

The Fall Season



the **scholastic**

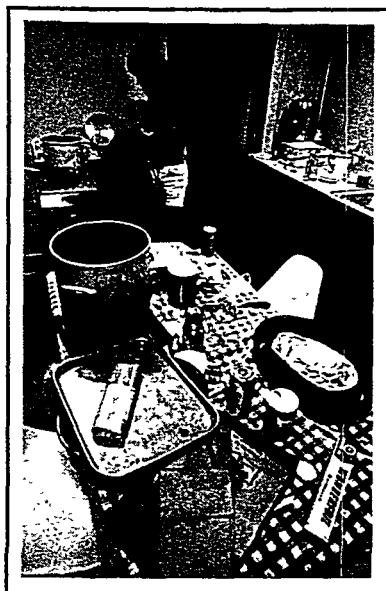
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analyses

The Pied Piper

Teaching music to children who can barely read—perhaps not at all—can precipitate a crisis in pedagogy. Complex written expressions of tonality and rhythm appear bewildering to the young child while what they represent is just as often difficult to relate to experience. A method intended to surmount these barriers by relating music to a much larger realm of personal experience was the topic of a music department

workshop at Notre Dame this summer.

The workshop was conducted by Fran Margeson, a music clinician from Boston, Massachusetts, who has worked extensively in America with the Kodally/Orff techniques of music education. Her success in reaching children with and through music has solved problems of learning difficulties, reinforced academic learning, and made possible exciting

and satisfying experiences for her pupils.

The Kodally/Orff concept of elementary music education originated with a series of techniques developed in Europe during the early sixties. At the root of these techniques is an attempt to intensify perception while preparing mind and body coordination for musical expression. Exercises in a Kodally/Orff class include rhythmic speech accompanied by body movement, singing games, hand-clapping, and other forms of musical expression through the primary source of the body. Only when discipline at this primary level is acquired do pupils expand into instrumental music, usually played on true-tone bar instruments such as the xylophone or glockenspiel. Drums and basic-tone instruments are used as well. What is sought is genuine musicality, the instinct behind creative musicianship. The benefits from this liberal program of music education go beyond the immediately musical, providing foundation training for activities as diverse as poetry, through rhythmic verse, and physical education, through the increased coordination acquired. By means of a literal immersion in music, the method reaches the individual psychology of the pupil at the common source of musical appreciation and expression.

The effect of all this is to make music irresistible to the pupil so that his response to music becomes a total one. Not only does he become more competent musically, but he grows in personal confidence as well. An elementary musical foundation given early prevents barriers to musical expression from arising and paves the way to greater achievement.

Dr. Biondo, Summer Head of the Music Department, explained that workshops of this nature are most practical in one summer as "mini-courses" because teachers are available to take one class, and programs of a week's duration are easy to schedule at that time. Nationally, teachers from preschool through university levels with backgrounds in classroom teaching, music teaching, special education, and physical therapy are enrolling in workshops like Mrs. Margeson's.

—j. f. pauer

letters

POWER TO THE PICKLE

Editor:

Upon returning to the campus this weekend, we, the undersigned alumni, uncovered an insidious plot of student repression. *The pickles have been removed from the Huddle!* Students, beware: if the management succeeds in this demonic design, more suppression will follow. Already the prices have gone up, and

in the absence of pickles this is hardly justifiable!

We urge you to assert your rights and demand the reinstatement of those savory slices—after all, pickle eaters never turn to harder drugs.

Yours in kosher dill,
Julie Rak
Moran Mirchandani

Inherit the Smog: Habeas Toxicum

With the pollution problem reaching tremendous proportions at the turn of the decade, plus an increase in public awareness of the problem, it has become necessary to develop new and more efficient measures to combat air and water pollution. One major problem in this fight has been that the lawyer and the engineer, instead of combining their energies against polluters, have worked more or less independently. The result has been harmful to effective pollution control. The Department of Civil Engineering and the Notre Dame Law School are very aware of this communications gap and are making an earnest attempt to reduce it.

Three semesters ago the Department of Civil Engineering began research in water quality and the effects of foreign material on water. With the maturing of the program, air pollution was brought in as well; thus the study of pollution took on

a highly technical perspective. However, after a careful consideration and examination of many facts concerning why air and water pollution is so prevalent, it was realized that even a good engineer could not be expected to look at the problem from a legal point of view. Nor could the engineer expect the lawyer to deal with pollution in a legal manner without first taking a great deal of time to study the particular quantitative aspects of a particular pollution case. This serious problem created the need and brought into existence the program of cooperative efforts between the Civil Engineering Department and the Law School, an attempt to make lawyers reasonably adept in the field of quantitative pollution study, as well as to bring engineers within the realm of laws governing and involved in pollution control. The program headed by Dr. Donald Linger of the Civil Engineering Department, is twofold, with the

current semester serving as its starting point.

The initial part of the program deals with water pollution. It enables the second-year law student who has sufficient scientific knowledge to take courses on the environment in the College of Engineering. He would thus have a major in law, and a minor in Environmental Engineering. The same is of course true for the Environmental Engineering student, who could work toward a minor in law with concentration on pollution control.

The latter section of this coordinate effort, dealing with air pollution, is more sophisticated at this time in that it allows the law student, again with a scientific background, to earn a *bona fide* master's degree in Environmental Health Engineering, so named to imply that health is its primary purpose, along with his Juris Doctorate.

The repercussions of these qualified people working to control pollution will be felt for quite some time. The amount of speed with which they will be capable of operating could be most beneficial in avoiding unnecessary delays in prosecuting polluters. In the future, this group of individuals could very well replace Nader's Raiders as pollution fighters, as they would have a larger and more involved understanding not only of the qualitative areas of pollution, but also of the quantitative engineering processes necessary to solving these complex problems.

To facilitate instruction, intense summer programs are planned for the Environmental Health Engineering candidate. After completion of the first year in the program, students will be placed in appropriate air quality control agencies; thus they will gain practical experience in the process of controlling air pollution and hopefully will now contribute to the agency's endeavors. The second summer research program is directed at getting the E.H.E. student out in the real world of pollution regulation. Among programs under consideration at this time include the development of an effective ordinance for air quality control for a local government, as well as the study and cures for pollution from a stationary source, such as a fossil-fuel-fired power plant. After the completion of each individual summer, the student's activities will be subject to an evaluation by both law and engineering personnel, who will listen to presentations and will examine the materials compiled by the student.

Installment of this program is a monumental step in the fight against pollution, for an individual trained and experienced in Environmental Engineering and Law is really capable of dealing with the increasingly difficult problems presented by the increase of industrial and home pollution. Only by combining these two fields will the problems be solved effectively. What were once very different and divergent areas are now shown to be highly related and dependent upon each other with respect to contamination of the atmosphere.

—mark wenig

Student Suffrage

Last July, members of the community of Notre Dame faculty united in an effort to register local voters in hopes of bringing out more support for their candidate, Democrat George McGovern. Over fifty volunteers worked as registrars in parks, shopping centers, theater lines, rock festivals and concerts. Later they carried the effort into a door-to-door campaign. Their object was to bring out the McGovern vote, but they registered anyone in spite of affiliation.

Working in conjunction with the Faculty for McGovern people is the Voter Registration on Campus Committee, headed by Floyd Kezele. According to Mr. Kezele any student not already registered can decide where he wants to vote but he warns that in some instances they may not be able to register by mail. For assistance on this and other questions on registration, Pam Sayad in the

Law Building is offering an information service.

At present anyone wishing to register to vote in Indiana may do so at the Institute for Urban Studies located in the Rockne Memorial Building. Also available at the Urban Studies office will be information on absentee balloting. September 23 is the on-campus deadline. Students failing to register by then can still be registered through October 10 at the county courthouse.

Within the next week the faculty and student organizations hope to have volunteer registrars on duty in every hall and in public places all over both campuses.

Anyone wishing information on registration or wishing to offer their services can call the office of Urban Studies at 1112.

—joe runde

Celluloid Celebration

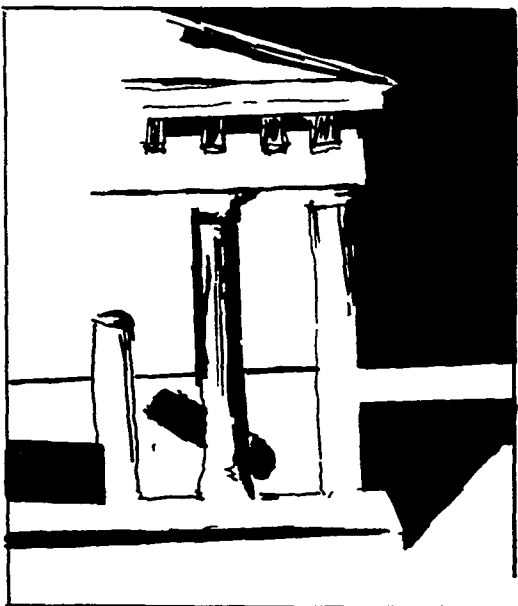
In a somewhat frugal and economic-minded time, the College of Arts and Letters has made a purchase for which money could not be considered as an obstacle—Kenneth Clark's exceptional Civilization film series. It is a 13-part film series tracing Western man's cultural development from the birth of a Christian civilization at Charlemagne's coronation to the birth of technology in the 19th century. Each excerpt touches on significant achievements of man at specific times during his ages of growth. The series captures, in a way no history book ever could, the cultural evolution of Western man.

Written by British historian Lord Kenneth Clark of Saltwood, considered Great Britain's unofficial minister of culture, the series has

won a name for itself as "one of the most significant cultural events of the last decade." Produced by the British Broadcasting Corporation, *Civilization—A Personal View* premiered for American audiences in the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., where it was attended by thousands. Presentations of the extraordinary film series were also made on public television, underwritten by the Xerox Corporation.

