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Notre-Dame, February 22, 1869

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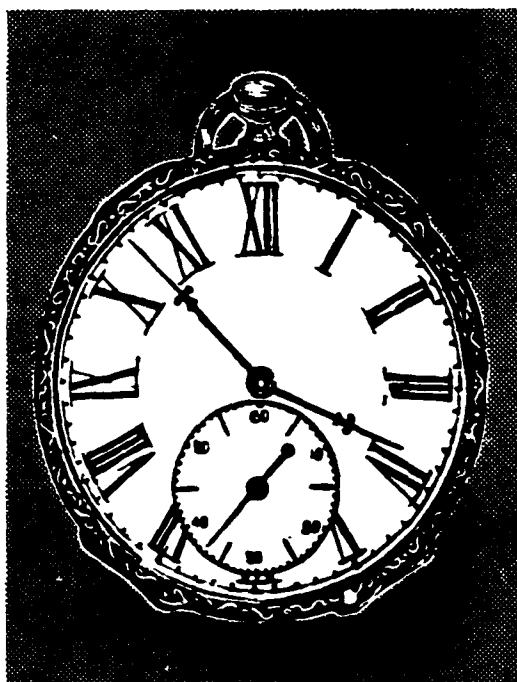
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SCHOLASTIC

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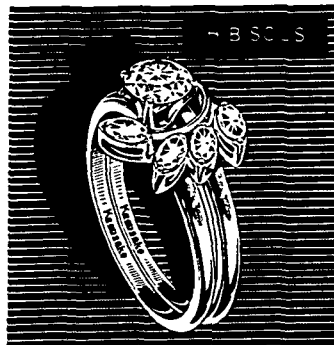
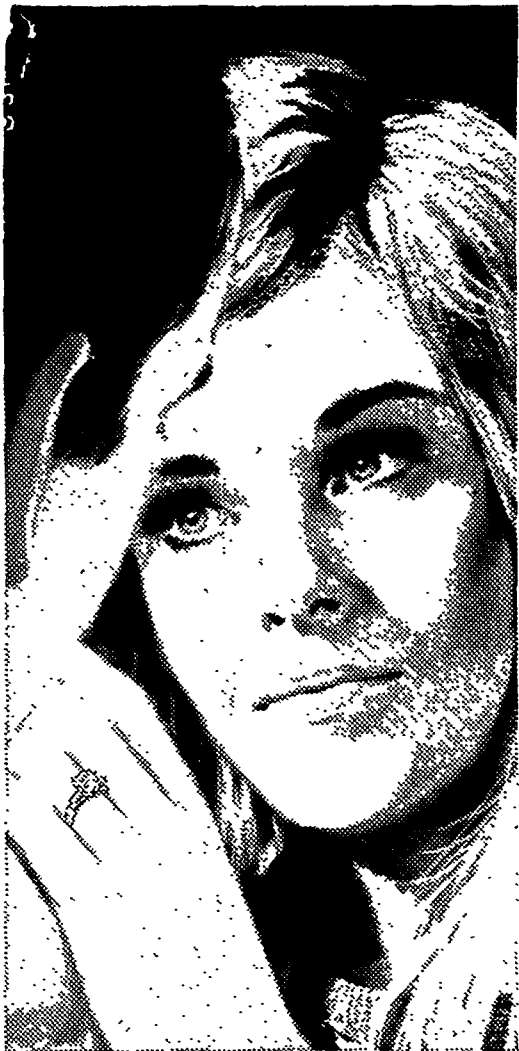
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What's Right With Notre Dame

In case you were wondering in what sort of stance we returned to earth after the explosion of events of the past few weeks—the cops, the Mace, the Disciplinary Board actions, Father Hesburgh's statement, the resulting flow of good cheer from students, parents, alumni, Nixon . . .

Well, the first reaction can be labeled the "Charlie Wordell," after his letter in last Friday's *Observer*. We, too, had become rather immune to what—ever drama there is left in linking arms and singing all eight verses of "We Shall Overcome." Be that as it may, we did consider the latest Presidential manifesto a bit much. It did have the perhaps meritorious effect of hastening the completion of our graduate school applications; however, this last was accomplished while Kerouac's line danced through our head: "We don't know where we're going, but we're going. We don't know what it's like there, but it ain't here, and we've been here, and we don't like it."

But we knew that that kind of attitude would do good to the hearts of all those who have been screaming inanely "if you don't like it here, why don't you leave?" And we don't much like to do good to those who scream inanely, so we progressed to stage two.

Which can be essentially described as the "Don Hynes" response, after his column in last Friday's *Observer*. (February 21 was a hot day for the *Observer*.)

For those of you who still haven't been tweaked by Don's prose, it was a, to use an inadequate word, scathing attack on the various and sundry forces of

darkness which Fr. Hesburgh had succumbed to lock, stock and barrel.

However, after six or seven hours, we too ran out of invective. And this was the result:

We think, after a little calm reflection, that this whole mess is not worthy of approach. Father Hesburgh's letter was caused by too many bad press clippings and letters that he had been receiving, plus too much fear of monetary reprisals if he didn't do something—anything—quickly, plus talking for too long with the president of San Francisco State about conspiracy theories, plus too much reading of the *New York Times*, and finally, perhaps, because of too much of the month of February, when everything looks bleak, and winter is never going to end.

In short, we are convinced that everyone getting involved in the discussion of who gets suspended, when, where, why and how is being bent all out of shape to no real demonstrable immediate purpose. And for that reason, we have returned to the basics. A partial list of those things that we consider the good, the right and the pleasing at this place are listed below. Much of the rest of the magazine is devoted to this same topic.

The decency of any publication is directly proportional to the success with which it attempts to be a nagging conscience for the community it serves. For that reason, we will continue to lay down our words against anyone from any side who tries to destroy what is commendable here, and by the same token, try to bolster anyone whose attempts at success in building a better University here need bolstering.

But this week, we are remembering some of the reasons why we bother, which are:

Moreau on a spring morning from across the lake.

The reclining chairs in the north-east corner of the library.

Father Duck.

The steam tunnels.

Louie's on weekday nights.

Louie Rappelli.

The shrubbery.

The big singles in Badin.

The Student Union's attempts to stave off boredom.

Being able to sneak your car on campus (especially when it's snowing).

Having a car.

Being able to sneak your girl into the dorm (especially when it's snowing).

Having a girl.

Ad infinitum.

The audio center in the library (when it works).

The shuttle bus (when it works).

The Continuing Education Center Auditorium (with or without lecture).

Cinema '69 and like efforts.

Ave Maria Press.

The good plays in Washington Hall (with or without Lance Davis).

The main exhibition hall of the Architecture Building (with exhibit).

An empty study desk on the 13th Floor of the Library.

The Sophomore Year Abroad.

Stella Slipdiski.

The elevator in Farley Hall.

Morrissey Hall.

Simeri's (as a freshmen).

Mastering the art of throwing T. P. rolls so that they unfurl correctly.

The groundskeepers who manage to get most of the T. P. out of the trees.

Gilbert's shirt sales.

Gilbert's, when it allows seven months to pay off the bill from its shirt sales.

The lakes.

Fog shrouding the whole campus at 3:00 a.m.

Getting a ride at the circle.

Friendships built on what you don't have to say to the other person.

Having a prof buy you a drink at the Faculty Club.

Betty Doerr being referred to as "Sweaty."

II-S deferments.

Love in the Fiesta Lounge.

Our favorite art director.

Most of Shaun Reynold's cartoons.

The lobby of the Morris Inn, especially the freaky rugs.

The robin's egg blue water tower.

Tom Payne, when he's asleep.

Squirrels.

Brother Conan's record sales.

The vibrancy, humanity and depth of those here who have vibrancy, humanity and depth.

— Joel Garreau

letters

The SCHOLASTIC welcomes letters from its readers on all topics of current concern. Letters should be addressed to William Cullen, Editor-in-chief; Scholastic; Notre Dame, Indiana 46556.

THE ACHING WORLD

EDITOR:

The signs of decay are all around us. Not just at Notre Dame, not just in the United States, but all over the world. We live in a time of revolution and upheaval. Radical ranks swell as the left's appetite for change becomes more and more insatiable. When called upon to correct inequities, the "establishment" falters and the left begins to move ever closer toward realizing its goals, even though these goals can barely (if at all) be articulated. The "establishment," usually unable to defend itself in any other terms, reverts to the use of force in order to subdue, instead of cure, the ills of society. The world moves closer to a confrontation than it does to a solution.

In this changing and hostile world, very few people are able to articulate goals that are substantial and equitable enough for all men to work towards. When the radicals fail in this unification, they become literally leaping and screaming radicals, who take to the streets and to the stones and to the bricks and to the bottles and to the fire-bombs. When the "establishment" fails to articulate substantial goals, it either blindly perpetuates itself or it goes under. An accurate example of this kind of situation takes place on the college campus today. When the radical cries go unanswered, violence occurs. The National Guard is called to the scene in what seems to be an attempt to perpetuate the university as that factory which produces good citizens (cogs) that will keep society in that even flow which excludes the poor. Neither side solves the problem; each offers the solution of war, might makes right. It is in these times that the world aches for voices to lead them. One of those voices has arisen from the president of our University.

In his letter to the students and faculty of February 17, 1969, Father Hesburgh, for the first time that this writer has witnessed, clearly articulated reasonable goals for this University, and, perhaps, gave an example to society in general. His statement differs from any other in

that it provides for change; it calls for it. But it provides a reasonable framework within which the change is to take place. Fr. Hesburgh not only sets his direction, but he willingly takes on the awesome responsibility of maturity in a time when closed-mindedness is so prevalent and is such an easy road to walk. Fr. Hesburgh's statement seeks to protect both sides because he truly seeks to establish justice within a community which has been sought after since the beginning of social man, an open society.

Doug Marvin
153 Alumni

SURPRISE!

EDITOR:

We were quite surprised at the evaluation given to the "Classics 102, New Testament Greek II" course. Whoever dealt with the course (he was not a member of this year's New Testament Greek class) presented the students of this University a carelessly done and inaccurate evaluation.

The author was extremely dissatisfied with the course, calling it a waste of time. Our opinion is directly opposed to the author's. He calls Father Banas "lackadaisical, unimaginative," criticizes the course for its "lack of basic grammar, lack of systematic approach to translating," and has the "feeling" that the course does nothing to help one learn Greek. This is ridiculous. Father Banas has throughout the year demonstrated his concern for the students, offering one student special tutoring, discussing the effectiveness of class procedures from time to time, lending students books, etc. The major part of the course this semester was given over to learning basic grammar. The approach to translating has been systematic. The author's "feeling" is shared by no one in this year's class.

Charles H. Pattison, Charles Stuart, Joseph Bagiackas, Sister Alphonsiane White, John P. Franzoia, Dan Lorey, Charles Darst, Dennis O'Brien.

POPPING PLIMPTON

EDITOR:

I should like to comment briefly on a short notice about George Plimpton which appears in your current number. I find the relevance of the line "To have great poets, there must be great audiences" wanting. George Plimpton is not a great

poet; he is a hack. George Plimpton is not a great audience either. His *Paris Review* is a large money making venture which has not served as a starting point for young writers, but rather as a self-appointed society guide to the literary set. The *Paris Review* is a bastard of vanity, edited for people who want to know what happened, not what is happening.

