

scholastic
february 19, 1971

the south bend you never knew



Love comes in all shapes.

Stroh's

From one beer lover to another.

THE STROH BREWERY COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN 48226



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**Alinsky: a sophist plate of spaghetti,
an unchallenged machiavellian modern pied piper?**

To the Editor:

I was disappointed that not one of the students who heard Saul Alinsky in the packed Engineering auditorium the other nite objected to his statement that "since the era of the new physics highlighted by Einstein's theory of Relativity no one doubts that everything is relative. There are no fixed rules or principles anymore. The only thing we are sure of is that everything is 'change.'"

I tried to get his attention towards the end to ask him if he thought the astronauts would agree with his statement. I'm sure that if the astronauts believed they could not rely on fixed laws of physics, chemistry and aerodynamics they certainly would never go near a launching pad! Alinsky admitted that he often takes a jet airplane. He, too, must really believe there are certain unchangeable laws of nature or he would be a fool to fly.

What disappointed me even more was that not one of the many faculty members in the crowd questioned this inconsistency and the others he made when he digressed into the fields of philosophy, metaphysics, and morals. Nor did they, or anyone else, object to his ridiculing those who do not believe in liberalized abortion.

Maybe we can't expect the students to see beyond the sophistry of modern pied pipers, but you would think our faculty members had enough understanding of history, philosophy and the Christian religion plus a sense of duty towards their students to point out the errors that are so cleverly hidden in a presentation like this. Doesn't Notre Dame owe it to her students and to their parents who have entrusted them to her to at least question speakers who toss off glib statements embodying half-truths which are inconsistent, unprovable and contrary to the basic principles of our religion and to common sense?

I am certain that in my day at least one of the professors in the audience would not have let Alinsky's several philosophical and moral put-downs go unchallenged, no matter how interestingly and entertainingly they were done.

Alinsky has been successfully applying Machiavellian methods to political and social situations and certainly no one can deny that these tactics work. But when he postulates from this a whole philosophy of life based on pure pragmatism, someone ought to have mentioned

that this was nothing new, nor was his simplistic statement that the only motivation there is is that of materialistic self-interest. Alinsky may know how to organize minorities, but his philosophy and moral reasoning were as disorganized as a plate of spaghetti.

Burnett C. Bauer
Class of '38

More on the Middle East

To the Editor:

Mr. John F. Kennedy made many memorable statements, but I remember the speech he made the day he became president. Also I believed his great statement: "Ask not what your country can do for you: Ask what you can do for your country."

As I believe that this statement was for everybody, I would like to say something about my country these days through your SCHOLASTIC magazine. Will you please consider the following myths about the Middle East.

1) *Israel is a poor little nation surrounded
by hostile Arabs*

"There are two million Jews in Israel. They are surrounded by sixty to one hundred million Arabs depending on how you study the map. And the Arabs are increasingly hostile," the myth continues. But if one remembers, "little Japan" or that tight "little island" called Britain in the nineteenth century, or centuries of Middle Eastern history, one realizes that it is not the size of the country but the size of the army, and not the number of soldiers but the quality of equipment and training that count.

2) *The Arabs are all Muslims*

Now most Arabs are! But approximately half of Lebanon is Christian. In addition, there are six million Coptic Orthodox Christians in the United Arab Republic. About one-tenth of Palestine was Christian. Syria is about one-fifth Christian.

These ancient Arab churches are rich in tradition. Although comparisons are odious, it could be argued that the mark of his church is more deeply engraved on the life of an Arab Christian than on the Christian of the West.

While there are tensions between Christians and Muslims, there is remarkable understanding, too. And if anyone thinks that the growing bitterness of the Middle East is only between Muslim and Jew, he is very wrong. Christians who live in the Arab

countries and in occupied territory, share the deep sense of injustice the Arab Muslim feels over being dispossessed from his Palestinian home and land. In fact, a large number of these dispossessed Arabs are Christians themselves!

3) *The Commandos are not terrorists*

Al-Fatah, the Fida'iyyin, and PLO (Palestine Liberation Organization) Commandos.

The vast majority of the Arab people consider them freedom fighters and resistance forces struggling to regain their homes and lands. When Canadian Mennonite Dr. Frank Epps made a quick tour through the Middle East, he made the following observation about the PLO: "It is important to note that the Christian leaders generally support the PLO, and view it as a necessary movement in the interests of the Arab cause. I found only one church leader who, in this regard, was pacifistic, and his opinions were more than cancelled out by his most militant wife."

In occupied Jordan, a Christian worker told me, "The heart of the people — of at least ninety per cent of the people — is with the Commandos." And in Amman, the Greek Orthodox bishop said, "For two thousand years we have built statues to such people . . . we should memorialize our men who fight and die for their country." In Syria some churchmen pray for the Commandos. And foreign churchmen say, "We can't support violence, but the commando cause is just."

4) *The refugees could have stayed, but they ran away on the advice of Arab governments*

This falsehood is still repeated and widely believed. It has been denied so often by so many authoritative persons. Let me quote one of the most recent statements — one made by the distinguished John Davis, who probably knows more about Arab refugees than any American alive. He was Commissioner-General of UNRWA, and has recently written *The Elusive Peace*. He says, "The extent to which the refugees were savagely driven out by the Israelis as a deliberate masterplan has been insufficiently recognized."

5) *The Israelis have made the desert bloom; the Arabs have neglected their land*

We all know what Israel has done with funds from Germany, the United States, and Jewish synagogues all over the world.

And Arab lands are undeveloped. If you will visit

Egypt's Liberation Province (ever heard of the Liberation Province?) in the Nile Delta, you will discover that the United Arab Republic in that one development has reclaimed almost the precise acreage without publicity, that Israel has reclaimed in Palestine. I cannot take space to detail these things, but there is an untold story of vast projects on reclamation, irrigation and development—Aswan Dam.

6) *Israel is a bastion of western democracy in an undemocratic world*

This statement is so clever and so false. There is much to admire about democracy in Israel

Israel is a western imperialist, expansionist, military power. How can there be true democracy and freedom in a country which says, "We want to be Jewish"—and treats its non-Jewish minority as inferiors?

The most penetrating comments on this are being made by Jewish prophets within and outside Israel. The writer and intellectual I. F. Stone, in the *New York Review of Books*, quoted former Israeli David Ben Gurion, and Moshe Dayan. Ben Gurion said, "Israel is the country of the Jews and only of the Jews. Every Arab who lives here has the same right as any minority citizen in any country of the world, but he must admit the fact that he lives in a Jewish country." Stone adds, "The implication must chill Jews in the outside world."

7) *The Arabs are against the Jews*

Arabs are not against the Jews. They are against the Zionists as there have been two cases of genocide in recent years, one the Nazi genocide against European Jews, the other, the Zionist genocide against the Palestinian.

Arabs emphasize that they know and lived with Jews, and like Jews in Palestine and things were all right until the Zionists came.

8) *The Arabs want to throw Israel into the Sea*

Well, this has been said often enough. And it is this awful threat and fear that disturb Christians and Jews and responsible Arabs.

The Palestinians declared that statement by the Commandos leader Yaser Arafat: "We want a democratic, non-Zionist Secular State, where we would all live in peace and equality as we did for thousands of years. We want a democratic state irrespective of religion, color or nationality."

Ghalib Amer

Markings

O Polish Song!

Folk dance groups with national foundations have enjoyed a large following in America for many years; European groups such as the Russian and Greek folk troupes have danced to delighted audiences across the country. This desire to reestablish folk traditions and to proudly display them before foreign audiences has rooted itself in many smaller European countries, whose heritages are nonetheless varied and colorful. One of the most recent and most successful of these attempts is manifest today in *Mazowsze* (pronounced MAH-ZOFF-SHCH), Poland's premier folk dance company.

The folk troupe, comprising 100 dancers, singers, and orchestra members, returns to this country this month for its third national tour. They will be at the Morris Civic Auditorium Saturday, February 20, at 8:00 p.m.

Polish folk dance and song in general owes its current popularity largely to the co-founders of the *Mazowsze* dance company, Tadeusz Sygietynski and his wife, Mira Ziminska. Through their efforts an international audience became aware of the unusual rhythm of Poland's many folk dances, the brilliance of its national costumes, and the wit of its lyricists. Through Chopin, the world had learned about Polish mazurkas, waltzes, and polonaises; Sygietynski and his wife made these dances and melodies come visually alive by seeking traditional forms in a delightful theatrical frame.

The company's name derived from the central province of Poland—Mazowsze—where the company grew and flourished. Most of the company's members come from Mazowsze, as did many of the folk tunes which comprised the troupe's first performances.

The company was established in 1948, at Karolin, a great country house twenty miles from Warsaw, by Sygietynski, an eminent Polish composer and folklore researcher, and his wife, a leading actress and costume designer. Sygietynski devoted all of his time and talents to the company from its founding, all through its initial launching as a national troupe in 1950, to its many successes at home and abroad—including the winning of a gold medal at the Brussels Fair in 1958.

While Sygietynski worked to develop the students of Karolin into a professional troupe that would perform the music and dance he arranged and choreographed, his wife devoted herself to the creation of a wardrobe that was to become legendary because of its beauty and authenticity. When Sygietynski died in 1955, his wife Ziminska assumed the artistic directorship of *Mazowsze*. Since that time, through all the worldwide triumphs of the *Mazowsze*, she has adhered to the goals set by her husband.

The *Mazowsze Company* is, then, the sum of the efforts contributed by its young members seasoned with the lives and talents of two of Poland's greatest folklore researchers and designers. When the



Sygentynskis recruited the group's members in remote villages of the Mazowsze plain, the only qualities they had were talent and a will to learn; today they are all trained dancers and singers. Ethnographers, choreographers, rural weavers, embroiderers, set designers and music teachers have all had their share in making *Mazowsze* the international success that it is today.

Poland's leading dance troupe echoes its praises in every performance, in every song, in every line, as this excerpt from their dance "Polonaise" proclaims:

O Polish song, you're like the dew
Refreshing our thirsty souls
You raise them high up to the skies
Like stars on a cloudy night

The dearest words and the happiest tunes
Come from the days long past
And we rejoice each time we hear
"Poland is not yet lost."

—Tom Gora

The Goat and

Though a minister (or Boards of Trustees if that's the case) may *legally* marry people, he, being ignorant of the stellar script, cannot see if the basic harmony necessary to truly mate two souls is present. Therefore, alas, most marriages fail to bring the happiness and satisfaction of soul which mark the companionship of true mates. Surely, a heavy toll to pay for ignorance of the stellar science!

It is a mystic maxim that the lower on the scale of evolution a being is placed the more certainly it responds to the planetary rays, and conversely the higher we ascend on the scale of attainment the more the man conquers and rules his stars, freeing himself from the leading strings of the Divine Hierarchies. It thus seems essential that while considering possible marriage, the prospective partners in such a contract consider and understand their natures as determined by the stars.

Given the prospective marriage partners—the University of Notre Dame and St. Mary's College—and heeding the mystic maxim by placing them on the scale of evolution (the lower on the scale, the more certainly it responds to the planetary rays . . .) it seems directly relevant that the mar-

riage partners understand their compatibility through these indications.

St. Mary's College: born (State Charter issued) on February 28, 1855: Astrological Sign—Pisces, the Fishes, a watery sign:

The typical Piscean is short, flabby and fleshy with a waddling gait. The body is weak and deficient in recuperative force. There is a strong tendency to mediumship among the Pisces people, and therein is a danger greater than any other on earth. No one should "sit for development" and degenerate into the tool of low spirit, but Pisces people in particular are "lost" if taken control of. They cannot free themselves, either in this life or the next, because generally inert and devoid of will power. There is, however, a higher side to Pisces; the person who finds himself with Pisces on the ascendant is at the end of one cycle of progress and at the beginning of a new. He stands, as it were, upon the threshold of something higher. The tendency is, however, to drift upon the sea of life and dream dreams of future greatness. This tendency must be counteracted by every effort of the will, for otherwise life will be a failure, and

later the stern whip of necessity will be applied to goad him or her into action.

