

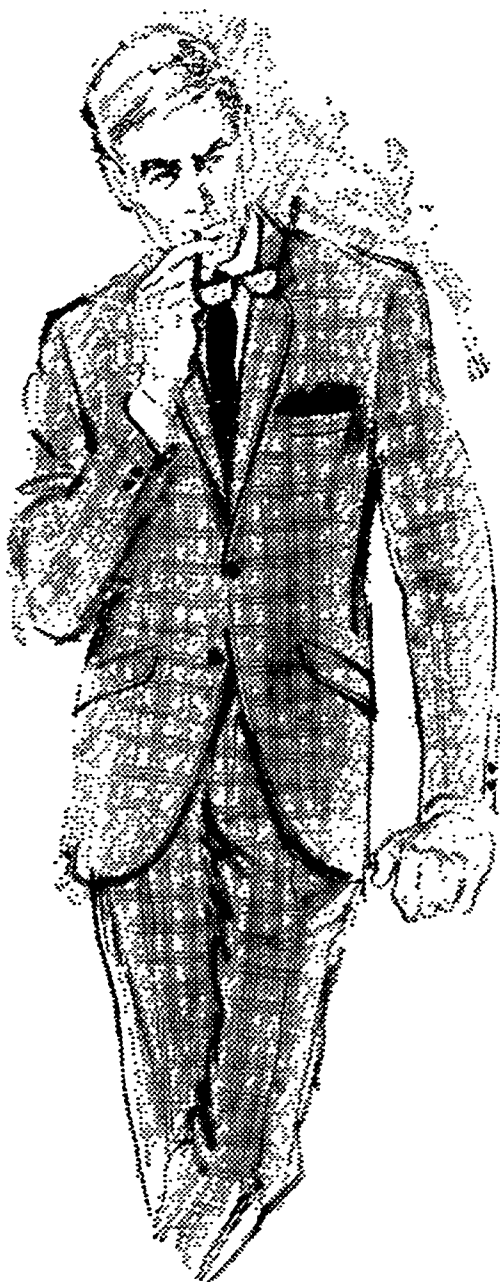
SCHOLASTIC

Notre Dame/ March 7, 1969

BLACK ON

WHITE ON

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SCHOLASTIC

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FEATURES

BLACK ON WHITE ON BLACK	15
COLLEGIATE JAZZ FESTIVAL/Gregory Mullen	20
SIC TRANSIT GLORIA . . . AND MARY, KATHY, BARB, AND LISA TOO/ Marilyn Becker	23
ANTIGONE / Michael Patrick O'Connor	24

DEPARTMENTS

LETTERS	5
EDITORIAL	6
ND / NEWS AND NOTES	9
SMC / THE WEEK IN REVIEW	12
ON OTHER CAMPUSES / Steve Novak	14
LITERARY FESTIVAL / Barry Maher	25

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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.

CHARMS OF NEVER-NEVER LAND?

EDITOR:

I awaited your issue of "What's Right With Notre Dame?" with some anxiousness, since I had often asked the same question, usually with not very satisfactory answers. Well, I regret to say that the SCHOLASTIC has left me still in the dark.

Specifically: Joel Connelly meant well. He meant to be adulatory in a respectful and noningratiating manner. He did not succeed. There is no doubt that men of the caliber of Frank O'Malley and Joseph Evans are responsible for what luster this place can claim, because of the deep and convincing spirituality of their natures. But I do not think that this was the best or most tasteful way to give public expression to the real love which so many of us feel for them and for others.

Jim Fullin's priestly profiles read like the ones I wrote for my high-school yearbook.

And to Tim Unger: you are right about "a certain communal malaise." Malaise is exactly the right word to use. But the factors that go into producing that malaise—athletic fanaticism, an ever-worsening dormitory homogeneity (what can you say about students who make a ritual of watching daytime television?), Fr. Hesburgh's annoying self-importance and clumsiness, social deprivation — these things do not make Notre Dame a great place to be at or to be from.

Lest I give a totally misleading impression, there is much here that I have become fond of — things which may even be unique to Notre Dame — but unfortunately, they are not for the most part things which make the news media or which cajole money from the alumni. The Notre Dame I love is not the Notre Dame that is reflected in the dormitories, the alumni, the Administration, or the news media. Perhaps the reason that I am so sorely disappointed about the SCHOLASTIC's failure (especially when considered against their past negative criticisms, which were usually well done and constructive) is that I had

hoped that my Notre Dame would be cast in the public light that it deserves. This was apparently the magazine's intention, but the issue failed due to scantiness of material, shoddy analysis, lack of preparation, and perhaps lack of sensitivity. The only redeeming features were the admirable letters of Walter Ong and Dave Davis.

Michael J. Hollerich
255 Sorin

AN ATTIC FABLE

EDITOR:

Last weekend, unfortunately, marked the opening of *Antigone*, the third production of the Notre Dame-St. Mary's Theatre this year. Why can't people in the theater department ever seem to realize that the only valid justification for doing a production of any play is the hope that in this production can be found a statement of the human condition which is meaningful and relevant to modern man.

I am of the opinion that one could simply view the events of the past weeks here at the University, and find more than enough material out of which to construct a very powerful drama. I am certain I myself could write such a play. Just the other day, a friend of mine told me that he wondered what would happen if all the members of a minority group on campus feeling that they had several grievances which needed to be corrected, and having gone through all the proper channels without having any action taken on these grievances, decided to substitute "force for rational persuasion" in pleading their cause. If after the allotted fifteen minutes for "meditation" all the members of this group refused to "cease and desist," would they all, then, after handing over their identity cards, "be suspended from this community as not understanding what this community is"? Here I think I have all the makings for a significant dramatic work.

A context is needed in which to present the conflict. Looking at the hypothetical situation described above, the basic problem involved seems to be the idea of the relationship of the individual to his community and the responsibilities of the individual to this community. Since this is the case, it would probably be most interesting to take the play outside of the rather limited

situation of the University community, and set it in the context of a community whose very survival necessarily depended on its remaining precisely what it was — a community committed to the task of maintaining the internal order. Thus, the setting could be within an ancient tribal society, or even better, it could be a small city-state existing within an ancient civilization, . . . Thebes, for instance.

At the head of this city-state would be a single, powerful individual who is deeply interested in promoting the welfare and maintaining the integrity of the community. This character could be called Theodorus. No, that might be a little too obvious. How about a simple, yet dignified, name—like Creon.

I could construct the plot in such a way that before the play opens there has been "an incident, or happening if you will," in which the smooth functioning of the community has apparently been threatened. In his first speech the city's head could come out to make a proclamation. He states "clearly and unequivocally, what happens if" any member of the community gives aid to those people who threaten the safety of the city-state. The punishment for those guilty of such an offense is that be banished from the community.

An antagonist must now be found. It would have to be a group of people whose support would be necessary for the safeguarding of this particular community. But again, I don't want to make the analogy too blatant. So I think it would be best if I just focused on one particular character who happens to be an important figure in the state. What could the name of this character be? How about something firm and definite . . . like Antigone?

Antigone, of course, wouldn't see the leader's proclamation in the same way he does; in fact, she would think that it lacked true understanding and compassion. Gradually, she would come to think that it is quite unjust and even immoral; she would feel that it is *her* duty to defy the leader's proclamation.

The main action of the play, of course, would concern the consequences resulting from Antigone's defiance. *This* is the kind of play that would be meaningful for us today, and should be produced.

Don Dilg
470 Moreau

A Creative Representative

In the past few weeks, we at Notre Dame have seen the first hints of serious conflict between students and administrators. There is no reason to believe that these problems will disappear in the near future without positive and creative work by students, faculty and administrators.

The next Student Body President must offer more than organizational ability and experience: he must be able to face unexpected situations as a creative representative of the students. And as the Student Union has taken the burden of day-to-day duties from student government, the president has an opportunity and an obligation to exercise vision in dealing with unforeseen developments.

We of the *Scholastic* believe Phil McKenna is singularly qualified for the post of SBP. Although other candidates share with McKenna experience in one or another restricted area of student government, he is the only one who has dealt creatively with the changing university. As chairman of the Hall Presidents' Council, he assumed a nearly obsolete post and used it as a platform to lead the fight for hall

life reform. McKenna authored the great bulk of the study on hall life presented to the Student Life Council in preparation for the progressive bills passed this week.

But more important than his experience and record is McKenna's impressive ability to deal conceptually with the vastly complex problems of the disparate groups making up the University—his vision of the common concerns of all of us. Phil McKenna is unique among the candidates in his understanding of all students, white and black, on-campus and off, conservative and radical. And in his conception of the university as a society and his proposal for a University Senate, McKenna displays a grasp of the unity which must be found among the diverse interests of students, faculty and administration.

As well as this firm intellectual control of the situation he faces, McKenna offers the student body his remarkable moral integrity. He is his own man, and so can be trusted to be the students' man in any situation. He has earned the respect of the administration and faculty in two years of student politics, but his basic allegiance to his ideals convinces us that

he would risk his position were he called upon to defend students in any sort of crisis. We feel he can work with the ruling powers of the University without working for them.

His running mate, Fred Dedrick, is an excellent counterpart for McKenna. Dedrick's proclivity for action should provide the catalyst for an active administration under the visionary McKenna. Dedrick and McKenna have worked together in the past, worked well, and their fine record includes involvement not only in campus issues but also with broader social problems; both were key participants in this year's NSA conference on racism and worked with the South Bend NAACP during last spring's school board scandal.

This is a crucial election. We have seen great change here over four years as the students have grown in ability and desire to govern themselves. We need an intelligent and creative SBP who will act as representative and leader. There is no turning back.

We of the *Scholastic* proudly and strongly endorse the ticket of Phil McKenna and Fred Dedrick to head next year's Student Government.