George Plimpton is a dilettante literaire. He has as vital a relation to poetry as anthology editors and as exciting a conception of prose as Jimmy Breslin. He has as much competence in all the things he pretends to as I do to cogent literary criticism.

Walter Ong
Box 583

A LETTER TO ANYBODY

EDITOR:

The idea of a du Lac university community is a lie. It is a propaganda device. Nobody wants it. Not really. Not enough to try. The university is not now and should never become a battleground. For mobs or storm troopers. Nor is it or should it become a forum for dogma — reactionary or revolutionary. The party line should have no place here. Neither should public relations.

No group can institutionalize its prejudices into "self-evident" dogma and expect cooperation. Nor can anyone dictate "you are free as long as you do what we want; but if you don't, you will be destroyed." Not Father Hesburgh. Not Don Hynes. Nobody.

Please God I'm tired of hatred, warfare, violence, fear, pain, alienation, righteousness, selfishness, and runny noses. Here we have the abilities, talents, and facilities to overcome all these.

Father Hesburgh, be a priest of Jesus.

Don Hynes, be a brother.

For what may come,
Dave Davis

SINGLE GEORGE

EDITOR:

George Plimpton is not "one of the most sought-after bachelor socialites in the country." His two brothers still may be, but George was married, not to Jacqueline or Caroline Kennedy, but to a 27-year-old editorial assistant early last spring in New York.

David Heskin
1019 Allen St.

The Scholastic

ND / news and notes

*Freaks to the right of him, freaks to the left of him.
Trustees before him, blustered and threatened.*



IN DEBATE OVER THE substance of Fr. Hesburgh's letter and its consequences, little has been said of the political considerations leading to the president's pronouncements. Hesburgh spoke movingly of the tons of advice given him concerning student disturbances, and gave us his "now in the wee hours of the morning my mind is finally clear" routine. However, he did not reveal why the letter came out when it did nor did he detail the behind-the-scenes moves leading to the absolutist directive.

Hesburgh hinted at his motivations at a closed session of the SLC two days after the police intervention at the Pornography Conference. Hesburgh took little part in the meeting, but did explain that he was consider-

ing issuing a statement even before the police bust.

Fr. Hesburgh's words at the SLC meeting represented the tip of an iceberg. Beginning with the Dow and CIA sit-in in November the president had been under considerable pressure to act. In his letter Hesburgh spoke of receiving advice from both "hawks" and "doves." Among the most fervent hawks were members of the Board of Trustees who roused themselves from the status of subservient front men for the president and began to tell him just how he should keep the little bastards in line. Hesburgh's position *vis-à-vis* the trustees was jeopardized. His "face" was further threatened during the Pornography Conference controversy, as a member of the Board and the son of a University Fellow were among the leaders of the decent literature forces pressuring St. Joseph County Prosecutor William Voor over the films. While under considerable heat before the bust, Hesburgh was now really on the spot.

Just as Hesburgh got the word from the trustees other alumni were quite active in expressing their opinions. Now the University has ignored the shrieks of alarmed grads before, but Notre Dame is at the present time facing a crisis of the dollar. As is well known she is in the midst of a giant fund-raising campaign. However, University expansion will not all be paid for with SUMMA. Looking to the future, several ND officials speculated privately that the University will be a prime financial beneficiary in the will of Joseph P. Kennedy. However, recent indications have thrown these expectations into doubt. The University, taking stock of money matters, has begun to place a greater emphasis on fund-raising in the immediate area. Names like Voll, Hickey, Carmichael and Morris are mentioned more frequently than before. Quite naturally those who are now the focus of attention in the contribution business are in a position to examine close up any disturbance on the Notre Dame campus. At least two of the individuals previously mentioned have been extremely vocal in expressing dissatisfaction with the "hippies" who are "infiltrating" this place. Thus, looking at this evidence, we see that

alumni pressure over the Dow and pornography controversies had more than the usual effect. Hesburgh's position was threatened with the trustees. The University's financial goals were threatened by implication with the alumni.

If Hesburgh was pressured over the letter he was also influenced by simple persuasion. Our president may not spend that much of his time on the Notre Dame campus, but he is certainly able to find out what is going on elsewhere. With the letter we can point to Hesburgh's presence in Washington, D.C., two weeks ago as having great persuasive effect. Fr. Hesburgh testified before a Senate higher education subcommittee. However, his experiences with the subcommittee were more a matter of listening than testifying. Hesburgh was told by several Senators that there is talk of a total cutoff of aid to universities in reaction to the current wave of student unrest.

If Hesburgh was scared by the blustering of the Senators, and even the letter reveals that he was, his sentiments were also affected by a fellow president in D.C. at the time to testify before the same Senate subcommittee. This man, coming from a disturbed campus totally unlike this one, has been a prime exponent of the conspiracy theory regarding student revolts. His name is S. I. Hayakawa.

To sum up, Hesburgh's letter cannot be said to be simply the product of one man's inward reflections and deliberations. Hesburgh came under considerable pressure, particularly from the trustees. The timing of the letter, at the very least, represents a yielding to this pressure. In addition, Hesburgh had to be extremely conscious of the financial considerations, and was certainly aware of the public relations triumph inherent in his "brave personal stand." Finally, Hesburgh was greatly influenced by his observations in Washington. His views on the nature of campus unrest are not necessarily the product of careful observation of the situation here, but come in large part from what Hayakawa said he had experienced at San Francisco State and what the *New York Times* has said in recent Sunday supplements.

— J. C.

In the Beginning...

Without sounding melodramatic, the greatest trials of man are timeless; his story is but an eternal cycle. The following editorial excerpts have been lifted from two 1958 issues of the SCHOLASTIC. We do well to heed the warning of history.

"THE SUBJECT OF CONFINING yourself to decent and wholesome entertainment is an old one; one that has been entertained on the pages of the SCHOLASTIC many times before, and we are offering it once again for your approval and edification. The sermon this time is inspired by France's answer to Sweden's answer to Marilyn Monroe. [Probably Brigitte Bardot.—Ed.] As you may be aware she is now being featured at one of the local theaters.

"The phrases 'be a Notre Dame Man,' and 'remember you are representing the University,' have grown pretty tiresome, but embodied in them are some pretty good reasons for not going to this particular movie or for that matter any movie in which she or her counterpart appears.

"The argument that the movie is far from being any kind of art isn't much good since most movies these days are all pretty far from this. They offer only one thing and to spend eighty-five cents for just this is just as degrading as holding-up a filling station to go to Calumet City.

"Another argument that is as important as any of the others is that people do notice what we do. Whether they (the people of South Bend) like us or not, they do notice what we do, and give it a second thought when we do something they don't approve of, and invariably raise their eyebrows when we do something that we ourselves are not supposed to approve.

"Lastly, and this is pretty significant since we go to Notre Dame, it is really a desecration of womanhood as well as being pretty ironic when you stop to think what the Blessed Virgin stands for. Your own mother is included in this too, since after all, she is a woman, and in many cases is sacrificing a lot to send you here. You could buy a lot of hats for \$10,000."

"LAST SATURDAY NIGHT the seniors were granted one o'clock permissions for the Senior Ball weekend. This was an unprecedented move made by the Administration after considerable thought. It indicated that the Administration is constantly aware of the needs and desires of the students.

"Senior classes had tried before to get the late permission on the night after the dance. The problem was nothing new. But, rules and policies will never be changed over night. For many years, they were trying to get midnight lights for seniors. Only within the last three years was this granted. Twenty-five years ago, a student here got two midnights a month.

"These are only a few examples but it points out that the Administration is aware of the changing times, it will listen to the students and it will grant the students their wishes.

"This is not to advocate new policy changes. You cannot expect results immediately. Because you are turned down does not give you the right to crucify verbally members of the Administration either on or off the record. Remember many before you have been turned down. Their reaction in most cases was to take up the problem again — in a prudent manner. The signs of progress show that they eventually succeeded. But, they never got anywhere by ranting and raving."

— J. K.

Vox Alumni, Vox Dei

AS OF LAST FRIDAY, only two of the 269 messages received in Fr. Hesburgh's office on the subject of his letter were adverse. The first of these letters was from SBP Richard Rossie which was quoted at length in *The Observer*. The second negative reaction was a telegram from none other than Robert Sam Anson, '67 graduate, founder and first editor of *The Observer* and a former associate

editor of the SCHOLASTIC. Its text is quoted here:

"Statement on student protestors betrays utter disregard for due process. Will succeed only in provoking further disruption. For good of all, sadly but strongly suggest your immediate resignation. Throughout my best wishes are with you."

— T. P.

Performance Explossimus



LAST SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, at approximately 9:30 A.M., graduate student Howard McRae was transferring some oxygen-diflouride (OF_2 for you chemistry buffs) when the transfer apparatus burst, in a minor explosion, leaking the poisonous gas. McRae, slightly stunned for a moment, managed to turn off the cylinder container and stop the leakage, but not before inhaling a considerable amount of the gas. He was rushed to Saint Joseph's Hospital by a fellow student, where he was listed Monday as in fair condition in the intensive care ward.

When queried about the occurrences, Dr. Jeremiah Freeman, assistant chairman of the department of chemistry, replied that the student had been doing a spectroscopy study of the gas (for you Arts and Letters students, he was passing light through a sample to see what particular wavelengths of light the gas absorbs). Stating that the explosion was not too big, Dr. Freeman proceeded to explain that the transfer apparatus is a series of tubes and stop cocks. He speculated that possibly the gas, an oxidizing agent, reacted with some residual chemical material in one of the tubes. The resulting pressure burst the glass tube, causing the leak. But no one is sure.

Shortly, the escaped gas spread throughout the old Chemistry Building. Graduate students moved out and all classes were either moved out or called off. The adjoining Nieuwland Science Hall was not too seriously affected, though some teachers called off their classes there also.

Dr. Freeman pointed out that the building cannot be locked and this caused some concern. Hence some of the faculty stayed until the end of the class day informing people to stay away.

The container has since been removed, and on Monday both halls were back in full use. — W. S.

ROTC vs. SDS: "It was a dirty little game but somebody had to play it."

IT WAS ONE OF THOSE natural rivalries that spice the history of competition rarely failing to create intense interest and excitement in the masses. Although this one failed to create intense interest and excitement in the masses, it nevertheless must rank with such epic encounters as Notre Dame-Michigan State, Army-Navy, New York Giants-Brooklyn Dodgers, cowboys and Indians, cops and robbers, David and Goliath, Ozzie and Harriet, etc., as one of the better match-ups of all time.

Despite a curious silence among the major, and even the minor, news media, a bustling throng of some twenty staunch fans and degenerate thrill-seekers jammed the Rock to witness this timely confrontation. There was an aura of electric tension and constrained hilarity in the moments before the opening whistle. Yes, fans, this was it; the Big One, the game the oddsmakers wouldn't touch (possibly because they couldn't have cared less): SDS versus Army ROTC in Club League basketball.

In the pre-game warmups, Army ROTC maneuvered through a series of sharp drills, while SDS casually "did their own thing" (to coin a phrase). When asked about his strategy, the Army coach issued a communiqué stating cryptically, "The best defense is a strong offense." It was even harder to get a definitive statement out of the SDS contingent, due to a lack of any titular team leadership, but one hirsute member shrugged his shoulders and mumbled something about "whatever turns us on."

