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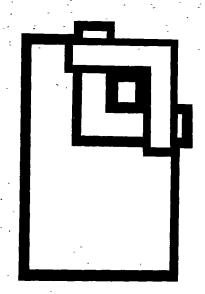
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SPECIAL ISSUE

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VOLUME 114, NO. 4

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illustrations: all of the works in the plastic arts section, with the exception of some faculty work, were photographed for reproduction by michael lonier.

This issue of the Scholastic is a special issue devoted entirely to the arts within the University community. Creative activity on this campus has, in the past, gone relatively unheralded. Within the practicing artists' circles, there is excitement and enthusiasm. But the circles do not spread very wide, and most of the community is simply mis-uninformed. Consequently, artists and their work are held in a kind of uneasy suspicion not unlike common attitudes towards alchemists, revolutionaries, or ordinary useless bums. It may be a dubious endeavor to popularize an essentially profound and highly disciplined activity in a magazine. Notre Dame turns its attention to art next week however, when the Mid-America College Art Association and the Society for Photographic Education will hold conferences on the Notre Dame campus. In an attempt to pursue the arts in a more than casual way on a popular level and to complement the upcoming conferences, the Scholastic publishes this selected portfolio of the recent works of artists in our community.

This portfolio was selected from the works of current students and faculty members from the Art, English, and Music Departments of the University of Notre Dame and Saint Mary's College. The performing arts have not been included for obvious reasons. Architecture is another story for another time. The portfolio includes music, traditionally a performing art, because of the general lack of awareness of that department's activities, and because music since John Cage has become conceptualized enough that it can be more or less reproduced graphically alongside the other arts. The selection of the pieces for publication was done by the artists themselves, their teachers, and by the Scholastic. The basic criterion used in selecting from the works reviewed was exemplary quality, with an emphasis on the experimental (somewhat synonymous with expressiveness). The final selection for publication was often more pragmatic, dealing with magazine production. The portfolio is intended neither as a comprehensive survey of the work of all the community's artists, nor as a compilation of the "very best work." Space, budget, and logistical considerations prohibited the former, and obvious philosophical considerations prohibited the latter. Rather, the portfolio is a limited collection of work presented to the community. It is hoped that our readers will familiarize themselves with the work of some of the artists whose work appears in this portfolio, and will pursue a newfound interest in all the artists' activities in the community.

The separation of photography from the plastic arts is purely arbitrary, consistent with the distributive nature of next week's conferences. The reproductions of the visual arts and of music in the portfolio are not intended as surrogates for the originals. They are more like indications: a visit to a gallery or a concert is certainly more worthwhile. Only certain forms of literature and some lithographs are truly legitimate in print.

The Scholastic is indebted to Dr. Thomas S. Fern, John David Mooney, Richard Stevens, Jim Dyer, of the Notre Dame Art Department; to Sr. Rose Ellen Morrissey, H. James Paradis, Jim Raymo, Kathy McDonnell, of the Saint Mary's Art Department; Mark Sears of the Notre Dame Music Department; the artists, and many others for their co-operation and help in assembling this special issue.

—the editors

prologue



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HERMENEUTICS OF AN ARTIST

What is it that makes the artist a unique individual in society? While the arts are readily accepted by society and held to high value, it remains that the artist is an alienated individual. One may consider the environment of Notre Dame's community and its artists (presumably held in estrangement) as a microcosm of society at large. Surely, I hold this to be a true surrogate of the artists' dilemma here. A further discussion pertaining to this problem requires examination of the artist himself, his artistic education, and finally, the artist in relation to his environment.

The artist is the epitome of the quest of every sensitive and concerned person. To proclaim oneself as an artist, one must accept the basic premise of the quintessential human dichotomy: that one exists both as an individual and social being. This proposes many difficult problems to the artist. Considering he is an individual seeking self-discovery, yet still in an alienated state, how does he fulfill that activity?

Indeed, it is a wonder that present society has created the artists it has. This, of course, relates to the educational process that alone stifles the creative acts of children today. A strong statement, perhaps, but consider the point that modern democracy has shown a total incapacity to distinguish between genius and talent. Today's technological society insists upon this: that talent is of greater value than genius. Man is a genius by the mere fact that he is a human being. Individually and collectively, I believe we have lost sight of the basic order these qualities present themselves while it would be redundant to state that we no longer uphold men to the position of genius.

Genius is an inherent activity that is a necessary condition for talent. It is the action of turning one's mind, one's body, in the end, one's actions to anything one fails to understand. Another definition of genius is actually mere research. Isn't it true that a young child has an insatiable appetite for this activity? Why does it stop?

Modern society holds talent as more efficient and less questioning since once one attains a large degree of talent, one becomes secure and complacent.

The artist does not lose sight that genius is a prerequisite to talent. He is constantly asking questions, even if the answers are not completely known. His mind is Cartesian, his actions are seemingly absurd.

Duchamp claims that art has absolutely no existence or veracity as truth with regards to the artist. No matter what the artist thinks he is doing, something completely independent of what he intended is the result. That result is, as a consequence, grabbed by society. Dammit, the artist doesn't count. The subsequent result is found in the limbo of art historians' judgment. And possibly the fate of the artist.

