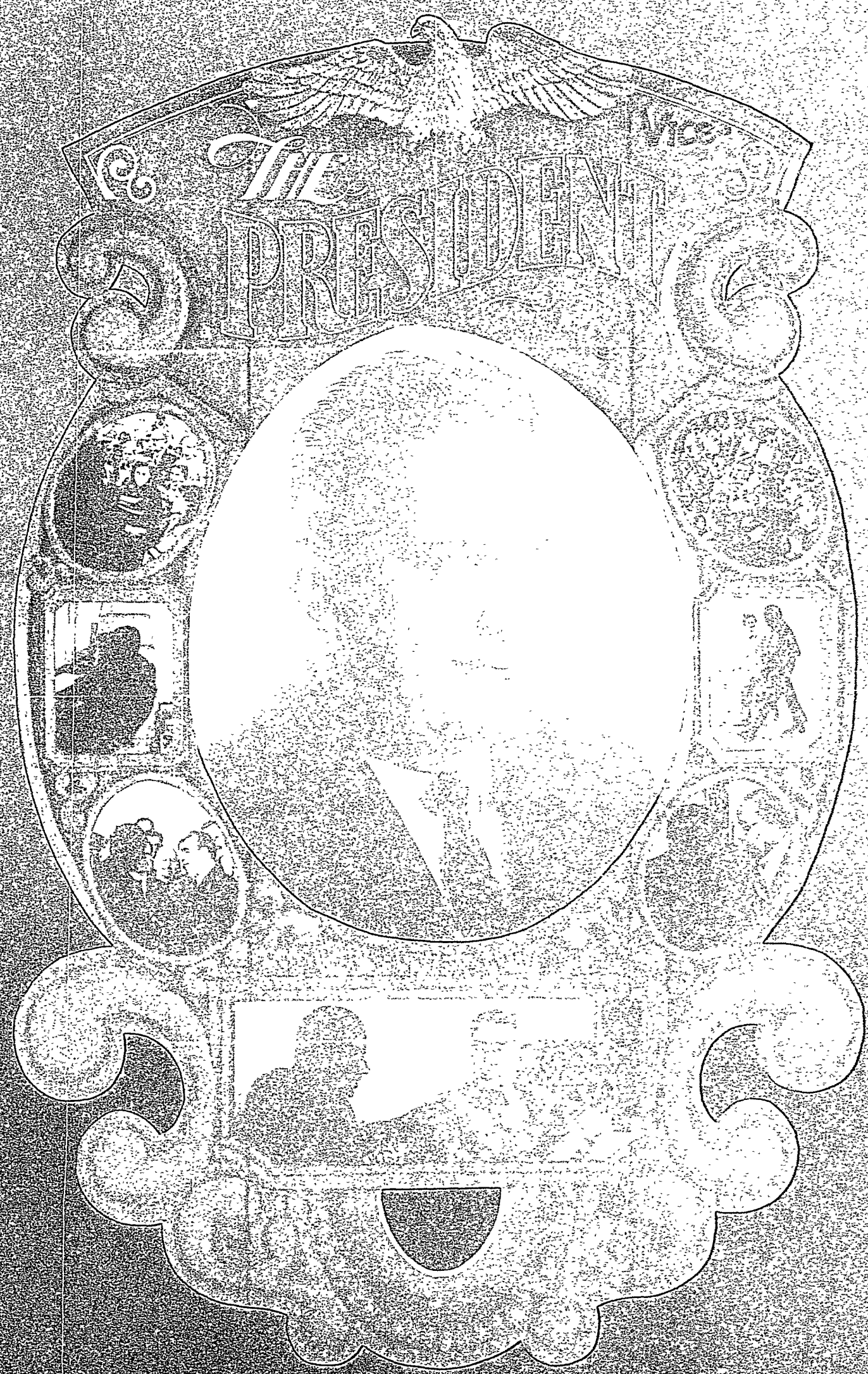


Scholastic

SEPTEMBER 29, 1972



R. K. MUELLER, INC.



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letters

EXERCISE THE RUMOR

Editor:

Man is not fully human until he shall have apprehended some humor, bandied it about in his own dark spaces, projected all measures and manners of sullenness onto it, and then discharged it to the winds for the rumormongering hordes to regale themselves. Rather like the processes of food assimilation, digestion, and defecation—wouldn't you say? And it necessarily follows that to apprehend some rumor—any rumor—is, in a certain sense, to be shit upon. A rather lurid conclusion, wouldn't you say? And in that same certain sense, to regale oneself with shit must sound terribly offensive even to the coarsest of brutes. Which brings us back to man. And wouldn't Freud say that it's all a manifestation of the anal stage—aren't men forever looking for some imaginative outlet for their shit—when not getting it together or slinging it into fans? Freud was right. But I fear I've gone too far afield. Let me tell you of the most recent rumor to rend the winds from down Notre Dame Avenue.

You know Pandora's Bookstore?—best thing that ever happened to South Bend (just a shade better than King Kersten, God bless him) since Frank O'Malley. Well, it seems that the building in which Pandora's People have set up their art is to be sold. The building is presently owned by the Prince of the Cardboard Pizzas (he knows who he is; we know who he is). Now, to sell the building without making adequate provisions for the people therein—which would be to secure their permanence, no matter where the deed to the property and building falls—is to descend to a social stratum even lower than the one in which the pimp wheels

and deals. Consider that.

Thus we pray that said Prince might be illuminated by the spirit of humane compassion in the discharge of his business affairs. Should his proper vision or his proper resolve fail him, we shall be moved to invoke every power of ours to exorcise the demon of business whoredom so indigenous to South Bend.

Always wishing to regale you,
Polyhymnia

VOLUNTEER YOUR HELP

Dear Student:

Both MANASA and the ND-SMC Council for the Retarded have co-operated in giving us your name from their lists of members and volunteers. As parents of handicapped children, we thank them for their generosity.

A word about our late appeal for help: the program described on the enclosed page is a relatively new one, and the professional staff is unfamiliar with the operation of Notre Dame's many student volunteer services. The parents of the children are not yet organized well enough to act promptly. We know that we should have made our appeal at the Student Center activities night, and we should have gone through the already existing student volunteer organizations. But we just didn't know enough to do it in time. Next year we will be better prepared.

But we still need help for this year, and that is why we make this personal appeal now, knowing well that many of you may already have signed up for some other volunteer service. We are not trying to take anybody away from an earlier commitment, and we are not trying to bypass any existing student organ-

ization. We are only trying to make up for lost time.

The enclosed letter describes our program and our needs. If you still have time and interest, we hope you can fill in the bottom of the form. After we get your names and interests, we can present these to the program staff to work out schedules and a short orientation program. We will stay in touch with you. We want to start as soon as we can.

Our only appeal right now is through MANASA and ND-SMC Council for the Retarded. If you know of someone else who might be talked into helping us, by all means share the information. Copies of the form are in our faculty offices, or you can make your own. Xerox costs 5 cents.

Send the form to John Huber, English Department.

If you could get to see, as we parents of the handicapped do, the amazing growth of these children through this unusual school program, you would have a reward far greater than our own poor thanks for your efforts.

Yours in Notre Dame,

John Huber (English)
G-93 Library

Frank Fahey (Sociology)
G-148 Library

NAME: _____	
ADDRESS: _____	
PHONE: _____	
I am interested in (check one or more; indicate priorities with numbers):	
CLASSROOM ASSISTANT	_____
LUNCHTIME	_____
SWIMMING	_____
EXERCISE ROOM	_____
TUTORING	_____
I prefer to work (circle time and day preferred):	
9:00-11:00	9:30-10:30
	1:00-3:00
9:00-10:00	11:30-12:30
Monday	Tuesday
Wednesday	Thursday
Friday	
I could also work at (suggest times and days): _____	
I can't help you this semester, but contact me next semester _____	
Please detach and mail to:	
John Huber	
English Department	
Notre Dame, Indiana	

Julie's Press Conference?

Columbus, Ohio (AP)—Julie Eisenhower, President Nixon's younger daughter, says she would be willing to die in combat to save the South Vietnamese government.

Mrs. Eisenhower, here for a speech Tuesday to a Kiwanis women's gathering, was asked at a news conference if she would be "willing to die for the Thieu regime." She replied, "Yes, I would," and went on to defend Nixon's policy of gradual withdrawal. (*South Bend Tribune*)

Following her statement to Columbus news, Julie Eisenbomber received a person-to-person call from the White House. Clutching the phone to her ear for several minutes, she once muttered "Yes," then hung up. She immediately called for a press conference. Three reporters came.

JULIE'S PRESS STATEMENT

I called this conference to announce that I am leaving Columbus in one hour for Travis Air Force Base in California. I will then board a special transport plane. Destination—South Vietnam. Within two days I will have died for the Tomb regime.

(momentary silence)

1st reporter: Do you mean to tell us that you are going to live up (excuse me) to that earlier statement?

Julie: Certainly. And I'd like to point out two characteristics of my doom. First, my death is not politically motivated. Second, it demonstrates my individual support of our democratic brethren in Vietnam. I am simply a patriot.

2nd reporter: Don't you think that your actions may be misguided? After all, Tomb suspended the operation of newspapers in his country, which contradicts our own freedom of the press. And our country is as

good an example of democracy as any.

Julie: I agree with your last point, but evidently *you* haven't been reading the papers lately. Our government has some control over you gentlemen. Why, a court may order you to reveal your news sources—you aren't priests, and that's a fact. But, we are getting off the subject.

3rd reporter: Agreed. Has Tomb responded to your offer?

Julie: Oh yes. However, he wasn't eager to have me just so his men could goldbrick. He telegrammed me and strongly reiterated his desire to have his troops assume the bulk of the fighting. He is glad to have me, though. I'll read you his last line, which is rather poetic: "Happy to have your sap mingle with our already blood-soaked dirt."

1st reporter: How is your husband, David, taking your death?

Julie: He doesn't know about my plans, but he always agrees with me and my father.

2nd reporter: So your father does have something to do with your decision. I thought you said that your death wasn't politically motivated.

Julie: I did say that and I meant it. But it is natural for a girl to tell her father about something as important as death, isn't it? In fact, my father said that he would not take any political advantage of my action. But he mentioned that some unscrupulous characters will attempt to discredit my patriotic efforts.

3rd reporter: How's that?

Julie: You are behind the times! According to my father, the presidential candidate of the other major party has made a public statement to the

effect that one of his relatives died in Vietnam. A second cousin of this man, a nurse at DaNang, is reported to have cut herself with a scalpel and died of the wound's infection. And that's not all. White House communication networks say that this candidate now regrets his removal of Senator Electroshock from his ticket. He now feels that he could have killed two birds with one stone by sending Electroshock to die in Vietnam. And he thinks that he could have gained the sympathy (and votes) of the American public by this action. What some people will stoop to!

1st reporter: I realize that this is a sensitive question, but do you know how you will be killed?

Julie: Not really, though I'd place odds on my being shot. Mr. Kiss flew to Paris early this morning for another round of talks with the Viet Cong negotiators. According to my father, he will ask them to tell their snipers to shoot me below the chest and not to use mortars or grenades. Then my corpse can be openly displayed in the Capitol Rotunda. I really shouldn't leak this out, but Mr. Kiss is authorized to call off the blockade if the Vietnamese keep their rifles aimed low.

2nd reporter: One last question: what significance do you think your death will have for other Americans?

Julie: I won't lie to you. I hope to be the last American to die in Vietnam. Then everybody will be happy. Isn't that what those Vietnam veterans are always complaining about? And I want to be remembered in history as was another daughter of an important government official who sacrificed herself for her people. You remember the Trojan war? Well, let's say that I think of myself as an American Iphigenia.

—jim fanto

Ascent of Mount Savior

Near Elmira, New York, in the high, sharp-edged, tree-blanketed mountains, above the lovely Chemung river valley, there is a small Benedictine Monastery called Mount Savior, the Mount of the Transfiguration. It is set on a spectacular hilltop, perched between a ravine plunging down to the Chemung on one side and a deep valley on the other, where Hendy Creek is only about a mile from the River. The rugged scenery, looking out upon the mountains and the lush valleys that wind among them, is breathtaking.

This past summer five Notre Dame students and I found our way to the narrow road that climbs a steep wooded ravine out of Hendy Creek valley. We wound our way up, beyond the trees, past rather steep fields of knee-high grass, grazing cows, newly planted corn, two red farm houses and a barn. At the top of the road we came upon an unusual assortment of buildings tucked into a level patch just below the crest of the hill, off to the northwest. An old white farmhouse was hunched up next to a long rectangular white stucco structure: the old monastery, now the guest house. A chapel in the form of a perfectly symmetrical Byzantine cross gleamed white in the sun, standing out sharply against the landscape. Behind the chapel, nestled into a dug-out hollow were two modern, almost rakish buildings: the new monastery, connected to each other and to the chapel by a tunnel built into the side of the

hollow.

The scene was extremely quiet. Only the ceaseless swishing of the hilltop wind through the trees and the distant muttering of the farm tractors as they threaded their way through the fields intruded upon the silence. Occasionally, figures robed in grey and black could be glimpsed striding purposefully about the grounds. Moving more slowly and methodically about their tasks were men clad in grey-cowled work habits. The sun was hot and bright in the clear sky. It beat down with an intensity that seemed to preclude exer-

One could visit Mt. Savior as an observer and notice little more than this: the silence, the beauty, the men robed in grey and black. However, we came not to observe the community but to experience it from the inside; to become for a short time these men clothed in black; to live for two summer months a life of silence and contemplation; to become part of a life whose roots extend 1,400 years into the past.