At the beginning of the game,

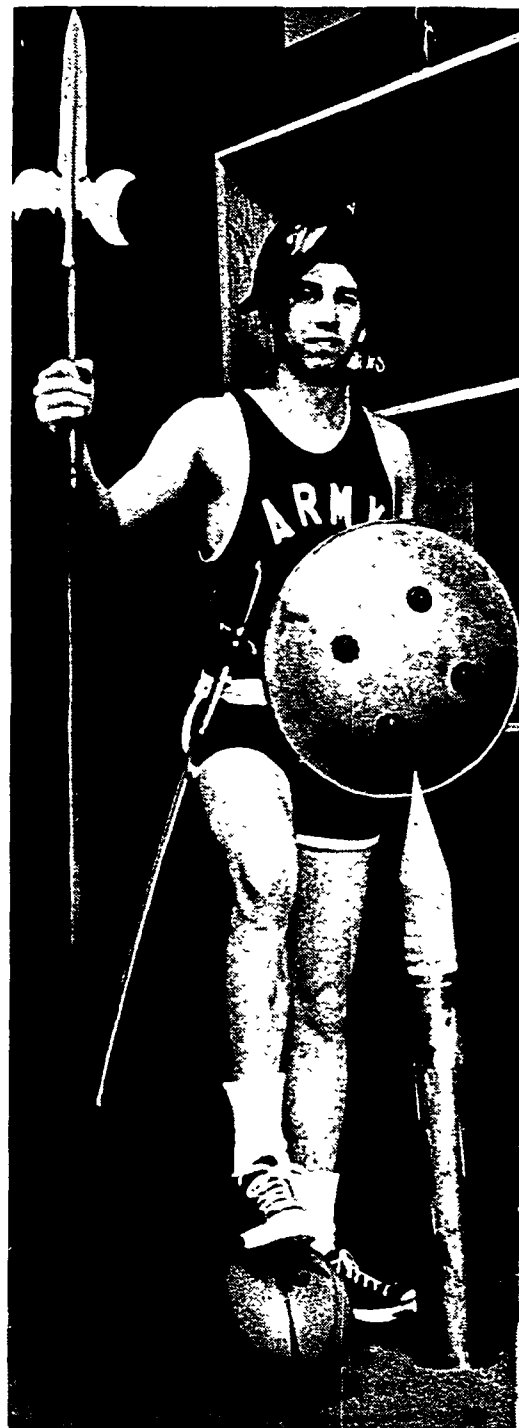
Army marched out on the court clad in straight black uniforms (probably fashioned from slightly used black flags) numbered in a series from 0 to 13 inclusive, so the fans could tell them apart if they wanted to, or at least to enable them to tell each other apart. SDS, however, came dressed casually, and without any numbers on their bodies, so you couldn't even tell them apart, unless, of course, you looked at them.

Army, with a planned and potent attack, surged ahead quickly to take an advantage that they never surrendered, despite SDS's rather effective and freewheeling philosophy of offense which could be best described as restrained anarchy. They shot well generally from the left side of the court. But Army seemed stronger from the right, and one man who started working toward the left was quickly benched.

On defense, the representatives of the military-educational complex (to coin a complex) were aggressive and ball-hawking and capitalized often on enemy mistakes. However, SDS opened with a defensive tactic of passive resistance, but soon abandoned it when they saw its futility in favor of a more positive, though difficult system which one of them called "participatory defense."

The game was hard fought with fouls on both sides, but ominously enough, the Army basketball machine was victorious, 76-58. With a gleeful and satisfied frown on his face, Army's coach remarked resignedly, "It was a dirty little game, but somebody had to play it."

— D. M.



*If I had
a low I.Q., I
would join
a left-wing group*

"THE ARMY MUST MAKE SOLDIERS from the men the nation sends it, but it must also be sensitive to the efficient use of the talent it gets." Such is the explanation of the problem of the military vs. the college campus as offered by Col. Harry A. Buckley in the January, 1969, issue of *Army*.

The Army has become a little queasy at the thought of the sharply increasing percentages of college graduates now being inducted into the service following the National Security Council's decision to deny postgraduate deferments. One out of every five enlisted men is now a college grad, and, according to Buckley, the 16-18% of matriculated draftees are entering the service in poorer physical condition, with poorer attitudes, and with more education than their noncollege counterparts. They come from the most permissive institutions in the country (colleges and universities) "where they have been led to believe that they represent a

very critical and highly valuable national resource."

Attempts to specially assign all college-educated inductees to appropriate occupational categories are impractical, and existing programs designed for this purpose so far have not eliminated alienation and low efficiency.

Buckley proposes that the Army must provide more cultural experiences, refute the anti-intellectual expectations of the graduate, and must recognize their academic achievements. Thus some of the strains may be eased through "understanding, good humor, and a willingness to accept criticism."

— J. K.

SMC / the week in review

Damsels in Dipless Despair



SUPPOSE — JUST FOR THE PURPOSE of argument, okay? — that a St. Mary's girl wanted to go swimming. Now, what options are open to her? Well, there's always the South Bend Natatorium, conveniently located several miles away in the heart of one of the worst sections of our fair city. Or if she's *really* brave, she can try the lake at Notre Dame, and risk being thrown out, or worse. (Admittedly, though, this does present certain problems in winter.) Then, too, our St. Mary's girl could attempt a swim in the SMC lake, if she feels up to dodging the goldfish and the security guards, or she could try the St. Joseph's River. However, if she's really desperate, her best choice is probably to run a lot of water in a bathtub. . . .

At the beginning of the year, a questionnaire was circulated by the Health Board, which asked, among other things, if the students would

be in favor of a pool on campus. According to Kathy Feeney, a member of the Board and one of the most active workers on the project, the response was quite favorable. In fact, she said, "About the only thing definite is that we really do want a pool."

Kathy has been going from meeting to meeting, trying to track down the person best able to help get the SMC girls their pool. So far nothing has really been accomplished. Last weekend Kathy visited a meeting of the Space Allocation Committee, with results still unpublicized. One of her next scheduled stops is the office of Fr. McGrath.

However, it's almost certain that a pool will appear on the SMC campus only after a lot of long, hard work. So if our water-conscious girl of paragraph one is still desperate . . . well, it's swim, swim, swim in the old shower room! — M. B.

Get Thee to a Nunnery



"ARE THEY REALLY BEING exiled to the nunnery?" The proposal of converting Regina Hall, the ex-convent, into an all sophomore dorm is the leading controversy as the SMC's annual room lottery draws near. This lottery has been used successfully for the past few years. It consists of upperclassmen priorities, each student in the order of her class, draws a number, thus placing her numerically on a list. As her number comes up she is able to choose a room; roommates are able to choose a room on the same number. The result of this fairly complicated system is that McCandless and the better rooms in LeMans and Holy Cross usually go to juniors and seniors. Rooms for the incoming freshmen are usually sectioned off

before this whole process begins, but this year it has been proposed that this sectioning be delayed until the juniors have finished their selections. Therefore, the sophomores can choose only from what is left over.

However, at the freshman convocation on Feb. 21, it was proposed that the 280-bed Regina Hall be devoted solely to next year's sophomores, thus creating a greater class unity. Improvements have been offered: these would include the creation of larger community closets and more closet space in each room (the closets now hold the equivalent of any well-dressed nun's wardrobe), the installation of more phones (there are now three phones for every 35 girls) and more date parlors and study rooms. The hall now contains such advantages as laundry facilities on each floor and air-conditioning.

A hand vote revealed that approximately half the class is in favor of this proposal. Those objecting complain of the sterile, hospital-like atmosphere of Regina and the fact that there are only singles there. The possibility of grouping the rooms into blocks of two and more as to locate friends near one another has been discussed. — M. R.

Legislature to Tinker with Rules Again

ALTHOUGH there has been much discussion recently about the reality of community government on St. Mary's campus, the mechanics of that system are still functioning in certain relatively uncontroversial areas.

The perennial questions of dress regulations and smoking in Madaleva still cry to the communal solons of the legislature for solution.

Once again rules concerning dress and smoking are to be revised. Bills are being drawn up and will be considered at the legislature meeting scheduled for Wednesday.

The new bill concerning dress rules allows slacks and shorts to be proper attire on all parts of the campus, including the dining hall, library and classrooms. The formation of this bill was based on student response to a questionnaire circulated this past month.

Smoking in the new classroom building is also to be considered. A point stating that individual teachers may determine dress and smoking rules in their classes may be included in both bills. — C. G.

Dr. Cassidy, I Presume?



ROAMING IN THE MIDST of FBI agents, weapons experts and veteran police officers in the ranks of the South Bend Police Department Training School is a Saint Mary's history professor.

Dr. Rita Cassidy, professor of African History at Saint Mary's, has completed an eight-hour course in Afro-American History and Culture for 27 police rookies from South Bend, Mishawaka and Michigan City who are attending the 12 week training course.

The subject matter, according to Dr. Cassidy, focused on the cultural and historical heritage of the black American, and aimed to give the new policemen some insights and

understanding of the Negro in society. Dr. Cassidy believes that the very fact that she was asked to teach such a course indicates a change in the outlook of the white people of America toward the Negro.

"There has been a change in attitude in two ways. First, we must make an honest appraisal of the situation. It is a white problem and white men must face it. St. Joseph's Church in South Bend held a seminar this Lent on 'What is our commitment to Social Justice?' And at the first seminar one clergyman maintained that problem in his parish. He was then asked how many black families were in his parish, and answered 'One.' The reply—'That is your problem.'"

Dr. Cassidy stated that this attitude of non-integration was found in much of society today, but that we who call ourselves Christians should be the first to eliminate it: "Instead of facing the challenge of a black community the church moved safely to the suburbs. This is how ghettos come about." She maintained that this rejection by the church was one of the reasons why young people, especially, have become so dissatisfied with it.

The second change in the attitude of white Americans is a realization that "what is being done is the result of pressure. Look at the past one hundred years, in comparison to the past couple. When people get suf-

ficiently frustrated they *do* take violent action. It could be self-destructive in some ways, but the black people feel that this is momentary and transitional. Some suffer so that others might have freedom. There is always the threat of death—even in the cases of those who are non-violent—but they feel it is worth the risk. And their families go right on; they don't pull out. It is the spirit of the early Christian martyrs who were willing to lose blood for their cause."

Dr. Cassidy believes that white America is denying its past. One hand the destructive, violent action of American Revolutionists at the Boston Tea Party is lauded as heroic, in the cause of freedom and justice; and on the other hand the black man's struggle for his rights is condemned. "We must take a good hard look at our America. The way to mold a total American people is for everyone to become a part of this molding."

She is not recommending or condoning violence, but rather understanding it. People who feel that they have been grossly mistreated are going to react violent if non-violent means bring about no noticeable effect. This very fact is part of the American heritage: "You can't live in the past, but they (the Negroes) have suffered, and we have violated their rights. It does have an effect."

—M. E. S.

Elimination of Lights Makes For Lurid Setting!



DID YOU KNOW THAT 8100 watts of electricity flood the reception room in Le Mans Hall? The 135 bulbs (one has been broken) in the feudal-looking fixtures shed light upon the not-too-pleasant surroundings of what was once the dining hall.

The Space Allocation Committee had made plans to refurbish the reception areas in the SMC dorms last September. Up until now, no improvements have been made, with the exception of a public-telephone booth in the Reignbeaux. Kay Bajo, who is in charge of redecorating both the old and new Reignbeaux, has discussed plans for converting one of the rooms into a game room with pool table and shuffleboard for the girls and their dates. The other room would serve as a more formal type of reception room.