The College of Arts and Letters is now in possession of this film series, and is preparing to offer it for viewing by faculty and students alike. The 52-minute, full-color presentations will begin on Monday, September 18, and will be shown on successive Mondays and Thursdays at 3:30 in the Engineering Auditorium.

—pat mc cracken



week in distortion

MY BACK PAGES . . .

You perhaps remember Father Julius Nieuwland, the inventor of the Science Hall, the man who said, "A gentleman is someone who knows how to play the saxophone but doesn't."

Yes, you remember. But did you know of the good Padre's literary leanings? From the Winter 1899 SCHOLASTIC we have the following:

Another year has gone for aye,
As a raindrop in the evening gray
That falls upon the stream below
Is lost forever with its flow
Where waves of boundless ocean
sway.

Some flowers bloom no second day;
But once they glow in the morning
ray:

So many a heart shall never know
Another year.

Death plucks the rosebud on his way,
And lets the wilting blossoms stay
To waste their fragrance where
they grow.

Us too, He fain would take,
although
The recording angel grants delay
Another year.

THEY SAID IT, WE DIDN'T

A newspaper writer noted in an article appearing last Friday that "the coming of coeducation prompted some star gazing on the part of the Administration and after prodding many spoke favorably of the future." We can't speak for the Administration, but our own low-level probe did find some "star-gazing" on the east side of Howard Hall.

MIRACLES OF MODERN SCIENCE

A number of researchers have recently emphasized the fact that powdered charcoal adsorbs and serves as an antidote for arsenic, strychnine and kerosene. It has no effect on alcohol, however.

Ever check out the pepper shakers at Eddy Price's?

EQUAL RIGHTS FOR HIMICANES

Meteorologists, perhaps seeking to avoid high pressure (from females), have announced the discovery of the neutercane, a storm occurring at the border of the temperate and tropic zones. A tropical storm (hurricane) forming at this boundary can be transformed into a neutercane by a frontal storm or cold air mass invading from the temperate zone. Ever solicitous of aiding our brethren in the public information fraternity, the staff has compiled a list of suggested names for neutercanes to correspond to feminine appellation assigned hurricanes: Billie, Bobbie, Chris, Jackie, Jamie, Leslie, Marian, Pat, Jean.

We wonder also if pressure from liberatedds could convince weather people to designate the invading air mass as a "himicane" . . . perhaps named Don Juan.

DRUNKEN DRIVING CAN BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH!

The president of Zambia, concerned about that nation's rising number of traffic fatalities, recently signed a bill mandating weekend imprisonment for drunken driving.

By African standards, this isn't too harsh a penalty. In South Africa, people convicted of drunken driving are executed by a firing squad.

THE POOR MAN'S TOILET PAPER

A South Carolina service-station owner has found a new use for corn cobs: He cleans his customers' windshields with them.

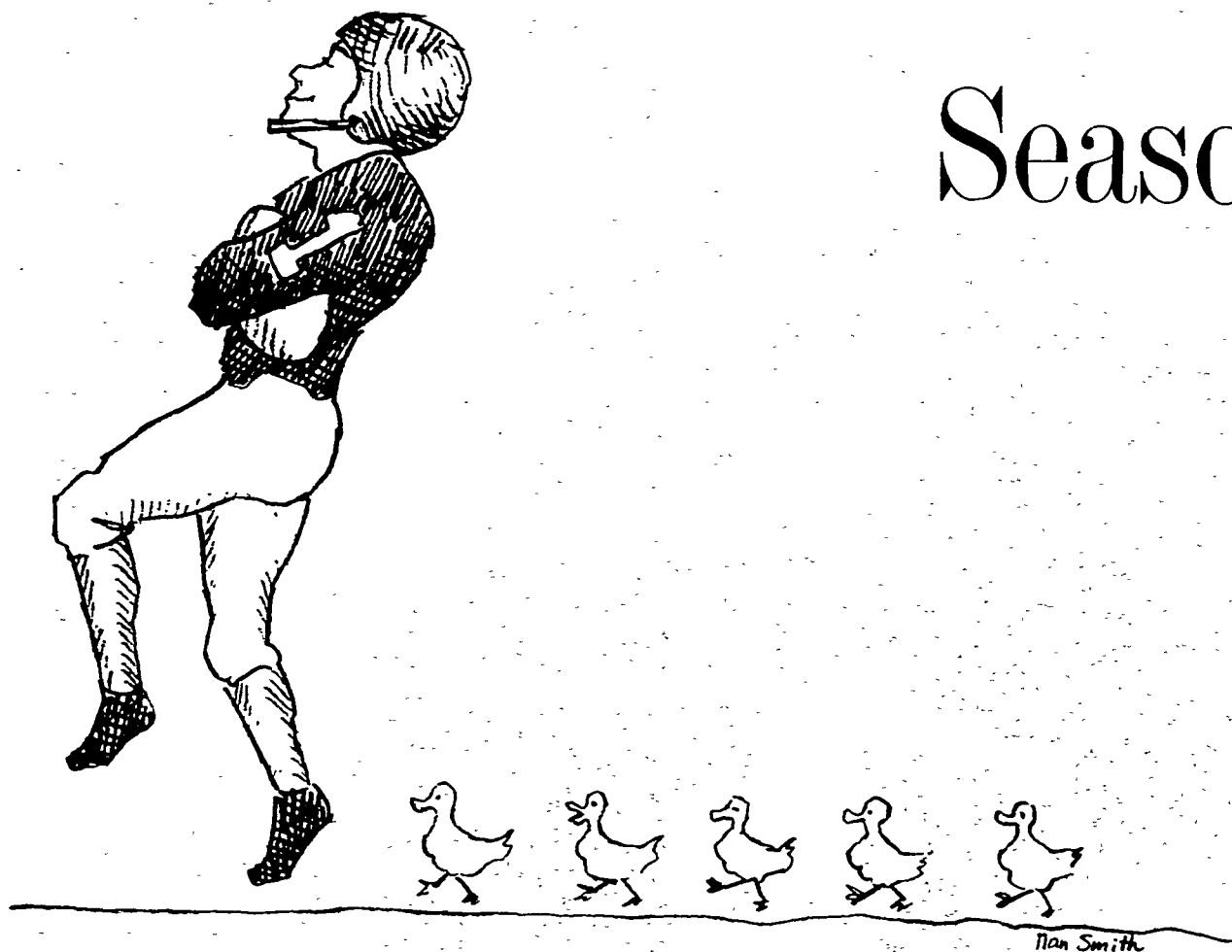
He noted that, when soaked in a cleaner, the cobs are the easiest method of removing auto stains. "It takes a lot of rubbing with a regular rag to get a windshield clean, but you can do it swiftly and easily with a corn cob."

Farmers have known that for years.

The Scholastic is pleased to announce the revival of the "Week in Distortion" column, rising from the ashes of pages past. The column will appear as a regular feature, perhaps.

The Fall

Season:



Is There Enough Skin on the Pig?

"... and when you hit 'em, cut 'em down like a sack of wheat ..."

—Pat O'Brien as Knute
Rockne in "Knute Rockne:
All-American"

Break out the Johnny Walker and Cutty Sark, put on the headphones full blast, swallow your tongue, roll your eyes and curl into a loose yet supple ball; it's that time of year again.

More hip than Hoosier hysteria! Better than Woodstock and twice as good watching it in your room. It's that once-a-year cornucopia of collected concerted craziness: football season.

SEE! Carloads and carloads of contributing alumni descending en masse upon a sleepy little river town and turning its northern end into the world's biggest parking lot.

SEE! Hundreds of comely coeds dressed to the teeth and hear them ask, "Is that one Sorin?"

BUY! Hot dogs, hamburgers and cold coffee while listening to a heavy rock group on the north quad.

BUY! Buttons, bumperstickers, banners, baby shoes, blankets, bras, baseball caps, beach balls, golf balls, rosaries, handbags, holy water, towels, tee-shirts, tequila, pictures, pennants and panty hose all emblazoned with the big ND insignia.

SHUDDER! At the sight of students exchanging their loyalties, spiritual lives and season tickets for the great god green.

WATCH! As twenty-two of the finest athletes in the country bump heads, ruin knees, and separate shoulders for the sake of ABC sports and their national advertisers.

In spite of the absence of our regular sports writer, who is in Munich covering the Olympics, the SCHOLASTIC, by a devious redistribution of responsibilities, continues in our tradition of quality sports coverage.

—the editors

SEASON FORECAST

Legend: (H)—Home Game
+ — Did not play in 1971
* — Night Game
\$\$ — National T.V.

NORTHWESTERN (7-4) (Sept. 23)—Head Coach Alex Agase admits, "I'm going to have to temper my optimism with realism. This has got to be a rebuilding year." You tell 'em, Alex baby. Fact is, any year that you open with Michigan and Notre Dame is going to be pretty tough. The Wildcats lost eleven starters through graduation, including hotshot All-Big Ten quarterback Maurie Daigneau, who's now pitching pineapples for Trinidad of the Caribbean League. The student body must think that they're pretty cool, voting to change the team nickname to the Purple Haze (but the trustees, none of whom are very into Hendrix, vetoed that idea). Phooey on them, too! Agase should recruit more tackles and less intellectuals. I hope we score a hundred points.

PREDICTION: ND 100, NORTHWESTERN 0,
HENDRIX ∞.

The Fall Season

PURDUE (3-7) (Sept. 30)—This game should be a good one for all you weirdos that sell your check-out passes to little kids for five bucks a shot. Last year the Irish won when the Purdue punter (now the White Sox center fielder) fumbled in the end zone, giving ND the game and Coach DeMoss a duodenal ulcer. This year the Boilermakers are loaded. They've got Otis "Super Flash" Armstrong, "Ramblin'" Darryl Stingley and an 800-lb. Bulgarian at right tackle. ND has the same guys from last week and a nearsighted field judge who's scared shitless of home crowds.

