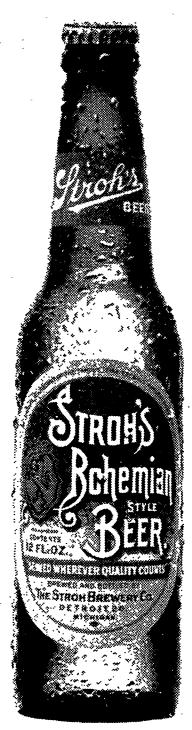
scholastic (Coper 15, 197)

# What is life without love?



From one beer lover to another.

THE STROH BREWERY COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN 48226

# scholastic



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editors-in-chief: joe hotz, mary ellen stoltz / managing editor: greg chinchar / art director: rick fitzgerald / associate editors: mike mooney, greg stidham / assistant editors: jim fanto, joan jeanette deegan, mike mccabe, tom macken / copy editor: jim palenchar sports editor: don kennedy / assistant managing editor: joe runde / business. howie sutton / circulation: cliff zmick / faculty advisor: frank o'malley / staff: george block, ed bower, john banks-brooks, kevin cassidy, john flannigan, marie glotzbach, phil glotzbach, mike givler, robert hamilton, marty head, bruce hooper, jim jendryk, dave jones, jerry koshinski, john linsky, mat mccarthy, fred monsour, john moore, john moran, mark o'connel, dan o'donnel, jim pearce, pete peterson, peggy perkinson, bob rizzuti, jim sitzman, pat smith, mimi wheeler, cheri weismantel, jeff wyszkowski / business and circulation: joe leahy, ron hein, jack reschauer, marty zone / art and photography: jim hunt, michael lonier, bob mcmahon, joe raymond, pam seifert.

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## mike mooney



# on the dublin westport road

The land, first mother, bearer of mysteries, maker of wonder, rolls beneath you, wrapped in loneliness and cold March wind. Barren of significance for all but you, and you are on the road. The journey through a fiction, through fictions, your own and those the land gives you, endless questions in patternless rhyme cadences of wonder begotten in solitude and concrete. Of the road, the greatest fiction of them all, promising escape but meaning a movable cell. You may not violate the land, you may only share in the joke; she laughs and you, in hunger, smile with her . . .

Croagh Patrick rises great green and black, the holy mountain of Mayo. Two-thousand five hundred ten feet of rain and fog and *skree* and exhaustion above Clew Bay. Fourth one up this year, he said; wonder you made it alone. Pilgrims climb it barefoot at night: three times on your knees 'round the church and Patrick's grave—you're saved. The hardest, though, is the coming down; the hardest always is.

There is one road on Valentia Island. It twists and falls from Cahirciveen to a pasture a quarter-mile from the head and back again, through the lingering Irish twilight, past Brendan's well, around herds of sheep and an occasional donkey. But leave the road and labor up the quarter-mile past unbelieving horses to the top of the head. There, a gutted stone building, windowless, roofless, stands unmoved before nature, broken but somehow in spirit not defeated. Beneath you, beneath two-hundred feet of sheer Kerry coast, wind and sea and Ireland meet with terrifying violence. The falling darkness cannot dull the ferocity of the clash, the savage elegance of their eternal opposition. And there,

right before you, is America—only 3000 miles away.

She told me of open fields in the west were the authorities had dug huge communal graves to bury the victims of the famine. And to this day, the very land cries out for vengeance, demanding respect from all those who would trespass on the sleep of the innocent. Though the places are most often marked only through local custom, there exists a much more effective epitaph; for no man may cross those fields without being overcome by the most fierce hunger, a hunger that weakens and sickens. Only, they say, if you carry a bit of bread or cheese in your pocket may you escape the wrath of the hungry grass.

30 March Now, outside Donegal town, my last night in Donegal, my second-last night in Ireland, perhaps I should think of All of It and Decide about It. My mind is a jumble of thoughts; I find that I cannot keep my "experiences" in order. No matter, they never were "in order." How strange to be leaving Ireland; if it were not for one thing, I'd say I've been here my entire life. But I remember my first sight of the country, on the plane coming into Shannon Airport. At dawn—a dawn of red and yellow and green and purple breaking over the west Kerry coast. Tomorrow I will arrive in Dublin for the last time and on Thursday, April Fool's Day, I will leave Ireland.

A man asked me today (or was it yesterday?) if I ever tired of wandering alone from place to place, alongside cold, empty roads, chancing a ride to luck, forever traveling with strangers. I watched the road pass beneath us and only answered no.

# rick fitzgerald

# sign & contrast

There have been sign and contrast in this season, during this autumn. It was the sort of thing that deemed it necessary to return at that time again and again. So each day lately, if I'm on campus around 5:30 in the afternoon, at that time of day when the colors and textures of Notre Dame have always seemed deepest and most striking, I have ridden slowly past and stopped and listened to and watched the birds, the sparrows primarily, I think, in the ivy on the wall of the Chemical Engineering Building. It seems that hundreds of birds, there, are hidden among those leaves, and hundreds are coming and going, and hundreds, their voices loud, are circling and singing.

And further, I have recently seen the large and frightening fish at the bottom of St. Joe's Lake. I feel, again, necessarily drawn to the lake to view them, to wait the moment of surfacing, the large and slow movement through the mass of smaller carp and gold-fish. I have seen, very recently, these fish twice. They seem, to me, of the fantastic and of the beautiful in a strange and ugly way. Perhaps it is their scarcity, perhaps it is their novelty.

And I am drawn to the railroad tracks of St. Mary's. I have seen there a single gray horse, in the distance, slowly walking down the tracks, moving away, mounted and followed by many children. And I, then, had thought of the children of "A Taste of Honey" and of how they had followed and multiplied and framed the film. And finally, I am led to think of the men and women of Notre Dame.

And now I do not so much think of the good, although there the good and the beautiful have and surely do exist and exist well. Rather, I am, at this time, drawn only to thoughts of the fantastic and the strange. For yesterday I saw woman after woman passed man to man up the rows of the Notre Dame stadium. Yesterday I saw hand after hand in desperate attempt to enter under their shirts and skirts, and hand after hand desperately stretch to momentarily grasp and feel. And more, I have once again seen, yesterday, cheerleaders lionized and idolized and abused and, finally, known best through the paper and pages of nearly every University publication and publicity sheet.

And so I have known all this for more than three years now, and little, really, has changed. The rectors remain periodic spectres of discipline. The assistant rectors of the hall I knew seemed only to express, publicly, disgust or ignorance. And I have rarely, if ever,

seen these University officials in honest sympathy and understanding of the deepest problems and the worst abuse, of the repressive physical surroundings, and of the social half-life. I have only, in more than three years, from a University official, seen simple, literal and insincere offers of appearement and award.

And I remember, through three years, the repeated scene of St. Mary's at 2 a.m. where men and women attempt to struggle through four years of social enigma. I remember man after man and woman after woman who refuse to, or find it impossible to move past the Friday and Saturday night get-very-dressed-up social institutions of Notre Dame. And I remember, two years ago, a Saturday-night talk interrupted by the offer of a turn in the rape of some unknown woman.

And so it has gone for more than three years now. And, yes, the good is there and decidedly there. But it is Saturday afternoon taking me back now. And so I recall the freshmen and the seniors drunk and sick weekend after weekend. I recall the activity without sense, without construction. I recall the single freshman last year drunk and sick night after night, and the assistant rector turned away in obvious disgust.

And of yesterday, I have heard that a woman was crying in the Notre Dame stadium. And in more than three years, I have rarely, if ever, heard a University official, be he president or assistant rector, speak of these deepest problems; of the necessity for and the acknowledgment of the validity of each person's full life, of the recognition of the necessity of seeing all humans as valuable, and of the recognition of women as able to assume the responsibility to effectively govern their own internal and external lives. And in three years, in more than three years, I have never seen the student body, as a whole, begin to recognize and react to each other as valuable in any sense past a physical and partial one. And further, in those three years, I have never seen a University official, nor have I seen the student body as a whole, move sympathetically, insightfully and publicly to halt the abuse.

And I have seen and heard the sparrows at 5:30. And I have seen and felt the strange pull of the dark fish at the bottom of St. Joe's Lake. And I recall the gray horse and the children down the tracks at St. Mary's. And they construct for me this place as good; yet, they are also anathemata, they are sign and contrast; they pull me up and back to Saturday afternoon, and back three years.

### markings

# 50 rows back & they call this ritual

The 1971 Notre Dame football season seems to have brought with it some novel changes. For one, the ND scores seem to hover closer to those of their opponents. For another, some of the Notre Dame men have found a new source of entertainment in the stands. The Scholastic is indebted to twelve St. Mary's students who were willing to relive an experience that most are trying to forget.

It is a ritual. It is pagan. On the field, the battling armies clash. Their bodies meet. It is a battle of flesh, muscle against muscle. One pushes to subdue the other. Neither gives, neither gains. It is primitive. It is Male.

In the stands the crowd is frenzied. They call for a victim, maddened by the clash on the field. The game wears on into the afternoon. The heat is oppressive and the crowd grows madder. Flesh battles flesh, the crowd vicariously participates in the encounter. Then, raving, they search for their own flesh victim.

It happened to me twice. The first time I was just being a typical Notre Dame "rah-rah" and all of a sudden I just felt myself being pulled up. I called to the girl next to me, but there was nothing she could do, and I just started being passed up. Luckily I had some heavy shoes on and I started kicking. I was able to get down before I got passed up very far. They just don't have any respect for your femininity or your self-esteem. They manhandle you.

The second time I got passed up was in the fourth quarter, when the action was pretty slow. A group of boys came over from the section right next to us. I was sitting down, but they pulled me up from my seat. I started kicking again and they put me down. Both times I was shaking for about fifteen minutes after I got back to my seat.

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The Id, students of Freud will recall, is that region of the soul which harbors all impulses. It is inviolable, overpowering when it is not at peace with the Ego, the conscious. It is instinctual, primitive. It is the source of the drives for sex and power; it is man's claim to a psychic ancestry common to the animal kingdom. Given control, it takes over the man, drives him mercilessly. He is subject to and victim of his instincts, impulses, drives.

Some of them do it for fun; but most of them do it just so they can grab you. All they think of is the cheap thrills they can get from touching the girl as she goes by. And they are laughing at you. The only reason they were passing the girls up was because it was hot and they didn't have that much on. When it gets cold out they probably won't do it anymore. They're like animals, or cavemen. I'm not that afraid of being dropped. I just don't like the idea of being handled. The only reason they pass you up is because the guys want to grab at you, and everybody knows that. And then they laugh at you, "Oh, you're one of the ones that got it."

I don't think they did it to be malicious. I'm going to be sitting in back of them all season and I don't think they tried to make me mad at them. They probably just didn't realize what goes on when you get passed up. But then as you get closer and closer to the top, the guys know that there are five thousand of them and I'm never going to see any of them again, so why not take what you want. It got grosser and grosser all the way up. By the time I got to the top I was kicking everybody in sight; I'm not really sorry. If they can't have any consideration for me, why should I worry about who I kick in the head? At first I was afraid of being dropped and I thought maybe if I just keep still they won't drop

me. But then as I got to the top I would have fallen on my head, anything, just to stop the ride up. And toward the top I did fall on my head.

Guys grab whatever they want to grab. They don't care who's looking, they don't care how the girl feels. Every guy I have met personally at Notre Dame has been really nice; and every group of guys I have met has been really gross. There are a lot of nice guys here who would never pass a girl up or take advantage of it. But then there are guys who would, probably in a greater majority here than at most schools. Those guys deserve whatever they get, whether it's a kick in the head or a swear word in the Scholastic.

Oh, so that's your kid sister. Your girlfriend? Why don't you pass her up here so we can get a better look at her!

I was having a good time watching the game. And before I even realized it, the fellows in my section just picked me up — and up I went. It bothers me. On the way up no one bothers to say, "Hi, what's your name?" It's all just a body. I was just shaking when I got to the top. And then you hear comments like, "Oh, how was it?" It's like *Playboy*. The whole thing about exploiting women. No one bothers to ask if you even want to get passed up.