Plans for Holy Cross Hall entail making the sign-out room into a TV room and Fr. Roman Ladewski's room into another parlor. The community room would be equipped with a kitchen and be designed for co-ex use. Also, the large quads in both

Le Mans and Holy Cross would be renovated into study areas with kitchens. Meanwhile, in McCandless, the smoker would be made into a co-ex room while girls would use part of the trunk room as their smoker. More furniture would be added to the student lounge in Regina.

On Thursday, the committee will meet with an interior decorator to discuss these suggested plans. The only thing that stands in the way is the school budget, which should have been completed February 15. Hopefully, this will be completed by the end of the month.

Redecoration is tentatively scheduled to take place over the summer and be finished by next September. But what do we do until then — turn off the lights?

—K. E.

on other campuses

ABOUT a dozen members of a conservative student group invaded the office of the Queens College student newspaper last week, overturning tables and scattering the publication's business records.

The action was taken by members of an all-white student group calling itself the Student Coalition. A spokesman for the group said they were protesting "condoning of violence during the SEEK crisis" by the newspaper, *The Phoenix*.

The crisis referred to was recent disorders on campus involving protesters, predominantly black, demanding control of a tutorial and financial assistance program known as SEEK—Search for Education, Elevation and Knowledge.

College officials were notified of the disturbance in the *Phoenix* office, but no disciplinary action ensued.

Joseph Paladino, a senior who is the leader of the Student Coalition, said the vandalism would continue until "the administration decides to stop the violence."

The group has threatened to "make it impossible" for the president of the college, Joseph McMurray, to carry on his functions.

The Student Coalition contends that Dr. McMurray "is not qualified by virtue of background or education" and that he has "constantly groveled at the feet of a small group

of radical students, rather than assert leadership or responsibility."

A NEW YORK CITY student recently made an appeal to the state legislature not to cut student aid funds and hit the legislators where it hurts . . . in the pocketbook. Earl Vessup, a 22-year-old black, was one of the few speakers at the recent budget hearings in Albany who urged the defeat of educational budget cuts supported by Governor Rockefeller.

"Out of 17 fellows from my block who graduated from high school, five are in jail, seven are dope addicts or on the way, four were in the Army, one of whom was killed in Vietnam. I am the only one attending college," Vessup told the hearing. "One out of seventeen represents miserable odds," he continued, "but even that slim chance for working out of poverty will be gone if the governor's budget cuts for City University are approved by the legislature."

Vessup, a senior at Richmond College of the City University of New York, mentioned the effects that the proposed cuts would have on the university and was backed up by university officials who stated that they would be forced to "shut down" new admissions next fall if the proposed cuts were enacted.

Vessup, however, brought the issue clearly into focus with another

personal example. Vessup, who attends school under the College Discovery Program for Disadvantaged Students, said that he had been prepared, before college, to take a \$65-a-week job.

"Now," he said, "I am in a position to take a \$10,000- or \$11,000-a-year job. And, gentlemen, that represents tax money to the state. From personal experience, I can say that it is much wiser to spend \$6,000 to help a youth study his way through college than to spend hundreds of thousands of dollars for welfare payments to him and his family for the rest of their lives."

SAIN'T JOHN's University has taken a positive step toward improved evaluation of student performance. Dr. Henry C. Mills, university provost and vice president, has announced that henceforth "the permanent record will no longer show a numerical grade" and that A+, B+, C+, and D+ grades will be added to the marking scale.

Dean of the liberal arts college Father Richard Devine, said the new system would present a "much more realistic view of grades and their significance." He declared that the old system "in which a student got a C for 79 and a B for 80 did not give a true picture of the student's overall performance."

—Steve Novak

feiffer

I APOLOGIZE FOR HI-JACKING YOUR AIRPLANE, SIR.



BUT I'M A STUDENT AND WANTED TO LEARN ABOUT CUBA FOR MYSELF.



AND THE STATE DEPT. SAYS THE ONLY LEGAL WAY I CAN GET TO CUBA IS TO FIRST GO TO MEXICO.



BUT IF I GO BY WAY OF MEXICO WITHOUT STATE DEPT. PERMISSION WHEN I WANT TO COME HOME I WON'T BE LET BACK INTO MEXICO.



AND THEY WON'T GIVE ME STATE DEPT. PERMISSION BECAUSE I'M A STUDENT AND NOT A JOURNALIST. SO I'M NOT QUALIFIED TO LEARN ABOUT CUBA FOR MYSELF.



SO TO COME HOME FROM CUBA I HAVE TO FIRST GO TO MADRID.



SO WHAT CHOICE DID I HAVE BUT TO HI-JACK YOUR AIRPLANE?



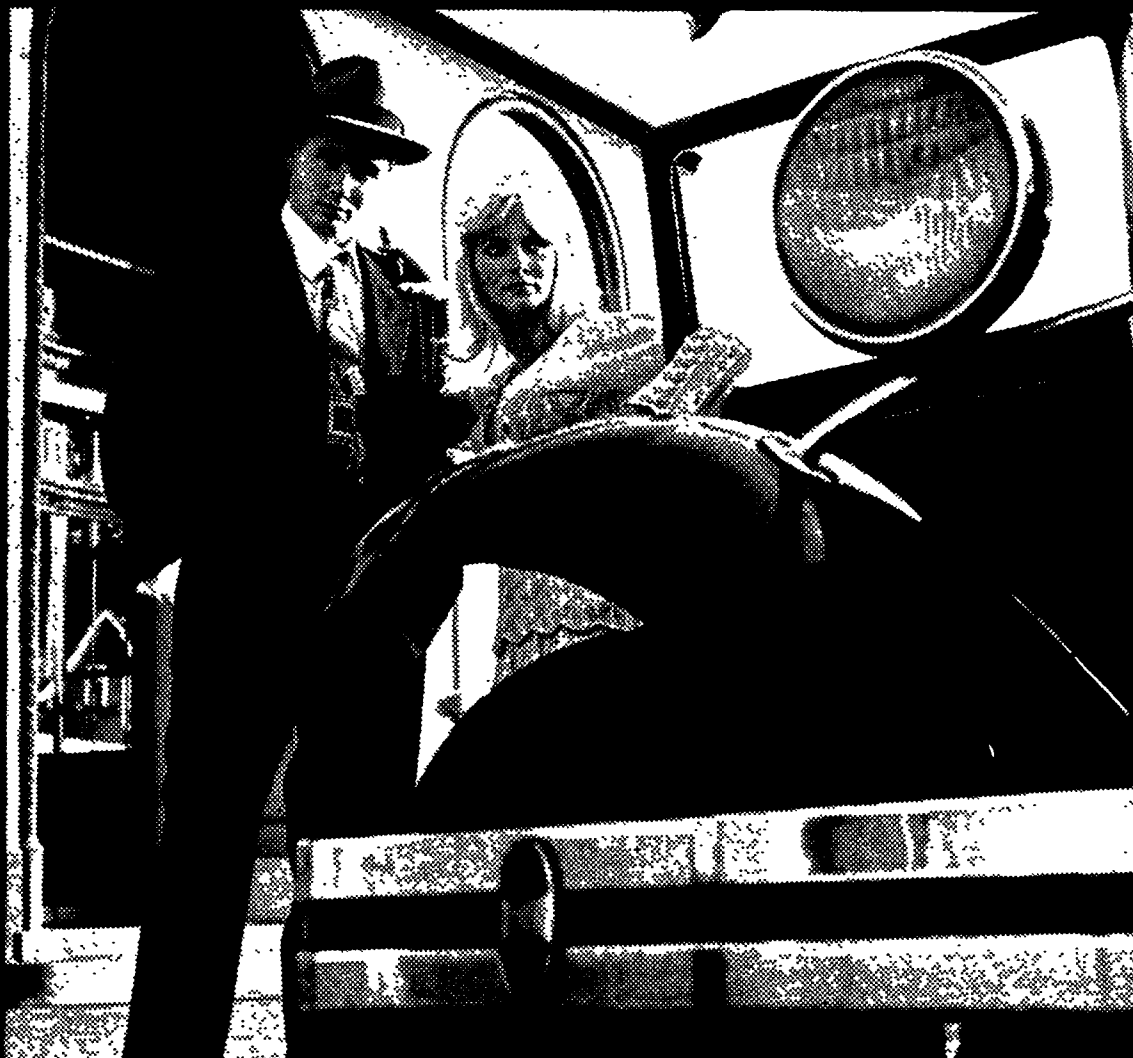
AS I SEE IT IT'S A RETURN TO THE CONCEPT OF FREE TRAVEL.



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What's Right with Notre Dame

O'Malley,
Goerner,
Houck, Evans,
etc., etc.

by Joel Connelly



COMPLAINTS about Notre Dame normally center around such subjects as the Administration, required courses, hall life, the Dean of Students, and South Bend's social life. For all the volume of bitching on this campus, however, one group of individuals comes in for what is sometimes effusive praise. There can be no doubt that the Notre Dame faculty contains outstanding men.

These men constitute the reason why many outstanding students have endured the draconian rules, overcrowded halls, and other all-too-familiar campus conditions. At Notre Dame there are individuals you can build your life around.

The role of men such as Francis O'Malley, Joseph Evans, Edward Goerner, John Houck and James Carberry cannot be underestimated in considering Notre Dame as an educational institution. Admittedly there are many students who emerge from Notre Dame with a professional training without the mental stimulation of the academy. However, more talented students here have established intimate relationships with professors, relationships which have shaped their destinies.

One cannot claim that Notre Dame is unique in encouraging a close rapport between faculty and students. In fact, the University has taken few steps to bring the two groups together. Nevertheless, men have been attracted to this campus because of its supposed Christianity. These individuals have dedicated themselves to establishing close relationships with students both inside and outside the classroom. Other faculty members have simply happened upon Notre Dame and may not even care for the place. However, they have opened up their homes to students as much as the Christian activists and have often served as more concrete and relevant examples.

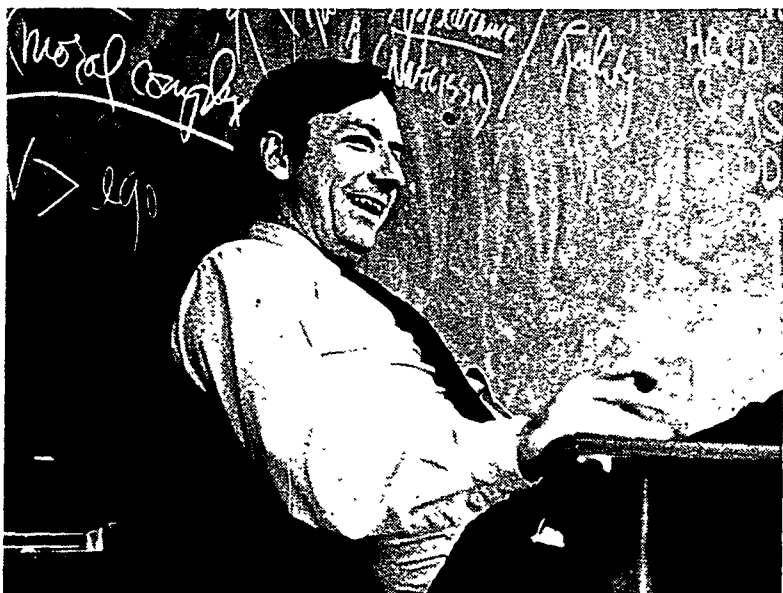
Notre Dame has its legendary figures, men who have become in themselves institutions. Students come to the lectures of O'Malley with an attitude of awe. The horizons of countless undergraduates have been broadened by the wit and wisdom of Willis Nutting. The closest contact, though, comes with younger faculty. Here there is more dialogue and debate. The provocative style of Economics Professor William Leahy produces a constant exchange in his courses. An inquiry can provoke a full hour's discussion in a Peter Michelson English class. Before assuming management of Senator

Eugene McCarthy's Indiana campaign last year, Government Professor Dr. James Bogle conducted a free-wheeling Free University class on revolutionary theory at his home.

