has given himself, in order to feel a whole person. Many students who actively participated in the prayer meetings before Easter felt terribly lonesome during the vacation and felt a deep urge and desire to be with their friends again. Instead of creating the freedom to leave the group and to go out and work, many want to remain in the safe protection of the togetherness where they can really feel at home.

The lack of distance and the stress on intimacy makes the creative community hardly possible. A good liturgy always should be characterized by a subtle balance between

closeness and distance. It should offer different modes and levels of participation and many ways of religious experience. Perhaps it seldom did and is only thought of as a distant, cool reality. But in the Pentecostal Movement of Notre Dame, closeness has become so central that there is little room left for those who want to retain some distance and keep their intimacy for themselves.

In this context the danger is real that the Pentecostal Movement creates a situation in which there is a growing desire to reinforce the feelings of oneness and togetherness, which makes the community highly self-centered and hinders the development of the autonomous Christian who does not depend on the other to feel his own commitments. A real community is stretching out. The Pentecostal community tends to be bent over inwards, and without wanting it or aspiring for it, becoming an in-group, which develops the idea of a spiritual elite (as the *cursillo* did) with a subtle handling of the terms "we" and "they."

Are the prayer meetings all spontaneous? The informal, somewhat casual character of the Pentecostal meetings suggest that the real leadership is given to the Holy Spirit. But on closer observation the meetings are much more organized than they seem. There is a certain program returns on most Pentecostal meetings: witnesses, songs, readings, which prepare for the baptism of the Spirit. There is some free time for free conversation in which people share their experiences and then offer more prayer, songs and readings, the laying on of the hands takes place which leads to a climax of the speaking in tongues and the praising of the Lord in ecstatic forms of happiness and joy. This all could not take place without strong and very influential leaders.

But here a new question arises. Who accepts responsibility or authority? The "leaders" refer immediately to the Spirit as the great leader. To the question, "Can't the experience be very dangerous for some people?" they would reply, "The Holy Spirit cannot do dangerous things. He is a healing force." In this way the "leaders" — priests as well as lay — refuse explicit leadership, responsibility and authority confiding in the immediate intervention of God. But in so doing, they tend to neglect a definite responsibility, not only in terms of preparation and the actual event but also in terms of the long-range consequences that these experiences will have on the ongoing development of the spiritual life of the people involved.

III A THEOLOGICAL PERSPECTIVE

An active participant of the Pentecostal Movement will probably pay very little attention to a psychological approach to his experience. He might even feel psychology to be a hindrance for the free movements of the Spirit.

But this immediately raises the question of the theological significance of the Pentecostal Movement. Most remarkable is the conviction of the immediate intervention of the Holy Spirit in human life. During the meetings the "leaders" often explain how he who is willing to surrender and ask for God's coming will experience the eruption of the Spirit in this human world and allow Him to take over the initiative.

"Pentecostalism was, and to a degree remains, more a movement than a church" (McDonnell, *o.c.*, p. 623). We cannot speak about a Pentecostal doctrine, and perhaps therefore it so easily becomes a part of different religious institutions to which it adapts itself quite easily. For entering the Catholic Church, Pentecostalism could establish contact at the sacramental level by showing "the relation of the sacramental life to personal holiness and practical piety." (*o.c.*, p. 621)

It is, therefore, understandable that Pentecostalism brings people back to their religious practices. Often students who did not "practice their religion" return to confession, communion, and their lost devotion to Our Lady and the rosary. In no way does Pentecostalism seem to threaten the Catholic Orthodoxy. The opposite seems true. In the eyes of many, it seems to point to a reinforcing of the basic Roman Catholic doctrines and beliefs.

But it is exactly here where many theologians raise questions. Because, although not denying any Catholic doctrine or practice, the Pentecostals within the Catholic Church act in a way which does not take into account the major development of the recent renewal in Catholic theology. A deeper understanding of the incarnation leads to a rethinking of the humanity of God. More and more it has become clear that God reveals himself to man through man and his world and that a deeper understanding of human behavior leads us to a deeper understanding of God. The new insights of psychology, sociology and anthropology, etc., are no longer feared as possible threats to the supernatural God, but more as an invitation to theological reflection on the new insights and understandings. The Vatican Council strongly supported this humanization of the Church, and the

(Continued on page 32)



“We Told Them When to Get Up and When to Go to Bed”

by dan murray

The cassock of Father A. Leonard Collins was splattered with mud. Waves of students assaulted Corby. Obscenities rang in the chill November air. It was Thanksgiving, 1960: a momentous time at Notre Dame. Indignant and frustrated, students demanded change. Corby was the butt of their attack because it epitomized all they detested: an old, crowded, run-down hall which housed the hated priest-disciplinarians.

A little over five years later another demonstration was in the making. An elaborate timetable was set up; no detail was left unplanned. A small group of students sought to induce the Administration to make concessions on curfew. The demonstration never came off. Reason carried the day—in the form of a well-thought-out relaxation of the rules.

“DO NOT DESTROY. The student is held responsible for violation of any regulation found in this manual. Ignorance does not excuse.” From a terse preface to the concluding map demarcating the exact out-of-bounds area in South Bend (see cover), no ambiguity found its way into Notre Dame’s fifty-page *Student Manual*. The ND undergraduate in 1960 found himself confronted by an

intricate maze of prohibitions and corresponding penalties.

Among them:

“Every campus student must make morning check personally and fully dressed three times a week at the time and place designated by the Rector. Although morning check does not require the student to attend any service in the hall chapel, such as Mass or morning prayer, it is an encouragement for him to do so.

“Any student found within the out-of-bounds area without permission of the Dean of Students or of his Rector is liable to a grave penalty.”

Till the very end of the fifties, Notre Dame students still suffered under such quaint rules as lights out at eleven o’clock. At that hour to insure compliance electricity was turned off in all but the senior halls. So wedded was the University to this regulation that Administration officials saw fit to censor the last two paragraphs of a SCHOLASTIC article entitled, “Lights Out! A ‘Commitment to Excellence’ . . . Please?”

It was in reaction to such absurdity that the Thanksgiving riot occurred. The demonstration itself was small. No more than several hundred students were involved. Moreover, participants’ motives were mixed. Some

students were simply frustrated after a disappointing 2-8 football season. Differing complaints equalled the number of students. But the overriding cause of discontent was dissatisfaction with the disciplinary system. The fact that Corby, the priests’ house, was the object of attack — and not St. Mary’s — suggested the riot’s real significance.

The message was not lost on either Administration or student leaders. SCHOLASTIC Editors Charles Rieck and Roy Rubeli publicly delved into the reasons for the riot and asked, “how can the student retain his emotional balance when he views what he thinks is this contradiction between the stated goals of the University and the life the University provides for his everyday existence?” To print this question and the charge that the administration shows “no willingness to formulate an approach appropriate for students,” the editors broke censorship and sent the editorial to press without the customary prior approval of the magazine’s moderator. A crisis ensued with Rieck and Rubeli being called onto the carpet of then Student Affairs Vice-President Father George Bernard.

The two editors decided to defend their position in a white paper they would write with seventeen other students. The nineteen were mostly Woodrow Wilson Fellowship nominees and were chosen presumably because they were above reproach by the Administration. The group, popularly called the Committee of Nineteen, finally produced in April an eighty-page opus. It probed every aspect of Notre Dame student life and proposed concrete suggestions for revising the disciplinary system.

The report, distributed only to the University Council, immediately caused a stir. Father Charles I. McCarragher, formerly Dean of Students for six years and at the time assistant to Father Bernard, had already been working on a study of student life. His committee, including Fathers Gavin, Brown, Hoffman, and Burrell, met with the Committee of Nineteen, but the students felt they got nowhere. The day before graduation 250 copies of the report were mimeographed and sent to selected faculty members. Subtle threats were also made to the Administration that copies might be sent to the Ford and Rockefeller Foundations. Only a couple of weeks into the summer, a major revision of the rules was publicly announced.

Architect of the revision was Father McCarragher. The Administration, according to him, had long known its disciplinary system was “quite

paternalistic. We told the students when to get up and when to go to bed. This was the Catholic school's philosophy all over. We submitted our recommendations the first of April, 1961. A week later we were given the go-ahead by Father Hesburgh and the Council."

The changes marked a radical, though not complete, departure from paternalism. The curfew was retained, but times were extended and the sign-in procedure was simplified. No longer would the University patrol the downtown area. And the Office of Student Affairs would be reorganized. Trivial matters were to be removed from the sphere of the Student Affairs Vice-President, and he would be given three assistant vice-presidents. Finally, Father McCarragher replaced Father Bernard.

The students returned the next fall to find the bulky *Student Manual* streamlined and shortened. Father McCarragher's committee had found two main objections to the rules contained in the old *Manual*: legislation was excessively detailed and paternalistic. Rules were based on the assumption of "in loco parentis," according to Father McCarragher. The committee reduced the rules in the new *Manual* to eight in number. It changed the title to *The Student Guide* and halved the handbook's length.

By the end of "the year 1 of the New Regime" the SCHOLASTIC could write: "Mutual distrust and suspicion, which predominated in earlier years, seem considerably lessened. There no longer appears to be so great a need for students' haggling to gain concessions, and administration's refusing to grant them. . . . The 'one-false-move-and-it's-all-over' tension of the early months has relaxed almost entirely."