PREDICTION: ND 8, PURDUE 7 (But only if it rains)

MICHIGAN STATE (6-5) (Oct. 7)—"I was optimistic going into last season," says Duffy Daughtery, the Adlai Stevenson of college football, "but this time I think there is even more cause to be optimistic." Duffy and Ernie Banks should have their own talk show on the fine points of the frontal lobotomy. The old Dump just hasn't been the same since ND beat him out of a second straight national title back in '65 (or was that '66?). The Spartans have Brad "The Stud" Van Pelt at cornerback, some good-looking cheerleaders, and a bunch of nobodies behind center. I hope that Brad's gonna wear a face mask for this one. He's gonna need it. This game should be over by halftime or Ara's first Ford commercial, whichever comes first.

PREDICTION: ND 28, MSU 16 (Guys who drive Chevies should be so lucky)

PITTSBURGH (3-8) (Oct. 14)—In recent years, the Panthers have been to ND what Custer was to Sitting Bull.

PREDICTION: No comment.

OHIO STATE (6-4) (Oct. 21)—Woody Hayes, the ogre of the Olentagy, almost set a world record for sideline marker flinging during his Academy Award winning performance at the Michigan game last year. Besides this old geezer raving along the sidelines, the Buckeyes have about twelve All-America fullbacks, a coach for every position and a front line that makes the Minnesota Vikings look like an inter-hall team. They'll probably win the Big Ten title, the Touranment of Roses parade and the Super Bowl. Luckily, they're playing Indiana on this date.

T.C.U. (6-5) (Oct. 28)—What does TCU stand for?

NAVY (3-8) (Nov. 4)—The Middies haven't had a decent team since Jolly Roger "The Dodger" Staubach shipped out for Dallas by way of Viet Nam. The NFL sure beats slinging hand grenades but Navy isn't going to beat anyone. Basically, they have the same old junkies who blew last year's 24-23 showdown to Army, the other Eastern power. The best part of this game will be laughing at all the short hairs of the "new Navy."

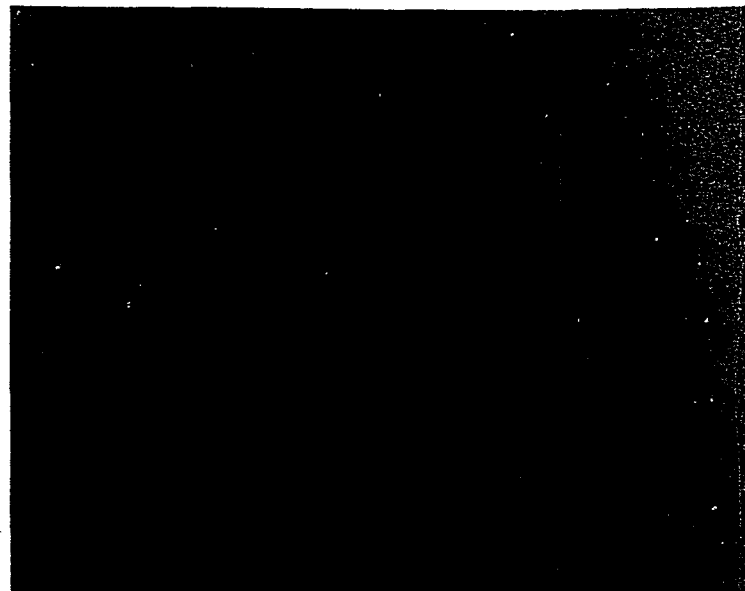
PREDICTION: ND 72, NAVY 6

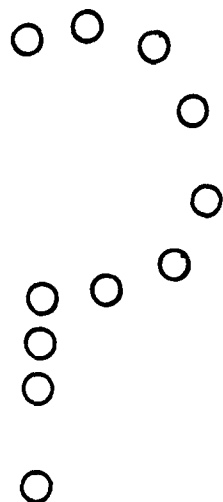
MIAMI (Nov. 18)—My schedule doesn't say whether this is Miami of Ohio or Miami of Florida but I hope it's the latter 'cause they're not as good.

PREDICTION: ND 27, MIAMI (O.) 26

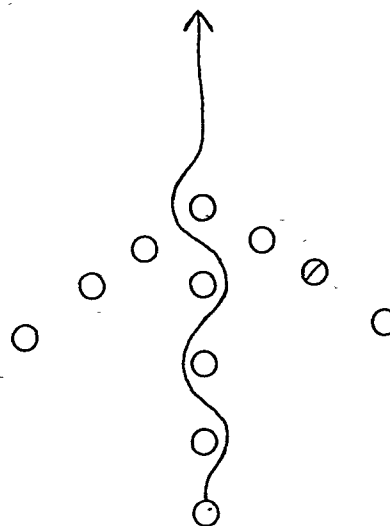
ND 27, MIAMI (FLA.) 0

SOUTHERN CAL. (6-4-1) (Dec. 2)—Don't pay any mind to Dan "Tequila Sunrise" Jenkins and those Alkies at *Sport Illustrated*, this is THE BIG ONE. Ara Parseghian drives his Thunderbird to the Levee. If everything goes our way, we've got a good chance to take 'em. Still, our guys will have a tough time running against the likes of Mike "the Blur" McGirr (6-5, 380), Mike "The Rock" Hawk (6-8, 350) and a hairy junior college transfer who trains solely on bananas. Can the Irish line push holes in this stout defense? Can the deep backs contain Edesel Garrison and Lynn Swann. Will we be able to pass effectively against USC's tough 4-4-4 stack? I don't know; you tell me. I'm tired of writing about sports; I wish a decent album would come out so I could review it. Oh well, see you at the Senior Bar. By the way, whatever happened to James McAllister?



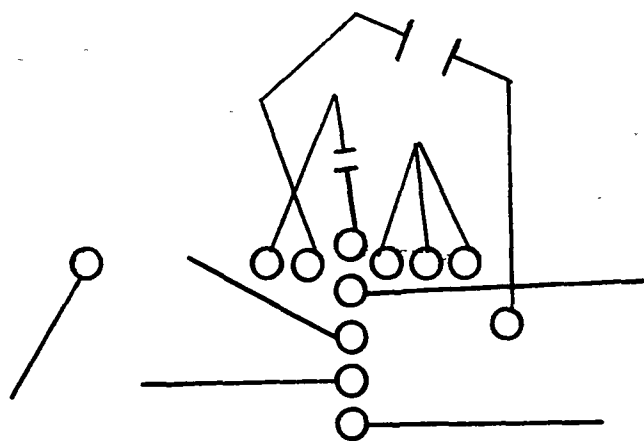


The Wham-Bam-Thank-You-Ma'am Triple Surprise: Ara had no comment.

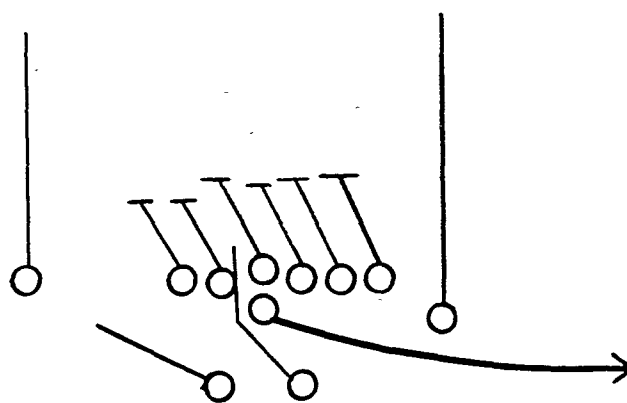


The Man-in-Motion: Innovated by yet another prominent administrator, this play goes neither left nor right but straight up the middle.

PLAYS TO WATCH FOR



The Shifty "T": Popularized by a distinguished administrator who shall remain nameless, this ploy (oops, play) depends upon the quick shuffle of key personnel for its execution. Anybody may go anywhere, even if they have tenure.



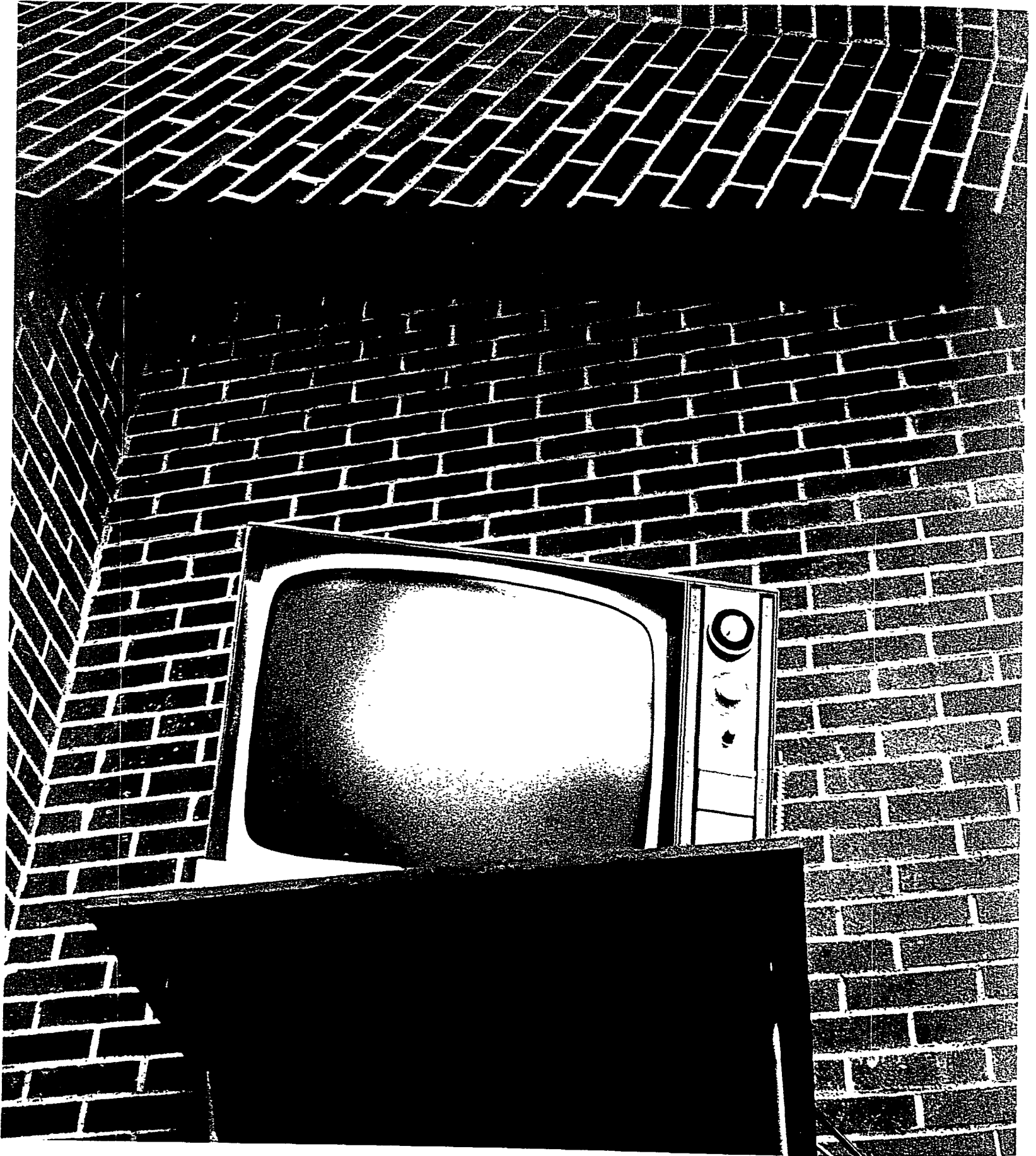
The Quarterback Sneak: QB fakes handoff to the LHB slanting into the line, both ends go deep and the line sweeps left while the QB rolls right and sneaks out to Corby's with his new SMC chickie-babe. QB loses chickie-babe to hippie type and ND loses game 55-0, with ten men.