Two reasons contribute to close contact between students and the younger faculty. The first is the disappearance of the European concept of the wise and totally aloof professor imparting knowledge to the obedient young. There is a growing realization that education is a matter of exchange. Government Professor George Williams, who arrived here from Yale this year, conducts his upper-division courses in circular seminar fashion with a coffeepot perking in the corner. English Professor Donald Costello breaks his Modern Fiction class down into discussion groups to analyze reading selections. When Costello lectures, his style makes class response necessary and provokes much exchange.

A second reason for student-faculty dialogue is simple interest in the same problems and similar commitments toward reforming both this University and the society as a whole. Michelson and his English department colleague John Matthias were instrumental in preserving calm at the pornography conference even as the Administration acquiesced to outside police intervention onto the Notre Dame campus. In the larger sphere of American politics, Bogle made Notre Dame students the vanguard of the anti-Johnson movement in Indiana. Kennedy and McCarthy campaigns last spring saw faculty and students working side by side, something unheard of in the days when the academic careers of Notre Dame faculty members were threatened for signing an ad endorsing Adlai Stevenson.

In spite of insights into the increasing dialogue and informality of younger faculty, it is difficult to generalize about the great men who stimulate this campus. They are faculty veterans and young instructors just starting out. They are committed Christians and professed nonbelievers. They are radicals and conservatives. However, they share in the fact that they have opened themselves to the inquiring members of the student community. On a campus where much may seem irrelevant they have endeavored to communicate not simply the subjects they teach but their own essences. Thus it can be said that one builds his education not only around political philosophy but around Joseph Evans. Frank O'Malley does not simply inspire a passing interest in Catholic literature, but himself is a symbol of its relevance and wisdom. There are most certainly great men at Notre Dame, men who leave a lasting imprint and make one's years here meaningful and stimulating. □



a good place to be from

WELCOME FRESHMEN." You read the sign and then glanced surreptitiously about you. What kind of rube did they take you for anyway! You'd heard all about college initiations and you weren't going to be put off guard. You knew that as soon as your parents left and you were alone at last, the battle would begin. You bided your time until your parents left and then for two days every time you saw an upperclassman you grimaced but nothing happened. Finally you and your roommate got tired of hiding in your room and so you went across the hall and pounded on the door of the junior who lived there. You asked him if he studied thirty-five hours a week as Dean Burke had claimed; he just kind of laughed, but he turned out to be a nice guy as did most of the other students on your wing.

By the time Christmas came, you'd about had it with Notre Dame.

When you got home, you found that you were never in a position of many of your friends who when asked where they attended school would reply: "I go to Pasadena Community College, but we've got a great . . . and . . ." When someone asked you where you went to school, you could lean back, assume a confident air and smugly reply, "My university? . . . Notre Dame." It was a great place to be from.

Two weeks later, though, you were a bit apprehensive about going back. Second semester you'd heard was worse than the first and those Indiana winters were enough to discourage anyone. But, you were looking forward to seeing your friends again and the thought of the reunion stirred in you a momentary longing for Notre Dame. In a few days you were back and complaining.

Well, by now you've left and returned to Notre Dame many times, and though there are a dozen things you'd like to see changed, there's one thing you probably wouldn't change and that's your decision to come to Notre Dame. For all its liabilities you kind of like the place. Your attachment to Notre Dame you like to think is more than just a sense of security due to an acquired familiarity with the campus. You feel at home here, you are a part of the student community, and you are accepted as yourself and not as a member of Sigma Phi Nothing Fraternity or as a recent entry in this year's *Who's Who*.

THE best thing about Notre Dame is the friendships that you've gained here; it might have happened anywhere, but you aren't sure. What is it about Notre Dame that fosters these friendships? You've heard it said that misery loves company, and it might just be that being miserable here together is the basis for that community spirit. That might be true of a penitentiary, but no one you know was ever sentenced to four years at Notre Dame. And yet, a certain communal malaise does exist, but that doesn't explain why you keep coming back each year and why you're glad to tell people that you're a student at Notre Dame. There's something right with Notre Dame and it's not just you. . . . □

— Timothy Unger

...and five good priests (at least)

by James Fullin



James Shilts

FARLEY, Dillon, Cavanaugh, Morrissey, Walsh — places now but in their own day the names of men. Unforgettable men, to those who knew them, whose memory is preserved not in their names over familiar doorways, but in the hearts of the men they taught and disciplined, absolved and inspired. To thousands of alumni, the greatness of Notre Dame will always be associated with the Holy Cross Fathers. Today, too, despite its growth, diversification, and secularization, Notre Dame still owes a disproportionate share of its greatness to the 40 or so CSC's who serve the community as counselors, chaplains, and rectors. This week the *SCHOLASTIC* features five such "unforgettable characters" whose approach is helping reshape pastoral work at Notre Dame. They are not all the most theologically progressive nor are they necessarily the most popular. They were chosen because one or more of the magazine staff has discovered in them what in less abashed days was known as sanctity, and today goes by the name of "soul."



Robert Griffin

REV. James Shilts, CSC, defies typification. As one Farleyite remarks, "Just when you think you have him figured out, he'll do or say something that throws you completely off balance." He certainly doesn't fit the image of the right-now, hard-fighting comrade-in-arms of the student dissenters. But he is equally miscast as a reactionary, authoritarian policeman-rector. Perhaps the best way to describe his approach is to say he treats people and situations as unique.

When he took over as rector of Farley in 1967, the situation was touchy. Without doubt Notre Dame's first stay hall experiment had produced hopeful results, but graduation had taken many student leaders and the concept of hall autonomy was consigned to a limbo where the distinction between freedom and license was cloudy. After a year of mutual getting acquainted, however, the men of Farley have learned that they can count on Father Shilts for as much freedom as they prove themselves able to handle responsibly—but no more. Hall activities in Farley this year have been a mixture of brilliant successes and disappointing setbacks. But much of what is right with Farley is attributable to Fr. Shilts' singular ability to bring out the best in those who know him.



Ernest Bartell

REV. Joseph Hoffman, CSC, is caught up in the revolt of mind, spirit, and body which seems to touch at least remotely the life style of every student. "Father Joe's hang-ups are our hang-ups," says one student. "The very way he preaches at Mass seems to exemplify his position. He hits the hang-up nail right on the head."

This is just as evident, if not more so, in the pedagogical style of his lectures on the theology of marriage. The informal classroom atmosphere reflects not only his open-mindedness regarding the present relation of Church and individual, but also typifies the candor of the institution his Roman collar (often replaced by a blue turtleneck) represents.

"He knows the games people play," observes one student, "and he lets us know he's on our side of the field for almost every contest." His wit, charm, humor, and intelligence combine to make his theology class among the most popular on campus. This popularity stems from the fact that Fr. Hoffman not only knows and appreciates what student unrest is, but has himself become part of that unrest.

REV. Maurice Amen, CSC, modestly if redundantly describes himself as a "38-year-old celibate bachelor," a description which seems all the more humble in view of what



Joseph Hoffman

the residents of Keenan have to say about him. His first year as rector there coincides with their first experiment with stay hall status, and, judging by Keenan's success in such projects as interhall athletics, Mardi Gras, and a \$3500 renovation of the basement into a coffeehouse-dating parlor, the combination is a happy one. Hall spirit is high, and there is a sense of participation in a social and liturgical community.

Fr. Amen was originally trained in Canon Law, but when someone was needed to teach Christian Ethics, he was drafted into the post. A most detached viewer of the Law, he has brought many of his students to a basic rethinking of their moral positions. For example, his first paper assignment for this semester was one the writer was supposed to begin, "I am/am not a conscientious objector because..."

He often attends the deliberations of the SLC to defend the student position, although he is not a member. "Without doubt," says one enthusiastic Keenanite, "the spirit here is something he helped build."

YOU might have seen Rev. Robert Griffin, CSC, in the Huddle last weekend, surrounded by a half dozen preschoolers, or you might have seen him leading a congregation roughly double the planned capacity of Stanford Chapel in a favorite hymn, "Jesus Loves Me," after Sunday Mass about a month ago. If you were in Greenwich Village last summer you might have seen him give a slightly melted candle to a hippie. If you live on the third floor of Keenan and you get some cookies from home he may drop in on you for bed check.

It works both ways, however, since the outer sanctum of his prefect's room is always available for



Maurice Amen

cards, TV or bull sessions, even after Fr. Griffin retires around 5 AM every morning. To the many who know him from his sermons, his contributions to *The Great Northern Gazette* or his social work among the East Side Disciples of Keenan's third floor ghetto, Fr. Griffin is distinguished by his broad girth, his inexhaustible wit, and his concern for the individual student. Says one, "This is like a family up here, with him as dad."

REV. Ernest Bartell, CSC, has the singular distinction of having become a legend even before his own time. Despite his involvement with the economics department, the SLC, and numerous other committees and projects, he has kept up a close rapport with the undergraduates. He is chaplain to CILA, prefect of Morrissey's third floor, and a draft counselor, and it is in these pastoral capacities that Father Bartell's gift for empathizing with the student viewpoint is put to best use. Despite his dedication and efforts to solve the economic ills of the ghetto and Latin America, Father takes unabashed delight in the fruits of capitalism (be sure to see him if you're planning a vacation in the Caribbean). To those who know him best, there is no question as to his ability, his sensitivity, and his energy. Where will he be in 20 years? Rumor has it that Pope Theodore will issue the red hat to a noted American economist and educator . . . □

Adam Walinsky

Adam Walinsky was described in an Evans-Novak column two weeks ago as "the most radical of Senator Kennedy's young aides." A speechwriter for the late Senator, Walinsky was in the forefront of those urging Kennedy first to stand against Lyndon Johnson on the War and later to challenge the President for the Democratic Presidential nomination. Walinsky spoke at the Kennedy Seminar here in mid-February. SCHOLASTIC Associate Editors Joel Connelly and Thomas Payne spoke at great length with Walinsky on his way in from Chicago. The SCHOLASTIC here presents part of the discussion.

Scholastic: *Do you feel Mr. Nixon's low-key administrative job as president will appeal to the people of the United States over a period of four years or over any substantive period at all? Do you believe that the man will be able to appeal to the alienated segments of our population and in any way unite the country?*

Walinsky: The country has been through an awful lot over the last 30 years. And it has been getting more and more difficult over the last few. We can sense all around us the desire to relax for a while. And, of course, people feel that the war is going to be over and maybe the cities will be basically quiet—they are not blowing up this winter. The difficulty with this, I suppose, is that the country was in what you could call a disease for a long time before Vietnam. Vietnam brought it all to the surface and it all came bubbling to the top. Certainly much sooner than it would have without the war, with Johnson and all the rest. But it was there and was coming. We went through a period sort of like that before with Eisenhower, but I don't think the difficulties were nearly as serious and the ills as bad as they are now. But the end of that period was just the upheaval that you had in the '60's. Now what the time span is going to be now I don't know. All the time spans have been accelerated. Everything happens so much more quickly. You now have generation gaps at places like Berkeley between sophomores and freshmen. The freshmen are much more radical and do not understand sophomores. So, given that as the pace of change, I don't know whether Nixon can carry that off for four years.