I was disgusted. It's just a bunch of grabby hands. When I got to the top, I saw this guy I know, and he said I was just shaking. It was terrifying. I kicked one guy in the chin on the way up, I was so angry. If thappened again I would do anything I had to to avoid it. But what can you do? You can fight as much as you are able to and they can still send you up.

I think it's terribly degrading. I was embarrassed. I was really embarrassed to see anybody after that because people would say, "Oh, you're one of the ones that got passed up!" It's just a body to them, just another body. They wouldn't care what you look like. It's just another body for them to touch.

We're sitting right in the middle of all these guys, and when I got there this one in front said, "Oh, you're wearing a skirt." I didn't know what he was talking about and didn't make the association with being passed up. Well, he kept making insinuations and finally I figured out what he was talking about. I said, "No, forget it." But all of a sudden they just lifted me up, and well . . . I did get "violated" pretty badly. It wasn't funny at all.

I talked to some girls, and they say that no "decent" girl will let herself be passed up. Well, I do consider myself a "decent" girl, and believe me, there is nothing you can do to prevent it at all.

I was shaking for about an hour afterward. And when I got back to my seat, I was really mad. The guys thought it was terribly funny. It was degrading. We couldn't resist. It really was degrading. They thought it was so funny, and they never stopped to think how we felt about it.

I've got bruises all over my body. And a big nail mark by my knee. For a day or so I had bruises on my ribs, too. From being dropped? No, from being grabbed. They were really grabby. A herd of animals. As much as the guys joke about it, it really does hurt the girls.

I don't know why Notre Dame men think they can ignore even basic rules of conduct. I still expect to be treated like a woman. That is what upsets me most about the incident.

I felt really sorry for that girl who was wearing the bare-midriff blouse. There was no way that she could hold it down and there were two or three guys yanking on it.

Was it pretty clear to you that the grabbing and manhandling were intentional? For the most part, yes. For some it was just the big joke of passing someone up. But when they start grabbing at you, you know that they are just anticipating your getting there. It's like they are thinking, "Get ready, here she comes. Get as much as you can as she passes by."

On the field, the clash was over. There was a victor, a victim. Bruised, battered, the defeated, the humiliated left the field.

In the stands, a girl returned to her seat. She was shaking, crying. Maybe you saw her. Maybe she was your kid sister, or your girlfriend.

--Greg Stidham



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### markings

# confronting

Violence, in however mild a form, is pretty much in stock here at Notre Dame, what with football, hockey, rugby and godknowswhatelse in the mainstay of campus social life. Now those pseudo-, semi-, and seriously interested students of the matter are afforded an opportunity to survey the workings of violence and nonviolence. This is possible through the lecture series on nonviolence under the guidance of Father Maurice Amen. The series is a three-credit elective in the Nonviolence Department of the College of Arts and Letters. A student registered for the course is required to submit analyses, reflections, criticisms of the lectures and a final research paper, but the "classes" are open to the public.

The course originated this year as the result of the efforts of Fr. Amen, who has built it on examples from other universities, though on a larger scale here. The course in this first year is loosely constructed to facilitate expansion and revision. Fr. Amen himself is student as well as teacher as he attends the lectures and moderates the following discussions. An equally important aspect of his role is attempting to find the realm of studies and activities that would enable accreditation of nonviolence as a major field of study and then to see if such a field is a legitimate academic inquiry.

The lectures are delivered by speakers in the fields of history, psychology, biology, philosophy, marketing, media, among others; the basic goal of the series is to study the aspects of violence and nonviolence from the

points of view of many and varied disciplines. For example, D. Chris Anderson will submit a psychological analysis in his lecture on the "Learned Aspects of Aggression" while John Houck of the Management Department will speak in two installments on "Planning Toward the Year 2000" and Joe H. Cho of Finance and Business Economics will take up "Foreign Investments and International Conflicts" as his topic. Jim Leary, an undergraduate in English, will look at "Rock and Roll in Revolution," complemented and perhaps supplemented by Ron Weber's "Violence and the Mass Media" from the Communication Arts Department. The variety is endless and the speakers' range is from the quasi-radical to the ultra-conservative. (Further developments of the course would involve the inclusion of aspects of the arts and their connection.) The effort is made to explore all the situations, causes, and effects of violence and nonviolence, attempting to compare and contrast both. However, Fr. Amen readily admits that a bias exists toward the nonviolent aspect, and, as such, a bias is difficult to eliminate in any academic situation.

Students of the University would be wise to attend those lectures that particularly interest them in their field of study or in their own personal opinions and outlooks. Not the least of the benefits gained from individual lectures and the entire course would be an insight into your own feelings and reactions to violence and nonviolence, perhaps affording a personal perspective affecting opinions and actions in the confusion of the present times.

# nonviolence

Schedules of remaining lectures for the semester in 127 Nieuwland Science at 4:15-5:30 p.m.:

- Mon., Oct. 18: D. Chris Anderson (Psychology): THE LEARNED ASPECTS OF AGGRESSION.
- Wed., Oct. 20: Morton Kelsey (Education Non-Violence): PSYCHOLOGICAL ASPECTS OF VI-OLENCE (JUNG AND VIOLENCE).
- Mon., Oct. 25: John Houck (Management): PLAN-NING TOWARD THE YEAR 2000 (I).
- Wed., Oct. 27: John Houck: PLANNING TOWARD THE YEAR 2000 (II).
- Mon., Nov. 1: Frederick W. Dow (Marketing): THE CHASM IN ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT—CAN IT BE BRIDGED? (with Prof. Soens?).
- Wed., Nov. 3: Open at present.
- Mon., Nov. 8: Open.
- Wed., Nov. 10: Jim Leary (undergrad. English): ROCK AND ROLL IN REVOLUTION.
- Mon., Nov. 15: Frank O'Malley (English).
- Wed., Nov. 17: Ron Weber (American Studies/Communication Arts): Film + VIOLENCE AND THE MASS MEDIA.
- Mon., Nov. 22: Ron Weber: VIOLENCE AND THE MASS MEDIA (II).
- Wed., Nov. 24: THANKSGIVING VACATION.
- Mon., Nov. 29: Stan Hauerwas (Theology): CHRISTIAN RESPONSE TO VIOLENCE (I) Pacifist.
- Wed., Dec. 1: Stan Hauerwas: CHRISTIAN RE-SPONSE TO VIOLENCE (II); VIOLENCE FOR A GOOD CAUSE (III) Realist.
- Mon., Dec. 6: Bernard Norling (History): VIOLENCE IS NEITHER GOOD NOR BAD PER SE: IT IS NEUTRAL AND DEPENDS ON THE CIRCUMSTANCES.

- Wed., Dec. 8: Morton Kelsey (Ed/NV): PSYCHOLOG-ICAL ASPECTS OF HANDLING VIOLENCE.
- Tues., Oct. 19: Frederick J. Crosson (Dean AL/General Program): NATURAL AND VIOLENT PROCESSES.
- Thurs., Oct. 21: Frederick J. Crosson: RECOURSE TO VIOLENCE.
- Tues., Oct. 26: Timothy Binkley (Philosophy): THE JUSTIFICATION OF VIOLENCE (I)
- Tues., Nov. 2: John Lucey (Aero/Mech. Engineering): Film + EFFECTS OF NUCLEAR WEAPONS.
- Thurs., Nov. 4: Richard Detlef (English): THE MEAN-ING OF VIOLENCE (I) THE MIDDLE AGES.
- Tues., Nov. 9: Richard Detlef: THE MEANING OF VIOLENCE (II) THE RENAISSANCE.
- Thurs., Nov. 11: Joe H. Cho (Finance/Business Economics): FOREIGN INVESTMENTS AND INTERNATIONAL CONFLICTS.
- Tues., Nov. 16: Salvatore J. Bella (Management): VI-OLENCE AND THE LABOR MOVEMENT.
- Thurs., Nov. 18: Salvatore J. Bella: VIOLENCE AND THE POLICE.
- Tues., Nov. 25: John Roos (Government): POLITICS AND VIOLENCE.
- Thurs., Nov. 25: THANKGSIVING VACATION.
- Tues., Nov. 30: Julian Samora (Sociology/Anthropology): THE TEXAS RANGERS—HEROES OR OPPRESSORS?
- Thurs., Dec. 2: Clagett G. Smith (Sociology): STRUC-TURAL THEORY OF AGGRESSION.
- Tues., Dec. 7: Clagett G. Smith: SOME PROBLEMS IN THE HISTORY OF VIOLENCE.
- Thurs., Dec. 9: Clagett G. Smith: THE ESCALATION OF INTERNATIONAL CONFLICT (WAR).

—john moore

### markings

# term paper people or

In recent months, the business world has witnessed the rapid expansion of a new industry—the college termpaper. As described in the April 19, 1971, issue of *Time* magazine, there is no patent on this idea and several firms are getting into the business. International Term Papers, Inc., Universal Termpapers, Termpapers Unlimited, and Quality Bullshit are some of the names. The attention of the Notre Dame community was drawn to this topic by the following classified ad appearing in the *Observer* a few weeks back:

TERMPAPERS AND THEMES written by professionals in Speech, Rhetoric, Psychology, History, Biology, etc.
Original Paper—\$3.50 per page Duplicate Paper—\$2.00 per page Cash, Money Order, or Bank Draft QUALITY COLLEGE TERMPAPERS P.O. Box 193, Rockford, Ill. 61101

There is no listing in the Rockford, Illinois, Information Directory for any company by that name. But whatever the response may have been, the existence of such a company and the fact that, according to *Time*, such firms are doing considerable business, raise some interesting questions pertinent to the academic system here at Notre Dame.

Why are termpaper companies springing up around the country? How will, or can, the university react to the rash of plagiarism that this industry may cause? If a student can buy a termpaper to hand in for a grade, what does this say about the validity of termpapers as a learning technique, in other words, do term papers have any value in the first place?

The explanation for the surge in termpaper producers lies simply in the factors of supply and demand. Time quoted Ward Warren of Termpapers Unlimited, "The secret of my success is that my employees really believe in what they're doing. Also, there are a lot of brilliant, long-haired people out of work around here, and I rely on them." America's admirable university system is turning out more Ph.D.'s than legitimate business has use for, and when thermonuclear physicists get by selling hot dogs at ball games and computer scientists are moonlighting as odds makers at the races termpaper people should have no trouble finding highly qualified writers. The large demand for termpaper professionals is due to several reasons. Richard Mari, of Quality Bullshit, said in Time, "The kids have so many termpaper assignments now that they're an obstacle to a degree rather than a learning technique. . . . " Also, there is a problem inherent almost in the very definition of a termpaper. Since termpapers were invented, the subconscious solution for them has been procrastination—procrastination to a point and then, suddenly, panic sets in. At times like these, the termpaper people must appear as God-sent saviors, an alternative to the proverbial "all-nighter." A third category of demand is, of course, the student who is unwilling or incapable to write an assignment. University life has too much to offer this sort of person for him to waste his time on anything so banal as work. The student who buys his

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# sinful specialization

papers from a business firm is not only making his own life easier, but he is also creating employment—and headaches for educators.

Professors at Notre Dame showed striking interest and concern with this question of termpapers. As quoted above, Richard Mari of Quality Bullshit, "The kids have so many termpaper assignments now that they're an obstacle to a degree rather than a learning technique. As long as we're operating to help people, the business is not only justifiable, it may even be commendable." Dr. Costello, of the English department, explained that if a termpaper were harmful "we wouldn't ask students to do them." He termed the concept of professional paperwriters as "scurrilous idea" calling it "anti-educational."