A possible solution to this problem lies in art itself. Perhaps art should be a piece of reality itself rather than interpretations of reality. This philosophical question has permeated the works of major philosophers. Plato, whose ideas were later articulated further by Marx, held that art impedes the transformation of society into beauty because it imitates beauty. Nietsche states that "no artist tolerates reality." Whether he imitates it or tolerates it, a few things are clear. The artist may reject reality (as being society) for what it lacks and sometimes is, but he surely doesn't hide from it or ignore it.

Interestingly enough, Herbert Read tells us that both art and society, in any concrete sense of the terms, have their origins in man's relation to his natural environment. The artistic mind is in constant flux to recreate the universe to his plan. He constantly reifies the statement that society was created for man, not man for society. Whether this effort is successful or not, it is that confrontation, one of a frustrating, damnable, quality, that is most important.

Fundamentally, art is the epitome of human life, the truest record of insight and feeling, the spearhead of human development. By Langer's definition, art is imaginative forms expressive of human feeling. Feeling pertains to anything felt, consciously or unconsciously; while form is an apparition given to our own perceptions whether they be dynamic, permanent, or imagined. But enough of aesthetics, and more importantly, let us turn to the work of art as a symbol of feeling. Art's primal function is to objectify feeling so we may contemplate and further understand it. In this sense, art is significant to culture because it expands and develops our imagination, possibly enabling us to recall when we were children who, of course, were innocent, cute, and . . . geniuses.

One may consider the portfolio as an education of feeling. Though one may not understand the total depth of all the works of this portfolio one must certainly consider that these artists, so sensitive to the human condition, are members of our community. They are artists and need to be respected as such. This all may sound romantic, but that's the way it is. One can only recall the high spirited call of

Ah Bartleby! Ah Humanity!

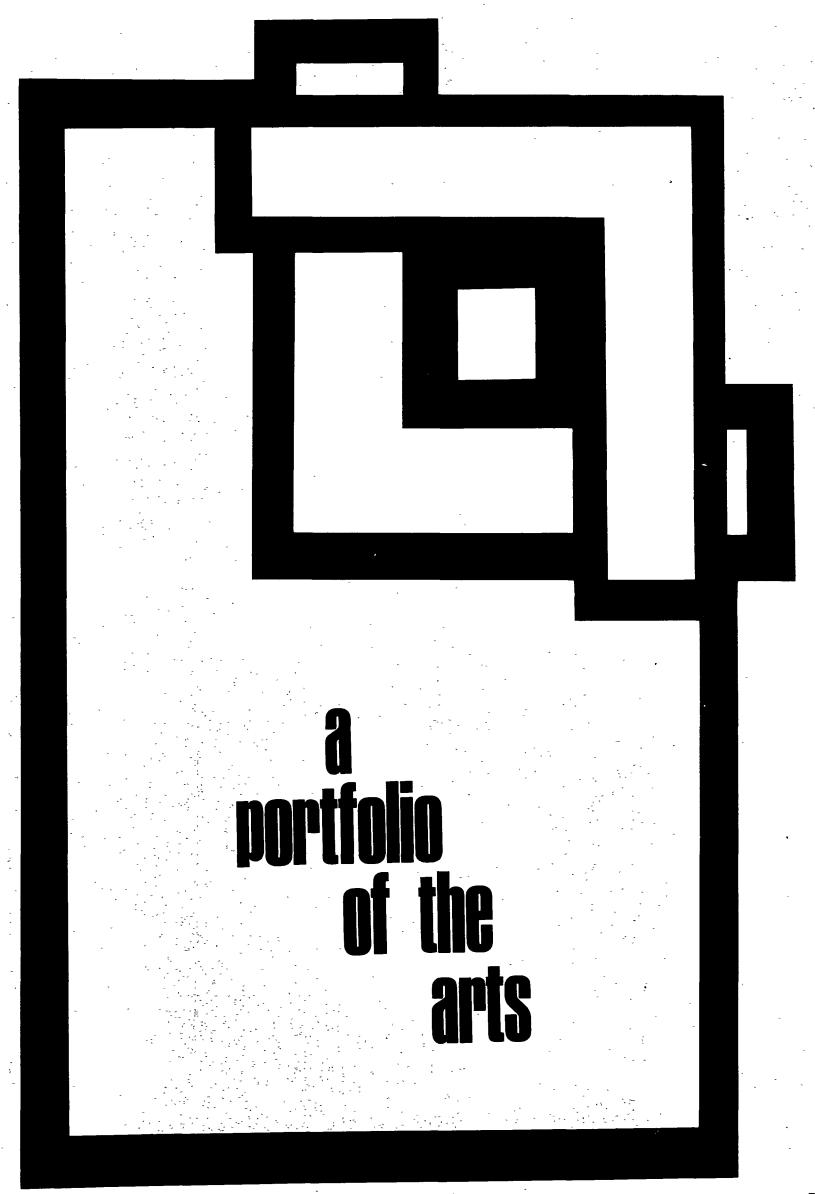
Addenda

Writing about art remains a hazardous combination of subjective judgment and formal analysis. In light of this, I offer some guidelines for one to follow, though not fastidiously, when glancing over the pages.