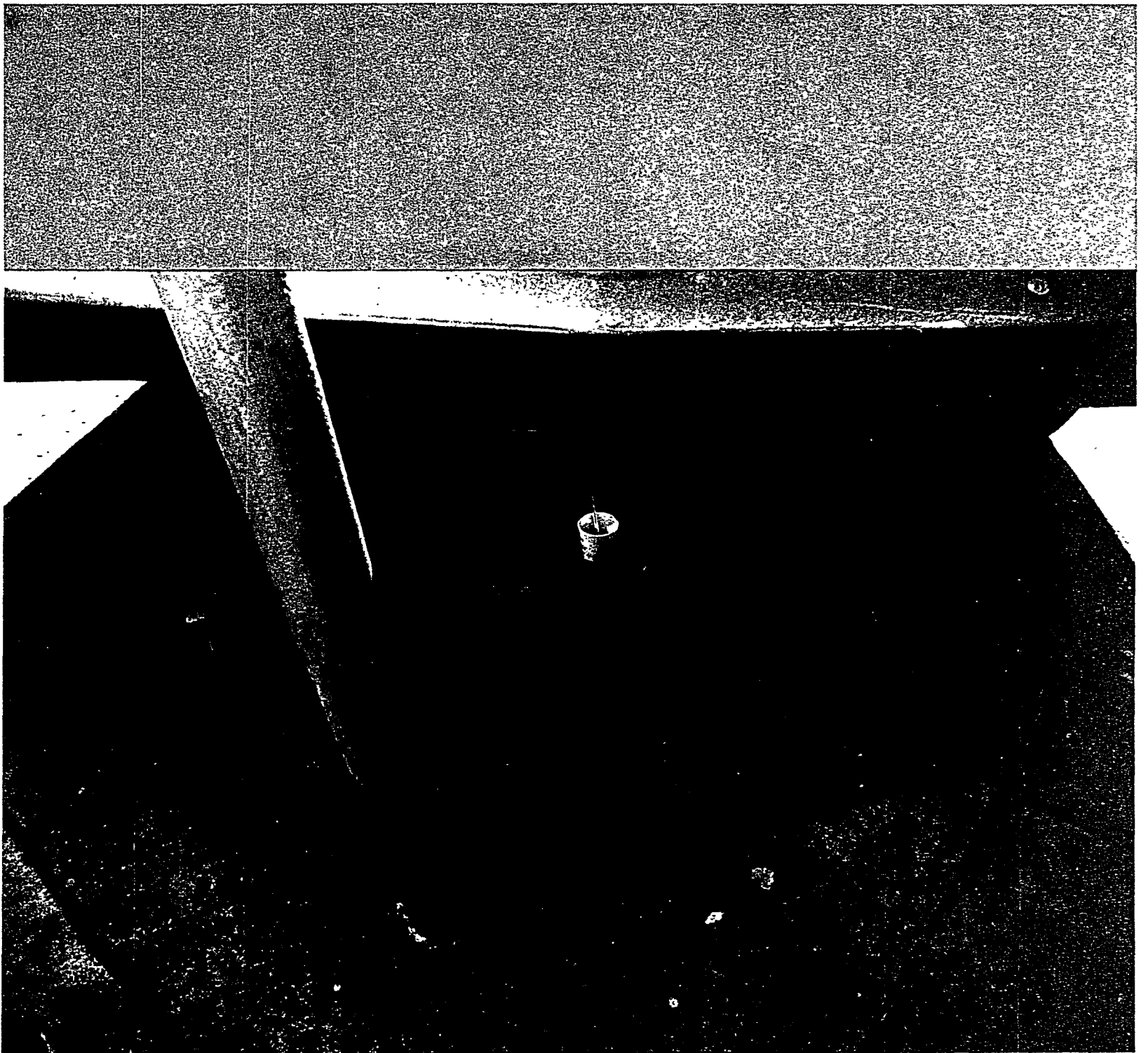
the MONUMENTS

& other photographs
at the akron art institute
september 16 through october









michael lonier

New Faces In Father Flanigan's

*No—no—I'd send him out betimes to college,
For there it was I picked up my own knowledge.*

—George Gordon, Lord Byron

AMONG the more interesting results of this fall's campus housing squeeze is the revival of Old College as a yearlong residence hall, a function the place must not have served since Sorin's time. Twenty-eight freshmen are living with four upperclassmen, an R.A., and a rector in the hip-roofed relic on the south shore of St. Mary's Lake. What is unselfconsciously emerging is a community life in a style always eagerly sought at Notre Dame. In fact, the Old College community seems to be working out so well that it is difficult to believe its formation was the "fortunate accident" by which its rector, Fr. James F. Flanigan, describes it.

Sometime during this summer, alongside proposals of housing students in mobile home units or at the LaSalle Hotel, it was observed that Old College could accommodate a portion of the overflow freshmen. This was thought a great idea, so when the office assigning housing approached the end of its rolls of incoming freshmen, two dozen odd names, many beginning with S and T, were assigned rooms at Old College. Fr. Flanigan, giving up the time-consuming post of rector of Dillon to assume administrative duties as Acting Associate Vice President supervising residence arrangements for all students, was only too happy to move into Old College. Here, he feels, he can just live with students while serving full time both as an administrator

and art instructor. As did many rectors, he sent letters to his incoming freshmen during the summer, advising them, however, of their slightly different situation. Freshmen and their fathers received this news with some concern since they could find no picture of "Old College" on the campus map. One of them supposed he might end up in a tent.

The archives list no architect for Old College. It was built sometime between April and August, 1843, a structure put up hurriedly to house the University temporarily since work on the planned college building—a forerunner to the present-day Administration Building—had to be postponed; inclement weather was lingering into the spring. (Possibly, the builder was unfamiliar with local climate.) Now the oldest building extant on campus—the present log chapel is a replica—the Old College, together with the original log chapel, once *was* Notre Dame. The native-clay brick "farmhouse" shielded Sorin and associates from the winter of 1843-44. The house was undoubtedly a luxurious advantage over the log building which featured a roof capable of admitting snowflakes. In 1844, Sorin moved students into the new college building. The house continued to accommodate a bakery and temporarily housed the Sisters of the Holy Cross upon their arrival at Notre Dame. The Congregation utilized the building for various purposes thereafter. In latest years, it has served as a place for special retreats and workshops. The Program in Nonviolence last year conducted a seminar at Old College.

Old College: Boys' Town

WHAT the current residents are realizing, especially the upperclassmen, rector, and his assistant, is that an opportunity for a very intimate sharing experience now exists on campus in a lifestyle alternative to that of a residence hall. From the time of arrival on campus, the freshmen, in a fashion entirely their own, made fast friends. A senior resident reported that every time a car would drive up with someone else, those who had already arrived would run out to greet and assist the new arrival. From the outset, there has been a spirit of sharing which has amazed the non-newcomers rooming there.

There is no typical Old College freshman. They are from all regions of the country—one engineering intent comes from Bombay, India. A far-ranging mixture of intents and interests, a surprisingly large number play guitar well. Someone plays trombone; there are a couple of trumpeters. Even those who are apparently not musically inclined seem to be trying also, as evidenced by a peculiarly pitiful rendition of taps coming from somewhere upstairs. Attempts will be made to develop common interests. Doug Kinsey of the Art Department has offered to conduct a group lesson class on the recorder at Old College. Perhaps other seminar programs of interest to the freshmen can likewise be implemented to augment regularly scheduled academics and to amplify community experience. If these plans work out, Old College may be accomplishing on a smaller scale what plans within the College of Arts and Letters were aiming toward a

couple of years ago. At that time the "Goerner Plan" called for a self-contained college to be formed in a building like Holy Cross Hall, where learning and residence could be integrally combined.

The sole coed at Old College is the Resident Assistant's seeing-eye shepherd, Molly, who is everyone's pet. Molly is most of the time a patient observer of the uproar of freshman life around her, watching arrivals and departures from her post in the R.A. doorway. However, she does seem to be fitfully impatient at hall meetings where the hanging issue is who's going to clean up the popcorn poppers in the kitchen sink.