The University of Notre Dame: Born on January 15, 1844: Astrological Sign—Capricorn, the Goat, an earthy sign:

Capricorn gives a short, slender, narrow-chested body with a thin neck, a pale peaked face with small, weak eyes. The vitality is very low, and these children are reared with great difficulty, but once infancy is past, they exhibit a tenacity that is truly amazing, and often become very, very old; they seem to dry up into a mass of wrinkled skin and bone that is all but imperishable, this, on account of the Saturn ray which rules Capricorn. Ambition and suspicion are ruling characteristics, an inordinate desire for recognition of their claims to superiority and advancement; also suspicion that others are trying to subvert or withhold the coveted prize is ever with these people. It causes them much unnecessary worry, and may result in habitual melancholy, particularly if Saturn is afflicted. The afflicted Capricorn is very revengeful, and may shed blood to satisfy a grudge. The Sun rising brings out the good qualities of the sign, makes

the Fishes

Captains of Industry such as forward the great enterprises of the world.

In relation to marriage, the physical aspect of the union is ruled by the compatibility of the Four Triplicities. As the Goat is an earthy sign and the Fishes are of the water, harmony is doubtful, though possible, taking other factors into account.

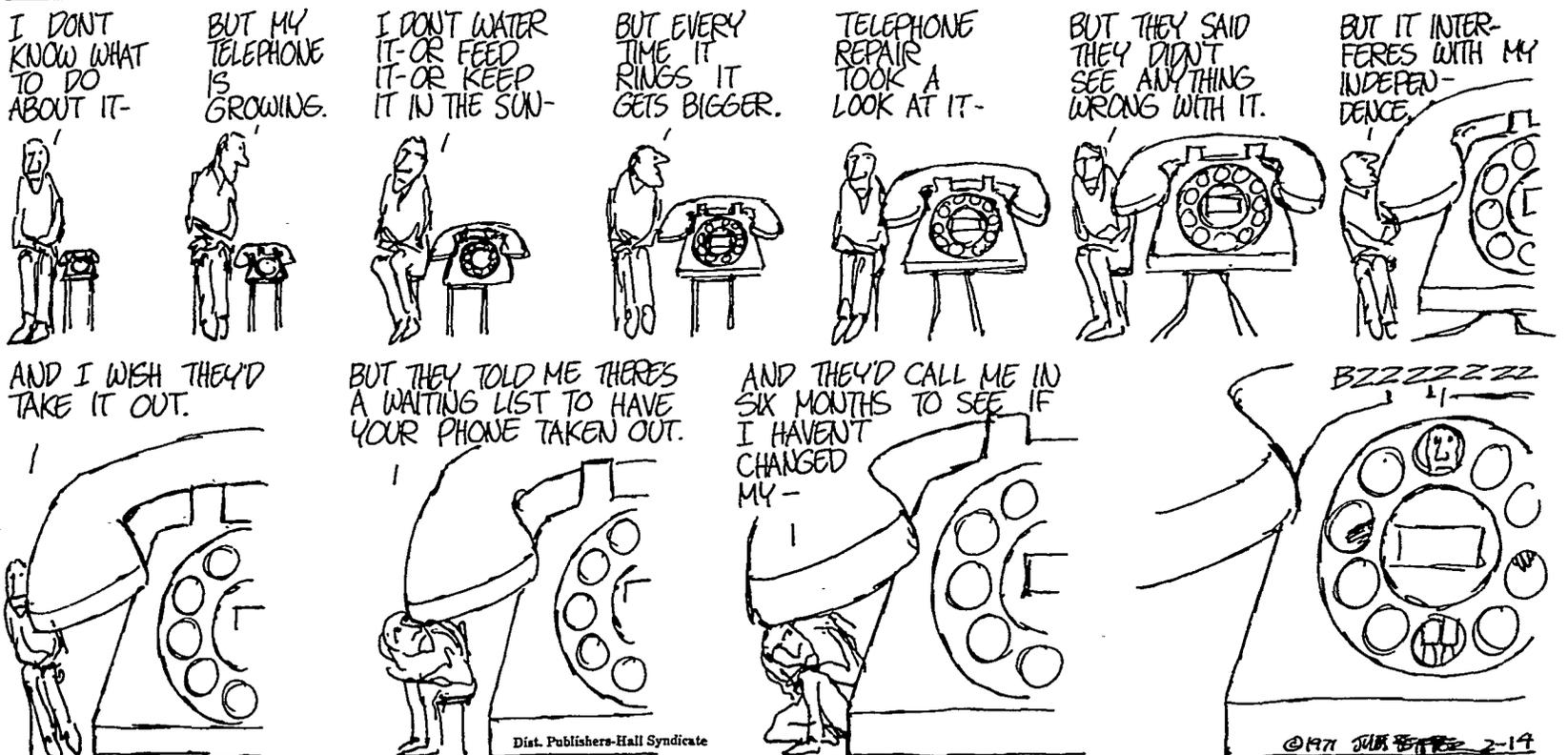
The position of the Sun and the Moon in relation to each sign of the two marriage partners will specifically foretell the possibili-

ties of happy or ill-fated marriage. These Significators would balance and alter the negative indications of the above. But these Significators depend upon the *hour* of birth, which is not known for these subjects. The only concrete indications obtainable without full knowledge of the time and day of birth for these two subjects lie in their character sketches as presented here. The marriage seems of dubious wisdom given the personalities indicated by the signs Capricorn

and Pisces when placed side by side.

I do hereby witness that the above reading of the astrological indicators for these two subjects is a full and truthful reflection drawn from all knowledge available concerning the births according to the standards of the Rosicrucian Fellowship as stated in *The Message of the Stars* (London, 1927).

Signed,
Madame Sosostris,
Famous Clairvoyant



Tenure: Alternative to a Stacked Deck

Ann Walshe is the first female undergraduate at the University of Notre Dame; she is presently taking courses in English and history. Peter Walshe is presently Director of African Studies, and teaches in both the government and economics departments.

WHEN the University of Notre Dame is about to dispense with the services of fine teachers, outstanding men and their equally impressive families, it may be the moment to question the procedures which lead to such decisions. In doing this and suggesting reforms, one will also be raising wider issues, although only indirectly. For example, to argue for consultation and a formal consideration of undergraduate opinion is intended to suggest a concern for the quality of undergraduate education and to emphasize a commitment to teaching. This in turn raises a central issue in the University's future. The last ten years or more have seen an almost obsessive concern with research and the graduate school. Notre Dame was to strive for recognition in the top league of American research-oriented universities. In practice this may well have led to an undervaluation of teaching as opposed to research, although in theory there should have been no conflict. Put in other words, this might be termed an immature failure to accept the Notre Dame past, live with it, build on its strengths and continue to have a first-rate and constantly improving undergraduate education as the hallmark of the University.

Thus in questioning the procedures of hiring and firing, one is doing so with these wider considerations in mind, plus the hope that the Notre Dame community will be able to initiate reforms in this area which will help to ensure the retention of academically able, Christian and socially aware faculty.

At present, a department within the College of Arts and Letters relies upon an Appointments and Promotions Committee. This is made up of all tenured faculty at Associate Professor or Professor rank, or it is comprised of a smaller elected committee of such faculty.

Such a departmental committee sends its recommendations to the Dean. The chairman of the department concurrently forwards his own independent recommendation, and the Dean in turn sends these two reports plus his own assessment to the Provost. The latter officer comes to a final decision having heard the opinions of an advisory committee composed of Deans, the University Registrar and officials from within the office of the Provost. It is the hope of many that these fairly recently established procedures will in practice herald or confirm a decentralization of decision making into the departments and away from the centralized fiat of the administration. The final say is still with the overall co-ordinators in the administration; but if the spirit and principle of subsidiarity are not to be violated, the norm will have to become a very heavy reliance on the departmental Appointments and Promotions Committees. Bearing this in mind, the following suggestions are put forward so that such committees might broaden the range of information which bears upon their decisions.

Before writing its recommendations, each Appointments and Promotions Committee should formally consult the untenured faculty as a group. It should also enter into formal consultation with graduate and undergraduate students. There would be certain difficulties in each case, but they are surmountable. The great advantage would be that such procedures recognize the reality of the wider university community and its varied insights which should be available to the necessarily narrow group of tenured professors. In the case of untenured faculty, the Committee would openly seek the group's advice, and where an individual was directly under discussion he would, of course, temporarily withdraw from the meeting. In the case of graduate and undergraduate students, procedures for consultation would have to be established. These might involve a meeting with all graduates in the particular department, and another with all undergraduate majors or their elected representatives. Such meetings might pay particular attention to student evaluation forms, but they should also involve wider assessments of the individual's

Ann and Peter Walshe

participation in extracurricular activities. Such contact with students should not be seen as the first step in deteriorating academic standards, student control of the University and general mayhem. Rather it could be a meeting in trust between groups which are intimately involved in the same educational process and would expect to influence each other's thinking. Having gathered the views of untenured faculty, graduates and undergraduates, the Committee would then consult with the persons up for appointment, contract renewal or promotion. This might alternatively involve each Committee member having a personal interview with the individual whose fate was up for consideration. With all this accomplished, the Committee would then have the agonizing, lonely and onerous task of coming to its own decisions.

Once the Committee had come to these decisions it should reveal, in confidence, as an important matter of courtesy, its conclusions and its basic reasoning in each case to the groups previously consulted. After this the recommendations would go through the normal channels and hopefully be given the overwhelming weight they should have. Where the administration vetoes a departmental decision (and this should be a most unusual occurrence), the officers concerned should also be prepared to reveal their basic reasoning in confidence to the relevant Appointments and Promotions Committee—which would in turn relate it to the subsidiary groups. As the Provost can veto a departmental request for contract renewal or promotion, so should he be prepared to intervene by insisting on a particular renewal or promotion denied by a departmental recommendation. As with the veto, this should only occur in exceptional cases. There should be a clear understanding that these confidential explanations would not be made public, save at the written request of a person whose contract had been up for consideration.

IT may be argued that the above is too cumbersome a process, and this may be so in the case of new appoint-

ments when speedy executive action is often essential if the promising individual is to be brought onto the campus. However, in the case of contract renewal and promotion to tenured status, the above procedures are surely not too much to ask when the long term livelihood of a man is at stake and the on-going character of the university is being modified by the very process of maintaining the services of some and dispensing with those of others. These procedures have been suggested on the assumption that Notre Dame will not lower itself to adopt the tactic of some universities where junior faculty are recruited without the serious intent of retaining their services over the long run. While financially advantageous, such a tactic smacks of exploitation, and particularly so when Notre Dame cannot pretend to have so extraordinary an academic reputation as will automatically enhance a person's career by simply having employed him for a short while as an Instructor or Assistant Professor.

The Appointments and Promotions Committee that would simply act on its own limited knowledge and the bare bones of a *curriculum vitae* might well be overestimating its own capacity, underestimating the wider university's stake in its decisions, and missing the multifaceted contribution which a member of the faculty is called upon to make on a lively campus.

At the present moment, many at Notre Dame grieve the forthcoming loss of persons they judge to be outstanding teachers. If something approaching the above procedures had been followed, it is possible that the departments concerned might have come to different decisions. On the other hand, had the same decisions been made, the university community might have felt less anguished about the possibility of major errors of judgment. The issues of contract renewal and promotion are agonizing ones from which there is no escape, and the men who have to shoulder the burdens of such decisions deserve our understanding and respect. They in turn should have the wisdom to see the advantages of wider and careful consultation. □

the south bend you never knew



South Bend. The complaints about the place have long since become cliched, but they are spoken and taken seriously enough to create a kind of cosmic image. In the tradition of Holy Cross College students' description of Worcester, Mass., as "the armpit of the world," students here have mostly disparaging words for South Bend.

SCHOLASTIC past issues indicate our own fascination with those kinds of words (on all kinds of topics), but we wonder if the campus' judgement on this city isn't a bit superficial, and a bit untrue.

In the interest of broadened (personal, geographic) horizons, we offer a sketch of the kinds of people, places and things where a student might meet this city.