If '61-'62 was a year of consolidation, the ensuing year saw a renewal of pressure toward increased student rights and responsibility. The emphasis was on the residence hall. Kevin Hart, '62-'63 student body president, declared at the outset of his administration that "the possibilities for development in a residence hall that also functions as a community are almost unlimited. If the community desires self-government, success is assured by the very nature of the community. Each hall will have to prove its right to self-government." For Hart the key to hall community was permanent hall residence, or stay hall.

The central issue in '62-'63 was not the Declaration of Rights and Grievances, not the censorship of the SCHOLASTIC—but stay hall. Hart felt that once the Administration approved

stay hall, all other changes would flow from it.

As in '60-'61, there was a coordinated group. Mike McCarthy, a highly respected student academically; Tom O'Brien, later SBVP; John Gearen, senator; Jack Ahern, SCHOLASTIC Associate Editor; John McCabe, Editor; Mike Sennott, Social Commissioner — these long knew each other informally and met regularly as an unofficial planning board for student activities. The group tried to articulate certain objectives: it set forth as its main goal for the year stay hall residence. In November the Administration rejected stay hall. According to Hart, "they just hadn't thought about this enough. They couldn't see the possibility of a different residence system."

After Hesburgh's veto the group became fragmented over the Christmas vacation. Indicative of their frustration was an exchange of letters between Father Hesburgh and future Rhodes Scholar John Gearen. Gearen protested: "The men that were aligned behind the Stay Hall Residence Committee comprised perhaps the most impressive aggregation of campus leaders I have ever seen united on one issue. Your veto makes me feel that my aspirations are illusions; that the realm of student government is the realm of dances and lecture dates, and that on really significant issues, no matter how many students favor one side, the decision is already determined by the administration before the student opinion is even considered. But it seems so inconsistent, then, for you to say that you are developing young Catholic leaders when you will not give even an adequate hearing to the leaders of your leaders. This makes student government not an effective organization but a frustrating sandbox."

Father Hesburgh's reply referred to his reasons for his negative response: stay hall for him was a problem of timing, not substance. The Notre Dame President would



later say that to implement stay hall while the Freshman Year of Studies program was just being inaugurated would hopelessly complicate the task of measuring the effects of the new academic program. But Hesburgh did not explain this in his letter. Instead, "I did discuss it at some length with a number of the student leaders, and prior to that with Father McCarragher, who presented all of the reasons which were subsequently presented by the student leaders. After hearing all of their opinions, I still think that my decision was correct and, in any event, I must still answer to my own conscience in these matters, not to pressure. You may remember the historical event when all of Lincoln's cabinet voted 'Nay' on the Emancipation Proclamation, and he alone voted 'Aye.' Then he said, 'The ayes have it.' This is the lonely position in which the head man finds himself, but if he is worthy of this task, he must act this way no matter how much unhappiness it may cause on the part of those who think differently."

Gearen's cool outlined reply failed to mask the deep bitterness underneath: "1) It is totally irrelevant whether or not you have discussed the student viewpoint with Father McCarragher—that is unfair of you a) because the students can represent their own views and b) because Father McCarragher seldom concurs with the students in their opinion, and even when he does, he is not nearly so tenacious in holding to it, 2) in taking up your Lincoln analogy you are a) assuming you have the corresponding foresight and unerring judgment of Lincoln — and he was trying to *unite* his two "campuses" and b) in effect, you are agreeing with my comment that even if the student opinion is unanimously opposed to yours, your opinion carries the day, and finally, 3) if this Stay Hall Residence case is representative of the administration's attitude toward student government—and it seems perfectly compatible with the administration's attitude throughout my student government career in that the only significant accomplishment in the last five years has come right after the Corby riots—that is, that student government is merely a leadership training program aimed at running dances and regulating lecture and movie dates, completely removed from the area of establishing university policy, then I want to get out of student government immediately, before I sink any more time into what seems to me to be a worthless, petty project." The letter almost resulted in the future Rhodes Scholar's

dismissal from school. But at the end of the year Father Hesburgh and Gearen were on good terms.

The frustration of Gearen and friends was followed by internal bickering. McCabe and Ahearn sniped at SBP Hart in the *SCHOLASTIC*. The feud continued until the advent of the Declaration of Rights and Grievances. It was written in about five hours, and Hart recalls that he's "ashamed of it." But the strategy behind it he believed good. "It was our way of getting attention to the stay hall residence issue. It was pretty blatantly a move to get student support so that we could get the Administration's ear. We had been courteous and diplomatic. Then it became an attempt to slug them over the head."

Father McCarragher was under orders from Father Hesburgh not to allow the Declaration to be printed and distributed. Father McCarragher felt it should be discussed in the Student Senate first. Hart knew the Senate might not pass it. *SCHOLASTIC* Editor McCabe came to Hart's aid by offering to print the article. That gesture of unity cost McCabe his job. The *SCHOLASTIC* was censored, and the editors found themselves out of a job. Meanwhile, Hart was indirectly pressured into backing down on the Declaration. It escaped being suppressed, however, because an organization called simply "The Group" surreptitiously dittoed and passed out the Declaration.

Hart had won everything he wanted. "If it had been presented to the Senate, it would have been turned down. It received quite a bit of exposure. It opened the Administration's eyes. It certainly earned the respect of a great number of students. I myself or any of the other people—our influence in any affairs were nullified, and at that point we might as well have stepped out of office."

Father Hesburgh's famous Easter letter followed. Students were told in no uncertain terms who ran the University.

The storm was followed by a period of calm. Gearen retired to the quietude of pushing reading periods and a new academic calendar in the editorial pages of the *Voice*. The next year's SBP, Dave Ellis, proved more interested in defeating Scranton in the Mock Convention than in winning student rights. *SCHOLASTIC* Editor Tom Hoobler spent the year trying to pick up the pieces left by the firing/resignation of McCabe and Ahearn.

In 1965-66 student government regained its momentum. Gearen had won the presidency uncontested and worked quietly behind the scenes to effect reforms while building up the

prestige of student government. Gearen knew it was not time to move openly and so he waited. He prepared the groundwork.

Minch Lewis won by only a hundred votes. His campaign had been professional all the way, up against a strong opponent, John Phillips. "Where the Action Is" became student government's slogan, and in fact Lewis never stopped moving.

The year began with a leadership conference on Lake Michigan. John Cheshire, Blue Circle Chairman, conceived and planned the conference. It proved all-important. Student leaders for three days vacationed at a cottage on Lake Michigan. When they returned for Orientation, all knew and respected each other. The spirit of cooperation was to prove crucial.

Late in the fall a series of knifings of students by Negroes in South Bend enraged the Freshman Quad. Lewis and student government acted. He gathered together the already-acquainted leaders to move through the freshmen halls and calm them. The plan worked. With only moral support from the Administration, Lewis had led his charges to act responsibly.

Toward the end of the first semester Lewis suffered major injuries in an auto accident and was sidelined for a considerable time. When he returned, he gathered his forces. A regular planning group began meeting after

the Little United Nations Assembly had completed its sessions. The decision: press for changes in curfew.

A timetable was drawn up (see box). Someone—it is still not known who—slipped under the doors of Fathers McCarragher and Hesburgh a flyer that had been printed up to the tune of 3000 copies. "Stand By For Action" was the headline, and the movement was to be called "SCOFF" (Student Committee on Fundamental Freedoms).

The flyer concluded: "... why not try something NEW? Why not an Open Campus Meeting? Why not in the Law Auditorium? Why not at 7:00 p.m. on this Wednesday night? Why not come and make your gripes known? ... Notre Dame won't become a better place for students unless we help it along. NOW IS THE TIME TO ACT." The appeal was signed by both Minch Lewis and the incoming SBP, Jim Fish.

Distribution of the flyers was never necessary. Father McCarragher agreed to sit down with students and make an extensive study of the disciplinary system. It was the second major study in five and a half years. It resulted in the dropping of curfew, new autonomy for the halls, and a revised role for priests in the halls.

In fact, it is Administration policy for a major reexamination of the disciplinary structure to take place every five years. But no doubt the unexpected success of the Popular Front in the spring elections, the pastoral vacuum controversy which in some sense put the Holy Cross Fathers on the defensive, and the success of the Honor Code lent increased importance to the reexamination of the structure in the spring of '66.

The success of certain techniques in dealing with the Administration are repeatedly noticeable. The students must be organized, preferably with a formal structure to carry on planning and coordination. In working together, different interest groups must not be afraid to use varying techniques at the same time.

Finally patience is called for—patience with firmness. McCabe found himself ineffective after the Declaration of Rights and Grievances. At the conclusion of his year, in fact, there was a slight reaction—with lights-out being reimposed on the freshman quad.

The Lewis Administration perhaps discovered the most effective method to deal with University officials. Exhaust all the possibilities. Persevere. And remember that the situation does evolve. Six years ago they were putting us to bed.

TIMETABLE FOR ELIMINATION OF CURFEW

29 March, Tuesday
Proposal presented to TMH and CIMcC that students should decide the curfew themselves; "open senate meeting" proposed.

17 April, Sunday
Meeting and Demands.

18 April, Monday
SG meets with Administration on curfew; SG demands presented: total elimination of curfew for all but first-semester freshmen, sign in when you come in; deadline for Administration decision: 5 p.m., 20 April.

20 April, Wednesday
5 p.m. deadline; extended to 9 p.m.; if no action taken on curfew, the story will be released to the *Voice*.

21 April, Thursday
Administration informed that at 4:45 p.m. story goes to national press; *Voice* appears; 4:45 UPI, AP, WNDU, etc.