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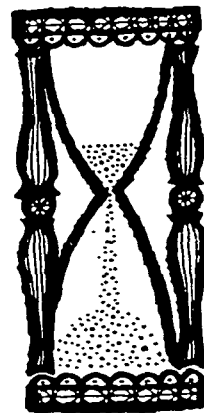
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ND / news and notes

Soul-Saving Sociologist Speaks Out



"THE CATHOLIC CHURCH in the United States is primarily a white racist institution. . . . Because of its past implicit and active support of prevailing attitudes and institutions of America, the Catholic Church is rapidly dying in the black community. . . . And unless the Church, by an immediate, effective, and total reversing of its present practices, rejects and denounces *all* forms of racism within its ranks and institutions and in the society of which she is a part, she will become unacceptable in the black community." In this statement from a caucus of fifty-eight black American priests and the one black bishop, the range and depth of the problem confronting the contemporary Catholic Church in its relations with Negroes can be seen. These relations are the subject of a recent study by Dr. Richard A. Lamanna and Jay J. Coakley of the sociology department, entitled "The Catholic Church and the Negro."

After many years of shoddy and

halfhearted effort toward American Negroes, the Catholic Church is finally starting, slowly and faltering-ly, to fulfill a commitment to love and equality made by Christ two thousand years ago. To this end, the study states, the Church faces a two-fold challenge to both work for the general social welfare of Negroes and attempts to "totally intergrate" them into her life.

However, in a 1968 Gallup poll cited in the report, 57 percent of lay Catholics don't think the Church should bother with social or political issues. Also, as evidenced by several surveys quoted in this study, substantial numbers of white Catholics are fundamentally bigoted. With an eye to this tremendous potential for backlash, Lamanna and Coakley advocate a low-key and general approach to the task, involving a "total institutional renewal" of the Church with a restatement of her commitment and function in modern society.

—D. Mu.

In the Beginning . . .



Yes, Father Joyce; yes, Father Hesburgh, life is not what it used to be around Notre Dame. Gone are the days when the statutory limit on the bathtub was once a week. Even in 1951, the year in which the following excerpt was written, they knew progress when they saw it.

"THE RESTRICTIONS PLACED on the students of Notre Dame in the year 1851 were, some think, more for children than for grown men. At 5:30 a.m. they awakened the students and saw to it that they dressed in silence and marched to meditation and study in perfect order.

"Everything possible was done to keep the students away from South Bend. If goods were needed from town the student was obliged to inform the superior who appointed the steward to make the purchase upon his next trip. If it was necessary for the student to go himself he was always accompanied by a prefect.

"The rules regarding cleanliness were of an unusual nature. At first, baths were permitted only once a week. Later on permission was extended to twice a week. This extension was undoubtedly an occasion for untold rejoicing. Shaving was also regulated to certain assigned days and hours. It is not known why bathing was limited but it is obvious why it was made more readily accessible.

"If the student was judged incorrigible he was sent home providing his bill was paid. There is one instance of a student, by the name of Willie Ord, who led a singularly riotous life. On four occasions he had struck at a professor. Swimming nude in the St. Joseph River and drunkenness were also among his accomplishments. He was retained, however, until such time as his bill

was paid. He was then expelled.

"No one at Notre Dame had much freedom at all. Even the professors, whether laymen or religious, were bound by rules that governed all their movements. A lay professor was required on the college grounds to attend all . . . of the religious exercises. He could not go to town without permission and even had to extinguish his candle by nine o'clock every evening. Under no circumstances could he imbibe. The penalty exacted for such action was a forfeiture of a portion of his salary. There was for him no semblance of a private life.

"But life at Notre Dame was not one of constant fear of expulsion. For that era of the 19th century it was not an impossible life by any means. And expulsion was a precarious undertaking for a college which was begging for students and fighting off its creditors. There were the usual underhanded student activities. Revolts arose more than once. Looking back a Notre Dame student of today can easily see 'the good old days' were perhaps not all they were cracked up to be."

—R. M.

Contemporary Man Meets Contemporary Woman

THOSE OF YOU WHO are fascinated in the University's more academic pursuits are probably aware of George N. Shuster's Center for the Study of Man in Contemporary Society. Located on the 11th floor of the library, the Center studies man in an aloof, removed, and scholarly atmosphere. However, last Thursday night at about 11 o'clock a janitor in the library uncovered an unacademic, direct, physical, student-conducted study of contemporary woman taking place on the 11th floor.

The means of study, and particularly the naked give-and-take of the participants, makes it clear that this study was in no way a Center function. In fact, knowledge of the study has been kept under cover, so to speak, by those normally in the know as to library functions. The "Reichsmarshal," head monitor at the time of Thursday's discovery, was not even alerted as to what was going on high in the tower. He was finally informed days later by the "Silver Fox," his superior.

Naturally the University of late has done much to encourage research into human affairs. However, those using the 11th floor should be reminded of what happened to the Student Center four years ago. Studies in contemporary woman were uncovered on at least ten occasions, most notably a shameful misuse of the debate office. Hesburghian wrath over this experimentation was partial cause of the importation of Brother Francis Gorch, who promptly put an end to the open expression of young love in LaFortune, "turning off the red light," as he put it.

We hate to discourage the study of anything in the University community, but still the LaFortune example causes us to hesitate before recommending continued close-up study of contemporary woman in the library. We do not doubt the motivations of those using the Center last Thursday, but still we would warn them that a repetition of their behavior could result in Brother Gorch's "cleaning up" the library. —J. Con.

Decline in Wilson Fellows Studied

FIVE NOTRE DAME SENIORS were recently designated as Woodrow Wilson Fellows. From the College of Science, Michael P. Anderson was selected for advanced study in mathematics and David C. Tiemeier for research in the field of biochemistry. From the College of Arts and Letters, William Cullen and Barry Breen were chosen for their work in English and comparative literature. And Donald Wycliff was selected for advanced study in political science.

Robert J. Waddick, assistant dean of the College of Arts and Letters, is presently in the process of interviewing the newly named Woodrow Wilson Fellows along with the nine other Notre Dame students who received honorable mention. He hopes to find out how to increase the number of fellows for the coming year. Dean Waddick said that the students already interviewed have made several recommendations. Among other things they felt that it would be better if the different colleges coordinated their efforts in preparing candidates for the competition instead of having each of them work separately. Those interviewed also remarked that more emphasis should be placed on the meeting held every spring which is designed to inform juniors of national fellowships available to them.

It is apparent that some type of change is necessary if Notre Dame is to increase the number of Woodrow Wilson Fellows. Notre Dame is in region IX (which includes all of Indiana and Illinois) in the competition. It stands second behind the University of Chicago in total number of awardees between 1945 and 1968. However, if one looks only at the statistics for Woodrow Wilson Fellows over the past five to six years, it is obvious that several other universities in region IX such as Northwestern, Illinois, and Indiana also lead us in their number of Woodrow Wilson Fellows. When one considers that in 1958, Notre Dame had as many as twenty Woodrow Wilson Fellows, this year's number is not impressive.

Each year Notre Dame's incoming freshman class supposedly excels the previous one. Consequently, it seems unusual that our number of Woodrow Wilson Fellows has not continued to grow as might be expected.

—T. W.

The Right Side of Pornography

"WHAT WAS ATTEMPTED at the University of Notre Dame was a pornographic power play," says Dale Francis of *Twin Circle* (2/23/69), who thinks the men who control the pornography business were trying to use the "naïveté of the student sponsors" and no-wave-causing administrators to make ND "an opening wedge into the college market."

Right-sighted Dale reasoned that if "mixed audiences at the University of Notre Dame had been permitted to view these films," then the pornographers would have a foothold on other campuses. The Notre Dame exhibition could have been a legal defense if the courts raised the obscenity question, Francis added.

The whole bit would have been "a cleverly executed power play" resulting in "a great victory for pornography" had there not been a miscalculation "of leadership and the student body at Notre Dame." He added that only a "minority of the students defended the conference" and that "the school administration was probably derelict in allowing immature students to prepare such a conference without proper supervision."

The conference halt was not an "unwarranted attack on freedom" because the films were "only films of naked bodies in various sexual activities, normal and abnormal."

Dale promises that in next week's *T.C.* there will be "a complete report" by Raymond P. Gauer of CDL who will give a "firsthand narrative" with "praise for the administration, faculty and student body."

However, the February 27 issue of *The Wanderer*, a Catholic newspaper from St. Paul, quotes Mr. Gauer describing the student delegates to the Porno Conference as "hardly interested in an objective study of the problem." Gauer also claims there was official representation from *Playboy* magazine at the conference. He added that "students need advice and guidance to avoid being duped."

The Wanderer says that "more than sixteen hundred \$5 tickets were sold" with large crowds everywhere but at Gauer's CDL presentation. Another wandering from the truth into the realm of questionable accuracy: "Gauer pointed out that the films were castigated by *The Observer*, who gave full support to Fr. Hesburgh's ban." —J. Z.

Shuttle Breakdown

THE PRESENT HAPLESS shuttle-bus system hardly can be considered ill-starred. It's simply mismanaged. The bus is overcrowded on weekends — when it's running. There've been no reserve busses to take the place of the two Notre Dame now owns when they need repairs. And repairs come often when as many as sixty people jam onto a thirty-three passenger bus on weekends.

Some people have been concerned about this situation. So two proposals have been submitted to the Council of University Vice-Presidents. The first was by the South Bend Transit authorities. They offer to take over the present shuttle-bus operation, pay operating costs and provide drivers for eight dollars per operating hour. Drivers' salary, operating costs, etc., amount to approximately six dollars an hour. The transit authority would then make a profit of two dollars per hour.