Today, Mt. Savior is a dairy farm. A squat, horse-shoe shaped new barn lies just a little to the east of the main buildings. Farther away is a high vaulted, three story barn of the old fashioned variety, used for storing hay and equipment. The sloped fields that make up the farm are beautiful but the hilltop soil is rocky and poor, good only for raising grasses and corn. Twice a day, at 4:00 a.m. and 4:00 p.m., the black-white Holstein cows are driven in

to the dark, unpainted new barn and milked.

The farm is not romantic. In fact, it smells of manure, and is full of flies. Yet, some of my simplest and most striking memories are of the farm; watching a gasping calf, enveloped in its slippery, pink birth sac, being slowly squeezed from its mother's womb, watching small, thin Brother Pierre lead the enormous, snorting bulk of Axel, the farm bull, by a small rope through its nose ring.

The daily schedule at Mt. Savior started at 4:00 a.m. when the gongs echoed through the cloister. The men stumbled into their robes in the pre-dawn darkness and hastened off to the chapel where Vigils were sung at 4:15 a.m. Afterwards, I fortified myself with a cup of hot tea and clambered up to the roof of the monastery with one of the monks to watch the sun rise above the horizon of green mountain tops and mist-filled valleys. Until 6:00 I took advantage of the early hour stillness and clarity of mind to read, usually scripture. A few minutes before six, the chapel bell sounded. The black figures again filled the cross-shaped chapel, forming two unconnected semi-circles on either side of the altar. Lauds was then chanted, followed by breakfast, reading, Mass at 8:30, community meeting, classes and work.

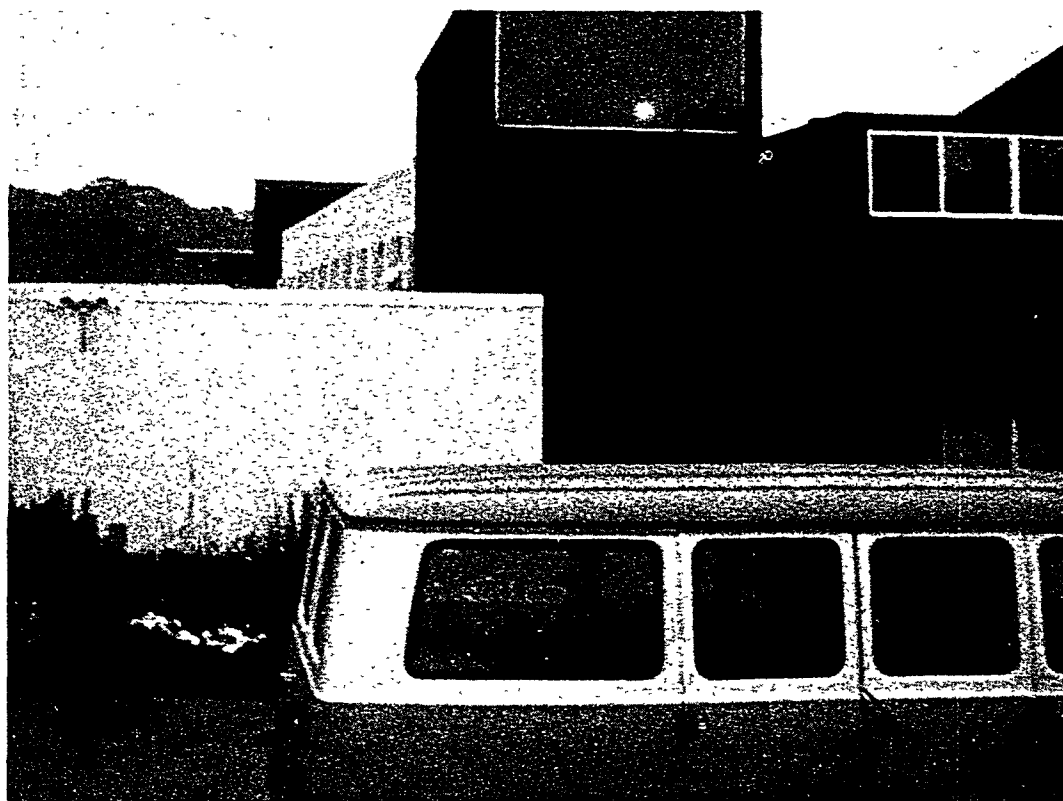
The Benedictine day is divided between reading, prayer and work. There is a balance and variety of mental, spiritual and physical activities that is virtually unknown elsewhere. In addition, the day falls

into a rhythm and pattern that is unique in the frantic modern world.

Monasticism in the past has been viewed as a retreat into the desert, a withdrawal into physical and interior silence in order to allow introspection, and contemplation of the Almighty without the distractions of the world. However, I was seized by the opposite feeling at Mt. Savior. I felt I had fled from the desert; from the inescapable mania of American hucksterism; from the desert of incessant, trivial, manipulative distractions.

The day and the life of the community revolves around the common rituals that the monks share. Seven times a day, the bells call the monks together for community prayer. The small, white chapel, spired with its dark, wooden roof becomes the scene of a ritual act of praise nearly as old as Christianity. The two semi-circles of men, one on either side of the altar, chant the verses of the psalms back and forth to each other. The chant is a simple, beautiful yet unobtrusive vehicle for expressing these poems, as varied and as rich as life itself. At the end of each divine office, the monks file quietly out, each pausing to make a profound bow to the cross. (Several days after I arrived I was gently silenced from singing: the monks had been forced to plead for deliverance from my accompaniment. I received help from one of the more musically inclined of the brethren and I was able to start singing (softly) some weeks later.) The ideal of the cenobitic life is to pray, work and live together in silence before the Almighty. The monks of Mt. Savior struck me as a comforting antithesis of the rootless, mobile, modern American; a hopeful exception to a nation of affluent, isolated, strangers.

The silence at Mt. Savior is striking. At times it seems that the only creatures who have license to make noise are the birds and the crickets. The community life seems to proceed like the deer that one sees running gracefully through the hillside fields, with great alacrity but no apparent noise. There is a rule of silence at Mt. Savior but I had trouble noticing it because the communication between the men is quite good. Within ten days of my arrival I knew virtually everyone in the com-



munity. It gradually dawned on me that there are rules of silence everywhere. There are even rules of silence of sorts that exist in ND dormitories; certainly no prohibition on noise but all the same a barrier of silence and non-communication between people. In countless marriages, on the streets of our cities and in our schools there are rules of silence and non-communication. In comparison, Mt. Savior's rule, directed towards utilizing silence in the interests of communicating with others and with God, seemed mild.

The monks themselves defy generalization. The Prior, Fr. Martin, tall, balding, with rim glasses and clear, piercing gaze, is an M.D. Brother Luke, the delightful, white-haired fellow who bounces around on his toes, is one of the founders of the Royal Canadian Ballet.

Brother Nicholas is a potter, a Catholic priest, and a passionate devotee of Zen Buddhism. Every morning at 6:25 after Lauds, he walks quietly, face passive, to the dusky, eastern rite chapel on the far side of the beautiful statue of the virgin and child in the crypt where, beneath an ikon done in bright natural colors, he and several others spend 45 minutes in zen meditation. Upon request he will gladly and lovingly perform the graceful, beautiful motions of the starkly simple zen tea ceremony in a room decorated and matted to resemble a Japanese farm kitchen.

They are interesting, even amaz-

ing men who live a seemingly unexciting yet peaceful life, free from the American Faustian ethos of instant gratification, of desiring to be God. They live, work, pray and do their best to walk humbly with their God.

A little to the north of Mt. Savior, there is a long, glacier-cut valley, where the town of Big Flats is located. The valley, sheltered by the mountains, is rich, fertile and unusually wide. Hot air rising out of the valley creates thermal inversions which attract sail planes. Across from the Monastery is the Harris Hill glider Park: a capital of American sailplaning. The graceful, engineless aluminum birds are never out of sight on a clear day. They flash in the sun as they soar with incredibly slow ease. Without a doubt, these men, aloft in the silent blue sky, look down from time to time upon this hilltop where men in black robes answer the call within themselves to live a life of silence.

Notre Dame's campus is a long way from Mt. Savior. Upon returning in September, no one recognized me because of my short hair. I suffered a severe case of noise shock. However, even on this frequently tumultuous campus, amid the self-hate, the noise and the insecurity, I often think of a life of silence and allow the tumult, the noise and the self-hate within my own mind to calm, diminish, fade and be replaced by a quiet stillness and an awareness of God's presence.

—jim munsch

Long Live the King!

A clouded form rises out of the ashes. Whether it is the phoenix of effective student government or the ghost of that dead form cannot now be determined. It will take a while. At least the academic year.

The campaign and election of the present SBP, Bob Kersten, was the final blow to the "old bureaucracy" of student government which for so long numbed the students into an apathy that was its final undoing. Whether student government will survive to again become a representative and credible voice of the students or remain to haunt its ashes is, as yet, unanswerable. It will depend upon the government of Bob Kersten. However, there are questions which are pertinent *and answerable*.

What are the powers of student government?

What is Bob Kersten doing now that he has these powers?

Will Bob Kersten stay in office through his full term?

Essentially, the main tasks of student government are to provide services for the student body and act as representative of the student body to the administration and Board of Trustees.

Perhaps the most direct way in which the student government serves is in acting as a "reference and resources agency." It coordinates the allocation of funds for many campus student programs such as Ujaama, MECHA, CILA, and MANASA. Also, student government takes care of the allocation of money back to the residence halls through the Hall Improvement Fund which facilitates student projects in making the halls better places to live.

The biggest item on the student government budget is the funding of the Student Union. Under this heading come the Cultural Arts Commission, Social Commission, and Academic Commission, not to mention all the Union projects.

Such issues as coed halls and student seats on the Board of Trustees are beyond the power of student government; however, it can effectively carry the petitions of the students to those who can effect such changes.

The question can be asked, "What is Kersten doing with these powers?" So far there has been little concrete accomplishment that affects the students. This could be due to Kersten's lack of knowledge about the office, and his administration's lack of experience in their new offices. It could also be due to theoretical idealism.

The Kersten administration has written a new Student Government Constitution which they hope will eliminate overlapping powers and streamline student government. To achieve this, they've written out the Senate entirely and given the real "powers" of student government to a nine man Board of Commissioners. This board consists of the SBP, SBVP, Executive Coordinator and



THE EMPEROR'S NEW CLOTHES

the six SLC representatives. This opens the research files of student government to the SLC representatives and gives the power of funding to a small group of elected officials rather than to the cumbersome Senate. It is one of the hopes of the Kersten administration that the availability of the research files and acquaintance with the other workings of student government will enable the SLC representatives to act more efficiently and bring about a more effective SLC. Dr. Ronald Weber, Chairman of the American Studies Program and a faculty representative to the SLC, believes that this might help the SLC which was "very ineffective last year," but that the SLC members are "theoretically getting in for a good dose of work."

In order to make the bookkeeping run more smoothly, Treasurer Mike Marget developed a whole new bookkeeping system involving a seven digit code. Marget believes this will enable him to keep the budget under close scrutiny and avoid budget mix-ups.

According to SBVP Ed Gray, it is the hope of the administration that "the change of atmosphere due to the change of structure will open up student government to the students and their ideas." Gray went on to state that he hoped the canopy of student government support, financial and otherwise, could be extended to cover many more projects this year. However, the ideas must "come from the students" and "we are always open to their ideas."

Finally, there is the question as to whether or not the Kersten administration will finish its term. There have been rumors that Kersten and his cronies are planning an evacuation of the student government offices. Certainly, Kersten himself did not want the job. He tried to withdraw on the eve of the run-off election last spring, but was forced to stay because he failed to inform the election committee in time.

Thus, there is the possibility that he will retire. The possibility raises many questions. Who will succeed him if Ed Gray also resigns, as is rumored? Who would select his successor? Under the new Constitution which is pending Senate approval, the selection would be made by the Board of Commissioners.

Regardless of who does the choosing, it can only be hoped that if Kersten does retire, it will not be in favor of those he satirized. One thing is certain: a return of the "old bureaucracy" would destroy any hope for *student* government. The students' dissatisfaction with it was made apparent last year. If it returns, their apathy will kill it.

So, the major drawbacks of the Kersten administration seem to be its conceptual idealism and lack of experience. Its success depends upon two variables—its coming of age and the students' willingness to do for themselves. The first is probable, but the question arises: "how long?" The second depends upon student initiative which, too, is always a question mark. Given favorable answers to both of these, the Kersten administration could prove a great success. We can only wait. . . . and watch . . . and see what develops.

—joe runde
and juan manigault

Onward Christian Housing

They are playing a game. They are playing at not playing a game. If I show them I see they are, I shall break the rules and they will punish me. I must play their game, of not seeing I see the game.

from Knots by R. D. Laing

Rumor, that most penetrating of all humanity's vices, has had it of late, at least among undergraduates, that student housing under the Dome has become a problem of some mild concern to the community at large. It would seem that Notre Dame, being the unique intellectual institution which it is, has been beset by yet another incongruity. It remains today one of the few stalwart universities across the nation at which housing has become a non-problem problem. In marked contrast to a nationwide trend toward off-campus living which last year left some 300,000 beds empty on college campuses, generating financial difficulties for most, Notre Dame enjoyed the luxury of having every available bed filled.

A non-problem, yes? No . . . a non-problem problem. For on-campus housing, far from being under-

booked, has evolved this fall into an overcrowded and cramped situation. This is, of course, seemingly uncomfortable for the 225-250 freshmen who have been forced into six-man makeshift suites. Most freshmen, it should be noted, do not mind this situation. Indeed, a bulletin released

from the Office of Student Affairs stated that anyone wishing less crowded housing could contact that department for new room assignments. Most students decided to remain in cramped conditions.