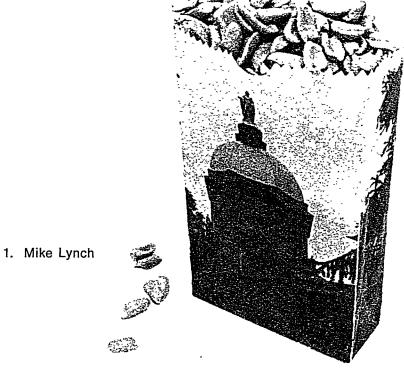
The development of 20th century art is not an organization of one movement replacing another systematically. Rather it is a conglomeration of different attitudes that have developed concomitantly; the lightening of one follows the darkening of another. One may note, however, the various trends that have held most credence in 20th century art today.

- 1. The changing attitudes toward and conceptions of subject matter in the work of art: its importance, its functions.
- 2. The concern with visual form alone: the elements of line, color, mass, texture.
 - 3. The idea that less is more: refinement by reduction.
- 4. Inclusion of the artist's attitude toward his work as a part of the work itself.
- 5. The inclusion of the process of creating the work as a part of the work itself.
 - 6. The stirring of traditional distinctions between art forms.

Tim Standring



photography





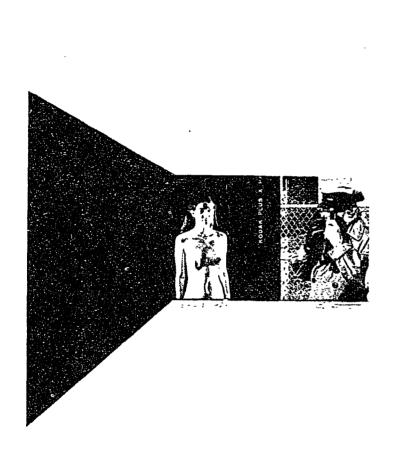
2. Lida Petruniak



3. Mary Brelowski



4. Michael Lonier



5. E. J. Sauter



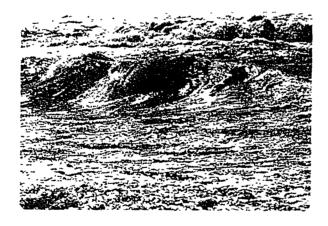
6. Tom Roche



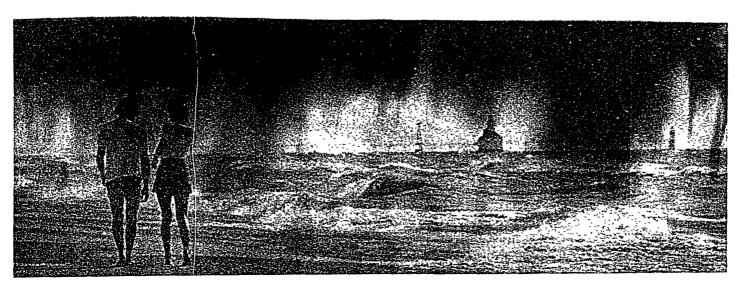
7. Faye Serio

8. Dick Stevens









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9. Jennifer Luhrs



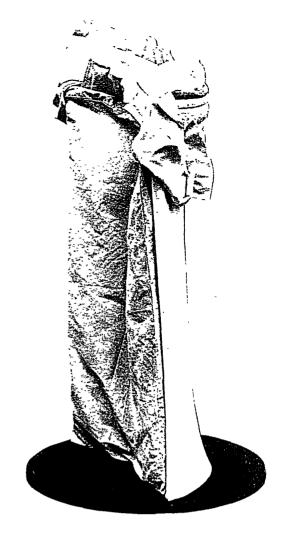
10. Sister Nancy Moran, C.S.C.



