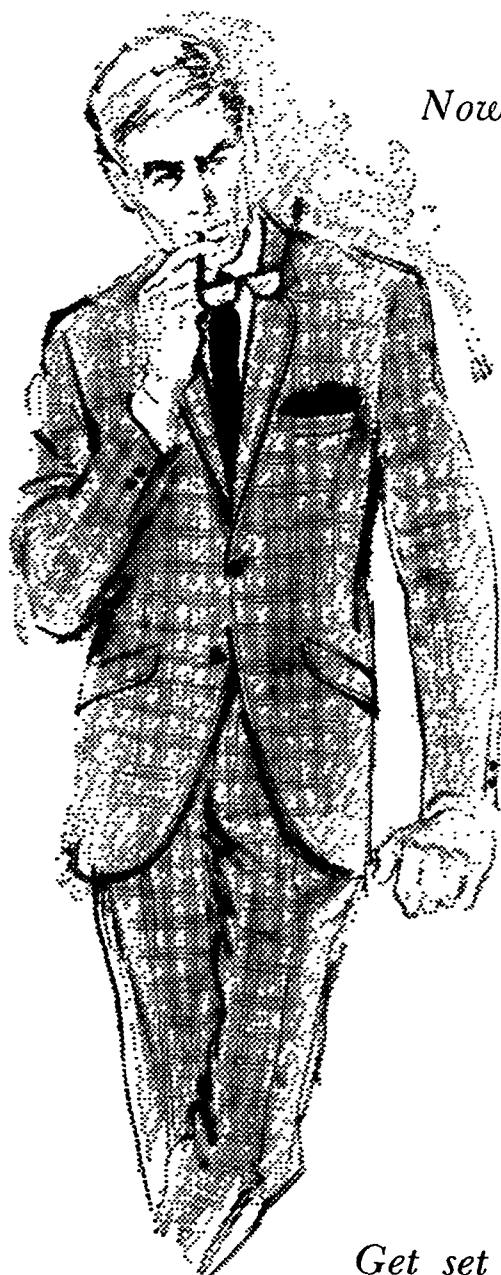


SCHOLASTIC

MARCH 29, 1968



LITERARY FESTIVAL



Now! . . . in those great new plaids . . .

Palm Beach

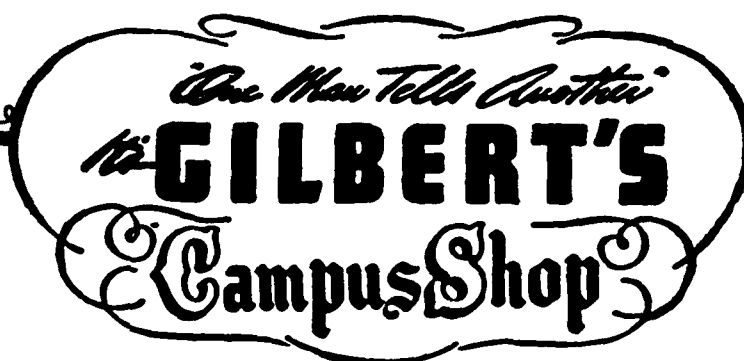
VESTED SUITS

As always, when you ask for it, we deliver . . . here is a fine warm weather suit buy from one of America's most famous makers. We have them in colors as well as the plaids. University styled with natural shoulders and vest. In a fine blend of Dacron* and wool for long wear and good looks.

\$70

*DuPont's reg. trade mark

Get set for Easter . . .



ON THE CAMPUS . . . NOTRE DAME



There's nothing much newer!

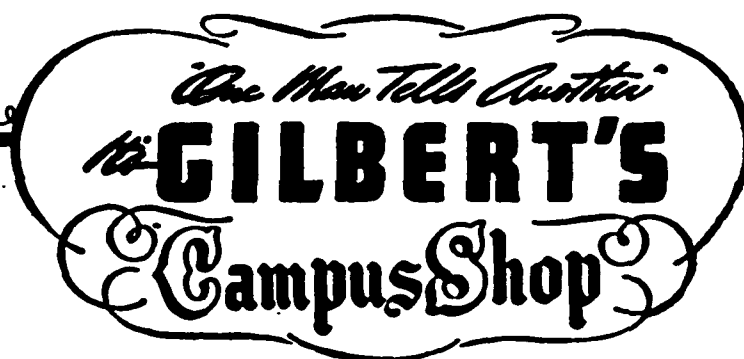
THE LANCER from
LONDON FOG®

The picture tells you quite a bit . . . it shows the double breasted styling, the smart short (and comfortable) length, the generous collar . . . what it doesn't illustrate is the superb rain repellency, durability, and all the places this coat will take you . . . in style! Stop in soon, see this and many other London Fogs we feature.

The Lancer \$45 British Tan or Oyster



Get set for Easter . . .



ON THE CAMPUS . . . NOTRE DAME

Editorials

Congratulations

Well, the convention was held and the game was played. There were twenty-one nominating speeches and forty-two seconding speeches. Everyone got his turn at the microphone, everyone got to play dress-up, some in vests with watch-chains and cigars, some with rolled-up sleeves and clipboards, some in grass skirts and flowers. But after all the fun was over, the majority of the voters decided to step outside the game context and make a significant public statement by nominating Mark O. Hatfield as a mandate for peace. This has never happened before; congratulations are in order.

The strongest opposition to the Hatfield campaign was from the Rockefeller camp. Rocky's people urged his election as a peace candidate — despite his refusal to oppose Johnson either in public statements or as a candidate committed to peace. The campaigners told us to voice our sentiments in a vote for the New York governor as *the man* to do the job. Hatfield's candidacy, on the other hand, did not make him a guru whose decisions we would learn to trust, but presented him as a man who

had made his decisions and made them public and who trusted the electorate to decide upon his worth.

But this is the same philosophy which saw Johnson elected as a peace candidate in 1964. And what happens when we give the authority of our presidency to the all-knowing leader? He watches the Gallup polls so that we might make the decisions we tossed on his shoulders at election time. It's time that people began to make their views known, and it's well past time that these newly expressed views take form in a new, representative Administration.

Mock Convention Chairman Tom Chema expressed his dismay over the unconventional choice of Hatfield in a recent WSND interview. No real point in nominating such a far-out candidate, observes Tom; "Everybody's for peace, anyway."

And there's the rub. If that were true, any popular young public figure with a moderate record would be a jim-dandy president. But there are too many vested economic interests in Southeast Asia, too many flag-waving sentiments about "saving face" and "peace with victory," too much fatalism of the "sure we're wrong but we gotta finish the job" school. Everybody's *not* for peace. Most Americans are either for the war or are unconcerned enough to issue four more years worth of blank checks to Lyndon Johnson.

For peace, we have to work hard. It means demonstrations, teach-ins, gorilla theater, prayer, dirty politics, clean politics, and endless argument and discussion. But first and most important, the case must be made clear and made known. Only then is there any hope for the final step, the establishment of a government committed to peace. The Mock Convention's nomination of Mark Hatfield emphatically made that first step, and clearly expressed a hope and confidence in the culmination. Congratulations for a fine convention.

— T. M. H.

A Sense of Rite

If you have been reading the two-part feature on German student activism, you will have noticed that confrontational and demonstration, in their most extreme forms, lead to violence and deep division. The story from the Free University in Berlin produces strange echoes, suggesting places like Howard University or perhaps Notre Dame in 1969. You will also have noticed from the story that while the demonstrators have gained a few of their immediate ends, the main consequence of their anti-Administration, anti-bourgeois, anti-American, anti-everything demonstrations have been to sever themselves from most of their fellow countrymen, and especially from those who hold positions of responsibility.

"We are losing academic dignity, and this is good," says Rudi Dutschke. They are replacing academic dignity with a dangerous game of iconoclasm whose object to destroy the customs and traditions of the past and replace them with some kind of vague, half-articulated political order. Instead of rational discussion and investigation of contemporary problems, they break out in loud words and violent demonstrations. Instead of attempts at compromise, they are suggesting immediate confrontation.

When men throw themselves out of joint with the customs and traditions of their society, when they step out of the established framework of discussion and solution, they rarely effect a revolution or even find personal fulfillment. Most often their wild opposition only provokes the appearance of an all-American aspirant like George Gipper who proposes to save the whole society by a last minute suppression. Or else those in power began to suppress rather than discuss. President Johnson has set aside a \$30 million "riot prevention fund" to aid local police in combatting aggression in our cities this summer.

This is at best a holding action. But until the radicals realize that progress is a forward movement out of an already established pattern, until they begin to assume a measure of responsibility, their demonstrations and publications will be acted against rather than acted upon.

Indeed the whole movement of student radicals looks like a children's crusade much of the time. They are for the most part ill-informed, and their own emotional vocabulary is at least as bad as Johnsonist jingoism. They have refused to recognize the regenerative values of this university's, of this country's past. Whatever is disturbing them at any particular point in the kaleidoscopic whirl of their minds, they include in their catch-all term, the Establishment, which apparently signifies terrible things. Together these radicals form a grotesque sometimes irresponsible kind of fraternity. Their frantic confusion and disarray sometimes suggest that they have not set up a mirror to their society but to their own emptiness and insecurity. Disdain is self-condemnation.

— W. L. C.

contents

EDITORIALS

Congratulations	4
A Sense of Rite	5

FEATURES

A Tension Modulated by Joe Blake Or, "Will you please shut up!!"	14
Notre Dame and the Urban Challenge "Cities in Context" — Symposium	16
Literary Festival Previewing the last of seven authors: Kurt Vonnegut	17
Beyond the Law Norman Mailer previews his movie for the SCHOLASTIC	18
Summa Presidentia or The Student Prince Satire and Comment	20
Student Activism: Germany Last in a two-part series	22
A Banana Between the Bars Tim McCarry and the Gorilla Theater	24
All-America City A few holes in the image, though. . .	26

SPORTS

Even John Wooden will face his day of reckoning, and he can expect no mercy . . . A Starr rises in the North to lead some modern Methodist wise men . . . the sailing club once again proves a winner, on the water and at the party (Sidelines, p. 27) . . . Bill Sweney and Rich Moran look at the Bengal finalists and pick the champs (pp. 28-29) . . . the crew club struggles on amidst administrative apathy (p. 30).

DEPARTMENTS

Letters	7	Feiffer	13
Campus	9	Movies	26
On Other Campuses	12	The Last Word	34

CREDITS

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EDITOR: Mike McInerney
MANAGING EDITOR: Robert Metz
ASSOCIATE EDITOR: John Melsheimer
COPY AND LAYOUT EDITOR: Tim Unger
NEWS EDITOR: Steve Freiburger
SPORTS EDITOR: Mike McAdams
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: Bill Cullen, Joel Garreau, Forrest Hainline, Tom Henchen, Maureen Hunter, Tony Ingrassia, Marty McNamara, John Noel, Dave Tiemeier
PHOTOGRAPHY EDITOR: Denny Malloy
BUSINESS MANAGER: Pete McInerney
CIRCULATION MANAGER: Tim Schlindwein
FACULTY ADVISOR: Frank O'Malley

CONTRIBUTORS: Steve Anderson, Jim Britt, Frank Blundo, Mike Granger, Thomas Payne, John Walbeck.

WRITERS: Ed Bocik, James Boland, G. R. Bullock, Kathy Carbine, Mike Davis, Burke Giblin, Terry Goodwin, Len Groszek, Dave Kennedy, John Klier, Bob Mendes, Rich Moran, Larry Mulcahy, Steve Novak, John O'Hara, Mike Schaffer, Robert Search, Mark Seeborg, Ray Serafin, Bill Sweeney, Joe Tynan, John Zipprich.

PHOTOGRAPHY: Bob Haight, HEAD PHOTOGRAPHER; Bobbe Clinton, Mike Ford, Jim Kachik, Stephen Kogge, Jacque Phelan, Fred Quiros.

COPY AND LAYOUT: John Dudas, Dave Hirschboeck, Jim MacDonald, Paula Roth, Ole Skarstein, Richard Walsh, Mel Wesley.

BUSINESS AND CIRCULATION: Jim Grady, Bob McGrath, Jim Paquette, Tom Dorsel.

RESEARCH: Paul Cotroneo, Dave Davis, Jim Juster, Mike Kiefer, Jeff Stuart, Mike Thran.

letters

The SCHOLASTIC welcomes letters from its readers. No letter will be printed, without a signature; however, names will be withheld upon request. All letters are subject to condensation and editing. Letters should be addressed to Mike McInerney; 201 Dillon; Notre Dame, Indiana.

LET NO ONE MISREAD

EDITOR:

It is with a great degree of humility that I take this opportunity to express my sincere appreciation to the students at Notre Dame University for their expression of support during the recent Republican Mock Political Convention.

However, let no one mis-read the results of this convention, for this was not an endorsement of a personality but a protest against the Administration's futile policies in conducting a war in Vietnam which has given us neither a victory or a solution in seven years of costly battle.

I would like to commend this student body for its deep concern and involvement in the great issues which face this nation. My visit to your fine University in October certainly served to confirm my belief that Notre Dame is an example of the type of institution which has had a significant influence on the thinking and direction which this nation follows.

Thank you again for this honor and I look forward to the day when once again I can visit Notre Dame University and express my appreciation to you personally.

Sincerely,
Mark O. Hatfield
United States Senator

A PAINFUL DISTURBANCE

EDITOR:

When I hired Mr. Arthur Pears to fill the extremely difficult post of University Security Director, I did so not only because I found him highly competent; but also because he impressed me as a very human person. He proved sensitive in many delicate matters and gave me invaluable aid in coming to decisions which appeared beyond me at the time. I am proud to consider him as one of my closest friends. For this reason, I find your insensitive treatment of him as "Mr. Big" painfully disturbing.

Joseph B. Simons

AN INNOCENT PARTY

EDITOR:

I was disappointed in your account of the Patriot of the Year ceremony. Mr. Gardner is a man who has done

much more than *talk* about the war or urban problems or patriotism. He resigned from his cabinet post in quiet protest against the drain of Viet Nam. And he is taking up a position in which he will seek to work out some of the cities' problems.

Mr. Gardner delivered, in my opinion, a fine address — one which deserved more than your mockery. You gave Jacqueline Grennan, whose views are well-known and usually predictable, two pages. Couldn't you have given a few inches of straight reporting to a thoughtful speech? Mr. Gardner is, after all, an innocent party in the controversy surrounding the award ceremony.

Mrs. John W. Houck

POP ECUMENICISM

EDITOR:

Miss Jacqueline Grennan's aggressive banalities are so frequent (SCHOLASTIC, March 15) that it becomes difficult to single out any particular atrocity. The temptation to question her "syllogism" (p. 30) concerning parochial Catholicism is quickly forgotten as one sinks into a mind-boggling sentence like this one (straight out of Orwell's catalogue of rhetorical abominations in "Politics and the English Language"): "The college shall encourage a spirit of free inquiry in both secular and sacrosecular concerns, utilizing the insights of persons from all the fields of knowledge and from all faiths, thereby enabling the college to be ecumenical and still spiritually develop individuals able to make significant contributions in a dynamic conquest of society."