Dean Crosson, of the Arts and Letters College, added to this criticism, pointing out that if an excessive number of termpapers is an obstacle to learning, the solution that these ghost-writers supply is certainly no educational technique either. The Dean commented that by and large the number of termpaper assignments is not excessive here, although he admitted that "there are a few cases where guys demand too much." But he insisted that in such instances, for a student to turn to Quality Bullshit or to any of the termpaper people is merely compounding the wrong and a student thereby penalizes himself in the long run. The faculty at Notre Dame are responsive to intelligent appeals and the Dean made clear that no student would be put in a situation where he has no recourse other than plagiarism.

All of the professors questioned had something

strong to say about the third type of student who has no intention of working for his grades and who relies on sources such as the termpaper people. Dean Crosson termed it "appalling" that firms existed which cater to such students. Dr. Costello pointed out that such a situation is based on an erroneous concept of education. The English Department policy states that any instance of such wholesale plagiarism, if detected, will result in an F in the course.

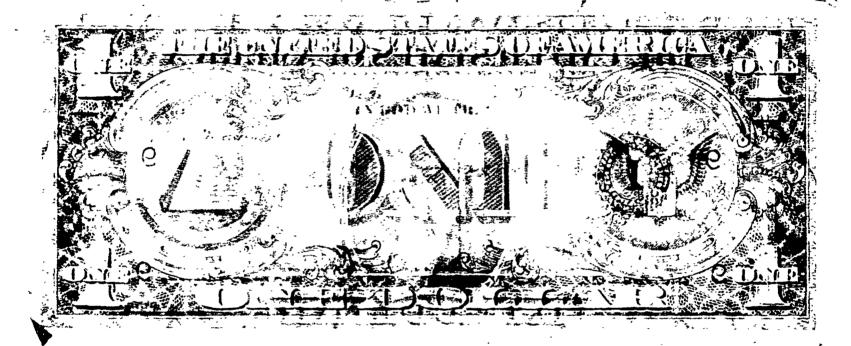
A student turning in work which has been done by professional writers is doing a good deal more harm than he realizes. Assistant Professor Patrick Callahan, in a letter to the editor of the *Observer*, pointed out that students are in competition with each other when they turn in papers. All the other papers in the lot will look worse in comparison with professionally prepared work, so that a student who subscribes to such is actually cheating his fellow-students more than anyone else. If a professor suspects strongly that one student is guilty of plagiarism, he is likely to have a suspicious outlook on the other students, too.

Looking back at *Time* magazine, one finds it is suspected that even some instructors at Harvard and MIT are working in league with the termpaper people. One wonders how the academic standards are defined, and by whom. With all of man's intellectual development to the point of "sinful specialization," we still retain a primitive sense of creativity. Mr. Costello sums up the argument succinctly. He said: "Stupidity abounds in the world, and this is just another example of it."

—dave jones

OCTOBER 15, 1971





# Imnorities and money

in palenchar & irrafantos

#### \_\_T\_

# "You can't go to the corner and start running Descartes or Plato down to a brother and expect him to respond."

Numbers are, for the most part, abstractions of our desires (or fears). Numbers are deceiving. For the past two years Notre Dame has been actively seeking the enrollment of minority ethnic groups at the University. This enrollment has steadily increased to the point where almost four percent of the undergraduate student body is either Black, Chicano, or American Indian. Although a degree of success can be interpreted through these numbers, admissions counselors and student representatives sense room for improvement. Out of these abstractions comes a very definite need.

The University and, in particular, the Office of Admissions, is guided by two obligations in the area of minority recruitment. In regard to the minority students themselves, the University is impelled by a social obligation—a response to the times and the society in which it functions. These students are finally getting the educational opportunities that everyone deserves. In its philosophical tenor, at least, the University recognizes its past complicity with institutional racism, and is sincerely trying to rectify this stance. In no small way, the University is responsible to a context much larger than the boundaries of Notre Dame, Indiana.

The second obligation follows from the first. The society within the boundaries must also reflect the relevance of the community to its times and society. This obligation encompasses the University's relation to all its students. As expressed in the Admissions Office Report on Minority Enrollment, dated September, 1970, the University is attempting to enrich "the diversity of the student body." According to Daniel Saracino, Assistant Director of Admissions, the University is obliged to educate each and every student in a "total way," providing them with an environment that demonstrates the multifarious nature of the world. The effect on the student body is apparent; all social and ethnic backgrounds have a chance to experience all the others.

Students themselves are deeply involved in fulfilling the obligations of the community. Notre Dame has two very active student recruitment organizations: For Blacks, the Recruitment Aid Program (RAP), and for Chicanos, MECHA, a national organization for Mexican-American students. Their views on recruitment reflect the cold necessity of the University's obligations. Armando Alonzo, head of Notre Dame's MECHA, sees the education of Chicano students as an imperative for the economic survival of the Chicano communities throughout America. The barrios or Chicano neighborhoods are on the very fringe of self-development. For a people, who, in economic terms, are second only to the American Indians in poverty, the need for educated and trained people is the simple reason for recruitment. According to Carl Ellison, head of RAP, an ethnically diverse community is needed, yet Black recruitment is aimed primarily at the education of a class of Blacks that will never fit into the white world-education is a call for solidarity among all Blacks.

—II—

### "You're dealing with a group of people who have been screwed by [white] Americans."

#### (Daniel Saracino)

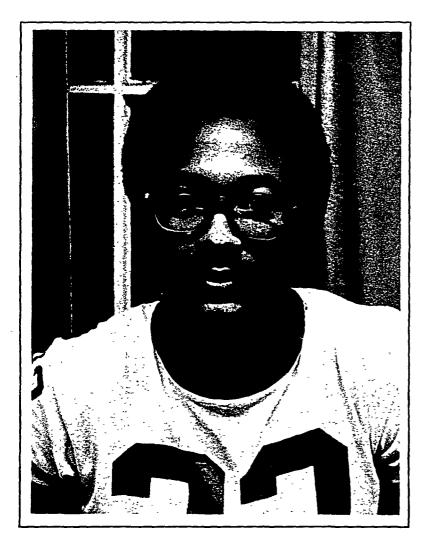
One cannot say that the search for minority students, by the Admissions Office or by the student groups, has been lax. The Admissions Office itself has established a number of contacts with testing agencies which learn of academically qualified Blacks, Chicanos, or Indians through their extensive research activities. Also, both the Admissions Office and MECHA send out letters to high school counselors asking for the names of promising minority students. Contacts with these men, as well as junior college counselors and administrators, are invaluable, enabling the University to have firsthand, personal information on prospective students.

Yet often information on minority high school students comes not from the established channels or testing facilities, but from members of the University community. Minority students attending the University frequently suggest names of prospective students whom they know personally from their home communities. Individual faculty members, such as Dr. Samora of the Sociology department, or faculty groups interested in particular minorities, seek out applicants. Admin-

istrators, other than Admissions Office personnel, also suggest students that the University should be interested in. Alumni who are aware of particular outstanding individuals in their own communities are also an important source of names and, at times, financial assistance.

The foremost form of seeking minority students is by "bringing Notre Dame to them" through visits to inner-city, barrio, or reservation schools by RAP, MECHA, and the Admissions Office. These trips, funded by the administration, give high school students a chance to speak with a member of RAP, MECHA, or Mr. Saracino. The bulk of the traveling, unfortunately, is done by an admissions counselor, as student recruiters are limited, for the most part, to a 100-mile radius around the campus.

At this point, concerning the recruitment proper, the teamwork notion fades. "I don't like the word, 'recruitment,'" says Dan Saracino, "because it connotes some sort of athletic huckstering or talking one into going to Notre Dame. I go out on the road and share my experiences here with the kids." Besides the special effort to learn of academically qualified minority students and the waiver of application fees for needy in-



dividuals, there is, ultimately, no difference in the Admissions Office "recruitment" for minority students than for white students. The prospective students are invited to visit the campus, they are made aware of application procedures, details of financial aid, and programs which might be most suitable to their ethnic background (e.g. Urban Studies).

For Armando Alonzo, the MECHA group offers prospective Chicano students something that the Admissions Office lacks, an understanding of the Chicano community and its language. At present there is no Spanishspeaking counselor in the Admissions Office or in the Freshman Year Office. The MECHA members, who themselves come from the barrios, realize that they must speak to a very poor, undereducated community. They realize, too, the significance of Notre Dame to the Chicanos, who are ninety percent Catholic and look with reverence on a school which offers a high-quality education and, in their thought, a Christian community. Armando and his group are able to speak to the students in their own language and perhaps give to them a view of Notre Dame that could never be communicated by an English-speaking recruiter.

According to Carl Ellison, the members of RAP can communicate the situation for Blacks far better than any white recruiter. A realistic appraisal of the dismal social conditions for Blacks makes much more sense than a litany of praise for the academic achievements of the University. A white man's experiences may be interesting, but they tell the Black very little in terms of the minority student's life at Notre Dame. Ellison tells them honestly that the school is changing, yet, by the same token, he describes the University's problem in relating to Black students. RAP, he says, does not speak of Notre Dame's academic excellence, for most Black students have only a vague notion of higher education. "You can't go to the corner," says Carl, "and start running down Descartes or Plato to a brother and expect him to respond."

These differing views on recruitment have led to disagreement. While all parties agree that a team effort is the best way to approach recruitment to avoid duplication of efforts, the students have legitimate grievances. RAP, says Ellison, has been accused of wasting money with little results, in terms of the actual number of students that they draw to the University. Ellison counters that RAP's efforts extend only to a 100-mile radius around the University, and if given the same traveling opportunities as the Admissions Office and a larger expenditure, he could recruit a larger number of Blacks. MECHA's suggestion that the University hire a Chicano admission counselor is more than legitimate. The language barrier of the white man necessitates it.

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### "You're rejecting my son, but are accepting niggers."

Once the applications are submitted, however, the decision of accepting students lies solely in the hands of admissions personnel. It is here that the fear of Notre Dame's favorite sons becomes manifest; the University is selecting students that may not be up to past standards only because of their ethnic background. The white alumni often see the recruitment as being prejudicial against white applicants: "You're rejecting my son, but are accepting niggers."

The admissions policy regarding minority applicants is similar to its "recruitment" policy; though there is a flexible attitude towards Blacks, Chicanos, and Indians, the criterion for *final* judgement is the same one used for all students. "For the Blacks, Chicanos, Indians, and Anglos things are looked at in the same way essentially," states Mr. Saracino, "but . . . everything is looked at, everything is put in its proper perspective." For the Black student, "proper perspective" might include the placing of more emphasis on his class rank rather than the SAT scores. Also considered is the per-



centage of his classmates that are college bound. A ghetto school may have only twenty percent of its graduating seniors going on to college, compared with the eighty-percent rate of most schools that white Notre Dame students attended.

The prospective Black student must have the basic academic qualifications to show that he can perform well at Notre Dame, for no official remedial or "catchup" program exists at Notre Dame. There is, of course, an English course reserved for international students in their freshman year, but its usefulness to American minority students is negligible. More importantly, the Admissions Office looks at the student's "motivational potential," that is, his competitive desire which would make up for any deficiencies in formal education. "These students have a lot going against them in high school," states Mr. Saracino, "so they must have strong attitudes and characters." Judging from the Admissions memo on this year's freshman class, Notre Dame has succeeded in getting the students it wants. The academic and extracurricular records, except for the SAT, for minority freshmen are better than those for the entire freshman class.

And yet the University's admission standards for minority students or in particular, their trumpeting of these standards and the high quality students they bring, seem to be addressed only to those that worry about the prestige of Notre Dame. Notre Dame's administrators speak disparagingly of "remedial programs," and demonstrate, with five-page memos, the high academic and motivational qualities of the students they bring here. But, as Carl Ellison points out, the Admissions Office is primarily concerned with students who have adjusted to white educational and social standards, who demonstrate academic excellence and high "motivation." Ellison fears that the University is enrolling what he terms the "Black bourgeois," avoiding the "brothers on the street" who have not and will not adjust to the motivational standards of a white society.