The second is from the Transportation Commission of the Student Union. It proposes to purchase two new busses at a cost of \$12,000 while scrapping the present old school bus. Operating costs for next year were estimated at \$13,000, for a total cost of \$25,000. At times, such as on weekends, there would be three busses running at twenty-minute intervals. The second bus would run around campus and down U.S. 31 due to the narrowness of the road from the Grotto to the highway. Student drivers would be hired for \$2.00 an hour on nights and weekends.

Financing all of this is a \$2-a-semester optional fee and St. Mary's and Notre Dame's Student Government funds.
— M. F.



Airline Youth Fares: War Against the Old

THE AIRLINES, SEEING a fantastic market to fill the empty seats on their flights, several years ago introduced the youth air fare for those under 22 years of age. Students, a naturally travel-conscious group in the first place, were able to do more travelling, necessary and otherwise, with the time being shortened by air and the costs cut by the half fares. Airlines welcomed the extra revenue and were all smiles about the future, full-fare flying friends that they were making. The wonders of modern American technology, production and business sense had made it a better world in which to

live and everyone was happy. Or were they?

It seems that those eligible for youth fare were all too often taking the bus companies at one of their larger brethren's word of several years ago and leaving the driving and, in fact, the whole bus to them. More than a matter of lonely bus drivers, bus company executives and stockholders have felt the financial pinch and, along with other concerned parties, are trying to ease their pain by seeking the abolition of the youth fares. The recent recommendations of a Civil Aeronautics Board (CAB) examiner call the youth fares "unjustly discriminatory." If the recommendations effectively pass, millions of students across the country will find their bank accounts and travel plans affected.

"The youth fares are, of course, discriminatory," says Thomas R. Swartz, associate chairman of the Economics Department at Notre Dame. He sizes up the situation saying, "They (opponents of the fare) have a point, and, unfortunately, if pressed, it is the consumer who is going to suffer." The National Student Association (NSA) represented by a Washington law firm will argue that in view of the educational, social, economic and cultural benefits afforded by the youth and young-adult fares, the fares should not be cancelled.
— J. M.



SMC / the week in review

The Second Glorious Mystery: Chuck Perrin Holds a Folk Festival



ON TUESDAY, MARCH 18, Chuck Perrin will present the second in a series of three folk festivals. This time, instead of the second floor of La Fortune Center, the festival will be in the Snack Shop below the St. Mary's dining hall.

Over five hundred people can attest to the success of the first part. The entertainment consisted of local groups who usually play the coffeehouses. The evening lasted four hours, and as Chuck said, "the receptiveness of the people was great." Perrin generally describes his audiences in these terms.

The second part will be devoted to Bob Dylan who is probably the most widely noted contemporary song writer unifying the old and new folk

music. The format of the evening is to present his songs in chronological order from straight folk, to rock, to country. Again the entertainment will be on a local level.

But all changes with Folk Festival III. Stepan Center will see the third and final part of the series on April 22 and 23. Chuck has hopes of obtaining professional folk singers for these two evenings. And, if everything goes well, he plans to present the evenings free of charge. "This concert will be different," he claims. He envisions everybody on blankets, crowding around the stage, enjoying themselves.

Chuck sees these concerts as a continuation of folk music at Notre Dame. In 1963-64, folk was big on this campus. With the emergence of the Four Winds, Notre Dame's answer to the Kingston Trio, came the folk festivals. In 1964-65 this campus became well known in the Midwest for festivals. Ever since then, folk as rendered by near-professional singers has prospered in local coffeehouses to a large extent through Perrin's effort.

— T. K.

Were You Ever in Stapleton Mass?

"PIETY LEADS TO irregularity," says the senior cynic. Why, then, would someone start another Mass around here? What need is there for one with Masses offered at Dillon, Fisher, Morrissey, and Moreau. What is new or different about the one offered in the Stapleton Lounge of LeMans at 10:30 p.m., Monday through Thursday?

"The great thing about this Mass is that the format changes every night, depending on the celebrant," says SMC Spiritual Chairman Carol Ann Denison. In the words of one of the priests, "It's like Hertz-Rent-a-Priest!" They are chosen from Moreau, Saint Mary's, the Retreat House, from all over this Christian community. The music is different, too, depending on whom is playing. There is not the inclination of established campus Masses toward stagnancy; there's nothing you can expect to happen all of the time.

Students from both campuses have responded enthusiastically; attendance has been between seventy-five and two hundred each night. The Mass itself is on an experimental basis; its continuation depends solely upon community decision. Denison says, "As long as there is an interest, the Mass will go on; if people want it on Friday, too, then we'll have it then. I think it is the most valuable thing that the Spiritual Commission here has done, and the support has really been fantastic."

According to one SMC student, "The Stapleton Mass is just one expression of the community that exists independently at Saint Mary's. SMC has pooled many resources with Notre Dame, and this is good, but there is a tendency to develop into total dependence. We don't have to rely on Notre Dame for everything. We can do something here, on our own, too."

— M. E. S.

Trouble in Tahiti

THE TITLE SOUNDS LIKE a Dorothy Lamour resurgence, but SMC's spring opera, *Trouble in Tahiti* is really a serious commentary on suburban strife from Scarsdale to Highland Park.

The plot runs like an advertisement for the American Dream — Bernstein style. The composer of *West Side Story* wrote the lyrics and score to this lesser known opera in 1952. Sam is a successful businessman. Dinah is his frustrated wife. Life in the little white house becomes a "duologue" set to music. Like a contemporary Greek chorus chanting the suburban ideal, a trio provides transition through the one-act opera. The ironic contrast with the radio commercial tactics of the chorus is Sam and Dinah's utter flop as a family.

Miss Kay Valaske of the SMC music department is directing the opera. Freshman soprano Barbara Treis plays the lead as Dinah. Larry Fautsch, a sophomore bass-baritone, handles the role of Sam.

Soprano roles in the trio are double cast. Beth Griffith, a freshman, shares the part with sophomore Deanne Bacon. The girls are all voice students at SMC. Baritone Jack Candon and tenor Dave Dailey complete the chorus.

Three free performances are scheduled for March 21, 22 and 23, 8:15 p.m. at SMC's Little Theater. *Trouble in Tahiti* is ironic and, in a sense, tragic," a cast member explains. "With roots in the American musical tradition, this opera is considered 'early Bernstein' but the issue has increasing relevance in American life today." — J. J. D.



Carol Ann Denison

Anonymous Lover...



THE VILLAGE VOICE HAS been known to be a sounding board for certain liberal (or hippie or commie, depending upon the viewer) ideas. During the semester break a few lovelies from SMC were pouring over the pages of the *Voice* only to come upon a tiny ad which read: "I love you — will call you three times a week to say just that. Send one dollar to. . . ." Here it was, an affair in print! Just think of it, a harmless and possibly lucrative way to spread affection to the needy. Since we seem to be submerged in the concept of community these days, these thoughtful young ladies decided what a splendid addition this "agape by mail" would be to the love-starved tundra at du Lac.

The ad appeared in the *Observer* on February 20 and an unusual barrage began. The address listed was "Box 397, SMC." But the industrious Irish wouldn't content themselves

with the written word. They proceeded to rummage through the ND-SMC Directory until they found "Box 397." Enter some thirty phone calls to the ad woman and twenty more to her box-mate who knew nothing of the caper.

The junior class leads the callers considerably. They seem to have favorably impressed the entrepreneur. She said, "I had no idea how sensitive the Notre Dame boys were." Of course there were violent reactions from a few "goofs" who made such accusations as "prostitution of love," "why do you rub it in?" and "where are your principles?" But these don't seem to dampen the spirits of the damsel in question. She merely thinks of the comparative good she provides for the masses to the east and continues counting the "Dick Gregory for President" dollars she's received.

You have to pay the price, but she loves you just the same. — J. Cr.

"It's TOO CROWDED, too noisy . . . there isn't enough privacy . . . it is such a restricting environment . . . it is much too protective." Such complaints on dorm living have prompted the junior class at SMC to begin studying the possibilities of off-campus housing. Carol Yockey is in charge of this venture and plans to hold a meeting sometime before March 9 during which various committees will be appointed. The main problem lies in the type of housing: appropriate housing must be found before anything can be approved. This would entail some sort of discussions with South Bend people as to whether they would want to rent housing to girls, and their feelings about such arrangements. An apartment complex has been suggested but is generally unacceptable since it still involves the institutional living that the girls interested in this project are trying to escape.

The junior class is hoping that this proposal will be realized by next semester but will continue to work on it even if they themselves will never benefit from it. In order for this proposal to become approved it would have to pass through the Student Affairs Council since SMC is considered a residence college and off-campus housing would involve a major policy change. Since the whole proposal is still in the planning stages and has not been officially presented to the administration, their views on such an idea are not known. However, one administration official did indicate that they are willing to study the feasibility of off-campus living. — M. R.



Carol Yockey

on other campuses

VANDALS raided the 3.4-million-volume library at the University of Illinois last week and caused damage estimated by university officials to run into "many thousands of dollars."

Thousands of index cards, some with information not duplicated elsewhere, were taken from the card catalog, mutilated, destroyed and dumped in wastebaskets in the library.

THE CHARTER of the Newman Club at the State Agricultural and Technical College at Farmingdale, New York, was suspended last week because members held a Mass on campus in violation of state university rules.

The Mass was attended by some faculty members and about 35 of the college's 400 Catholics.

The suspension was based on a 1958 ruling by John C. Crary, Jr., counsel to the state university which stated that religious services in state-owned buildings violated the first amendment provision of the Federal Constitution concerning "establishment of religion," and an article of the state constitution which forbids the use of state education property for religious purposes.

The club's president, Sue Mundy of Levittown, said that the Mass

was held because of the difficulty in finding transportation to the nearest Catholic church, two miles away. Miss Mundy said the club chaplain would continue to hold Mass on campus unless the school authorities specifically ask them to desist. She said that the school's president was sympathetic to their cause, but that he felt he had no other choice under the law.