To reject sentimentality toward nuns and the "lady on the pinnacle" in order to direct it toward "mothers (on welfare) and prostitutes and helpless children" seems neither consistent nor helpful. Despite our idealization of Irma, or Melina, or any one of the just folksy and golden-hearted prostitutes now part of our mythology, I would prefer to let my own bathos shower upon the nun.

Finally, Miss Grennan's concluding remark — "I hope you have a little compassion for [Fr. Hesburgh] too" — has to be a parody of her pop ecumenicism. As a non-Catholic who has had more than a passing acquaintance with the small Christian college as well as the Ivy League university, I find such condescension worse than ludicrous. Given Miss Grennan's rhetorical vagueness, her intellectual blandness and her forceful ambiguities, it is not Father Hesburgh who stands in need of compassion.

Thomas Werge
Assistant Professor of English

THE SHROUD OF TURIN

EDITOR:

I find it hard to believe that you allow the controversy over your "Last Supper" parody to go so far. After reading Rep. Bauer's letter in the issue of March 15 I'm sure you're doing it tongue-in-cheek. Really, it isn't very charitable letting people say things publicly that can't help but reflect on themselves like that. In regard to that letter specifically, I always thought the Nazis' problem was just their discipline, certainly not their knowledge.

All this righteous indignation over that cover is a bad omen for our future. Granted the takeoff showed a temporary lapse in creative genius; it was hardly a mockery of any religion or religious belief. Since when did Da Vinci's fifteenth (1494-97) century mistaken portrayal of the Last Supper become essential to the Church. Even the Shroud of Turin doesn't wield a comparable authority, to say nothing of the Holy Grail. Tradition is great but we cannot allow its artifacts to become idols. All this current nonsense is reminiscent of the Old Catholics' struggle in Russia of a couple centuries ago, when the very spelling of Jesus became a matter of dogmatic controversy and schism.

How can the Church ever hope to become relevant when such triviality evokes scandal, or the University find any settlement in its current problems, when some of the alumni still want the Administration to exert itself over such minute matters. I was going to suggest next time your parody "Washington Crossing the Delaware" — but, then, that would be unpatriotic, wouldn't it? Being editor must be fun. But no one gets thrown in the lake anymore.

Paul Buennagel '67

LT. PAVLICEK

EDITOR:

As a Notre Dame roommate and friend of Lt. James Pavlicek, I deeply regret the poor taste shown in the letter written by David Clennon and published by the editor of the SCHOLASTIC to support their political viewpoints toward the Vietnam War. Both parties should be condemned for their perverted reliance upon the deceased who has no opportunity to rebuke or agree with their statements.

Lt. Pavlicek (whom Mr. Clennon claims not to know, though he was his classmate) joined the Army in 1965 while the Vietnam War was in progress and volunteered for an extra year of active duty to become a helicopter pilot. He well knew that his tour of duty would include South

(Continued on page 31)



Tomorrow at your 8 A.M. class, don't just sit there.

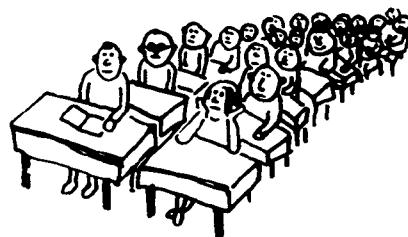
We know. Morning just isn't your time to fly. You're a night person.

But to survive in the academic jungle, you've got to face the competition. Morning, noon, and night. So if you just can't get with it at your 8 o'clock, get with NoDoz®.



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Student Union Social Commission presents

SMOKEY ROBINSON AND THE MIRACLES

IN CONCERT — STEPAN CENTER

SATURDAY, APRIL 6 — 8:30 P.M.

Tickets on sale at dining halls next week

— Also available at door —

\$3.50 and \$4.50



In memory of the members of the Class of '68 who will die Victims of Violence

ADAM CLAYTON POWELL arrived back in Harlem this week and after a short bout with the police, walked to the St. Theresa Hotel, and made a speech. He firmly removed himself from the nonviolent position he has always held. Powell, after he too was finally screwed by "whitey," has joined the ranks of his fellow Harlem Blacks.

Martin Luther King and company will march on Washington this April 22. They will demand of Congress a greatly expanded war on poverty. Due to the absence of Vietnam bound funds, and the relative rarity of miracles, the King effort will fail. King, after the failure, if he doesn't become a "violent," will at least lose all his power as a nonviolent influence.

In Chicago, the Blackstone Rangers, and other Negro gangs who kept the city cool last summer, are crossing over also. The most powerful Negro gangs in the city are no longer denying their "subjects" demands for fire.

Large supplies of guns and ammunition have already been gathered; the highly organized gangs have arranged for hard-core outside rioters to reenforce them and their citizen armies.

Mr. Gardner, retired H.E.W. secretary, when ques-

tioned as to what will happen in the cities this summer could only say, "Unless money is poured into those cities before June, it will be terrible." Thousands will be killed, tens of thousands, because there is no money to fulfill the promise of the civil rights ground swell of the early sixties.

The money is going to Vietnam, \$100 billion of it, and so will many of you.

Many draft boards will draft from 85 to 100 percent college graduates this summer. Few will be exempted, few will be found unfit. Another 206,000 men will be sent to die in an unwinnable war. You will be among them.

If not, if you aren't drafted, you may die on the streets of your city, you and your whole family, as your city burns about you.

It is too late to say, "Stop the War," too late to save the cities from the summer. But no criticism do I mean to offer, no, "now you'll pay for silence."

Just this, if you die in Vietnam I shall be sorry. If you are shot in the street I shall be sorry. I shall be very, very sorry.

— J. S. F.

THE NOTRE DAME COMMUNISTS

... such a wondrous thing to come home at midnight after a late class and find donuts left by a friend. Sometimes half of the coffee hour is there, talking. The door is always open and many people visit every night, many good people and everything is shared. The new commune does not yet have a bottom level. This means there is no stove and so no coffee for friends. It also means eating with people outside of the house, which usually works well, but we are still waiting to have guests in our own house. Friends come often, it's the good thing about this house. Anyone in need knows he can come. When we find new people or friends who need taking care of we can always bring them home with us. We give of the peace we have, which is often noisy but it is friendly. Sometimes the commune is a quiet place to come, to think and write but more often it is a home for people to gather. Many come to read, write or just talk to other people.

The office of *River City Review* is in our house so there is always something being violently discussed. Because of the newspaper and the people there are visitors from I.U., Vista, Welfare, Churches. . . . All come to talk.

With so many people of different interests the people of the house necessarily become widely educated. The political people in the house keep everyone informed on what they've read and the literary people do likewise, when possible, and by a wondrous sharing of new people everyone



THE COMMUNE
A NEW SOCIAL ORDER

learns. It is a good place to hold classes and it will be even better when the rest of the house is ready. It's also a good relaxing place for speakers after lectures, to talk to people in small groups and answer questions.

So much must wait until the rest of the house is finished. We are not yet as close as the old commune. We do not eat together or shop together or even enjoy a communal tapped phone. But the peace is there. It is strange how good it feels just to be in a house where there is always someone who can listen to something you've written and offer criticism or someone to discuss politics with who is relatively patient with your generally apolitical views. Coming home to find completely new people usually proves rewarding, for our house attracts people who usually know what's going on. They are good people to talk with and they teach us much.

There is a wonder in hitching everywhere and having several jobs besides classes and still skipping lunch to have money for the laundry, because an endless energy comes from peace. It's not usually a relaxed way to live when you've got many things going at once but there is something in leaving the house in the morning that stays for the day. It's an excitement in the day or a calm in yourself that comes with those who leave the house and goes with them as they go to other people.

KATHY CECIL

COUNSELORS LIST

Ned Buchbinder, spokesman for Notre Dame draft counselors, announced this week the availability to all students of the services of new draft counselors.

Joe Ahern, 280 Dillon, 7696.
Steve Moriarty, 230 Holy Cross, 6812.
Des Lawler, 337 Breen-Philips, 232-3657, (Conscientious Objection, mainly).
Steve John, 103 Dillon, (Conscientious Objection, mainly).
John Kirby, 313 Farley, 6816, (Conscientious Objection, mainly).
Peter Esworth, 313 Farley, 6816, (Conscientious Objection, mainly).
Bill Rose, 224 Morrissey.
Dave Samora and Dan Lewis, Mon. thru Thurs. in a study room of the Library, 7-11 p.m.
Vince Carroll, 808 Corby Street, 234-5681.
Forrest Hainline, 224 S. St. Peter, 232-6780, (Religious Conscientious Objection, mainly).
Dr. Storey, G- 223, 7769, Pacifism and the Church's position (history).
Fr. Burrell, Morrissey, 7094.

Fr. Bartell, Morrissey, 6373.
Fr. Coughlin, Stanford, 6494.
Fr. Eichorn, Breen-Philips, 6515.
Fr. Gerber, Morrissey, 6272.
Fr. Hoffman, Holy Cross, 6185.

Additional counselors will be ready for counseling within a week or so. Also, in order to really try to obtain a beautiful degree (which means writing a senior essay, passing a few courses which means attending a few classes) and to direct a few plays for the Contemporary Arts Festival and to rest a bit in order to get the Draft off his mind and soul for a while, Ned Buchbinder is officially resigning from intensive draft counseling activities-politico running around. All difficult "cases" will be referred to him by the above counselors.

All students planning to appeal their classification soon (and that means June, seniors, first year grads,) should immediately obtain the Handbook for Conscientious Objectors, 2006 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

An Information Day on Canada is scheduled for the first week of April.

campus

CAMPUS COURT, NOTICE TO VIOLATOR

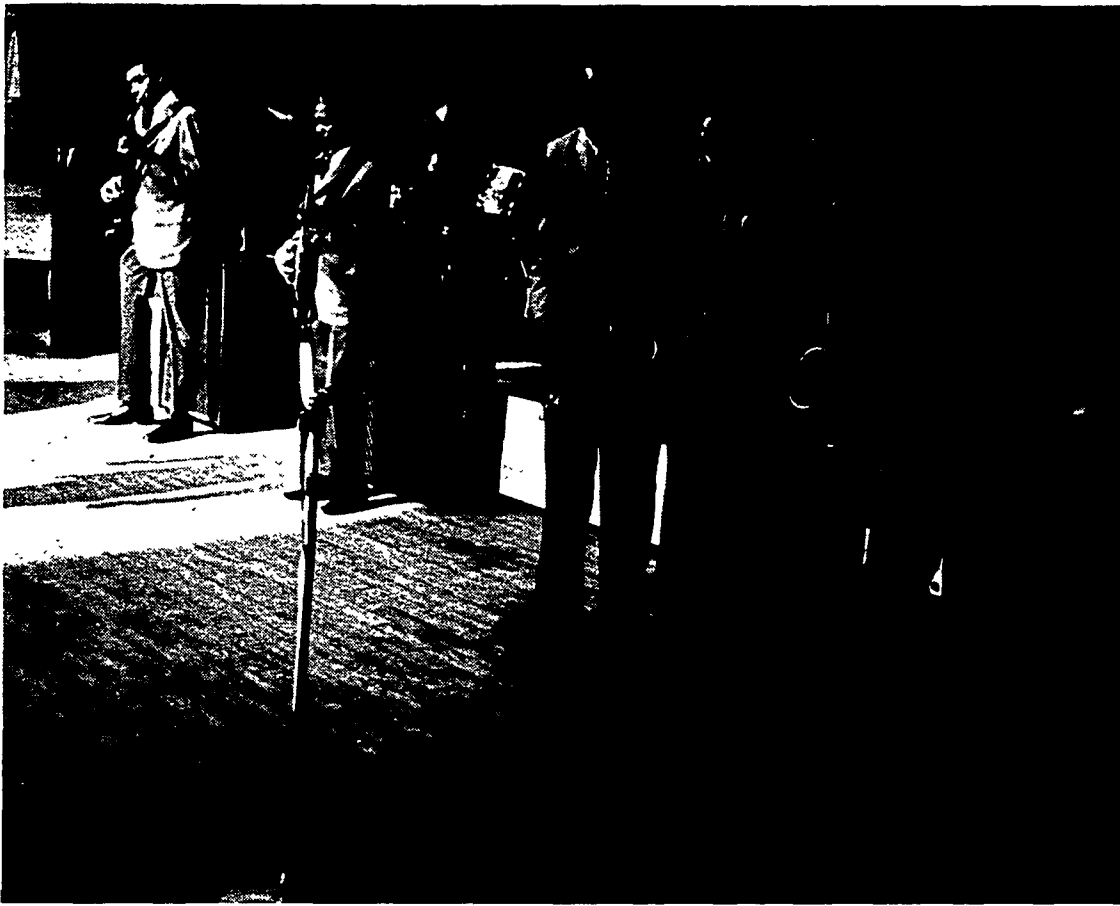
Father Riehle, the Dean of Students, spoke at the last meeting of the newly activated Campus Judicial Board. In that talk Riehle made clear that he is ready and willing to refer cases to the board so that student discipline might be handled by students.

This new campus-wide group, now chaired by Junior Dave Ryan, will have the authority to hear all cases occurring outside the jurisdiction of the off-campus board or a hall board and will act as an appeal board for the decisions of the local units. Another function of this campus-wide group is to coordinate the efforts and procedures of all the judicial boards. Records will be kept of all cases so that a hall might know what a resident has done when he was living somewhere else. These records will, however, be destroyed when a student leaves the University.

Any student may report a violation to the board by contacting Ryan in 325 Badin, 284-6979. Also, any student who has been involved in a case heard by another board and feels that he has been treated unfairly should contact Ryan about the possibility of an appeal.

D. McElroy

The Scholastic



Y. E. S.

The YMCA's Community Youth Program has been working with a group of young musicians from the blighted areas of this "All American City" called "The Soul Sounds of South Bend" ("The Jumping Jacks" and "The Incos"). Their dynamic crowd appeal has often been demonstrated at the Senior Bar and various Sophomore, Junior, and Senior Class parties.

A request has been made to the Federal Government recently that these young men become Good Will Ambassadors in the Y.E.S. (Youth Entertainment for the Summer) project. This project, under the direction of Vice President Hubert Humphrey and Sammy Davis, Jr., will take youth entertainment into the inner core of fifty major U.S. cities in an attempt to lessen the tensions that have been so evident in previous summers.

This program, Y.E.S., will enable these young men to gain profitable summer employment in their attempt as Good Will Ambassadors to the nation's inner cities and will also give them an opportunity to work with the real professionals in the quest for that recognition which they so justly deserve.

This "Youth Entertainment for the Summer" project is still in the planning stages. Your help is needed, not only for "The Soul Sounds" but the project itself. Will you please send a letter of support to the Office of the Vice President in care of Box 393, Notre Dame, Ind. 46556. Your help in the success of this project will be greatly appreciated.

THE BOBBY-SOCKERS

In his recently published collection of speeches, *To Seek A Newer World*, Senator Robert Kennedy interpreted the rising student involvement in national politics not in the terms of dissatisfaction with present policy but of possibility, "Possibility must begin with dialogue, which is more than the freedom to speak. It is a willingness to listen, and to act."