--IV---

### "... when the funds run out there is nothing more we can do."

Despite the debates over recruitment and selection methods, Notre Dame's minority recruitment is, in the end, conceived in terms of numbers. The need for cultural diversification is lost in a maze of figures. The argument is abstracted and, for the present, unresolved. The monetary figures of financial aid make the philosophical considerations significant only on paper. Financial aid is the basic and limiting element of re-

cruitment. For the 1971-72 academic year, of the 100 Chicanos to apply, 67 were accepted, 19 of these were offered financial aid and just these 19 are now freshmen. The University sees its recruitment as a "removal of the greatest wall which separates minority students from Notre Dame," and that wall is money. Most of the minority applicants are poor, and, in Alonzo's words, "What is the use of being accepted when you can't even provide one-third of University expenses?"

Financial aid for minority students is broken into three categories, the last of which is not available to white students. Much financial aid comes directly from the government in the form of OEO grants, National Defense Loans, and Work-Study Programs. Scholarship money from the University, ROTC, state, or private associations accounts for the second largest percentage. Last, special University grants funded by the Cotton Bowl games and private contributions are used specifically for Black, Chicano, and Indian students. All but a few minority students receive one of these types of aid, or a "package" of all three.

"Notre Dame's commitment is a commitment of funds," says Mr. Saracino, "and when the funds run out there is nothing more we can do." If the University is ultimately concerned with minority recruitment and its social and educational obligations are reduced to the availability of funds, then its minority recruitment program is subject to deep criticism. The special University grants are the concrete evidence of its commitments, but the source of these grants is not stable. Presently, the Cotton Bowl money is the predominant source of minority funds, but should the availability of funds to Black or Chicano students be dependent upon football ratings and postseason bowls? One would hope that the status of the recruitment program is more stable than a Saturday afternoon diversion. The University has assigned low-level priority to the minority aid by not fixing it upon a permanent endowment and thus consciously limiting minority enrollment. True, there has been talk about raising a \$6,000,000 endowment for minority scholarships that would be both adequate and permanent. Unfortunately, this figure can now be only an abstraction.

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"... I don't care how they have to do it. If they are truly committed to minority education, they will educate minorities and not just the 'elite' minorities." (Carl Ellison)

As it is presently set up, the entire recruitment program is based on an elitist philosophy. The emphasis put upon a rather narrow view of academic excellence and "motivational potential" leaves us with Notre Dame as we know it—a center of self-perpetuating prestige. This sense of pride has little to do with the central problem of minority recruitment; the problem of educating those that will never have the chance.

This is not to be construed into the popular notion of a University dedicated to "the People." The University certainly must discriminate somewhat in its selection of students. But with the absence of specific remedial programs this discrimination is out of balance. Without these remedial programs, Notre Dame ignores a class of students that are talented and would achieve at Notre Dame with the minimum of "catch-up" work. Their talent is found in a kind of motivation that is defined outside of the Protestant work ethic that permeates literature distributed by the Admissions Office. Specifically, there are talented Black, Chicano and Indian students that cannot accept the motivational standards defined here, or the academic abilities that would come naturally to white students who have functioned in this environment for 17 years. The minority students present at du Lac are, indeed, Notre Dame men; they have adjusted to a sense of "manhood" that is defined in the Admissions Office.

The importance of groups like RAP and MECHA becomes most apparent in this area. A "brother" can identify with the talent that lies outside the University—a talent that is defined by an entirely different culture. If the University is to be diversified and offer a total education, it must recognize and encourage this talent. It is an investment in the future of a culturally integrated society. With this investment comes a new kind of prestige; one of a total community with a panoramic view of the larger society that surrounds it.

The resolution of this cultural view lies, as stated above, in money. Without adequate funds RAP and MECHA cannot do what is necessary to bring in students that widen the cultural scope of Notre Dame. Without adequate funds these students can never become part of Notre Dame. The people that have supported the traditional concept of the Notre Dame student body in the past are to be looked to for a response. Alumni and friends of the University have the potential to invest in the cultural future of the University; the response to the SUMMA campaign demonstrates this. The responsibility to encourage this potential lies with the Administration, those who actually raise the money; those who state the desire for a culturally diversified University.

# II. abstractions across the road

There are twenty-two (22) Black women at St. Mary's College.

The total enrollment is approximately 1700 women.

For the class of '75 there were 13 applications for admission filed by Black women: 11 were accepted, 6 matriculated.

There is no administrative group recruiting Black women. There are no student groups recruiting Black women. Presently, all recruitment is carried on by Sister Alma and the Alumnae Association.

The SMC Human Affairs Commission, under student government, is presently trying to organize such a group.

There is no officially recognized remedial or tutorial program for minority students.

There are no scholarships except for the "academically strong." A "reduction of cost," is, however, available to those in need.

Last year Sister Alma sent 60-70 letters to high schools encouraging minority application; the response was not encouraging.

There are twenty-two (22) Black women at St. Mary's College.

OCTOBER 15, 1971

# Pakistani Relief

Scholastic: Could you give me a brief history of the plight of the refugees?

Committee: There was, first of all, a cyclone in October of last year which killed upwards of two-thirds of a million people. This cyclone left millions homeless. Much of the crops was also destroyed by this same cyclone. Then the largest monsoon season in the history of Pakistan struck the country, destroying what little crops remained.

In March of this year, the West Pakistani army under Ayub Khan moved into East Pakistan and began a full-scale massacre of the population. The people, naturally, fled for their lives, and as of today, there are approximately nine and a half million refugees in India, which is itself very poor. Most of the relief for the refugees is going through West Pakistan, and, consequently, much of it is not reaching the refugees and is being used by the West Pakistani army.

There exist predictions, by reputable authorities, that upwards of one-third of the people remaining in East Pakistan and the refugees in India will die of starvation. The Indians themselves can give little aid to the refugees in their land because they lack adequate funds and relief.

Scholastic: Would you describe the origin of your group, the motivation behind the origin, and any international or national groups you are affiliated with?

Committee: This group is an outgrowth of the Students for Biafran Relief which operated on this campus a year and a half ago. With the Biafran organization, as well as with this present Pakistani relief group, we were the national headquarters. We tried to set up branches on each campus in the United States. We raised approximately \$10,000 for Biafran relief. This year we are dealing with the Pakistani problem, but we are not going to collect funds from the other schools, in that they are reluctant to send them to a central branch,

except for operational funds. We are going to be recommending certain relief agencies such as UNICEF and CARE, to which the other campuses may donate their money.

Our purpose is really twofold: one, we set up chapters on the other college campuses; two, we will try to act as the main cohesive force in political terms, to try to pressure Congress to do something about the Pakistani situation. We've written up a resolution which we will send to all Congressmen and Senators, and we will urge all students to pressure their legislative representatives.

Scholastic: In other words, you're the main organization and self-founded?

Committee: As far as the United States is concerned we are the main group. However, the exception is made when you are talking about other countries, in particular, England. We have affiliated ourselves with student groups in that country as well as in others and we are operating under the name or title: Students' World Concern. We are more or less the international headquarters. We don't run the group, but we are directly affiliated with branches in other countries, branches which operated under other names until we agreed to come under one title.

Scholastic: Then for the world organization, you are the titular head, and each branch is more or less independent, but you handle the information and bookwork?

Committee: We try to disseminate information between the national headquarters, between London, Paris, or Bonn, for example. If they can't get certain information we hope to be able to give it to them. There is not that much paper work, yet it is a bureaucratic attack on bureaucracy. You don't get anything done, for instance in the Congress, unless they think you are

# an interview

representing a large part of the electorate.

Scholastic: What is your particular group on campus doing to aid the refugees?

Committee: We have been trying to circulate information on the problem, trying to get students to act on the information, to write to their Congressmen, their Senators, the President. Many people feel, though, that their letter will be ignored, and we have to instill in them the belief their one letter will do a hell of a lot. Because their Congressmen are not seers, they are many times ill-informed or less informed about world situations than their constituents. It's worthwhile for the students as voters to write, because if the millions of students do write then the Representatives will be made aware of the Pakistani situation and the feelings of their student constituents.

Scholastic: Is it correct to say that your organization is primarily a lobbying type organization?

Committee: Yes. We emphasize this need for a lobbying effort. But we also have to seek funds from the private sphere. The government itself can produce large amounts of funds immediately.

For instance, we're in close contact with Senator Ted Kennedy with interest in the bill he's proposing to increase the allotment to India by \$450,000,000. He also would like our support in the amendment to the Foreign Aid bill. This would limit funds to West Pakistan and increase funds to relief organizations and to India. We're working very closely with various Senators and Congressmen in hopes that we'll get something done.

But a few individuals in Congress can't do it by themselves. They can't jump on their colleagues and say "Do it." They have to depend on their constituents. Partly from them anyway. And so we emphasize that and at the sime time there's a great need for help from the private sector.

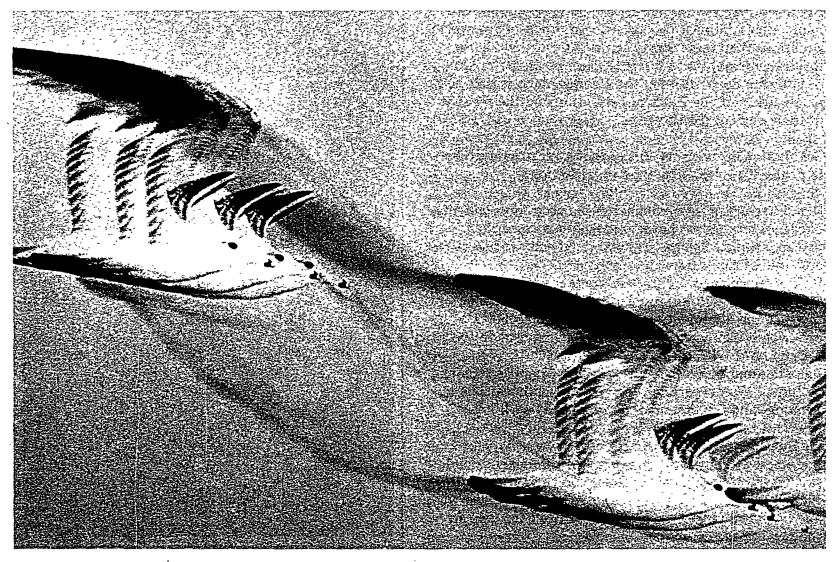
We'll be sponsoring a film on campus at the end of November, "A Man For All Seasons." We'll be collecting money door to door. We'll have collectors out during the next football weekends. If every student on campus contributed maybe two dollars, which is really minimal considering the amount of money that is spent around here by the student body, that could amount to about twenty thousand. And I think that in a period of one semester they could do it.

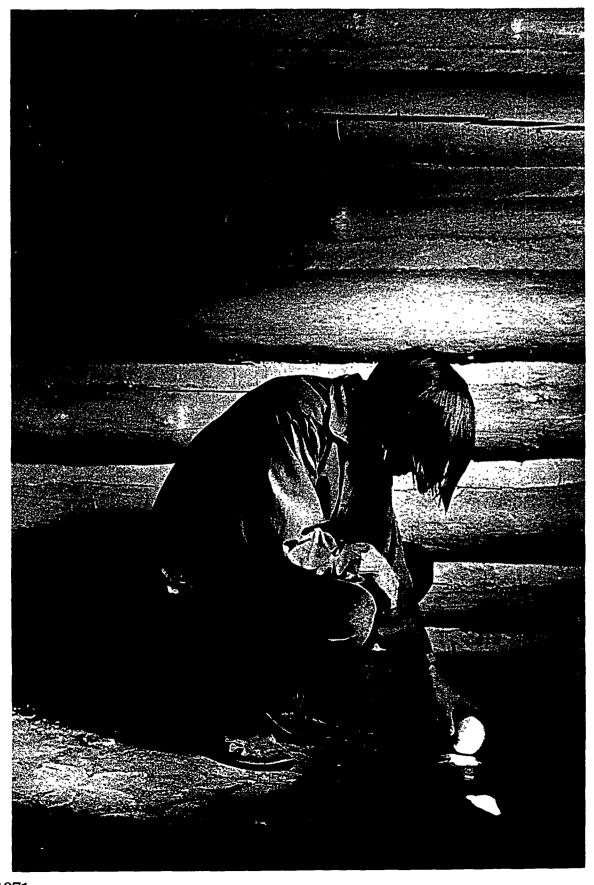


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# images

# photographs by fred monsour



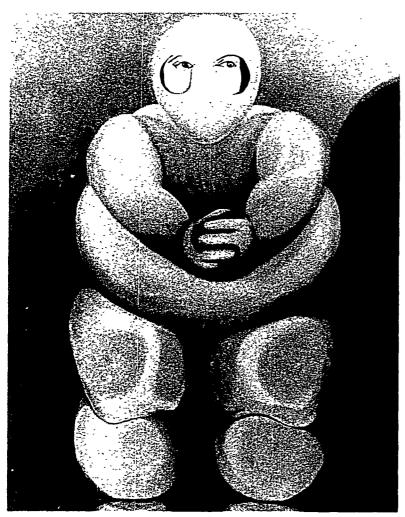


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OCTOBER 15, 1971



Senior artist Kevin Booher is currently exhibiting a retrospective collection of his work in the Isis Gallery of the University Arts Center (Old Fieldhouse).