12. Jane McCormick

11. Jim Raymo

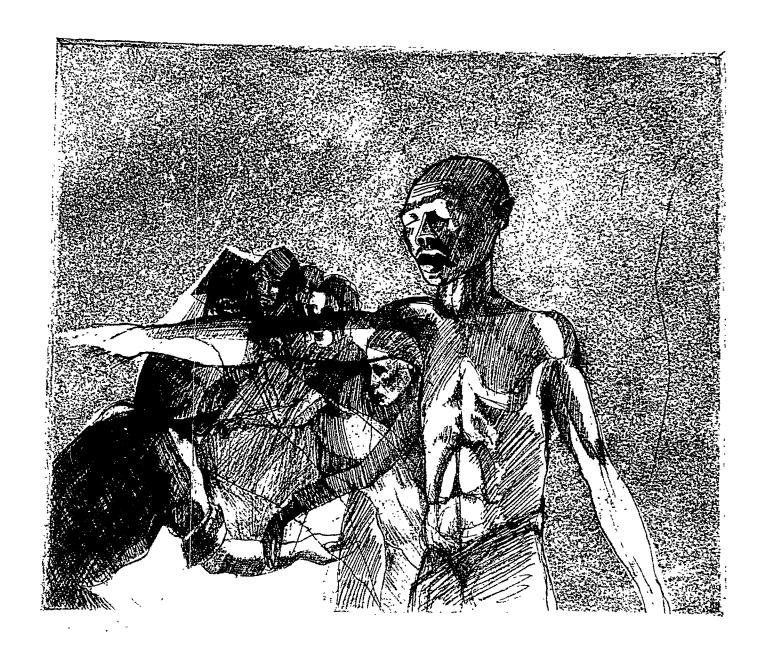
the plastic ants



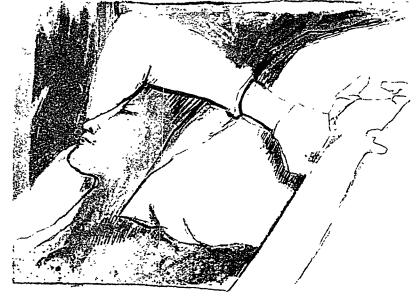
1. Kathy McDonnell

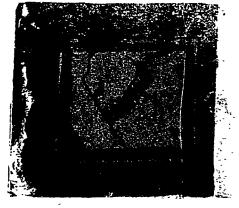


2. Douglas Kinsey



3. Mark Riley







4. Rosi Bernardi

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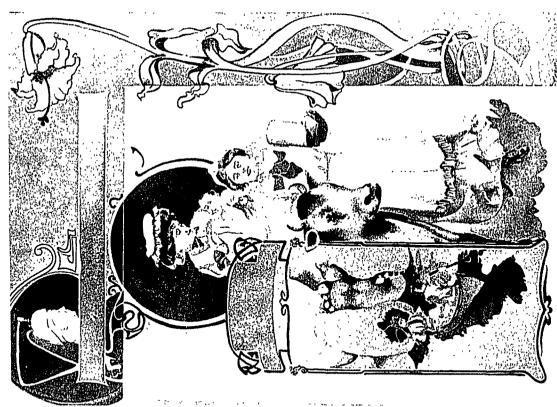
7. Father James Flanigan

8. Terri Lustic





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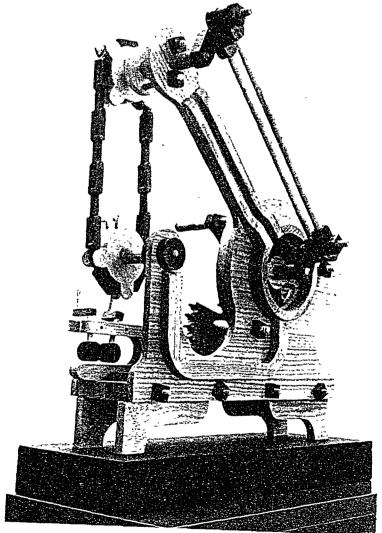
5. Tom Jackson



Tod Hoove



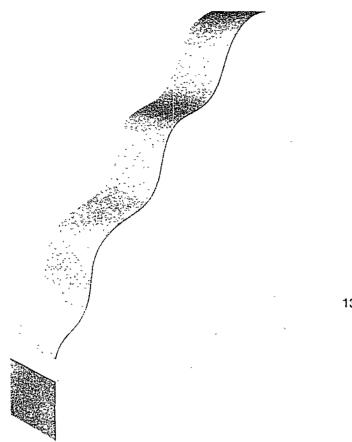
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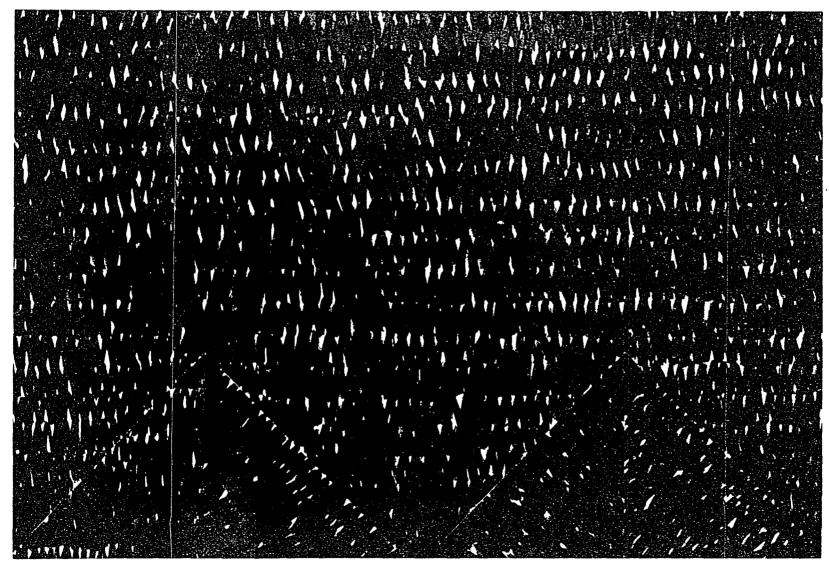
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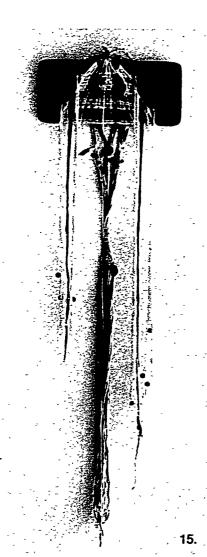
12. Cynthia Huff