THE SDS chapter at the University of Missouri has decided to pay tribute to a "great American" by naming their organization after him. The "great American" they chose is Richard Ichord, congressman from Missouri.

Ichord is chairman of the House Internal Security Committee, formerly known as the House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC). The Committee is currently investigating the SDS and several other "revolutionary groups."

UNIVERSITY of Maryland officials are denying that they have any plans at present to build new co-ed dorms, but they are thinking about making some of the current men's dorms co-ed.

Student housing officials recently conducted a poll of students asking what they thought of the idea

and, perhaps knowing the answer to the question "would you like co-ed dorms?" before they asked, also asked "What male to female ratio would you suggest?"

A spokesman for student housing said the university is thinking of making half of an all-male dorm into a woman's residence. But he said, "there's a vertical separation between the buildings." When asked to elaborate, the spokesman drew the brilliant conclusion that a vertical separation, "by another name, is a wall."

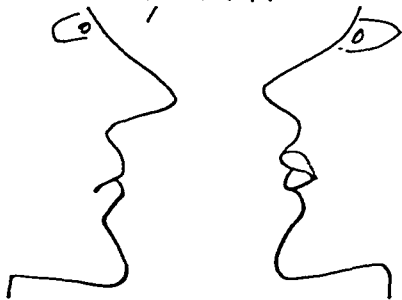
IN RESPONSE to the student boycott of grape selling cafeterias at the University of Washington, the cafeteria management has decided to temporarily cut off grape sales.

As a result, total sales volume has returned to a level which is considered normal, after a drop in sales during the boycott period. Sales jumped 18 percent in three days in one cafeteria, while at the other, sales topped the January average during "moratorium week," after having dropped sharply during the early part of February.

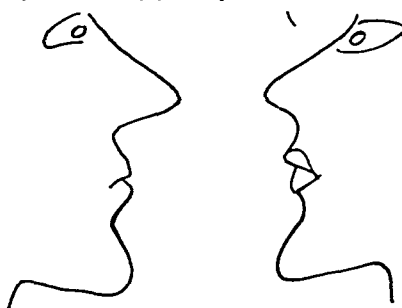
QUOTE OF THE WEEK from the Holy Cross Crusader:
 "It is far easier to fight for principles than to live up to them."
 —Adlai E. Stevenson

feiffer

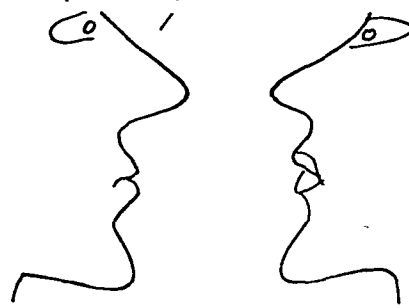
WE HAVEN'T BEEN INVITED TO A PARTY IN A YEAR.



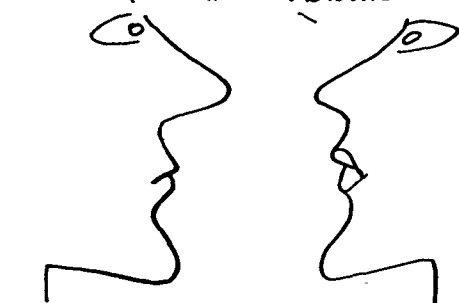
WE HAVEN'T BEEN ASKED OUT TO DINNER IN EIGHT MONTHS.



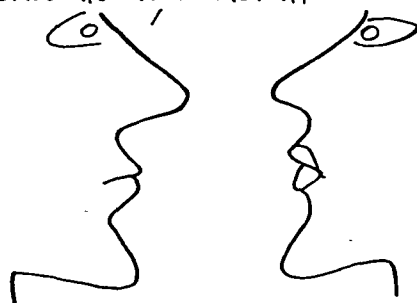
WE HAVEN'T GOTTEN ANY MAIL IN FIVE MONTHS.



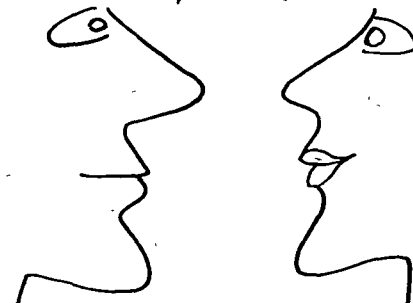
WE HAVEN'T HEARD FROM OUR FAMILIES IN THREE MONTHS.



WE HAVEN'T HAD A TELEPHONE CALL IN TWO MONTHS.



WE'RE FREE.



John Paddock/Left Syndicate Inc.

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Black On White On Black

by Don Wycliff

FOUR YEARS OF NOTRE DAME: four years of football and pep rallies and homecomings and Mardi Gras and mixers; four years of courses in Thomistic and Aristotelian philosophy and Catholic theology and 19th century English writers. And through it all you are outside of everything because you are black and the total effect of Notre Dame is to say: "If you're black, stay back."

"—It is necessary for a black man in America to develop a profound distrust of his fellow white citizens and of the nation. For his own survival . . . he must develop a "cultural paranoia" in which every white man is a potential enemy unless proved otherwise, and every social system is set against him unless he personally finds out differently."

W. H. Grier and Price Cobbs
Black Rage

The "Black Norm" enunciated by Grier and Cobbs is the possession of every but the most naive black man in this nation including those at Notre Dame. And it is difficult for a black student at Notre Dame to keep his guard up; all that talk of Christian love and brotherhood and community can lull him into a bad situation in which he is carelessly open to any white boy's insult. But for any brother who does let his guard drop there are enough incidents of racist action by his white "friends" to bring him back to reality. The chummy white boy next door can often be overheard talking about the "niggers"; somebody plays one of those blatantly, viciously racist records too loud (or maybe it was intended to be heard); and there is always that strange situation where the black student is deserted by his white "buddies" as soon as they enter the door at a mixer. The "Black Norm" must always be retained and employed. It is a war mentality and though the level of violence varies, the black man must never be caught unawares by the white man.

"And last of all there trickles down that third and darker thought, the thought of the things themselves, the confused, half-conscious matter of men



who are black and whitened, crying 'Liberty, Freedom, Opportunity — vouchsafe to us, O boastful World, the chance of living men!' To be sure, behind the thought lurks the after-thought — suppose after all, the World is right and we are less than men? Suppose this mad impulse within us is all wrong, some mock mirage from the untrue?"

W. E. B. Dubois
Souls of the Black Folk

Which came first, the chicken or the egg? What should I become, an engineer or a business executive? This is the kind of question the white boy has to deal with. He can play with small philosophical distinctions and career decisions because for him the question of his humanity (though not his "humanness") is solved by the fact that he possesses white skin.



The black student is not so privileged. He must answer a deeper question, *viz.*, am I in fact of the human race? And after he decides he is, he must daily reassure himself because the white society has constructed elaborate arguments to prove him wrong. One such argument is the very history that it tells of black people.

Notre Dame doesn't exert itself to help the black student become confident of himself and his race. In its curriculum, Africa is treated, for the most

part, as if it did not exist; Afro-Americans before 1954 are seldom heard of. (In that year black people became a "contemporary problem" so that they now merit *some* attention.) Further one would think that no black man ever wrote, played, or sung a measure of music, or produced anything of artistic merit.

In the nonacademic sphere the black student sees his brothers exploited as gladiators in new arenas for the pleasure of the white masses; he sees them scorned when they assert their right to respect as human beings.

Prospero:

*Abhorred slave . . . I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak . . . ,
. . . I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy
vile race,
Though thou didst learn; had that in thee which
good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confined to this rock,
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.*

Caliban:

*You taught me language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
For learning me your vile language.*

— William Shakespeare, *The Tempest*

The black student, and particularly a Notre Dame black student, can never go home. He can never again be "just one of the cats on the block." He has "made it." He is, in the eyes of his community, an intellectual; whether he be so in fact (or in his own eyes) does not matter. He is a prodigal son who returns home from a poverty of spirit. But he can never fit in again in the same way.

He has in one sense "made it" in the white world. In another, more important sense, he is still on the outside and always will be. To most white people his

first name is still "Boy" and his last name is "Nigger."

The black man who has made it is more invisible than ever and he "feels" that invisibility. He is alone and miserable a great deal of the time. His misery is compounded by the memory of the community he shared with his brothers before he went away, and by the realization that education in his academies is simply another trick the white man plays on blacks. He is Caliban and he cries out to the white Prospero: "The red plague rid you for learning me your language."

"I am very much concerned that American Negroes achieve their freedom here in the United States. But I am also concerned for their dignity, for the health of their souls, and must oppose any attempt that Negroes may make to do to others what has been done to them. I think I know — we see it around us every day — the spiritual wasteland to which that road leads. It is so simple a fact and one that is so hard, apparently, to grasp: Whoever debases others is debasing himself."

— James Baldwin, *The Fire Next Time*

It is probable that James Baldwin would disavow those words now. He seems to have made a choice leading in a different direction. But the dilemma which he presents here has been experienced by every sensitive, thoughtful black man — Malcolm X, Martin Luther King, Eldridge Cleaver: should he love his enemy or hate him?

God knows there is reason enough for hatred and rage: ghettos, starvation, rats, tenements, police brutality, the legalized rape of black women and murder of black men. Opposing this argument for hatred and violence is the black history of patience and love, and far more importantly, patience and love themselves.

This dilemma faces black students at Notre Dame as they struggle to reconcile Catholicism and blackness. How can a black Catholic remain attached to an institution which had a large hand in perpetrating the original evil of slavery, and today does virtually nothing to rectify its error?