The fact that surrealistic painting is usually intensely psychological opens it to some of the greatest possibilities for human expression. But by the very same reason of its psychological character, surrealism also presents a danger of egotistical self-indulgence, at worst, and uninspired reiteration of commonplace human problems, at best. In one case the artist deals with the not unusual conflicts of human consciousness. Whereas when the artist allows the dark forces of the human unconscious to become actualized in his work, he permits the mysterious and the strange, formed in the image of the mythical, to confront human consciousness. The result of this confrontation with the unconscious is often a terrifying awareness of some bizarre alteration of the natural world. The terror or the shock of such a primordial vision rises out of the unforeseen possibilities presented by a glimpse into the unfathomed abyss of the yet unknown.

In the group of paintings currently presented at the Isis Gallery, Kevin Booher demonstrates rather clearly the difference between the flaccid work of psychological intelligibility and the efficacious articulation of the visionary—for his exhibit seems to hold examples of both. One instance of the psychological painting shows a pair of strangely haunting eyes peering forth from within a kind of marshmallow spacesuit. The painting is initially engaging by right of the characteristically surreal juxtaposition of the undeniable with the unimaginable. A great deal of traditional enchantment with surrealistic art arises from this very technique. The artist forces the viewer to accept the reality of things set together in an appallingly unreal way. This, again,

# the vitalizing

is exactly the source of the engaging quality of the "marshmallow-encased eyes."

But the reason the painting remains on the level of the merely psychologically intelligible, without rising to the height of the inspired visionary, is that it only goes so far as to make conscious presentation of commonplace human struggles with barely a touch of poetic insight. The "eyes in the spacesuit" certainly do not make for a painting that is difficult to understand. The messages of isolation, loneliness, and incommunicability are immediate and, we would say, too obvious. Once the viewer reaches awareness of the painting's message, there is little room left for further serious consideration. The painting is too limited, too self-contained. It lacks the heuristic quality of the truly inspirational work of art which moves the viewer, albeit with a jolt, out of his intelligibly ordered existence into a new world of boundless imaginative possibilities.

But while there are examples of this intellectualized, and hence devitalized, use of mere surrealist technique, there are also, and most importantly, instances in Booher's exhibit of surrealistic art executed with a vitalizing potency. The examples of this latter type, which indeed impinges on the visionary, are in fact few. But they are there, and because they seem to be some of his most recent works, they hold up the possibility of great potential for the artist. The works of this type certainly lack the immediacy and superficially fascinating quality of the others. But perhaps for this very reason they transcend the humanly ordinary and almost reach a plane of mystical vision.

The paintings of this type are the ones in which the marshmallow figures lose their shape and become less intelligible. The forms begin to take on the quality of fierce polar bears—although it is uncertain that that is actually what the figures are. The flat immediacy of the shapes in the former paintings is replaced by the

# of potential

subtly indistinct and inconceivable shapes of bear-like monsters. Concomitant with this new subtlety of incomprehensible form, a distinct change in the use of color is evident, which also indicates a development toward true vision in the work of art. The colors change from the vapid use of large areas of unmitigated purples and oranges, to the blankly terrifying, yet almost inspirational, use of whites, pinks and grays. These newfound colors seem to place a pall of real ghoulish horror over the latest works. Especially in these two areas, form and color, do Booher's paintings take on an aura of the primordial, of the archaic. He comes closer in these recent paintings in approaching the mythical. The vital reality of these last paintings comes from the fact that they somehow avoid conscious intellectualization and allow the dark speech of the spirit to find articulation. They are the important realization of darkly religious forces making themselves evident to human consciousness.

When an artist begins to deal with the truly mythical, he attempts to give form to a genuinely primordial experience within him. The artist's experience is characteristically primordial because it deals with the creative forces which were present at the beginning. The artist gives expression to these forces in the form of mythic symbols. The expression is symbolic because it points to something which has existence in its own right, but yet is imperfectly known. The artist has had a glimpse of the unfathomable psychic world, and he is somehow forced to give this vision symbolic form. And the true imaginative act of artistic expression really does express a deep human need.

Although the artist is dealing with alien and eternally unknowable forces, he must make some attempt at assimilation. For these are the creative powers which underlie the mystery of life. His work is a true manifestation of a primitive religious need. He must find the

"right way" of dealing with the forces of the inner life. He must make an attempt, no matter how futile or terrifying it may seem, to come to an intellectual and emotional understanding of these forces.

Kevin Booher's most recent works find their vitality in this very quest to come to terms with the forces of creation. His art now begins to confront these forces, and the creative powers in turn begin to work in his art.

-Mike McCabe



OCTOBER 15, 1971 2

# rowdy rock and hollywood dreams

The group, as any dedicated Who freak will readily tell you, has gradually eased into Phase III of their development toward the incarnation of Pete Townshend's Hollywood dream. Phase I being the good old, rowdy, guitar-smashing, "My Generation" days; Phase II the recording and subsequent self-consciousness of "Tommy." "Live at Leeds," a great album in itself, was only an interlude, a snack to appease the public appetite. Enter Phase III.

"Who's Next" is a beautiful and exhilarating album. In order of appearance we have: Pete Townshend, wild man and thinker, playing a very tight and controlled lead, occasionally breaking into long, lyric solos which find him improvising on the ax long enough to send all concerned into mantra; there is Keith Moon, attacking the drums with the usual competence and blinding speed; then there is Roger Daltrey, whose work on this album finally establishes him as one of the top three or four rock vocalists; and, of course, John Entwistle, the Ox, slaving away on his bass, half-asleep but every bit the guts of the band.

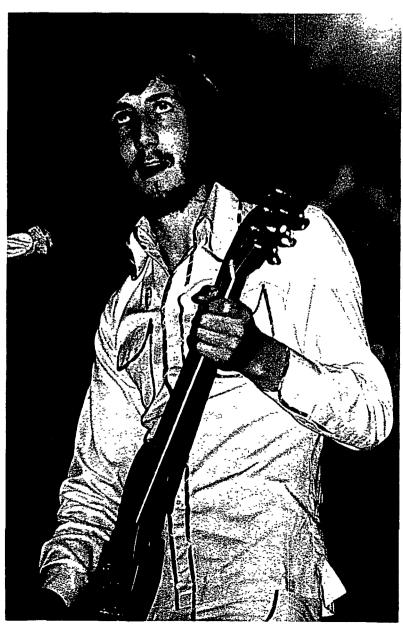
Aside from the individual excellence, the most striking thing about this album is its versatility. The selection ranges from the soaring, hard-driving rock of songs like "Bargain" to the gentle, lyrically beautiful "Song Is Over," which features an intricate vocal harmony by Townshend and Daltrey over a great piano by guest artist Nicky Hopkins. Listen to the soft interludes and moving lyrics of "Bargain" and "Behind Blue Eyes"; this is the musical theme of the album; quiet, gentle moments juxtaposed with the thundering rock which has become The Who's trademark.

The versatility does not end there. Other songs range from the wistful "Gettin' in Tune" to Entwistle's rollicking and slightly inane "My Wife," which laments the fate of the everyday husband, be he workingman or rock star. There is Townshend making excellent use of the A.R.P. synthesized on "Baba O'Riley" and "Bargain."

Finally, we come to the *piece de resistance*. A curtain closer in the tradition of "My Generation" and "Magic Bus." "Won't Get Fooled Again," according to Pete Townshend, "has a lot of gizmoes in it, depend-

in on how gizmoed the audience is." To be sure, there are enough for two or three songs. It would be useless to try and describe this song, it simply must be heard. It's worth it just to hear that Daltrey scream after the long organ solo. Or, as a friend of mine once put it, if you can't get off on the Who, you must be a corpse.

-Casey Pocius



# music vs. muzak

When I cannot sing my heart, I can only speak my mind, Julia

—John Lennon

Ever since the Beatles had the chance to stop grinding out fantastic rock and to start creating exactly what they wanted, John has been able to do both (sing his heart and speak his mind). But it wasn't until the Beatle break-up that John was able to do both almost exclusively. His love for Yoko, their experience with primal therapy, and the Beatle split itself were the total subject matter for his first album. It was musical evidence of the "no-more-bull-shit" stance that he and Yoko discussed in Rolling Stone. The primal scream was there in Well, Well, Well, and save the love songs to Yoko, the entire record, both musically and vocally was grisly and raw, the screams and moans of a man who wanted to talk about his pain. If, over the years, you hadn't been fascinated with the personality of John Lennon, you probably didn't dig his record.

On his new LP, *Imagine*, John has more to say about himself, about Yoko, about the Beatles, and he even reserves a couple of cuts for the type of preaching he used to do in songs like *All You Need Is Love* and *Revolution*. But there is something different about this recording, something that is making Lennon-lovers and Beatle freaks smile knowingly at each other again. John has come out of isolation and left his pain behind. He is among friends. George plays a bunch of fine guitar and Nicky Hopkins does it on piano. Klaus Voorman plays bass again, and Alan White does most of the drumming. (I'm guessing that Ringo was making a movie.) And there are a host of others. At any rate, it all spells MUSIC, and those who missed accompaniment on his first LP now have plenty of company.

He has left his pain behind. His wit is sharp, his heart is gushing, and he is still pissed off enough to tell some of those f - - - ers that they won't get him twice. Gimmee Some Truth is a musical continuation of the  $Rolling\ Stone$  interview. Oh  $My\ Love$  is for Yoko -simple and simply beautiful. How Do You Sleep? is written to Paul—the lyrics are deliciously vicious and the music, including a slide guitar part by Harrison, is oh-so-funky. Crippled Inside is something R. Crumb would be proud to have in his COMIX. In Imagine we say hello to the dream-weaver that John said goodbye to in his first solo recording, and in I Don't Wanna Be a Soldier Mama, I Don't Wanna Die, we have more evidence of the fact that since the beginning of Rock 'n' Roll there have been few rock artists that have been as truly innovative as Lennon.