22 April, Friday
Flyers on curfew issue.

24 April, Sunday
Start hall campaign.

27 April, Wednesday
Open assembly abrogates curfew system.

28 April, Thursday
Mass boycott of curfew.

A MAN, A WOMAN, AND A DOG.

by J. Dudley Andrew

WHEN PIERRE BAROUH reined his prancing stallion on a knoll overlooking a herd of swiftly moving cattle and adroitly withdrew from his pocket a thin cigar, the purpose of *A Man and A Woman* hit me in a flash: this is an extended and gorgeously wrought Marlboro ad. But, alas, no red and white pack zoomed to the fore. Later, when Jean-Louis Trintignant whipped out at a critical moment a cordless electric shaver, I didn't repeat the misjudgment. How could a single product possibly support such an expensive commercial?

And how could an enlightened public possibly support, indeed worship, such a hollow piece of film? But the answer to this question is not difficult to discern, for *A Man and A Woman* is perhaps the most sensuously satisfying film of the year. It is a swirl of breathtaking motion, color, and music which mold exquisitely into the boundaries of a neat plot. Motion is the key; motion for its own sake, trying to find completion, succeeding.

Certainly the entire structure of the film may be viewed from this aspect. What we have is a type of impressionistic drama opposing the swiftness and directness of the racing cars to the quiet placidity and reserve of Anouk Aimee. Between these there is, of course, a logical meeting ground, conventional modes of transportation: long car rides, train rides, and boat rides, in which Trintignant is moving at a pace other than is his wish and Anouk Aimee, though reserved, is still moving with him. When these forces are reconciled the motion is directed around the still point of their union. The camera whirls below and about the couple in a type of purring satisfaction at having found its proper place, at having both vibrancy and security.

The film is always on the move either directly with Trintignant or internally with Anouk Aimee. There is no difficulty regarding the former, for he merely steers cars and women with little reflection. With the latter there is the overriding problem of past love which hinders her movement. She repeatedly falls out of the rhythms which Trintignant tries to impose upon her. She retreats into placid

pastoral vignettes of her former husband, vignettes which are set off not only by their change of speed but by their actual color which Lelouch has seen fit to impart artificially. 'This world of the past is utterly flawless for her. She is chained to it as the dog is chained to the withering old man. When she and Trintignant embrace for the first time she runs free, the dog runs free and the camera frisks with both, until the exuberance of the scene carries the couple to bed. Here the camera is static, the color stifling. Trintignant proceeding with his characteristic directness appears something of a rapist while Anouk Aimee fights the motion within her. It is at this point that Lelouch utterly gives way. An amplified heartbeat becomes the fulcrum of a battle of memory scenes (appropriately set

cadent for this gratuitous use of action. Even pure visual symphony must maintain some constant about which the visuals flash (an object, an idea, a mathematical relation), yet it is this constant which is so blatantly absent from Lelouch's film. There is no governing principle other than the search for and discovery of a satisfactory emotional conciliation of things pictured. This at best is a flimsy backbone for any artwork. We have not seen a harmonious presentation of a thing, an idea, or a relation, but a harmony between the pictures on the screen and the emotions they produce in us as spectators. When we reflect on the film, our emotions rebalanced, there will be literally nothing substantial to discuss.

If on the other hand, we see the film not as pure visual expertise, but



in snow) vs. the present (red) situation. Anouk Aimee vacillates between heartbeats of passion and those of nostalgia, the latter emerging the uncontested victor. There is naturally the coda and final resolution. Trintignant drives his car beside the train Anouk Aimee has elected over him. An identical feeling possessed them which is consummated for the last time at the train station where they direct their indefatigable energy in a complete circle which the spinning camera magnifies.

A Man and A Woman reverses the normal hierarchy of components in conventional cinema. Instead of using technique to vivify events, it uses events to back up technique. Every action, every phrase of dialogue can be justified in terms of the color and motion of the scene it participates in. The inanities of the drama can to some extent be written off on this score, though we must consequently label Lelouch both juvenile and de-

in terms of the drama, that is, if we view it conventionally, we must come to terms with those inanities of action and dialogue which we were wont to let pass in deference to technical prowess. It is evident that the only justification such a story could imaginably command is that it is a ritual, a visual hymn to lyrical love. Certainly a number of fine films are similarly labelled. The short pieces of Maya Deren (particularly *Meshes of the Afternoon*) can be discussed only in terms of ritual. More conventional films such as Demy's *Umbrellas of Cherbourg* likewise demand criteria other than those generally applied to conventional films. These examples, like the film we are inspecting, treat a hackneyed and simplistic theme or event. But through technique and stylization they raise this event out of the ordinary; by distilling a drama into its essentials they give us a respectful and abstract view of that
(Continued on page 31)

AMANDA JONES

by tom sullivan

This story concerns a very grandmotherly kind of lady by the name of Mrs. Amanda Jones and a very down-at-the-mouth commercial artist by the name of Jerry Bosch. Make no mistake, this is a story, composed and written with something of the fervor that a normal man might save for a Last Will and Testament, written late at night in a quiet room, the story gradually consuming its own substance until there is little left of the impulse that gave birth to it. Having established this fact, the writer can withdraw (more effectively than any real storyteller) and pare his fingernails behind the tattered curtain of convention, leaving the narrator to dispose of the first victim. . . .

IN THE CITY of San Francisco . . . on the rainy night of what had been a very rainy April day, blinded perhaps and distracted by the explosion of a raindrop on her spectacles, wearing her second-best coat and carrying a shopping bag full of various groceries, Mrs. Amanda Jones stepped in front of the Market Street bus and was killed instantly. She was sixty-eight.

At twenty-seven Jerry Bosch was a fully accredited commercial artist. He had done four years in the State System, picked up his degree and then spent two years on the other coast at a New York school of art. He had gone into commercial art for the money and to the end of his days he preserved in his personality a charming blend of artist and businessman.

Jerry (or Hieronymus as his friends called him) was fairly phlegmatic for a young man. During his undergraduate years he had been extremely industrious, making up for in patience what he lacked in talent. He prided himself on his clear-eyed view of the world and was apt to hold opinions on the considered verge of cynicism. Once, at a party, Jerry Bosch had enraged his literary friends by saying something to the effect that the entire character of the Romantic Movement (1800-1825 A.D.) could have been altered by a few, well-distributed tons of hamburger. He followed this by the bold-faced proposition that the greater majority of literary work was the product of effete minds and bodies. Calisthenics,

wind sprints, good hard exercise would yield a new breed of writers, and their fictional progeny would be strong and clear-eyed. To put a final flourish to his thesis he used a rather telling metaphor whose chief glory was a description of a hypothetical four-man relay team composed of Antoine Roquentin, Malte Laurids Brigge, and Dostoyevski's underground man, with Stephen Dedalus running a solid anchor lap. All in all, Jerry Bosch was very impatient with sensitive young men.

Anyway, Jerry had fallen on bad times. At the Pratt school in New York his work had been very popular, especially his searing collages, which combined carefully selected fragments of popular advertising slogans juxtaposed with combat photos of action in the very unpopular brush-fire war in Bolivia. Nevertheless, the big companies had never really gone for his stuff. Once out in the world of business, Jerry had found his portfolio rejected with frustrating regularity by smiling men in tight suits and long hair who informed him, "this isn't our bag baby it's definitely not what's happening, come back and see

us when you find out where it's at."

Cast on his own resources, Jerry had picked up coin for a time by working in a small workshop that made rubber and plastic skulls to sell to the many sensitive and morbid young men (who don't exercise) who go around the cities of the U.S. of A. being sensitive and morbid. Jerry was in charge of painting and aging, and things were going well until the demand picked up and management came up with a machine that could paint and age two hundred skulls an hour.

Now, in these later days, Jerry had been doing piecework for the local K Mart. His last gig had involved hand-lettering four hundred LAST CHANCE signs for a spring sale. This too had turned out to be a bad scene, for after six hours Jerry had completely lost his sense of the irony of the situation, had begun improvising with FAT CHANCE, and had been canned by King K Mart himself.

All of which brings us to the night in question and the admission that, despite the title, Jerry Bosch is himself the hero of this brief history; and this brief history is, in fact, a kind of obituary.

On the particular rainy night in April, Jerry had been sitting in his favorite bar, an arty place called the "Dead End" which featured a jukebox with the complete works of Johnny Horton, Ronny Dove and the early Lennon Sisters. And Jerry had been, if the truth be known, brooding a bit. He had arrived at the disheartening conclusion that no one in the entire world cared about him and that he, in his turn, cared for no one else. Generalizing from this conclusion, as is the wont of those who drink alone, Jerry had convinced himself that no one really cared about anyone but himself (for he *did* care about himself). The validity of this conclusion can only be determined by the individual reader, but the fact remains that Jerry, candid to the death, emerged from the "Dead End" looking for someone to expose to his new-

found anguish.

It was raining in his face, and Jerry walked up to the first man he saw and said to him with great sincerity "I don't care a bit about you." The man's face remained neutral so Jerry added "And you don't care a bit about me." The man's face remained neutral, but there was no question

to ask one man and woman after another then in rapid succession and with the same result. It was a good ten minutes before Jerry realized that he was in a circle of people who were standing around Mrs. Amanda Jones. Jerry looked at the sad broken body in the threadbare coat, saw the spilled bag of groceries and the narrow strip



about his acceptance of the blunt statements. A bit more confidently, Jerry went to the next man he found (who was standing next to the aforementioned gentleman) and said "I don't care a bit about you." The man made an ugly little smile that exposed his teeth and admitted silently the truth of the statement. Jerry began

of yellow trading stamps turning soggy in the rain, drew a deep breath and announced with a very clean voice "I don't care a bit about that old lady!" At this point the crowd grew infuriated, turned quickly to a mob, found weapons, and, before police could arrive, beat Jerry Bosch to his untimely death.