This week over one hundred and fifty Notre Dame and St. Mary's students acted to enhance Senator Kennedy's possibilities to win the Democratic nomination. Forming a Notre Dame Students for Kennedy organization, Michael Kendall, John Kreis, John Koch, and James Bolan were named as officers. Over the weekend, they were able to obtain over a thou-

sand signatures in the South Bend area on a petition to entice the Senator to run in the Indiana primary. Commenting on the remarkable success of the drive in its first week of existence, Chairman Michael Kennedall reflected that Senator Kennedy will provide the most exciting and substantial alternatives to the Johnson Administration. He added that the response that they have received from the Notre Dame Student Body and the South Bend community has been "overwhelming and encouraging and should certainly be instrumental in the Senator's decision to enter the Indiana primary."
—J. W.

COFFEEHOUSE

Guitars, poetry, cushions, and coffee will be making their appearance in the St. Mary's Social Center soon after Easter vacation.

"We're calling it a coffeehouse, but it will be whatever the students make it," said Barbara Webber. She and Kathy Grady are co-chairmen of the Independent Students Committee, which has gotten administrative approval for the project.

Chuck Perrin, owner of "Webster's Last Word," was invited and has agreed to act as manager. He will keep on with his own place at the same time.

When the girls proposed the coffeehouse to the administration, they found that conversion of the Social Center to a Fine Arts Library had been recommended by the Space Allocation Committee.

In explaining their position to each member of the committee, the girls pointed out the need for a place to learn more than the academics, the need for a place where people can get to know each other. Because most of the entertainment would be offered

(Continued on page 31)



ART LIBRARY OR COFFEEHOUSE
Academics vs. creativity and all that



SHOCKING!

What is the biggest problem facing the American coed today? It obviously isn't the draft. Brigham Young's *Daily Universe* may have hit it last week when it ran its lead story on the problem of the too-high hemline (see photo).

It seems that on a recent Friday night, several girls were turned away from BYU's Sadie Hawkins dance because of high hems. The next day, coeds were stopped from riding the elevators in the student union building because they weren't dressed properly. And on Sunday, the Mor-

BOBBY, GENE AND LYNDON

With the entrance of Senator Kennedy into the race for the Presidency, student supporters of Eugene McCarthy have been put in a bind. While many New England student papers have come out editorially in favor of Kennedy, since "he is the only one who can hope to unseat Johnson" (Brown, *Daily Herald*), other student bodies have had a mixed reaction.

At Illinois, a pro-Kennedy student group has been formed to circulate petitions in order to place Kennedy's name on that state's primary ballot.

tually." The leaders of the McCarthy organization, on the other hand, were not quite so sure of the ethics of such a move, as they issued violent denunciations of the New York Senator.

At Brown, the situation was somewhat different. After urging Senator Kennedy in a telegram to give his vocal and financial support to McCarthy two days before he made his candidacy public, the McCarthyites have modified their position. In a joint letter to the *Daily Herald*, the presidents of Students for Kennedy and Students for McCarthy indicated that their primary objective was the defeat of Lyndon Johnson at the Convention in August. The letter said:

"We have come to the constructive agreement that is needed. Students for Kennedy will work with Students for McCarthy in the Massachusetts primary campaign, on behalf of the candidacy of Senator McCarthy. The important point, at this time, especially for students, is that someone must defeat Lyndon Johnson. Students for Kennedy think that man is Bobby Kennedy. As students, however, our opportunity for cooperation in the Massachusetts primary is so clear and so important that we ought not let personal feelings about either candidate influence our decision to cooperate in the important task of defeating Lyndon Johnson in Massachusetts.

"President Johnson is watching. Only President Johnson's forces benefit from continuous bickering among McCarthyites and Kennedyites. Surely we as students can rise above such petty bickering, and while we support different candidates, we should not forget that our primary purpose is to unseat Lyndon Johnson."

Meanwhile, at the University of Washington, a students for Johnson organization held its first meeting recently. Eight people attended.

on other campuses

mon students at BYU heard sermons in church on the importance of modest dress.

The harried females of the world will be happy to know, however, that the students at BYU have found the answer. One Mr. Roy Musick returned to the Provo campus from Salt Lake City on that Sunday afternoon, and brought with him a copy of the 1968 edition of *For the Strength of Youth*. Unlike past booklets, this year's edition does not mention specific lengths for skirts, but rather leaves the matter to the coeds' personal discretion. Now, if we could find a way to have everyone's "personal discretion" agree, the problem would be solved.

THE PHANTOM OF THE CELL BLOCK

From the *Village Voice*, March 7. San Quentin officials are very upset about an unauthorized newspaper printed and distributed inside the prison walls.

The day after officials announced to reporters that they had caught the editor, the paper reappeared and posed the question, "If you have caught the editor, than who am I?" Peter Zenger lives!

Many of its members were members of a McCarthy group before Kennedy's announcement, and circulated petitions on his behalf. George Pawlowski, chairman of Illini for Kennedy has expressed his hopes that McCarthy supporters on campus would help in the circulation of the Kennedy petitions. "We do not feel it is inconsistent," he said, "to work for both candidates at the same time, since one will carry the torch even-



KENNEDY WITH MAXWELL TAYLOR
TIMES HAVE CHANGED

JUST HOPE AND PRAY THAT WHEN THEY DROP THE BOMB, THEY DROP IT ON THE VIET CONG

The following item appeared in a recent issue of the *Village Voice*, concerning one of our comrades in arms: "From the bottom of the front page of the February 22 *Chelsea-Clinton News*: 'Army Private First Class Francis E. Monahan, 20, son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Monahan, 457 West 49th Street, was assigned as a nuclear weapons assemblyman near Cu Chi, Vietnam, January 7.'"

THE SAD CARNIVAL

This item, from a recent issue of the *Village Voice*, isn't about a campus in the strictest sense of the term. But with so many students on their way to the service we thought it would be interesting.

Joan Baez has just written a book of general autobiographical nature, entitled *The Sad Carnival* to be published in the early fall. A number of big-name magazines want to publish excerpts from the book, but, chances are, if they do, that issue of the magazine will not be sold at the PX's of our Army bases in Europe. Already, her records have been banned at those bases because they are bad for the troops' morale.

The same issue of the *Voice* contains these other items of interest to those of the military establishment. First, it is with heavy heart that we report that the draft status of Arlo Guthrie is 1-A. Secondly, a new single release by the Doors, entitled "The

Unknown Soldier," was held up until the trouble stirred up by the seizure of the *Pueblo* calmed down.

IF YOU WON'T GO TO WAR, THEY'LL BRING THE WAR TO YOU

Edmund L. McNamara, in thesis for the Tufts Assembly on government, meeting next month in Medford, Mass., has proposed the "necessity" of inducting young men into city police forces in the near future. The police draft will be necessary, he wrote, "due to the persistent disinterest of young men in law enforcement careers." The inductees would be used as "civil defense" agents to curb "inner-city insurrections."

The *Village Voice* article went on to suggest an alternative to being a sniper target in the midst of the ghettos: work as a guard at a detention camp! In a recently reissued paperback, *America's Concentration Camps*, Allan Bosworth gives an account of what happened to 110,000 Americans of Japanese descent during WW II. In his introduction, Roger Baldwin writes: "In order not to be caught again improvising measures for security in wartime or a national emergency declared by the President, Congress has thoughtfully provided that next time camps will be ready for the immediate internment of all persons, aliens and citizens alike, whom the FBI and other intelligence agencies suspect of sympathizing with whatever enemy then confronts us."

Just to be on the safe side, maybe

everyone should read Title II, Section 100, of the 1950 Internal Security Act.

MAYBE NEXT TIME WE'LL BE ABLE TO GET GIRLS

According to a recent article in *National Review*, a Harvard sophomore, inspired by a *Playboy* article on Berkeley's Sexual Freedom League, has opened a chapter in Cambridge, Mass. A major problem arose at the organization's first meeting, a get-acquainted session, when only fifteen people showed up, all male. The founder reluctantly called for adjournment, saying, "That's just not the kind of sexual freedom I had in mind." He promised to try again though and said that "In the near future, I hope we will be able to attract others, specifically girls."

HOORAY FOR THE U. OF S.A.

Three Yale students were arrested and beaten by police while distributing anti-South Africa literature recently in a New Haven high school. A travelogue and fashion show directed by the South African Tourist Corporation was in progress when 15 protesters began passing out the literature. Police asked the demonstrators to leave the meeting, but a scuffle developed in which police used mace on several of the students. One student was beaten badly and consequently hospitalized. The students stated they had not resisted police attempts to arrest them.

—STEVE NOVAK

feiffer

NO MATTER HOW MANY TROOPS WE PUT IN THERE, NO MATTER HOW MANY BOMBS WE DROP—



WE CAN NOT WIN THIS WAR UNTIL WE WIN THE HEARTS AND MINDS OF THE SOUTH VIETNAMESE PEOPLE.



AS OF THIS DATE OUR HEARTS AND MINDS COUNT IS 12,478 HEARTS DESTROYED, 25,000 WOUNDED—



8,509 MINDS DESTROYED, 17,000 WOUNDED.



WHICH PUTS UNDER OUR CONTROL SINCE JANUARY ONE A COMBINED TOTAL OF 62,987 HEARTS AND MINDS.



WE ARE BEGINNING TO SEE LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL.



Dist. Publishers Hall syndicate

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A TENSION MODULATED BY JOE BLAKE

thomas payne

THE TENSION of deadlock modulated by Joe Blake and a few floor demonstrations—this describes the Notre Dame Mock Republican Convention.

For several months before the Convention, Ed Kickham, campaign manager for Senator Mark Hatfield of Oregon, had been preparing support for his candidate. From a campaign of personal contact in which he approached individuals to enroll in the Convention as Hatfield delegates, Kickham's effort had evolved into an organization whose membership list reads like a campus who's who. Only Chris Murphy, who is rarely on campus anyway and who can't decide whether he is a Republican or a Democrat, was not among those enlisted by Kickham to support Hatfield.

Ranged against Kickham and his Hatfield supporters were the forces of Governor Nelson Rockefeller, former Vice-President Richard Nixon, and Governor Reagan marshalled by Jim Franczek, Dan Lungren and Tom Frericks, respectively. Of these, no one but Rockefeller had a chance. Nixon vies with Johnson in being the most anti-youth political figure in the country, and few at the Mock Convention could see any difference between him and the man in the White House to whose ouster most collegians are dedicated. Reagan simply scares people as last week's SCHOLASTIC pointed out. Rocky, however, has a good record as a Republican liberal which appeals in intellectual circles, and his Kennedyesque image far from repels. His supporters, however, were hampered by a lack of organizational skill; most of the veterans of campus campaigns were in the Hatfield organization.

If Franczek was poorly organized in comparison to Kickham, Lungren and Frericks were hardly organized at all. Both were impeded by the unpopularity of their candidates which was alluded to above, and both tended to run against the "liberals" rather than for their respective candidates. Lungren, who knew his candidate would win in July, was far less bitter about his poor showing than Frericks. Frericks and his friends were incensed at the Hatfield candidacy and railed against the idea of the Convention's

The Scholastic

selecting "the candidate who best represents the thinking of the Democratic Party." They insisted that the Convention play Republican, and insisted that the only true Republican is Ronald Reagan. When the rest would not play, they went off in a huff.

Throughout the period of preparation for the Convention, running debate was held between pro- and anti-Hatfield forces concerning the true nature of the Notre Dame Mock Convention. The anti-Hatfield forces held that the Mock Convention should try to anticipate what the real convention would do in July. The pro-Hatfield people believed that it was useless to try to play Republican since the real Republicans could do that best for themselves and since few had any idea of how a Republican thought anyway. They chose instead to consider the Mock Convention as a forum to tell the real Convention what they thought Republicans should do in Miami. Since most felt that the war was the foremost issue in the country, they felt that the Convention should speak especially loud for peace, and that the loudest way to call for peace would be by nominating Mark Hatfield, one of the first and most vociferous opponents of Johnson's War.

The anti-Hatfield people were, however, contradicting themselves. They were preponderantly Rockefeller supporters, but Rockefeller supporters will be in the minority at the Miami powwow. Richard Nixon will be king of the hill during those four joyous days of Republican rebirth.

Once Rockefeller withdrew from the active race for the Presidential nomination, the position of his supporters became even more untenable. Since Rockefeller said that he would accept the draft of the Party, his supporters at Notre Dame tried to make his potential nomination the first snowball of an avalanche which would sweep the Governor into the nomination. Instead of a demonstration for peace, they tried to turn it into a demonstration for Rockefeller.

The only problem with this thinking is that a demonstration for Rockefeller is about as futile as the peace-

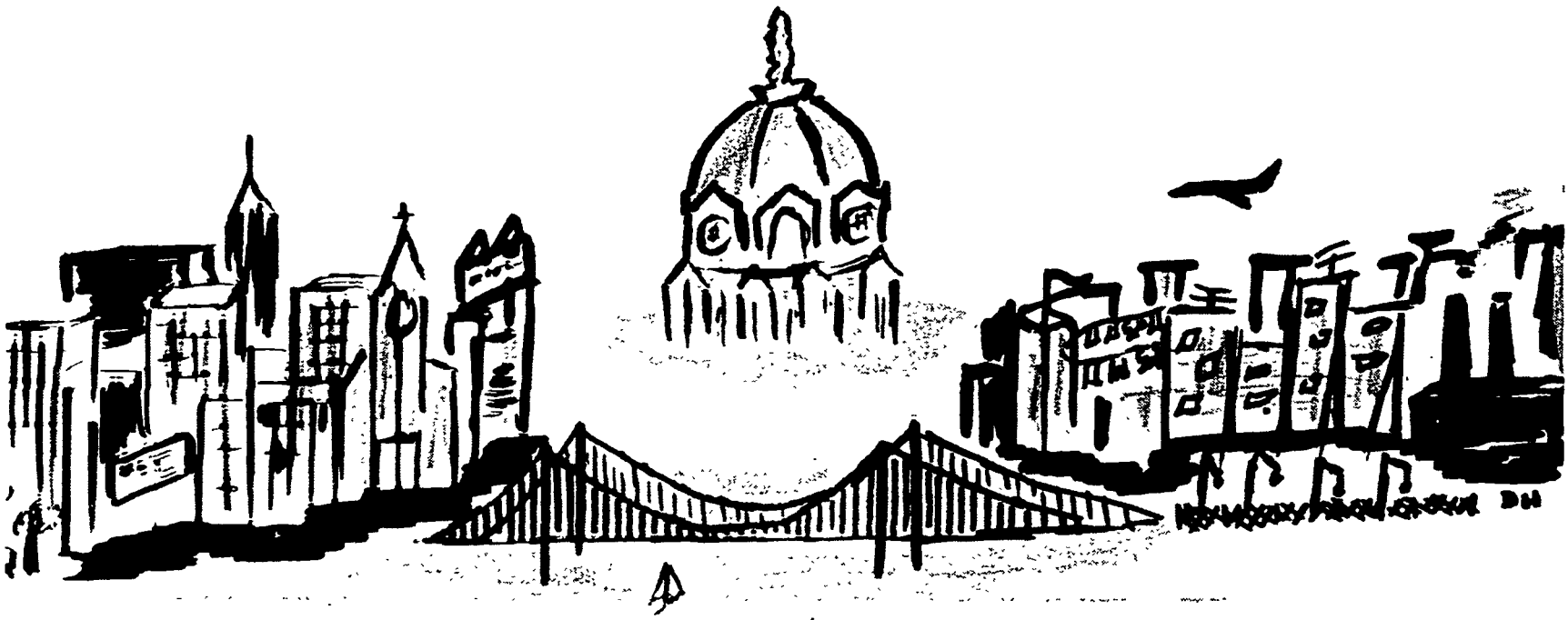
niks used to think their demonstrations were. There is no such thing as a grass-roots draft; Rockefeller himself admits it. In the past, drafts have been engineered by the back-room dealers, the party bosses, whose Convention was either deadlocked or about to nominate an unacceptable candidate. This cannot happen in the case of Rockefeller, however. His only possible supporters are the twenty-six Republican governors, but according to Senator Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania, their support was not strong enough or enthusiastic enough to serve as a basis for an uphill battle against Nixon. Most state and county chairmen, and Republican Congressmen are strongly pro-Nixon, and Rockefeller can look for little support there. His chances of being drafted are far less than those of Robert Kennedy or Eugene McCarthy of wresting the Democratic nomination from Lyndon Johnson.