Borrow a car or take a bus and buy some hamburger, fine quality and only 65 cents a pound, at Max's Grocery Store on South Street. It's a few blocks east of U.S. 31, just about where the Hope Rescue Mission stands opposite the pie factory. At one there are men who will talk for hours about lives they can now only recollect; at the other are pies (and only pies) for sale wholesale.

Take Lincoln Way East all the way out to where it becomes Lincolnway West (Mishawaka) some Saturday or Sunday and turn left toward the river at The Thieves Market. Bring four bucks and you can get a table to sell your own wares. Bring a dime and you can buy a postcard of Walperston County High School in Casper, Wyoming, as yet unsent.

For bread, take Edison back to South Bend and stop at the Kreamo Thrift Shop, where you can get plush and fresh (within a day or so) loaves of John Dearst Bread for 23 cents, which is 16 cents less than what the uninformed pay at the grocery stores.

For cookies, though, it's better to go to the Tip Top Bakery Thrift Shop at 908 Portage, which is on the other side of town. For 99 cents, you get 120 cookies. For 29 cents, you get 36 donuts. "No more than two school kids are allowed in the store," a sign on its door warns, "between the hours of 11 and 1." So go only in pairs, or never at noon.

The list continues on these pages. The heart of a city, maybe, rests in unexpected places.

learn: concerts, classes, galleries

South Bend Civic Theatre at 701 Portage Ave. is housed in an old firehouse and dubbed (logically enough) **The Firehouse Theatre**. The dramatists present five plays annually: the schedule for 1971 is one down with February's production of Feiffer's *Little Murders*. Other productions scheduled for this semester: *The Caretaker*, by Harold Pinter (April 15-18, 22-25) and Ron Cowan's *Summertree* (May 27-30, June 3-6). Single-admission tickets are \$2.00; a season's ticket (\$8.00) entitles one to admittance at each play plus a year's subscription to the monthly newsletter, "The Call Board." The setting is nice—small seating capacity puts even the last row close to the stage. Call 233-0683.

The South Bend Art Center, 121 North Lafayette Street, offers twenty different shows a year, and encompasses local as well as touring talent. It also conducts a number of art classes for those interested in an art education on a part-time and financially feasible basis; there will be a new session of courses beginning in April. [Tuition is \$4.00 for all courses except ceramics, which is \$5.00.] Gallery schedules and class information are available at the Art Center, 233-8201.

The Brewer's Art, entrance at 700 Lincoln Way West, Mishawaka (the old brewery) is open every Saturday from 9-6 and Sundays from 11-6. The Market houses original art, candles, antiques and pottery for sale. Browsing is welcomed; the phone number is 259-3201.

Radecki Art Galleries at 721 East Jefferson Blvd., works in cooperation with dealers in New York. Graphics are the primary focus points, but other types of art are sold and exhibited. Phone number is 287-0266; browsing is welcomed.

South Bend Symphony Orchestra, now in its 38th year, performs five concerts annually, which are held at the Morris Civic Auditorium. There is also a youth concert every year (this year in April) which is held outside, and is free. Student admission to regularly scheduled concerts ranges from \$2.50 to \$4.00; season tickets for students range from \$4.50 to \$9.00. Tickets are on sale at the auditorium box office before every performance; telephone 232-6954 for schedules and specific performance information.

—*Mary Ellen Stoltz*

For a small fee of \$8.00, any St. Mary's student can enroll in a variety of courses offered by the **South Bend YWCA**. Notre Dame students interested in handcrafts and/or discrimination pilgrimages might take note. There are 39 courses given under eight general headings.

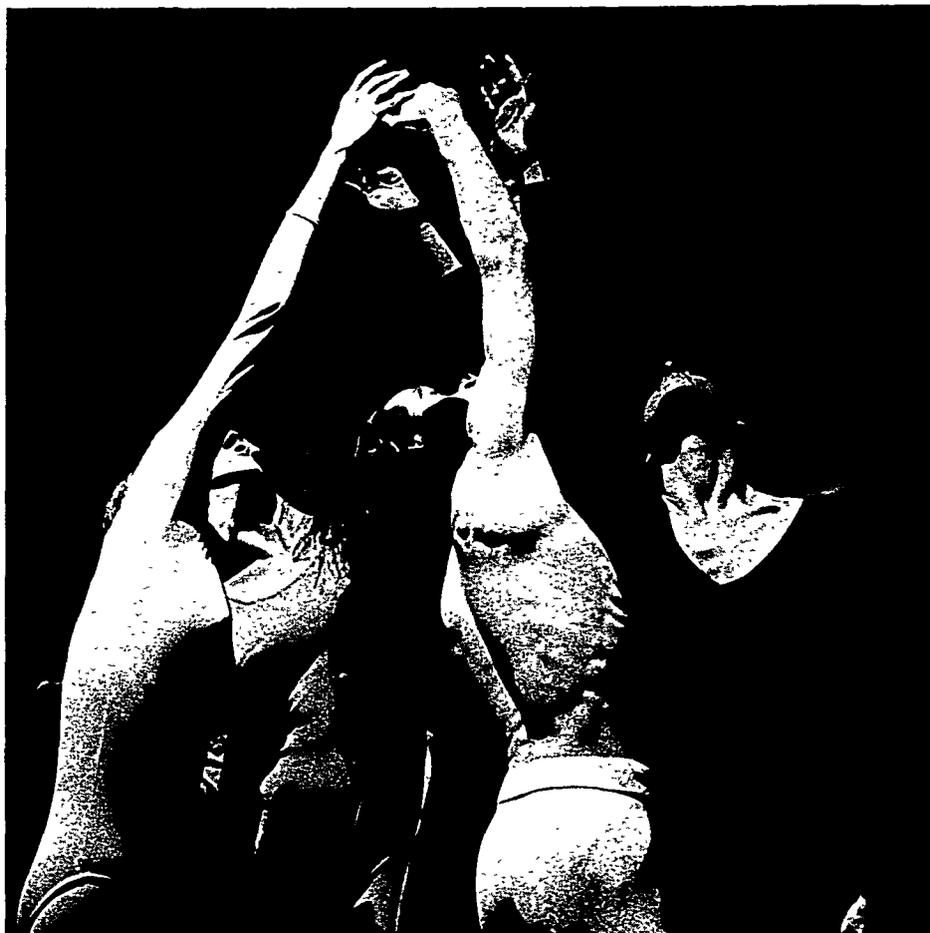
The YWCA is located in the **Madison School-Leeper Park** area. For further information call 233-9491. A new spring schedule will be available on March 1.

The **South Bend YMCA** offers Notre Dame members a wide variety of pastimes ranging from standard gymnasium apparatus to sauna room. Other facilities include handball courts, a weight room and a pool.

The YMCA also gives a wide range of courses designed to build up the body and instruct the student in a number of physical activities.

Membership fees for college students are \$20 per semester and \$30 per year. The "Y" is located at **1201 Northside Blvd.** For further information call 287-1861.

—*Joe Runde and Nick Kiernan*



save: a comparative shoppers' guide

There are two distinct genres of Thrift Stores—those in South Bend, and those in Mishawaka. For some reason, the geographic locations correspond with the quality levels and general characteristics of the stores. By and large, the South Bend variety have greater variety of selection — obviously, as they receive donations from a larger area — but the stores in Mishawaka are cleaner and more cheerful. The merchandise is more clearly exhibited — not as much rummaging through infinite piles — and, therefore, bargains are easier to find. And, though there is less merchandise, the Mishawaka stores seem not to have fallen prey to the South Bend tendency to up prices on articles known as prizes to students. In South Bend, fur coats go for \$20-\$30; in Mishawaka, they're still \$5.00.

Those are the general points of comparison. Bargain-finding in all of the stores is pretty much a hit-or-miss adventure. The good stuff always goes like my cat goes when she's running away from a Great Dane. One can determine some sort of hints on when to shop by asking the days for pick-up from specific parts of town and finding out how many days after pick-up specific types of merchandise hit the floor. Then, if you want discarded niceties, wait the appointed amount of time after a Twyckenham pick-up day.

For the particular stores, a rough sketch of comparative strengths and weaknesses goes like this:

Salvation Army, South Bend: An awful lot of stuff; always, more furniture than clothing. Good furniture overpriced. Good stock of kitchen utensils, dishware, *et al.* — it's probably the best store for those items.

Salvation Army, Mishawaka: Small, but nice and clean. Limited merchandise. A nice selection of men's shirts and coats especially. No furniture to speak of. *Note*, the prices on things students buy *are not* hiked as they are in South Bend.

Goodwill Industries, South Bend: Nice furniture, but prices steep. But nice furniture. Clothes are way overpriced if they look like they'll sell fast. But nice furniture, and usually good stock of draperies, linens, etc.

Goodwill Industries, Mishawaka: Not much furniture frequently. Straight-backed chairs are always stiff, generally less than those in South Bend stores. No kitchen hardware to speak of.

St. Vincent de Paul, South Bend: Awfully difficult to find things in the clothing part, but nice furniture frequently. Straight back chairs are always *low-priced*. Frequently larger pieces of furniture are of the type that would really be in good shape with a minimal amount of do-it-yourself energy expended.

—Carolyn Gatz

Remember back to Sunday afternoons almost forgotten, dusty and unused, when you had the chance to poke around in your grandmother's attic. You opened what seemed like an inordinately large door, slowly, and found on the other side a world that momentarily took your breath away: old rocking chairs and maybe a Tiffany lamp or two; clothes and rugs and books like *Five Nights in a Barroom and What I Saw There*; old china and postcards and maybe, if you were really lucky and searched underneath things, a newspaper telling of some strange hatchet murder committed in 1906.

If, on some very bright Saturday or Sunday afternoon you are driving on **Lincolnway West** (in Mishawaka) and turn in at the **Thieves' Market** (entrance at 700 LWW) and open the inordinately large door and peer into the high-ceiling abandoned brewery that houses the Thieves Market you'll discover there the same slightly dusty, slightly fragile attic world you left behind at age 12.

In the summertime there are so many booths—from professional antique dealers, to farmers fresh from emptying out their barns, to commune people selling craft articles—that the Market spills out into the parking lot. But in the winter, you must be content with the two large rooms inside the old carriage house. The first is occupied by professional antique dealers, and their prices: great for browsing, but, except for the old postcards (unsent, 10¢), there simply ain't much for indigent student types. The back room is filled with cheaper junk—old books, disintegrating paperbacks and editions of *Young Boys Grow to be . . . Men*. Most of it worthless, except for two young people selling wonderful and eccentric candles, and the most persistent lady perfume seller east of west.

Brewer's Art gallery, the second (and larger) building in the complex. Downstairs is a crafts shop, upstairs a fine art gallery and all of it just the most amazing place to meander through—inside and outside. The grounds surrounding the brewery are a kind of wonderland: behind it the St. Joe River has been diverted into a narrow canal (the brewery's water supply) which in turn creates an island just made for picnics and assorted happenings come the thaw.

The city of Mishawaka plans to make the whole complex of buildings into an arts and retail center, and each visit should bring new delights. All in all, a fine alternative to Saturdays and/or Sundays spent on the basketball court behind Gilbert's or watching hockey games on t.v. or lying around vegetating. All in all, in fact, a fine alternative; worth the bus ride from downtown or, on an especially nice Sunday, the hitch from campus. The Market is open Saturdays 9-6, and Sundays 11-6. Don't bring much money—just time.

—Leo J. Mulchahy

Some of what follows will be of interest only if you believe in and/or care about rumors circulating currently: that Thrifti-Mart, for example, (plus the Wooden Keg) is controlled by the Mafia; that the A&P raises its prices on days when food stamps are issued, and that (this being no rumor but fact) its prices are generally about a nickel higher than in the "better" sections of the city; that K-Mart induces drowsiness. Anyway herein are found several alternatives to the supermarket route: groceries and markets of varying sizes and histories — all fine quality, all run by good people.

Max's Grocery Store, located in the 400 block of East South Street. Founded by Max, who handed it down to Leo who sold it (after a heart attack) to John and Mary who run it now. Good meats (as generally in the rest of the stores we visited), good produce and chocolate donuts, a limited supply of South Bend *Tribunes*. Open Monday through Saturday, 9-6.