Molly's master, Charles Kuebler, is a graduate theology student who, like many of the residents he and Molly assist, plays guitar very well. He realizes his role is hardly similar to that of most R.A.'s on campus. His "section" fills the house and has its own rector. Charles thinks that his own greatest personal asset is a powerful voice by which, if ever necessary, he hopes to be able to restore order throughout the three floors of Old College. Much of the time, he works at his desk in his room across the hall from Fr. Flanagan's, talking with the residents and their friends as they come and go, relaying messages if necessary, and generally keeping tabs on affairs.

A SPONTANEOUS sharing seems to compensate for the lack of big-dorm conveniences like Coke machines and food concessions. The rector's stereo is in the living

their first year experience is vastly different

room where somebody else, by his own impulse, has placed his color TV beside it. Beyond physical sharing, a sense of cooperative responsibility prevails. Someone (the rector has no idea who) has taped a sign to the first bannister post to remind everyone that laundry is to be picked up the next morning. The only appointed official seems to be the mail clerk, sophomore Jim Gresser. At the hall meeting, he explains that he is perfectly willing to assist by hauling small parcels from the post office and to take outgoing letters when he goes to pick up the hall mail. (The nearest mailbox is on the South Quad.) He stipulates, however, that Old College residents, like those in other dorms, must take

care of transporting large packages themselves. He humorously cites the incident of having to haul three huge bundles of braille bible for the R.A.

Natural leaders also emerge. Administrative problems of a large hall's council are unknown.

Rector: "We need plans for the dinner party for residents from Walsh."

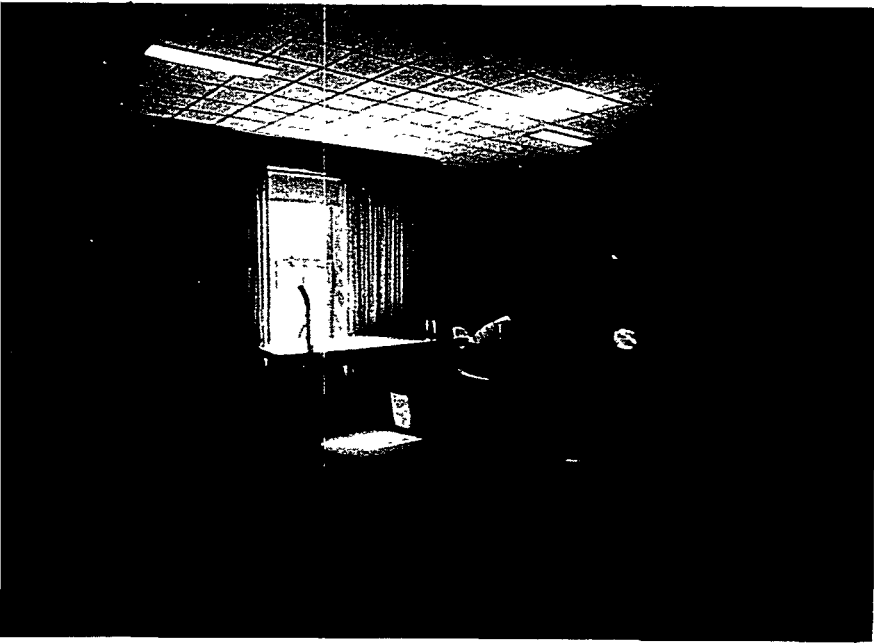
Resident 1: "How many?"

Someone: "Cooking for 60 altogether. How will we do that?"

Resident 2: "Not to mention any names, but his initials are Dave. . . ." (*laughter*)

Honored by his fellow residents for having some working knowledge of cooking, Dave now asks for three volunteers who come forward one by one and the matter is settled inside 90 seconds. Someone else is taking care of obtaining a volleyball and net for recreation. A couple of nights later, Dave is in Flanigan's office with a list of ingredients for spaghetti for sixty. Plans are settled on the spot for shopping the next day.

Old College residents are proud of their autonomy and cautious of patronizing attitudes from larger halls: "Invite us to their barbecues? Don't they know we're having our own party?" Some effort on the part of the rector was needed to convince some that they really couldn't field an interhall football team: "But we've got twenty-eight guys. . . ." One resident is incensed at the failure of Old College to appear in a newspaper listing of hall government districts. The rector assures him that they are included with the surrounding dorms.



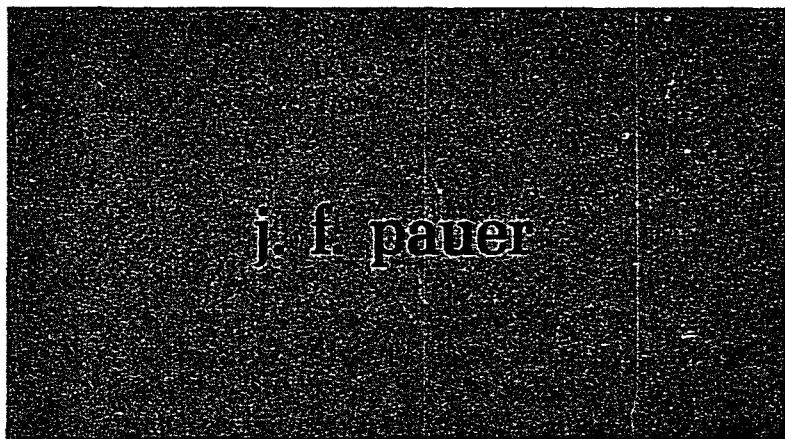


LIFE at Old College could be romantic and is potentially downright idyllic. The beauty of the Notre Dame campus is especially profuse at Old College, where one finds a rare abundance of the primitive. The ducks (endlessly fascinating to Molly) and fish are closer than residents of other halls. There is the placid lake, the grassy embankment sloping up past the basement to the log chapel, where Old College residents have their liturgy. A corner of the architecture building noses toward the setting, but in no way violates or imposes upon the rustic atmosphere. Probably no other spot on campus corresponds so favorably to the phrase "Notre Dame du Lac."

Freshmen living at Old College are becoming sensitive to the fact that their first-year experience at Notre Dame will be vastly different from the norm. Like most freshmen, they admire the upperclassmen, who in turn envy them for their particular good fortune.

Fr. Flanigan is reminded of what it is to have an all-freshman dorm, a phenomenon that faded with the advent of the stay-hall. Everyone can gather for popcorn and lemonade and they are content merely with this and their fellowship. As much a resident as rector, he finds that he must, as a rector, draw on his own earlier Notre Dame experience to adapt his role to the novel situation.

These freshmen will have a chance to grow naturally into the ways of their upperclassmen, without being thrust into a residence hall bent on "making them feel at home" at all costs. What will come after this year's growing is over, is still unknown. Perhaps next year housing will not be an accordion squeeze and Notre Dame will continue as before, or almost as before. Whenever and wherever they go, the men coming from Old College could be different from their peers, but far closer to what all of them are striving to become.



No Food For Peace

Mike McKale was graduated from Notre Dame last year with a degree in Theology; his years as a student here were characterized by his active participation in the Program in Nonviolence. He and a group of confrères have organized the Fast for Life. Further information may be obtained by writing New York Theological Seminary, 235 East 49th Street, New York, New York 10017. What follows is a letter in which Mike justifies his actions; excerpts have already been printed in several papers across the country.

I WOULD like to share with all of you a few of the thoughts I have had in the last months. I seek here not confrontation, for the times are long beyond that; rather I seek to share in my own way a little of what I feel as openly as I possibly can. I invite your response to this letter. I realize that I am open to all types of criticism so I would like to simply say that my primary concern for the last three years has been the Indochinese war. I have studied that war and all its many ramifications on several different levels: sociological, geological, ethical, military, psychological, legal, political, etc. I have worked to aid the victims of that war on both sides by helping to form RAP (Refugee Aid Program) and Student World Concern. I have talked with many government officials who first supported that war and now oppose it. I have talked with Vietnamese people who have lived with that war and all its horrors. I have worked with and counseled the real victims of Vietnam: the young who refuse to go and now sit in the prisons of America and the young men who did go and now sit unemployed, disillusioned, despairing and mangled in many of our cities. I have also worked with other American victims of the war: the poor at home whose very lives reflect the violence that we as a nation export, the imprisoned who are dehumanized in our punishment systems and finally the mentally ill, many of whom are the most sensitive among us—good friends, their only problem is that they are unable to understand the insanity and contradictions that exist around them. My work with Vietnam Vets and the mentally ill has particularly sensitized me to the dangers that we are creating by the environment that we manufacture around us.

I would like to explain why I feel that the fast I am about to undertake is necessary and consistent with my work over the last few years. The war in Vietnam is at its most critical stage and yet attention on it in America is at an all-time low in very many ways. In South Vietnam a state of martial law and military control exists. Humanist efforts by the Buddhists, the students and most recently a large number of Catholics working for peace have been totally suppressed by secret police, tear gas, suffocation gas, TNT, grenades, burning, prisons and torture. Hundreds of students have disappeared not to be heard from again. Many Buddhists have been killed or sent to prison. It is little known within this country that in South Vietnam there is a large non-violent movement that has fought for years to end American involvement and American aid to Thieu. The very government that we support is not supported by its own people. Within South Vietnam the people have organized strikes, returned business licenses, the presidents of large universities have resigned, professors and deans have refused to teach (40 professors at Hue University), there have been massive boycotts of classes and refusals to fight in the war. More publicized in the US are the acts of individual Buddhists who have been driven to protest through an act of supreme sacrifice, self-immolation. In the South, members of the clergy, laymen, even young students like myself have made this tragic and painful sacrifice for peace. American people often misunderstand and see self-immolation as an act of violence. To the Vietnamese it is quite the opposite. By accepting extreme suffering, one lights the fires of compassion and thus awakens the hearts of the people, as Jesus did. Two Vietnamese who immolated themselves for peace have especially moved me very deeply: Thich Quang Duc, a very peaceful and gentle monk, and Nhat Chi Mai, a very beautiful, young girl student.