However, overcrowding is overcrowding and the causes for such



are numerous, though, according to administrative sources, they were due to circumstances "beyond our control." Yet some reasons for the mix-up may be surmised. First of all, fewer students than usual chose to move off-campus this school year, while none were forced to move off as in previous years. Furthermore, last year's Badin and Walsh residents, given the opportunity to choose the hall of their desire, did so, their former homes becoming the illustrious women's residences on campus. Lastly, freshmen dorm quotas, normally declared in the spring, were either never made public, or simply went unheeded. In the past, the number of students moving off-campus coupled with those who either transfer, dropout or stopout have balanced out with the number of incoming transfers and freshmen. This year the numbers game was miscalculated, and, though administrative "shake-ups" seem to indicate that some one person was responsible for the bogus math, inside sources declare no. Be that as it may, Fr. Chambers's position as director of Student Housing has been revamped by Mr. Faccenda. As Fr. Chambers himself resigned this summer to work for his comprehensives in a doctoral program in Administrative Education, the office of Student Affairs is now headed by Fr. Riehle, who is concerned with the dormitory buildings, and Fr. Flanigan, who is director of rectors and resident assistants.

According to Fr. Riehle, the overcrowded situation is not expected to recur next fall even though freshmen quotas will not be cut back nor the predicted number of incoming women reduced. Currently some 1300 men enter the University annually and, hopefully, some 300 women. Riehle, considering campus housing problems, discounted as financially unfeasible the possibility of erecting a new dorm to handle the overflow of students. He cited the substantial \$3½ million building debt for Grace Hall as the basis for his judgment. However, he was emphatic in expressing hope that the number of women on campus would steadily rise, and further stated that the increasing communication between Notre Dame men and women has resulted in improved language, habits, and, in general, "has helped the

boys clean up their act." The solution to the housing dilemma seems to lie not in number reductions or development campaigns, but in forcibly moving some students off-campus. Obviously, if continued enrollment of women is a prime objective and if erection of a new dorm is impossible, another bastion of masculinity will, of necessity, be surrendered to the ladies. How chivalric! Perhaps one could even surmise which dorm will be next to wave the white flag by simply considering Fr. Hesburgh's words at a recent administrative meeting. He stated that he had previously been an R.A. of Walsh Hall, later, rector of Badin and finally rector of Farley. But, regardless of which dorm falls, overcrowding remains an insurmountable problem if some students are not forced off campus. In the past, overcrowded situations were resolved by evicting from the campus those students with the lowest grade point averages. However, complaints from legal circles were

registered as to the impartiality of this procedure, and thus a lottery rather than a grade point average will be the determining factor this spring.

The coming year may witness several other housing innovations as well, of which the most widely promoted is an experimental co-educational dorm. Both the HPC and Hall Rectors have organized study groups to investigate the pros and cons of co-ed (salt and pepper type) living, and Alumni Hall has been benevolent enough to volunteer its services should the occasion arise. Experimental study dorms as well as living arrangements of small groups are also being discussed. Hopefully, this investigational phase will, in the future, flower into productive housing innovations, allowing the student a choice between a variety of living situations.

Your truly in the Golden Home,
—*Timothy Standring*
and *Terri Philips*

Making Christmas Merry

A child is particularly observant on Christmas morning as gifts are opened. If he doesn't receive as many gifts as each of his confreres, he is likely to be depressed and perplexed.

Judging affection by the number of gifts is a stage we all should grow out of; yet to a mentally retarded individual, this can be as important as the love that it reflects. The families of some mentally retarded children can afford to be generous with their gifts on Christmas, but certain others find it difficult to simply provide for necessities. Since a simple gift means so much to these people, the Mental Health Association of St. Joseph County is sponsoring a program to present each of the 1,200 patients at the Dr. Norman M. Beatty Hospital with Christmas

gifts. The association is planning to distribute the gifts at a party for the entire hospital on December 19.

Needless to say, the association cannot fulfill its promise without a good deal of help. They are asking for new gifts of any sort, which will then be sorted and wrapped by a volunteer staff during the week preceding the party. Aides who know and have been working with the patients will then help in selecting three gifts for each person, two gifts that he needs (a housecoat, slippers, etc.), and one that he has requested.

Though the hospital is run by federal and state agencies, the Mental Health Association is a volunteer organization working with and through the individual hospitals. In addition to the Christmas party, they

week in distortion

ESTATES No. 1 and 5

Ah, yes, now that all the SLC election dust has settled, we find Fred Giuffrida and Tony Abowd of the Observer, on the commission, in addition to Ed Ellis, the Jimmy Olsen of the Kersten Administration, also of the Daily Rag. We've heard of government control of the press, but never before press control of the government . . . (and Agnew thinks he's got it bad!)

are also sponsoring a cookie day on November 27, and a Santa's Workshop gift-wrapping session on December 5 and 6.

Besides their goal to provide each patient with three gifts, they are also continuing a program begun last year to supply each patient with Christmas cards and stamps. Mrs. Phyllis Hamilton, director of volunteers at the South Bend Center, explained how this program has so far proved fruitful. "Not only do the patients feel good in sending greeting cards, but it also encourages their friends to send *them* cards!" Because of an unusually warm response last year, the association has enough greeting cards for this year, but they do have a goal of 2000 stamps to cover mailing costs.

If you would like to donate a gift, some stamps, or your time for any one of the activities mentioned above, you can come to the offices of the Mental Health Association at 426 N. Michigan Street, South Bend, or (for more information) call Mrs. Phyllis Hamilton (234-1049) or Mrs. David A. Smith (288-9237). This year, feel a little bit better by getting one less present! Remember, Santa lives!

—tom gora

HANG DOWN YOUR HEAD AND CRY

A sign posted in LaFortune Student Center a while back read as follows:

"McGovern meeting downstairs in Tom Dooley Room."

Below that someone had written this: "Do you think Tom Dooley could support McGovern?"

Still further down: "Do you think *anybody* could?"

RUMOR

What's this about a Theological Preprofessional program being set up here to train faith healers?

AND WE THOUGHT NOTRE DAME WAS BAD

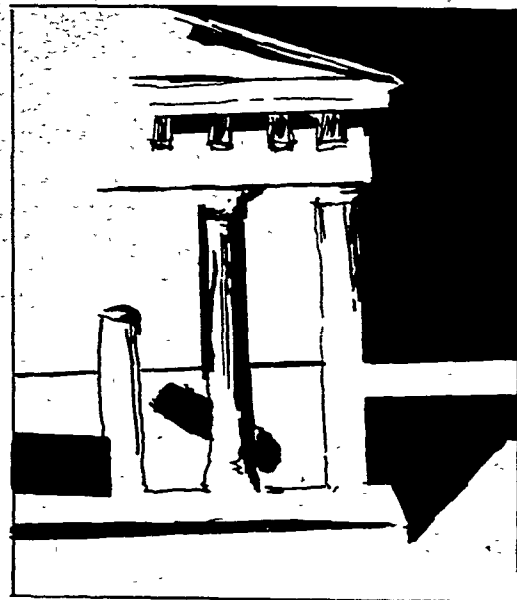
Recent U.N. surveys revealed that only 29.5 percent of the people in Singapore knew about sex before they were married.

SOUTH AFRICAN BULLETIN

Here's some more news from that wonderful little land at the tail end of Africa, that peaceful little land where they shoot the drunken drivers:

A court decided that a picture a 23-year-old woman took of herself in the nude was obscene. She was fined \$133.

Also, from the Rand Daily Mail, we have this: "Detectives, reconstructing the theft, said the thief or thieves had somehow gained access to the building." Smart fellows, these South African detectives.



DAYS OF FUTURE PASSED: PART ONE

The University of Notre Dame is still handing out little folders that read as follows:

"... Notre Dame and Saint Mary's have decided to unify the two institutions by the 1974-1975 academic year, and the University will thus become a coeducational institution. Women undergraduates at Notre Dame will, however, matriculate through Saint Mary's College and Saint Mary's will be the college of record on their Notre Dame degrees. Women desiring to enroll at Notre Dame should consult the Saint Mary's Admissions Office."

DAYS OF FUTURE PASSED: PART TWO

And if coeducation does not seem to be quite enough, there is yet hope that the merger could be resurrected—from the other end. Some very clever coupon clipping by St. Mary's (now a million dollars richer) has paved the way for overtures directed toward the acquisition of the Uni-

versity of Notre Dame. No official response has as yet been formulated—Fr. Burtchaell was unavailable for comment.

WHAT?

The Senate Agriculture Committee passed a motion a few days back to make it a Federal offense to use the name "Woodsy Owl" or his picture or slogan, "give a hoot, don't pollute," without government permission.

Woodsy, by the way, is a cartoon character introduced last year by the United States Forest Service in an antipollution promotion.

Yup, Woodsy Owl joins such other notables as Muhammad Ali (née Clay), Kareem Abdul Jabbar (née Alcindor), and, digging back into Semitic tradition, Yahweh. You don't use those names lightly. No sir.

Omigosh, we didn't get Federal permission to type this article. Maybe that means...

The trampling of feet resounds in the hallway. The door opens. Two burly uniformed officers step in. "You're under arrest, son."

THE FOLLOWING IS AN UNPAID POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENT

Rumors have it that Nixon is about to reveal his "secret plan to end the war in Vietnam": (Voting for McGovern.)

GROK THIS:

All right, all you spacy Bob Heinlein freaks, do you remember which novel of his mentioned Notre Dame?

No huhu. Page 28, *Stranger in a Strange Land*. A young lady, in referring to a recently arrived visitor from Mars, says the following: "... He's like those experimental animals at Notre Dame; he's never been exposed."

Wonder if she was speaking of the animals at the Lobund Laboratory or the student body in general?

A THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK

From our local Department of Sophistry, we have the following for mental mastication:

"True coeducation at Notre Dame shall not come about until we stop talking about it."



Affairs of the Dome

Affairs of the Dome

Affairs of the Dome

Affairs of the Dome

SHORTLY after the close of the spring semester the administration was hard at work reorganizing itself. Changes were many, or at least more than usual. The most notable change was the appointment of Dr. Phillip Faccenda as Acting Vice-President for Student Affairs.

The importance of his position in the life of a typical student can be seen in the number of influential people who comprise his central staff. The Director of Student Services, James Shilts, CSC, the Dean of Students and the Director of Housing, James L. Riehle, CSC, and the Director of Campus Ministry, William Toohey, CSC, are but a few of the personnel under Faccenda.

How did Phillip Faccenda attain this important administrative post? When Father Blantz resigned as Vice-President for Student Affairs to return to teaching, a search committee was formed to nominate a successor. The committee was instructed by Father Hesburgh to give preference in their selection to a Holy Cross priest.

The reasons for Hesburgh's instruction were threefold. First, he wished to further one more Notre Dame tradition. "My position has always been filled by a Holy Cross priest," notes Faccenda. The bulk of the people serving the Vice-President are clerics, which is another reason for seeking a priest. Finally, a religious is much more closely connected with the Notre Dame campus. "Most of the duties of the Vice President involve evening hours when a layman should be at home with his family," states Faccenda.

The search committee, chaired by Dean Thomas Shaffer of the Notre Dame Law School, was unsuccessful in finding a suitable, permanent replacement. In

mid-May, Father Blantz suggested that an Acting Vice-President be appointed to serve while the committee continued the search. Dr. Faccenda was the appointee.

DR. Faccenda is no stranger to Notre Dame. In 1952, he received a Notre Dame degree in mechanical engineering. He was a member of the varsity track team for three years. After graduation, he studied law at Loyola University and received his Doctor of Jurisprudence degree in 1957. This led him to a partnership in the LaSalle Street law firm that bears his name.

Faccenda has held several elected positions in Notre Dame organizations. In 1959, he was president of the Notre Dame Club of Chicago. And, after serving as president of the Notre Dame Alumni Association in 1964, he became president of the Notre Dame Law Association in 1967.

Mr. Faccenda also became an active member of the administration during 1967. He was made Special Assistant to the President when the University's Board of Trustees was reorganized and the move to lay government effected. This position enabled Faccenda to become a member of the Student Life Council and also the Assistant Secretary of the University.

When the position of Vice-President and General Counsel to the University was created in 1970, Dr. Faccenda was appointed to the post. As Counsel, Faccenda helps the University with its legal problems.

Faccenda did not relinquish his legal post when he assumed the title and duties of interim Vice-President for Student Affairs. But he explains that the duties of

students will be closer to men able to solve their problems

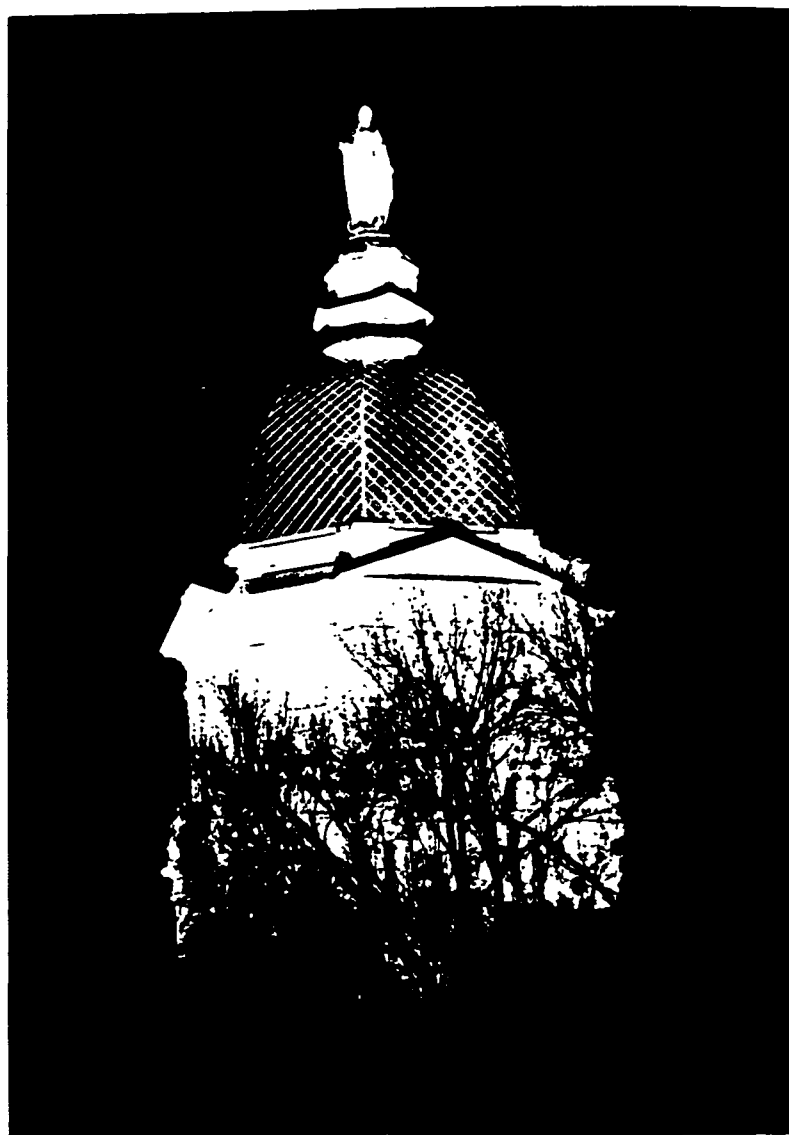
these two positions do not coincide. His vice-presidency gives him the responsibility for all non-academic student affairs.