The course that black people take will depend in large measure on the choice that this generation's black students take. White people should stop for a moment and think: it would not take even half of the twenty-two million black Americans to bring this nation to its knees. How much incentive are they being given to love white men? □

An Interview with Sid Catlett



A Rebirth of Black Folklore

by Al Dean

UNTIL FAIRLY recently many historians believed that slavery robbed most of the blacks of their humanity. In a recent article in the *Massachusetts Review*, however, S. Stuckey suggests that the slaves were able to fashion a life-style and a set of values which prevented them from being totally imprisoned by the definitions which the larger society sought to impose upon them. The ethos which enabled them to endure consisted of an amalgamation of Africanisms and new world elements. The dehumanization element of slavery, although it existed, was not as widespread as many would have us believe.

Stuckey assumes that because folklore is of, by, and for those who create it and respond to it, it depends for its survival upon the accuracy with which it speaks. Thus the attitudes of a very large number of slaves are represented by the themes of Black folklore. He then examines what Allen Lomax considered to be the most profoundly American of all our folk-heritage: the Negro folksong. In analyzing their content and meaning, F. Douglas once stated that, "Songs represented the sorrow of the slave's heart, and served to relieve the slave as an aching heart is relieved by tears." Sterling Brown rejects the theory that slave songs were other-worldly. They never told of joy, but only of escape, of this life rolling through an unhappy world. Whites thought that these songs were a sign of happiness. But it is important to remember that the spirituals carried double meanings, for the slave with his folktale used irony repeatedly.

Stuckey admits to the existence of self-laceration in our folklore, but this gives no positive indication whatsoever that blacks as a whole either liked or were indifferent to slavery. Folklore indicates that the slaves must have felt superior to whites morally; and that, the author believes, could, in the context of oppression, make the difference between a viable human spirit and one crippled by the belief that the interests of the master were those of the slave. There is some evidence that the slaves were conscious of being leaders in the



vital area of music, for when they sang whites stopped and listened. One can witness this trend even today in modern music where the black entertainer is very prevalent.

To add to Stuckey's thesis, the same battle is being fought today on a different level. Blacks do not want to be assimilated into the wider culture, they want to and must contribute to it. But instead of having a "life style and a set of values" which remains hidden from whites, the emphasis now is on the assertion of the black ethos. And to continue the use of folklore (modernized), a song like *Four Women* sung by Nina Simone blatantly asserts the fact of historical rape which accounts for the wide variety of features present today in the Negro race. Yet, a song like Nancy Wilson's *Black is Beautiful* encompasses everyone of Afro-American descent and praises his qualities—the qualities possessed by a beautiful people. Add to this the song *I'm Black And I'm Proud* and one sees three elements essential to this new assertion of blackness: historical awareness, cultural awareness, and pride (and, to paraphrase Mr. Brown, the right to do for ourselves—economic awareness). These represent the beginnings of unity. □

THIS PLACE really wants to change, but right now too many barriers stand in the way. Black students and white students seem to want to get together, but there is a lot of unconscious prejudice that's preventing it. This is the main barrier to progress. At St. John's last weekend, for instance, everybody was together. White girls came up and talked to us freely. During half time they played the Four Tops and everybody danced. There was a freer atmosphere. Here everybody is too worried about what other people think, especially the white girls at St. Mary's. Black students look to South Bend for their social life. It doesn't exist at Notre Dame.

"Don't get me wrong though; I'm glad I came to Notre Dame. I've learned to adjust to what white society is like. I could have gone to a big liberal school and possibly be fooled by a lot of people trying to pretend they were liberals. Notre Dame is a lot closer to that society I'll have to live in after school.

"Notre Dame has a long way to go. For one thing we need more black professors and coaches. For years now I've been really bored with school. There is a way in which a black professor can present a subject to a black student that a white professor will never be able to do. It's just a matter of communicating with each other. That's the whole trouble with Notre Dame. Groups don't communicate; they don't get together.

"You asked me about the apology we demanded after being booed two weeks ago. Well, you have to begin by understanding the sensitivity of the black athlete. Let's say we play a game down South. If there are some bad calls, a white player will attribute it to the bad referee. The black athlete, on the other hand, will think he is being prejudiced against in this same situation. It's a sensitivity that society has ingrained in us. Therefore, when a large number of students booed us during the Michigan State game, we thought it was because we were black." □



Black Students' Grievances Committee

Black to a White

LAST FALL, after the Afro-American society threatened to disrupt the U.C.L.A. basketball game, Fr. Hesburgh formed an *ad hoc* committee of six faculty members and six students to meet the demands of the black students. Since that time, little has been said about the committee's progress. The purpose of this story is to report on the work of this committee and to give some insights into the race situation at Notre Dame from a black man's perspective.

Since its inception, the committee has moved very slowly. Only one major achievement has taken place, the establishment of an African culture course, taught by a black professor. Other proposals, still in the formulating stages, include the acquisition of other

Social Life

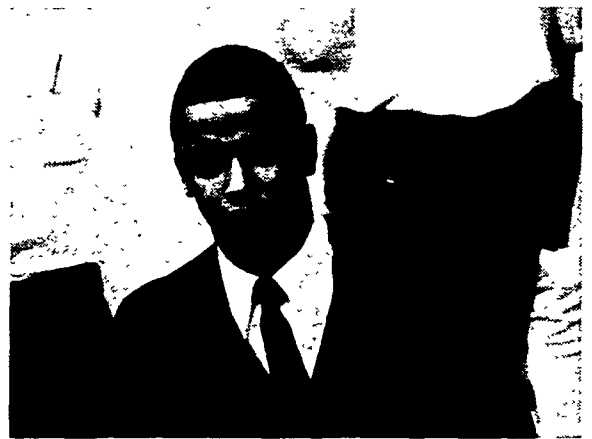
"White boy has it bad,
black student has it worse."

by Freddy Williams

FOR ONE to give due justice to the social aspect of black students' lives in the available space would be self-defeating. The root of the black social problems lies in racial attitudes, and it blossoms into cultural maladjustment. As one begins to see, the subject is immense and complicated, and this article will be only an attempt to touch on some of the issues involved.

Among blacks there is a phrase, "White boy has it bad, black student has it worse." The logic behind this statement is that, although the environment of Our Lady is hardly conducive to *any* student's having great social adventures, the lone black is left to seek through the shams of racial attitudes to find relief for frustrations and tensions. Thus it is that the black student gradually begins to go into his own bag—to improvise the type of socio-cultural life to which he is accustomed. Thus, it would be accurate to say that social disenchantment on the part of the black students overlaps, and is in great degree combined with, racial dissatisfaction.

The sparseness of black women at St. Mary's, the



lack of college-age black women in the greater South Bend area, and the barriers to interracial dating make the social functions provided by the Afro-American Society an absolute necessity. These functions involve inviting black women from neighboring, but not necessarily nearby, institutions. These occasional social functions act as sedatives to relieve the social pains, but because of their infrequency fall short of providing a cure for this most pressing aspect of social life.

Practical illustrations of the above points were expressed by blacks who cited the inability of young black women in the area to communicate with the blacks of Our Lady on an intellectual level, and the similarly frustrating experience of attending a CLASS-SPONSORED mixer where isolation was only increased by constant reminders of the fearful sexual taboos, myths, and stereotypes which are the psychological cornerstone of racial hatred. □

Response University

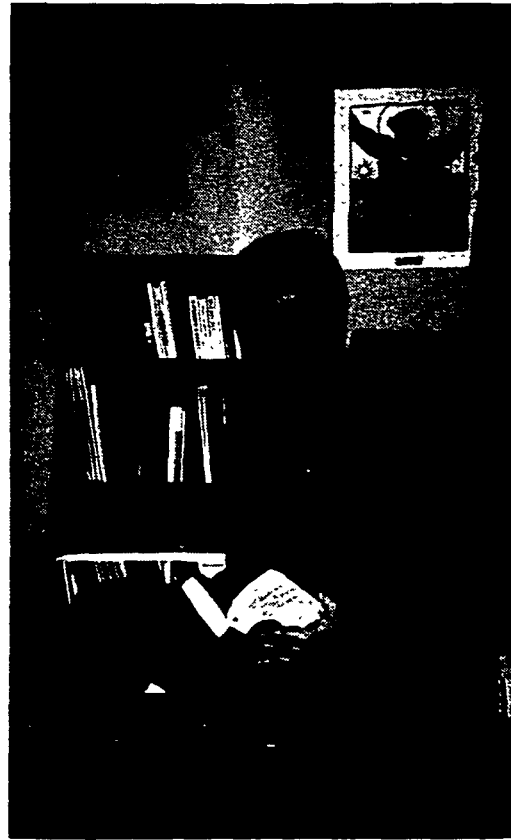
by Dave Krashna

black professors; of a black reading room; and of a Black History Department. Presently, research into the formation of this department is being undertaken. The committee is studying the Yale and Harvard proposals, but intends only to draw broad ideas and inspiration from this source since they feel that the program here should be unique. Again, the committee is moving slowly, and the black students believe that it can be accelerated. For the moment, the black students plan to continue their work with this committee, simply because the faculty committee members seem dedicated to the task before them.

When the black demands first appeared, many white students were in a quandary as to the rationale behind them. The committee's function has been to study this rationale although the black student could care less whether the white student or the white community finds the demands rational or not. The white community must realize that the time of black mendicancy is over. The black community knows what it wants and plans to find expedient ways of attaining its wants.

But, allow me to provide the outlines of "rationale" from some of the black demands voiced throughout the nation's campuses. Blacks want: increased enrollment, simply because education is the key to success in this system; increased financial assistance, because the majority of the black brothers come from poor backgrounds; remedial tutoring programs for incoming freshmen, because many blacks come from deficient high schools; black counselling, because a black student feels a natural affinity towards his own race; a change in university hiring policies, because blacks are not equitably represented on the university's payroll.