There have also been many other painful sacrifices by these people. I shall mention only one other, the one most often used by Gandhi to communicate with the people—fasting. Thousands of Vietnamese, both as individuals and in groups, have fasted to end the war. To the Vietnamese, fasting is a form of prayer; it is used to purify one's heart and strengthen the will; or on another level it hopefully awakens the latent

awareness and compassion of the population. During 1966, the venerable monk, Thich Tri Quang, fasted for 100 days, deeply affecting the people of Vietnam.

IN December of this year the Congress of the United States will have been appropriating taxpayers' money to wage war on Indochina for 25 years, a quarter of a century. A young American like myself who was born then would finally be able to vote. His parents would have been paying taxes during his entire life to supply napalm and ammunition and to hire Vietnamese troops and other mercenaries. This same tax money has also gone to pay for the huge drug traffic in Southeast Asia run by some of the very generals whom we support. It is certainly a paradox that millions of Americans pay money in order that their sons can be sent halfway around the world to be destroyed by drugs. After having worked with and aided these returning G.I.s there is no way I can begin to explain to anyone the sadness, the hurt, the violence and the anguish that these young men carry with them. Close to 60,000 Americans have lost their lives and God knows how many are POW's, or how many have lost arms or legs or minds; this is all one standard of what an American will do for his country. There is another one, several hundred young Americans now live in the prisons of this country. They are also prisoners of war and there are many thousands more who have been under indictment because they felt it was their duty as responsible human beings to oppose this war. The time is long past when decent people can afford to be silent as the German people were silent during the Second World War. We can no longer ignore the fate of Vietnam. To close our eyes now is to ignore the responsibility of being human. It is to turn our backs on the judgment of history and indeed, of Almighty God. I dare say that we are in the middle of a very dark night. We as a people must claim the right of decency, honesty and humanity to reign over injustice and genocide. The Vietnamese war has now without any trace of doubt become what we have all feared it would: the absolute genocide of an entire people's way of life.

I believe that the use of American technology and Asian mercenaries, the increased use of American Air Power (the heaviest in history—bombs, missiles, napalm, defoliation, computer warfare) have reached such destructive levels that I can no longer ignore making a total response to this war. We are paying for and allowing another nation to be destroyed while ours is in need. Nixon has scheduled cuts for this year in Human Resources, Public Assistance, Education and Manpower, Health and Veterans' Benefits.

I believe that those who profess to believe in peace must be willing to risk at least as much as those who make war. The majority of Americans are against the war. But to voice an opinion involves very little personal risk; the real danger to persons lies in trying to stop the war. If we are not willing to pay as high a price for peace as others pay for war, then our peace-making is a prostitution of the Gospel message of love. My own particular witness comes out of a Christian background, and I firmly believe that a Christian

must be willing to go to the cross for his fellow men. I believe this is the highest act of love and faith. I believe that faith and trust are essential to any act of love and I see our fast as basically an act of faith and hope. I believe in the basic goodness of the American people, but I also believe that summer fun cannot exist at the price of the madness of bombs.

THERE are many who may respond with ridicule or criticism to this fast. I can respect this, but I must respond to it by stating that I can no longer worry about losing face, or job, or future, for when any of these are purchased at the price of the lives of thousands of other human beings that future existence is one that I could not live with. I believe that the way of peace, the way of a Christian in America in 1972 must pass through suffering to be reborn again in love and hope and life. I invite others to help us spread life. We have come to an historic moment in which we no longer have choices, we face the crossroads of violence and nonviolence, death and life. Those of us who believe in the possibilities of man working himself out through an incarnate God have chosen the values of truth and justice which are nonviolence and life. We ask others to begin to take their own lives seriously. My heart is filled with grief and pain at the absurdity of this war's death and violence. I see my country raining death on another people's culture.

I ask that men and women everywhere of goodwill and decency and humble respect for the laws of God and man might come forth and join with us in a mighty cry that would help save the land of the Vietnamese from any further destruction at the hands of the powers of death and violence. This fast will only have the power which those involved in it can bring to it as living and loving human beings. We ask for your support, each in his or her own way. We who fast have very little power. We have only our bodies, our spirits, and our desire for justice, peace, and good order among men. I am convinced that the truest act of love comes out of a personal witness for others undertaken in a totally nonviolent struggle for peace and justice. The death of God's children must stop. The way of violent killing violates all that is human and decent and sacred about man. It violates the "way of all the earth" that men must learn to live by. Please join with us on our path. We believe in another way, the nonviolent way of Jesus, which is the way of truth and of life. Life is sacred; help us to spread life and to end the death spread everywhere by this war.

THE time has come for all the American people to become fully conscious of their responsibilities to help end this war—*now*. Ours is a fast for peace, truth, children, decency and for all that is Life and all that is Yes to Life. Help us with your support and your actions. Come together now to help us end this war.

In the hope of Peace and Joy,

mike mckale

rhoad e t s i s

Joan Didion is a very fine and talented writer; whatever else she is or is not, this much remains clear. In the course of her career she has been variously termed, "an embittered woman," a "tough-minded bitch," and an "ardent feminist." Joan Didion has been described by one feminist as "the movement's first great novelist." In one of the publisher's blurbs on the jacket of *Play It As It Lays*, Gloria Steinem herself lauds Joan Didion, saying that "no one describes the plastic ironies around us with more clarity." "Us," in this context, presumably being the female sex, or, perhaps more precisely, that portion of the female sex who have indulged themselves in Ms. Steinem's particular mode of "liberation." Since its publication in 1970, *Play It As It Lays* has been generally received and overwhelmingly acclaimed as a feminist manifesto. And, of course, Miss Didion has received congruent critical appraisal as a "maker of manifestoes," a "long awaited voice," etc., etc.

Congruent, that is, until July 30, 1972. For, on that day, there appeared in the *New York Times Book Review* an essay by Joan Didion dealing with the literature of the Women's Movement. Surprisingly enough, Didion denounced the majority of this literature as a "clumsy torrent of words" that "became a

principle." She termed an alarming renunciation of style as "unserious." In general she condemned the development of the Movement for its lack of intellectual substance and its graspings after arithmetical equality. And, as is true with most of her essays, Joan Didion has a valid point. One gets the impression from some of the more active proponents of institutionalized feminism; in the "egalitarian marriage," for instance, a "liberated" couple confronted with eleven dirty pots might find the correct procedure to be to wash five each and throw the eleventh out the window. Such trivializations of an admittedly urgent social and political problem do belie a "directionlessness" and a lack of appreciation for the problem's profundity that is regrettable, to say the least.

Further, it would appear that the constituency of Joan Didion's "us" is a bit different from Gloria Steinem's. To wit: "To those of us who remained committed to the exploration of moral distinctions and ambiguities, the feminist analysis may have seemed a particularly narrow and cracked determinism." Ethical reflection? Moral imagination? Surely such terms must have seemed irrelevant, to say nothing of counter-revolutionary, to those feminists who have busied themselves calculating just how many meals it is that the

is dubious

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average American woman will cook in her average American lifetime. Didion also examined the current rage for innocence and "gentleness" à la Ellen Peck and concluded, with considerable wit, that "the derogation of assertiveness as 'machismo' has achieved such currency that one imagines several million women too delicate to deal with a man more overtly sexual than, say, David Cassidy."

The essay prompted the predictable deluge of letters to the editor, most of them righteously indignant, outraged, and anything but witty. Unfortunately for the Movement, they tended, on the whole, to confirm Miss Didion's pronouncement that the Movement has gone downhill, has become, in her words, "a symptom rather than a cause." Susan Brownmiller, for example, summed up her objections to these weighty charges with the enlightening proclamation that she, for one, would "take boots and blue jeans over manicured, Mandarin fingernails any day of the week." Nice. Now, I am not sure what "Mandarin fingernails" are, or even whether Miss Didion in fact has/wears (?) them; nor do I care. I do know that she is the authoress of a puzzling novel, *Play It As It Lays*, and I do suspect that it may be time for some of us to read it again.

Didion's style is taut, reminiscent of Hemingway:

"Why do you say those things? Why do you fight?"

He would sit on the bed and put his head in his hands.

"To find out if you're alive."

Her situations and characters are played off against this style. Maria Wyeth is a Hollywood personality, a sometimes actress and the ex-wife of movie director Carter Lang. The world she inhabits is decadent and ornate—the world of beach homes, cocktail parties, sleeping pills, *menage à trois*, and sundry other baroque goodies. Maria suffers under a radical sense of insecurity and is given to frequent periods of depression, which she attempts to relieve with high-speed freeway driving. Maria's dress and behavior are as eccentric and self-indulgent as the rest of the characters', if not more so. But, there is one crucial, distinguishing factor. Maria is compelled to think, is unable to stop thinking, is plagued by her need to consciously examine herself and her surroundings. Her flights on the freeway are futile efforts at extinguishing this consciousness. Her financial mismanagement, slovenliness, and generally irresponsible conduct are the result

of being dragged down by the weight of concrete reality. Maria's mind is like the novel. It is even fair to say that in the end the novel *becomes* Maria's mind. Together, they constitute a labyrinth. And Ariadne's thread is nowhere to be found.

Maria has a sense of living her deepest life underwater. She is incapable of kicking free from—is forced to live in painful recognition of—these "first elements," these unanswered and perhaps unanswerable questions. The same is true, *mutatis mutandis*, for the novel. There is in fiction an irreducible ambiguity, call it, as Maria does, "the hard white empty core." These recesses, both in the mind and in the fiction, cannot lend themselves to social idealism, feminist or otherwise, because they are hostile to ideology itself. One question, any question, left unanswered puts the lie to airtight programs for social revolution and makes necessary the painstaking intellections which Joan Didion has urged on the Movement.