If Rockefeller is the peace candidate that his supporters say he is, then he will be interested in placing a peace plank in the 1968 platform. If the din for peace is raised long and loud throughout the land, one can almost be sure that the Republicans will latch onto it; Richard Nixon has never shown any quixotic tendency to stand on principle against the expressed preference of his voters. It would seem that the best way for Rockefeller's supporters to help him out is to stand strongly for his liberal wing of the party. The Republican Party is closed on the subject of the nomination, but open, wide open, on the subject of the platform. They will listen to a peace demonstration.

At about the fifth ballot, when the deadlock was at its dreariest, John Walbeck, a SCHOLASTIC contributor, came up with a suggestion for resolving the conflict which would probably have been the most meaningful statement the Convention could have made. After expressing his disgust with the deadlock, Walbeck went on to say, "I would really support a resolution by this Convention saying that the Notre Dame student body can find no one in the Republican Party who is capable of leading the nation and getting us out of Viet Nam." ■



NOTRE DAME



AND THE URBAN CHALLENGE

By JOHN DUDAS

HIDDEN in the shadows of the war in Southeast Asia and the world's financial problems stands America's most crucial problem, the Urban Crisis. We witnessed the dimensions of this crisis last summer as dozens of cities across this nation were torn by a people struggling to break out of their hopeless environments. The President's Antiriot Commission, investigating the causes and cures of the urban rioting, confirms that the revolution in the cities is a spontaneous reaction to less than human living conditions in ghetto-like inner cities. Mass renewal programs have been suggested; private enterprise has been called to the front, but in most cases massive changes in the cities get no farther than the conference table.

Even worse urban anarchy is predicted for the coming summer. Across the nation, people are finally starting to grasp the reality of national internal revolution. But the apathy so characteristic of the "average American citizen" is being expressed in the dead silence of the majority of this nation's people. Our very survival rests in the survival of the cities, but, unfortunately, the challenge of Urbana is being taken up by too few Americans.

Among those in the forefront of the fight for the preservation of the cities is Patrick Horsbrugh, Profes-

sor in the Department of Architecture and currently the main force behind Notre Dame's response to the challenge. When questioned as to the seriousness of the urban crisis, Professor Horsbrugh responded. The condition of cities represents the most urgent of all problems confronting the American people, save that of continuing their national sovereignty."

This year, Notre Dame has taken an extensive part in promoting a response to the urban crisis. In February, the College of Business Administration presented a symposium on "Contemporary Urban Problems in America" with four distinguished lecturers, Philip M. Hauser, Philip H. Klutznick, Lloyd E. Ohlin and Donald C. Stone. The conference boldly discussed the issues of Housing Population, Crime and Urban Government. On March 22, the chairman of the President's Antiriot Commission, Gov. Otto Kerner of Illinois, and Rep. John Conyers of Detroit appeared in Washington Hall to discuss the response and forecast of the Commission's report.

Notre Dame takes another great step into the Urban Challenge this Sunday, March 31, in the Auditorium of the Center for Continuing Education. It is on this day that the first session of the International Conference, "Cities in Context," will take

place. At four o'clock, four members of the "Real Great Society," a group of reformed gang leaders from New York will delve directly into the heart of the problem, the urban slums. *Life* magazine in its feature of September 15, 1967, called the "Real Great Society," "... an ideal which says it is possible for a group of uneducated slum-locked kids to get together and with no more going for them than guts, great desire and enormous hustle born of the necessity to survive, break out of the frustrating cycle of big-city poverty." Professor Horsbrugh has especially arranged for a group-discussion type situation so that the audience becomes directly involved with these four men in stimulating active participation.

At eight o'clock that evening, Father Theodore M. Hesburgh will present the formal address of Welcome and Purpose.

The three main areas to be covered at the conference will be the cultural, ethical and natural qualities necessary for the advancement of urban society. Professor Horsbrugh calls them "a trilogy of factors and forces, which must be developed in balance and which must be the subject of revised values."

A total of over forty of the nation's most notable authorities on
(Continued on page 32)

Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.
A Brilliant Novel
Mother Night

"Vonnegut makes fun of sex, to be sure, and governments, of course, and materialism, absolutely—and war, and peace, and the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the Communists, and the Nazis, and motherhood and sin."
 CHICAGO TRIBUNE



Last in our series of articles concerning the Sophomores' Class Literary Festival (which begins Sunday night with an address by critic and author Granville Hicks) is the brief sketch of Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., who is probably close to being first in popularity among science-fiction and light fiction fans.

All of us have seen his stories while skimming the glossy pages of *Playboy*

each month (day?) and for those of you who only skim and don't read, you have missed something — Mr. Vonnegut is very funny and very good. Again, for those of you with broader interests, this writer's name has undoubtedly popped up in the *Saturday Evening Post*, *McCall's*, *Cosmopolitan*, and even, the *Ladies Home Journal*.

In addition to his obviously diverse periodical fiction, Mr. Vonnegut has written six highly praised novels and several pieces for television. His novels, beginning with *Player Piano* in 1951 and extending to his most recent book, *God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater*, all exhibit a rare gift for satire and wild paradox, two devices, incidentally, that frequent the work of two other Festival Authors, Joseph Heller and Pete De Vries. Mr. Vonnegut's interest in science fiction is well known, particularly from his magazine pieces. However, he has written about almost everything from

originally funny spy plots (*Mother Night*) to unorthodox firemanship (*God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater*).

This versatile young author was born in Indianapolis and attended Cornell, the Carnegie Institute, the University of Chicago, and Uncle Sam's Infantry. He worked for a time at public relations for General Electric Company before turning his full-time efforts to fiction.

Critical response to Mr. Vonnegut's work has been enthusiastic; his engaging wit and caustic satire have been consistently delightful. Graham Greene, for example, called Mr. Vonnegut "one of the most able living authors" and, by way of comparison, William Hogan finds that "Vonnegut works the same side of the literary street that Joseph Heller did in *Catch-22*, but with a wider grin."

The Sophomore Class Literary Festival Council is proud to present Mr. Vonnegut as an integral part of a great week.

THE 1968 SOPHOMORE NATIONAL LITERARY FESTIVAL
 "Minds and Motivations"

SUNDAY: MARCH 31, 1968:

GRANVILLE HICKS 8 p.m. Library Auditorium
 Lecture: "A Bad Time." The hardships of being an author today in the United States

MONDAY: APRIL 1, 1968:

WRIGHT MORRIS 4 p.m. Library Auditorium
 Lecture: "Life and Literature." A commentary on life

NORMAN MAILER 8 p.m. Washington Hall
 Lecture: "Norman Mailer in Lecture." A major literary lecture and commentary

TUESDAY: APRIL 2, 1968:

NORMAN MAILER 8 p.m. Stepan Center
 Movie: *Beyond the Law*. A world movie premiere . . . Subject: police interrogation

WEDNESDAY: APRIL 3, 1968:

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR. 8 p.m. Stepan Center
 Lecture: "An Evening with William F. Buckley." A political break in a literary week

THURSDAY: APRIL 4, 1968:

PETER DEVRIES 4 p.m. Library Auditorium
 Lecture: "Laughter in Theory and Practice." Humor in modern fiction

JOSEPH HELLER 8 p.m. Washington Hall
 Lecture: "Readings and Comments" from *Catch-22* and his play *We Bombed New Haven*

FRIDAY: APRIL 5, 1968:

KURT VONNEGUT, JR. 4 p.m. Library Auditorium
 Lecture: "Teaching Writers to Write." The art of writing modern fiction

RALPH ELLISON 8 p.m. Washington Hall
 Lecture: "The Function of the Novel in American Democracy." Literary influence in America

SATURDAY: APRIL 6, 1968:

PETER DEVRIES
 RALPH ELLISON
 JOSEPH HELLER
 GRANVILLE HICKS
 WRIGHT MORRIS
 KURT VONNEGUT, JR. 2 p.m. Center for Continuing Education
 Topic: "Reality Is a Crutch." A concluding symposium.
 (Open only to benefactors of the Sophomore Literary Festival.)

NOTE: There is no admission charge for any of our lectures.

A Banana Between the Bars



Nobody seems to know what "Gorilla theatre" means, but the term has been used since the thirties, when Greenwich Village leftists treated their neighbors to some soft-core propaganda as theatrical productions, more or less impromptu, replaced soap-box harangues as the keystone of the streetcorner campaign. The first of the present era's gorilla companies was the San Francisco Mime Troupe, founded in 1959; more recently, New York's Bread and Puppet Theatre has gained attention as the nation's leading protest troupe, especially after their performance on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial last October 21.

Timothy James McCarry arrived at Notre Dame last fall with his Irish name and Oriental features, a major in Arts and Letters geophysics, and his sitar slung across his back. Timmy knew all about Bread and Puppet people and their predecessors, and when the snows of the South Bend winter finally began to recede a week or two ago, Timmy was running all sorts of people through their paces. There are now at least 25 students, in various combinations, acting out skits, devising pantomimes, constructing props and masks, inventing and stealing ideas. A couple of groups have split off to work on their own, so the gorilla program here is no longer a one-man show, and we can look forward to plenty of variety in local street-theater this spring.

The shows are in the tradition of puppets shows. The esthetics of performing with neither stage nor script, face-to-face with an audience, call for simple plots; the aim at social comment demands obvious "messages." Subtlety and artistry are sacrificed for slapstick, interpretive acting loses out to masked faces, broad gestures, and heavy symbolism. Gorilla theater is among the "hottest" of media. The aim is to engage the audience, to make them participants, so the tactics of stage drama will not serve. However, the presentations are no less shows than conventional plays, because the simplistic plot structures grant the actors and musicians plenty of room for improvisation. On the Monday before last, when these pictures were taken, the troupe gave its best performance to date. Within





minutes after bystanders were assigned parts in a number of skits, Ravi Krishna and the Singing Drums (Timmy and I) began the background music and the first group started to play on the library lawn. A crowd quickly gathered to enjoy the sunshine and find out what the hell was going on, and stayed to watch the show.

Impersonal Pronoun luminary Bill Rose invented a series of brilliant comic pantomimes, granting the afternoon's program the entertainment value needed to compensate for the heavy moralism of the plots. His grimaces and contortions could make you forget that he was playing a soldier, held up by the strings, emulating a puppet, symbolizing The Common

Soldier held in control by The Evil General. The message got through, but the gleeful presentation subdued it enough to prove inoffensive. Another dandy incident that day was Mad Marty McNamara's walk-on as the Great Dragon. As Bob Allen intoned his narration in rhetorical prose and ringing cadences and Rose played his only "straight" role as the Great Warrior, Marty pranced onto the scene, providing one of theatrical history's finest interpretations of a faggot reptile.

There is some talk now about a new American folklore developing among students. Certainly, these presentations have evoked a festival mood unknown since the demise of the county fair. Perhaps these ef-

forts are a beginning for Notre Dame's creative fringe. Already this spring we have seen the gorilla troupe grow until offspring groups have begun. Some elements of the off-campus underground have begun work on a musical comedy of related nature, and Ravi and the Drums are looking for someone else to do background music in order to devote more effort to working in a more structured vein hopefully approaching Indian classical music. The gorillas are peace-creeps, of course, and interested in presenting a message. But they are even more interested in having fun and providing entertainment, and they invite everyone to come out and play.

—TOM HENEHAN



SUMMA PRESIDENTIA

or

THE STUDENT PRINCE

by Tony Ingraffea

Now, there is a story to tell. About how they gave a man a crown and took away his throne.

It's a story without happy end—a man was used, manipulated, but he was so hung up on relative trivia and he was of such personality that he probably knew it not.

“CHRIS MURPHY has all the brilliant ideas, all the convictions, all the ability that Rich Rossie has. The difference between the two men is that Murphy never had the guts to confront the Administration on one of the important issues.” Chris Murphy ran for SBP on a student power platform, a mild platform compared to Rossie's this year, but “student power” with all its connotation of “confrontation” nevertheless. And everybody knows the last thing the Administration desires is “confrontation” — smells like Berkeley, so Chris Murphy was a threat . . .

It's too bad that Chris is “too nice a guy to be shrewd and calculating,” too bad he's “basically an honest person who makes big, stupid mistakes.” It's really too bad that Chris waltzed into the game strategy of the Administration:

- 1) tarnish Murphy's image of power and leadership with the students.
- 2) stall.
- 3) play students off against each other, i.e. divide and conquer.

Summa was quite the propitious thing to implement stratagem number one. Really, now, what is a “student power” SBP doing at Alumni meetings all over the country spilling turgid pomposities about the greatness of du Lac? They gave Chris Murphy rides in a private jet, an expense account, weeks away from school—they gave him that and contacts with important people, and publicity—they gave him all that—and they took away his throne.

And Summa was even more effective than that: beginning early last semester, the trips hindered Murphy's organizing his Administration. Playing Marco Polo for a week at a time, our president at large never set up a definite power structure to operate in his absence, often left neither word of his leaving nor plans of “things to do” with his officers.

And Summa aided stratagem number two, the stall. Football season and Murphy's early absences stymied organization and planning. Christmas vacation was an unavoidable discontinuity, and the Administration chessmen rested during January and exams. They rested for the big test, to defend the broad, flat plain across which the students can charge in the unhectic months of February and March before SBP elections. Stall those two months, and the fear of “confrontation” is over until next fall. And stall means drip pap into the mouths of the babes and tell them they're getting Scotch. The Administration-Faculty-Student Committee has apparently been such pap. Since January the Committee has been meeting once a week to discuss important topics of student life. However, the “agenda” calls for discussion of each subject for only one meeting period, hardly enough time to force an issue. It is also interesting to note that the Faculty-Administration members of this committee consist of such questionable pairings as Fathers Burrell and Miceli.