Contemporary Chamber Players

A little bit of wet

on wasteland number one. And parched throats and barren fields find the moist.

It was a week of clear voices and productive gatherings; it is hoped it will spring eternal; it can be the savior-child of a fertile Notre Dame.

For all the disappointments, cancellations, and cardiograms the Cultural Arts Festival was a welcome sunshower and the campus got out and frolicked. In the air was something new and exciting, and the people took a deep breath, and they want to hold it.

The Administration was conspicuously absent and the faculty took no consideration in their assignments, but still the attendance was generally good.

Chris Murphy has announced that two more events are scheduled for May: an art exhibit to coincide with the Old-Timers weekend and a noted avant-garde percussionist who has composed a score specifically for the Arts Festival.

But everyone is looking forward to next year for the groundwork has been laid. Maybe more cooperation upstairs; maybe some huge outside sponsor; probably bigger and better everything.

According to a notice by Leonard Meyer of the University of Chicago's Department of Music, the Chicago Contemporary Players are dedicated to the skillful concert performance of the new works of our own century which are heard so rarely in public performance. In an age of intense experimentation and development, new emphasis is thrust upon chamber music as a concentrated laboratory for the composer, and the services rendered by the CCCP are of special significance. Last Thursday's program served a dual function of enjoyment and education. The composers represented included Ives, Webern, and Berg, as well as Charles Boone, Easley Blackwood, and John Ferritto. Though quite various in technique and scoring, the works were rendered with commendable skill by the eight members of the CCCP.

The program was well-planned to reflect creatively the transitional state of contemporary music, many parallels to which appear in twentieth-century poetry. The basic structural materials of the art are being examined critically to find ways of surpassing the limitations of our former modes of composition. Just as much poetry, especially American, tends to center on the stress possibilities of the individual syllable, hopefully creating necessary metrical pattern from within the (natural) separate sounds, so music, too, is exploring the very sounds with which it works. These sounds are given value in themselves, particularly in smaller arrangements, and time and rhythm are developed organically from the peculiar qualities of the sounds used. For example, Boone's *Oblique Formation* presents a very formal geometry of sound in which the spatially suggestive "Formation" is achieved by temporal measurement of tones dilated and stretched, the imaginative dynamics provided by the piano accompaniment.

The structural intensity of the Shoenburg Viennese was shown by Webern's *Five Pieces for String Quartet* and Berg's *Four Pieces for Clarinet and Piano*. Both consist of tiny knots, isolated instances of musical dramatics in which the search for formal methods of expression seemed to preclude the possibility (or desirability) of expansion or elaboration of statement. Easley Blackwood's *String Quartet*, on the other hand, expanded themes in the most traditional manner of any of the works of the evening. The quartet appeared to be definitely Bartokian in its playing de-

vices and techniques, but the Blackwood piece doesn't quite rate as a classical quartet with any of the works of the Hungarian master. Blackwood does not make Bartok's demands on the listener's sense of time, nor does he score as meticulously and energetically as the classical quartet composers. Nonetheless, the work was rhythmically and thematically sufficient and provided an outlet for one's melodic ear, mainly suppressed to this point in the concert.

Five songs of Ives and four madrigals of Ferritto were also presented, with baritone Charles Van Tassel performing the tricky vocal parts. Ezra Pound was fond of De Schloezer's remark "Melody is the most artificial thing in music," and the music of these songs reflects a similar attitude. Verbal and musical parts are distorted from their accepted, normal parts to form a closer union, a union more highly expressive tending towards onomatopoeia. The Ferritto lyrics were spare and imagistic, while the Ives' songs were more basically American in vitality and subject matter a la Whitman.

The CCCP, under the direction of Ralph Shapey, were one of the high points of the Festival. This reviewer would suggest an interest in a working arrangement for this group to present contemporary music programs here on a regular basis. The benefits would appear tremendous.

—DAN BURNS

N.Y. Opera Theatre-- Verdi's *Otello*

On Wednesday, April 12, The Opera Theatre of New York presented a skeleton version of Giuseppe Verdi's *Otello* to a small audience in Washington Hall. Presumably, most of the students in the audience had little or no previous exposure to professionally staged opera and the occasion could have been an important part of the Festival's effort to open eyes and minds. However, there was little doubt after the first act that although the choice of medium was enlightened, the combination of troupe and work was ill-chosen indeed.

Based on Shakespeare's play, the opera itself offers a rather decent vehicle for the operatic weaving of musical possibilities with dramatic ones. Without abandoning its own prerogatives, the music respects and capitalizes on the dynamic patterns of speech and stage. Of the cast, only Edward Watts as Iago seemed to realize this. In fact the only way the viewer could decently follow the drama was to watch Mr. Watts respond bodily and facially, and listen

for his fine vocal control, spanning both musical and dramatic elements, and then reason backwards by a principle of sufficient cause in order to discover what the others should have done with their voices and bodies.

These problems were accentuated by the rigors of road show conditions. Most of the first act was cut, with two results. First, the lone accompanying piano had to establish the musical setting in a makeshift overture (there is no overture in the original). It failed, through no fault of the accompanist, James Howe. Second, Cassio, sung by Joshua Lawrence, was never sufficiently established by music or drama to bear the heavy thematic weight which so quickly fell on him.

Producer Richard Barri as Otello was by no stretch of eye or ear the "Lion of San Marco." Physical and even dramatic adeptness for a role may, of course, be ignored in opera. But Mr. Barri's "dramatic" tenor always sang by itself, never in the quick interplay with Iago and Desdemona that Verdi wrote into his score. He was good in the lower ranges of his voice, but unfortunately Verdi required that the force of jealousy and passion be expressed in the upper range. Mr. Barri seemed to have none to express.

Grace Lang's Desdemona was a pleasing soprano. Her performance suffered from a lack of musical play with Otello, for which the blame is hard to lay. Her half of the first act duet and her Ave Maria were among the better moments of the evening.

Mr. Watts' bass as Iago was by far the most enjoyable part of the performance. It was beautifully controlled and paced, responding well to both piano and other voices. It reached the audience as a voice that belonged to them and in the opera and on the stage. It was a pity that he couldn't salvage the performance alone.

—JIM BRIDGEMAN

Erick Hawkins' Dance Company

Prior to his company's performance, Erick Hawkins attempted to comfort a somewhat pensive audience by stating that he had included in the program numbers which did not require concentration on thematic statement but only on the beauty of free form human movement. In retrospect, his introduction is by no means well taken.

The first dance, "Cantilever," supposedly celebrated the new American architecture and the passing away of the Renaissance strictures. Yet one immediately noticed that all the danc-

ers' configurations and series of movements, both by their position and their even number, emulated the very box architecture and Renaissance symmetry they were trying to abandon. Indeed, the dancers seemed to have the 4/4 time signature and move-countermove hangup in their minds throughout the evening.

The most asymmetrical of the pieces was "Early Floating" and it seemed a trifle alien to Hawkins' style. The best choreographed and executed was "Geography at Noon," danced superbly by the female members of the troupe. This brings us to the very poorly received passion play, "John Brown," where Hawkins lost all sense of theatrical emphasis in a maudlin and unsuccessful attempt to integrate art forms.

The dances were all quite different in action and structure from ballet—more brusque, less fairy tale, completely new steps. But perhaps the greatest difference was Hawkins' reticence to choreograph duet forms. And, for an explanation, one is severely tempted to revive theme, for buildings and butterflies do not ride piggyback. Yet the new dimensions which fusions or associations of these forms would yield warrant exploitation. But Hawkins' vision is a solo.

There was a great disparity in the quality of the performances by the three males, Kelly Holt, James Tyler, and Hawkins. Holt displayed excellent body control in his arm diagonals and chest inflections, moved more smoothly and posed more virile than James Tyler, who seemed to a stranger to be a promising novice. Tyler had bad habits of concaving his chest in the wrong way and relaxing his pelvis during holds, which gave the effect of squatting. Hawkins was simply tipsy.

The female members, Dena Madole and Beverly Hirschfeld, however, demanded more attention and acclaim. Both, but particularly Madole, moved with a skill and grace that deserved better choreography.

Of the composer-accompanist Lucia Dlugoszewski, I can only say that her music sharply accentuated and was totally integrated into the routines. However, its unique quality was overemphasized to the point that the audience was much too conscious of her presence, lessening their concentration on the real performers.

The evening then was finally frustrating, for, after abandoning the traditional control of ballet, the company adopted a leadfoot contemporary restraint of gravity causing at least one viewer to opt for free form gymnastic exercise.

—MARTY MCNAMARA

Impersonal Pronouns Beckett Festival

Some Beckett Entertainments was the alluring marquee phrase, and the evening was as entertaining as Beckett ever is. In the three distinct media presented one felt that there was no deviation of viewpoint. That viewpoint, that mood was epitomized in the opening shot of *Film* in which a scaly, corrugated slab of skin finally twitches and opens revealing an eyeball the size of the screen. The humor, horror, and contextlessness of this vision ran through the entire evening.