Vincent Van Gogh, whom Miss Didion greatly admires, concluded his final letter to his brother, Theo, with this sentence: "You can still choose your side, acting with humanity, but what's the use?" Right on, indeed.

—dan o'donnell

Notre Dame's

Currently, the Art Gallery of the University of Notre Dame, located in the south wing of O'Shaughnessy Hall, is showing paintings, prints, and drawings from the permanent collection. The collection, largely the result of gifts, loans, and dedicated personnel of the university community, has become an integral part of the liberal arts education in the spirit of the philosophy of John Henry Cardinal Newman.

While the gallery has lesser known holdings, they are works of art with a value and importance that are almost unattainable on today's art market. Art History has increasingly focused its interest on styles of art that have been neglected hitherto either by time, scholars, opinion, or ignorance. Such works have been of increasing value because of their impact on major movements and artists. Minor artists have always been subject to primal evaluation. One may cite the Cleveland Museum of Art's recent show, Caravaggio and His Followers. Indeed, it was the 20th-century art historians who acknowledged Caravaggio as a major artist of his time.

As far back as 1850, when Notre Dame was nestled in its medieval surroundings in the hinterlands of

Kunsthaus

Indiana, an art gallery had emerged through professors, alumni, and others who had donated art works to be shown to the entire community. This small endeavor, initiated by an interest in the visual arts, gave birth to the present art collection. All of the paintings except one, attributed to Van Dyck, were lost in a fire in 1879. This statement suggests that nothing of great value or historical significance was lost as such paintings as a Titian and a Raphael appear in the records as being lost. That the University had acquired a Van Dyck, a Titian, and a Raphael is quite improbable.

In 1917, the President of the University, Rev. John C. Cavanaugh, purchased from the vicar general of Quebec, one Monsignor Marois, a collection of paintings which evidently in the course of time, had been obtained from the Braschi Collection of Rome. While the original Braschi Collection glimmered with famous artists, the identification of the 1917 purchase (74 paintings) was next to impossible, as over the years verification of the "masterpieces" had either become undependable, lost, or outright incorrect. Nevertheless, minor, but not artisti-

cally inferior painters, such as Andrea de Leone, Jacopo Vignali, and Francesco Allegrini are some of the few from the Roman collection that form the nucleus of the present collection.

Though the Braschi purchase was a bit of a disappointment because of a lack of anticipated great artists, it stimulated such a growth for the University collection that between the two wars it took up residence in the library under the name of the Wightman Memorial Gallery, in honor of a major donor. By 1925 the collection had acquired 240 pieces and had in its service four rooms for showing. Amusingly enough, this mass amount of paintings had listed in the 1934 catalogue such famous artists as Bernini, Caravaggio, Tintoretto, Peter-Paul Rubens, and Paolo Veronese. With quality *objets d'art* such as these, the gallery would have ranked among the world's greatest. Why travel to the Uffizi or the Louvre when one could go to South Bend?

The years 1951 and 1952 mark the major dates when the collection was given its present location. The earlier year designated when the Fisher

Collection of Detroit was given to the University. Among the Italian paintings from the collection are Raffaellino del Garbo, a wonderful portrait of Beatrice d'Este by Bartolomeo Veneto, Pollaiuolo, the school of Botticelli, and others. The 18th century was also represented—portraits by French artists Hattier, Tocque, and Oudry; a late, if not fun, romantic composition by Francois Boucher; and works by Romney, Gainsborough, Opre, Schall and others. The wonderful Fisher gift enabled the collection to be recognized as a vital organism of a liberal arts education.

In response to the growing collection and its importance, a new gallery was planned for the new College of Arts and Letters Building in 1952. The new quarters, which occupied an entire wing of the building, included a large gallery used primarily for continually changing special exhibitions. Four adjacent galleries in which other minor showings and portions of the permanent collection are rotated throughout the year. Concomitant to the new location, the name was then changed to the Art Gallery of the University of Notre Dame.

Slightly before the collection was moved, the University asked Hans and Erica Tietze of Austria to oversee and make recommendations for culling out works of inferior quality. The collection, neglected for some time, had needed expert and scholarly advice to bring up its qualitative standards. Those that did not make the critical analysis were eventually sold. At that time, also, the enormous problem of conservation and restoration plagued the main body of the collection. Under the direction of Mr. Alfred Jakstas, conservator of the Art Institute of Chicago, a program was inaugurated for eventual cleaning and restoring. The collection showed signs of indiscriminate overpainting, paint loss, dirt, and improper techniques of restoration, not to mention a lack of restoration of frames. The program of restoration has not only saved the loss of invaluable works, but has helped bring to life many works hidden by neglect.

In the years since World War II, the collection has had many significant donations. The Samuel K. Kress Foundation Study Collection has



added an impressive dimension of quality to the collection. Included in its gift are an excellent *Crucifixion* attributed to the Master of the Fabriano Altarpiece, works by Taddeo di Bartolo, and Gualtiere di Giovanni, all of which extended the University's collection into the Trecento for the first time. It must be mentioned that the Foundation also donated the first marble from the Renaissance, a *Madonna luctans*, by Giovanni Antonio Amadeo.

The present collection is weighted toward the Italian periods from the Trecento to the 18th century and in the 17th and 18th centuries of French, Flemish, and English painting. Quite notable in this group is Jacob Van Ruisdael's *Watermill*. Augmenting the Fisher Collection are a number of Baroque portraits, including excellent works by Ravesteyn, Merevelt, Luttichuys, Lely and several others. The 19th century brings forth a large sketch by Constable and an interesting group of American painters: Eakins, Inness, Scott, Carducius Lean, Beckwith and Blakelock.

Three Americans who have worked in the late 19th and early 20th centuries that fit suitably into the collection are William M. Chase, Edward H. Potthast, and John Singer Sargent.

The 20th-century section of the collection has grown in size due mainly to the generous donations of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Randall Shapiro of Chicago and Mr. G. David Thompson. It is from these collectors that the Gallery now has paintings representing such artists as Gottlieb, Karl Appel, Alfred Jensen, James Brooks, and watercolors by Hechel, Nolde and Pechatein. Without these initial donors the collection would probably not have gained access to such works by Ben Nicholson, Joseph Cornell, Pierre Bonnard, Paul Modersohn-Becker, or Marsden Hartley. And, even more important to mention is the large Marc Chagall, *Le Grand Cirque*, the interesting Picasso from the 1930's, *Le Miror* and a significant Leger, *Le Coquillage Rouge*—all delightful paintings on an extended loan from the Stern Foundation of New York.

In the field of sculpture, two pieces that one is especially attracted to are the Rodin, *Burgher of Calais*, Jacques de Wissant, and the Quattrocento terra cotta head of Christ. Along with these fine pieces and others is the growing collection of primitive sculpture in memory of Dr. Thomas Dooley. The collection of prints and drawings, so important to the study of Art History as well as excellent pieces of art in their own right, includes such names as Tiepolo, Claude, Callot, Flaxman, Millet, Cezanne, Marquet, Roualt, Klimt, Max Weber and others.

This article has been intended to spur an interest in the visual arts, particularly the Art Gallery's permanent collection. One must acknowledge that the University is quite fortunate to have such a fine art collection. While the advantages to this facility might not be readily seen, one can only see and feel immediately upon entering the glass doors of the gallery that magic, in the form of artistic creation, is alive and living at Notre Dame.

—timothy standring

The American Dream: A Gothic Idyll

In being compared to *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, as has been the case in the national press, David Ackles's *American Gothic* loses much just praise. The lush melodies and precise lyrics of this solo album are blended skillfully to form a lavish and potent musical liqueur.

The album defies classification. It is neither rock nor country nor any synthesis thereof. It is certainly American, though. Strains of Aaron Copland, Gilbert & Sullivan, Kurt Weill, George Gershwin and American folk music can be found. The lyrics range from soft words of love to terse bits of philosophy and sharply pointed satire. The masterful commixing forms a vision of America with neither pessimism nor optimism. It is not an America of David Ackles's dreams or nightmares. It is America as it is.

American Gothic achieves the highest degree of sentiment without overstepping into sentimentality and a most effective satire without succumbing to condescension and vindictiveness. These are attained not through lyrics alone, but through a mixture of lyrics and music. "Love's Enough" is the best and truest love song I've heard since Paul Simon's "Kathy's Song." It is moving in its

simplicity. And this simplicity is its beauty.

"Montana Song" achieves another sentiment, perhaps more difficult to pin down and understand. It is that feeling for personal roots which shows itself so often in our culture. However, it's not quite so simple. The music is symphonic, much like a Copland composition. The lyrics are a soliloquy of a man in quest of his past:

I went out to Montana
With a Bible on my arm
Looking for my fathers
On a long-abandoned farm.
And I found what I came looking
for.

This piece is the most awesome of the album. The ten-minute length, the full orchestration, and the emotion expressed show a great deal of ambition accomplished.

Probably the most effective satire in the album is "Oh! California":

Where the road to tomorrow
Is a dead end doubt
If you can't find the route.
We'll be happy
Until the sun goes out.

The melody is as sharp as the lyrics,

and Ackles recorded the cut slightly off-speed which adds to the effect.

The title cut is a narrative with a Gershwin, show-tune melody. The tale is of a marriage gone bad and David Ackles uses it to draw a conclusion:

They suffer least
Who suffer what they choose.

Sgt. Pepper reflected the emotions of western youth in the mid-sixties. David Ackles has achieved a thorough portrait of the hopes and fears and longings of the America of the seventies. *American Gothic* appears to hold some reflection apropos to every individual American. It is grand to recognize feelings so enchanted as this unusual brew would have them appear. That is David Ackles's great achievement in *American Gothic*. The embellishment of common beliefs and desires.

The feelings left by the album may lend themselves to satisfied laughter or longing melancholy, but their truth is apparent. *American Gothic* is a strong potion spiced with sweet melancholy. Its effects are a pleasant intoxication with no hangovers or comedowns and a dulcet innuendo.