Mumford's and **Martin's Van Buren Market** are located within shouting distance of each other on Portage. Each specializes in fine meats: a bit more expensive than the supermarkets, but there simply ain't no comparison between the chopped chuck on display at Mumford's and the packaged stuff at Thrifti-Mart. The prices (69¢ per pound for hamburger, 49¢ per pound for beautiful chickens) are not prohibitive. Mumford's also has one-cent pretzels (ah, memories!) at the counter. The Van Buren Market is rumored to have the best fresh vegetables and fruits in the city. They also make their own sausage (if you're lucky enough to be there the day they've been made, samples are available — or so we've been told), and sell fresh-cut flowers. The owner rents houses on the side; the store is one of the few in the city that will accept checks for groceries.

Further down Portage (where it meets Lincolnway West and becomes La Salle) is **Sindlingers's** Grocery, explored in an earlier SCHOLASTIC. The meats there are still the best in the city, and the home-made sauerkraut is worth the three-block walk from US 31 — in any weather. Still further south (333 South Main) is the **South Bend Fish Corporation**: fresh-caught local varieties and frozen species from spots more cosmopolitan than "the city where the river bends": trout and carp and crabs, bluefish, haddock, eels, etc. Whatever your desire, the fish is cut and scaled in front of you, and is delicious. Again, prices are higher than what you'd find in the frozen-food section of K-Mart but, as W. H. Auden once said, "In these times, buying fish becomes a political act."

Back up Portage (in fact, located between Van Buren's and Mumford's) is the best of two day-old-baked-goods shops in South Bend — the annex to Ward Brother's (**Tip-Top**) Bakers. Things there are enough to boggle the mind of the most experienced and/or chintzy epicure. Seven (count 'em, *seven*) loaves of wheat bread for one dollar, ten dozen cookies for 99¢, French bread and Monk's Bread and pumpernickel, pies, at two for forty-nine, and *three* boxes of donuts for 29¢. One emerges breathless, not to mention laden with enough starch to last six weeks. The other day-old place, **Kreamo**, on Edison before it reaches McKinley, offers ten Kreamo loaves for one dollar, *and* on occasion an open box of cookies at the register, free for the taking. For those with more expensive and refined tastes in baked goods, the **Dainty Maid** (231 South Michigan) is recognized and superb. Also the bakery inside **Thrifti-Mart** (South Bend Avenue and Ironwood) which has the distinct advantage of being open 24 hours.

Tucked away at **760 South Eddy** (right along the river and a bitch to find) are the two long buildings that house South Bend's **Farmer's Market**. The world inside is so very rich and variegated, alive with this northern Indiana land and its people, that it deserves more than can be offered here. Fresh-cut flowers, plants, baked goods, clothes, tools, fruits and vegetables, handcrafts, antiques, novelties are piled high in the individual booths rented out by local farmers and craftsmen. The movement through crowded aisles is slow, offering time to absorb a good deal of this culture so foreign to many at Notre Dame. A fine place to shop, its produce is fresh and not at all expensive: lettuce at 29¢ per head, Michigan apples, carrots at two pounds for 25¢, turnips, parsley, cabbage, potatoes, beans, squash, and on and on. Pick up a lecture on how to grow miniature African violets (indeed a delicate process) and the intricacies of furniture refinishing. The Market is open **Tuesday and Thursday 6-2**, and **Saturday 6-3**: best selection early in the morning, best prices as the booths get desperate around closing time. A must stop, a good place to do some serious buying or serious meandering.

There are a whole host of **all-day, all-night supermarkets** in the city: let your fingers do the walking, but pay special attention to the Thrifti-Mart on Ironwood (the register clerk appreciates three a.m. visitors) and the **Groceteria** on South Michigan.

— Steve Brion

Most Notre Dame students and a deplorable number of the Notre Dame faculty consider South Bend beneath their attention. Or they do not observe or participate in its affairs and confine their remarks about it to the level of sneers or jokes about its rather poor quality as an entertainment center. This is really too bad, because South Bend is a rather interesting laboratory of urban history and politics. Its history exhibits the main features of urbanization and industrialization as it has taken place in the United States in the last century, and its present situation exhibits most of the advantages and disadvantages that arise from urbanization and industrialization.

Like other cities in the middle west, South Bend went through the early stages of its history rather rapidly. The closest thing to a colonial stage might be called a proprietary state extending from 1833-1860. The settlement developed in tandem with Milwaukee, Chicago, and other cities in the Great Lakes region. Its site is at the intersection of the St. Lawrence watershed and Mississippi watershed, and the main east-west routes of transportation. While it is noteworthy that de La Salle used the St. Joe-Kankakee Portage in South Bend in his first journey between the St. Lawrence and Bississippi basin, it is equally noteworthy that he did not return this way.

The city owes its location to this portage and shares a common geographic origin with Toledo, Fort Wayne, and Chicago.

The earliest settlers of South Bend were French or of French origin. This origin is reflected in the names of various streets. As is also the case of Chicago and Kansas City, the original French were overwhelmed by the migration of Anglo-American settlers. Aside from giving the city its name, one or two founding fathers, and the University of Notre Dame, the French's subsequent effect on the city was minimal.

The first major spurt of growth came for South Bend during the great population boom and land speculation in the 1830's. The boom was inspired by the completion of the Erie Canal. The most notable failure of this period was the town of Bertrand where St. Mary's was originally located, which was confidentially sold to New York bankers as the future center of midwestern civilization. Now it is nothing more than a dangerous intersection between South Bend and the Michigan beaches. Its early importance was as a commercial center. South Bend's commercial importance in the 1850's had to do with three flour mills. The building of roads and drainage ditches improved the farm land and the city remained a lush and profitable agricultural region. The Michigan Southern Railroad reached the town in 1851. The Grand Trunk came in 1871. It gave South Bend comparatively easy access to the east and west.

The railroad helped to promote the growth of industry in South Bend. Industries subservient to agriculture failed to grow after the 1860's, but other industries grew. The Studebaker brothers established their wagonworks in 1852. By 1879 they were making 20,000 wagons a year. The Oliver Chilled Iron and Plow Works were established in 1857 and expanded greatly during the next decade. The Studebaker brothers had contracts to supply the Union armies with wagons during the Civil War.

The original investment and the success of Oliver and the Studebakers created a local pool of labor, technology, and market information. That attracted and reduced risks on subsequent investments in this field. When in 1866 the town of Lowell was incorporated into South Bend, the Oliver and Studebaker factories sought more room for new factories on the west side. Father Sorin of Notre Dame undertook to develop working men's housing on the unoccupied portions of Lowell (district bounded by Hill St. and Howard and Notre Dame Ave. and Washington Blvd.), and the Singer Sewing Machine Co. was induced to establish a plant in the abandoned Oliver and Studebaker sites in Lowell in 1868.

One of the most important aspects of South Bend growth was the induction here of a large reserve of European immigrants. Between 1850 and 1880 the population of Indiana grew 108%, while the South Bend population grew 800% (from 1652-13,280). South Bend was typical in the ethnic groups it attracted and in the way the newcomers were employed in the city. That is, it was typical of other cities in the Great Lakes industrial region. It was unique among Indiana cities until the development of the Gary region.

As a factory town dominated by large corporations and offering work to semi-skilled workers (primarily), South Bend has experienced a long and bitter period of economic conflict. The first strike in the city took place in 1880 when 50 iron workers stopped working in the factory, and Oliver, with the help of the sheriff, quickly broke up the strike, after which he fired the leaders of the strike. In the automobile industry, repeated attempts by labor organizations to gain footholds in the factory's labor met with failure until the 1930's. Then South Bend became one of the strong centers in the emergence of the CIO of the UAW.

There is a contention by local businessmen, that it was, in fact, the labor militancy in South Bend that led to the decline and fall of the local Studebaker automotive operations. This is difficult to take very seriously, however. Labor relations were no better or worse in Studebaker than in other firms in the automobile industry. One of the problems of Studebaker is that they did not attract managers of the competence that General Motors or Ford had during the 1920's or '30's. One business historian



has stated it bluntly, "The Studebaker catastrophe was the direct consequence of tragic blunders by president Albert R. Erskine." Erskine's suicide in 1933 and the subsequent new management reversed the company's decline for a few brief years after World War II, but the company never succeeded in recovering its former eminence in the field. In 1964 it ended automotive production in South Bend. With substantial aid from the federal government, the city has been able to survive the Studebaker disaster and has attracted important new manufacturers like Kaiser Jeep Corporation.

It is perhaps fitting, given the importance of the Civil War and its origins as an industrial center that South Bend remains relatively unique among mid-western cities in its dependence upon defense industries. Kaiser Jeep and the Bendix Corporation are major military contractors in the area. There are also numerous smaller firms which are engaged directly or indirectly in military production.

In many other ways South Bend today is representative of medium-sized provincial cities of the medium-sized class. Any characterization of present

city leadership is bound to be an impressionistic one. But, in general, South Bend displays the what might be called "vaporization of the elites." One associated with the branch-plant economy, oriented toward national markets and concentrations of capital. Major local industrialists must have their most effective voice in local affairs through the hands of businessmen associated with local banking, real estate and mercantile enterprises. It is doubtful that their interests agree perfectly, but it is equally doubtful that conflicts between their interests ever reach the public ear. One notable exception is the recent attempt by Mayor Allen to attempt to annex the University, which is a local economic power like any other corporation. Something of the spirit of the present city local leadership is characterized by what has been the largest local investment in the federal-financed urban renewal program going to a series of parking garages which contrasts strongly to the schools and fire stations that other smaller cities have built as part of their share of urban renewal.

john williams

SMALL AND INTIMATE:

Roger's on Portage is a hop, skip and jump from Drewry's, but don't let that scare you. Roger presides most nights at the longest handcarved bar in town. Herculean drinkers only entertainment, most nights til two or thereabouts.

Hokey's Lounge on E. Lasalle. Formerly the Palm Gardens, its only real recommendation is that it's on the bus run. Stop in some frosty night and ask Carl about the murals on his wall.

Jolly Spot on Jefferson. Never a need to go thirsty in this mecca by the river. Ambience definitely very gay.

Dorkeys Alibi Inn, 3401 W. Western. A long way to go for a bowl of chili. Dorkey sees to it that someone is doing his thing at his organ bar from nine til midnight.

Thirty One Inn, 214 Dixie Highway, is a quiet little bandbox tucked in behind two phone poles, out just north of Randall's. Not much to look at here, but the beer's fifty-five cents by the quart and the boneless chicken may be the best in town. C/W organ on week-ends, no cover.

Tropicanna, 123 N. Main in Mishawaka. For the desperate, the thirsty, and the lost generation. Nothing Polyesian about the drinks or the clientele.

Blue Note on Main. Have lunch with the best beef in town. Bottled beer only. Dancing any time, with anyone. Moderate.

Southern Rose, 535 S. Mich. Something right out of Raymond Chandler's imagination. Americana, with a smell of muscatel and slightly decaying bodies. For those with a strong stomach and a curiosity about the lowlife around town.

Hillman's Tap on West Western, featuring the best pool in town, and a bartender who always looks as though he's just stepped from a Turkish bath. For the carefree, a drink-a-month Club—drink thirty or so and get one free.

Kahl's on South Michigan is intimate and cerebral.

Victory, across the street from Kahl's at 907 S. Mich. The name speaks for the tradition at this fine little villa. Plenty of beer and other spirits most nights.

Reno's on Main in Mishawaka is worth the trip for Elenor's pizza. The cinema art people and an occasional bowler shouldn't disturb anyone.

Butch's at 211 N. Main in Mishawaka. The ladies from U.S. Royal may look rough and tumble, but it's fairly certain that's the way their men like it. Hard drinking and loud talk, mostly about marital problems.

Gin's North Side Tavern in Mishawaka is just the spot for the budding young novelist with a tape recorder.