SINCE Faccenda is only an interim vice-president, does he have power to implement changes in student life? Faccenda himself affirms that he has as much power as "any previous vice-president." However, he notes that his plans are curtailed due to the temporary nature of his appointment. "It wouldn't be wise for me to start some program now," he explains, "that will take two or three years to develop."

Yet, Faccenda is not sitting on his hands. One of his first actions as Vice-President was to re-organize his central staff. He sees this administrative maneuver as the action of a man in a new position who wants it organized as he sees fit.

Faccenda also hopes that his administrative "shuffle" will benefit the students. He is attempting to give each member of his staff more freedom to express his opinions on student affairs by holding a weekly meeting with them. His re-organization is also aimed at spreading the burdens of administrative tasks on more shoulders. Finally, he hopes that the emphasis of power will not be on him as Vice-President. He wishes to relegate more power to his staff so a student will be closer to men who are able to solve his problems.

The success or failure of Faccenda's reorganization may not be as apparent as is the outcome of his other concrete plans. One of these is the renovation of the LaFortune Student Center. Dr. Faccenda has given priority to this plan. "We will probably call in a professional architect to look at redesigning the student center. But we need to know what the students want, whether they want money to upgrade their individual halls or LaFortune. We can't do both," he adds.



ALL in all, Faccenda may not see this latter plan materialize. For he hopes to have a successor by the end of the year. The committee is still searching for a suitable Holy Cross priest, but its efforts have proved fruitless. Also, as the *Observer* noted in a recent editorial, the search committee is unbalanced. With the loss of John Barkett, no student sits on the committee.

Whether a successor to the Acting Vice-President appears sooner or later, Phillip Faccenda is not unsatisfied with his interim post. "I don't like working sixteen hours a day which is necessary because of my added responsibilities. But nobody forced me to take it," he states. According to Faccenda, a little extra effort for the University is simply part of the "Notre Dame tradition."



jim fanto
jack wenke

A Case Against Shakespeare

A special article for the SCHOLASTIC . . . A compilation of research inspired by the findings of Stephen Orury, who is currently composing his doctoral thesis on the same subject at the University of Kentucky. S. Orury has granted Mr. Treanor and Mr. Phillips special permission to incorporate bits of his research in this article.

IN the eight hundred years which have ensued since Chaucer made English a coherent, liquid language, no single man has manifested as acknowledged a mastery of that language as William Shakespeare. His name has been enthroned; he himself has become a paragon, a mask, a noisy deity, a cliché. William Shakespeare gave the English Theater, and indeed, all of English art, a legacy of legitimacy it might otherwise never have had.

So much for the myth.

In sooth, William Shakespeare was a figure as obscure and forebodingly cryptic as any in English intellectual nobility. He was born of illiterate parents in Stratford-on-Avon during the year 1563. His schooling is unknown, but the town of his origin possessed only the most primitive of educational facilities.

Shakespeare has always been a hero for intellectual egalitarians; however, he possessed none of the vaguely aristocratic trappings of intellectuality. He had no library. There is not even evidence that William Shakespeare ever possessed a book other than the Bible. His daughter, Judith, was illiterate and thus unable to read any of her famous father's monumental creations.

To further deprecate himself as a man of intellectual pretensions, Shakespeare spent a good deal of his life as a usurer, like his own Shylock. When at the height of his purported literary career—around the time he was playing the ghost of Hamlet's father—he was engaged in purchasing a malt factory with designs of becoming a beer producer.

When Shakespeare's will was finally probated, it was discovered that not only was he without a library, but he was also without much financial store. It is apparent he never received remuneration for most of his plays. Some were published anonymously. Some were published with no protection from plagiarism. No plans were even set up to procure funds from reprints of the *First Folio* for his heirs and assigns.

However, Shakespeare's most spectacular assault on the intellectual pretension was in the writing of his name. In opposition to the spelling, "Shakespeare," the signature on the *First Folio*, in the six known William

Shakespeare signatures—all written in a vague, hesitant hand, as though guided by someone else—his last name is spelled, "Shakspere."

THERE is a curious discontinuity between Shakespeare the man of profundity, the caresser and molder of the English language, the author of thirty-seven plays, one hundred fifty-four sonnets, and innumerable small poems and epigrams; and "Shakspere," the man of illiterate ancestors and illiterate descendants, the citizen of bumptious Stratford, the man of questionable education, the man of modest means, the man who (although he often wrote in foreign languages, including classical Latin and Greek, and although he often, quite accurately, set the scene in foreign lands) had never been outside of England in his life, the producer of beer.

William Shakespeare, or Shakspere, is indeed an unlikely author for all the magnificent literature which is attributed to him. A likelier candidate would be Sir Francis Bacon, who, among other things, edited the King James edition of the Bible.

Could Sir Francis' excessive genius have spilled into yet another medium? The treatise has been the subject of a thousand expositions. Bacon was himself a man much given to deception and hidden intention—so much so that his reputation finally cost him his political career. He was a Rosicrucian, and a symmetric cryptologist. He had a Rosicrucian cipher number—33—and a symbol—the hog. The hog was a double pun on Bacon's name—for "Bacon" 's derivative is the word "beech" and hogs were customarily fed on beech—not at the time. Bacon also had a secret signature—"AA"—an initialing of "Astor Argentum" or Silver Star which was Bacon's cryptic sign.

What is the case for Bacon's authorship of Shakspeare's plays? It is not the purpose of this article to rehash a three-hundred-year-old argument—rather, the design here is to observe some of the as-yet-incompletely-researched study of S. Orury, a 51-year-old graduate student at the University of Kentucky. Yet a background is necessary; the controversy is without a flavor of completeness if it lacks the old thunderous bromides.

Bacon was brilliantly and thoroughly educated. He was a man of the world in the best sense; that is to say, he knew of the world and of its effects. He traveled broadly. He had a magnificent library. He was well versed in Aristotelean and Platonic philosophy. He clearly had the background and knowledge to write



FRANCIS BACON

Shakspeare's poetry and plays. If he was to write poetry and drama, though, it would be wise for him to do so under a pseudonym. Drama was, as yet, a thing without dignity in England. Plays were performed in the same place that bears were baited. In addition, if he wrote under a pseudonym, Bacon could attack and caricature his own enemies—something the plays of Shakspeare did with regularity. Finally, if he wrote under a pseudonym, Bacon could take certain political positions in the plays he would never dare confess in court.

THE unity between the political, philosophical, and theological arguments which Bacon formulated so thoroughly in his writing and Shakespeare promulgated and demonstrated so graphically in his works is undeniable; both even misquoted Aristotle in identically inaccurate ways. (In *Novum Organum* and *Titus Andronicus*.)

More interesting is the evidence from the structure of Shakespeare's works. As was stated previously, Bacon's cryptic number was thirty-three. On page thirty-three of *Henry IV* (First Folio) the name "Francis" is mentioned thirty-three times (Act II, scene iv, lines 38-87, including stage directions). In Act I, scene ii of *The Tempest*, there occurs another striking acrostic (read the first letter of each line, and the first three of the last line):

"Begun to tell me what I am but stopt

And left me to booteless inquisition
Concluding, stay: not yet."

Another example of the structural clues leading towards Bacon's authorship—and this discussion shall certainly not examine all the established clues—is the statement of Mistress Quickly in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

"Hang-Hog is the latten for Bacon, I warrent you."

Orury's considerations throw new light on all the claims. He has unearthed, thanks to the *Royale Shakespearean Society's* new policy of granting any serious researcher access to their archives, significant evidence for authorship of all of Shakespeare's works from a number of old and deleted verses originally included in Shakespeare's manuscripts, but later either revised or deleted at the author's request.¹

Contrary to the viewpoint of several magazine articles, Orury finds most of these deleted poems poor in quality; thus an argument might be made for their deletion from aesthetic reasons. Orury argues, though, that those lines gave too direct and too positive an affirmation of Bacon's own authorship, and thus he feared that they might reveal his literary activity during his own lifetime.

For some of the poems, Orury has invented a surprisingly simple code grid, which reveals some slight but fairly conclusive indications of Bacon's role. That Bacon used a code at least similar to Orury's has been verified by others, notably R. H. McCatherway.² The most substantial clues, however, are undisguised; they are made in the sweet mother-tongue that Bacon and/or Shakspeare loved so well.

For a first example, in his early History, *Richard III*, Shakespeare put some interesting lines in the character of Thomas Rotherham, the Archbishop of York (note the two obvious puns on Bacon's animal, which, of course, need not be explicated). Rotherham spoke these lines after being questioned in connection with a stomach ailment he was suffering. The questioner is Lord Stanley, Earl of Derby. He pokes some ill-disguised fun at the widely traveled archbishop, contending:

"Methinks within thy belly is too weak;
French puke with season'd English pork thou reekst."

Rotherham replies:

"Nay, England's pork has not this maw so shaken.
This be the labor, friend, of France's bacon." (exit)

Apparently this scene was deleted by the last printing of the First Folio. In Shakespeare's last History, *Henry VIII*, Patience, a woman to Queen Kathrine, has a terrifying vision. She sees a heard of boars charge an

¹ "Shakespeare's Discarded Masterpieces", *The Royale Shakespearean Society Newsletter*, Nov.-Dec., 1970, pp. 27-40.

² R. H. McCatherway, *Cryptograms, Codes, and Symbols*, 1962, Philosophical Research Society, Inc.

unarmed man. The boars each held long spears in their snouts and were violently shaking them. In an incoherent speech she babbles the message of her vision to the Duke of Buckingham (again the pun) who replies enigmatically:

"Beheld ye swine? And they taking up spears?
All is still natural, for once was claimed
Clandestine didst the craven brute uptake
Of solid yew, a spear, and thence didst shake.
Nought it left but footprints on the ash."

The message is enigmatic until one takes note of the first letter of each line. However, this scene, like its sister scene in *Richard III*, stopped appearing in the play sometime before the last printing of the First Folio.

MOST scholars classify Shakespeare's lengthy poem, *The Phoenix and The Turtle*, as one of his lesser works. But Orury, working with several missing verses, again in cohorts with *The Royale Shakespearean Society*³ believes it to be something important to the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy.

While reading this verse, which, incidentally, appears only in the version of *The Phoenix and the Turtle*, which was apparently deemed good enough for insertion into "the masque" of *The Tempest*,⁴ and probably only deleted when it became too long (longer than the entire masque scene itself!), keep in mind Bacon's cryptic Rosicrucian name: *Aster Argentum*—"AA," the Latin, "Silver Star."

The verse:

"Will thence we look and shake the Heav'ns for
fools, or
Are gent'men around? Prithee go faster!
And run we now away from Lunacie's Master,
Setting down ourselves before the boar."

The rhyme scheme, ABBA, is typical of *The Phoenix and The Turtle*. "Or," rhymes with "boar"; "faster" with "master." The "boar" of course, makes no sense as a symbol of Bacon; Bacon is the refuge from "Lunacie's Master." The identical letters of "faster" and "Master" are A-S-T-E-R; the first two words of the second line are a rough approximation of "Argentum," good cryptology if poor poor poetry.

If we take the first letter of each of the rhyming lines, we find "AA" inside of "WS"—an image which we will see in another, again deleted, Shakspearean poem.

The final sonnet, another of the four unaltered cryptological works, comes from an atypical, and ultimately unpublished sonnet. The sonnet is atypical because it employs an AA BB rhyme scheme, which cer-

³ Edwin M. Peele, *"The Phoenix and the Turtle, Poem Within a Play, or Play Within a Poem?" The Bard*. (Schirvner Press, London) Summer, 1965.

⁴ Mathew Orury, "The Tempest Mystery" *University of Kentucky Literary Review*, Lexington-Herrald Press, Jan., 1969.

one must note the first letter of each line

tainly disqualifies it from the Shakespearean Sonnet status. It does have fourteen lines, and may even be called strikingly bad; full of references inexplicable except in the light of Bacon's symbolism.

"I called my love, and inchmeal she found me
All abruptly in Midsummer's scene
Nodding and drooping of the heathen heat,
Die, then sigh; our heads at the hog's feet.

"Hades Oven growing, fiery sign!
Even the nighttime ushered Lucifer's lime.
All was revealed lost, until my love cried
Rendered her humourless, and then I died.