First to be presented was *Act Without Words II*—a mime show which featured Jim Garcia, Dick O'Connor and a long, mobilized prodding stick. As complementary personalities these two performed elemental daily actions such as tooth brushing and shoe tying. They never really finish, but rather fade off the stage and are replaced by mechanical caricatures of themselves in the persons of William Crowley and Dan Burns (who, incidentally, directed all aspects of the evening). The effect of this parody was immediately distressing. What brought laughter moments earlier now seemed grotesque, or at least boring. So discomfiting was this that one anticipated the inconclusive termination of *Act* and at the same time looked on fascinated by the most familiar gestures because of the isolated context in which they were presented.

Those who sought relief in *Film* were disappointed, Buster Keaton notwithstanding. Typically Beckett, this work was limited in working material, but succeeded in exhausting that material, exhausting at length the sole character and dropping the shade on the microcosm so meticulously constructed.

The lengthy intermission was certainly in order, although it was Beckett who said, through Molloy: "My life is an endless stations of the cross with no hope of crucifixion." The featured entertainment was *Play* starring Christine Costello, Lillian Bogle, and A. L. Soens. Heads protruding from immense urns, these characters participated in an eternal triangle. Frozen on stage with their drama frozen on tape, they could only laugh hysterically or hiccough convulsively. The drama itself is one of adultery and frustration. It was spoken rapidly (often incomprehensible in the Law Auditorium) and flatly. The entire tape repeated and portends eternal recurrence. The evening was a monolithic tribute to the elemental concerns of human monotony. It was far

(Continued on page 33)



A FALL FASHION FORECAST

College football was caught in spring's rebirth (*see cut*) last Saturday, and with it came a preview of next fall's collegiate wardrobe. The smart gentleman (posterior to camera) features the classic combination of well-worn levi's and Fighting Irish T-Shirt, complete with leprechaun — a must for the "in" guys on campus. His friend at left (facing skyward) sports the nocturnally popular "horizontal look" — his towel-pillow is \$3.95 at finer stores, free when borrowed from the Rock. The topless look (center, flexing) is destined to reach new lows this summer, and undoubtedly will carry over a large following into next year's gridiron get-togethers. The gym shorts, smartly tailored with slits on either side, are \$2.50 at the Hammes Clothiers. Remember, "Attired man belongs on the bench."

THE LAUGH OF THE IRISH

"We buried Muldoon," ecstatically shouted Chicago Black Hawk Coach Billy Reay, while enjoying the traditional fully-dressed champagne bath. That was a month ago, and Muldoon was Peter Muldoon, Reay's 1927 predecessor. Fired after the first Hawk season, the irate Irishman had prophesized "This team will never finish in first place."

For 40 frustrating years the Hawks were toys of the curse. With an all-star lineup headed by Bobby Hull, Pierre Pilote, Stan Mikita, and Glenn Hall, recent Chicago teams emerged every season as the team to beat. And somebody always managed to do just that. The Hawks lost leads that didn't appear losable, and twice they finished second by a single point. Last

year, the Hawks concentrated on setting up Hull for his record-setting goal, and in the process were shut out three straight games. They took a second-place finish into the Stanley Cup semifinals and were promptly bounced four games to two by the Detroit Red Wings, winners of only one of fourteen regular season meetings. The Muldoon Curse?

But the 1966-67 Black Hawks simply outclassed the rest of the National Hockey League, clinching the league title three weeks before the end of the regular season. Maybe Muldoon was finally dead. The Hawks had taken the Prince of Wales Trophy, but the Stanley Cup is still emblematic of Hockey supremacy, and between the Hawks and the Cup stood the Toronto Maple Leafs. The Leafs had recovered from a nearly disastrous ten-game losing streak to finish second.

It became immediately evident in the first game of the Cup playoffs that perhaps Muldoon had cursed more than a league title. The Hawks were playing without Hull, and then lost Mikita after the fifth game. The Leafs took two straight games on Chicago ice. Coach Reay called games four and five the best his club had played in two months. The Hawks lost them both. Familiar cries of "choke" engulfed the Hawk skaters after their losing habit had been extended into the 41st year, but above the crowd Coach Reay may have heard only a morbid Irish laugh. . .

A VOTE CAST

Modesty and humility have always been the hallmarks of a special breed of men destined to possess the earth. Alexander, Caesar, and Napoleon had

deficiencies along these lines. Those who envision such domains today are quite likely to encounter a goodly amount of opposition from Messrs. Johnson and Brezhnev. However, the field of journalism has revealed one candidate for the title of first consul of sports periodicals: "Readers of *The Sporting News* expect a quality paper in content and appearance. We think they've received both for many years. . . ." Obviously enough, the nomination did not germinate from the hallowed pages of *Sports Illustrated*. The surprising fact is that this enthusiastic endorsement appeared in last week's edition of *The Sporting News*.

Perhaps the quality is hidden somewhere beneath the cliché-ridden pages. The April 15 edition includes a vital feature story on the traditional presidential pitch at the Washington Senators' opening game. Included in that article is a chart pointing out that Republicans have been more prolific than Democrats in instigating Senator victories.

Other highlights of the issue include innumerable untranslatable headlines. "Knotty One—Mets' Riddle At Keystone" and "Bird Ducat Sale Sets Mark" offer much work to literary exegetes.

But perhaps the best indicator of the quality of *The Sporting News* lies in its advertisements: "*The All-American Dropout and How to Succeed (if necessary) Without a Ph. D.* by George F. Twombly . . . 20 years professional baseball player; 30 years President, Twombly Industries; 10 years author and publisher. Other works by the same author: *International Racing Pigeon History and Memories* and *How to Raise Pigeons for Profit and Pleasure*."

STOMPING THE SPARTANS . . .



... AT STEPAN

BY RAY SERAFIN

Notre Dame's faster backs and stronger scrum turned an expected Michigan State challenge into a circus for all those who enjoy watching Spartans suffer. Stiffer opposition lies ahead but last Saturday even the myth of Bubba would have burst before the Irish onslaught.

"A PARTICULARLY sweet victory." That's how Prof. Featherstone, the British moderator of Notre Dame's rugby club since its inception six years ago, summed it up. For not only did the Ruggers come up with a resounding 36-0 victory, but the victim was a deserving one — good old Michigan State.

On the basis of an easy win over Indiana, the Spartans loomed as a worthy opponent and the Irish prepared themselves emotionally for that kind of match. The game barely began when Jim Purcell exploded through both the visitors' backfield and myth of toughness to block a kick and pounce on it for the first Irish try and an instant 3-0 lead. Within two minutes Purcell touched down another loose ball on State's in-goal area, Joe Belden added the two-point conversion, and the Spartans were routed. So, how did Michigan State beat Indiana anyway? For psychological reasons "that win was built up a little," explained playing-coach John Toland. "It wasn't really all of Indiana's first team that they played."

The first five minutes were proof enough that the team played an inspired game. "I thought it would be closer, but we played our best game of the season," said Toland,

who also captains the aggressive scrum team that kept the ball away from State, preventing the Big Ten squad from even threatening to score. The Spartans, who also succumbed 35-0 the last time the teams met three years ago, lost heart after those first two lightning scores and found themselves on the short end of a 25-0 score at half time.

The Irish came into the game in top condition. They got that way by taking the season seriously since the beginning of February when they opened practice, and by playing some of the country's finest in Jamaica, where they won the Island Trophy over Easter vacation. Even in California, where they lost 12-3 to the powerful Bears, conditioning kept the game close. Significantly, there have been no injuries and only one case of an Irish player being knocked breathless in the last three matches. In contrast, there were times last Saturday when as many as three Spartans were collectively stretched out on the ground, gasping for air.

The quick Notre Dame backs took full advantage of MSU's inability to keep up the pace. Halfbacks Mike Conroy and Kip Hargrave, along with fullback Kevin Healy, continually left the slower Spartan defenders in their tracks on end runs. The scrum team got them the ball often, an important aspect of rugby strategy, by overpowering State in the scrummages and coming up with the vital timing to win most of the line-outs. The highly seasoned Irish backfield, many of whom starred



in high-school football, took it from there, working their version of the quarterback option to near perfection.

The team's leading scorer, senior Mike Conroy, who captains the backfield, headed the scoring parade by tallying three of the nine Irish tries. Several of Notre Dame's tries came about in an unorthodox manner; on "keeper" plays where a back would split the defense without having to lateral, a play which works only infrequently in rugby. "They wouldn't tackle," observed the sideline's most knowledgeable spectator, Ken Featherstone "consequently we were able to go right through them quite frequently."

It's difficult for a team to play its best when the score becomes so lopsided and the Irish, a team with a penchant for starting slow and building momentum, may have had a tendency to tone down the action in the second half. But future opponents, like traditional rival Palmer College which plays here April 29, won't allow such care-free moments. The Chiropractors prevailed 10-0 last fall because they were able to control the ball in the scrum and line-outs. Like the Polish war veterans on the German front, the Ruggers admit this is the big one, and they've improved against coast-to-coast competition to the point that they should reverse the outcome in the return match. They should also improve on their healthy 10-2-2 record when they go after the mythical Midwest championship at the Mid-American Cup games in Chicago May 5-7. A week later a senior-studded Notre Dame team will close their season with one of the most prestigious rugby tournaments in the country — their own Invitational. So Mr. Featherstone may not be letting his mind wander as frequently during those matches as he did against MSU. "I counted the crowd — that's really about all I could do during the game — and it came out to 800 people." It was the biggest rugby crowd at Notre Dame in years, especially impressive because there was also a football scrimmage in the stadium that same afternoon.