MOSTLY FOR THE FOOD:

Jay's Lounge, across the line in Michigan. For years the only bar in Michiana with an aquarium and live fish. Joe and Dave are your hosts and

there are none finer. Stop by on the weeknights, since the crowds gather early and stay late on Saturdays and Sundays, and the lines sometimes stretch down to that little Rock shop in Indiana. The place for the Cubs, Bulls, Blackhawks, and N.D. on home Saturdays.

Heidleburg in Niles. The grease is masterful up in Michigan.

Ranita Bar and Grill, 2803 S. Michigan. The other side of Hans Haus, serving the same miraculous eighty cent hamburgers, perhaps the best in the midwest, and some equally exotic draughts. The friendliest waitresses, and the best, in town.

Capozio's in Stevensville, Mich. For the Duner who loves pizza, Capozio's is Paradise. Homemade sausage that is not to be believed. Take outs only.

Benny's in Michigan City. Steak sandwiches and, believe it or not, cold Blatz on tap. Right off Long Beach on Rt. 12. Doesn't look like much, but don't let that scare you. Dancing downstairs on weekends in the Blue Room.

BIG AND BRASSY:

Shula's: a winter carnival, except Mondays.

Pink Poodle on South Michigan. Watch the papers to make sure their liquor license hasn't been suspended. Some cold hearted ladies doing their best in a cage above the bar. Nightly, except Sundays.

White House in Niles is the ultimate roadhouse, serving the best beer in glasses this side of Holland. Dancing on the weekends, no cover. A fool's paradise.

Twin Gables on 31 near Niles. Spitfires and Studs, amidst early sixties rock. Don't go near the pool, for it's said there are some rough customers back that way, who don't like to lose.

Willies Bar and Grill, 4033 S. Michigan. Bring the Mrs., or meet her here. The wildest groups in South Bend and most of them aren't on the stage. Weekends.

Jelly's, 217 N. Chapin. Brassy and soulful on the weekends, Jelly's pays more than lip service to that saw that black is beautiful. Bring money and your equilibrium.

Red Rooster, on Lincolnway East, under the Grand Trunk. Wednesday thru Saturdays, minimal cover. Weak rock but stiff drinks if you get to know the bartender. Some of the phone company's finest operators have an extension there.

Trojan Horse, on W. Western. The ultimate latin spa, named after that famous military gambit. Here the girls come out of the woodwork most weekends. Dancing Wednesday thru Saturday to some fairly boistrous souls. No cover, but a nice drive.

—Diamond Jim Brady

Nickie's: Juke box, tube and Pool tables. Lots of Irish make for change of pace companionship and stimulating conversations about who won the basketball game. Stopped selling Big "D" Big Mouths because they were too cheap. Just switched to Bud on tap, so Nickie now boasts of the most expensive pitcher in town. (Don't let his 20¢ draft between two and five fool you—you're better off resigning yourself to his \$1.75 pitcher.) Bar-brawls every weekend.

Frankie's: Set his son Nickie up in business. Taught him everything he knows. Equally outrageous prices for beer and drinks. Mediocre food with ridiculously slow service (15% gratuity amended to each bill so the waiters and waitresses are in no big hurry). Our host to the Irish drinks his famous "Toast to the Irish" every night after 2:30 for keeping him in business when he deserves to be run out of town.

Louie's: A confessed crook and swindler, this self-styled Sage of Du Lac is located one block down from Frankie's, but is perhaps a half-step above it. Caterer to the Irish poo-bahs since the beginning of time. Stop in, pick up a quart of the most expensive beer in town, and get bored to tears by those who believe that the entire burden of the future of higher education rests upon their shoulders. Feel important eating a cardboard pizza at three times what it should cost.

Nicola's: Sterile atmosphere intensifies discomfort already produced by Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes, which aren't required but expected. Old Nicola's on Hill Street had much more atmosphere, but proved combustible when attended by firebombs of discontented customers. Ideal place to impress upon your date how little money really means to you—85¢ per draft. Live (?) music on weekends.

Simeri's: Supplier to underage Irish for decades. Black Jack's last visit saw Jimmy Simeri attending one of the few beer kegs in this area with a direct line from the water tap. Absolutely *the* spiciest meat ball sandwich in Michiana. Other food equally thirst-conducive, the thirst to be quenched by the infamous water-beer. This place is the pits.

Guisseppe's Touch Down Club: No atmosphere, no class, no good food. Oh yea, and no cards required. Capitalizes upon the plight of the Irish underclassmen. Illustrious leader of the class of '71 urged a boycott of this place two years ago after Guisseppi cut him off. Who says student government is trivial?

Shula's: Pack your blade and zip-gun, grease down your hair, put on your bowling shirt and get ready to dance. Toned-down rock and roll bands, sleazy women, expensive beer and a dollar to get in make Shula's the most inviting "night club" to the youth of the Michiana area.

Corby's: Turn on, then turn down Eddy St. to Corby's. What the bartender won't sell you, you can usually pick up from one of the customers. Don't take much money with you though. Rough going in the parking lots late at night. —*Black Jack Freddie*

Amidst tales of the new, it is of value to glance at the old faithfuls.

Holly's: Known for its "all you can eat" daily dinner specials and delicious Ruben and French Dip sandwiches — plus, of course, the Steak Sizzler, a little expensive but fine quality. They fill your coffee cup innumerable times at Holly's, perhaps even infinitely. And if one takes advantage of that hospitality for many hours, during one of the resultant trips to the basement (that's where the johns are) it is always possible to drop in on a meeting in the banquet room—a fine place for tasting Dale Carnegie (*How to Win Friends and Influence People*) courses.

However, a strong Tsk-Tsk must be levelled at Holly's: if the truth be known, the place has deteriorated over the last two years, and observation can only place the blame on the "Inc." added to the end of the name. Holly's has become a chain. There is also some obvious correlation with the addition of far too many men as managers — everybody's managing and nobody's swatting flies or waitressing.

The Pancake House(s): Either or both are living prayers to the concept of Breakfast. That is all there is to be said. *Except:* a strong, and nonnegotiable protest is hereby lodged at the *very idea* of a 3 p.m. closing hour on Sundays. If ever there is a day for a prayer to the idea of Breakfast, Sunday is it. And I mean, for some, that's the only prayer made on that day, and likewise, for some, prayers don't *even begin* until 3 p.m.

Carolyn Gatz





The old men who fish the St. Joe have told me that once, just a few years ago, in fact, there were quite a few pike and smallmouth bass in the stream, but that pollution has destroyed all this, so that now they can catch only "rough" fish in the river. There may well be some truth to this lament, but my guess is that this stretch of the St. Joe was never a good smallmouth water; it is far too silty for gamefish, and the bottom—which for smallmouth ought to alternate between swift gravel runs and deep, stoney places—is mostly mud or sand. It seems that the St. Joe has always been best suited for the rough species: carp, suckers, bullheads, and perhaps some garfish.

As soon as the spring rise in the river has passed, the fishermen will be camped on the banks again, along one of the quiet bends below Leeper Park, or perched on the cement wall just below the downtown spillway. Many of them are in their fifties and sixties, retired or on a day off from the factories, glad for a chance to sit through a day outside. Their tackle is ancient, often so broken down that they seem to be using it mainly for form's sake. Everyone tries to cast his bait as far as it will go: the old reels groan as the bait and heavy sinkers fly out over the water, to land with a mighty splash.

The bait sinks to the bottom and is left there. This is where the carp feed, working their bottom-dredging mouths indiscriminately through whatever has settled. They are ugly fish, with humped backs and big, leathery scales, boney but fair eating if they are taken in spring when the water is cold and their flesh firm. Some of them grow to be twenty pounds or more, and a large one, swimming with the current, can pull very hard. Once a fish is hooked, the fisherman leans back, cranking his reel frantically, or even pulling in the line hand over hand. The fish is landed as quickly as possible, with no fanciness or sport, just a tug of war. Now if this method is compared with the sportfisherman's way of playing his fish, it is likely to appear crass and greedy, but I am not sure that this explains it. The quickly landed fish is often thrown back or given away. I wonder—remembering from the times I've brought in a fish this way—if the reason for it isn't simply that the men are anxious to end their muscle-contact with the creature as soon as they can. Perhaps the men, content to sit in the listless spring air, and *comprehended* by their view of the river flowing through and away from the city, are embarrassed and even scared a little when they suddenly find themselves wrestling against the surge of a living fish.

—Rory Holscher

survival: help right here in river city

There are secrets to survival in South Bend, as in any American city.

Among established aids to survival are the following:

Planned Parenthood: Monday nights at Memorial Hospital, every other Thursday on S. Carroll St. If it's your first time, 6:30 is the hour; three hours for the whole process. Pap test and internal examination are free; cost for contraceptives is determined by ability to pay (usually, \$1 for a three months' supply of pills). Planned Parenthood is not opposed to having students as patients; although they used to be. Things are easier if you answer 21 when they ask your age. For more information, contact 1002 Thomas St.; call 289-8461.

Draft Counseling: The only established office left in town is on the first floor of the ND library. Counselors purport to be in afternoons and evenings Sunday-Thursday, 1:30-4:30 and 7-10.

Legal Aid: Three locations: 116 Lafayette Bldg. downtown, 232-0825; 313 E. Broadway, 287-1056, 404 S. Walnut, 232-5839.

Day Care Center: Open to everyone. Located at First Unitarian Church, 101 E. Northshore Drive. Open 8:30 am-5:30 pm. Free of charge, but parents should supply their children with lunch and be willing to donate time for child care duties (that's how come it's free). Non-parents are welcome for volunteer duty; just drop by the Center to arrange it. Info.: call 234-6588 or 288-0232.

Drug and Rap Center: "If you need help with *anything*, we will try hard." All information is confidential. The police *cannot* bust you for using the service or through using the service. 209 Western; call 289-7986. Talk to whoever answers.

Drug and Other Crisis Hot Line: Run by local teens for talk-downs, et al. Call 282-2323. Someone will answer week nights and week-ends around the clock.

Cheap Food: Bulk supplies of everything but perishables. Railroad Bargain Center, 250 E. Sample.

Pregnancy Counseling: Indiana Clergy Consultation on Problem Pregnancy. The secretary makes an appointment for you with an area clergyman who has volunteered and been trained for counseling. *All* alternatives are discussed, from keeping the child to legal out-of-state abortion (cost is determined by ability to pay). Counseling service itself costs nothing. "Religious problems are not discussed unless you bring them up." Clergy Consultation is a nation-wide organization, and at the present, probably the most reliable source of safe and empathetic help available. Call: 616-684-3752.

Volunteer Services: If, rather than being helped, you want to volunteer time for any number of jobs with any number of agencies in the city, call Volunteer Service Bureau, 233-9491 or 233-1159.

24 hour eateries

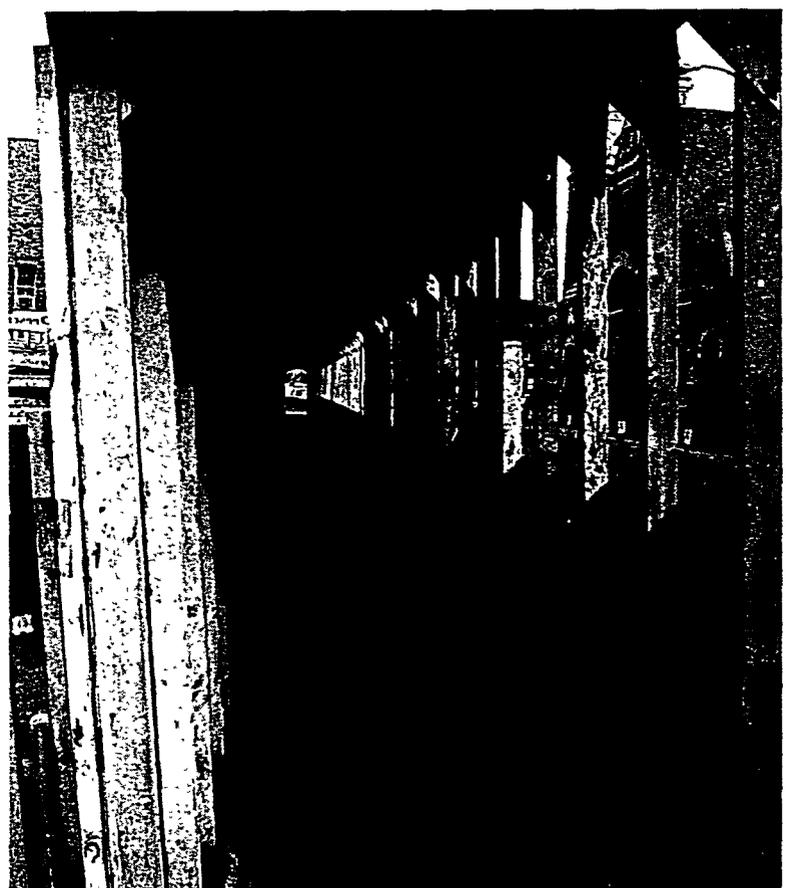
Toddle House: Everybody's favorite: close to campus, reasonable prices, decent food ("good waffles" someone grunted) and clean atmosphere. A national chain owns the franchise, so food is standardized — not great, but tasty. It is almost always busy, half students and the rest a predictable assortment of truckers, delivery men, partiers, bums and whores! Masterburgers, waffles, eggs most popular items. Good coffee.