—joe runde

the BLUES roll on

The *Scholastic* may seem a strange place to find an obituary for a Mississippi Bluesman who died over two months ago . . . but it's not. In a very real sense, Fred McDowell or Mississippi Fred or just "Fred" managed to become a very real part of the lives of many of the students at Notre Dame. This, combined with the fact that Notre Dame's *Midwest Blues* was the last major concert appearance of Fred, makes this brief homage necessary. Fred McDowell is dead and there is no one to step into his place. He was unique, like his music, and now he is gone.

What follows is partly biographical of Fred and partly personal reminiscences of a few brief hours from the weekend of *Midwest Blues*. Please indulge me.

Fred was born in Rossville, Tennessee, circa January, 1904, from whence came Fred's self-introduction: "They call me Mississippi Fred McDowell, but my home is in Rossville, Tennessee. But that's all right. I feel just as at home when I'm in Mississippi." However, Fred did move to Como, Mississippi, and it was there that he was discovered by Alan Lomax in 1959. These early field recordings were received with the highest possible acclaim by blues fans, and Fred was immediately recognized as *the* exponent (Johnny Shines excepted) of the bottleneck guitar. But fame comes slowly to black blues artists, sometimes never. Fred recorded many albums, but remained known only to relatively few whites; and unfortunately, it is acclamation or rejection by whites that determines the material success of a Bluesman like Fred. So, Fred kept playing—in his front yard for neighbors, and at his church. It was because of his church playing that Fred

"went" electric—he couldn't be heard above the choir when he played with an acoustic guitar. It was with this move to the electric guitar that Fred gained some minimal recognition. He recorded his first electric album for Capitol (ST 409, *I Do Not Play No Rock'n'Roll*) which received mixed reviews and also was rapidly followed by albums on Testament, Arhoolie, and Transatlantic. The Testament album (T-2208, *My Home Is In The Delta*) is one of special beauty as one side consists of spirituals sung by Fred and his wife, Ester Mae. Perhaps it is my own sentiment intruding because of the closeness of Fred's death, but these songs seem to be the most intense and sincere of all those I have heard.

Maybe I've made Fred seem as a giant—not so. Fred McDowell was quiet and unimposing—he couldn't even order his own dinner at the LaSalle Hotel without apologizing to the waitress for causing her trouble. He may have seemed to be ego-tripping when he sidled up to Lightning' Hopkins, who was in the middle of a set for National Educational Television, to give a little harmony; but, he wasn't. Fred was having fun, Lightning' was making a show—and that's work.

Fred did take pride, however, in the fact that the Rolling Stones recorded one of his songs (*You Got To Move*) and were thinking of making an album with him (à la Howlin' Wolf *London Sessions*). But this same fact which gave Fred some sense of fame also hurt him—no one really cared about the rest of his songs, but everyone wanted to hear him do the song the Stones did—to see if he did it as well!

Fred McDowell is dead. Many people will remember him many different ways. I remember him sitting with four or five blacks from ND and holding them spellbound with his stories (and apricot brandy). His playing on after the lights came up in Stepan in his 1970 appearance. His snakeskin vest, his guitar, lettered Ester Mae, his phone call to his wife ("Hey, Mama, how you doin'?") . . . that is how I will remember Fred McDowell, *multum in parvum*, dead but remembered. Fred McDowell died of stomach cancer at age 67 on July 3, 1972.

Those wishing to send condolences may write:

Ester Mae McDowell
Box 399
Como, Mississippi 38619

Discography

- Roots of the Blues* Atlantic 1348
- The Blues Roll On* Atlantic 1352
- Mississippi Fred McDowell: Live in* F1021
- Fred McDowell, Vol. 2* Arhoolie F1027
- I Do Not Play No Rock'n'Roll* Capitol ST404
- Long Way From Home* Milestone 3003
- My Home Is In The Delta* Testament 2208
- Mississippi Fred McDowell in London, Vol. 1* Transatlantic 194
- Mississippi Fred McDowell* Everest FS253
- Mississippi Fred Dowell: Live in New York** Oblivion OD-1

*This is, chronologically, Fred's last album. It was recorded at the Gaslight in New York one week before he appeared at Notre Dame.

--perry aberli

coming distractions

FILMS

The coeds have just arrived but Notre Dame already has **Women in Love**. Engineering Auditorium, Friday, Sept. 15. 8:00 and 10:00 p.m. Admission \$1.

The Engineering Auditorium will go from hot to cold with the presentation of **The Frozen World**, the first part of the renowned Sir Kenneth Clark Civilization Film Series. Monday, Sept. 18 and Thursday, Sept. 21 at 3:30 p.m. Free.

The second part of the Kenneth Clark Civilization Film Series will show on Monday, Sept. 25 and Thursday, Sept. 28 at 3:30. See **The Emergence of Medieval Europe** in the Engineering Auditorium.

For those with claustrophobia, Notre Dame now has the **Museum Without Walls** film series. There are five films in the series, each focusing upon a different part of the world of art. To run for five consecutive Mondays beginning Sept. 18. Engineering Auditorium, 8:00 p.m. and 10:00 p.m. \$1.50.

Make a date with **The Blue Angel** at the gala opening of the Cinema '73 film series. Sept. 23-24. 8:00 p.m. and 10:00 p.m. \$1. Patrons free. Patron cards will be on sale—27 films for \$6.00.

The Engineering Auditorium will again turn into a **Museum Without Walls** Sept. 25 at 8:00 p.m. and 10:00 p.m. \$1.50 students and faculty.

EXHIBITIONS

Bacchus, a campus deity of long standing, has made his way into the Notre Dame Art Gallery. He is part of an exhibit of the best works in the permanent art collection of the University on display from 10:00 a.m. til 5:00 p.m. weekdays and 1:00 p.m. to 5:00 p.m. weekends.

Also on display are drawings and welded sculpture by Notre Dame graduate Michael Todd.

Go ahead! See **Robert McNamara's** graphics and drawings at the St. Mary's Moreau Gallery till Sept. 28.

SPORTS

The spectacle of the roller derby will take place in the ACC, Friday, Sept. 22 at 8:00 p.m. Admission to the N.D. Colosseum for the spectacle can be had for \$4., \$3. and \$2. with \$1 staff discount for \$4 and \$3 seats.

On Saturday, Sept. 23, the Irish will open **Ara** premiers the **Fighting Irish** by declaring open season on Wildcats at Northwestern.

Birdwatchers are invited to see the **Chicago Blackhawks** turned loose in the north dome of the ACC against Dallas. Adult perches are available for \$3 and children's perches for \$2. The pro hockey exhibition will take place at 7:30 p.m. on Saturday, Sept. 23.

SPECIALS

The lights will darken at 8:00 p.m. in Stepan center, Friday, Sept. 15. Why? **Seals and Crafts**.

The Morris Civic Auditorium will come under attack by rock bands on Saturday, Sept. 16. The first wave of assault will be **The Siegal Schwall Band** to be followed by **The Ressurrection**.

Do studies leave you high strung? Relax listening to the high strings of the **Chicago Symphony Spring Quartet** and **Louis Sudler**. Thursday, Sept. 21, 8:15. Library Auditorium. Free.

The orator will be on the soapbox at 7:30 in Carroll Hall with the appearance of 3rd district us Congressman Democrat **John Brademas**. Sept. 22 in the Madeleva Building at SMC.

The beauty of the Indian sitar comes to SMC in the person of **Ravi Shankar** Sept. 28 at O'Laughlin Auditorium. The curtain will rise at 8:00.

Homesick for the delicate sounds of **Chicago**? Hear them in concert at the ACC, Saturday, Sept. 30.

Opera singer **Jerome Hines** will appear at Goodman Auditorium, Bethel College at 8:00 p.m. Saturday, Sept. 30.

Look under your bed and you may find sales of **Homecoming** tickets. Sept. 15 - 30.

—jim munsch

A conversation the other day with an acquaintance from the English Department prompted some hours of thought about the teaching of literature. Critics of the humanities often question the value of such attempts, and, after the conversation, it occurred to me that a teacher of literature must also question what he does. He must at least convince himself that what he does has value.

It would seem that a writer must convince himself similarly. But, to talk about the role and responsibilities of a writer is, for one engaged in such an endeavor, a terribly difficult thing to do without sounding pretentious and inflated. Perhaps, though, the writer must take this risk in order to share such thoughts with his readers.

The role of the SCHOLASTIC is different from that of the *Observer*. The magazine's goal is not to provide comprehensive "news coverage." Because of its format, and, more importantly, because of the personalities engaged in its production, the magazine has more of a responsibility to provide an *in-depth* look into the issues affecting our lives as students. The magazine writer must look into the implications of events, not merely report them as they happen.

This line of reasoning leads to some complicated problems with the questions of objectivity and subjectivity in news writing. If one's goal is comprehensive news coverage, he does, in fact, have a responsibility to be objective, to be as uninterpretative of events as possible. On the other hand, a writer with a more analytical bent cannot avoid reaching conclusions and interpreting the events that he writes about. But, after presenting data, he is obligated to share with his reader the reasoning which has led him to his particular conclusion. He must form a "responsible bias" and share this bias with the reader along with the reasons for his position.

Obviously, when one attempts such a treatment of issues, he cannot hope to discuss all topics. Another problem of subjectivity, and another instance where the writer must form and share a "responsible bias." He is forced to be selective in what he chooses to write about: he must discuss those things he personally feels most important to illuminate. The SCHOLASTIC will continue to be a "biased" magazine; and it will continue to be reflective, because that is what is necessary to be "responsibly biased."

The SCHOLASTIC will be a critical magazine when it discusses topics we feel warrant criticism. It will be laudatory when looking at situations we feel deserve praise. The arts will receive more coverage than sports, because we honestly feel the arts should be more important in student life than sports. We will always try to form a "responsible bias" and to share with the reader our reasons for that bias. And we will always be open to criticism.

—greg stidham

the **scholastic**

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editors / layout / comics
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