And that brings us to stratagem number three. It might be argued that placing Fathers Burrell and Miceli on the same committee studying student life provides for variety of opinion. It also guarantees that nothing can be accomplished. Playing people, powers, and personalities off against one another yields confusion, argument, and inaction. When Murphy gave the Administrators to whom he sent

the proposals of the General Assembly “a week and a day” to act on them, he was told that some of those Administrators would be unavailable on the appointed eighth day. Consequently, Chris left campus to attend a Cultural Arts festival in the East. When two other officers became irate when told there would be no meeting with the Administration, they were told, “How could we all meet? Murphy is out of town.” Cool move.

That's the story of Murphy's year: being used and manipulated to the point where he became impotent and in some instances disliked. Chris received his thank you for his Summa efforts in the form of last week's letter to him and the student body. That was the Administration coup de grace, the final, well-timed effort to simultaneously discredit Murphy's only real effort at confrontation and warn Richard Rossie that the Administration is tooling up for his intelligent, well-organized and shrewd student government.

Accused in Fr. Hesburgh's letter of spelling errors, of fumbling the General Assembly and of attempting to deal with a nonexistent “Local Council” of which Fr. McCarragher speaks so often, Chris was not even in town to defend himself. Wonder if he got a copy first . . .

See the pictures to the right. There is no need to tell from whom the individual quotes about Chris Murphy came. They are all from his friends telling him what he, pitifully, never realized during the year. The pictures say this is Chris Murphy, personality and president, as he appeared and was made to appear to the student body. His friends all say he could have been a great SBP if he would have been here, if he would have spent less time and effort maintaining a SBP image and more time and effort on the SBP job.

NAME	IN	BUILDING	OFFICE	ROOM	CLASS	MEETING	3	4	5	IN CONF	OUT FOR DAY	OUT OF CITY
MURPHY												
MC KENNA												
BROWNING												
MC CAULEY												
GOUDREY												
NELSON												
TOOMEY												
MULHERN												
EXLINE												
HUMBLE & FORGOTTEN												
ACADEMIC COMMISSIONER												

"The miracle about the guy is that the people close to him, who know he's put on, stick by him."

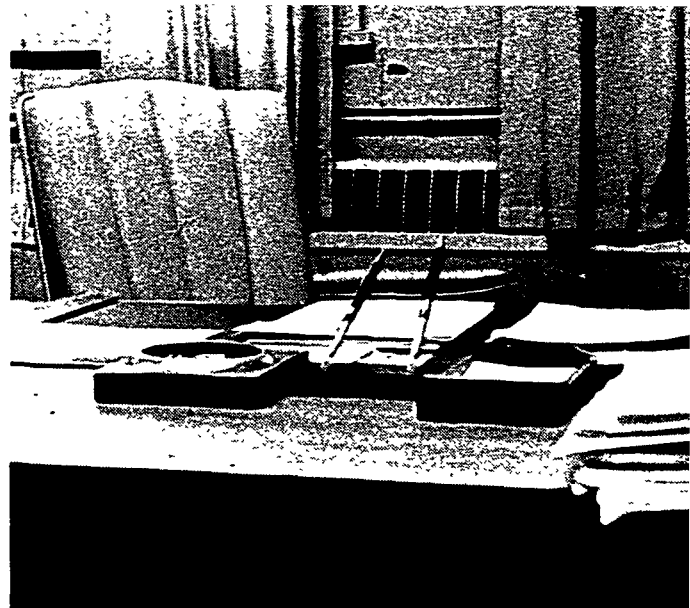
"I think there are two artistocrats on campus. One is Joe Blake. He's a real one. Chris strikes me, with his riding boots and sideburns, as a Virginia Aristocrat who failed."

"I WANT TO BE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES"



"I'D REALLY LIKE TO HAVE A DEGAS." "... AND WE'LL HAVE THE BOSTON SYMPHONY IN THE STADIUM ... AND ROWBOATS ON THE LAKE"

Mar. 29, 1968



"He sent a letter to the appropriate Administration officials, telling them they had a 'week and a day' to act on the proposals of the General Assembly. A week and a day later he was out of town, Cultural Arts festival at Colgate, I think."



"One of the things I've learned in dealing with the Administration is how to handle the petty politics they indulge in."

"... WE ARE HOVERING OVER THE PLAIN OF GREATNESS..."





STUDENT ACTIVISM: GERMANY

by W. Simonsmeier

In last week's issue W. Simonsmeier, a student at the Free University in Berlin and member of the German Socialist Student organization, considered the origins and causes of recent German student unrest. This week he concludes his exclusive SCHOLASTIC report with a discussion of the aims and activities of German leftist student organizations. English translation by Barbara Simonsmeier.

IN THE POSTWAR period student groups were formed at the universities out of the various political parties. For example, the NHB was formed out of the rightist National Democratic Party NPD, or — on a slightly rightist side too — the Union of Christian Democratic Students was formed from the CDU (the Christian Democratic Union, largest political party in West Germany). Almost

all the other students associations in Berlin are more or less leftist, like the HSU (Humanistic Students Union), the LSD (Liberal Students Association), the ESG (Protestant Student Committee), and the SHB (Social Democratic Union) attached to the SPD (Social Democratic Party, second largest political party in West Germany). At present, however, the largest group is the SDS (German Socialist Student Organization). Initially this group was part of the SPD, but it was expelled several years ago, when the SPD followed a policy of approach to the CDU, and at the same time the SDS — perhaps in reaction to this *rapprochement* — became more and more extremely leftist.

The program of all these leftist groups is, briefly put, to oppose all authoritarian and fascist tendencies in the Federal Republic and in West Berlin. Specifically this means to watch over the execution of our Basic Law (there is no Constitution yet in Germany) and to oppose to all attempts at undermining this Basic Law by illegal measures or even by legalization of illegal measures (e.g., emergency powers acts).

Moreover, these groups work for the growth of "democratic spirit" in the German people. This, of course, leads to rather frequent clashes with the population which prefers to be left alone and not to be bothered. Many of the German people, perhaps



because of simple sloth, are unwilling to take a critical attitude towards the authorities. And the authorities take advantage of this by oppressing all opposing forces, under the guise of "restoring public peace and order." Besides this, in Berlin the authorities always point to the special situation of the city: demonstrations against officially friendly governments like the United States or Persia simply cannot be permitted in Berlin. Therefore, there is a law in Berlin that is flagrantly undemocratic: a demonstration not only has to be registered — as in the Federal Republic — but it has to be approved by the Senate, too. Most of the time the Senate's approval is given, however, the demonstrations are made subject to so many conditions that their aim, which is to imposingly and distinctively manifest an opinion, is lost almost every time.

Two examples: on December 10, the "Campaign for Disarmament" planned a Vietnam demonstration downtown. The way the demonstrators had to go was prescribed by the police. They were not allowed to walk to the Kurfürstendamm (the main street in Berlin) but had to walk behind a police car through small side streets. The police tried to justify this measure by pointing out that the Saturday afternoon traffic would be disturbed. When the demonstration started, a great number of the demonstrators broke toward the Kurfürstendamm direction. Immediately they were surrounded by policemen and most of them were arrested — and the policemen didn't try to curb their feelings!

Another example occurred shortly after the Shah demonstration of June 2, 1967. The Berlin Senate had decided not to allow any more political demonstrations. The ASTA of the Free University then applied for permission for a demonstration — as a test. This demonstration was authorized along with a long list of conditions which took away entirely the sense of the demonstration. People were supposed to walk in groups of 50, at the most, every group had to stay 40 meters apart and at least 2 "organizers" had to accompany every group. Students reacted in the following way: one or two demonstrators — clearly designated as such by a huge poster carried by two other students — were attended by about 50 "organizers" who were also distinguishable by posters and white armbands. This proved to be the only way to tear away the "democratic" mask of the Berlin government.

It has been clear that the interest of leftist university groups lies also in foreign politics. Obviously, for several years the most important foreign

political subject has been the Vietnam war. The longer this war is carried on, the more distinctly and decidedly more and more people, including many in the Western hemisphere, will either demand a quick end to the war or even support the Vietcong National Liberation Front. While a great part of the West German population stands either for an ending of the war by withdrawal of the American forces or for a final "cleaning up" of Vietnam carried out by the "American protective power," student organizations have been supporting more or less decidedly the other side, the Vietcong. This ranges from merely idealistic help like manifestation of solidarity to money collections.

Supporters of U.S. policy in Vietnam (most notably the Springer newspapers and magazines, the

entirely on life-rescuing subsidies from the Bonn Government.

All of this shows that there is a relation between the foreign political activities of university groups and the German domestic situation. This relation points up the main difference between the SDS and other leftist student associations. The aim of the latter is the establishment of true democracy in Germany, whereas the aim of the SDS is complete revolution in present governmental systems, both in the Federal Republic including West Berlin and in all other totalitarian and pseudo-democratic states in the East and West.

Even though students always take part in protests against totalitarian state systems and their effects, their main point is still to fight for university reform. They think that a university which has a better developed



largest press empire in West Germany) supports their position, with the slogan: "In Vietnam America is defending West Berlin's freedom." Yet, after thinking it over, some people come to the conclusion that it is rather the opposite case: if the American government pushes escalation further and further, Russia could be forced to exert pressure on another place, namely Berlin. Even without thinking of a military act, this could nevertheless lead to slow "starvation" of West Berlin.

Even Berlin's present situation is absolutely unbearable in the long run. If Berlin does not succeed soon in ridding itself of its role as bastion of the West in the cold war, any autonomy it may have had will disappear. If it does not become an agent between the East and West instead of being an obstacle, it will soon be depending

democratic character than society can be used as a stronghold against authoritarian bastions that — unfortunately — are growing stronger and stronger.

One of the most important elements of university reform is a critical attitude towards courses, both as to formal presentation and content. Critiques of lectures written by students should represent that criticism. Most professors, thinking to be far beyond any criticism, reacted sharply to this idea. Their argument was that there should be no reviews at all because of subjectivity — no doubt, subjectivity cannot be eliminated in critiques! This went so far that Rector Lieber finally forbade distribution of the magazine *FU-Spiegel* which published some of the critiques.

In this situation, it was rather help-
(Continued on page 30)



RIP TORN

BEYOND THE LAW

by Norman Mailer

SUPREME MIX INC.

presents

RIP TORN, NORMAN MAILER, GEORGE PLIMPTON

IN

BEYOND THE LAW (alias BUST 80)

with

MICKEY KNOX AND BUZZ FARBAR

JACK RICHARDSON, NOEL PARMENTEL,

TOM BAKER and TOM QUINN

MARA LYNN and HAROLD CONRAD

Marcia Mason, Mary Price, Dolores Elbert

and

Lee Roscoe

and

BEVERLY BENTLEY

and

EDWARD BONNETTI

and

PETER ROSOFF

with

Joe Shaw

James Riordan and Pedro Ortiz

John Moonan and John Manzanet

Tim Hickey and Brian Hamill

Produced by: Bernard Farbar and Norman Mailer

Directed by: Norman Mailer

Photographed by: D. A. Pennebaker, Nick Proferes, and Jan P. Welt

Edited by: Jan P. Welt, Lana Jökel, and Norman Mailer

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The Notre Dame SCHOLASTIC

HAVING BEEN requested to make a few remarks about my movie *Beyond the Law* (alias *Bust 80*) (alias *Gibraltar*, *Burke and Pope*) (alias *Copping the Whip*) alias, alias—nothing more curious to find than a title for a movie. I would prefer instead to talk about what the film is not, or not yet. It is dangerous to talk about what a movie is, or give a synopsis of its plot because that tends to circumscribe an audience's reactions and so would spoil the sense of anticipation at a premiere. I would therefore rather mention a few flaws, lacks, and omissions in the work. When the date of April 2 was set for the premiere, some two months ago, we had every confidence the film would be finished artistically and technologically by that date. At a certain point, perhaps by March 1, we recognized that the time required for certain necessary technological processes had been miscalculated: by April 2 we could have a film which was ready either artistically, or technologically, but could not have a picture which was ready both ways. The final cutting and trimming would in that case have had to be rushed and as you will see, this picture depends even more than most on its editing. So we chose to present for the premiere a film which was artistically as good as we

could make it. But technically, it is alas not finished. It will not be finished in that way for another month. There are at present no titles at the beginning, no credits at the end, and no accompanying music (this last, an artistic lack—although not too grievous we hope). There will be also, one confusing technical process present. The picture was cut with notations for the film laboratory to insert a great many specific old-fashioned Wipes—a process where part of the new scene slowly or quickly pushes or explodes the old scene off the screen. Since this process takes weeks to print in the lab, we are forced instead to show the picture at this point with Superimpositions (both scenes are seen for an instant in double exposure) for this is the preparation we must give the lab to make Wipes. In places the Superimpositions will happen to work well. In other places, they will prove distracting. But in this necessary substitution of Superimposition for Wipes, as well as by the absence of introductory titles, film credits, and the card which signals THE END, *Beyond the Law* alias *Bust 80* is not complete. Artistically, however, but for the occasional bars, chords, and strokes of our missing music, it is as finished as we can possibly make it, and we hope it proves to be an experience somewhat unlike anything you have ever seen before on film. It is of course not in color—none of the glorious color which enriches *Bonnie and Clyde* or *The Graduate* will serve us here. Moreover, it was filmed in 16 millimeter by hand-held cameras in the style of Cinema Vérité, which is to say that much of the photography will be grainy, here and there ill-exposed, the image sometimes jiggly. The style of Cinema Vérité has severe critics and impassioned defenders—you will soon be able to choose for yourself. What it loses in high focus, technical polish, and security of movement for the optic nerve, is gained back we feel by its ability to project you into the event, for the lens of Cinema Vérité, wanders, leaps, probes, and moves forward on the sly like your own eye in an unfamiliar but absorbing event, and so contributes to projecting a sense of reality on another order of intensity altogether from the average

movie. It is our hope that some of you will find *Beyond the Law* more real than any movie you've ever seen—that others will be repelled can unfortunately be taken for granted. There is language in this film unlike anything ever heard on a screen, a drawing room, or a public hall—one would have to go to a barracks or prison to find its equal. Trust the director that it was necessary. One does not work six months on a film

and bring it for premiere to Notre Dame without the conviction that a page in the history of the film has now some small chance to be turned. God help us the projector does not break down or the sound track put on goggles and swim with inaudible murmurs through the ears of the audience, yes.

But enough of apology. Best wishes to you, salutations, and may you enjoy the film. ■



L. TO R. JACK RICHARDSON, NINA SCHULMAN (SOUND), D. A. PENNEBAKER (CAMERA), MICKEY KNOX, BUZZ FARBER DURING THE FILMING OF NORMAN MAILER'S *Beyond the Law*.