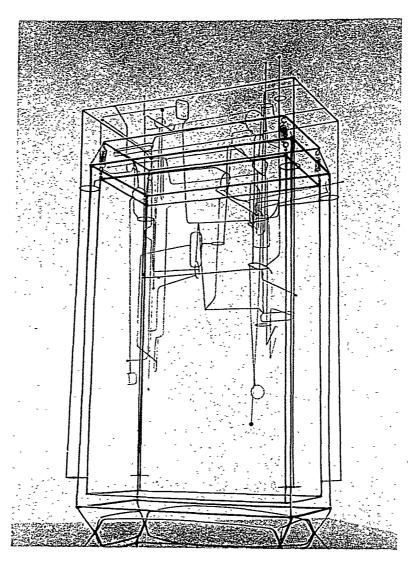


13. John David Mooney



14. Chris Gregory





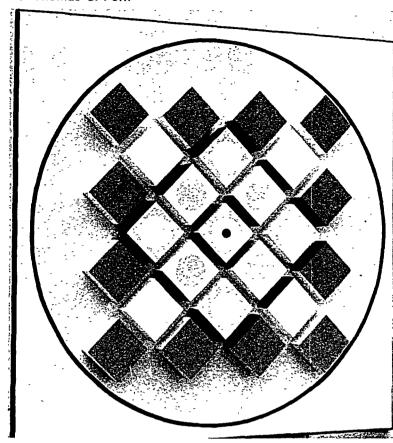
16. Konstantin Milonadis



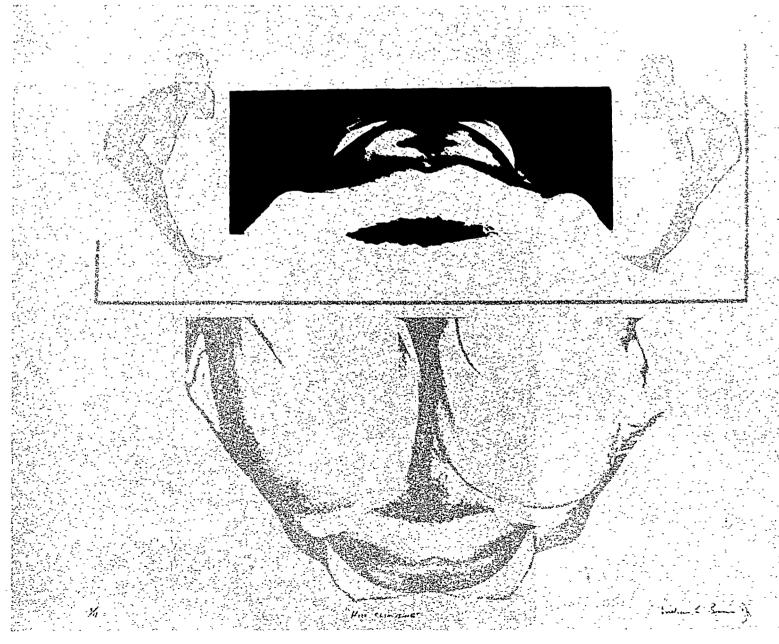
17. Sister Cecilia Ann Kelly

15. Carmen Samora

18. Thomas S. Fern



19. William Barnes



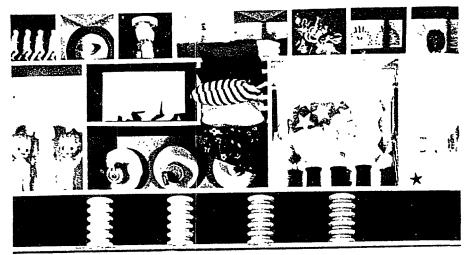
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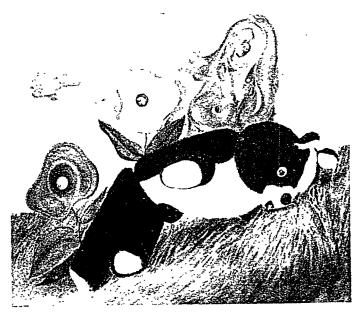
20. Robert Leader

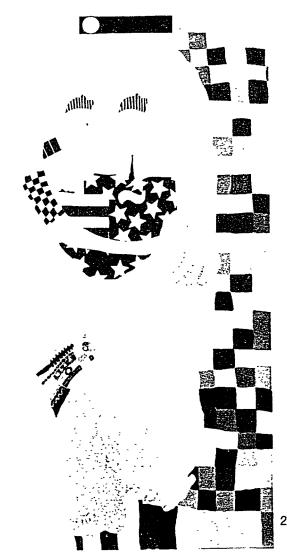


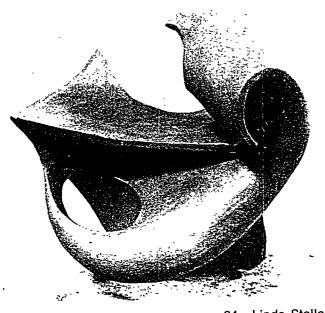


21. Dennis Doran









24. Linda Stellato

22. Jean Battles

literature

ORCHESTRA

O the times now that God goes out of tune and praise tames down to such quaint anthems

even child catechumens ask each other's eyes, is this all that fearsome parent was?