Elysia crept in, and I came reborn
One greater man, emergeth with the morn.
No lover lived who was ever loved twice.
Evening's heat hoists not the morning ice.

All's well that end that way, it served mine mind.
And served my love who resembleth a swine."

Along with my love, who resembleth a swine? Surely the Bard of Avon would have a rationale for such a crude piece of humor. Seen in the cryptology of Bacon; it does indeed have a purpose—to praise Bacon. Once again, the boar serves an important function; he makes certain that the hero is restored to reason and truth, though surrounded by an unbalanced and irrational head (the heat of midsummer; perhaps Shakespeare/Bacon had the madcap antics of Puck in mind when he wrote this poem). The first letter of the first three words of the first line of stanza two spell "Hog"; take the first letter of every line and you will have another great—and perhaps conclusive—surprise.

ORURY's work with the cryptological charts of Bacon/Shakespeare has yielded less tangible results. But it has not been without fruit. And Orury makes no

bacon did indeed write shakespeare's works

claim that his discoveries are final—in fact, in his report (republished in S. Wilson's journal; *The Entire Truth*; March 18, 1972) he pleads for other students and enthusiasts to use his codes in the hope of yielding something more important than the things he has found.

Orury posits six codes, all linear and all beginning with some letter in Bacon's name. Orury contends that by taking the first word of each line of certain deleted or newly-recognized verses of Shakespeare, and moving them from one code to another, there are tenuous indications that Bacon did indeed write Shakespeare's works.

The codes:

Code 1 F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y
Z A B C D E
Code 2 B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V
W X Y Z A
Code 3 A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T
U V W X Y X
Code 4 C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W
X Y Z A B
Code 5 O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z A B C D E F G H I
J K L M N
Code 6 N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z A B C D E F G
H I J K L M

In *Antony and Cleopatra* the protagonist mused, soliloquizing ostensibly to a scarab, but in reality to the audience. The soliloquy might have expressed what was preying in the foreground of Bacon's mind when he wrote it; in any event, it is a cryptogram:

"Apis spurs, but timid goes the scarab
Under sand and shews no real Cabala.
The braver force remains inside the sac;
Hiding his name to 'scape imbroglio;
or words to give but no jealousy spawn."



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

The poem itself could well be about Bacon, for who else would be such a "braver force?" Who else would "Hid(e) . . . his name to 'scape imbroglio?" William Shakespeare would "shew no real Cabala" or talent were his works written by Bacon.

"Apis" was an obscure Egyptian god—hardly the deity for Antony to call upon in his hour of musing. But let us interpret the word cryptogramatically, or "Bacogrammatically." Find the letter "A" in code six and transpose to its equivalent in code one. The letter yielded is "S." Similarly, "P" yields "H," "T" yields "A," and "S" yields "P." The coded message, then, is:

"Shak spurs, but timid is the scarab. . . ."

And thus it appears this passage does concern Bacon's relation to Shakespeare, or Shakspar, as his name has been spelled by some.

But we can investigate further, and more conventionally. Take the first letter of every first word of each line (include the first *two* letters of the last line). Add to that the last letter of every last word of each line, and you will find an interesting revelation!

But there are more cryptograms. A deleted Shakespearean sonnet, which we shall term "Sonnet CLV"⁵, has some cryptogrammatic value. The clues *are not nearly as conclusive as some of the other verses*, but, with a little imagination and an eye toward the things

⁵ L. Steinmetz, Shakespeare's *Dramatic Sonnets—New Findings*, "Julliard Writer," Sept.-Oct., 1967.

Orury has already established, we can see some Bacogrammatic confirmation of the hand of the "hog:"

"Perforce at daytime doth the waxing sky
Like curtains giving colour to a stage
Ever not elude nor act awry.
Preserve the calm; precurse arriving Rage,
Which springs with legs of Pan but eye of Jove.
Zephyr's breath ensues each bounding step,
Yellow be the wrack it leaves above.
Rotten carcasses caress the depth.
O, it is Apollo. Dragon! God!
Fiery melts he from the sky a hearth;
Yet do his deeds desire or duty be?
Required mayhap as is the actor's part?
Law must sway while man in darkness nods;
Lather their own reins nought but the gods."

While ostensibly this is a poem about freedom, determinism, and man and the gods ("Yet do his deeds desire or duty be?/Required mayhap as is the actor's part?"—perhaps a description by Bacon of the torment he suffers in being obliged to "scape imbroglia" with his Shaksperaeian disguise) a Bacogrammatic investigation reveals some small clue to the origin of the poem.

ORURY suggests that the first letter of the first word of each line be considered in code six and transposed into code one. Doing such, the letter pattern in code six: P - L - E - P - W - Z - Y - R - O - F - Y - R - L - L becomes in code one: H - D - W - A - O - R - Q - J - G - X - Q - J - D - D. By taking the first (transposed) letters of each quatrain, the word "H-O-G-D", is formed, and surely this poem was "Hog'd"—written by the Hog, Sir Francis Bacon.

Orury goes to great pains to assert that his transposition is not necessarily the definitive one; and throughout his thesis urges other interested and analytically minded people to try other, different variations of the Bacon code grid. However, our own investigations have not proved very encouraging.

Two other deleted sonnets draw some note from Orury. One, which we have named "CLVI," apparently a lengthy panegyric to rational love, is actually, like her sister, a Bacogram.

"Knowledge is the taborer of hearts.
Mine heart and thine are noisy company,
Usurping with that vixen Eros' darts
Concords, cultivated heartily.
Eros, spending quivers for the flesh,
Quiver not, as barbers more they be
To knit a gaberdine; and doubly meshed
Mending Nature's fault at her decree.
For as the clinging scamel wants the down,
For as the midnight mushroom finds the dew,
Keeps Nature access to a second frown
Giveth it to mouthy mirthful few.
For nighttime ne'er a daytime need await
Thou knowest me, and knowledge soothes the hate.

The key quatrain here is the third. By translating the code one first letter message, "F-F-K-G" to code

three, we get two Francis Bacon signatures, "AA," and "FB."

However, this could be excessive coincidence. Orury seems to have run out of his bag of tricks when he quotes the unrevised version of Sonnet XXXIII (recall Bacon's crypt number) and suggests that the last couplet is a Bacogrammatic signature.

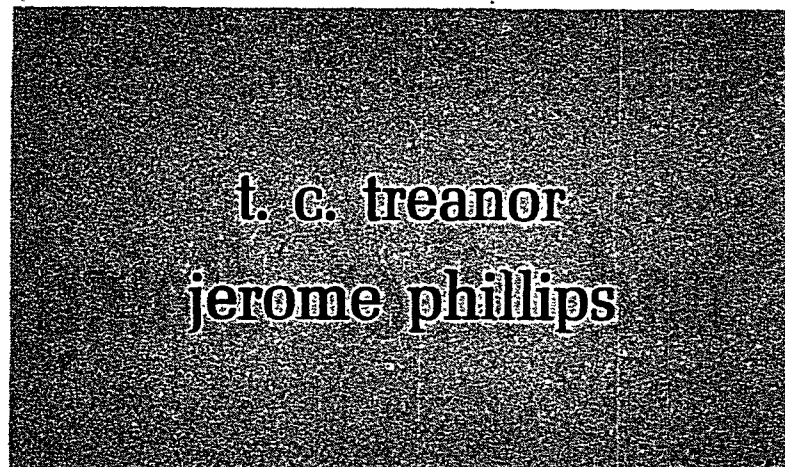
The sonnet:

Grieving that time, if that time shouldst become,
Quake to see thee frown on my aspects;
That one thy love hath cast which did consume,
Brought to that audit by advised objects.
Rile not myself for thine ensheltered nuance,
Just scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye.
Bright love converted from the night it was;
No reasons find of settled gravity.
Quiet time, then, do esconce me here:
Qualm the knowledge of mine own desert.
Now doth my hand against myself uprear;
Justice will give me reasons on thy part.
Kings leave poor me; Thou hast the strength of laws.
Give I, then, love - I can alledge no cause."

As an indication of Bacon's own hand in this work, Orury points out that the first letter of the last word of the first five lines spells out his name. Orury also shows that when the first letter of the opening word of each line of the last couplet is translated from code one to code three, the letters yield, "FB"; but it seems the rest of the first-word letters, thus translated, yield nothing of sense. Orury closes by once more urging students to attempt their own investigations.

This is not by any means hanging evidence, and the memory of William Shakespeare will doubtlessly survive the memory of either this article or Orury's thesis when finished. Yet the thesis may be an important aid in finally delivering the promise of the epitaph Bacon once wrote for himself, and later, naturally, deleted:

"I bequeath my soul to God above by the oblations of My Saviour: my body to be buried obscurely; my name and memory to men's charitable speeches, to foreign nations, to succeeding ages, and to my own countrymen after some time had elapsed." (italics added.)



Teriyaki Steak *

Hello everybody! Today's recipe is for a marvelous entrée that's guaranteed to perhaps please somebody: taste-tempting Teriyaki Steak. Try some soon.

Take a 5 oz. cube steak. Marinate it in a Teriyaki Sauce (of pineapple juice, soy sauce, water, garlic granules, pepper and ginger powder) for about the time you spend in bed (do it in the fridge, of course). Grill for a flashing five minutes and . . . voilà! Teriyaki Steak!

*Do it to 5600 cube steaks and get 5600 portions!
—based on actual Food Service recipe.*

STUDENTS don't appreciate the effort that goes into preparing a typical dining hall meal around here. In fact, a few hardly appreciate the results. But nevertheless, consider the fact that every morning at 5 a.m., the advance guard of a veritable army of food service workers march to the dining hall of their choice and begin preparations that will involve 17 cooks, 10 cook's helpers, 155 attendants and servers, and 3 or 400 part-time students from one place or another.

The mass of ingredients used is literally enough to feed an army of 5600 (the number of contract customers for a typical N.D. serving).

Take a meal, for instance. For a typical lunch-time menu (Sept. 13's to be exact) the ingredients called for included: over a ton of meat, including 1360 lbs. of hamburger for sloppy joes; 212 gallons of chicken noodle soup and 3000 packs of crackers; 7080 bread rolls and 50 loaves of bread; 1800 lbs. of "tater tots"; 55 lbs. of butter; 300 lbs. of mixed vegetables; 318 heads of lettuce; 1500 lbs. of cottage cheese; 1272 pear halves; 1240 peach halves; 4560

cookies; 3500 portions of ice cream; 1260 portions of jello cubes; 458 gallons of milk; 130 gallons of carbonated beverages; 45 gallons of punch and a mere 80 gallons of coffee. It's easy to perceive that there are plenty of pounds to prepare, people to employ, patrons to please, and problems to ponder.

Maybe you're not impressed, or surprised or even interested—but at least you've been rendered "aware." (And in these times when awareness is prized as one of the most valuable possessions of all clear-thinking individuals, that's good.)

SEEKING awareness myself, I interviewed Mr. Edmund T. Price, chief taste-tester, captain of the food suppliers, man in charge, and, of course, Director of Food Services at this place. Contrary to popular opinion, he does eat lunch and dinner here in the regular food lines every workday (that's six times a week—and sometimes on Sunday). He occasionally invites his wife and daughter to join him, and they love it. He's friendly (smiles a lot); likes to wear snow-white belts with matching shoes; and seems to possess one cardinal concern: providing good food service to every student.

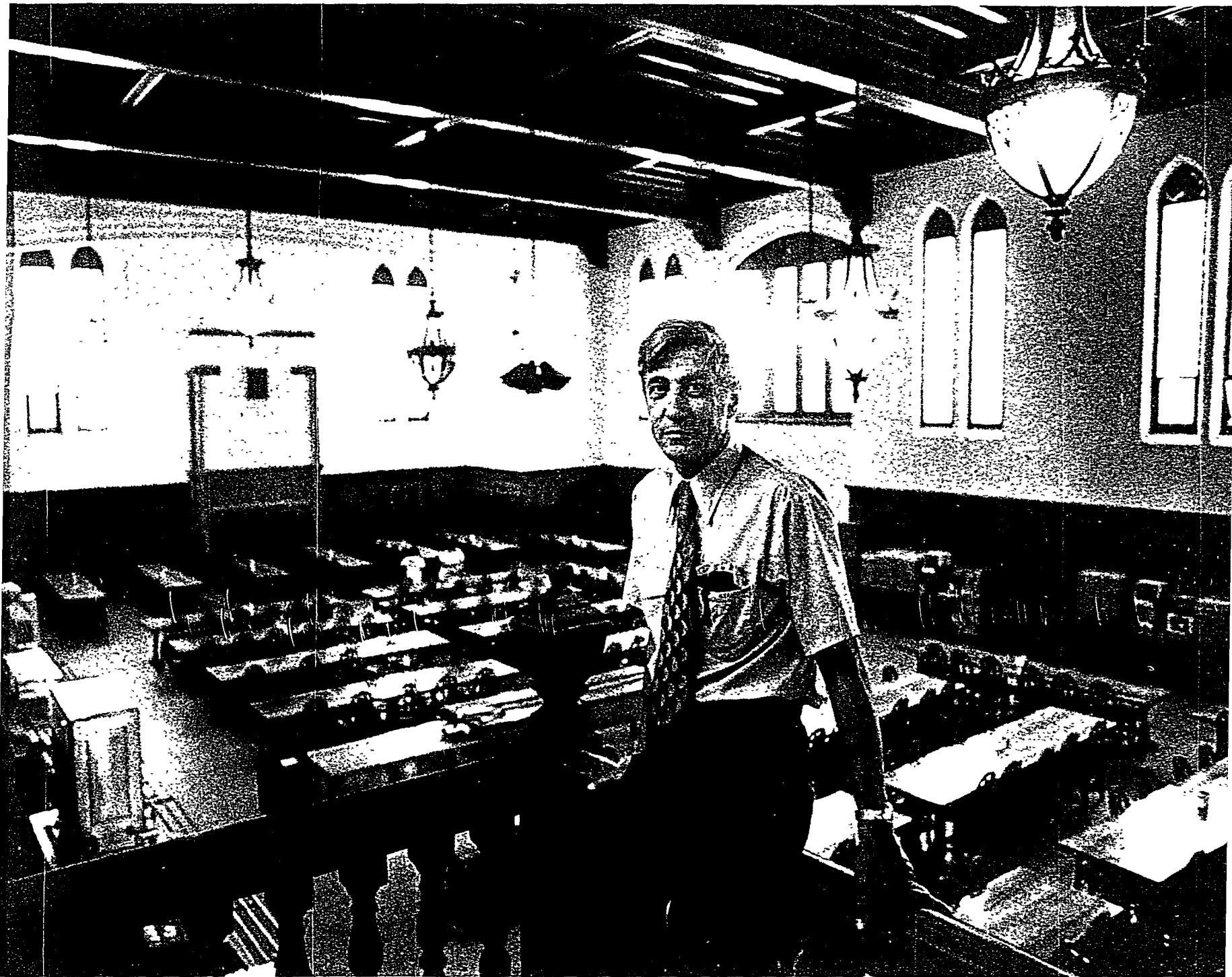
He says that since the university is an educational institution, and education is the primary goal of the place, "Everything we do at the Food Service should be aimed at the student with this in mind." He noted, "We're not here just to keep you healthy or fill you up.