CAST IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

Mickey Knox	Mickey Berk
Bernard Farbar	Rocco Gibraltar
Marsha Mason	Marcia Stillwell
Mary Price	Judy Grundy
Jim Mangia	Jim
Tom Quinn	Detective Finney
Tim Hickey	Buffalo
Jose Torres	Jose Dulce
Pedro Ortiz	Mario
Edward Bonnetti	Axe-Murderer
Brian Hamill	Kid
Peter Rosoff	Subway Arrestee
John Moonan	John Francis
Jack Richardson	Jack Scott
Joe Shaw	Joe Brown
Norman Mailer	Lt. Francis X. Pope
Roger Donoghue	Detective
James Riordan	
.....	Detective James Callahan

Noel Parmentel	Asst. District Attorney
Dick Devine	Detective
Michael McClure	Gahr
Rip Torn	Pop Corn
Sylvia Allen	Sylvia
Mara Lynn	Ilse Fuchs
Harold Conrad	Perry Fuchs
Lee Roscoe	Lee Ray Rogers
Dolores Elbert	Dolores
Billy Mack	Mayor's Assistant
George Plimpton	The Mayor
Tom Baker	Irish
Johnny Manzanet	Informer
Beverly Bentley	Mary Pope
Joseph Marcus	Marcus
Frank Conroy	Diner
Patty Conroy	Diner

All America City

A man identifying himself as "Mr. Henry from South Bend" phoned the SCHOLASTIC office to call attention to the problem. Mr. Henry was concerned about the segregation he feels exists at the South Bend Country Club. A prominent South Bend Negro, Dr. Roland W. Chamblee verified Mr. Henry's accusations when speaking before Dr. Silver's Negro History Class. Dr. Chamblee implicated the Morris Park Country Club, indicating the existence of anti-Semitism. Dr. Chamblee's reluctance to provide names for more than class discussion purposes started me on what was originally envisioned as an exposé of the clubs and their practices.

With possession of the club rosters, I felt I could exert pressure on those club members affiliated with Notre Dame. A secretary at Morris Park initially denied the existence of a roster. Both clubs made it clear that their membership was confidential; that rosters could only be obtained via personal contact with a member. The names of two Notre Dame Administration members available for personal contact, were acquired from the respective clubs. The rosters revealed a small percentage of club members affiliated with Notre Dame.

It should be made clear there was never a desire to martyr a few individuals by questioning their involvement. And since there were reservations concerning a breach of confidence (vis-à-vis the club members who provided the rosters) an ultimatum to members affiliated with Notre Dame was ruled out.

To prove the existence of particular cases of discrimination by the country clubs, I contacted Mr. George Neagu of the South Bend Human Relations Commission. Mr. Neagu was aware of the problem and had also been contacted by Mr. Henry. Citing the private nature of the clubs, Mr. Neagu could only plead nonjurisdiction from the Commission's viewpoint. Though he was personally unable to provide the specific names in such country club discrimination, he recommended Mr. Leo Newman in the hope that Mr. Newman's personal knowledge would exceed his own.

Mr. Leo Newman is a prominent South Bend car dealer and member of the Human Relations Commission. He, as Mr. Neagu, lacked Dr. Chamblee's knowledge of particular cases of discrimination. Mr. Newman expressed a "feeling" that such discrimination did indeed exist.

It was only at this stage of my "investigation" that I saw the true nature of the problem. The problem is not the plight of those individual rejectees. Mr. Neagu's statement of nonjurisdiction by the H.R.C. in the *private* domain had hinted earlier at the larger problem. *The* problem (to use the Kerner Commission's terminology) is "White Racism" disguised and protected by the "right to privacy." This "right" does not exist apart from the discriminating rich man's ability to remove himself from the problem. The country clubbers possess the opportunity to exclude themselves if they choose. It is generally believed that they have chosen to do so.

A minority must believe that its best representatives can achieve equality in a supremacist society. It is essential that regardless of his own individual merits, a man believes that there are members of his religion or race that are acceptable to the majority. He must *believe* impediments can be overcome if he applies the available methods.

South Bend can observe Negro History Week (or Negro History Year); it can stage weekly Mike Warren Testimonial Dinners, but it cannot relegate its paternalism to public displays of tokenism. It must assume *private* responsibility in the areas where it erroneously maintains the "right" of exclusion.

If this allegation is factually unfounded; if steps are already being taken to curb this problem, it is imperative that both the South Bend Country Club and the Morris Park Country Club refute these accusations with a public statement of policy. A declaration of good will is mandatory. This may seem a lot to ask of the prominent citizens of an "All America City" that on Tuesday finally passed an ordinance on open occupancy, but white racism must end. The insistence upon a "right" to privacy, utilizing an opportunity to exclude, cannot be tolerated.

—PETER J. MCINERNEY



MOVIES

Trans-Lux Bijou — Rarely does a film of such panoramic introspection as *Ride the Wild Fong* grace our theaters. Here at last is a film that is all its critics label it. Its majestic splendor flames across the screen, wacky and wonderful, a Rabelaisien romp. Its searing violence warms the cockles of your heart.

Senator Huey Fong was the quixotic, charismatic fountainhead of Hawaii's totalitarian regime. Under his guidance, the rollicking island paradise had evolved into a veritable land of milk and honey, catering to a sailor's every whim. Fong had declared war on death, encouraged civil disobedience leading to the overthrow of neighboring Molokai's anarchy, and devised an effective antidote to that most insidious of agents in the international communist conspiracy — methedrine in our water supply.

But a tragic shadow falls over every great man's life. Fong's svelte, almondine daughter, Margie, had fallen victim to the charms of Odysseus, an intrepid Mongoloid. Their steamy, narcissistic tête-à-tête was no more than a front for the malevolent Odysseus' plot to import his Serbo-Croatian mercenaries to assassinate Fong.

I am honor bound not to divulge the ending (a cataclysmic coup d'état). But I will say that the climax is a showcase for the pusillanimous talents of director Sven Mozarella. His depiction of the lover's bucolic phantasmagoria, his construction of their oxymoronic coexistence, and his sensitive treatment of the primordial moribundity were superb.

Yet the most impressive feature of the film was Fong himself as a viable alternative to our greatest problem: constituency. His containment policy is the only one to perceive the connection between proliferation and the population explosion, i.e., increases in defense spending generate deterrence in the American male.

Some critics may claim that Fong's ethnocentrism and anthropomorphism were barriers to his influencing continental politicians. I maintain, however, that these, in the final analysis, are only pragmatic considerations. (*Fong*—times, call Beechwood 4-5789)

—LUAU PARSONS



sidelines

REQUIEM FOR A COUGAR

It would take a lot more than a seismograph to measure the cheek-to-cheek grin that registered on Undertaker John Wooden's face last Saturday night. He looked like he was doing another one of those Gilbert commercials. You know, "Tell 'em I sent you" stuff. And why not? With ten minutes to go and forty points ahead, his Uclan gangbusters were giving No. 1 Houston a fine farewell; a regular West Coast funeral. Just like the ones Johnny Carson is always talking about. The corpse in all its flamin' glory was neatly in place, the coffin lid was shut, and the nails securely in place. The mourners had paid their respects earlier that evening during the first half. They had silently paraded before the deceased, uttering such niceties as "He's never look better. Johnny's done a grand job on the poor soul, hasn't he?"

Now, they were still there, waiting for the finale. After all, Johnny

had promised them an extra treat. Humiliated by a fired-up Houston quintet earlier in the season, he was not going to be content with merely burying his old rival. Instead, he was leaving Lew and the boys in the ball game to finish the job.

What Mr. Wooden was really thinking that night remains a mystery. When you are routing the opposition the way UCLA was, coaching ethics dictate the gradual removal of your starting five, not only to keep the score down, but for a more important reason: namely, your own protection. Revenge is one thing, but risking an injury to a player such as Alcindor or Lucius Allen is unforgivable.

For a man of Mr. Wooden's experience and ability (33 years of coaching without a losing season) a motive of revenge is a little hard to swallow. If that is the case, though, the Bruins would do well to remember that Alcindor & Co. will not be in

L.A. forever, and someday the gallows will be manned by the other side.

QUARTERBACK SNEAK

Up in Wisconsin, religion and politics take strange forms, and you wonder if things have gotten a little out of perspective. Sixth graders in a rural Wisconsin grade school were recently polled as to what personage they most admired. Among the illustrious candidates listed on the ballot were such prominent figures as Jesus Christ, Lyndon Johnson, Jackie Kennedy, and Queen Elizabeth. Following the great American tradition, space was left on the ballot for write-ins. The final result showed a tie. One of the winners, as befits the Christian upbringing of the students was the aforementioned J. Christ, but just as many Wisconsin Wise Men elected to follow another Starr — Green Bay Packer quarterback Bart, to be exact. Personal feeling on the Pack notwithstanding, could there be a better comment on America, 1968? At any rate, the message from Wisconsin to all Packer-haters was clear: "O ye of little faith. . ."

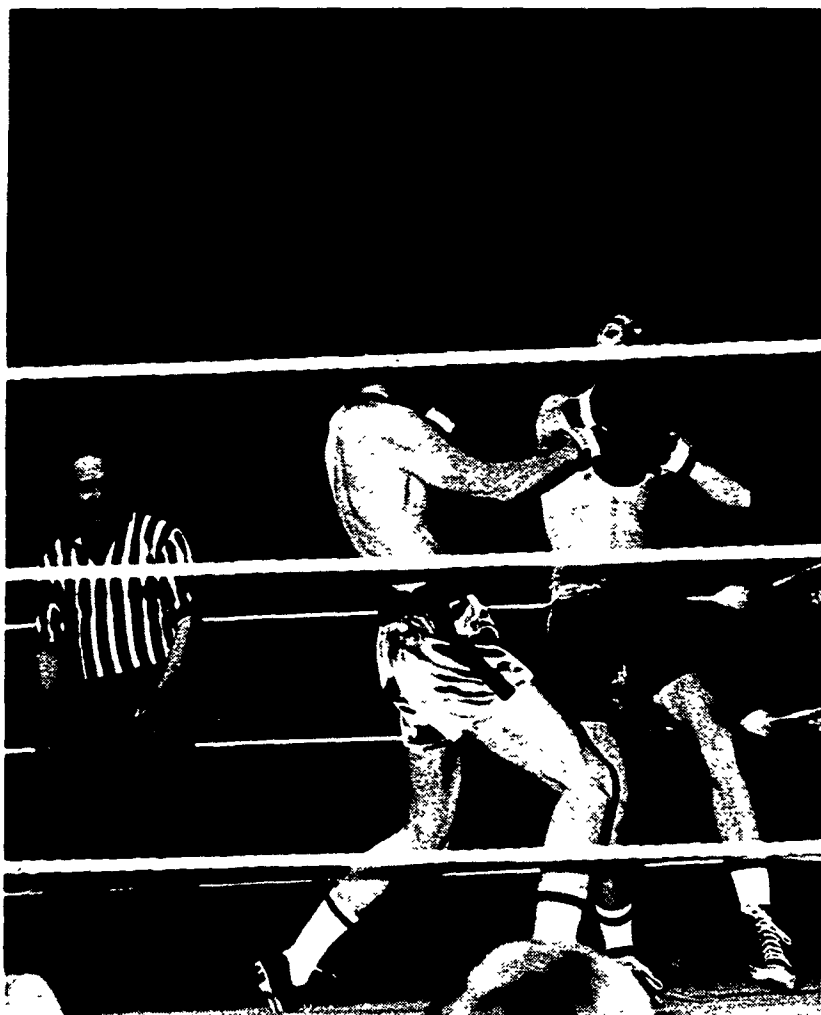
WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE AND NOT A DROP TO DRINK

The Notre Dame Sailing Club lured some seven Midwest schools to the shores of St. Joe's Lake for the first Midwest Collegiate Sailing Association Freshman Regatta, two weeks back. Recruiters utilized the sirenic joys of an Irish St. Patty's Day and the traditional green beer, and more sailors were inundated with beer than water. The early starting time distressed some of the novice skippers who had experienced a wee bit too much of the green foam and of the Sienna Heights Lasses at the Registration party.

Nevertheless the sky was clear, the weather (if not the water) was warm, and a small minority were fortunate enough to bring home a mid-March South Bend sunburn. Although St. Patrick helped the weather, he should have saved a bit of his luck for the N.D. frosh who were nipped by Wisconsin in the final tally by 5 points.

However, in southern Indiana last weekend, the varsity racing team, with the help of a few Maryville girls who were utilized on the crews, went on to win a five-school contest. Commodore Bill McElroy and Chuck Taylor each took high point skippers in their respective division, scoring high in the racing and the parties afterward.

Several more regattas are scheduled, but the club won't tell anyone where or when. The party ratio must not be lowered.



Tonight's the Night

Tonight at 8:00, twenty boxers clash at Notre Dame Field House in the finals of the 1968 Bengal Bouts.

The first two rounds were skillfully boxed, traditionally humorous, and saw knockdowns in the heavyweight divisions only. Tonight should be no different. The SCHOLASTIC returns to the limb in the hopes that it will not break. Judging from past powers of prophecy, those picked to lose may take more solace than their opposition. Nevertheless, may the Lord be on our lips and in our ink.

BY BILL SWEENEY AND RICH MORON

135 LBS. Larry Broderick vs. John McGrath

Both Broderick and McGrath won by unanimous decisions on Wednesday night. Broderick is a stand up boxer who likes to control the fight. McGrath, on the other hand, is a fast moving defensive boxer. An extremely quick left jab is Broderick's most effective punch. He picks away with jabs, controlling the fight and picking his punches. McGrath, a lefty, is fast and likes to move around the ring. His basic punch is a right-left combination, more powerful than Broderick's. Broderick is a smart and effective boxer, but if McGrath can land his combinations, he should take the final in a close and fast moving fight.

145 LBS. Tom Dorsel vs. Paul Partyka

The 145-pound finale should be interesting: neither fighter might win. Tom Dorsel has a potent enough offense but his sidewinding swings may open up his body to quick blows to the stomach and chest. Partyka, on the other hand, puts up a good defense, but wields a slow-stepping, deliberate offense. Partyka will take interior lines while Dorsel circles about trying to land his side-arms. Even Robert E. Lee got tired of running: the first round to Dorsel, the last two and the match to Partyka.

150 LBS. Jim Hansen vs. Dave Pemberton

Wrestler Jim Hansen goes into the finals after a split decision over Kevin Coyle on Wednesday night. Hansen features the quickest footwork in the Bengals. He is strong and in great shape. However, his defense is sneaky and Pemberton should be able to land some good punches. Pemberton is a strong, deliberate boxer. Like Hansen he is in good shape. In a close fight we look

The Scholastic

for Pemberton to win on his strength and ability to find the loopholes in Hansen's defense.

150 LBS. Jed Ervin vs. Jim Loverde

A division that boasts four of the top boxers in the Bengals produced two offensive battles in the semi-finals. Jed Ervin upset Mike Lavery on Monday night to move into the finals. Jim Loverde pulled out a split decision by an offensive flurry in the third round. Both Ervin and Loverde are offensive boxers and lack a good defense. Ervin has a slight weight and reach advantage over Loverde. Loverde's powerful right could be the deciding factor, since Ervin tends to carry his left hand very low defensively. Both men try to overpower their opponents, but Loverde's experience should carry him to another championship in this division.