Dunkin' Donuts: Within the rather limited specialty of donuts, Dunkin' Donuts brags of some 53 types. Don't count on finding all of these at once, but the choice is usually satisfactory enough to dunk in strong coffee. Clean and brightly lit, with an interior decor of "pink panther" pink on white that looks terribly like someone's bathroom. All-night study groups are welcomed, and not hassled. Fine service.

White House: Several establishments of the White House System appear in South Bend: they are much more in character in the New York Bowery. Although the food is edable, the patron is never sure of the spices Grease and scrambled eggs are the house specialty.

Walt's Restaurant: The only place that has a full menu and would probably do more business at dinner than 4:00 a.m. The truck-stop tradition is strongest here: the novelty of a student drew a few stares but an open attitude remained. The only substantial offering of meat available at this hour is balanced by good pancakes and eggs. The tone is set by a sign offering credit for two hundred cards.

— Jim Coburn



perspectives

thomas merton & psychic death

There are many young people today calling themselves pacifists. I am afraid that many do so without considering the implications of the pacifist position. This is not to say that they do not consider the efficacy of the position. However, we must distinguish between efficacy (of action) and implication (of thought). (In any case, we need not discuss here the efficacy of pacifism; all of us can grant partial assent to virtue in action simply.) We must also note that to discuss the ideas and the problems involved with pacifism is not to imply that pacifism can be accepted or rejected on purely rational grounds. For surely, both the pacifist and the soldier would argue that the other is not being rational (in the sense of "reasonable"). Yet, it is our duty as students to discuss the problems which logically arise from the pacifist position.

Reinhold Niebuhr describes two types of pacifists: political and Christian. The former believe that if enough men would declare themselves to be pacifists then war will end and men will sit down and talk. Political pacifism is optimism not sufficiently grounded in experience; it is visionary. Christian pacifists are keenly aware of the nature of sin within men and of the impossibility of eradicating all injustice. With these thoughts in mind, let us turn to two problems facing the Christian pacifist.

If the Christian pacifist acknowledges that Christians can become policemen and that police work is an area of Christian apostolate, then problems arise. However much we admit that policemen do more than carry guns, they do carry guns. However much we admit that policemen are sometimes (maybe most of the time) "agents of reconciliation," they carry guns. Furthermore, although Christians have some duty to eliminate chaos (and therefore to uphold law and order), law and order is invariably someone's law and someone's order. If this be so, then the other side of the coin consists not in keeping law and order, not in being a policeman, not in upholding those in power, but in revolution and in demonstrating one's Christian concern for the oppressed. (We must note that someone

in a revolution must wield the gun — as French priests would hold the electrodes during torture episodes in Algeria.)

The Christian obligation to right wrongs extends itself from person-to-person relationships and from the domestic scene to that of relationships between nations. What are a Christian American's responsibilities toward Spaniards, Koreans, Vietnamese, etc., etc.? Are they different from a non-Christian American's responsibilities? How do we show Christian love? Is it not true that rather than having the *pacifist* defend his position (in front of Christian communities — I am not concerned with defending such a position in front of functionaries of the state), it should be those who wield coercive power that should do so? And should justify their use of such means *on Christian grounds* and *for Christian ends*. For surely, although pacifism is not descriptive of Christians it is normative considering the overwhelming majority of "normatized" saints who were pacifists.

The second problem for the Christian pacifist (and non-pacifist) is this: does totalitarianism, fascist or communist, pose a unique threat not to just Western civilization, but to human life, to the human spirit? If it does, what should be the Christian response? Let us for now assume that it does pose a unique threat, although it may well be the case that it bears the seeds of its own destruction. How can a Christian respond, in love, to brainwashing (psychic violence), terror, atomization of society into totally alienated individuals, etc.? How can a Christian preserve *human values* in such an era without *matching* his totalitarian foe in a balance of terror? (It is well known that we are superior in espionage, terror, atomic weapons, etc.) Are we "Christian" Americans not also progressing in the field of psychic violence? For, what essential difference is there between rehabilitation of prisoners and brainwashing of political prisoners? Of course, we do define "criminal act" differently.

I believe we can perceive the threat of totalitarianism differently than we usually do if we acquire a

james thunder

deeper insight into the death and resurrection of Christ. The type of certainty Christ possessed concerning his ultimate resurrection was not what we today call scientific certainty. It was the certainty of faith, of hope, and of love. Thus, he was able to believe that his *physical* death would not be the end of his message, of his insights; his mission was to become the mission of his disciples. Christ wished to live on his own terms. He wished to live and to impart his message to others, and he saw (in the words of Dag Hammarskjold) that "The end might be a death without significance — as well as being the end of the road of possibility." Was not his death capitulation to tyranny, and is not the pacifist position a capitulation to totalitarianism? If the victory of totalitarianism looks imminent, we can pray that we may overcome evil with good, that God and man will co-operate once again to preserve the human spirit. We may pray with Christ: "Father, if you are willing, remove this cup from me; nevertheless not my will, but yours, be done." There is, and will be, an essential difference between past martyrs and present ones. Today's martyrs must be willing to die psychically. Just as Christ sweat blood in an agony in a garden, today's followers must *live* their *martyrdom daily*, knowing that they may have to *psychically* die, and do so without a name, separated from family and friends: *solitary witnesses*. Surely, Bishop Walsh was such a martyr. He would agree with Thomas Merton:

It is only the infinite mercy and love of God that has prevented us from tearing ourselves to pieces and destroying His entire creation long ago . . . in spite of centuries of sin and greed and lust and cruelty and hatred and avarice and oppression and injustice, spawned and bred by the free wills of men, the human race can still recover, each time, and can still produce men and women who overcome evil with good, hatred with love, greed with charity, lust and cruelty with sanctity. How could all this be possible without the merciful love of God? □



Jim Thunder is a junior, a Midwesterner, and presently residing in Pittsburgh. He is double-majoring in Theology and Government. His first interest in Christian Pacifism was sparked by a lecture given by Gordon Zahn, who spoke at Notre Dame two years ago.

Each week the SCHOLASTIC will make this column available to a member of the University community to explore and comment upon any issues of general interest to the Notre Dame-St. Mary's community. Views expressed here do not necessarily reflect the editorial policy of the SCHOLASTIC.

The play really first opened about thirty years ago in New York with a cast that included such stellar all-Americans as Tallulah Bankhead, Dan Duryea and Frank Conroy. That pretty well dates it. The play was a big hit, and the movie a bigger one. It's opening again tonight in Washington Hall with a somewhat less-known company performance. And on a slightly smaller scale, it should be a pretty big success there, too.

We ran through it this afternoon and it looks good even without $\frac{3}{4}$ of the set constructed, without costumes and make-up (with shaves and haircuts, however) and with more than a few lines dropped by the actors. But then I'm a little prejudiced.

The play is set in the Old South around the turn of the last century, and it tells a tale in which the lines are clearly drawn between who's right and who's wrong. Regina, Ben and Oscar are the little foxes who prey upon their business associates, "town niggers and mountain whites" willing to work for three dollars/week, their own families, and even each other. The main action of the play shows the foxes stalking, scratching, tearing and killing as they build toward dominion of their little corner of the world — their feast. The final curtain is drawn just as they are about to sit down to the feast. Says Ben Hubbard to Regina toward the close of the play:

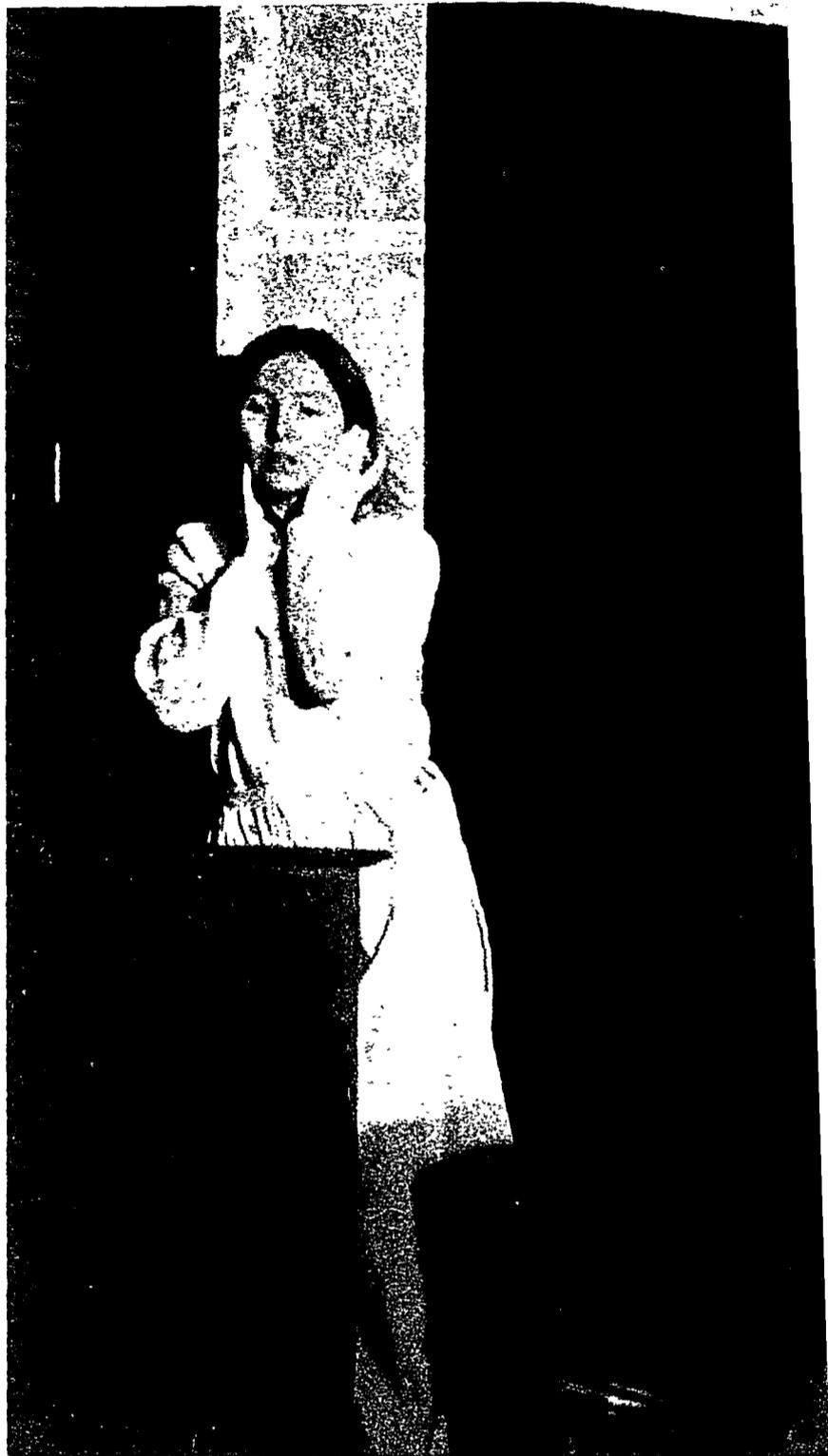
The century's turnin', the world is open. Open for people like you and me. . . . There are hundreds of Hubbards sitting in rooms like this throughout the country. All their names aren't Hubbard, but they're all Hubbards and they'll own this country some day. We'll get along.