"Everything is attitude," he says. "We want to give the student as much as we possibly can for the dollar that he's paying." And, sitting before Mr. Price as he says it, you just can't help believing that he means it.

However, Mr. Price is not all-knowing. He doesn't claim cognizance of all that we students are finding wrong with the dining hall food. But, of course, he's

*

and other dining hall stories



not deaf either. He does know that student opinion isn't terribly high when table talk turns to the fare of the day. He knows we're all out there complaining; and he'd dearly love to find out what about.

"We need the students to communicate with us, to tell us what they want. We need an exchange of ideas. We're anxious to give the students what they want—not what we think they want. . . . We need to communicate."

THE problem, of course, comes with the logical question of "How." A "Feedback" system was tried a while back, where students were invited to leave their comments on blue cards conveniently stacked in the middle of each table. Completed cards were deposited in appropriately labeled "Feedback" boxes (along with a pot-pourri of other "Feedbacks") as well. Questionnaires, too, appear from time to time. The results are "required reading" for Mr. Price, his managers, and the dietician, he says, and the data is heeded.

"A few years ago, when I first got here [this is Mr. Price's fourth year on the job] all I heard was that

nobody liked the veal parmesan. So we cut it out for a while. The next thing I heard last year was 'where's the veal parmesan?'" This year, friends, you'll see more veal parmesan.

"People like almost anything but some things they don't like too frequently," he says. "It's a matter of getting a balance, and I don't know if there's anyone who knows where that balance is." So. Mr. Price tries questionnaires and "Feedback" cards, but there's a problem even with these, he says.

"The student has a habit of saying the quality of the food is poor—and I don't think he really means it. He means he really doesn't like the food for one reason

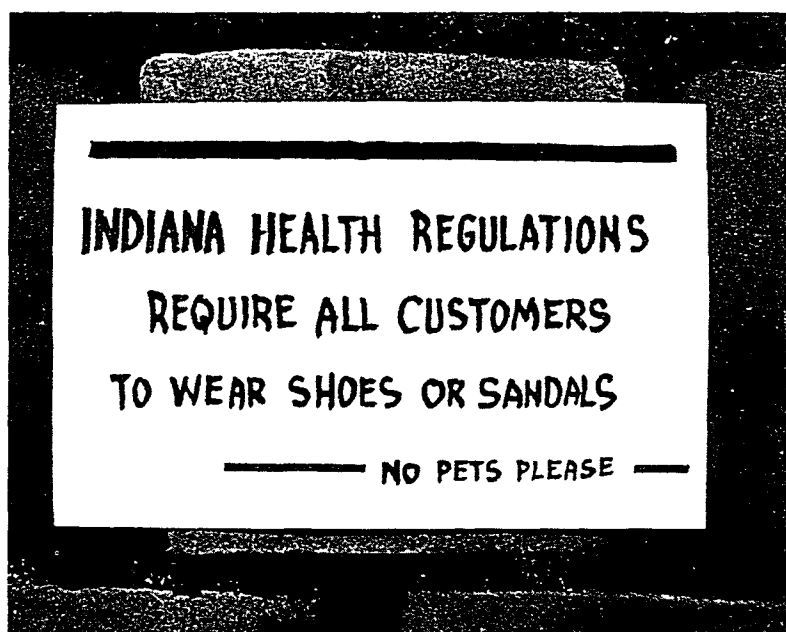
they would line up before eight or twelve catsups

or another." For instance, he said, some people like their peas "almost raw" (like he does—and that's how it seems you sometimes get them) but others prefer to savor a softer variety and when Mr. Price gets a "Feedback" that simply characterizes the peas as "rotten" or of "poor quality," he can't do much to help.

"The quality is there," he emphasizes. "Our specifications are rigid. We get only first quality—that's what we're after." A few cynics may marvel at such a promise, after examining what sometimes reaches their plates, but Mr. Price assures us that it's all only the best.

"We taste-test almost all the products ahead of time," he says. Over the summer, a student was even employed to join Mr. Price and his staff in a week of intensive taste-testing. Twice a day—at 11 a.m. and 1 p.m.—the group would line up before a series of eight or twelve catsups, relishes, etc., and rate them. "We take the scores, compare them, and then figure the cost factor. But, that's always last, and surprisingly enough, there's often no correlation between quality and cost." Is there ever compromise? "We try not to," he assures. "We steer for the highest quality—we don't compromise."

AND if the iconoclastic reader should be gracelessly asking, "The highest quality of what? Soybeans?" he's wrong again. "We're resisting extending meat such as ground beef," Mr. Price explains. "We're demanding pure ground beef and we're getting it." The only meats with additives of any sort are the Meat



Loaf and Salisbury Steak because they have recipes that call for them.

Menus are made up three or four weeks in advance according to dietary standards and the preferences of students—as they're understood. The service's buyer then goes looking; it might come as a surprise to some that meal plans aren't based on the buyer's bargains. The menu comes first.

So why don't we have steak more often? "What is better?" Mr. Price returns, "Would you rather have steak or more of other things? Steak is not necessarily a real good buy. The type of steak makes a big difference. We're trying to stretch your dollar as far as we can."

But, on the other hand, seeing that the food that's served is *eaten* is an important cost consideration, too. "If it's not eaten, it's costly," Mr. Price observes. He's found that one way of examining student taste is by examining what students don't taste. He admits looking at the tray returns from time to time.

ALL RIGHT, you say, you've still got complaints—even if the food is of the highest quality. What about the length of the lines? "Well, we've considered lengthening the dinner hour, but there's nothing we can do if everybody comes at the same time." The fact that *everyone* seems to have an 11 a.m. class certainly doesn't help much; and, as in the case of the Grace and Flanner cafeteria lines, "If we began the dinner hour at four o'clock—they'd all be there at four," he predicts. You say, that's because all the best stuff is gone if you wait too long. Mr. Price assures me that the problem is being worked on—managers aren't perfect, and taking capricious taste preferences, and the number of seconds into consideration, its not easy to prepare just the right amount of anything. However, take courage bandsmen and glee club-

Your attention, please! Most of us realize that the physical facilities for being sociable at Notre Dame are sadly missing. Gathering places for students to meet—besides imperfect La Fortune Center—are difficult to discover. It seems, however, that the dining halls are one of the few places around which students can get together, sit down, pursue the eternal verities, eat, and enjoy each other's friendship without having to go over the Michigan border.

In addition, as Mr. Price noted, there's the fact that students who eat three meals a day in the same place, in the same room tend to tire of the environment, and transfer their displeasure to the taste of the food (despite change-of-pace nights like "Italian Night" or "Western Night" or the gala bacchanal of two years ago, "Hawaiian Night," when the uninitiated cafeteria help impaled their hands on pineapple prickles).

The idea of allowing students to eat on any line they prefer with all their friends, whenever they like—seems like a good one to improve both social conditions and appreciation of the Food Service's services. After all, the lines would theoretically balance out since intelligent people would tend to find the shortest lines at the most convenient locations. The net load at any one place should not be drastically affected.

bers—and anyone else who arrives at the dining hall fifteen minutes before closing—Mr. Price says the problem is being worked on, and he means it.

You might complain that the food is cold, or the service could use a little help (or the help could use a little service), but Mr. Price suggests that here's where students can be of assistance in an indirect way.

For instance, suppose you are the woman behind the serving counter charged with tweezing an infinite series of Teriyaki Steak lumps from an infinite succession of sloshing tin tubs, onto an infinite parade of characterless white dishes. Your pay is less than your heart's desire. You don't particularly enjoy tweezing Teriyaki Steak. Lastly, suppose for your pains, you are presented with a gasping rush of ineffable dread from an infinite procession of disembodied faces, sneer-

I brought up this proposal to Mr. Price, and his response was an agreeable, "Nothing would please me more. The only thing that's holding me back is a conservatism. I'm afraid of the students' reaction.

"I'm not here to heap restrictions on students—I'm here to serve them," Mr. Price continued. "I would be willing to entertain the motion of letting any contract student eat anywhere he wants.

"But," he noted, "I'd like this to come from the students. If they want it, it'll work."

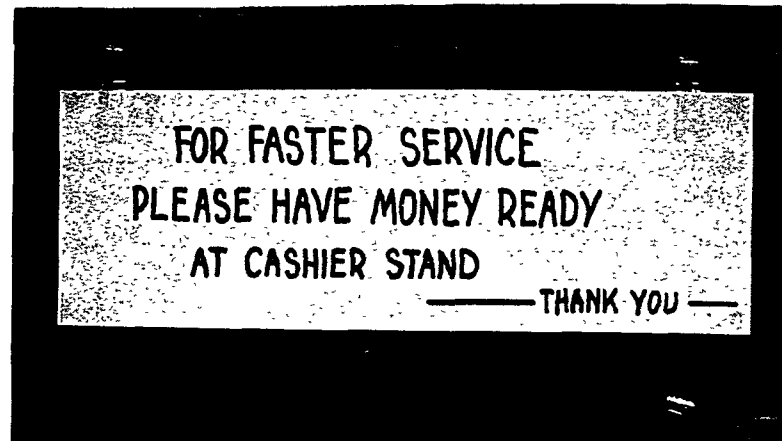
So, fellow students, if this proposal appeals to you, and you would like to give it a try, call the Student Government Secretary at 7668 and voice your preference; OR fill out the handy Q-pon (coupon) below and drop it into any of the little blue "Feedback" boxes garnishing the dining hall exit ways, before next Wednesday.

Name

Address ID.....

..... YES, I would like to be able to eat in any dining hall I desire (provided, of course, I have a meal contract).

..... NO, the idea doesn't appeal to me.



ing their undisguised disgust and uttering no fewer than nine hundred yech's, ugh's grunts and gags per hour. Your motivation for providing the best of all possible service might be overcome by an urge to run off screaming and never come back. Pride in one's work is important; a sense of being appreciated is important; being treated with dignity is important. Teriyaki Steak is not so important.

"If the item is good, *say so*," advises Mr. Price. He recalled the night of the "September Thing" picnic two weeks ago, when most students seemed pleased with the atmosphere and cuisine, and let the food attendants know about it. The result was a staff with enthusiasm, who enjoyed serving, enjoyed their job, felt needed, and came in the next day ready and willing to go to work again. Cafeteria clients might do well to save a little cheer for the ladies who didn't even cook the stuff. Venting frustration on them just doesn't make sense.

FURTHERMORE, throwing food around the dining hall is a "senseless way to express displeasure," Mr. Price

**being treated with
dignity is important---
teriyaki steak
is not so important**

points out. "If you don't like the food, just say so. No one wants to see the students ill or unhappy."

"We're anxious to give the student what he wants," says Mr. Price, again and again. His crystal blue eyes pierce one with a relentless searching quality as if he were scanning the back of one's chair for any Truth resting thereupon. His concern is evident. His commitment is great. However, his supply of necessary information is more wanting than his pantry's hoard of caviar. What's he doing about it? He's convincingly making every effort to stock up.

BEFORE the beginning of classes this year, he approached Jim Clarke, Student Government Research and Development Commissioner, with the idea of reviving an expired committee to advise the Food Service on student preferences. Clarke gathered a band of five student advisors, representing both cafeterias and even two women. They began taste-testing, at Mr. Price's invitation, last week.

Clarke commented, "Mr. Price seems very open to the students' comments. He wants to know what we want . . . and he'll do his best to please us as long as the comments are feasible. He believes it's the Food Service's job to serve the students and not to make a profit. . . . He just wants to do everything for the student." Jim concluded, "I was really impressed by him."

Clarke also noted that one can often see Mr. Price on the student cafeteria lines and speak to him there.

"I make it a point to eat with the students," says Mr. Price. "I feel that I should and I do. I don't think I should pass any kind of judgment on the students unless I partake. . . . It's not me we're trying to please."

And Mr. Edmund Price, Director of Food Service, believes it. He welcomes comments from students at any time — invite him to your table if you like. As he puts it, "They're paying me to please you."



Hemingway's "Michigan Stories"

Michigan was the first place Ernest Hemingway truly loved. It was the setting for many of his short stories. Still the question: "Why no 'Michigan novel'?"