These demands do not usually cause much dissension and are usually agreed to. But when blacks demand black courses, black professors, and separate dormitories, cries of "separatism" and "reverse racism" go up. Blacks ask for black courses because they are totally dissatisfied with the 'lily-white' concepts implanted in so many courses. Blacks believe that if they must be indoctrinated it should be by black indoctrination. The question of separate dormitories and separate facilities causes the most debate. Blacks are going through an identity phase which demands unity and power. I introduce the idea of separate facilities because the black student at Notre Dame plans to seek a concentration of blacks in various dorms for inhabitation solely by blacks. As far as the accusations of 'separatism' and 'reverse racism' go, I will not deny

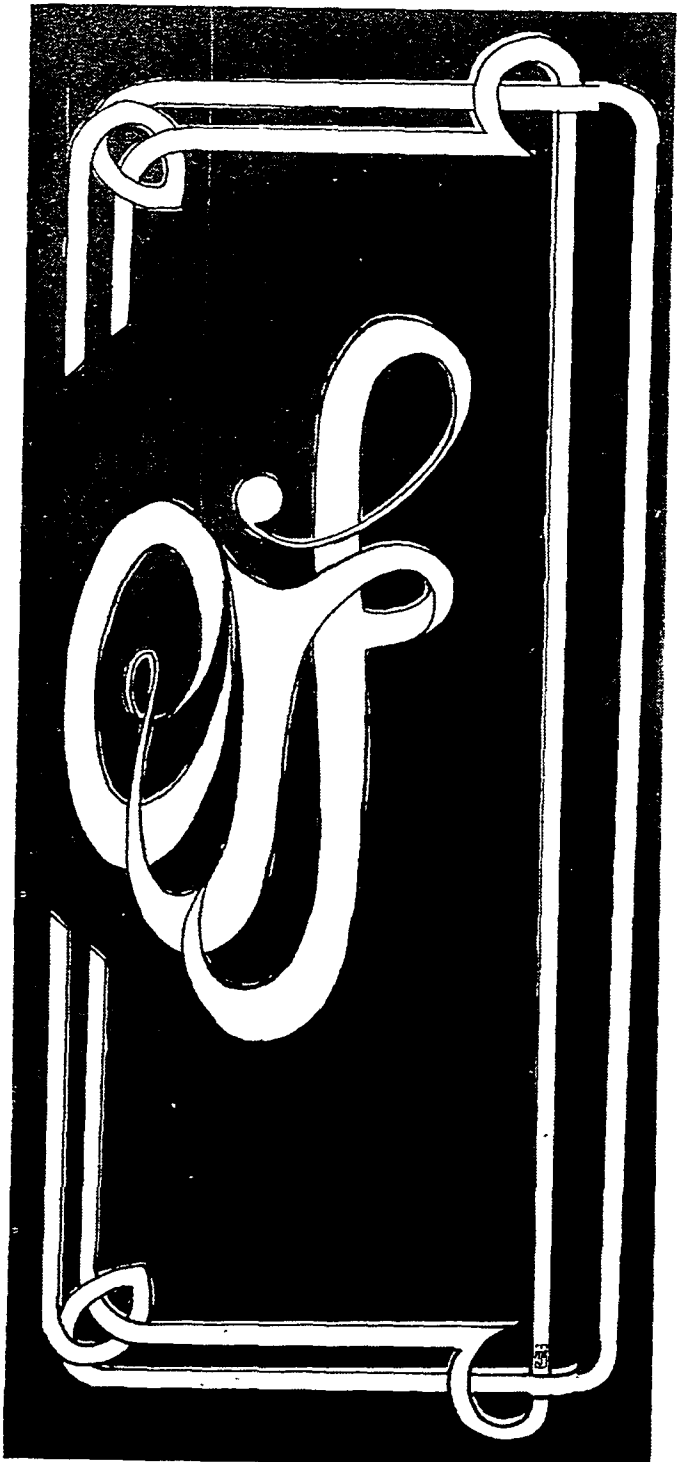


either one. It is evident that two divergent elements in America are going their separate ways and in the process, hatred towards each other is being fostered.

What about Notre Dame? Again it is evident that the two races live incompatibly in this community. The black student does feel that he exists in a racist community. There are diverse forms of racism and I suggest that the type that exists at Notre Dame is covert racism. Covert racism must be differentiated from overt racism, which for the most part, does not exist here. But many white students are ingrained with false stereotypes about the black man, conditioned from their earliest conceptualizing stages. These stereotypes or beliefs are so innate that the modern, middle-class, conservative, white student becomes a 'slave' to them, causing his behavior (either consciously or unconsciously) to be guided accordingly. And it is my contention that in many senses, covert racism can be more dangerous than overt racism. While it is good to know your friends, it is even better to know your enemies. The blatant bigotry of a 'redneck' makes the expression of his hostility predictable, but the subtle, subliminal prejudices of the white suburbanite is the more dangerous for its relative unpredictability.

There is no need to be naïve concerning solutions, so let me examine how these white attitudes can be destroyed, for they must be destroyed if we are even to think of reconciliation. These attitudes must be eradicated in the same way in which they were built, *i.e.* by education. Now who is to educate whites? Communication between the black student and the average white is inhibited by a racist cultural milieu. The task, therefore, must fall to progressive whites, those who have already gotten 'their thing' together. And it must be admitted that there are some beautiful white people. As the black man is getting 'his thing' together, so does the white man have to get his together. The natural question is what happens when the white attitudes change? Or, how can redress occur when the races are behind separate walls? Well, again, reconciliation may never take place. If it does, it will only occur if the white man proves as worthy of the black man's love as he has proven worthy of the black man's rage. Only then may we consider tearing down walls and building bridges. □

CJF '69



And Soloing on Brake Drums

by Gregory J. Mullen

The Collegiate Jazz Festival is often considered a rather esoteric affair. But even if appreciation is limited, enjoyment need not be.

YES, music lovers, the 1969 Notre Dame Collegiate Jazz Festival is upon us the weekend of March 14. Those of you who like jazz know this already, and most of you who are nonsympathizers probably haven't even read this far. But in case I've snared a few of the latter with my intriguing title, I feel it's only fair to warn you you'll have to read about half of this article to find out what it means.

Whether you understand jazz or not, the CJF is a crazy show. Musicians are a strange lot even in the best of circumstances, but in the presence of an audience (that is, more than one person paying even mild attention) they get glassy-eyed and may be presumed dangerous.

There was the time the Morgan Powell Septet, right in the middle of a more or less orthodox number, took a chorus with all musicians working their instruments quite vigorously, but making absolutely no sound. After several minutes of this puzzling behavior, they ended their set by flailing rice and confetti on one another. They were the runner-up combo that year.

Then there was Frank Tesinski, the trombone player who cast away the body of his horn and took a solo on just the slide. Although the sound was reminiscent of a constipated giraffe I heard at Lincoln Park Zoo once, there must have been something creative about it because he was voted best trombonist that year.

ANOTHER time a quintet performed, consisting of four live musicians and a tape recorder. At one point the human contingent sat down and lit up pipes while the tape recorder did some wild improvising.

Of course there was the Joe Belcastro Trio. While the piano player mistreated the inside of the nine-foot Steinway with a set of xylophone mallets, the drummer took a really soulful solo on a set of brake drums. Yes, off an automobile.

By far the screwiest regularly attending assemblage is the University of Illinois Jazz Band, the winning group for the past two years. They are led by a noticeably demented viola teacher who calls himself John Garvey, although I'm sure he assumes that name at the insistence of his family. No one then present will ever forget the time when two-thirds of the band was on stage playing some very far-out jazz, while the remainder of the group paraded up the center aisle playing "Follow the Fold" or some such thing, Salvation Army style. The two groups joined on stage in a cacophonous blend of the very new and the very bad. Then the members began departing to the wings one by one, until no one was left but a bearded drummer who began vigorously playing the curtains and the air, until he, too, departed. The musically hip in the audience recalled that Franz Joseph Haydn pulled the same joke on Prince Esterházy in his "Farewell Symphony" about two hundred years before, but even they were somewhat taken aback. The U. of I. band just returned

from a tour of Eastern Europe, sponsored by the State Department. However, Radio Free Europe reports that they did little to counteract the image of the decadence of capitalism.

Although the above anecdotes show that the CJF is a lot of fun, I don't want to give the impression that it's nothing but a three-ring circus. The musicians continually liven the show with the unexpected, but they are, nonetheless, serious artists, the best of numerous applicants, selected by tape audition early this winter. They come from schools where jazz is an accredited academic pursuit, and they present their creative efforts before a judging panel consisting of the finest minds in jazz.

One of the highlights of the 1968 Festival was the Ohio State University Jazz Band. The chairs were removed for this 25-member group. All stood and were intent on the directions, from the most subtle to the most vigorous, of their extremely dynamic leader. The effect was of a band playing as one mind, and the communication to and response from the audience was a rare experience.

FATHER MCCARRAGHER keeps telling us jazz is like olives. You either like it or you don't. Of course, it's hard to like something you don't understand. To those who ask me what jazz is all about, I say the best way to find out is to come to the CJF and experience it. Nonetheless, perhaps a few words of historical background are in order.

Jazz is an Afro-American art form, combining the driving rhythms of the African tradition with the revived art of improvisation. It first appeared in recognizable form in New Orleans, about 1900 or a little before. In the beginning it took the form of Dixieland, later was very big in dance music, and now has graduated to the concert stage, where innovation and experimentation are the key words.

At the CJF, you'll hear two kinds of jazz. There is the intimate dialogue and sensitive response of the combos (from two to eight members) and the dynamic emotional expression of the big bands (twelve to about thirty members). Each show will have both types of groups, slightly heavy on the big band side. There will be recognizable tunes in entirely new contexts. The Memphis State University Big Band will play "Cast Your Fate to the Winds" as you've never heard it before, and there will be totally new creations borrowing, at times, from every style from classical to soul-blues to hard rock. At all times, however, the member of the audience will be aware that he is hearing jazz, and the latest and the best of jazz.