Or the music inflates altogether out of control. (At such times watch the women.) The women

scream their clothes off and with raped knives hack the musician into pieces, they

slop his parts still smoking into the stream. (Listen, in pieces he welters fluting to the sea.)

NARCISSUS FLOWERING

We are riveted and hinged upon ourself in such oblique directions

(so many, and not foreseen)

how can you tell what will happen?

Every day, it could be, you find an uncle cozy in a cranny of your blood swishing his

fist of beer almost in your eye.

Or at table where your bone crooks into elbow is sudden room for dozens,

it may be aunts, grandmothers, who bring coffee rounding to snug aroma.

Consider too how love can stoop as in those fairy tales, how we almost say it,

almost on all fours: o lost brother dog, o sister kitten.

Or at dawn a gauze of snow smooth over grass, bushes, trees, exposes such

familiars we are ready to welcome cousins.

What father, or is it mother, may focus from an unsuspected color of our hair or eyes and

claim you then at the ultimate connection or disconnection.

poems

poems

spy

thirty years every day polish the brass doorhandles sun-bright

big doors big affairs opening open all day closing closed sun-bright glaring for white hands

a spy in black skin (obvious) brass handles not needing polish each day polish (thirty years) a foreign power obscure far away

DIANA AT LAKESIDE

She stands in tan-warm twilight; still as the softskinned lake she's watching, one knee casually bent,

as if those trim sun-seasoned legs had not been grown to tangle with a lover's legs, untangle, then wrap him tightly in.

Her hair carved down to her shoulders like a brown-gold bell leaves not a wisp for the wild wrestle when mouth and hands storm, dishevel.

Who can stare hard enough to help her feel a cushioned lover ride the void where now her lax arms embrace her breasts?

That wound of love that she was born with sleeps too far beneath the obvious bikini to be reopened.

Dig fingers and toes in sand, only drag your glare off her. Her concealments are easy and still,

as sunset-deep as the long water she looks out on but not into.

Ernest Sandeen Ernest Sandeen

Shore up the Ships I Say

A Wedding Song for Chris and Ann

Shore up the ships, I say.

This is no ordinary passage.

Lay hands to the sail together make ready the mast.

In the quick of the sun tie the ribbons secure.

Four seabirds cut air up above (you see)

You must race them to Kilimanjaro, or Trenton.

This is no hard geography you see can be but space to inhabit

A promise of straightbeam, bow, and of anchor, and a pact with the sun until dusk.

Departure

Woe be he then But funny.

After he'd searched the pillows and After he'd sniffed like a dog for her odors And after he'd lain at impossible angles, that crust of a man half crazy with love.

Centered he, then, on a room full of leavings. (The dress had been here, her bracelet, there. The suitcase against that wall.)

The comb, she had taken with her, and what had she never brought?

Dan O'Donnell

Waking at 8 a.m.

A day's worth of dust gathers on the windows.
The curtains howl out for more.

This frayed carpet, these barely green walls can never hope to house a morning's sun.

On the other side, a solitary wren, eyes so far forward it forgets any origin, winks as it passes into blue.

PARABLE

Aaron Mahoney, all knew, was a fine magician, a prestidigitator of the first rank. Besides, he had a noble name. At least this much was certain. His act had been a success from the start, in particular his breath-taking finale, wherein he locked one of his assistants (pretty) into a cabinet and, wham bango, with a few calculated flicks of his wand, converted said maiden into a tree. This was all the more amazing because Aaron publicly denied any magic at all, and attributed his success to sleight of hand. Speculation on the reasons behind Aaron's claim became a popular pastime. Some maintained that his posture was a clever tactic in reverse psychology, that, by pretending that his act was all mechanical, the curious would be induced to poke further and further into those mechanics and, when sufficiently exhausted, they would be forced to admit the x-variable of magic that Aaron had known of all along. Other, more level-headed, less extravagant critics took the magician's statement at face value. Aaron smiled as he read one such account (under the headline, The Scientific Magician) that had called him, "a sworn foe of mystery," for he knew himself divinely dark. In point of fact he himself knew nothing about magic. He knew only that he made certain motions, thought certain thoughts, and his "trick" was accomplished. He knew further that no one but he could describe or perform these motions. Whether this was due to natural endowment or long hours of practice, he little knew and less cared.

Had he frozen it in the vise of will, sublimated it beyond repair? . . . These were the questions he asked of himself, ten years after his final performance, as he remembered his last night's dream.

So that, wanting at last a woman, he embraced wood.

This is no ordinary passage

OCTOBER 27, 1972

Christopher Costello

EROS

The scene: Madison Square Garden. Cardboard photographs of Keith Richards and Mick Taylor playing guitar, Charlie Watts playing drums, and Bill Wyman playing Bass, stand in front of an imposing wall of buzzing amplifiers. Center stage, in front of the cardboard Stones, is a bed upon which Mick Jagger and Bianca de Macias are making love.