The Nick Adams Stories, Philip Young's recent compilation of the sixteen previously published stories of Nick Adams and eight heretofore unpublished Nick Adams pieces, might be considered the missing novel. The twenty-four pieces can be arranged to give a coherent development of Nick Adams from boyhood to manhood and a cogent argument that these stories *do* comprise the "Michigan novel." Young gives such an arrangement.

Of the eight new pieces, one is clearly a short story. Two more could be considered short stories and probably are. Four are excerpts from other published short stories which had been edited out. "Three Shots," the first piece of the book, was originally part of "Indian Camp." One piece, "The Last Good Country," appears to be the beginning of what Hemingway critics have been looking for—the "Michigan novel."

It is the last piece, "The Last Good Country," which Young might have mistakenly placed. In organizing the stories, Young divided them into five headings; "The Northern Woods," "On His Own," "War," "A Soldier Home," and "Company of Two." "The Last Good Country," a

story of Nick leaving home, is placed after "The Light of the World," "The Battler," and "The Killers." All of these take place when Nick Adams has already left home. Young offers no explanation in his preface, but one might conjecture that he meant it as a sort of flashback.

If these stories are to be taken as the "Michigan novel," they must have a unity. That unity is found in the development of Nick Adams. The whole conflict is within him. From early on Nick is apparently seeking a peace of mind, "a separate peace" as he terms it in the story "Nick sat against the wall. . . ." In "Indian Camp" Nick can find this peace. He trails his hand in the water beside the boat and decides that he will "never die." As he grows older this becomes harder to attain. In "The Killers," he leaves town, not merely to escape the physical threat of being killed, but to get away from everything he confronted in the story. It takes two stories (and the resolution of inner peace is still left uncertain) for Nick Adams to break off a close relationship with a girl named Marge. In the last story, "Fathers and Sons," Nick Adams still tries to attain that peace. But, it has grown more elusive with age, and he must now accept it as something unattainable. He has grown older and his memories afford him hauntings which allow no rest, no "separate peace."



This is the *denouement* of the novel of Nick Adams, of Michigan. Nick Adams, a Hemingway "hero," fails to become a Hemingway "code hero." He cannot resolve within himself that the past is beyond his control. This might give him the peace he seeks, but his route, that of denial, gives no peace at all.

The Nick Adams Stories certainly does not possess the continuity of any other Hemingway novel. In such an arrangement, however, it becomes apparent that this is more than a mere collection of short stories and that the character of Nick Adams is more than a mere coincidence to them. Ernest Hemingway was too good a writer for all this to be pure accident.

—joe runde



From Out a Dark Corner: A Conversation with Anthony Hecht

The SCHOLASTIC was privileged to interview Pulitzer Prize-winning poet Anthony Hecht during his recent visit to the campus. In addition to "The Hard Hours," for which he was awarded the Prize, his poems have appeared in the New Yorker and Esquire. His recent translation of "Seven Against Thebes," for which he collaborated with Helen Bacon, has been enthusiastically welcomed by critics. A Fellow of the American Academy of Poets, and member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, Anthony Hecht is currently Dean Professor of Rhetoric and Poetry at the University of Rochester.

Scholastic: How would you characterize the trends in modern art, that is, the things that are being done today in literature, drama and cinema?

Hecht: I wish I could talk with authority on all those fields. I don't feel I can. I guess I am both most knowledgeable and most parochial about poetry. Being a practicing poet I probably have read more poetry than I have looked at paintings or listened to music. Also by virtue of being a practicing poet, I have had probably to exclude, somewhat ungenerously, from my purview certain kinds of stuff that I don't want to try to write. So I'm not an objective viewer of poetry. As far as painting is concerned, the

friends of mine who are painters think that the whole field is split wide open and that anything is possible—from what, after all, seems to be blown-up comic strip art of the Lichtenstein variety to very serious abstract and even representational work. I would not venture to make any judgments about them, though I have tastes of my own. In music, I'm sure that electronic music is a very important innovation, but it doesn't deeply interest me, nor do I have an ear good enough to understand it. I think Bob Dylan is a fine performer, and he makes the stuff he writes sound entrancing and very winning. A lot of his ideas are sympathetic to a large part of his audience. That's part of the game. Whether he has written any-

thing that will last as long as a Shakespeare sonnet, I am inclined to doubt. But that may also, perhaps, be said of me.

Scholastic: How would you describe the role of the classics in trends in modern art and literature?

Hecht: That is hard to say. Arthur Miller said that one of his plays, I believe it was *Death of a Salesman*, has behind it an Aeschylean or Euripidean tragedy, a particular one that he had in mind upon which he modeled his drama. I don't think he expects people to come and buy their \$7.00 seats and sit down and say, "Ah, I hear resonances from Greek tragedy." I think a lot of modern writers have read the classics with profit and have learned something. I don't think it would necessarily be a very useful thing if they expected the audiences to pick up instantly ancient allusions or anything of that sort. I know a number of other writers who look with contempt upon the classics and feel that anybody who makes a classical allusion has automatically cancelled himself out as not being part of the modern world—which seems to me sort of foolish.

Scholastic: What do you think the classics have to offer man in our present culture?

Hecht: Our own culture, the time we live in today, 1972, seems to us necessarily sort of chaotic and unformed. We're in the midst of flux and don't know what's going to happen next. Every new day is innovation. The virtue of history, whatever else it may have, is not only to instruct us about the errors of the past, but to offer us a shape which is discernible, something in which you can see values as being fixed, however wrong or right they may be, however we might approve or disapprove of them. Standards which we seem so much to lack in the modern world are visible in works of art and forms of law, and in historical events and personages. This is not really much of a comfort, but it may be a way of making judgments that we find so difficult to make in the modern world.

Scholastic: Your poem "Green: An Epistle" seems to contain many im-

ages of ferment and decay. Might one or both of these descriptions be applied to our culture?

Hecht: I don't know whether our world is any worse than any other—there have been some terrible periods in history. That poem is really, at least in part, psychological in nature. It is about our native incapacity to tell when we're going bad, so that we are likely, as we see movement, to regard it as progress and to assume that we are getting better, happier, and wiser all the time. In fact what we are doing is to cultivate some of the worst problems in history. Now that also can be an historical process; there is no question about it. We can go on building on an error and end up in a soup. But I didn't have an historical judgment in mind when I wrote the poem. I would not want to make any judgment about the world we live in. There are a lot of things about it that I deplore and even detest. I think my job essentially is to go on writing poems and not much else.

Scholastic: Do you think that the role of the poet has changed in the twentieth century?

Hecht: Well, let's put it this way: I think there are a lot more poets *engagés* now in this country—elsewhere, too—than there were fifty years ago, perhaps even twenty-five. I would be very reluctant to make a judgment about whether that is a good or a bad thing. It is a good thing, politically, that there should be such people—a good thing, I think, that anyone should be politically engaged and try to improve the nature of human life or the life of his own community. But in that capacity he is acting purely as a citizen. When he is acting as a poet, I am not sure that he has that role. This is one of the most majestic things about Yeats' poetry—his constant vacillation between his commitment to Ireland, even its political aspects, and his commitment to its poetry. And he sees them as leading in opposite directions. The great exemplars outside America have been mostly French ones, like André Malraux and Jean-Paul Sartre. But if you go back and think of the really great writers of English

literature, the conspicuous exceptions are so numerous and so splendid, like Shakespeare . . . who knows what his politics were? Or that he approved or disapproved of anything that was going on in his time except in the ordinary senses of extreme vice and corruption and horror? One knows that even though John Donne went on diplomatic missions, he is not known as a poet *engagé*. His great poems are elegies, love poems and satires. There is nothing there to say what he thought of the English courts. And I presume that there are many young poets today who would find that shocking and deplorable. We have no reasons to suppose that his poetry would have been either better or worse if he had been so engaged. I have written very little on that topic, not because I don't have very strong feelings about it, but because I can feel myself getting into the same kind of binds that constrained Yeats. And I can see the terrible anguish it cost him.

Scholastic: Would you go so far as to say that political involvement is outside the realm of the poet's work?

Hecht: I don't think it need be. There have been a number of good political poems. But when they get to be good, they somehow rise above politics and become merely great human documents. Milton wrote some; Andrew Marvel wrote some. There must have been a lot of Latin political poetry. Some of it must have been very good. Pope called the *Aeneid* a political poem, and a lot of pastoral poetry is somewhat political, like "The Deserted Village" by Goldsmith, which is really about some of the calamitous effects of the industrial revolution. A lot of this is also present in Blake. In the "Second Shepherd's Play" there is a lot about how rotten it is to be a poor shepherd in England when the landowners control all the wealth. But in some way this ceases to be purely political. It is not agitation to get Nixon out of office and McGovern in; it is a rather considered view of the human lot, which makes it political, to be sure, but something else as well.

Scholastic: Would you say that—not thinking of the political aspects



of our existence—we still have the potential to be as comic or as tragic as the Athenians, for instance? Do you think that this is something consistent?

Hecht: I wish that I could give you a wise answer to that. I don't know. Let's put it this way: I think that the leading tenor of life in modern times is inclined rather more to be comic than tragic. And I don't mean that in any sense that makes it inferior. I think that comedy is one of the two great views of life. I'm inclined to think that we have very little modern tragic literature. We have a great deal of modern pathetic literature. I don't mean pathetically bad. I mean that its attempt to tragedy runs merely to pathos. And I suspect that the reason for this is that the tragic view of life requires a really fixed and steady and consistent view that doesn't fluctuate constantly. Ours is a time of such rapid alteration that no consistent view can be taken with which a large segment of the population agrees so that they have a sense of what really constitutes tragedy. And it doesn't seem to be, for example, when Willy Loman finally goes out and has himself virtually knocked off for the sake of his family—that this is only a very bad and unfortunate event. You don't feel that with Hamlet or Lear or Oedipus.

Scholastic: Would you please elucidate your remarks of last night on tragedy and the human condition.

Hecht: I think I said tragedy represents men as they ought to be and actions as they are. But "actions as they are" means that we know how the world is. This is the way it goes. It is ruthless and it grinds underfoot even the best of men however noble their aspirations. This is the kind of thing one would say about Oedipus, Lear, or Hamlet. We know what the limitations of human ambition may be and that to overstep or to misunderstand them is automatically to be knocked out of the picture. But the world we live in is one where we don't know what the limitations of human action may be. People go around doing things all the time. For instance, I think that capital punishment's being abolished in most states means right now—historically—Charles Manson, who committed an outrageous crime, will be one of the few—just by virtue of historical process—who is going to be excused from paying the death penalty . . . not because he's better, certainly—not that he's any worse—but our sense of order and laws is so rapidly changing that we have no sense of definition in our lives of what we can do or can get away with, what's permitted and so on.

This makes a tragic view very hard to define.

Scholastic: Perhaps this view of things as they should be—as you mean by tragic—is somehow present in our subconscious today. I mean part of our trouble might be that we can't bring this out of ourselves.

Hecht: I really don't know. I don't think that it can be defined purely as psychological because literature is, among other things, a social act, event, and form of art, so that it participates in the accepted notions of a large community of readers, normally all the ones who read the same language. So that whatever goes down as acceptable as tragedy or comedy is something that is, as it were, a task understanding on the part of that large segment, that community. It's not the private psychological quirks of one or two members of the audience or the writer, or both or three of them together. It's a covenant of some sort, widely understood and accepted for a while—not forever, but for a while. So that our sense of Greek tragedy is different from our sense of Elizabethan tragedy—which is again different from our sense of Roman tragedy or seventeenth-century French tragedy. But I would be very reluctant to say emphatically that there is such a thing as modern tragedy.



Tragedy survived as an idea during the Dark Ages and came into flowering in the Renaissance and Elizabethan periods.

Scholastic: Do you think that we can anticipate some sort of renaissance in the arts?

Hecht: I don't know. This is enormously hard to say. Every local artist in all fields would love to say, "My field is just about to have a renaissance and I'm the leader of it." Perhaps in the year 2000 we'll look back at the 1970's and say that this was the most sterile and arid period in American literature, painting, or music. I have no way of making any judgments on this. I think that we work in such little dark corners by ourselves that we have no idea whether we're doing anything of any importance. Nor do I believe for a moment that most writers would say that with any sort of confidence. It was customary in the Renaissance for poets to promise immortality to their ladies whom they would write about in verse. But in a way this goes back—this is an old classical tradition. The way people got commemorated was by poets' writing about them. One of the reasons Achilles chose not to live out his life in honor and peace, but rather to die, was because he hoped to be commemorated by a poet.

Scholastic: In a slightly different vein, your translation of *Seven Against Thebes* has been very widely acclaimed. It must be difficult for two people to work on a translation the way you did, as compared to one person doing both translation and poetic work. I am thinking of Richard Lattimore or William Arrowsmith. Did working with someone else pose any particular problems?

Hecht: As it is there would have been a lot of people with whom I could not have worked with any comfort at all. But Helen Bacon and I were able to work very easily together. I think that, on the whole, you're perfectly right. There are tremendous advantages to being able to do it all yourself. I'm not sure we had any advantages on our side. Had I been able to command a rich and profound knowledge of Greek, Greek literature, and Greek history—as she does—it would have been plausible for me to do it. I think that Lattimore and Fitzgerald and a few other such translators who have straddled fences were superbly qualified to do it. I was not. Therefore, I had no choice but to work with someone. And we did get on very well.

Scholastic: Apparently, from the results people would disagree with

your questioning whether you had advantages or not

Hecht: Well I had certainly all the advantages of her knowledge and experience, which are very considerable, but I should think any really good translation—any surviving translation—is likely to be the work of an individual person because his own style and intelligence permeate the entire work.

Scholastic: You are a professor of English rhetoric at Rochester. Do you think it is possible to teach a student how to write poetry?