The most impressive thing about the CJF for the listener will be an overpowering sense of communication. In 1963, when I was fifteen and attending my first CJF, I was still a relative newcomer to jazz, and I didn't understand a great deal of what was going on. But as I sat and listened and watched, there was one thing I was sure of. These people were reaching me, as they've been reaching me and many others every year since then. Those of you who have been to the CJF before will be there again. Those of you who haven't, do yourself a favor. The 11th Annual Notre Dame Collegiate Jazz Festival opens Friday, March 14, 1:30 and 7:30 p.m., in the Stepan Center. □

Clark Terry (opposite, above) and Ernie Wilkins (below) judges for the 1969 CJF.

March 7, 1969

21

New Trends Rock Jazz World

by Gregory J. Mullen

LAST YEAR'S CJF was somewhat controversial, in that no "Best Combo" award was given out, on the basis that the combo in line for the award, the Randy Sandke Sextet from Indiana University, played what the judges felt was not true jazz. It was quite obvious to anyone in the audience that they were deliberately playing in a rock idiom, something unprecedented at the CJF. There are five criteria listed on the judging ballot for combos: General Musicianship, Overall Creativity, Soloists, Rhythm Section, and Ensemble. With big bands a few more categories, like Precision and Intonation, are added, but it is clear that the ballots are only guidelines, and much is left to the judgment and taste of the judges. And last year's judges were schooled during the time when the summit of musicality in rock was Elvis writhing to "Hound Dog." Clearly, times have changed. And so has the CJF judging policy. Even on last year's judging panel, there was the opinion voiced (notably from Dan Morgenstern, editor of *Down Beat*) that rock is no longer equivalent to bad music. Since he took over as editor, *Down Beat* has been covering the best of rock, as well as jazz.

Jazz and rock are distinct musical forms, and one is not to be confused with the other. This is explained at length in an article by Leonard Feather in the '69 CJF program. But there is a growing *rapprochement* between the two forms, that involves each form borrowing certain techniques from the other. When Al Hirt and Pete Fountain moved from pure jazz to pop forms, it was seen by many as a capitulation to the dollar, because it was felt that rock had not matured to the point that there was anything worthwhile in it for serious jazz musicians to be bothering themselves with. But later, the similar moves of Cannonball Adderley and Wes Montgomery were viewed much more favorably.

Pop music has elements that have now developed to the point where they are worthy of emulation. The pertinent and poetic lyrics of Paul Simon, James Webb, and Bob Dylan, the beautiful melodies of Lennon-McCartney and Burt Bacharach, are being used quite often by jazz groups. Vocalists, who were all but extinct at the CJF a few years back, are on the increase, and this year the CJF audience will hear jazz versions of "Mercy, Mercy" and "Cast Your Fate to the Wind." Another lesson jazz has learned from rock is the use of electronic instruments. Now you will see not only electric guitars and organs, but string basses, flutes, saxophones, trumpets, and anything else that can be struck, plucked, or blown into.

Rock has learned some lessons from jazz, also. For one thing, the banal eight-to-the-bar rhythms have evolved into the subtle and tasty percussion work of Ginger Baker of Cream, so that he could easily be called a jazz drummer. But the most important thing rock musicians have learned from jazz musicians is how to improvise. If a group like Blood, Sweat, and Tears had come to the CJF, they might have been rated highly, not only for their impeccably clean instrumental technique, but for their ability to improvise creatively, interestingly, and fluently.

TO REPEAT, jazz and rock/pop are not the same. The instrumentation, the media, the subject matter, the formal structures of the compositions are different. But not as different as they were years back. So what now for the groups at the CJF?

The 1968 Festival marked a watershed in the style of music to be performed there. Randy Sandke did some un-jazz things, things which had never been done here before. The judges felt that he did not perform according to the standards of the past ten Collegiate Jazz Festivals, and thus could not be given the award. CJF officials were consulted before the public announcement was made, but it was decided to let the decision stand as the judges had made it. After the Festival, in consultation with Dan Morgenstern (once again Chairman of the judges) it was decided to make a policy statement regarding CJF performances. That statement reads, in part, "There will be no prejudice toward any styles or effects used by the participants, so long as the element of creative improvisation is present, and the musicianship is of high quality." In other words, rock effects are legal. We are likely to hear some different types of things from this year's groups. □

Sic Transit Gloria . . . and Mary, Kathy, Barb & Lisa too

by Marilyn Becker

Why is it that a significant number of girls enter Saint Mary's College as freshmen but leave long before they are seniors? And of those who do stay the full four years, why are many dissatisfied with SMC?

REMEMBER your first letter home freshman year? You probably filled a couple of pages with: "Dear Mom, I love St. Mary's! It's so wonderful here. All the kids are really friendly, and my classes seem very interesting. And, Mom, you should see all the men at Notre Dame! Boy, do I love it here!" Or maybe you never wrote the first letter home. You were too busy just enjoying it all, and too confused stacking dates to even bother remembering your old address.

What happened to that first enthusiasm? Why do so many St. Mary's freshmen walk out sophomore year, suitcase in hand, with a smile on their face? Somewhere between "Is Thanksgiving here already?" and "Won't Easter ever come?" something obviously goes wrong.

The girls that leave earliest and probably with the least regret are the ones that go back to "the boy back home." Some were too homesick to give the place a fair trial; others had been forced by parents, for one reason or another, to come to SMC, and couldn't leave the place fast enough once they had arrived. But it's not these girls, the ones who never thought they'd fit in, that we wonder about.

MANY PROSPECTIVE SMC freshmen come to college not knowing quite what to expect, uncertain of their future career, unsure of their majors, and definitely vague about how their major will relate to the career that they plan. They soon find themselves leaving for the large university or the specialized school, where they can get the technical training they want. However, this is a natural part of education, and in a sense is expected: girls, through a liberal arts program, begin to know themselves and their needs, and begin to realize how to satisfy these needs. It is not the fault of the college, which can't be all things to all men. As long as St. Mary's retains the ideal of a liberal arts college, it will have girls transferring to get specialized training.

But what of girls who knew what career they were heading for when they graduated from high school? A certain percentage of freshmen came to St. Mary's precisely for what it *did* offer as opposed to a large university. For instance, take those girls who intended to major in Special Education. St. Mary's was one of a small, select group of colleges that offered a major in this field. Toward the end of last year, these girls found that the program was being closed, as recommended by



the Heald-Hobson survey team. They were able to change their majors to sociology or psychology, but these fields did not satisfy many of their needs. Consequently, many of these girls will eventually leave St. Mary's, transferring to a school that does offer Special Education as a major field. Now, there are many pros and cons, all of which have been amply discussed, with regard to closing the Special Education and Graduate Education departments at SMC. But the fact remains that, by the end of the year, they will be closed. So the girls have little choice but to leave. And it's not really the fault of the school.

What does seem to be the fault of St. Mary's, however, is the girls (and there're a lot of them) who leave because of a vague dissatisfaction with the place; who feel that something's wrong, but who aren't sure how to fix it; who feel slightly cheated, but sometimes aren't sure why they do. These are the unnecessary transfers, the girls who probably could be very happy here, if "here" were only a happier place to be.

Most of them are disappointed in the St. Mary's college experience. They came to college to be "broadened"; they came to have their ideas challenged and changed. When they got here, they found a haven of friendship. Was it perhaps because everybody was just like them?

IT'S A hard feeling to pin down. Perhaps it's a suffocation that comes from being preconsigned to upper middle-class suburbia. Perhaps it's a "watched" feeling as you walk into, say, the coffeehouse, because you aren't known as a member of the coffeehouse crowd, or as you walk into a meeting of the Academic Commission, because you aren't known as one of the leadership clique. Perhaps it's just annoyance at being "known" at all.

Some girls get tired of "You're a Girl and I'm a Boy, so I'll call you Saturday night and we'll play 'What's your major?'" They get tired of being type-cast.

Whatever you call the feeling, it strikes a good many during their four years at SMC. And some leave because of it, leave with a willingness to be shocked into awareness, a willingness to be strange for a while in return for being interested and maybe interesting for a while.

We don't come to SMC all alike; we *must* come as individuals. We're widely diversified geographically, we're supposedly intelligent; why do we succumb to group-think so easily? Does it have to happen to every small school? What does go wrong during that first year? And why can't SMC give the girls that leave the stimulation they needed to stay? □

Never to Have Lived is Best

by Michael Patrick O'Connor

*Endure what life God gives and ask no longer span;
Cease to remember the delights of youth, travel-wearied
aged man;
Delight becomes death-longing if all longing else be
vain.*

*Never to have lived is best, ancient writers say;
Never to have drawn the breath of life, never to have
looked into the eye of day;
The second best's a gay goodnight and quickly turn
away.*

W. B. Yeats, after Sophocles

Broken by political intrigues, discovered out of darkness, Oedipus flees from the spent light of Thebes to Athens, the home of the wisest of Greece. There he is given that advice by the old men of Colonus when he is excluded from the city as a political fugitive: "Never to have lived is best." It is minutes after this choral ode is sung within the budding grove that Oedipus is taken up into heaven and the old men of Colonus are left alone in their mediocrity. It is that chorus of old men in the Oedipus at Colonus that is outdated, that fails to understand; Oedipus, destroyed and re-created by himself, remains the real character, because all of his living has demanded his death.

THE *Antigone* of Sophocles moves difficultly as a play; it is shaped about two characters, instead of one. Its language is diffuse; at one moment, the tone is comic, while at another, Sophocles strains toward prayer. It is, at the same time, a play that through these irregularities strikes at a deeper mystery, at a greater sacralization of the theater.