Mick cautiously pulls his head out from underneath the covers. The audience bursts into wild applause and cheering. The Rolling Stones! We want the Stones. YEA! AAHRAA! Nineteenth Nervous Breakdown!

Mick jumps out of bed.

The audience is simply going wild.

Mick pulls on his pants.

SATISFACTION YOU MOTHERS!

Mick's fly is stuck.

The audience reaches a peak of frenzied excitement rarely achieved in the Garden.

Mick raises his right arm above his head as if to signal the band to start.

A nude thirteen year old hippie chick is jumping up and down in front of the stage screaming, "Mick, oh Mick! Please Mick!"

The Stones explode into "Little Queenie."

The audience, as if propelled by the explosion, surges toward the stage.

Go Go Little Queenie!

With an insane desire to have the Rolling Stones, the audience pours onto the stage.

Whoa! Bet your mamma never saw you bite like that!

The nude 13 year old hippie chick is the first to take Mick down.

Mick only smiles knowingly.

"Oh Mick I've always wanted to come."

"What else can a poor boy do except sing for a rock'n' roll band."

The scene: Night. A room on the top floor of a high-class, big city hotel. Mick and Bianca are sitting up in bed watching television. Apparently a western is on the screen, for the shouts of Indians, the rifle fire of cowboys, and the sound of running horses can be heard. Mick and Bianca seem to be enjoying the show. They are both very excited, glued to the set and frequently jump up and passionately shout words of encouragement to those on the tube.

"Go get 'em you bloody droogs!"

"Yee Ha! Bang! Bang!"

After several minutes of this exciting cowboy and Indian stuff, the sound of an airplane passes slowly overhead. What sounds like a falling bomb catches the attention of Mick and Bianca. "What the hell could that be?"

There is an enormous crash and a human body falls through the ceiling. "Holy shit!"

Through the settling dust, a man dressed in a white jump suit and crash helmet can be seen rolling amid the rubble, laughing uncontrollably.

Being quite shocked, Mick and Bianca are, for several minutes, at a loss for words.

This laughing human bomb eventually is able to pick himself up. Still laughing he brushes himself off, which causes yet another dust storm.

"Well, God Damn!"

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Woo Ho Ho Hee Hee Hi there," the Laughing Bomber manages to squeeze out.

Mick and Bianca look at each other, grin and shrug their shoulders

The Laughing Bomber, seeing that Mick and Bianca don't seem to be very upset by his fall through the ceiling, decides to make himself more at home. He struts across the room and sits next to Bianca on the bed.

Mick and Bianca are a bit perplexed by these events, yet they still move over in order to make room for the Laughing Bomber.

"Cowboys and Indians, well, that should be fairly exciting." Mick and Bianca look at the Laughing Bomber with mild disdain and shake their heads.

"No?"

"Well, I guess it can be at first, but it gets pretty old."

"Yes, I know what you mean."

Mick and Bianca grunt an acknowledgement.

"Ha! Ha! Well, I don't have to rely on TV for excitement."

Pause.

Mick and Bianca turn towards each other, embrace, laugh, and begin to make love.

"Well, God Damn!" the Laughing Bomber, being quite curious, turns off the TV and settles back to watch.

The scene: Mick, Bianca and the Laughing Bomber are sitting in bed as before. The mess from the hole in the ceiling has been cleaned up. Through the hole one sees that it is now day.

"You two certainly seem to have had a good time."
"Oh yea, it was really exciting."

"Do you often have exciting times?"

"Sure, all the time."

"No shit?"

"Wow."

Pause.

"To tell you the truth, not only do I ball Bianca here, but I also sing in a rock'n' roll band and get raped by 13 year old hippie chicks. Exciting times? I've never heard of anything that can beat it."

drama

"Well, it does sound pretty good. But personally, I've never heard of anything that can beat jumping out of an airplane. Let me tell you—when you jump out of that hatch without a chute and all the urine in your bladder just shoots to the top of your stomach like on the biggest roller coaster ever conceived, well—it's the COSMIC RUSH of all time."

"Oh wow! It sounds fantastic. You do it very often?"

"All the time."

"No shit?!?"

"No shit!"

"Too much!"

During the preceding conversation, Mick, Bianca, and the Laughing Bomber had all become quite excited by each other's explanations of what they did for excitement. Mick and Bianca both had gotten up and knelt and bounced around on top of the bed. The Laughing Bomber even went so far as to get out of the bed in order to better demonstrate how his urine shoots into his stomach. But now, the three calm down a bit. They lay back and contemplate the gloriously exciting lives which they claim to live.

Mick thinks about what a drag singing and balling had become for him recently. He still likes it—after all, Mick knows he was born to fuck. But for some reason his heart just hasn't been in it. He wants some new excitement. He wants to feel that urine shoot through his body. He wants to know that COSMIC RUSH.

Bianca thinks about what a drag it has been for her recently. Always balling the same old rock'n' roll star. She even tries to convince herself that Mick isn't such a "hot cock" anyway. She wants some new excitement. She wants to ball the Laughing Bomber.