Hecht: I'm always tempted to say, as everyone who teaches such a course "yes, of course it's impossible." It's a miracle that it even gets taught at all. And if you can teach something, why not teach that? You can surely teach; you can do something. You might start by pointing out good poems to students and get them to see where they are good and why they're good—how they improve on or are inferior to something else. Once they can see that in the work of poets they admire, they might get to the point where they can see it in their own work—if they've written two poems one of which is better than the other—and eventually to say why. That's a great start in their career.

Ziggy Stardust

Look at David Bowie in his sequined, turquoise space suit. Gaze into his almost transparent eyes and at his green hair. Is this the making of a rock 'n' roll star? I hope so, and yet I hope not. For those who have discovered him, David Bowie is already a star; it remains to be seen what the masters of hype will do with this flashy, emerging genius. Yes, I said genius but I also said emerging; one album can't put you in that category by itself. Not that Bowie hasn't been around. At nineteen he vowed to give up music and was all set to enter a Zen monastery. His first couple of albums went largely unnoticed except for the single "Space Oddity," which caused a brief flurry. His next two, "The Man Who Sold the World" and "Hunky Dory," met with critical but not commercial success. Still, he was beginning to build a small but growing underground following.

With "The Rise and Fall of Ziggy Stardust" Bowie is suddenly, albeit deservedly, thrust into the limelight. How he will react to all this sudden attention, both personally and artistically (if you can separate the two), remains to be seen. Already an American tour is under way, stopping at such heady places as Carnegie Hall, The Boston Music Hall, and the JFK Center for the Performing Arts. Those are some pretty big stops for a first-ever tour, but I've got a feeling that Ziggy and the Spiders will prove up to it.

Bowie's lyrics have always been of prime importance to him, and with good reason. His lyrics have always stood out as his strongest point, hindered in past albums by the lack of a good supporting score (not that the music wasn't good, just not on a par with the words). With "The Rise and Fall of Ziggy Stardust," this problem has been resolved. Bowie and his band, the Spiders from Mars (Mick Ronson on guitar and piano, Trevor Bolder,

bass and Mick Woodmansey, drums, hardly parenthetical musicians), can rock with the best of them. Against this surging musical background, Bowie's lyrics have found their perfect counterpart and the result is an album which, if not perfect, comes a damn sight closer to it than most.

"Five Years" sets the stage, both musically and lyrically, for the thematic development which follows. A melancholy song, bordering on desperation, about the impending end of the world:

"News guy wept when he told us,
earth was really dying.
Cried so much his face was wet,
then I knew he was not lying"

And lest the listener feel too objective about it all, he adds:

"I think I saw you in an ice-cream parlour,
drinking milkshakes cold and long.
Smiling and waving and looking so fine,
don't think you knew you were in this song"

Both "Soul Love" and "Moonage Daydream" are exposition, telling us something about the author. In the former he is a different sort of artist:

"Inspirations have I none -
just to touch the flaming dove.
All I have is my love of love -
and love is not loving"

"Moonage Daydream" is the album's first rocker, breaking musically with what came before. For the first time the band really lets go: Bowie and Ronson trade some great guitar licks and the final solo (whoever does it) is a stunner. "Starman" and Ray Davies' "It Ain't Easy" round out the first side with the former introducing the space messiah that Bowie has been hinting at:

"There's a starman waiting in the sky
He'd like to come and meet us
But he thinks he'd blow our minds"

"Lady Stardust" opens side two with the story of a rock star. One of Bowie's favorite themes, it has been speculated this song is about Marc Bolan, although the persona might just as well fit Bowie. At least that's what he tells us in "Star": "I could make it all worthwhile as a rock and roll star."

"Hang On to Yourself" features some of Bowie's more direct lyrics while the music is some very fine, straight-ahead rock; a throwaway were it not so good.

"Ziggy Stardust," with its stately, fuzzily electric sounds as close to a distinct style as Bowie ever comes, introduces the starman/messiah again, only this time he appears as *the* star. The allusion here points to Jimi Hendrix, although this need not be strictly so. Still, Ziggy played guitar, "he played it left hand . . . became the special man, then we were Ziggy's band." And "Ziggy really sang, screwed up eyes and screwed down hairdo."

"Suffragette City" is a freewheeling, whirling rocker that will pull you right out of your seat and start you dancing. An out-of-control stagecoach ride up the center of your spine, twice around the medulla oblongata and out your left ear. Layer upon layer of rousing, raunchy guitar work that builds to a fever crescendo and leads you smack into the quiet, anguished loneliness of "Rock 'n' Roll Suicide." Unquestionably one of the finest and most moving songs I've ever heard; a love song to humanity. It starts with the gentle strumming of Bowie's acoustic guitar. With each verse a new instrument is introduced and with it a ray of hope until we are brought to the final, stirring climax of

"You're not alone just turn on with me
You're not alone just turn on and be
You're not alone gimme your hands
You're wonderful gimme your hands"

—casey pocius

coming distractions

FILMS

See how **JOHNNY GOT HIS GUN** in Dalton Trumbo's classic ROTC training film at the Engineering auditorium on October 10-11 at 8 and 10 p.m. Admission \$1.00.

Cinema '73 will present the very moving picture **The Servant** in the Engineering Auditorium from Oct. 7-9, at 8 and 10 p.m. Admission is \$1.00 but patrons are free. All you want.

The **Museum Without Walls** will be open on October 2 and Oct. 9 for the third and fourth parts of this series. "The Art Conservator" and "Kinetic Art in Paris" will be shown on Oct. 2 and "Le Corbusier," "The Greek Temple," and "The Impressionists" will be openly aired on Oct. 9. On both nights the showings are at 8 and 10 p.m. in the Engineering Auditorium and the price is \$1.50.

Zagrans' Zinema West presents the knockout film "Requiem for a Heavyweight" on Sept. 29 at 8 and 10 p.m. Oct. 6 and 7 sees the star-studded "Andromeda Strain" presented at 7 and 10 p.m. "El Cid" rides again at 7 and 10 p.m. on Oct. 13 and 14. All these fine films will be flashed in Flanner Hall basement for the fantastically fair fare of \$1.00.

EXHIBITIONS

There will be a showing of the works of **Guest Artists at Notre Dame** until November 5 at the Notre Dame Art Gallery. Can you picture that?

Thirteenth to Fifteenth Century miniatures from the **Lessing J. Rosenwald Collection** of the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C., will be shown from Oct. 1 through Nov. 15. More or Lessing.

Painting and calligraphically speaking, **Susan Chiang** will present her work in the Moreau-Hammes Galleries at SMC from Oct. 1 to Oct. 26. Don't give her the brush off.

LECTURES

Mr. K. De Bose from Action—Peace Corps—Vista will speak on **Experiences in Kenya** at 7:30,

Tues. Oct. 10 in the Black Cultural Arts Center in room 2A, LaFortune.

A divine lecture on **A Variety of God Inclinations in Secular Literature** by Fred Kountz will be presented at 7:30 pm in Carroll Hall at St. Mary's. After all, it's what's up front; that Kountz.

The first in the series of the Philosophy Department's Lectures on the philosophy of language will present, so to speak, Max Black from Cornell University. On Monday Oct. 2, in the New Biology Auditorium, Black will speak, so to speak, on **The Data and Problems of Philosophy of Language**. On Wednesday, Oct. 4 at the same time and place, Black will speak, so to speak, on **The Quest for Logical Form and the Ideal Language**. Then on Friday, Oct. 6 at 3:30 in the Library Auditorium, he will speak, so to speak, on **The Appeal to Ordinary Language**. . . . So to speak.

SPORTS

The annual weekend South Bend population booms begin this Saturday, the 30th, with the first sellout home show starring Ara, Tom Clements, and an unmarred defense. In the role of the enemy will be **Purdue** this week and the men in gold will turn invaders on Oct. 7th at **Michigan State** for what many consider our first big test. A bus trip has been organized for the nomadic cheering section.

SPECIALS

St. Mary's presents for public thespian consumption **The Lion in Winter**, James Goldman's regal medieval character study, directed by Charles Ballinger on Oct. 6, 7, 12, 13, & 14 at 8:30 pm in O'Laughlin Auditorium. Appetite whetted? Students can subscribe to all five ND-SMC Theatre performances for \$6.50, which saves you \$2 if you buy individually. Buy two, be optimistic about your love life.

Bill Shakespeare has a hit play in the area, namely, **As You Like It**, off Broadway in the IUSB auditorium

on Oct. 12 thru 22 at 8:15. Try It!

"Franz Kafka" will be subjected to a thorough examination in the SMC Little Theatre on Oct. 11th by mind-detective Erich Heller from Northwestern. Be Kafka-esque, it's hip.

Back to Broadway, the hit musical **Two by Two** will stay in South Bend's Morris Civic Aud. for one show on October 13th at 8:30. The playwright is Clifford Odets, the music-wright Richard Rogers. Students can buy \$3 tix, otherwise the range is \$4-\$7.

The concert scene is rather diverse. Your choices are: A) getting stoned on the progenitor of British Blues, **John Mayall**, who's introduced more stars into rock music than Bill Graham. He'll be presenting tomorrow's stars in the Morris CA at 7:00 on Oct. 4th, where reserved seat tix are \$4.50 in advance and \$5.50 at the gate. Or B) souling out with the **Rev. Shiffer Gospel Concert** at 8:00 on Oct. 7 in the Morris CA. It's B.Y.O.T. (Bring your own testimony). C) partake in the roots of Chicago and BST with the **Big Band Cavalcade** at 8:00 on the 9th of Oct., featuring the greats: Frank Carl, Bob Crosby, and others! Or D) **The Metropolitan Opera** has leased to Bethel College on Sept. 30 at 8:00 in the Goodman Auditorium, Mr. Jerome Hines. Students 2 bucks. Surely some culture to write home about. Or E) **Chicago**, the real, live, rich Columbia exploitees who've seen more of this world than any of us ever hope to will settle into the ACC for Sept. 30th after the Purdue battle. If you haven't seen them (you HAVEN'T?!), it's a treat. Or, F, we look far ahead to homecoming weekend versus Pitt on Oct. 14 in case you blew a date for the Chicago gig and want to see the Canadian **Guess Who**. Attached to this is a Prohibition party for homecoming the evening before, including a spaghetti & sandwich buffet dinner, all the soft drink you can handle and a brass band (not Chicago). It's in Stepan Center from 8:30 til 1:00 a.m. Dress in Twenties style and bring your machine guns.

the last word

last word

I can remember back to two and three years ago, back when Carolyn Gatz was an editor of the SCHOLASTIC. Carolyn, small, with long dark hair, quiet, with one of the warmest smiles I have ever known, was one of the more outspoken St. Mary's students on the subject of women's liberation. As a freshman, naïve (probably more so than today's freshmen), I can remember my bewilderment at her impassioned concern over that problem.

Three years has helped to mellow the inner turmoil of that spring of Cambodia and Kent State, and helped to unsmudge the lenses with which I see memories of those days. And recent thoughts and conversations bring back many of Carolyn's words in more clarity than they possessed even then. The conversations have been with several people, mainly Terri, a junior at St. Mary's, and Peggy, who graduated last year. The personal thoughts, I suspect, have been prompted by watching the women of Notre Dame and St. Mary's in this transition year, wondering what sorts of experiences they will be exposed to, subjected to.

Much of Carolyn's concern dealt with discrimination against women in the business world. Still protected by the warm womb of the University, I am at too great a distance from these aspects of the problem to grasp them as fully as she, who has had to content herself with a minimum-wage waitress job out west—not the best outlet for a woman of Carolyn's sensitivity and intelligence. But others of Carolyn's words, and especially those of Terri and Peggy, have brought the problem much closer to home. Notre Dame must be a terrible place to be a woman.

Terri and I talked once, last spring, puzzling over the reasons why women at Notre Dame so often seem to have less confidence in themselves than their abilities warrant. Why are women in Notre Dame classes so often the most taciturn in the group? Why have women—capable women—so often been hesitant to write a

story for the magazine because they did not feel competent? Part of the answer is obvious. If I were the only male in a class of women, with all eyes turned toward me whenever I raised my hand in response to a professor's question, I suspect I, too, would be reluctant to answer often. But much more insidious processes are at work in the Notre Dame coeducational classroom. I have been in more than one class where very derogatory comments about the abilities of women—St. Mary's women in particular—have been habitual. And women are the more frequent, though not the sole recipients of unflattering under-the-breath comments following a response in a class. Not unfamiliar to the student of psychology: "negative reinforcement reduces the frequency of response."

The difficulties of the woman in the Notre Dame classroom may be among the less disturbing she experiences. I would venture to guess that a majority of the women new to this campus have already been the victim of the crass, boorish, gross comments of an intoxicated (or not intoxicated) male student as he tries to assert his masculinity. (Perhaps some have been the victim of more than his words.) Notre Dame men, with their famed party conduct, their frequent pastime of "hitchhiking at the circle," etc., often reveal something embarrassing and sad about themselves.

Germaine Greer often becomes so engrossed in her political terminology and emphasis that she may alienate more than she convinces. Lesser activists, in their preoccupations with the more trivial aspects of the problem, do the same. But when experiences force us to focus on the "close-to-home" manifestations of the problem, the question becomes less a political one and more an ethical one: a moral question of Christian conduct to be dealt with by the members of this Christian community.

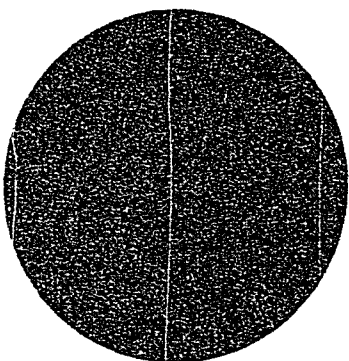
—greg stidham

juggler

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