Maybe they have taken the country over by now. I suppose that if you were a socialist or something like that, you might take that to be the message of the play. It could be construed that way, but it's a bit simple-minded to seek a message of cosmic import out of this style of play.

That's not to say that the play is second-rate, in fact it's a very good play. It has an interesting combination of characters, *clever* and sharp dialogue, and a plot that can really carry an audience away. (Michael Lonier came to today's — Sunday's — run-through to take pictures for this article with the intent of staying for twenty minutes, and then going to work on a term paper. He headed for the library *after* the final curtain!)

Generally the trend in modern theater is to get away from theatrical conventions and melodramatic action, but *The Little Foxes* relies heavily upon just those elements to produce its effect upon the audience. The actors' job in this play is to create an exaggerated reality on the stage, an unsubtle reality in which motivation, action, and reaction are apparent and manifest. That's the style of play that it is, and if it's staged that way, capitalizing upon admittedly "stagey" dramatic effects, the play works.

The job of the company staging a play being to make the play work, the problem in putting



the little

a preview



foxes

by jack fiala

the show together has been one of faithfulness to the playwright's intent. Whereas comedy always has and still does utilize stereotyped characters, "serious" drama has moved into using more "rounded" characters with a lot of subconscious motivation and complex inter-relations with the other characters on stage. Playing a stereotype in such a drama as *The Little Foxes* is an unusual problem to actors accustomed to the more subtle type usually seen in ND-SMC productions.

The play was cast during finals week in December, and rehearsal started a few days before second semester. At the first read-through, Director Fred Syburg laid down a few ground rules to the cast. Some were the usual ones, i.e. warm-ups are to begin promptly at 7:30 every night of the week and continue until all members of the cast arrive (a tactic which employs group pressure to make certain that everyone is on time for rehearsal—the later someone is for rehearsal, the more exercises for everyone else, and everyone hates warm-ups.) Some were unique to the nature of this production. "I want you all to be very nice to each other off stage especially if you don't like each other. Store up all of your hatred for the stage."

Since then, for four hours a day, six days a week we've been accustoming ourselves to hating and being hated, manipulating and being manipulated, tongue-lashing and being tongue-lashed, hitting and being hit, killing and dying.

Working with a realistic set is another problem. Another trend in modern staging is toward the bare stage, or sets which are merely suggestive of an environment. *The Little Foxes* takes place in the living room of the Giddens' house. Rich Bergman has designed a garishly ornate, 19th century living room, the plans for which look fantastic. But set construction takes as much time for the tech people as rehearsal does for the actors. The set will be finished early this week, and that leaves two or three days for the actors to familiarize themselves with the environment which the audience must believe natural to them.

Thursday night will be the final dress rehearsal, and the less monied friends of cast and crew will come and see the show for free. In return for their free tickets they provide the company with a chance to see if the laughs, sobs and shrieks of terror fall where they're expected. They usually don't, and it's always a freaky experience to hear chuckles on what you might have considered your most moving line, or deathly silence where you had figured yourself in for some real guffaws. Dress rehearsal is the feeler performance.

It's a play in a 1900 setting, written in the thirties and scheduled to open tonight. Two months ago it was cast and since then has been rehearsal for five weeks. Last week it was shaves and haircuts for the actors (that hurt), this week it's costumes and a set. Thursday night is the probe and Friday is the real thing. Six days ago it was falling into shape and tonight it should all be pulled together. It should be really good, but then of course I'm prejudiced. Review it yourself—Friday and Saturday nights and a Sunday matinee this weekend, and then again on Tuesday, Friday and Saturday nights of next week.

“Yes, I am a black playwright, but...”



Black playwright Charles Gordone won the Pulitzer Prize for drama in 1971 for his first produced play, No Place to be Somebody. It was the first time the prize had ever been awarded to an off-Broadway production and the first time it was won by a black playwright. Thus he became the third black person to win a Pulitzer Prize, following Moretta J. Sleet (photographer) and Gwendolyn Brooks (poet). Gordone describes himself as being of Negro, French, Italian, Irish and American-Italian descent. Born in 1925, he is a native of Elkhart, Indiana, and received a degree from the U.C.L.A. drama department in 1952. Gordone has had extensive theatrical experience aside from his writing. He played in the original production of Jean Genet's The Blacks and won the best actor off-Broadway award for his part in Luther James' all-black production of Of Mice and Men. He was also founder and co-chairman with Godfrey Cambridge of the Committee for the Unemployment of Negro Performers. No Place to be Somebody won for Gordone a Drama Desk Award in 1969. Walter Kerr has called him "the most astonishing new American playwright to come along since Edward Albee . . ."

What follows is a statement by Gordone, reprinted from the New York Times, January 25, 1970.

At the time I moved into acting seriously, here in New York, there were damned few jobs in this profession for anybody, black or white. I turned to writing out of expediency. I love the theater and I had to do something to stay in it. Like I had reached a point of no return. You know what I mean? My main reason for going into writing was creative desperation. In my opinion, there was absolutely nothing being written that I considered to be saying anything for myself or for other persons "of color."

Aside from the fact that I am a performer, I think it is much more creative to try to *DO* something for the theater—as it is with anything else in life. For a long time, critics of the American theater have considered it a mighty sick "invalid," or just plain dead. One of the main reasons they say it is "dead" is that

there just aren't any writers of substance.

There are those who say that "black playwrights" are giving the theater a needle. Well, now, I am considered to be a "black playwright" and of course I did call "No Place to Be Somebody" a "black-black comedy." Important to talk about that—why I call it a black-black comedy.

I think that it is altogether logical that the label "black comedy" should come out of England. All one has to do is look in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* and find everything one wants to know about what the color black arouses. In playwriting we have come to know a black comedy as a piece that has tragic overtones. Can anything that is tragic be funny? I think so. But it is kinda hard at this particular time for "blacks" to have any sense of humor about 400 years of oppression. The only way you can do this, if you are "black," is to take a sharp look at your oppressors—to discover just how ridiculous they are and how you stand in your reaction to them. Although you can rest assured that the "black comedies" in or out of Europe just "ain't got no niggers in 'em a'tall."

Now, on the other side of the coin, you have the first part of the label, "a *black* . . . comedy." It still has tragic overtones but the tragedy comes out of the experience of black (and white) people. Black people have been laughing at themselves and at whites for a very long time. It is the kind of laughter that keeps one alive and keeps one objective.

I do think that we have to acknowledge that this has been an "era for black playwrights." I mean, plays written by persons of color, having to do with what it means to be "black" in this writing. It is this writing that mirrors a "new" social awareness of color.

But in the last analysis, I do believe there never has been such a thing as "black theater." What is called black theater has, as it should, come out of the civil rights movement. Before that, it was simply called "the Negro in the theater." The commercial theater—the Broadway stage—in the past has depicted blacks in sensational and stereotypical ways. The Broadway stage has never really had any interest in the black experience. Not yet, in my time, and it is my time that I am most vitally interested in.

"Raisin in the Sun" by Lorraine Hansberry was, I think, the turning point. It was a milestone, in that it established a black playwright. I mean, one that stood in the ranks of established American playwrights—and on her own terms.

In my estimation, "The Blacks," written by a Frenchman, Jean Genet, made an important imprint. It dealt with very real problems having to do with black and white and it introduced a force of talented, competent black actors who went on to influence change in all of the entertainment media.

The summer of 1964 gave us LeRoi Jones's "Dutchman" and "In White America" (which was written by a white history professor, Martin Duberman). These were the first plays to give the naive New York audiences a glimpse of the anger, passion and rage—past, present and future—of the black man.

In my opinion, LeRoi Jones has done more than any single black playwright or poet to stimulate writing in the theater for black writers. Before LeRoi, there were virtually no black writers really coming to grips with the theater, or having the opportunity to do so, as far as the black experience was concerned. Of course, we have to consider the point that producers did not have any interest in the black experience. How could they? The country as a whole didn't consider the social problems of the blacks important. To put social problems of any kind into play form and put them on a stage in the past has meant almost certain "death."

THE established black writers write novels principally and have little knowledge of the stage. From a personal point of view, I don't feel that the current black playwrights ought to consider themselves as writing "black" or that there is such a thing as "black theater." Can you say that there is such a thing as "white theater"? Perhaps, if you take the view that "white theater" deals only with the problems of whites and the actors playing the parts are all white. But that is a superficial definition. Granted, in most of American dramatic literature, the word "black"—to find it is like looking for a needle in a haystack. There are plays written about "the American dream" which in no way include the black American. But that will in no way influence me to believe that all theater not touching on the black experience is "white theater."

Can the term "black theater" mean to some that it is material based primarily upon the black experience, or is written from a black point of view, or is produced for black audiences only?

Some people who espouse the idea of "black theater" equate it with Irish theater, Yiddish theater, etc. Yiddish theater, for example, speaks mainly about the Jewish life experience and is played in a Jewish environment. "The Trials of Brother Jero," written by a black African, Wole Soyinka, and set in Africa, can be called a "black play." Here the life experience has to do with black Africans only. Its primary ethnic source is tribal Africa.

The cultural development of the man of color within the United States has always been "in reaction" to whites. His Nigritude, his ethnic and cultural heritage coming out of Africa has played an integral part in shaping this black American experience, however we may confuse the two. What we call the black experience in this country, be it good, bad or whatever, is,

historically and most importantly, existentially black American. Can any black writer of substance today write anything and leave out the word "white"?

Now I have been the only black playwright in whose work the critics noted resemblances to that of Arthur Miller, William Saroyan, Eugene O'Neill, Edward Albee and others. Certainly I have been influenced by them, although to achieve the stature of these men—that remains to be seen. But when Arthur Miller, who is Jewish, writes "Death of a Salesman," is he writing from a Jewish point of view? Was William Saroyan writing from an Armenian point of view? Or O'Neill from an Irish point of view? "Here is a new kind of black playwright," they say. Big deal!

What is important is Miller's insight into people as human beings. Shakespeare, Shaw, Ibsen, O'Casey—men like this, even though they were products of a particular culture, wrote about problems that were universal so that everyone in posterity could dig it. And they were not propagandistic. There are ethnic and social implications in the writings of Sean O'Casey that come out of his cultural experience, with which those who are Irish will have a greater identity, yes. But the substance of his writing remains universal. It is interesting that at "No Place to Be Somebody," we find the white audiences to be more quiet, introspective, observant. Not really knowing when to laugh and how to laugh. The black people who come don't have to worry about all that—they are more familiar with the experience and therefore can identify more readily. But my main thrust in the writing was to make it universal. And, as an "American writer," to write about the human and spiritual isolation of both black and white.

You must be obsessive, compulsive—impulsive—about writing. You have to have a tremendous urge to write, and you must feel that you have something to say, be it propagandistic, polemical or just plain "nigger entertainment." But I think that, at this point, those black writers who create abstract, impressionistic, subjective theater only increase their *own* isolation. After LeRoi Jones, you can't write any more about how badly the black man is treated and how angry he is. LeRoi Jones has said it. And that is one of the reasons why I believe the idea of a black theater is dead.

Theater must be more than a soapbox. Unless it is moved into the streets and becomes purely a political device. Guerrilla theater is such a theater and is necessary for those who are strictly political. I have no real objection to the theater being used as a soapbox. There is this aspect in all playwrighting of any value and it is also present in every good novel. Eugene O'Neill went from good simple human story-telling to soapbox. His early writings were out of sight: he was telling stories but at the same time giving us tremendous human insights. But his later writings expressed only purely personal hangups which he relied mainly upon his craft to get across.