Club teams normally don't expect such attention. But a colorful (usually rosy red) sport like rugby attracts large audiences even if they don't fully appreciate all that is happening. Of course, many in Saturday's gathering were drawn by purely Hate State attitudes, and the Irish Ruggers responded by completely obliterating the anti-MSU feelings — at least until next October 28.



Voice in the Crowd

"Fortunately, time works wonders with the memory, and as the next four years pass, the disappointments will be nearly forgotten, the moments of glory recalled even more vividly. Still, I can hardly help wishing that Ara Parseghian had come to Notre Dame four years sooner." The last wish of a retiring sports editor, Terry Wolkerstorfer, who never, in his four years at Notre Dame, witnessed a winning football season. He missed it by a year. Only the present senior class could appreciate his intense desire to be associated with, to be able to write about a winner. Because only the senior class experienced the bitter orientation of a 2-7 freshman year, the year we all "Loved Hughie" but hated to lose football games.

But the advent of Ara has since spoiled us, in an agreeable sort of way. As some bawdy bard once put it, "Everyone admires a good loser but it's a lot more fun being a good winner." It is impossible to assess in full the benefits this man has brought to Notre Dame but they are all bound up in the one word he epitomizes — spirit. In three years, a period most coaches in his situation would consider building years, he has established a winning spirit that is not likely to be broken, but more significantly, he has built better men. The football bum at Notre Dame is gone because he wouldn't survive Parseghian's style of teaching football, which puts a premium on thinking. He has been replaced by men like this year's captain. At the football banquet Ara Parseghian paid him the highest of tributes, "There are a lot of family men here tonight and I think that if we all had one wish, we would hope that our sons could grow up to be the type of man that Jim Lynch is."

The strain of a national championship effort reached its peak at East Lansing where a lesser group of men would have broken. Joe Falls of the *Detroit Free Press* recorded the greatest single moment of the 1966 season, "In that moment they waited the kickoff after Kenney's field goal, my heart was pounding at the prospect of a rout, which would have made this the sweetest day of the season, and the feeling came on strong that Michigan State might even have shut out this team that was running up those ridiculous 64-0 scores against people like Duke."

"From then on you had to give your admiration to these Notre Dame players. Quit? Why, they came back and played their best ball of the day those final forty minutes."

Football's success carried over to the less publicized winter sports, hockey and fencing. The former prospered on its own initiative while the latter thrived in the one ingredient so vital to any athletic enterprise — good coaching. Unfortunately for all of the club sports and many of the varsity status, only a handful of Mike DeCicco's have found their way to Notre Dame. If the Notre Dame athletic program owes anything to its participants it must be the availability of capable instructors. Yet not only poor records but a noticeable lack of individual development among participants characterize too many of the varsity sports. An inordinate number of good high school prospects never pan out at Notre Dame. The reasons for this unexcusable defect in the system are many. Tradition is foremost on the list; it's not a pleasant matter to inform a coach he's over the hill. It is also not a simple matter of hiring a full-time coach. With the program designed as it is, a coach must double as either a teacher or physical education instructor at the Rock. But both avenues have been blocked. The repeated refusal of the deans of the various colleges to accept fully qualified teacher-coaches has stymied the Athletic Dept. for years, and the more obvious outlet, the Physical Education Dept., has proved even more unapproachable. As a result Notre Dame has lost more potential talent in the coaching ranks than the Athletic Dept. would care to think about.

Notre Dame committed the football program to excellence when they hired Ara Parseghian. It's a shame that same commitment can't pervade the entire program.

— MIKE BRADLEY

FOR THE RECORD

BASEBALL: (9-2-1)

Michigan 6, Notre Dame 3
Notre Dame 7, Detroit 3
Notre Dame 6, St. Procopius 5
Notre Dame 8, Purdue 1
Notre Dame 7, Northwestern 6

GOLF: (6-0)

Notre Dame 573, Ball State 579,
Miami of Ohio 587, Cincinnati 604
Notre Dame 752, Southern Illinois
764, Dayton 779, Toledo 803

TENNIS: (4-0)

Notre Dame 8, Bradley 1
Notre Dame 6, DePaul 3
Notre Dame 9, Cincinnati 0
Notre Dame 5, Indiana 4

TRACK:

Civitan Relays: Bill Hurd, first place, 100-yard dash, 9.7 seconds; 880-yard relay team, first place (1:28.1)

University of Michigan Confederation Meet: Dan Saracino, first place, 3000-meter steeple chase; John Reid, second place, shot put.

RUGBY: (10-2-2)

Notre Dame 36, Michigan State 0
Chicago Rugby 8, Notre Dame "B" team 0

CREW: (7-1)

Length and a half loss to Purdue over 2000 meters

LACROSSE: (3-4)

Ohio State 8, Notre Dame 4
Denison 10, Notre Dame 2

SAILING:

First place, Ohio State Spring Regatta

THIS WEEK

APRIL 22

Baseball: Kent State at Kent, Ohio
Golf: Ohio State, Michigan State, Indiana, Purdue, and Marshall at Columbus, Ohio

Tennis: Minnesota at Minneapolis, Minn.

Track: Army at West Point, N. Y.

Lacrosse: Ohio University at Athens, Ohio

Rugby: John Carroll at Cleveland

Crew: Philadelphia Community College and Grand Valley College at Mishawaka Course

Sailing: Midwest Championship Regatta at Madison, Wis.

APRIL 23

Sailing: Hoosier Classic at Bloomington, Ind.

APRIL 24

Golf: Iowa, Illinois State, Valparaiso, Central Michigan, and Eastern Michigan at Notre Dame

APRIL 25

Baseball: Northwestern at Evanston.

Tennis: Michigan State at East Lansing, Mich.

APRIL 28

Baseball: Bowling Green at Notre Dame

Campus

(Continued from page 11)

The migrant worker's tragic condition has been popularized in literature by John Steinbeck, and in song by Pete Seeger and Judy Collins; now the U.S. Government has seen fit to step in and give these people a hand. Through the Office of Economic Opportunity an organization known as Centro Christiano has been established, which has as its purpose the alleviation of some of the workers' grievances. Problems with the migrants have not proven so easily soluble, however. It seems that Centro's board of directors (nineteen South Bend residents and six migrant workers) has been rather negligent in its consideration of the problems of individual workers. Some have been fired from Heinz for reasons not clear, and have received little sympathetic assistance from Centro Christiano. Entangled in administrative red tape, the board has soft-pedaled the particular problems of the families under its concern. Therefore, a new election has been arranged, designed to give the migrants a greater representation on the board of directors.

Help was needed for the election plans, so Chick Schoen of the Notre Dame ADA was contacted and asked for assistance. His group organized a demonstration and a picket line was set up. A good deal of publicity has been received, and pressure has already begun to come from Washington, to encourage the present board to be more open to the migrants. Schoen indicates that the attitude of Centro Christiano has changed considerably since the demonstration.

The formula for the composition of the new directorate, though as yet indeterminate, is certain to include more migrants in positions of responsibility. Schoen feels that this will help the newly arrived worker to adjust more readily to his situation, and to form his own "sense of identity." In the past all too many have come here with a scant knowledge of English and no one to look out for them.

The ADA can do nothing else until after the election has been held but inform the migrants of their rights. Schoen says, "There must be a balance struck between Notre Dame and the powerless of South Bend." Notre Dame cannot rush in and provide its own solution to the difficulty. The remedy must come from within if there is to be a lasting answer provided. It was noted that the same problem exists here as it does in the Negro civil-rights struggle: the time has come when the white liberals

must yield the responsibility of making decisions to those who are to be directly affected by them — the Mexican migrant workers. — J. L.

HIPPIE MIXER

Like the weather, many complain about the social life around here. However, someone's finally doing something about it. What stands to be the campus' first hippie mixer is being considered for early May. Charles Vergara, one of a group which has its spiritual if not physical headquarters in Lyons and its environs, reveals that plans are afoot for a happening down at the Rockne Memorial-end of the Main Quad on some appropriate midnight which would cap a more or less psychedelic party that would be started somewhere off campus.

The off-campus party, Vergara muses, would have "bananas, pulsating colored lights . . . the whole thing." The crowd which he hopes would be large — to make things interesting — could then adjourn to the Quad — perhaps with multitudes of flashlights — for a huge gathering.

The advantages of the off-campus party, Vergara notes, is that any experimenting that the party's participants cared to do could be done away from the jurisdiction of the University. "If anyone wants to use pot or something like that, that would be strictly up to them. I don't want to have to take the responsibility for that."

The affair on the Quad could include, Vergara points out, an Impersonal Pronoun type dramatic production.

"The whole idea behind the party would just be to have fun," it is stressed throughout. "There wouldn't be any protesting or anything. Bananas, for example, don't lead to a Leary-type spiritual experience. They just get you high."

One thing that has made the party-makers leery of their idea is doubt about how Campus Security would react. Both Fr. Charles McCarragher, vice-president for student affairs, and Fr. Joseph Simons, dean of students, remain for the most part non-committal about the party. However, Fr. McCarragher has said that he sees nothing wrong with the idea as long as nothing "blatantly immoral or against the civil law" goes on on campus.

Another thing that has tended to put a damper on the plans for the festivities is a certain lack of interest among the student body. "This wouldn't be a real esoteric thing," Vergara says. "Anyone would be welcome.