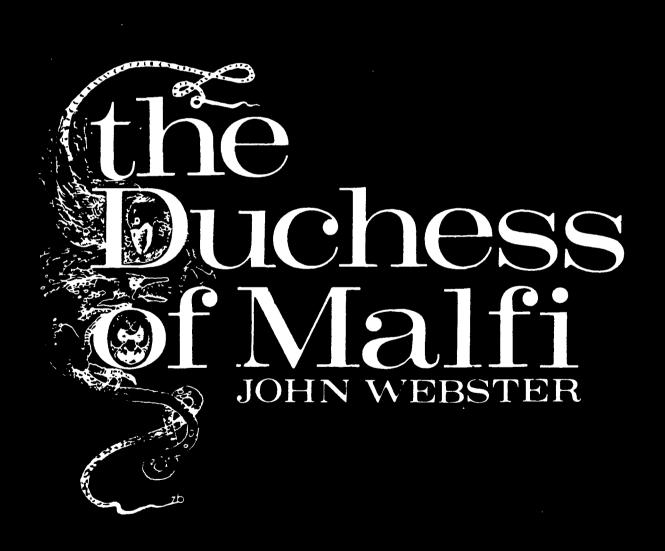
In How Do You Sleep? John tells Paul: "The sound you make is muzak to my ears." And somehow, muzak describes it exactly. On Ram, especially, Paul seems content to bury his talent in favor of fun and games in the studio with Linda. But I secretly think that John hopes Paul will put down his muzak and start making MUSIC again. For those of us who believe we will go to our graves without ever hearing a sound so sweet and so tight as a McCartney harmony on top of a Lennon vocal, perhaps we'll be able to find some comfort in good individual albums. And with all due respect to George, Imagine is the best thing yet to have come out of the fractured Beatles.

-Phil Novak



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# revenge in an earthly hell



O'LAUGHLIN AUDITORIUM OCTOBER 15, 16, 21, 22, 23 When *Duchess of Malfi* opens Friday night in O'Laughlin auditorium, both actors and audience are going to be entering relatively unfamiliar dramatic territory, and some caution on both sides of the curtain will be necessary to avoid general confusion.

The fundamental matter of discovering the dramatic tradition from which the play springs offers a case in point. At first glance, the evidence seems to suggest that Duchess of Malfi is a breed of revenge tragedy, and therefore the most well-known work of that breed. Hamlet, might offer some clues both as to the means and ends of Webster's Duchess. The two plays do have clear similarities: both feature hasty and socially improper marriages, a less than firmly resolute male avenger, a high incidence of madness on one hand and aged pomposity on the other, and fifth act bloodbaths capped with rather anticlimactic sermonettes from wholly forgettable good guys. Webster, however, has broken with the revenge-tragedy tradition in ways which are important both pragmatically and thematically.

The key reversal of tradition is that Justice has switched sides. Now the hunters and not the hunted fall to their knees but are unable to pray. The effects of this switch reverberate through every aspect of the *Duchess of Malfi* and finally make Hamlet a nearly useless analogue.

Shakespeare's Denmark is a grey, melancholy sort of place where Justice seems to be held in suspension and good and evil co-exist. Webster's Malfi is a black, despair-choked world where justice has disappeared and where the virtuous and noble have an appreciably reduced lifetime. Webster has gone to great lengths to conjure up this black, carnivorous mood, but, unfortunately, a good deal of his effort may go for nothing because of a peculiar blind-spot of the present age. The main tool Webster employs to create an atmosphere in this play is the image patterns of his poetry, and modern actors and audiences bred on the stark naturalism of language in Pinter or Albee tend to pass callously through the suggestive possibilities of verse. But whenever speakers and hearers begin to savor the wealth of images which Webster has woven into his text, a truly horrible setting begins to emerge. It is a world saturated with the carnality and bestiality of man, with sweat, dung, bones, puke, lust and leprosy. Men are constantly seeking medicines and remedies, and finding only superstition and quackery. Webster has stocked the play with spies, whores and hypocrites and set them loose in a world of dungeons, secret chambers and dark alleys.

In fact, one of Websters's most outstanding skills as a dramatist is his ability to create dramatic situations where all that is repulsive in human nature and the human condition is succinctly crystallized. He gives us, for instance, a scene in which a corrupt Cardinal disposes of his unwanted mistress by forcing her to vow dedication to him and to seal that vow with a kiss upon a Sacred Book which he has poisoned. Polanski has hardly shown us any more concentrated perversion of all things that could be holy.

In this earthly hell that Webster evokes, death and destruction need not creep in through some crack in a hero's character, doom is everywhere. The tragedy in Duchess of Malfi arises not so much from who the characters are as from where they are, or, more precisely, not from character but from circumstance. Thus, to go prowling for tragic flaws, as may be our habit in tragedy, will only lead to fruitless confusion. Webster has largely neglected the delicate details of motivation and character analysis. His characters are not primarily offered as examples of complex human souls, but instead as incarnations of several human passions thrown into a pit by fortune to devour one another. There is the Dutchess, intensely generous and faithful; Antonio. eminently rational and pious; Ferdinand, violently aggressive and vengeful; the Cardinal, thoroughly hollow and Machiavellian; and Bosola, relentlessly grasping and convoluted. Finally, however, none of these passions have the power to overcome Fortune, who seems to have orchestrated "all things to help the unhappy man to fall."

However, Fortune does not work like lightning in Webster's cosmos. His play is long and digressive even by 17th century standards. The greatest men die most slowly there, racked until "it may be pain but no harm to die." But this heartlessly slow grinding of Fate is an effect difficult to dramatize when actors and audiences are accustomed merely to neat two-hour trips to a theatre. The audience must be willing to expend more than the pedestrian amount of attention and sensitivity it customarily invests in a trip to the theatre. The actors must walk a delicate path between throwing away the poetry Webster spent some three years perfecting and wallowing in oratory. If either performers or viewers back out of their half of their theatrical bargain, tedium, not Fortune will grind through O'Laughlin.

The Duchness of Malfi cannot be light theatre. It is a trip into heartless evil written by a master of horror. Neither can the play be any easy piece. It relies too heavily on a fatalism which is foreign to these days of popular humanism, and on theatrical techniques and forms distant from the realism and naturalism of most well-known modern theatre. But to say that it cannot be light or facile is not necessarily to say that it cannot be potent.

-Mark O'Connel

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Film is alive and well on campus this year. This is especially true for Cinema '72, the Cultural Arts Commission's year-long film series. This season Cinema '72 will emphasize contemporary European movies as well as outstanding films from other production centers. As in the past, there will be several week-long festivals. This year the series includes a week of East European cinema, a retrospective of the underground/experimental film, and a portfolio of the Italian director Federico Fellini.

The professional quality of the opening feature, the political thriller Z, is a considerable change prior to 1962, when the Film Series began. Joseph Ohalla, an undergraduate then, talked with Dr. Donald Costello about the lack of any "film consciousness" of the Notre Dame student body. Dr. Costello and Ohalla formed the "Student-Faculty Film Society" and offered during its first year winning movies of the International Catholic Film Office. The second year the Society screened comedies while the following season featured one film each from the great international film directors.

That year brought for the first time to the campus important movies by leading directors, like Fellini and

Bergman. By the '66 and '67 seasons, the profits from the series bought film equipment to be used by undergraduates. The filmmakers called themselves the "Notre Dame Film Society" and have continued through this year.

The Film Society provided a training ground for students who were interested in making movies, an opportunity which otherwise would not be available since the University did not then offer courses in that field. Five of the students in the Film Society received fellowships to film schools because of the experience provided by the Film Society. Several undergraduates have since then entered careers involving cinema including teaching, production, and criticism.

One of the most ambitious of these undergraduates is Bob Haller who edited two magazines concerning cinema while he was an undergraduate. Also when Haller was at Notre Dame he founded *Film Heritage* which he now publishes in Dayton, Ohio.

As in the preceding years, Cinema '72 features the best of contemporary as well as past cinema. For instance, next weekend Cinema '72 will screen the 1937 French classic *Grand Illusion*, and then it will follow

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# cinema'72 the year of the film

with Alain Robbe-Grillet's *The Man who Lies*. Lies is Robbe-Grillet's third film which was produced in 1968; his first film, L'Immortelle, was here last year as well as Resnais' Last Year at Marienbad whose script was written by Robbe-Grillet. Concluding that week is the Belgian-Polish film Le Depart which is directed by Jerzy Skolimowski.

Also as in the past, Cinema '72 screens a variety of styles, settings and outlooks.

In mid-November will be Cinema '72's first such festival featuring a variety of East European movies. The first one will be Zbynek Brynych's Sign of the Virgin; Brynych is a Czech who also directed The Fifth Horseman is Fear. Next is the Yugoslavian film, Love Affair, or The Case of the Missing Switchboard Operator. Affair which is directed by Dusan Makavejev is considered to be one of the most imaginative films made in East Europe.

Concluding that week will be the Bulgarian movie *The Peach Thief* and the Russian film *The Cranes are Flying. Thief* is written and directed by Vulo Radev and is set in a small village during World War I. The awardwinning *Cranes* is also about war and set during the last world war.

In mid-February the second week-long festival will screen a retrospective of the underground/experimental film. The first day will include such early classics as L'Age de Or and provide a basis for recent avant-garde films. This festival will also have two features: De-Palma's Greetings and Warhol/Morrissey's Trash. The rest of the week will consist of shorts like Campas Christi.

The third and last festival will feature a portfolio of Fellini. This includes his most important films: 8½, Juliet of the Spirits, I Vitonelli, La Strada and La Dolce Vita. Although Fellini's films have been here on campus, this will be the first time that one can see his development as a director.

"The most dramatic difference between the years preceding the founding of Cinema '62 and today," believes Dr. Costello, "is the sophistication of student

response." That is, the majority of undergraduates who come to a film screening consider the film medium as "a fine art" and not as a triffle. The entrance of Claudia Cardinale today is no longer, then, greeted with ten minutes of whistles and catcalls.

Film consciousness on campus will further expand next year with new courses concerning cinema including "Film Masters" taught by Dr. Costello and Dr. Stritch's "From Fiction to Screen." The latter will explore the script adaptation process. Also, during the summer sessions there is a film series run by the Department of American Studies.

Following the East European festival in November will be Ousmane Sembene's 1970 film *Mandabi* (*The Money Order* produced in Senegal. The second semester opens with *Destroy*, *She Said* written and directed by Marguerite Duras, the French novelist and playwright who wrote the script for *Hiroshima*, *Mon Amour*. Also scheduled will be Bergman's recent film *The Ritual* and Marcel Camus' award-winning movie *Black Orpheus* which is considered to be one of the most beautiful films ever made.

Other films for Cinema '72 are Passolini's *Media* and the Brazilian "Cinema Novo" film *Barren Lives*. Concluding the year will be two different kinds of film approaches: Godard's *Weekend* and Roberto Rossellini's *The Rise of Louis XIV*.

Although the Film Society was renamed "Black Maria," after the name of Thomas Edison's first movie studio in New Jersey, the series of films itself has kept the title Cinema and the graduating year. Cinema '72 has a wide selection of worthwhile films that otherwise would be missed by most students. Also, it serves as learning basis; after all, how many films have you really heard of in this year's list? All of the movies are first-rate and should be seen. Single admission is \$1. A Patron card (including all thirty films) is only \$6 and will be available at the door. Film is alive on campus, but its support depends upon the interest of the student body.

—Patrick Smith

# coming distractions

SMC Humanistic Studies Dept. and Dept. of Modern Languages again has the opportunity to present Erich Heller from Northwestern University. Heller is a renowned European literary critic originally from Prague, Czechoslovakia, well known for his articles on Thomas Mann, Rilke, Kafka and Bertolt Brecht. Two of his best-known works are "The Disinherited Mind" and "The Ironic German." Heller will discuss "Literature and Social Responsibility," Oct. 21, 8 p.m., in the SMC Little Theater.

The ND Law School's International Society will cosponsor with Dr. Kertesz, Prof. of Govt. and International Studies, Louis I. De Winter, Professor at the University of Amsterdam, Holland, Oct. 25, 8 p.m., Rm. 102 in the Law School. His topic will be "Private International Law." Also, Francesc Vendrell from the United Nations Institute for Training and Research will discuss the UN's activities concerning human rights, Oct. 28.

The Aerospace and Mechanical Engineering Depts. will present **Dr. S. F. Shen** from Cornell's Graduate School of Aerospace, Oct. 15, 3:30 p.m., Rm. 303 in the Engineering Bldg. His topic will be "General Circulation Problem; Some Fluid Dynamic Aspects."

The Peter C. Reilly Lecture Series will sponsor **Dr. Earl Muetterties** speaking on "Molecular Permutation Groups," Oct. 15, 4:30 p.m., Rm. 123 in the Nieuwland Science Hall.