160 LBS. Bob McGrath vs. Mike Schaeffer

Should be a good fight. John's brother, Bob, the younger and bigger half of the McGrath dynasty, goes after his man, moves well, and has good combinations to the head. Mike Schaeffer will be difficult to keep away and difficult to find with a punch — he is quick. Schaeffer is sinister but not dextrous — he has a good left but an ineffective right. Both McGrath, the stronger in the 160-pound class, should keep "it," victory, in the family.

167 LBS. Mike Downey vs. Chris Servant

If Notre Dame brings back physical education as a major, Chris Servant may get the nod as Associate Professor of Boxing. Feinting and faking like an automobile at a four-way stop, Servant bewilders his opponents and amazes his fans. But Mike Downey will be no easy match; he defends well and explodes with furious barrages of right-left combinations. If Downey can get to Servant, he may get to victory; but he absorbed much more punishment Wednesday and should learn a lesson from Professor Servant.

177 LBS. Tom Breen vs. Tom Etten

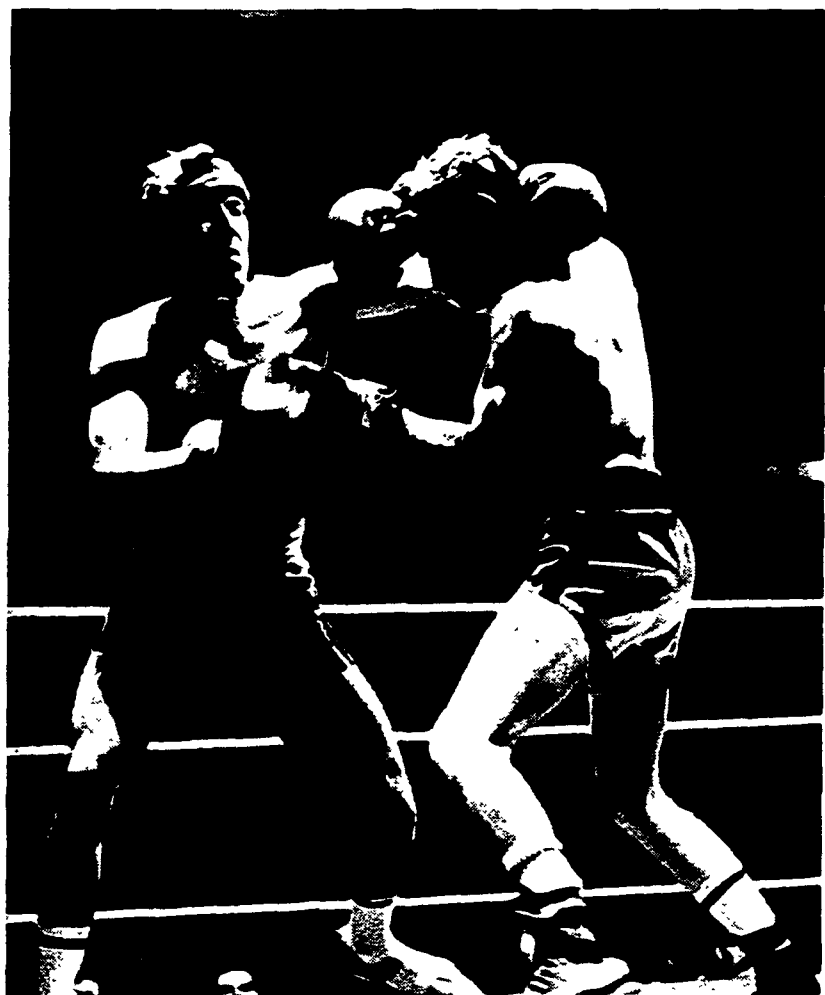
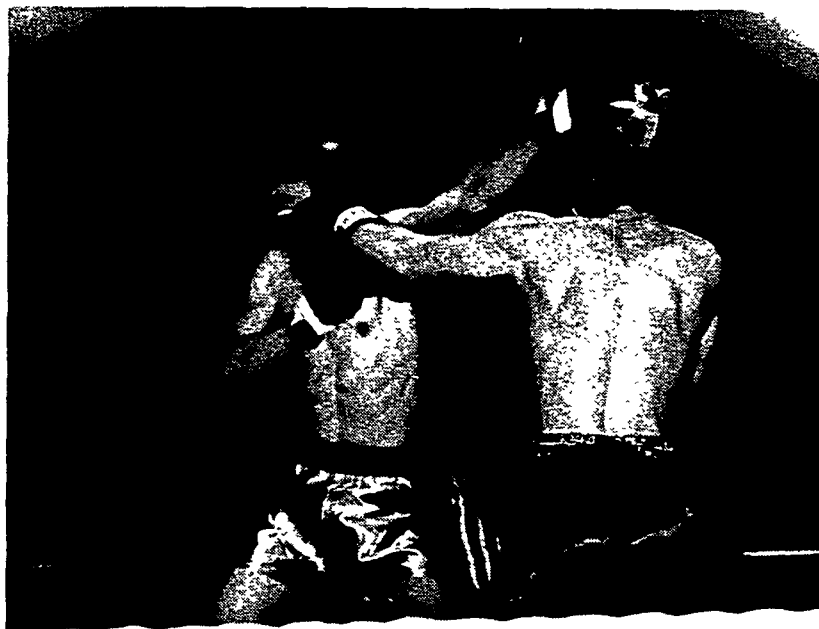
In Wednesday's semi-finals Tom Breen picked apart rugger Brian Murphy's defenses in a smart, technical fight. Clenching when Murphy tried to overpower him, Breen staggered Murphy with powerful left-right combinations. Tom Etten defeated Ed Brosius in a split decision in the semifinals. He is stocky and strong. However, the finals should feature the style and better defense of a very good boxer, Tom Breen.

185 LBS. Matt Connelly vs. Hank Meyer

Good sport will be available in the 185-pound class. Matt Connelly swings hard but tends to swing wildly. He displays his body while he wheels and deals from the outside. Hank Meyer is a class boxer. Faking up and down, he eludes punches well; but Meyer sometimes comes off his feet. An ill-timed jump coinciding with a Connelly bomb could end Mr. Meyer's evening. But the majority of the punches will find their way to Connelly's head. Barring the *deus ex machina* ending, Meyer should collect the laurels of triumph.

HEAVYWEIGHT: Denny Allan vs. Chuck Landolfi

Chuck Landolfi exhibited the strength and condition everyone expected, but a surprising quickness and style helped him eliminate Jack Pierce on a TKO in the second round. Landolfi mixed body punches and combinations effectively. Denny Allan took the other semifinal by unanimously defeating Tony Kluka. Allan lacked style and pounded Kluka to defeat with a devastating right hand. The final should be hard hitting, but Landolfi is too strong and too agile to give Allan much of a chance.



(Continued from page 23)

Voice in the Crowd

At a time when the fashionable stance among college students is to scorn the traditional, the sporting life, so long the hub of university activity, has become a source of condescending mockery for many self-esteemed campus "intellects." Athletics, like politics or strict academics, *can* surmount their peculiar role and become an unhealthy dominant factor both in schools and in the world. But, kept in perspective, sports become a vital force in providing outlets for the combative drives in all of us—the real athlete does not subjugate his education to his sport, but supplements that education with sport. I defy anyone to show me a person who has devoted hours daily to a sport and yet has come away without adding significantly to his awareness of himself and his fellow men. Competition is what sport is about. Competition is the name of the game for the politician, the advertising executive, the writer.

But the defense of sport on the college campus, at Notre Dame in particular, needs not appeal to a general theory of lofty insinuation. Sports are justifiable in the most refined environments simply because they are drenched with life. The mentality of the intellectual hermit is as dead as the jock mentality. But the jock mentality—the Kierkegaardian physical aesthetic, is almost nonexistent at Notre Dame; the intellectual hermit is a distinct possibility at a place devoid of the spirit instigated by sport.

Admittedly, this whole argument is academic for 98% of the Notre particular, needs not appeal to a general theory or lofty insinuation. record of sport at the school. The varsity program in effect runs itself, and unquestionably generates the bulk of campus enthusiasm. At the other extreme is the intramural program, an informal energy diffuser. The club sports, finally, not only provide a source of wide student enthusiasm, but offer for their members an opportunity for originality and initiative. They are a vital part of a vital aspect of Notre Dame life.

The hockey club is, of course, the prime example of a club sport lost to the establishment, i.e., varsity. The Rugby club, on the other hand, has rejected an offer of varsity status in favor of parties and player controlled organization. Both have enjoyed uncommon success, and both have won the blessing of the administration. Tis not always thus, however. The Notre Dame crew, founded amidst unbridled apathy on the part of the athletic board, has survived a national magazine write-up and four years of hard work to stand today in economic orphanage. The sport demands a disproportionately steep initial capital expenditure; once that hurdle is cleared the cost is minimal. No matter, the board seems to have said, if you are not destined for varsity—the crew admittedly is not—you are not worth our time. "Moose Krause indicated to us last year that we'd be in line for support, but in fact the board hardly knows we exist," reports Mike Murray, crew's manager. "I'm sure Mr. Krause is giving us his best, but the attitude of the board is all or nothing. Since we're not ready to become varsity, we get no money at all." The situation reduces the crew members to beggars. Oars cost \$40 a throw. The team is still in debt for virtually every piece of equipment it owns. And transportation has become a nightmare. Said Murray, "we just happened to have a bunch of guys last year who owned cars. We got around. But most of them graduated, and this year we're stuck. The hockey team offered to sell us their bus, but we just don't have the money." The crew economy is a vicious circle. With no administration support to start with, it began, necessarily, in debt. Now, because of that debt, the administration refuses to put forth a penny.

The crew is not big, but few club sports are. As a club, it sacrifices such varsity privileges as full-time coaching and fully subsidized scheduling. But club sports, when taken as a group, are an integral part of Notre Dame sport. If one starves, the precedent will be set for future killings. Such a step is only a form of suicide for the athletic board, which realizes, or should realize, the incalculable worth to the school as a whole of each individual sport. The crew may not deserve parity with the football team, student government, or the Dome. But it badly needs a few crumbs from the University's dole.

—MIKE MCADAMS

ful that — after the events of June 2 — all Berlin university faculties had formed "action committees" for public relations work, political work, and university reform. In order to take advantage of the energy most student had developed in the week after June 2, these committees established working groups that dealt with faculty problems, relations between faculties and relations with society. Concrete result was achieved through organization.

From this idea the "Critical University KU" was born. After having thoroughly considered pros and cons, initiators of the KU decided not to move out of the existing university. KU lectures should have some influence on Free University lectures, they felt. In spite of much illogical, irrationally and simply malicious persecution from the Springer press, the Berlin government, and the Academic Senate, celebration of the foundation of the KU took place in November, 1967, in the auditorium of the Free University soon afterwards 150 teachers published a 12-point declaration ("... reform of university and reform of society are linked together. . . . We consider it right not to take administrative steps against the Critical University for the time being but prefer to openly discuss the issues with KU members. . . ." The Academic Senate then reversed its decision not to put university rooms at the KU's disposal. KU's intention is — according to the initiators — "that students shall deal critically with their major faculty and prepare themselves for their future profession; but they shall also deal with actual problems pertaining to West Berlin — to Germany, and the world.

I hope that I have painted a somewhat clear picture of Berlin students and their problems. I should like to finish my report with quoting the well-known Berlin ideologist Rudi Dutschke:

We are no longer taken in tow by public opinion. We are no pet-child of political parties and interest groups anymore. We are not praised anymore — and this is good. We are on the way to losing academic 'dignity' — and this is good. We are losing academic 'dignity' but we are winning 'the level of history,' the level of Madrid, Barcelona, Berkeley and Caracas. 'Peace' to the Berlin pattern, 'war' to authoritarian patterns inside and outside of the university! ■

Campus

(Continued from page 11)

by students, they could envision the coffeehouse as a center for creativity.

Faced with the alternative between the center as it is now and a Fine Arts Library, the committee has chosen the library. But when the choice becomes one between the library and the Social Center as it could be, the committee reversed its recommendation.

"Kathy's and my task now is to get the students involved," Barbara emphasized. "Everything happened so fast we haven't had time to explain, but we're starting a door-to-door campaign." Because administrative approval and backing was given so quickly, there was no need to pressure the college by mobilizing student opinion behind the coffeehouse idea.

While the coffeehouse backers were relieved that no conflict requiring petitions or similar tactics arose over the project, there was one disadvantage. Only a portion of the students had been reached by the word-of-mouth publicity, and by last Monday only 100 girls had contributed to setting up the coffeehouse by buying tickets to Wednesday's jazz concert. Another reason for the slow start in ticket sales was uncertainty over what the new Social Center would be.

Admission to the coffeehouse wouldn't be charged except Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights, and then, Barb estimated, would be around 15 cents. Folk music, poetry and dramatic reading, and similar student entertainment would be offered on those nights.

At the center of the coffeehouse would be a stage. Students would sit on the floor (cushions provided) or at tables set up around the edges. At times, perhaps, professional entertainment would be brought in, which would probably mean a higher charge those nights. The coffeehouse would be open the same hours as the social center is now.

One thing about the coffeehouse is certain. There will always be a coffeehouse. Beyond that, Barbara stressed, the girls can make it whatever they want it to be. Watching TV, studying, reading, and just relaxing can all be part of the coffeehouse.

But the coffeehouse, the girls involved hope, will go beyond these. They see it as St. Mary's contribution to the college community here — a center for excitingly creative and meaningful activity.

K. C.

PERSONAL LIBRARY CONTEST

April 2 is the deadline for entering the Undergraduate Personal Library

Contest. To enter a student should submit a list of twenty-five books which he considers the core of his collection and an essay explaining the selection of these books and his purpose in building a personal library. All entries should be submitted to the Administration Offices, Room 221, Memorial Library. A cash prize of \$100 will be awarded to the first-place winner, and \$50 to the second-place winner.

Letters

(Continued from page 7)

Vietnam. This was Lt. Pavlicek's own personal decision on how to best serve his country in its time of war.

My heart goes out to Jim's family in this their time of sorrow. They can count on the vast majority of the Notre Dame family to respect the integrity and honor owed to their son.

Vince Fahey

1921 Northside Boulevard
South Bend, Indiana 46615

IF NOT A PICKLE

EDITOR:

In *God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater*, Kurt Vonnegut describes a woman who walks "stiffly, as though . . . she had a pickle up her ass." In his review of the Collegiate Jazz Festival (SCHOLASTIC, March 15), Marty McNamara writes as if he had one too. If not a pickle, then certainly his critical sensibilities. At any rate, I can think of no other way to explain such a rancorous piece of petulance.

I say "petulance" because Mr. McNamara's review is nothing but a display of peevish bad temper. It has little in the way of opinions, less in the way of ideas and nothing at all in the way of a consistent, coherent point of view. It has only so much coherence as can be derived from a sustained pose; i.e., its tone is consistently supercilious.