"I am convinced that there are just as many creative people here as anywhere else," Vergara says. "However, their instincts for the off-beat in social events are submerged in the beer, band and busses syndrome of class parties and the like. An event like this could help to bring down the staid atmosphere that pervades this place." — J. G.

A Man, A Woman

(Continued from page 21)

drama so common to us. This is the very foundation of opera.

Demy's film accepted its artificiality: the dialogue was sung, not spoken; the colors were unnaturally immaculate; the transitions in the drama were marked by chapter headings to further structure the film. Whether or not *Umbrellas of Cherbourg* succeeded is not in question here. It was in any case aware of its presuppositions. It must be judged with those in mind. *A Man and A Woman*, however, attempts to maintain the photographic realism which is a part of our conventional commercial film genre. It attempts to appear improvised at times and possible throughout. It wants to coat a normal occurrence (love) in visual magic, to insist upon its sacredness. This balance between photographic naturalism and creative illusion is just enough to seduce a bourgeoisie audience. Afraid to pursue "love" in a purely ritualistic manner, afraid also to pursue it in a coldly documentary light, Lelouch has chosen a third route: he has filmed through the spectator's eye. His art is not on the screen but out, in the loges and balcony pulling at the heartstrings of the audience. *A Man and A Woman* is a compilation of devices, meticulously ordered and spaced in such a way as to bring the spectator up and down satisfactorily. The plot focuses his attention and prepares his emotions so that the undeniably marvellous camera work and hypnotic music may carry him off into worlds of dreams which aren't quite dreams, into sensations which seem almost actual.

Anouk Aimee's dilemma involves a choice over the controlled and flawless motions of art (her idealized memory of past love) and the frantic, dangerous, but pleasurable motion of present life. Ironically, Lelouch also is presented with an analogous choice between art (ritual) on the one hand and life (documentation) on the other. It is disappointing to see him slither out of this problem by choosing emotion rather than motion and artistry rather than art. ■

The Pentecostal Movement

(Continued from page 17)

new theology was a great encouragement to mobilize all the human potentialities in the different levels of human life as being the most authentic way to understand the voice of God to his people. The new theology "discovered" by a deeper understanding of the createdness of the world, that there is a task of Christian Secularization. It was exactly this that the first Christians did: Demythologize Caesar and the state. The more we make the world what it ought to be, a created reality with tremendous potentialities for growth, the more this world calls for Him, who is Uncreated. And in this sense secularization is only possible by faith.

In the perspective of this trend in theology, which also encourages more social action and "worldly" involvement, the Pentecostal trend seems a step back. It calls for God's immediate intercession outside of the human potentials. In a way it seems that God does not use man, unless as a passive instrument which is the victim of the struggle between Demonic and Divine forces. The devil is an alien power which has invaded man, and so is the Spirit. The question then becomes, "Who is possessing me?" But possession, good or evil, remains a passive state, and does not give the full credit to the basic Christian idea that we are created to create, and realize our deepest human fellowmen, in the love of whom we potentialities in the service of our discover the Spirit of God.

CONCLUSION

Having discussed the Pentecostal Movement, as a revival of the devotional council, as a religious recation to a world with a heavy stress on achievement—and as raising many psychological and theological questions, the critical tone might have overshadowed a deeper concern which is that about a valid religious experience. We might have overlooked that in one way the Pentecostal Movement is mistaken, to a deeper search. It made God a living God, a real experience, an actual event. Whereas the whole field of theological education is panically looking for ways to bring theology from "brain level to guets level," the Pentecostals certainly do it. And it is no surprise that many envy those who experience the presence of God as an undeniable reality. Is it not just this that all the forms of renewal (liturgical, social, clerical, etc.) are trying to do—to make religious life something vibrant, a living source of constant

inspiration?

The new wave of Pentecostalism at Notre Dame obviously answers a burning need in many students. It worries many who are concerned about the effects on mental health of some of the participants, it places a heavy responsibility on the leaders of the movement, and it disturbs many theologians; but it also is a chance to come to a new realization of the crucial importance of the valid religious experience—as an authentic

part of the Christian life. It would be a pity if we missed this chance by a hasty judgment and an intolerant condemnation.

The author wishes to thank all those who helped him in the preparation of this article by their constructive criticism on the first draft: Fathers J. Simons, J. Hoffmann, J. Dunne, W. Hegge; Dr. J. Ford, Drs. P. Naus; Ray Novaco, Dwight Norwood, and Joe Ahern. ■

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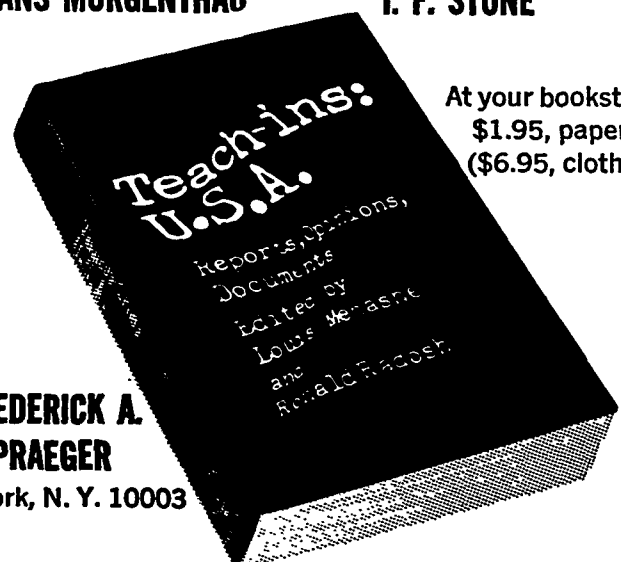
Reports, Opinions, Documents

Edited by Louis Menashe and Ronald Radosh

Damned, praised, and "damned with faint praise," the teach-in has mushroomed from an experimental protest into an international institution. It is an innovation that seems destined to become a permanent feature in American education.

Among those represented:

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A Little Bit of Wet

(Continued from page 25)

from monotonous in itself under Burns' rigid control. It might even be said to have been entertaining. The people were smiling and grinning and oohing and ahing and then

— J. DUDLEY ANDREW

O'Gorman, Kinnel, Creeley Readings

In retrospect, the poetry reading series was indicative of the Contemporary Arts Festival in its plenitude and diversity, unfortunately often at the expense of quality. Ned O'Gorman opened the series inauspiciously with a ditto-sheet "let's-all-be-friends" and "I wrote-this-when-I-was-travelling . . ." type of presentation which has become so hackneyed and tedious. The poems,

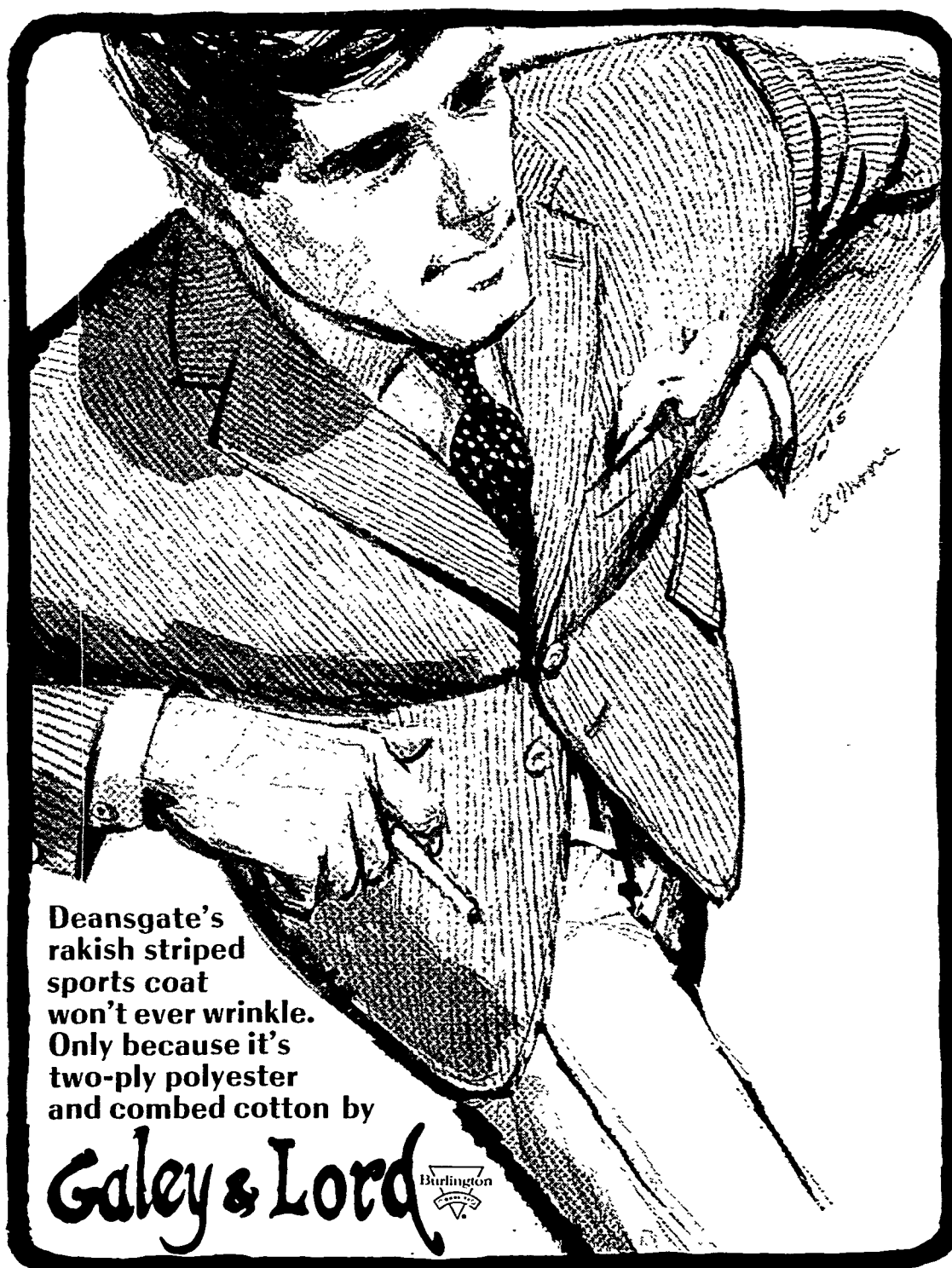
occasionally humorous, rarely profound, but (with exception of one war poem) always happy, nevertheless spoke better for themselves than Mr. O'Gorman spoke for them. He felt the seemingly common obligation to place the poem in the context of a particular event-catalyst, upon which it consequently becomes dependent, thus destroying the poem's effect as a lasting rather than limited artifice.