The American Scene, a cultural lecture series at SMC, presents **Harvey A. Bender** from the ND Biology Dept., whose topic is "Genetics and the Future of Man," Oct. 20, 7:30 p.m., Carroll Hall, Madeleva Memorial.

The Black Studies Lecture Series on the Black Experience will present **Dr. Rita Cassidy**, Oct. 18, speaking on "African Resistance Movements" and **Dr. Wesley Daley**, Oct. 21, whose topic is "Black West Indians and Black Afro-Americans; The Relationship."

ND-SMC Theatre presents the **Duchess of Malfi** by John Webster and directed by Fred Syburg, Oct. 15, 16, 21, 22, 23, at 8:30 p.m., in O'Laughlin Auditorium. The O'Laughlin Auditorium box office will be open Oct. 15 through Oct. 16 from 4-9 p.m. Admission for ND-SMC staff, faculty and students: \$1.50. For further information, call 284-4141.

The Depts. of Modern and Classical Languages present **Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme** (The Would-be Gentleman) by Moliere, Oct. 31, 2 p.m., in the O'Laughlin Auditorium, a production in French by Le Treteau De Paris. For information, call 283-6625.

The Travelogue Series sponsored by the Lions Club of South Bend will show Welcome New Zealand by

Bob O'Reilly, Oct. 29, 8 p.m., in O'Laughlin Auditorium.

The Last Gasp Cinema sponsored by the SMC English and Religious Studies Depts. will present Two Daughters, the highly praised latest film by India's great director, Satyajit Ray, Oct. 15. Dutchman, still one of the best Black films, will be showing Oct. 22. Le Roi Jones shows America going to hell on a racist subway. Oct. 29, the Mexican film, Yance, portrays a perfectly beautiful myth of the human spirit. These films will be showing at 3:30, 7 & 9 p.m. Fridays in Carroll Hall of Madeleva Memorial at SMC. Admission: 5 films—\$3.50: Door—75 cents.

Cinema '72 of the Cultural Arts Commission presents Grand Illusion, Oct. 23-24, and Man Who Lies, Oct. 27-28, 7 & 9 p.m. in the Engineering Auditorium. The Cultural Arts Commission Performing Art Series will show Masculine/Feminine, Oct. 18, 7 & 9:30 p.m. in the Engineering Auditorium and Genesis IV, Oct. 30-31, in the O'Laughlin Auditorium at SMC. Patron cards will be available at the door.

The Social Commission brings Poco and Livingston Taylor for Homecoming Oct. 16, 8:30 p.m. in the Athletic & Convocation Center. The Athletic & Convocation Center welcomes Johnny Cash, Oct. 23, 8:30 p.m.

Tickets are available at the ACC box office for **Bobby Goldsboro and the Festival of Music** (featuring Chet Atkins, Boots Randolph and Floyd Cramer), Oct. 30, \$6.50, \$5.50, \$2.75. The concert is a benefit for the Multiple Sclerosis Fund.

Israeli Trio and Folksinger will perform Oct. 27, 8 p.m. in O'Laughlin Auditorium. Master classes and lectures will be given by the musicians for two days preceding their concert.

South Bend Symphony Orchestra presents **John Browning**, performing Beethoven's Concerto No. 3 in C minor, Oct. 24, 8 p.m. in the Morris Civic Auditorium. For information, call 233-3730.

SMC Music Dept. invites the public to student Recital Classes every Wednesday, 4:30 p.m., in the Little Theater.

Indiana University South Bend Theater presents George Bernard Shaw's **Arms and the Man**, Oct. 14, 15, 16, 22, 23, in the IUSB Theater, North Side Hall at 8:15 p.m. Matinee: Oct. 24 at 2:15 p.m.

The IUSB Civilisation Film Series will present films from the National Broadcasting System of Britain by Sir Kenneth Clark. **Protest and Communication** will be showing Oct. 20, 4 & 7:30 p.m., Rm. 126 in North Side Hall. Admission: Free. The IUSB Student Film Series will present the "Story of a Three Day Pass," Oct. 29, 9 p.m. in the North Side Hall. Admission: Free. The

University Choral Ensemble will perform Oct. 30 in the IUSB Auditorium, 8:15 p.m. Admission: Free.

The Music Lecture Series of Bethel College presents **Ernie Banks**, Oct. 22, 8 p.m. in the Goodman Auditorium. Banks, better known as Mr. Chicago Cub, hit his 500th home run during the 1970 season. His topic will be "Telling It Like It Is."

The South Bend Art Center, 121 Lafayette, will show The Shop on Main Street, Oct. 15, 7:30 p.m. in the South Bend Public Library, Schuyler Colfax Auditorium. "Recent Oils and Drawings" by Anthony Droege will be exhibited in the Main Gallery, Oct. 10-31. "New Works" by Thomas Fern will be displayed in the Local Artist Gallery, Oct. 17-Nov. 14.

The SMC Moreau-Hammes Galleries will exhibit **Photographs** by James Raymo through the month of October.

**SMC—Basement of Moreau** will be showing photographs by Pam Seifert, Oct. 10-28.

The **ND** Art Gallery in O'Shaughnessy Hall will exhibit Contemporary American paintings, drawings and sculpture from the Kalamazoo Institute of Arts, until Oct. 31; An Impressionist View on Paper—19th century graphics from the Lessing Rosenwald Collection of the National Gallery, Washington, D.C., until Dec. 12.

Exhibitions on the first floor of the ND Memorial

Library include: "Walt Disney Sketches," L. Frank Baum, "The Real Wizard of Oz," "College of Business Administration," "Polish Royal Documents and Seals 1309-1600." The second floor: "Fr. Anthony Lauck's Sculpture Exhibits." Foyer: "Maps of Poland 1615-1640."

The ND Architecture Gallery, open daily 8-5 p.m., will display a Total Environment House, "Cantilevered," a four-level structure designed to float among the Redwood trees which surround it.

Need protection? Learn **Karate** with professional instructors and coed classes. Call Mike Lilienthal, 510 Grace Hall, or 283-3702.

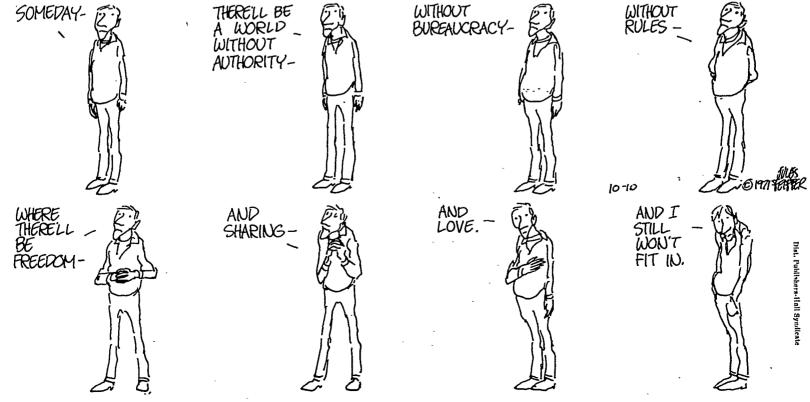
Free University and Dept. of English open an ESSAY contest to all students of SMC and ND. Essays may be on any literary topic. Class papers are acceptable. All entries must be turned in to the English Dept. or Student Govt. Office by noon, Dec. 3.

The Fighting Irish schedule on ND territory: Oct. 16, North Carolina, Oct. 23, Southern California, Oct. 30, Navy.

Vespers in the Lady Chapel, Sacred Heart, every Sunday through Thursday at 7:00 p.m.

DISTRACTIONS AND ATTRACTIONS. Want publicity? For information, call Cheri Weismantel, 233-1770 or contact the SCHOLASTIC Office.

-Cheri Weismantal



### movies

#### KLUTE

An adult suspense thriller evolving from a hick cop's plodding investigation of a friend's disappearance which plunges him into the world of New York's upperclass call girls. The cop (Klute) lives in Donald Sutherland's stellar performance despite the deadening script provided him. Jane Fonda has more to work with as Bree Daniels, the hooker involved with her own investigations of the psychological substructure of her occupation. In fact, the film's major achievement rests in its successful penetration beneath the usual Hollywood stereotyping of prostitutes and their special brand of clientele. Director Alan Pakula wisely relies most heavily upon a strong, well-integrated cast and thus saves his audience from the gimmick-ridden tedium to which they are so often subjected. His photography is effective but not spectacular. A usually captivating and believable film, Klute's credibility deteriorates at the climax which demands the apotheosis of Klute from hero to SUPERHERO. Here the script forces Sutherland to abandon the level of playable serious drama in favor of a degenerate melodrama. The resulting effect is unfortunate but not fatal.

### THE LOVE MACHINE

The pointless portrayal of the rise of Robin Stone (John Philip Law) from local newscaster to acting president of a television network via the bed of the former president's wife and that of (so we are told) anyone else in the world whom he desires. Woodenly acted and unimaginatively directed (Jack Haley Jr.), this atrocious and inexcusable rendering of Jacqueline Susann's literary (?) droppings into cinematic form makes mawkish, moralistic mouthings whose commentary on the perversity of America's television industry becomes commentary instead on the perversity of America's theatre audiences. The latter will, no doubt, turn Machine into a box office winner, showing that

there is always room for any artless vulgarity which panders to middle-America's imaginings of dirt beneath a glittery surface. Shun it!

#### **STEWARDESSES**

A blatant display of profit motive and ugly girls. Plotless, boring, sloppy (in one scene the mike boom is visible), with amateurish acting and "See Jane. See Spot run!" dialogue, this 3-D skin flick fails even to offer exciting skin. Of course, it plays daily to packed South Bend houses.

#### WALKABOUT

An engaging, allegorical tale which recasts the hackneyed theme of "civilized" man abandoned to the wilderness into acceptable contemporary form. An adolescent girl and her younger brother (Jenny Agutter and Lucien John), products of uppercrust Australian society, are the waifs abandoned in their country's backlands. Of course, they are rescued. An Aborigine youth (David Gumpilil), alone in a coming-of-age trial, befriends them. What follows is director-photographer Nicholas Roeg's visual celebration of the contrast between two life forms. He juxtaposes the freedom and harmony of the untamed world with the city's dissonant regimentation. We are given a straightforward criticism of the city man's death-bringing technology, joined with the pessimistic notion that one's existence is determined by birth — not by choice.

### THEATRES

AVON ART: Juliette de Sade (R)

COLFAX: Walkabout (GP) RIVER PARK: Klute (R) STATE: Stewardesses (X)

TOWN & COUNTRY: The Love Machine (R)

—marie and phil glotzbach

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### sports

# not as a

Being by some scale an athlete myself, I have found it necessary to examine exactly what it means to be an athlete and lead the life implied. This article and essays to follow are an attempt to verbalize just what is meant by the athletic life, and explain (in a way) why it is lived, especially in the context of a Christian university.

Possibly this could be called the philosophy of sports. I'll give that job to Plato and all who follow him. This is meant to be something personal, communicating to athletes and spectators experience and essence.

Mornings in Greece are as nowhere else. The sun is born to the day filled with all the purity that is light, and the sky, day or night, is the totality of blue that can only be the Mediterranean. The stony, clay, boulderine soil of the Greek mountains fathers only the twisting, knotted scrub remnant that is the Aegean tree, as if to show the power of the land through its rugged violence, a violence that is continued through the day in the unconquerable, unrelenting, and totally devastating afternoon heat. A violence whose only equal mercy is the view of the perfection of waters that is the Mediterranean, the infinity of stars that is the Greek night, and their union that is the Aegean Horizon at sunset.

The aura of permanence that is in the furrows of the Aegean hills as they slope to the sea shows the infinity of history that is Greece, the finite timelessness that is man. It is this setting that gives birth to the athletic heritage of Greece.