But theater no longer renders life holy; the force behind it is gone and the aim is simply to render life. The stage is no longer an altar, as Sophocles would have conceived it; it is an empty space, to be beaten into submission. An actor no longer dances in sacred rites; he moves instead in search of natural rhythms, rhythms that he can never know.

Sr. Mary Xavier Coens' current production of the *Antigone* at St. Mary's is the best of the season so far; it is a serious rendering of the play, done with a sense of invention, even if that sense is not always directed purely toward translating the text into action. In the last view, Sr. Xavier has failed to draw the whole together in all its complexity, but her efforts make the show worthwhile. Looking at the individual aspects of the production does not help to clarify the excellences or the deficiencies. The music, composed specially by W. D. Beyer for this performance, is innocuous at best. The set is finally nonsensical. The costumes were probably not worth the effort.

The sister-daughters of Oedipus, Antigone and Ismene, are perhaps the greatest disappointments in the play. The prologue to the play, a brief scene between the sisters, grows out of years spent tending their dying father; they are bound together in a subtle unity that is completely dissipated in the O'Laughlin version. The opening greeting of sister for sister is all of a life seen anew. Everything Ismene has lived through has built up; her life has to be one of mourning for her father. Ismene speaks initially to

her sister of fellow feeling, of passion lost in common. Antigone, on the other hand, grows in her father's understanding to the power that leads to her own death. The common experience is transmuted in each of the sisters separately and each fails to understand the other's synthesis. Missy Smith has played Ismene as a bleeding heart liberal asked to lay it on the line and chickening out; Margo Endres' Antigone is so hard-nosed that it is hard to believe she has ever seen someone oppressed by their circumstances as her father was and her sister is. Moreover, Margo Endres never changes her stance as Antigone; she never comes to believe more in what she is doing nor does she ever doubt herself. She plays opposite John-Paul Mustone's Haimon, sympathetic and self-conscious, like Taylor to Burton in *Virginia Woolf*. Mustone is, in fact, the only character who sees himself and others around him clearly enough to engage one's interest. Aside from certain difficulties in his opening scene, particularly of voice control, Mustone's is the best supporting role in the production.

THE SENTRY, played by Richard Riehle, is a dull-witted verison of a dull-witted fellow; Pauline Petretti's Eurydice completely eludes the charm and dignity she strives so hard for. Willem O'Reilly was directed out of his role as Teiresias into a blind boob; and the role of Teiresias is one of the great flashy and dramatic roles in the theater.

The *Antigone* is finally about none of these people; it is about Creon and Robert Emmet Keefe's performance genuinely grasps the essence of that tyrant — to view everyone as dependent on you, while coming to the realization that it is exactly the other way around. In the end, all his fictions are destroyed and he must be consumed by the fire of his own undissipated passion. Keefe's Creon bring to mind Lear, because the problem lies in foolishness, in self-indulgent unreflectiveness. But Keefe's performance seemed in many ways a waste; during the first half of the play, he speaks in a clipped executive tone which breaks the cadences of the lines and squanders his own voice. Moreover, he moves too slowly through the climax of the play; as Haimon tries to explain the rumors flying through the city to his father, Creon is too impetuous, too careless of this first real question about his use of power and, textual or dramatic, there is no justification for the use of physical violence in the staging of *Antigone*.

The performance is united by the chorus and that perhaps is an easy way out of staging a difficult play. But Sr. Xavier has used the chorus inventively enough to set aside some questions of legitimacy. The chorus in the original play was certainly the basis of the work and much of that fortunately remains; they are on stage almost continuously, as in the original, and they dance to at least some of the odes. The odes themselves are not read well; there is little sense of the real choreography the words supply, but that would have been difficult enough to work out with professional dancers. On the whole, Sr. Xavier is to be congratulated for having done anything toward providing the fabric of the dance drama. □



Literary Festival

John Barth

A FORMER tutor, timekeeper, and stonemason, John Barth attempted his first novel in 1954. Set in the cheery Dorchester Marshes of Maryland, it was, in the author's own words, "a long and gloomy story about libidinous cretins" which, even before completion, was deemed "too Rabelaisian" for publication. The following year, however, his second effort, *The Floating Opera*, was selected as runner-up for the National Book Award, and Mr. Barth had climbed out of the swamps for good.

Born in 1930 in Cambridge, Maryland, he received his bachelor's and master's degrees in writing, speech, and drama at Johns Hopkins University. Currently, Barth is a professor of English at Buffalo State and does the bulk of his writing in his off hours.

Like Cervantes, one of his favorite authors, Barth uses comic allegory to treat even the most serious subjects. So he is constantly experimenting with new techniques appropriate to his personal style of black humor. As he puts it, "technique in art has the same value as technique in lovemaking . . . heartfelt ineptitude has its appeal and so does heartless skill; but what you want is passionate virtuosity."

And while no reliable information has been found concerning Dr. Barth's lovemaking, the "passionate virtuosity" with which he develops his novels is hardly a secret. The publication of *The Sot-Weed Factor* in 1960, solidly established him as a novelist of the first magnitude. And *Giles-Goat Boy* (a heart-warming epic concerning the life and times of a young man who was sired by a computer out of a virgin, and raised as a goat) has won the author numerous awards, including a grant from the National Institute of Arts and Letters. In 1965, a *New York Herald Tribune* poll of 200 prominent literary figures named Barth as one of the most important American writers of the last twenty years.

All of which ain't too bad for a guy who tells stories about swamps and goats.

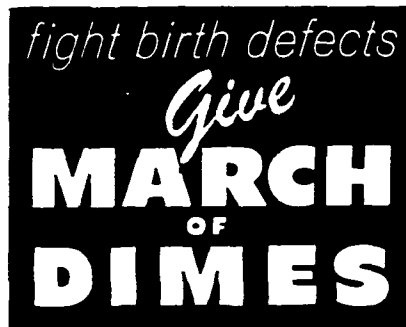
— Barry Maher

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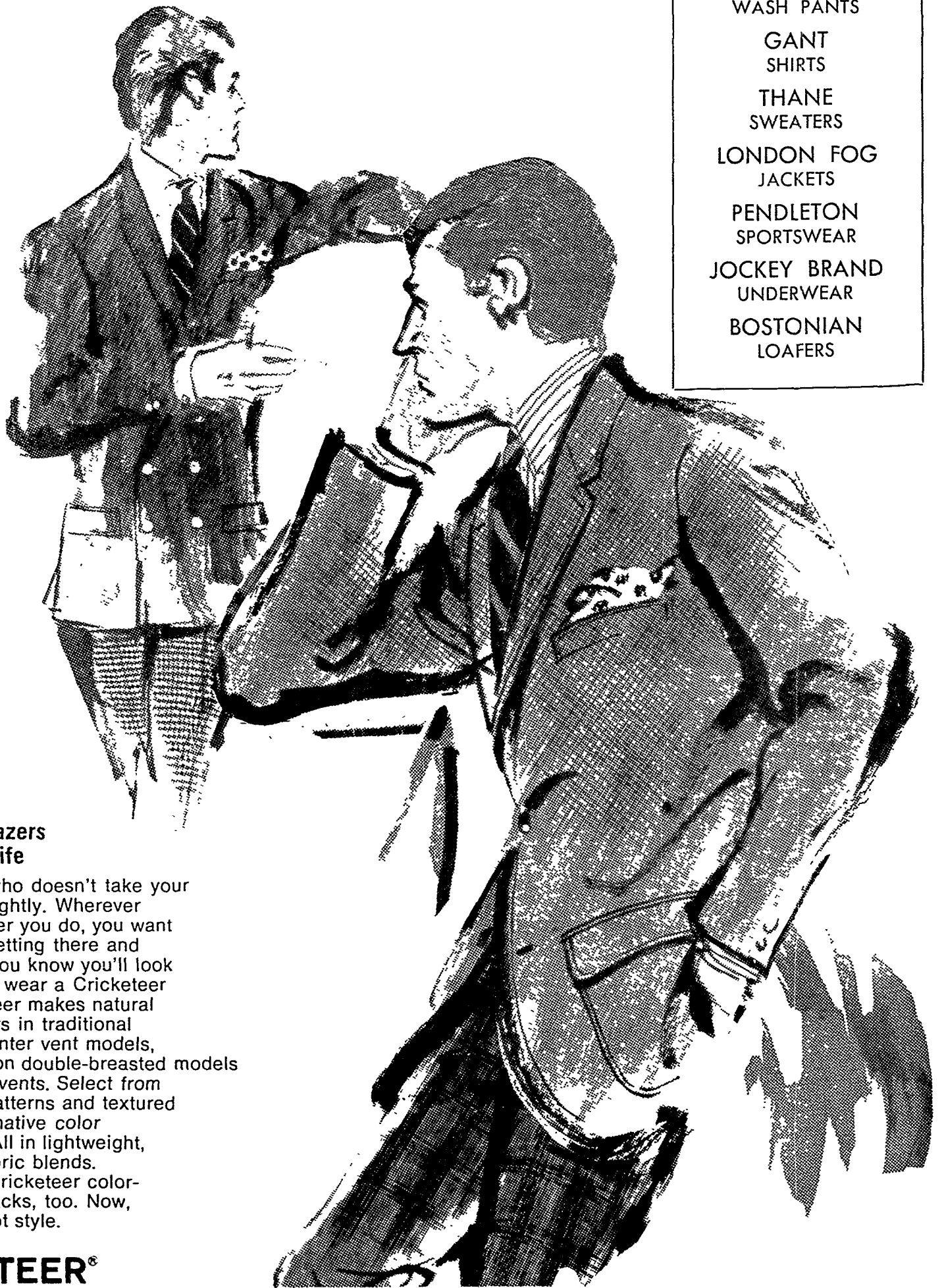
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