Scholastic: *Do you feel that Edward Kennedy will appeal to the same constituents as did Robert Kennedy, or do you feel that he will operate more within the traditional groups of the Democratic Party, such as labor unions, labor leaders?*

Walinsky: I don't know the answer to that. I don't know the answer.

Scholastic: *How do you assess the McCarthy campaign, aside from the fact that he ran and he lost—I mean let's talk about the man as a politician, as a candidate.*

Walinsky: It was terribly significant that he ran to begin with. The country will owe him a great debt for that for a long time. He ran and he also raised some very interesting and important issues. I happen to think that he answered many of them in the wrong way. They were there nonetheless. What essentially Eugene McCarthy was doing was speaking to and for and articulating the interests of the driving groups—

the new governing class in this country, the technicians, the young educated suburban graduates. There are two countries here—about half the country lives in the twenty-first century, and the other half lives in the nineteenth. This split has been growing for quite a while, especially since the early '60's. It has been going wild since the war, since Vietnam began to be a big issue. McCarthy was the candidate of the twenty-first century. He was exactly what a presidential candidate 50 years from now will look and sound like in many, many ways. He couldn't as a result, and didn't even want to speak to that half of the country which is still in the nineteenth, the blue collar workers, the black and the ethnic minorities, the farmers. In a way, it was a test of the twenty-first century people to see how they would deal with the problems of the 19th that are still here. It will measure whether people are anything more than machines. If you can't understand what's wrong with the way the 19th century people live their lives in this country, then I don't know what you're going to do for some sense of integrity or purpose in your own life.

Although there is half the country living in the 21st century, there are still a lot of 19th century questions left around unresolved, like who really does get the benefit from all that we have, all that we see in those factories pouring out smoke into the landscape, and the distribution of reward between the people who make the decision to let that smoke go up and the guy who sits in the plant breathing it all day.

Scholastic: *Along the same question, you said McCarthy raised some questions that you felt should be raised. I was wondering what questions you feel he raised which Robert Kennedy didn't, and what questions you think he answered the wrong way?*

Walinsky: Well, when I said that he was the 21st century candidate, one of the questions he was raising was that this should be a big grown-up country that should get along without a president, without a strong leader as president. And that is a real question. What is the function of leadership in a democratic society and what should we really be saying? After all, the fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings. That's the part of the quotation that most people leave off. What he was saying was that the kind of president that he was prepared to be was one who would essentially say, "Look, it's up to all of you out there. You have to do it. And I'm not going to stand in your way. I'm just going to go with it." Now, I think there is a lot to that. That is a very important question, as to the amount of reliance we have to put on other people to do the job for us, to the extent by which we've been willing to be passive and just pay taxes to hire someone to do whatever the hell needs doing in the country, in our public lives. And there's a real question as to whether specialization, which has been so productive to the economy, should ever have been extended to the extent that it has been to politics, which is the life of the country in a much more important way. So, I happen to think that that's one of the questions he raised. He answered it correctly. I agree with a lot of emotion that underlines that point of view. I still think it's true, though, that there are some very powerful forces lined up on the

other side. And because of the pressure of the modern economic system and the extent to which it has forced so many people into specially dependent relationships in which they have so little to say about their own lives, people become more and more habituated into not protesting and not doing things for themselves, I think it's going to need a period of very strong affirmative leadership to help create the mechanisms that will allow people to live more independently and take on more responsibility. His answer was essentially to start now and say, "I'm not going to do anything, so you guys take care of it all" and I think that it was not a very realistic answer to the question that he was posing.

Scholastic: Do you think the day will come in which this country is so big and grownup that it will be able to, in a large degree, govern itself? Or do you really see big government as being necessary as a counter balance to other forces in our society, such as "big business"?

Walinsky: Because it's a powerful country, you're always going to have a powerful government. But I think you could do a helluva lot towards building up other types of power elsewhere in the society, and to balance the power of big business, as presently constituted, and balance the power of the government.

Scholastic: What do you think at the present time are the attitudes of what you've described as the part of the population still living in the 19th century towards the country in which they live? More specifically, do you see the opinions a great many people hold as resisting the move toward the 21st century?

Walinsky: I don't think it's so much the fact that they don't want to. It's that they haven't got the faintest capability to do it.

Scholastic: Who are they?

Walinsky: Well, I mean, like the guys who work in those plants, for example. Now you know, the guys that work in those plants, most of them have missed the higher financed education that's gone on in this country. If a guy is 28 years old, when he got out of high school the proportion of high school graduates going on to college was less than half of what it is now. In 1958 Project Talent, which was a survey sponsored by the Carnegie Corporation and the U.S. Office of Education, said that at that time, out of the top fifth of all high school graduates, only a quarter to a third actually could go on to college. The reason usually was money. From the 1950's, when the last effects of the G.I. Bill were being felt, until 1958, the proportion of the population going to college actually went down. That is the great divider in our country right now, the people who have college educations and the people who don't. This is the single greatest status divider, running through all ethnic groups, all places, all parts of the country. And no one's figured out how you give a guy something like that if he missed it coming out of high school, then got married, and now has kids and a mortgage. It's hard to pay off.

Scholastic: What exact appeal do you think Robert Kennedy had to these guys who are still in the 19th century, who do work in the plants, and who don't have the B.A. degree?

Walinsky: Well, there was a lot to it. Part of it, and you wouldn't be honest if you didn't start with the facts, is that he was a beastly little Catholic. You start with a tough little Mick, and they like that. I did too, as a matter of fact, but they did particularly. There is an old military principle that a mere rank private



doesn't know anything about high strategy but the one thing he can tell you is when he finds a general who cares about him. They're very easy to identify. There's a kind of a nose and an intuition that people have about smelling out phonies and people who really care. And I think what came through to them was that he really did care about what happened to them. He cared about them and he wanted to make contact with them, you know, and he appreciated them and enjoyed them. He understood their toughness, and he shared it and he appreciated it. So that came through to them and I think that that was part of the appeal.

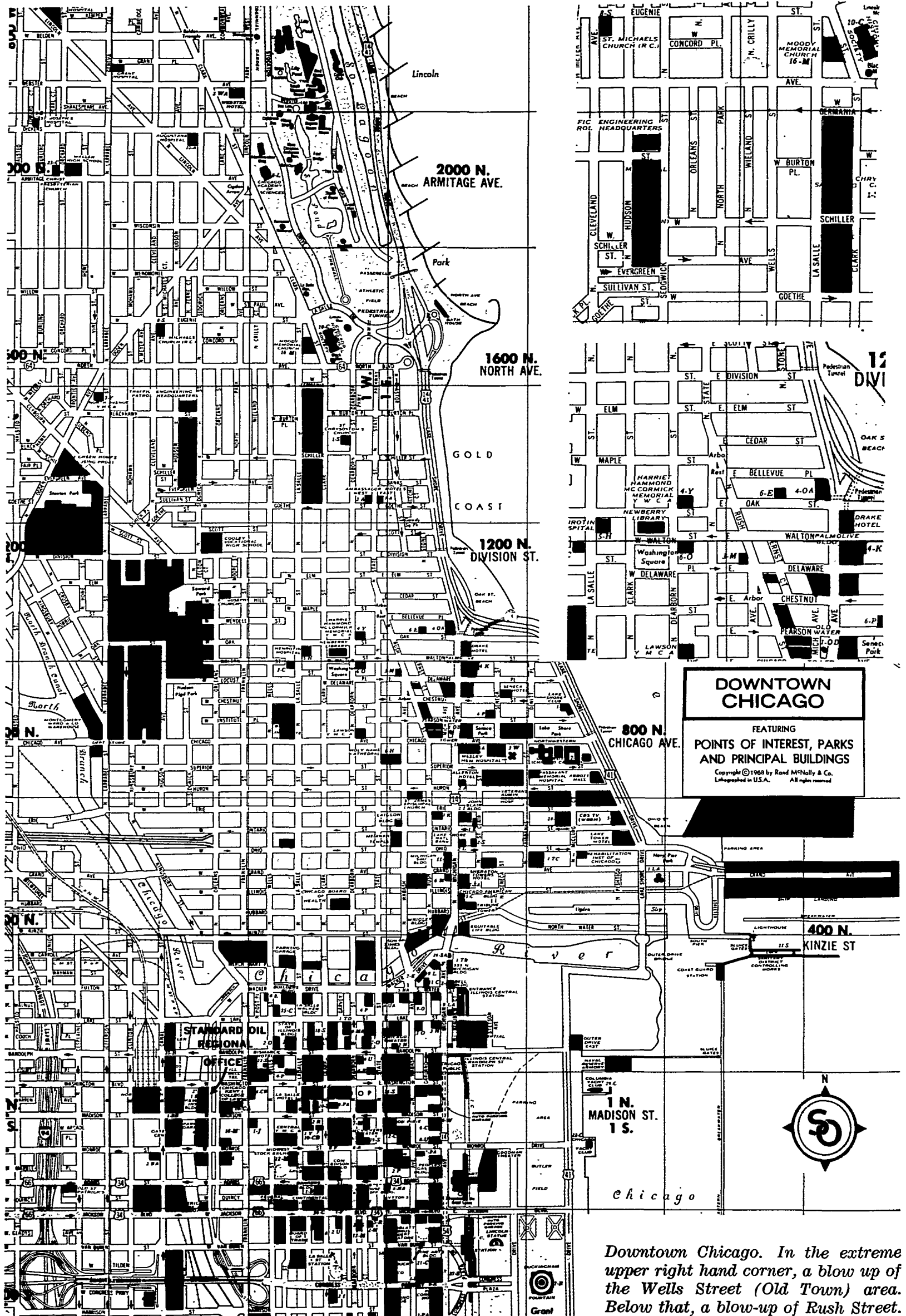
Scholastic: But that's just part of it?

Walinsky: See, the major thing was that what they saw in him, I think, was a guy that was really willing to take the system on. And it's not just a question of taking on Lyndon Johnson, although that's certainly part of it—the taking on of corporations, the taking on of George Meaney and then Jimmy Hoffa. They need guts, and if there's anything they're filled with it's resentment for all of those structures and institutions and conditions that made their lives as miserable as they are. And they had a sense that he cared, and that he would try to do something about it. People have talked for the past few years, and we hear a lot about the alienation that the black man says is American life. It's true, and for very understandable reasons. But what most of the people don't understand is how many more people there are than just blacks who are really alienated, who lead very difficult lives, and who do not feel a part of what's going on in this country.

Scholastic: Do you see anybody else in American politics today that's able to appeal to both the 19th century Americans and those who are really in the 21st century the way Robert Kennedy could?

Walinsky: No. □

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Downtown Chicago. In the extreme upper right hand corner, a blow up of the Wells Street (Old Town) area. Below that, a blow-up of Rush Street.

A Weekend Guide to Chicago

by Kathy Carbine

HAS the Midwest left a bad taste in your mouth? If after three and a half years at Notre Dame, all you know of midland America has been gleaned from South Bend, you owe yourself, and the Midwest, a weekend in Chicago. And you'll probably want to go back for more.