Galway Kinnell, however, did not restrict his work in such a manner. A poet of vision, Kinnell read quietly but dramatically, fully communicating the power of his art to his listeners. He limited his comments to those integral to the poetry, explaining the situation of the poem rather than the situation of his writing the poem. Mr. Kinnell's rigid aesthetic of personal involvement in the art was exhibited throughout the reading, especially in *The Bear* and *The Avenue*


Bearing the Initial of Christ Into the New World.

Robert Creeley, generally regarded as the most eminent of the three poets, closed the series with his reading on Saturday. He, like Kinnell, refrained from discussing events, but allowed the poems to speak with their art. The atmosphere was warm, rather than friendly, as Creeley read poems from *For Love: Poems 1950-1960* in subdued, tortured tones. He paid great attention to the syllabic rhythm and line structure of his poems, producing at once an enunciated and visual effect. Between blocks of poems, he talked freely about the current state of poetry and his particular aesthetics. His attempt to capture the ephemeral relationship of things was indeed exhibited in all his poetry, especially his love poems, such as *For Love* and *The Rain*.

— MICHAEL RYAN



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Dan Murray

The Last Word



OUR LAST ISSUE has been long overdue, and we know it. We ran out of things to say back when we had one too many dinners at Louie's and Jamie McKenna had to write about it. When we followed that with Tom Sullivan's twelve-frame cartoon, we knew we were washed up. That was back in October.

This week we go out in style. The history of rules changes is the result of extensive research and many long-

distance calls with graduates of Notre Dame. We send the bill to Father McCarragher with our regards.

Father Nouwen writes on the Pentecostal Movement. We thought this would be better than a page of tongue twisters.

Anton Finelli had a poem that made no sense. So we sent him over to the Administration Building with instructions to go on to Farley if nobody was there.

Finally, Jamie McKenna, Denis McCusker, and Carl Magel have nothing in this week's issue. Which is nothing new for the latter two. As for McKenna, he's pouting over receiving no letters for last week's editorial which he had a hand in.

"Money was given for the new Fieldhouse by those interested in sports. Notre Dame graduates people interested in sports. There is a circle here. One that the new Fieldhouse will only reinforce. The money is being misspent. It is a downpayment on mediocrity."

We interpret the dearth of letters as a thundering endorsement of our position. We are sponsoring a picketing of the construction site followed by a pep rally next week. Follow the band 6:45. Pep rally begins 7:00.

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD. This department will consider all the little news items we were not at liberty to reveal during the course of the year. As for our sources, we don't need you now anyway.

Item 1. Lady Bird Johnson was scheduled to be commencement speaker last year but cancelled out to attend her daughter's graduation ceremonies at which her husband spoke. Will we be the lucky ones this year?

Item 2. Ernesto Sol has a picture of Father Hesburgh smoking. This is a touchy subject, as Father Hesburgh never smokes in the presence of a photographer.

Item 3. Last year's Mardi Gras committee never submitted checks to the foreign missions. At least, the Administration never saw check stubs.

Item 4. The following classified ad is scheduled to appear in the South Bend *Tribune* shortly:

"Jobs Available:

"Dean, Law School, prominent Mid-western Catholic college. Protestant and Jews need not apply."

MEMO TO THE new editor:

1. You are the fourth centennial editor in five years. Even John McCabe in 1962-63 claimed to be publishing the one-hundredth volume of the *SCHOLASTIC*. We apologize for

being the first editors in five years to break this sacred *SCHOLASTIC* tradition.

2. You will find the keys to the organizational car in the lower right hand drawer of my desk. Its motor was stripped last week. Also, Bob Werner reports the organizational bike has been stolen. Check the *Observer* office.

3. Don't tell your staff anything. Don't tell the Administration anything. Don't tell *The Observer* anything (they'll find out eventually anyhow).

4. See Father O'Neil about curtains for office windows, sign for door, and room in Walsh.

5. Don't believe for a minute Father Hesburgh when he says: "As I tell every editor every year, I don't care what you print as long as you get the facts straight."

6. Don't believe for a minute Father McCarragher.

FINALLY, for every dastardly deed done we repent. And we forgive: —Jim Fish, for defeating Rick Dunn. —*The Observer*, for offending our taste.

—Paul McConnville, for *that* article. —Tom Conoscenti, for leaking the Patriot Winner.

—Ara Parseghian, for winning a national championship.

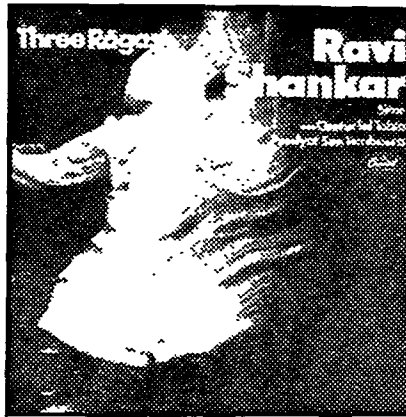
—Bud "Ambrose F." Dudley, for graduating from Notre Dame.

—The SMC College Bowl team for defeating the State University of New York at Albany.

—Rod Julian, for comparing the *SCHOLASTIC* and *The Observer* (in the process ruining any hopes he had of putting out a good yearbook).

LASTLY, there are acknowledgements to be made. Mr. Frank O'Malley always stood beside us with encouragement and inspiration. The magazine's vision and insight were to a great extent the result of his counsel. Gene and George saved us from becoming lost in the maze of the press. Their patience was pushed to the brink, but they remained understanding and helpful. Ditto for Mr. Ed Sanna, Plant Manager of the press. Mrs. Gladys Cunningham had the impossible task of keeping our accounts. Fathers McCarragher and O'Neil suffered the slings and arrows of our outrage but always remained devoted to the magazine.

However, the deepest thanks must go to the staff itself, especially the seniors. Especially to Carl Magel and Jamie McKenna (without their help there would have been no Volume 108). We will now retire to Louie's in peace.



DISCOVER RĀGA

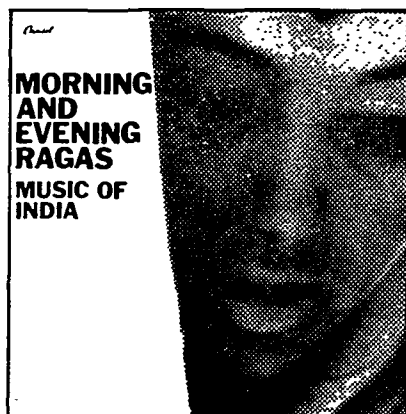
America first heard the suggestions of *rāga* when Beatle George Harrison played *sitar*, the ancient Indian instrument, in the *Revolver* album.

Since then, a burgeoning (albiet small) pocket of devotees has been devouring this purest form of Hindu music.

Here in these newly released albums, rare masters create exquisite *rāga*, the spiritual sound of mood, emotion and color. And on both sets of album notes, the ancient art form is explained to the West.

Rāga will probably never reach widespread popularity in America. It appeals to musical tastes willing to veer from the conventional; for Western men who can absorb Eastern culture.

If you're ready for the twain to meet, meet a beautiful, graceful kind of *rāga* in these two superbly recorded albums. In stereo or monaural wherever Capitol records are sold.

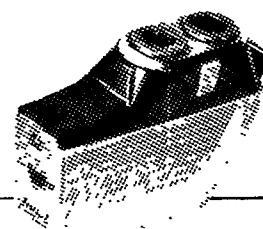
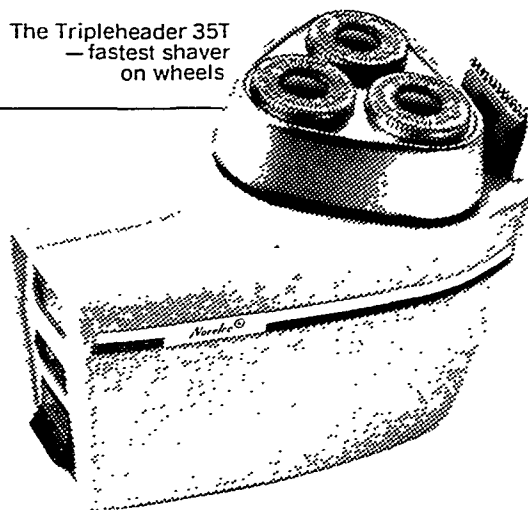




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dare?"**

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