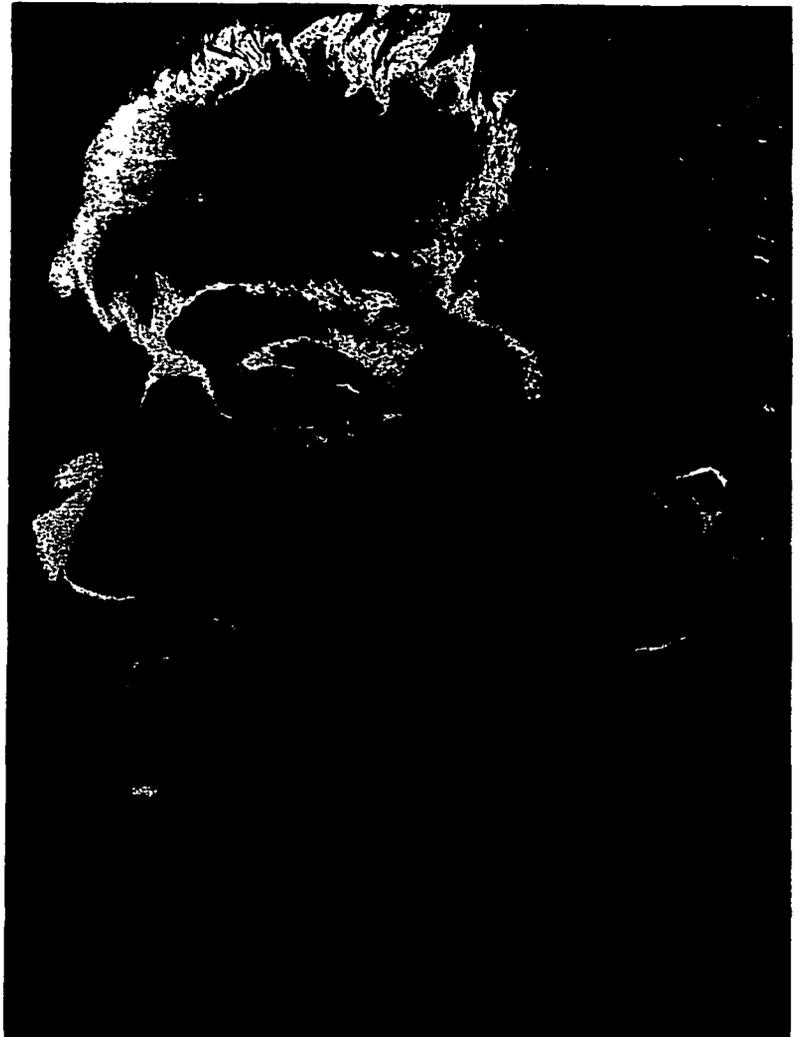
TODAY'S so-called "avant-garde" theater groups I don't consider, in most instances, to be theater at all. Improvisational theater is limited: True, the actor is his own instrument, he gets up and he acts and brings something with him of himself. But what an actor does in the last analysis has to be ordered, compressed. It

cannot be random and it certainly cannot be just plain outright goofing off. And there are a lotta false prophets around these days in the guise of actors and directors.

Black writers, especially those who are products of the ghetto, have a tendency to just propagandize, to constantly point a finger in any direction—and you certainly can't blame them for that. But there are other things to say about black people. Things you can write about that will give your readers or watchers or listeners the same reminders. Is black really "beautiful"? Or is that beauty always hidden underneath the anger and resentment? Jones, for instance, fails to give us truly his *own* personal human experience. Really! His writings always look to me to be very egotistical, smug, angry (never violent), frightened, and damning of every white man in the world. I always get the impression that he is attempting to speak for all people of color in this country.

I can appreciate his political device. I don't think that any black writer who is thinking can fail to show "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." It is part of his psyche, his background, his history. There can't be a black writer in this country worth his salt who doesn't portray the sting of racism. If he doesn't, he's a fool, an idiot.

In that sense, I can't deny that I am a "black playwright." A man writes about what he comes from. He'd like to prophesy and talk about where he's going or if he's going at all. But if you are a writer and you are going to talk about black people, include the humanity of all people, the love of all people, the humor of all people, the will to survive and the will to live—of all people—and the strength of people against fantastic odds. The black experience in this country has a hell of a lot to do with all that.



coming distractions

This evening the **Notre Dame fencing** team takes on Case-Western Reserve at 7:30 p.m. in the ACC. The ND squad will also compete with Michigan State, Ohio State and Indiana, in a four school meet Saturday, February 20, at 1:30 p.m. in the ACC.

The ND-SMC Theatre will present "**The Little Foxes**" by Lilian Hellman, February 19, 20, 25, 26 and 27 at 8:30 p.m., and 21 at 2:30 p.m. Admission is \$2.00; ND-SMC Students, Faculty and Staff—\$1.50.

The **ND Swimming** team meets Purdue Saturday, February 20, at 2:00 p.m. in the Rockne Memorial.

The **Ice Capades** come to Notre Dame this weekend with shows at 8:00 this evening, and 2:00 p.m. Saturday and Sunday, February 20 and 21, in the ACC!

The Cultural Arts Commission will present "**Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid**" on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights, February 19-21, in the Engineering Auditorium. General admission is \$1.00.

The Academic Commission will present **Kan Ori**, professor of the Institute of International Relations at Sophia University in Tokyo, on Tuesday, February 23, at 4:00 p.m. Professor Ori will speak in the Area Studies Reading Room on the 12th floor of the Memorial Library.

The Academic Commission will present **Warner Saunders** on Thursday, February 25, at 8:00 p.m. in Carroll Hall. Mr. Saunders is the Executive Director of the Better Boys Foundation in Chicago, columnist for the Chicago Daily Defender, and commentator for WMAQ-TV. His topic will be "Never Follow a Kid Act," and will deal with the "so called youth revolt and adult reaction."

The **ND Hockey** team will host Bowling Green Saturday, February 27, at 7:30 p.m. in the ACC.

On Saturday and Sunday, February 27 and 28, the Cultural Arts Festival will present the **National Players** performing George Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man" (Saturday evening) and Shakespeare's

"Twelfth Night" (Sunday evening). The National Players, originally from Catholic University in Washington, are one of the oldest and most respected drama groups in the country. For over a quarter of a century, the group has been presenting works ranging from the classic to the modern. The Players will be performing at 8:30 p.m. each night at O'Laughlin Auditorium. Admission is \$3.00, students—\$2.00.

Fr. Ralph Beiting, a Catholic priest closely involved with the Appalachian communities in and around Lancaster; Kentucky, will speak on Monday, March 1, at 8:00 p.m. in room 104 of O'Shaughnessy.

Cinema '71 will present the **Director's Portfolio**, five films directed by Roman Polanski, on the evenings of March 1 through 5. The films will be shown at 7:00 and 9:00 p.m. each evening, in Washington Hall.

Cinema '71 will present "**The End of August at the Hotel Ozone**" Saturday and Sunday, March 6 and 7, at 2:00 and 8:00 p.m. each day, in Washington Hall.

The Institute for Urban Studies and the Academic Commission will present **Gordon Sherman**, Director of Businessmen for the Public Interest, who will speak on the businessman in community organizations on Wednesday, March 3, at 8:00 p.m. in St. Mary's Little Theatre.

—Tom Gora

Students — Europe for Christmas, Easter, or summer? Employment opportunities, charter flights, discounts. Write for information (air mail)

Anglo America Association

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Newport I.W., England

the last word

The story told about the birth of Notre Dame is that Father Sorin and friends went as far west as they could, were stopped by the inimitable Indiana snow and decided to stay right where they were. Whether that story is apocryphal, or true, or simply the creation of a disgruntled student sliding down Du Lac's frozen sidewalks, matters little. But the story is interesting because it must remain an exception to the rule. America's westward movement has never really been stopped for long by natural barriers. Consider the impulses that drove agrarian men, with families, across the infinite distances between the Mississippi and the Pacific Ocean. Consider that even Balboa's "peaceful water" only *slowed* the movement that has annexed Hawaii, Alaska and the Far East.

That particular leap—the refusal to stop at the natural western boundary of this land—seems critical. This people might well have affirmed that boundary and built on it: we might have begun to explore and develop and improve and love the land and the peoples we had just so violently taken. Instead, we coldly displaced the Indian tribes, carved up their lands, exploited the rich soil—and moved further west again.

The westering continues to this day; now, since the earth's space is finite, it requires more stealth, and more force. What it points to is a spiritual myopia that makes us incapable of seeing ourselves clearly. In other words, we have, as a people, refused to look inside ourselves for causes and/or cures for the particular diseases we carry. We externalize them, project them onto some other peoples or culture—and seek solutions through conquest. The opportunity offered by the Pacific Ocean—the chance to explore interior frontiers, the chance to know ourselves as a people—is refused again and again. That exploration is so much more difficult and frightening that we hesitate to begin it. It all has something to do with what my friend Moran holds as a rule of thumb: If you can't order the inner chaos, you might as well order the outer one.

The bravado that refused to accept even the Pacific as a limit, continues today: President Nixon called the first moon trip, "the greatest week in the history of the world." We move west to the moon, now. We challenge its obscurity and its terrible silences, driven by the same impulse that led men and women across the Great Plains. And the spiritual implications and ambiguities of that leap are even greater than they were for the pioneer-farmers: we now challenge the infinite, a land with no borders at all. The interior exploration requisite for the salvation of this people is put off again. Norman Mailer, in his new book *Of a Fire on the Moon*, says it wonderfully:

It was somehow superior to see the astronauts and the flight of Apollo 11 as the instrument of such celestial or satanic endeavours, than as a species of sublimation for the profoundly unmanageable violence of man, a meaningless journey to a dead arena in order that man could engage in the irrational activity of designing machines which would give birth to other machines which would travel to meaningless places as if they were engaged in these collective acts of hugely organized but ultimately pointless activity because they had not the wit, goodness or charity to solve their real problems, and so would certainly destroy themselves if they did not have a game of gargantuan dimensions for diversion, a devilish entertainment, a spend-spree of resources, a sublimation, yes, the very word, a sublimation of aggressive and intolerable inhuman desires, as if like a wild beast enraged with the passion of gorging nature, we looked now to make incisions into the platinum satellite of our lunacy, our love, and our dreams.

—Steve Brion

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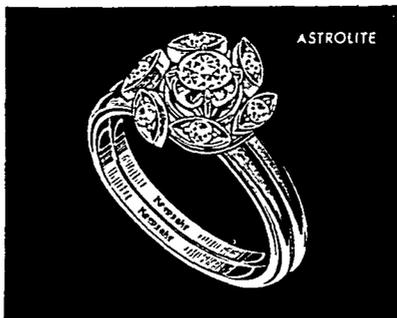


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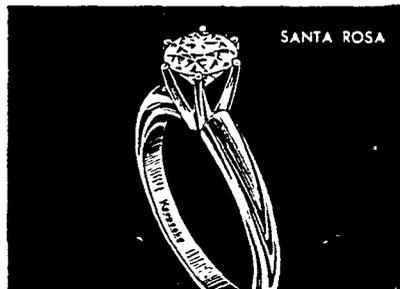


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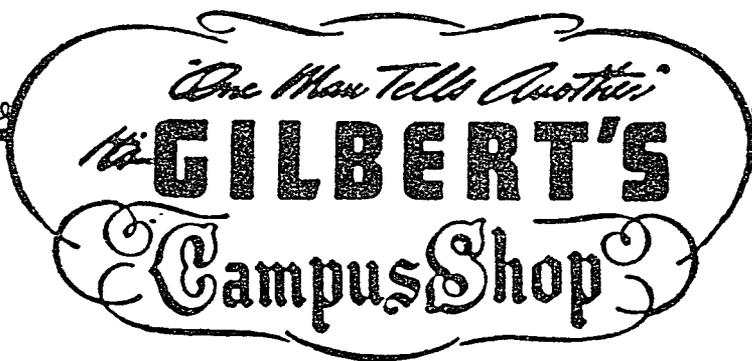
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