Rush Street with its bars; the art galleries; specialty shops for men's and women's clothes; dimly elegant restaurants where you can snow your girl; some good experimental theater and some good musicals — you can't do it all one weekend but there's that and more only an hour and a half away.

Spending a day in Chicago can be a pretty imaginative date, or for a group of guys with some time and some money it offers a lot more than South Bend in the way of entertainment, cultural or otherwise.

Students don't go into Chicago that often, and frequently when they do they come away rather ignorant about the variety Chicago offers. The problem seems to be the lack of a "Chicago mentality." It seems far away, confusing, too expensive. But we do have a "Dunes mentality," and they're an hour away. We go there and back in one day, groups charter buses — the Dunes are a spring phenomenon at Notre Dame. For another half hour's drive, Chicago offers buildings to keep warm in during the winter.

Once you get there, it isn't that complicated. Most of the places students would be interested in are in Old Town, 1200-1600 North Wells, on Rush Street, about 800-1200 north, or in the Loop, where the numbers start. You're usually operating within an area three miles long and one mile wide. With a map of Chicago (essential) it is unlikely that you'll get lost, because the streets run in logical, chartable patterns. Most likely the frustrating problem will be finding a place to park once you know where you're going. In these three areas, parking rates are high, up to a dollar the first hour. If you're going to be in the Loop, use the Chicago Park District garage with an entrance on Michigan Avenue. It's cheap and well located. Another tip for those with cars — do not plan to reach Chicago any time between 4:30 and 6:30 p.m. on Friday, unless you are willing to spend an extra 45 minutes or so on the road. If you don't mind buses, you could take the Greyhound in for about the same price as gas and toll in a car, \$4 each way, and then use the Chicago Transit Authority's buses, which will take you anywhere in the

city for \$.40. Just ask any bus driver for instructions on what bus to take where.

An investment worth the dime before making the trip in would be the Friday Chicago *Tribune*. Turn to the features pages and cut out the "Swinging Things" section, a listing of what's going on in cinema, the "Sounds Scene," theater, and miscellaneous entertainment. Despite the name, it isn't teeny-bop; the section is oriented toward college students and young adults. Be sure to bring your college ID's; many theaters and are galleries lower their prices for students. ID's are important in another way too — Chicago is rougher than South Bend about carding.

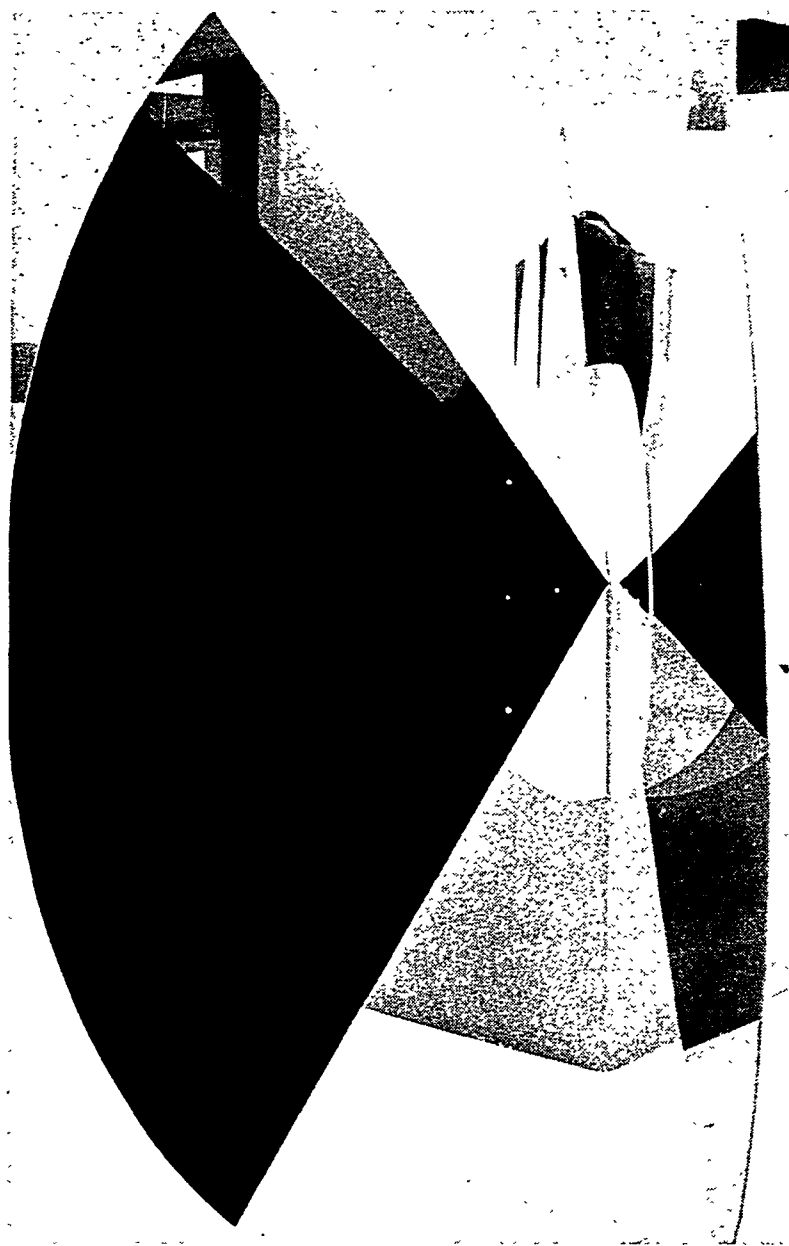
Finally the question of money. If you're planning an impressive two-people weekend, be sure to bring at least \$60. That's without counting a place to stay. Sixty dollars assumes one good restaurant and one that's less expensive, two nights' entertainment, some drinks, parking, and car expenses both ways. Frequenting places like the Art Institute and interesting shops, where you don't have to spend any money, inexpensive (relatively) places to eat, experimental theaters and college-priced entertainment can bring the total down to \$30. Dollar for dollar, it can sure beat South Bend, either way.

DESPITE Chicago's oft-criticized lack of culture, there are some excellent things being done there in both theater and art. And for students especially, the prices are low.

Drama students and dilettantes alike can get excited about the Hull House Playwright's Center in Old Town. Adequately described as a "third floor walk-up cave" by one Notre Dame student, the theater appeals to all who revel in the "poor but pure artist" mentality. After tiptoe-ing past the "Quiet, Movie in Progress" sign, you ascend a flight of concrete stairs and emerge into a foyer equipped with a donated, overstuffed sofa, an old coat rack, coffee, and a bowl for your "Coffee Donation." In the theater itself, the raggedy red plush chairs look like they've seen their days in the opera house, and the light rigging, well, you notice it.

The chairs skirt the playing area, and forty is about the audience limit. The sets are no more elaborate, with mismatched bar stools and flats placed rather askew. But the drama is professional, gripping, and imaginative.

The plays are written by one of seven or eight Chi-



cagoans who get together on Sunday nights to read and criticize each other's plays. So they're all original. The directors, besides the authors, work at steady jobs. "So I can eat" explained one. Each month the center produces a new play, using interested nonprofessionals as actors. While it all sounds rather amateurish, the result might well be "the best theater in Chicago," as one young man insisted over coffee, during the intermission.

The January play was a fascinating study of guilt and responsibility, using *Hamlet* as a framework. The characters were cast as actors, putting on *Hamlet* and themselves involved in an updated situation similar to Elsinore. Thus the audience got an intriguing 20th-century view of the Hamlet characters, slipping from dialogue of today to Shakespeare and back, using Shakespeare to work out their own problems in "dumb-show." If this was at all typical of their work, their quality is superb.

For anyone who likes any kind of art, the Art Institute is an experience — and it's free. The number and variety of paintings, together with the sculptures, makes it too much to absorb in one visit. It's better to have a specific area or two in mind, and concentrate on these. Their works include Chagall, Monodrian, and Kandinsky, for those interested in 20th-century art; many examples of Impressionist art by Monet, Renoir, and Van Gogh; American art, Picassos—just about anything, really. These were only some more familiar examples.

The Junior Museum, downstairs, is one of the most fun, and imaginative, exhibits. Very sophisticated

concepts are explained clearly and ingeniously. For instance, the contrast between illusion and reality in *Alice in Wonderland* is the background for the explanation of modern art's many-faceted perception of reality. You'll enjoy the delighted kids, you may learn something yourself, and you can admire the imagination and ability of the adaptation to first grade level.

Even for those who have visited the many galleries before, the Institute is worth return visits. Each month they have a temporary exhibit—in January Picasso etchings, another time Monet oils. And they rearrange their galleries to bring out the connections and developments in fresh and meaningful ways.

Be sure to stop in the Museum Store on the way out—inexpensive prints of the originals, creative jewelry, lots of books about artists and art.

For those whose love is the art developments of today, there is the Museum of Contemporary Art on East Ontario. Their exhibits are not permanent, appropriately enough, but change periodically. *Wrap In Wrap Out*, created by Christo, is featured from January through March. Tarpaulins cover the floor, the Museum's exterior, and objects inside. A second exhibit, works by British artists, included a lot of surrealism, gleaming metallic sculpture, a strange object with wings at once translucent and reflective, making it impossible to tell illusion from reality. For the uninitiated, it's fun. If you're initiated, what more can be said?

IF THERE'S ONE PLACE most people do know about in Chicago, it's Old Town. It has lots of little crazy shops selling earrings and "hippie" stuff, catering more and more to teeny-bop taste; a few fun but very marked-up specialty clothing shops; some bars which are enjoyable and original; and entertainment ranging from folk music to satiric reviews. Old Town runs roughly from 1200 to 1600 on North Wells, with some peripheral activity.

Beer and brats (bratwursts) are featured at the Bratskeller, a tiny little place in Piper's Alley. The crowd is pretty much collegiate; even the manager is young. For those under 21, root beer comes in a handy-dandy beer mug, so no one will know, but you do have to sit at a "non-alcoholic" table. The manager has been known to relax the table rule, though not the liquor one, for those with Notre Dame ID's and a trustworthy face. It's not awfully expensive and it's a fun place.

Chances R, where the floor is covered with your discarded peanut shells, is one of the original Old Town establishments. The tables are crowded together but the peanuts are free and the food is good. Probably one of the more ingenious bars in the area.

Satire and improvised humor, along with unusual but high-priced drinks, are the fare at the Second City playhouse. The satire ranges from hilarious to over-worked, but on the whole, the performance is offbeat and clever enough to justify the \$3.50 ticket. The company is good, a group of naturally funny people who can draw laughs just by being themselves—Alan Arkin got his start there. They recently had to build a new theater to hold their growing audiences. Actually it seems more like a nightclub than a theater, with the audience seated at tiny tables sipping their drinks. They offer quite an assortment of specialties, and as long as you have to pay even for an ordinary drink, you might as well try something new. Reservations are needed, and your seat depends on how early you arrive (20 minutes before the show is plenty). After their 8:30 and 11:00 performances, the company offers "improvisations." There are high points, but unless it has

been a particularly hot night for the cast, you tend to remember it's pushing 2:30 a.m.

When that's over, there's folk singing every night at the Earl of Old Town until four in the morning. The inside is a strange thing. Two great-feeling fireplaces are bracketed by Christmas wreaths that have been there since 1963. But odd decor usually is a reflection of the management's psyche. Contrasting with the above sort of spirit are the rather sinister looking owners, who look like they're fronting for the Mafia.