This being so, it is difficult to "answer" Mr. McNamara: how do you "answer" sheer irritability? How do you contend with a pickle? But several questions should be raised. What, for example, does Mr. McNamara mean when he says that, "ideally, [a judge] functions not only to evaluate the work of the contestant, but also to gauge his decisions by their effect of both the competitors and the audience"? That is virtually unintelligible; but if Mr. McNamara means what I think he's trying to say, then he is wrong. Period.

And what does he mean when he describes the Indiana combo's Saturday night performance as "a quasi-electronic/atonal cum R&B Avalon Ballroom clutter"? Do you know

what "quasi" means, Mr. McNamara? Do you know what "atonal" means? For God's sake, do you even know what "cum" means?

Mr. McNamara complains that the decisions for the group awards were based solely on performances at the Saturday night finals. What does he take a competition to be? Should a basketball team that loses in the final round of a tournament be able to say, "But look how well we played in the semi-finals!"? Or choose your own analogy; you can't do any worse than Mr. McNamara's comparison of the Illinois big band to 1) a carpenter, 2) a machine, and 3) a seamstress.

At the beginning of his article, Mr. McNamara says that the CJF "is [i.e., takes] such a narrow view of jazz"; at the end he says, "Jazz, my friend, has a great deal more latitude than this year's CJF cared to give it." But nowhere, in the two columns which separate these statements, does he attempt to explain what he means. Now I happen to disagree with the

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statements; what struck me most forcibly about the festival was the range and diversity the competing groups exhibited. But I could be wrong. And I suppose that it's even conceivable that Oliver Nelson and Gerald Wilson and Ray Brown and Dan Morgenstern—each of whom was similarly impressed—could also, individually and collectively, be wrong. So if Mr. McNamara has a point, a single particle of constructive criticism, let him make it. The CJF staff would surely welcome it. If he has access to insights denied to “the successor to Ellington,” and one of the great jazz arranger-composers and the greatest jazz bass player of all time and the extraordinarily knowledgeable editor of *Downbeat*—then I think he has an obligation to share such insights. But in the absence of any explanation of just what he means, one can only conclude either that Mr. McNamara has no legitimate point to make, or—if he does have a point—that he is more interested in parading his petulance than in making the point.

The moral is, Mr. McNamara, that a pickle is insufficient muse.

Richard Bizot

Oh, Richard, everyone in your grade is using the “he didn’t say anything, so I can’t say anything against it” approach. Why not start, “A pickle up her ass!! Thusly, Kurt Vonnegut . . .?” A line with punch! Mind you, it’s just the first thing that came into my mind. I read Vonnegut so not to look like a dodo when the Literary Festival starts.

Keep your thinking cap on, Richard. You’ll come up with a better one.

Mr. Marty

The Urban Challenge

(Continued from page 16)

urban problems will participate in the four-day conference. Among them will be John A. Baker, the Assistant Secretary for Rural Development and Conservation of the Department of Agriculture; Herbert D. Doan, the President of the Dow Chemical Company; Charles Haar, the Assistant Secretary of Metropolitan Development of the Department of Housing and Urban Development; William Haley, the Editor-in-Chief of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*; Mayor Richard Hatcher of Gary; Desmond Heap of the City of London; Former President Juscelino Kubitschek of Brazil; Lord Llewelyn-Davies, the Head of the Bartlett School of Architecture, London; Senator Rolf Schwedler of Berlin; Dr. George N. Shuster, the Assistant to the President of the University of Notre Dame; William E.

Slayton, Executive Vice-President, Urban America Incorporated; and Dr. Philip Thompson, the Assistant Director, National Center for Atmospheric Research.

Professor Horsbrugh feels that the Conference will have great repercussions on the national scene, falling as it does during a period of political debate. “It is essential,” he says, “that in addition to issues of foreign policy, the political elements develop an acute sense of obligation to solving

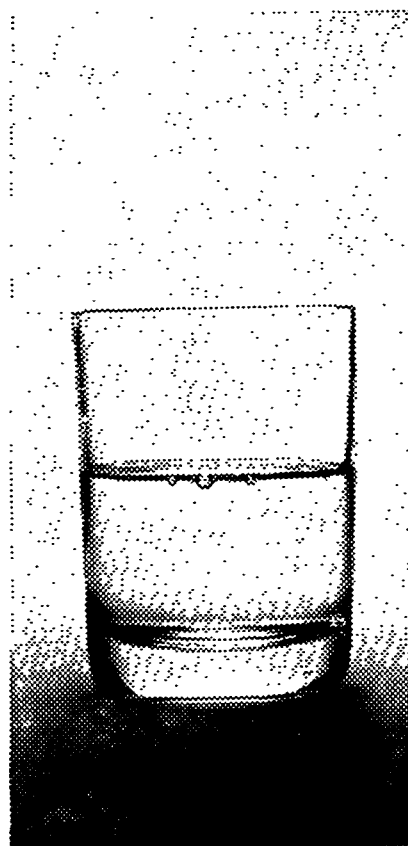
the urban crisis. It is hoped that the expressions of opinion and wisdom of the speakers will be sufficient to influence those who will shortly be going to the polls.”

It is hoped that “Cities in Context” will have more than just a casual effect upon the nation. The urban crisis must be brought out of the shadows of the other national issues and into the forefront where it belongs. We must never overstate the importance of a foreign conflict at the



V.I.P.'s

Somewhere in highland Peru, Spanish Harlem, and rural Mexico are some very important persons who would like to believe themselves worthy of the attention of the students at Notre Dame and SMC. Seven years of CILA summer projects have shown these persons that such concern does exist. Help CILA reaffirm this commitment to the poor. Please give when contacted Sunday and Monday evenings.



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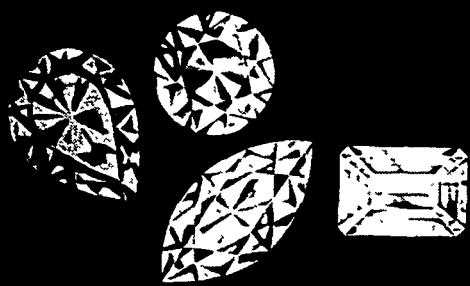
cost of our very national foundation, the cities. The speakers are not currently engaged in any political activity and therefore they may be "as bold as they dare." It is hoped that this boldness will emphasize upon each person in the nation the extent of this unpleasant but horribly real problem. This conference is designed to inspire immediate and positive response and more importantly yet, immediate and positive action.

"Cities in Context" is freely open to the students and faculty of the University of Notre Dame, and all off-campus citizens may attend for a one-dollar registration fee.

Notre Dame's place in the restoration of the world's urban areas only begins with "Cities in Context." Starting next September, the Department of Architecture will offer a two-year Graduate Program in Environic Studies. The program will emphasize urban and regional planning and design, but in addition to the standard Planning courses, the Notre Dame program will encourage and cultivate qualities of leadership, which are absolutely essential in order to combat the almost insurmountable problems facing the cities today. The man with the ideas and ability must become the leader with the essential power to carry out the long overdue process of renewal. Now is the time for change. Those who enter the program next September must be able to assume immediate responsibility of the urban challenge.

I asked Professor Horsbrugh what he believed should be Notre Dame's place in the urban challenge. His answer was frank and courageous. "Notre Dame has been dedicated to upgrading its excellence, and urban problems present one of the fields where academic and professional excellence is most urgently required. There is no other place for Notre Dame, but that of leadership." ■

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The Last Word



CONGRATULATIONS in advance to John Mroz and his entire Sophomore Literary Festival Council for the fine work they have done in bringing the seven authors pictured on our cover to Notre Dame. They are (top to bottom, left to right): Ralph Ellison, Wright Morris, Joseph Heller, Granville Hicks, Norman Mailer, Peter DeVries, and Kurt Vonnegut. A schedule of festival events (which begin Sunday) may be found on page 17.

WHEN THE VOICE appeared for the last time on October 27, 1966, the SCHOLASTIC wrote an epitaph: "Its history is modest, but traditions are not easily come by."

Traditions are time and continuity for one thing, a series of successive actions or events which become familiar to those who witness or take part in them. Time is the form traditions take.

Traditions are quality, too. There are good and bad traditions. The *Voice* was a bad one. Or perhaps, more to the point, the *Voice's* tradition was neither good nor bad. It was just the *Voice*. It began in 1963, published more or less regularly until November of 1966, and then it stopped. It was a tradition of sorts because, over a period of time (three and one-half years), it had become a familiar sight.

The *Voice* was not particularly bad, not particularly good. But it *was* a familiar sight. So when it stopped it was missed, but not for long. Traditions are hard to come by, but they are very easily destroyed.

TRADITION WAS hardly utmost in Bob Anson's mind when he began the *Observer* just one week after the sinking of the *Voice*. His problem then was to get out a paper, and get it out as fast as possible. That he did.

The tradition-conscious SCHOLASTIC reported on that venture in the same issue in which it paid its last respects to the *Voice*: "If the *Observer* fails, it will be a long time before Notre Dame has another student newspaper."

When Anson dropped off the SCHOLASTIC to start the *Observer*, he was motivated by a number of things, not the least of which was bitterness at not being named to the editorship of

the SCHOLASTIC the previous spring. I don't think Dan Murray ever fully realized this, or perhaps he didn't care. Murray's life wasn't circumscribed by the SCHOLASTIC. Anson's was. Journalism was his game. And, as Bob himself once said of Fr. McCarragher, "he play(ed) it with consummate skill."

The Anson *Observer* was sensationalism at its best. It pricked people where it both hurt and helped the most. It got things going and it did it with style. But it did *not* become a tradition. It was too much of a personal possession of its editor-in-chief ("Anson's baby") to have a life of its own. It had little else but Anson's considerable personality to sustain it.

WHEN BOB ANSON turned the *Observer* over to Pat Collins just one year ago, he left a legacy that was little more than a name and a hope.

Collins tried to be Anson's successor. He set out to use the same sensational front-page gimmicks which Anson had used so well. But Collins was not as coordinated as Anson and he lacked Anson's flair.

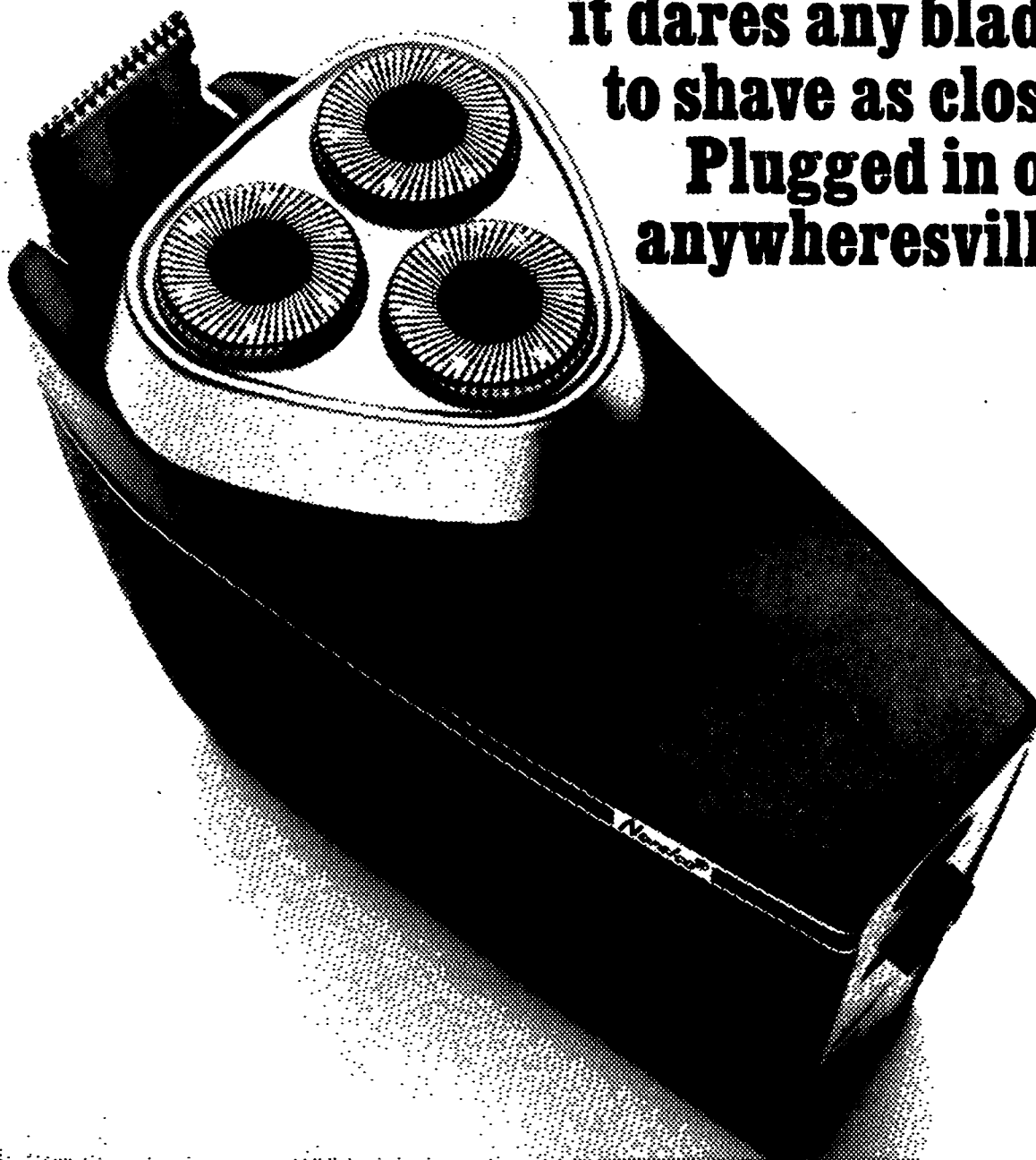
Some of the *Observer* stories this year were gross in their lack of content as well as style. They were good for a headline — and little else (and this in the end hurt the *Observer's* credibility more than anything else).

Nor did the *Observer* report all of the news this year, or even break all of the major stories. The extent to which Pat Collins was his own man, and *not* Bob Anson's successor, is the measure of the *Observer's* success this year.

And that success was considerable. Tom Condon, Jay Schwartz and Tom Figel turned out some fine columns; Dennis Gallagher's was exceptional. Most importantly, Pat Collins established a newspaper on campus. He published it three times a week. That is *his* legacy: He began a tradition. And traditions are hard to come by.

ON MONDAY the *Observer* will appear — as usual. But it will appear with a new staff and new editor. To Bill Luking and the new *Observer*, the best of luck in the long year ahead. From all 48 of us.

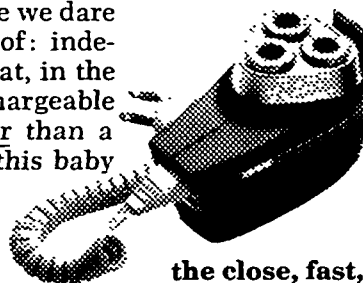
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