The Greeks found running to be the queen of sports; they strove at running, and all other sports, to steel their bodies and to increase their strength, so that they would be strong to defend their country and to fight for freedom. The Greeks crowned running queen because it involved not only the legs, but also the internal organs such as the heart and lungs along with the arms, chest, and stomach muscles.

The runners of the Grecian era were often depicted on vases and sculpture showing the short steps, raised knees, and long strides that were practiced in training. To increase the valuable stamina, runners had to practice intensively running on the spot, knee-bending, body-bending, body-twisting, and body-straightening. This type of grueling training prepared Greek runners by making them strong and tough for the ordeal of the race. This is why, in times of great danger, a great deal was demanded of the Grecian athletes.

One of those times was one of those days in 490 B.C. Greece, when the sensitive Greek morning was jarred awake by 10,000 Athenians and 100,000 Persians meeting for battle where "the mountains look on Marathon and Marathon looks on the sea." It was on this day at Marathon that the Athenian general, Miltiades, called on the famous runner-soldier, Pheidippides. Pheidippides was ordered to get help from Sparta against the approaching Persians. He ran without stopping for well over 100 miles from Athens to Sparta through inhuman heat and terrain, and in less than two days he was leading the Spartans on their way to the Plain of Marathon. He returned with the Spartans to fight with his countrymen in the Athenian army. His training proved to be of value while he, along with the Greek troops, advanced at a relentless running pace against the surprised and

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# dancing bear

terrified Persians, who, though far outnumbering the Greeks, were routed by the fury of the relentless running of the Greek attack, and were driven from the plain in headlong flight to their ships.

While back in Athens, the elders were gathered in the marketplace, awaiting the news that either meant safety or destruction for their city. When the Persians fled for their ships, Miltiades again called for Pheidippides and ordered him to carry the good news of victory with all speed to the city fathers of Athens. Though he had just returned from Sparta to fight as a common soldier and endure the heat and hardships of the day, Pheidippides tossed aside his shield, stripped himself of his armor and set off over the inviolable mountains toward the distant city. It was over 50 miles from the Plain of Marathon to the marketplace of Athens, but Pheidippides, spurred on by the good news ran doggedly up and down the punishing slopes. As he ran, his lips cracked, his tongue became thickly parched, and his throat burned dry with the dusty mountain air, while his breath came in the agonizing gut-wrenching stabs known only to athletes. His feet were torn and bleeding, but the Acropolis loomed in the distance drawing new fire out of the drained and exhausted spirit. He entered the city streets and crossed into the marketplace, his head pounding with hot blood beating from his knotted guts. As the dust from the streets formed into mud with the blood from his feet and legs, the elders of Athens heard a great and agonizing cry and saw the runner, glorious in his exhaustion, stagger toward them. "Rejoice! We conquer!" he gasped, gagging with his last shout.

His message carried, his goal attained, he fell to the earth of Athens and died. "Rejoice! We conquer!"

Probably everyone I have ever known has had his set of "Hamlet walls" to hide an ever-vulnerable soul from the scarring ravages of insensitive contacts. I am well aware of my own. Some, skillfully molded by my own hands and others, prefabricated by preordained images of the real. These are the walls, the parapets and caldrons that must be traversed for every examination of the human soul. These are the walls I would like to traverse here.

Athletics today has become an enigma. To some extent the purity of sport has been lost. Almost every manifestation of sports has become somewhat perverse with the institutions and bureaucracy making sports and the athlete into the problem it is today. From every angle athletics is coming under fire, often quite validly, but what seems to be continually tossed aside is, to me, an athlete, the essence of the problem: the athlete and the athletic experience. I would like to bring this experience from behind the brush that obscures it, and I would like to bring the "jock" from behind the walls and parapets and try to discover why someone with "the soul of a poet" becomes an athlete.

Possibly I could demonstrate that the athlete is not the dancing bear, but that "Saturday's hero" is really human flesh, not raw meat, that "Sunday's heel" is torn with tides of emotion, not savage rage, and that the person of the athlete is grappling with one of the most personally violent, self-imposed human experiences.

—george block

### the last word



I discovered this summer that there is no good way to drive from Nashville to St. Louis. (This is a contemporary article, so good means fast and easy.) My truck and I were determined, even in the face of that obstacle of obstacles, conflicting gas station recommendations, to overcome secondary roads and cattle crossings and arrive at our destination in record time. I was not interested in scenic America; my truck was determined that this bourgeoise attitude be punished. The record we did set would be the pride and joy of the "See America first" freaks.

On the way out of bourbon/coal country, right outside of Madisonville, Kentucky, this diabolical plotting bore fruit. Angered by my incessantly relentless driving, my loyal, '66, royal blue Chevy pick-up with aluminum hood, took its revenge. The water pump cooperated with the fan cooperated with the radiator in a well-executed act of defiance which left me sitting on the side of the road without even a white handkerchief to signal my distress. I sat for half an hour, at which point an old, beat-up Chevy pick-up stopped. ("Old" is in contrast to my shiny blue beauty.)

The older truck was driven by a horse trader by the name of Junior. Junior asked what was the matter; being the mechanical expert that I am, I told him that, since steam was pouring out of the hood, I believed my truck needed some water. Junior returned in his own good time (an hour later) with a can of gas. My truck laughed. I mean, I'm nervous about running out of gas, so I already had a can of gas in the back. Junior was apologetic, as horse traders go, and he offered to look at the engine; he was quick to notice that filling my radiator with water would be hopeless indeed until someone welded the thing back together.

I was filled with a horrible sense of desertion as Junior and I set out for Madisonville and a welder. Very few welders across the continental United States are open at 4:30 on a Saturday afternoon; none of them work in Madisonville. I became very upset; things like that shouldn't happen to anyone who has just quit smoking. Junior recommended a tow-truck; tow-truck owners recommended a fee of twenty-five dollars.

... Junior and I ripped off a tow chain and did it ourselves for free. Junior deposited us (my truck and me) at the first motel we came to — the one with a sleepy bear. He reassured me that he would call the next morning and see how we were doing. I went in to register, complete with sobs and accompanying sobstory. The woman at the desk gave me the name of her mechanic and said he might be able to help. I tried to call him all night (she forgot to tell me he was a

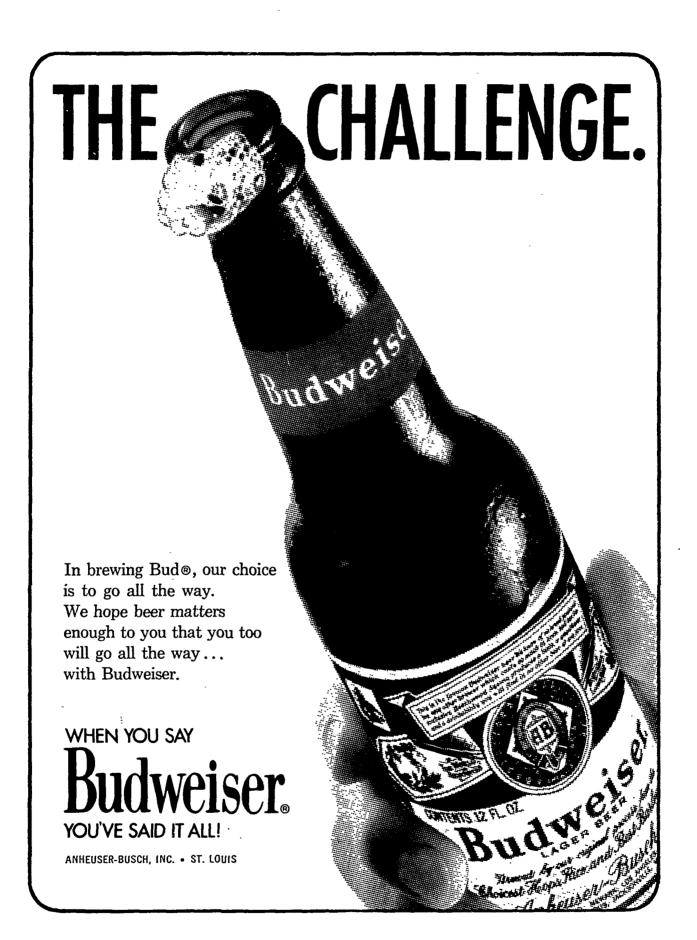
third-shift coal miner) and consoled myself with longdistance calls for sympathy and money.

I reached Robert (the miner-mechanic) Sunday morning; a kid answered the phone, so I figured Robert must be respectable. By this time I knew the intricacies of my truck's distemper and he agreed to come over and look at it. He even brought his kid with him, and my faith in the nobler aspects of procreation overrode the fact that the whole job would be cash, no receipt (Robert was not overly fond of paying taxes). It was just one of those situations that leave faith and hope as the only alternatives. Robert even thought that he might be able to finish it by Sunday night. He returned later in the afternoon to remove the butterfly-smattered radiator; Junior stopped by as the radiator was being examined. The two men exchanged a few words regarding the welders Junior had spoken to; Junior couldn't remember exactly which ones we had called. My horse-trading friend pulled me aside with an admonition that since Robert was young and looked suspicious, I would do well to be on my guard. With that, Junior left.

Robert suggested that the conspiring members of my truck be replaced with more amiable ones — to be obtained at his brother's junk yard. He returned an hour later (minus kid) to take me to the junk yard. In the course of the forty-minute ride through mining territory, Robert noted that anyone who couldn't remember the name of the welder must have his mind on something of a different nature than truck repair. There's nothing quite like being warned by both sides. The junk yard yielded a fan and a water pump and a radiator with the hose connection on the wrong side — \$20, thanks to Robert.

On the way back to my motel, Robert gave me a tour and some historical notes of Madisonville. He drove gingerly through "nice" neighborhoods with \$50,000 houses and elaborate country clubs, and spoke of them with a mixture of awe and disdain. I was kind of glad Robert had never seen my parents' house, though I think he had some pretty strong inklings. As it worked out, the "new" radiator didn't work, so I had to wait until Monday morning to get the original one welded. Robert took care of it; he asked for the other radiator in lieu of any payment. He taught me how to put the parts back into the truck, and showed me something about engines and how to work on them. He left me his address and asked me to let him know if I arrived all right. It's quite a ways from Nashville to St. Louis.

—Mary Ellen Stoltz

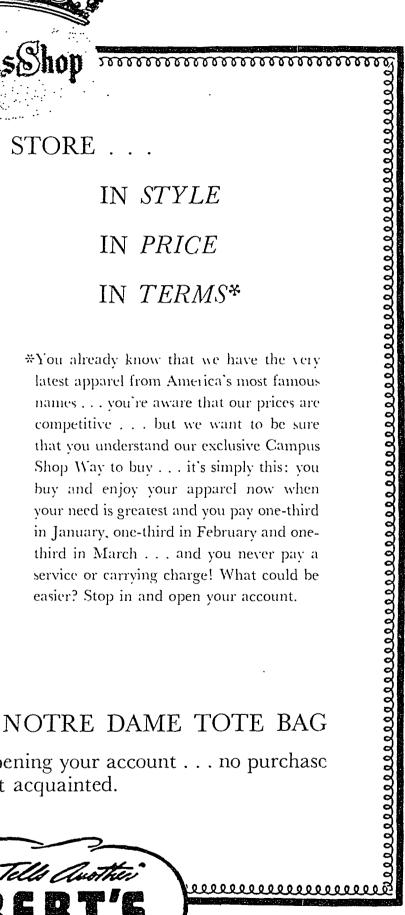


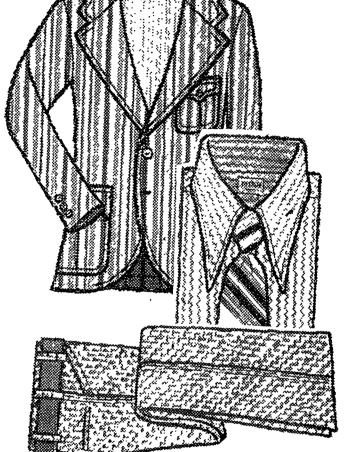


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