The music, however, is much better than one might expect from an established folk music emporium in this day and age. The group that does the set that first warms up the audience are usually being auditioned, and are completely unknown. So don't leave if you don't like their music. The later the night gets, the looser everybody becomes, and from 11:30 on, it's a purist's dream.

Somewhat similar and catering less to the high-school crowd are the shops and bars of Rush Street. Students who have been to the area usually seem to gravitate to the Store, a crowded and lively bar on Rush, or Butch McGuire's over a bit on Division. There's no need, really, to go into a detailed explanation of where to go on Rush Street. Plant yourself somewhere around the 900 block and investigate. If you get hungry, Gino's reputedly has the best pizza in Chicago. Banjos, beer and peanuts are available around the corner at the Red Garter, on Pearson Street.

More quiet but an experience in its own way is the Carnegie Theater on Rush, which states insistently but tastefully that the cinema is an art form. In the foyer, the sounds of Chicago's Fine Arts FM station are piped in softly. While you sip coffee you can inspect the art work displayed. The film currently playing is *Romeo and Juliet*; their selections are usually the best available. For tired feet, perhaps in the quiet period between 5 and 8 a.m., the Carnegie Theater is a good break.

ATMOSPHERE and good food are available in Chicago restaurants, if you want to spend the money. One way to save money, even if it does skimp on romanticism, is to eat lunch at a swank restaurant, when prices are lower, and then take in a more casual dinner. Any way you do it, Kon-Tiki Ports is a good example of Chicago's best.

Darkly exotic, sensuous, and exciting, the Kon-Tiki "ports" you can choose are Papeete, Singapore, Saigon or Macao. These are the four rooms surrounding the "square rigged clipper" with a real mast, compass, and skipper's wheel. The Singapore room is lighted only by flickering storm lamps; overhead fans turn slowly; even the bar stools are heavy and ornate. While it's far more the Singapore of Hollywood than of Singapore, the Hollywood version is plenty enticing. In Papeete, a soft haze of light comes from the colored lanterns strewn over the ceiling and a rippling brook threads its way around the tables. The elegant Saigon room is furnished with a Buddha and opulent red carpeting. Macao is reserved for groups.

The waiters are all Polynesian, genuinely. They are unobtrusive, and the atmosphere is leisurely. The food purports to be as Polynesian as the atmosphere, and it succeeds. That is, while being exotic it isn't so authentic that Americans are disappointed. It is excellent and attractive. For instance, salads are served in carved out pineapples or cocoanuts. The meat you choose might be pork canton (sweet and sour) or Hawaiian style ribs. The drinks are not to be missed. They range from the Gold Cup, a light rum drink flavored with fruit juices, to the War God, a stiff mixture in a huge,

grotesque mug.

For something more informal and bustling, the Uno Pizzeria on Wabash and Ohio would be fun. As you walk in the waitress accosts you for your order. The menu is pizza, large, medium or small, sausage or not. Most likely, a table won't be available right away, and somebody will explain that you should wait at the bar. There you can notice the light fixtures, simply 100-watt bulbs surrounded by pint Chianti bottles. The brown paper walls at one time had Italian scenes sketched in lightly, now they're overwhelmed by graffiti. Eventually your waitress will shout your name and point you toward a free table. The pizza is that crusty, deep-dish sort, served in its blackened skillet. The pizza's reputation has given the place a regular clientele, ranging from college students to middle-aged people, dressed in jeans or mink stoles. The Dué Pizzeria, across the street, has the same pizza but in a more refined setting.

There's a number of other restaurants with atmosphere, like the Italian Village with its booths and romantic waiters, the authentically German Barghoff's, or the London House for cocktails and musical entertainment (Kirby Stone Five, George Shearing, for example). There's no sense in eating a hamburger you could get on U.S. 31.

IF you can't find anything at Gilbert's or Milady's, and you're already planning on spending some money, try Chicago. Men's specialty shops and department stores carry clothes more current and, if desired, of better quality, than could probably be found in South Bend. For girls, the shopping is more fun and the selection is better.

Sportsmen, even if they can't afford the clothes, should make a point of visiting Abercrombie and Fitch. Instead of leather cushions they display leather elephants and hippos. Have a craving for a natural wolf coat (\$600)? Probably one of the largest collections of English school scarves in Chicago; the same goes for camouflage jackets. While their suits are both conservative and high-priced, their sports jackets and slacks, still high quality and price, range over an extremely wide fashion area.

Davis Congress Men's Wear in Old Town, and Man at Ease both there and on Ontario Street, are quality establishments which offer everything from Edwardian walking suits to bell-bottom pants to floral-print shirts. Even if you wouldn't wear them, they're fun to look at.

More Ivy League style clothes can be found at the Brittany, a smaller, excellent little place with fairly reasonable prices. Their selection is remarkably good and is geared toward a collegiate and young professional clientele.

Peck and Peck, Bonwitt Teller's, and Bramson's all offer a girl clothes with quality, style, and something of a pricetag. These have the advantage of having a varied selection, and yet being less confusing and hurried than a huge department store like Marshall Field's.

Rush Street's little shops are lots of fun. Bright pink and medium priced (dresses \$15-\$40), the Paul B. has lots of short, short suede skirts, frilly, silky blouses, bell-bottom slacks, pants-suits, and fun dresses. Paraphernalia is more truly high fashion. Lots of medieval, Ophelia-like velvet dresses; cocktail bell-bottom pants, ruffled blouses. Gray, black and a dark maroon are the dominating colors this winter, so it looks rather more dreary than is probably usual. The mark-ups, or at least high prices, aren't too cheery either. But it's worth a look.

Probably you'll be able to find whatever it is in Chicago, and if not, the looking will have been fun. □



Literary Festival

John Knowles

NINE years and two novels after the electrifying appearance of *A Separate Peace* in 1960, the critics' gift to John Knowles has been the scrutiny of greater expectations. In his significant first novel, Mr. Knowles achieved the success which most writers spend a lifetime groping for. Knowles carried off the superlatives — the first Faulkner Foundation Award for fiction by a younger author and the Rosenthal Award of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. And as to every ranking young novelist, the sobering comparatives to come were attached to the prizes.

The setting for *A Separate Peace* came from Mr. Knowles' own prep-school background. Graduating from Phillip Exeter Academy and Yale University, Knowles worked first as a newspaper reporter before taking an associate editorship of *Holiday* magazine.

A Separate Peace is a novel of brooding contrasts converging over a prep school in wartime. Knowles' archetypal narrator, Gene, has been compared to Steven Crane's protagonist in *The Red Badge of Courage*, and to J. D. Salinger's Seymour Glass. Knowles' "no gush" style, as the *London Times* put it, juxtaposes coming of age with the coming of World War II. The identity of the enemy looms over the book. *Time* magazine suggested that the real enemy is "the one every man must kill, his own youth, the innocence that burns too hotly to be endured."

Knowles' foray into the world of adolescence is not new, but his hero's unconventional brand of pacifism, a pretense that the war does not exist, is an intriguing about-face. The novel bears the Knowles trademark without the obtrusiveness of J. D. Salinger, and this is perhaps its greatest achievement.

In 1962, Knowles stood in the precarious balance between an intact reputation and a second novel. Critics expected him to repeat himself without being repetitious. The result was *Morning in Antibes*, a short novel of the rootless *dolce vita* of the Riviera. Color and clarity scored over the vacuity of his characters, and Knowles' skill as a descriptive writer gained momentum.

Mr. Knowles produced a different sort of travel book in 1964. The *New York Times* cited a "certain acerbity, his happy tendency to permit himself to be disenchanted." The Knowles style especially came to life in *Double Vision* describing the court of Jordan's King Hussein while David Lean was filming *Lawrence of Arabia*.

Knowles' last novel to date appeared in 1966. *Indian Summer* somewhat unsuccessfully takes up where the prewar generation of *A Separate Peace* left off, and critics pounced on the parallels. Two more Knowles archetypes join Gene and Finney: the impulsive Cleet Kinsolving and calculating, *nouveau riche* Neil Reardon. The defeat of the rival-friend in a ritual coming of age stamps the Knowles trademark on the exuberant cohesion of feeling, tone and subject matter. And this is what the Knowles reputation evokes.

—Joan Jeanette Deegan

Movies



AVON: Right on the heels of *The Fixer* comes *Therese and Isabella*, those freewheeling, free thinking, free living young chihuahuas from France. Essy Persson, of *I a Woman* fame, bounces back in the dramatic portrayal of a good girl gone bad but happy, at least at lights-out. Anne Gael, blonde and willowy, lithe and lovely, plays the mixed-up ambisexual temptress, who in a fit of passion, then deceit, leads poor Essy first to emotional and sexual degradation, then to outright physical desertion. Essy alas, breaks under the strain, and returns to the scene of the crime with a load of poignant memories that provide the basis for the movie's structure. Lesbianism is getting to be a boring, if not distasteful, topic. *Therese and Isabella* entertains on the shock value still inherent to its subject matter. Nonetheless Radley Metzger, the producer and director, deserves some credit for dodging flashiness and sensationalism in his personal approach to the storyline. *Therese and Isabella* is not only low-budgeted but low keyed, and I tended to accept the whole thing as pretty plausible, at least for a Friday night. If that reflects on my mental health and or sexual prowess, so be it. If nothing else, you can make casual inquiries into the homosexual love life of your date—afterhours, around a cozy fire no doubt. Call 288-7800.

COLFAX: *Romeo and Juliet* in much ado about (ultimately) nothing. Call 233-4532.

GRANADA: *The Sergeant* with Rod Steiger. Call 233-7301.

STATE: *Riot* with Jimmy Brown in his latest attempt at a Hollywood TD. (He fumbles.) Call 233-1676.

—Fran Maier

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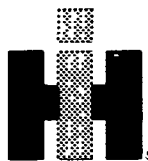
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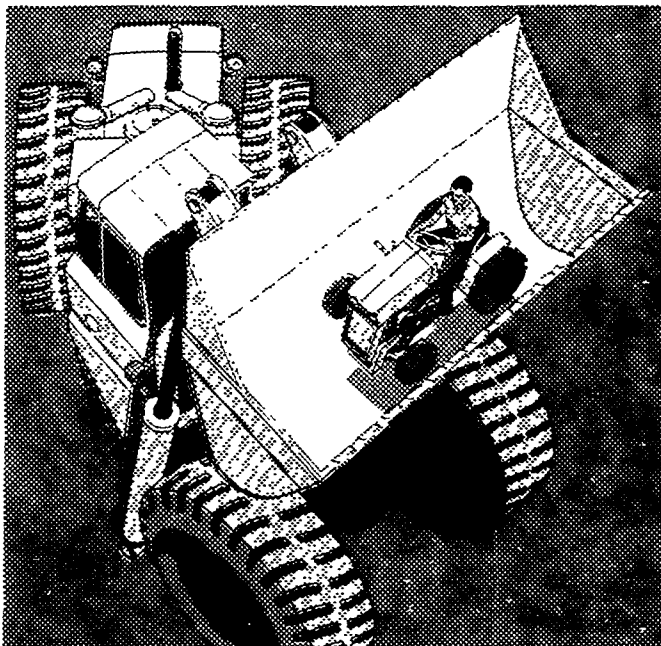
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