The Laughing Bomber thinks about what a drag jumping out of an airplane had been for him lately. He still gets an erection when he feels that old COSMIC RUSH coming on. But for some reason that thrill just seemed to have been slipping away. He wants some new excitement. He wanted to be a rock'n' roll singer, ball Bianca, and get raped by 13 year old hippie chicks.

After several minutes of silence the following action takes place.

nervous glances 🥣

nervous glances

Pause silly smiles silly smiles

Pause

"Say, I--"

"Oh I'm sorry."

"Ha! Ha!"
"Ho! Ho!"

"Well-"

"What were you going to say?"

"Oh, nothing much. You?"

"You tell me first. I asked first."

"Until you dropped through the ceiling the other day, there was nothing I desired and didn't have. I couldn't imagine being fulfilled by anything other than balling, singing, and being worshiped by little children. All my desires were being satisfied. I can't really explain it, I know I'll always want to sing and fuck. I just want something more. What I really want to do is jump out of an airplane."

"You know I really think I know what you mean. Until the other day when I fell through your ceiling, I also wanted to do nothing except jump out of airplanes. Oh God! The thought of it. Falling through the air—the chill racing down your spine—that incredible moment when you smack into that old Mother Earth. I aways thought that it was the most fantastic experience any man could have. But, like you, I really don't understand why, I want some new excitement. I want to sing in a rock'n' roll band. I want to ball the lovely Bianca here and get raped by young children. At this time that's all I want."

Pause

"I would imagine that this situation would be fairly easy to shape to our liking."

"I couldn't agree more."

"Have any suggestions?"

"Trade places. Let's do it right now."

"Is it so simple?"

"I don't see why not."

"Well, I'm ready." Bianca raises herself out of bed and clasps her hands in front of herself in a gesture of great joy.

"!'ll give you my jump suit and crash helmet. You can climb through the hole in the ceiling and have your first practice jump off the roof of this hotel. Thirty stories is just high enough for you to really dig it."

"And you can just climb into bed and ball to your heart's content."

"That's great. What can I say?"

"Right on!"

Let's drink to the hard-working people Let's drink to the lonely at birth Raise your glass to the good and the evil

Let's drink to the salt of the earth

Sing the Rolling Stones in "The Salt of the Earth." This sound provides the backround music from the point after Mick's last line to the end of this little story.

The Laughing Bomber takes off his jump suit and crash helmet and gives them to Mick, who because of his great excitement, experiences a little difficulty putting on his new clothes. Bianca's lewd overtures have gained the better part of the Laughing Bomber's attention. As a result, Mick's struggle with the jump suit becomes even more difficult when Mick can't find help when he asks how a jump suit should be worn. Mick, finally ready, climbs the handy ladder which someone thought to place nearby and is quickly through the hole in the ceiling. He smiles and waves good-bye. Both Mick and the Laughing Bomber immediately start running. They dive—Mick off the roof. He screams. The Laughing Bomber onto the bed—He tears Bianca apart.

Say a prayer for the common foot soldier Spare a card for his back breaking work Say a prayer for his wife and his children Who burn the fires and who still tills the earth. . . .

The audience is now invited to leave if they desire. The projectionist is going to start the first reel once again.

John Matthias

Part of an Answer

The man who forced the window with a wrench was never there, I opened it myself: you suffered anyway your

mugging and his lust. If we really pulled our knives in bed and slashed, you'd never ask. I'd never

say: responsibility ends. Your piety! I'll live on water and dried peas. Poems, love, poems!

I try to make the evil things, secondary worlds, though even a Magus said it—primary there—no world

but the world. And the Word? A girl who died for poetry once wrote: to crawl between the lines

of print and sleep. She wanted that. Accretion then, and possibility. You wind your watch and I attend.

These poems appear in Mr. Matthias' newest book; Turns, soon to be published by the Swallow Press. Mr. Matthias comments directly on some of these pieces in the interview following the portfolio section.

May 4, 1970

i.m. Jeffrey Miller, Sandra Lee Scheuer, Allison Krause, Bill Schroeder

J.

May 4th and coming from Chicago thinking '68 and '68 afraid of getting shot and

now they have for saying things got shot or their assembly or

because of other people's notion of decorum

II.

Passing the commuter stops, Hyde Park, gray & weathered houses by the block-house

high school walls: blackened letters eight feet high among some

lesser signals: suicide

and all these voices saying, o.k. o.k.

they got what they deserved they got it like they ought

Ш.

In the photograph you see the situation: Over someone's shoulder in the picture In the paper: glance to the side and

they'll blow out your brains

your cowboy fantasies: your justice that would stare them down: and there they are, the law, and plug your people dead:

dead as door mice, dead as door mats dead in spite of what they said or

what they only thought or guessed their silliness and smiles:

The other guys are faster and they draw.

If Not a Technical Song American: Statement, Harangue, and Narrative

One: Statement

Just last night I read your poems to the President. You don't believe me, but I really did. He broke down completely and Wept all over his desk.

Now that I've done my work, you can relax. Everything's going to be o.k.

And I read your poems to a joint session of Congress. I read your poems to the F.B.I. and the C.I.A. Now that I've done my work, you can relax. Everything's going to be o.k.

Two: Harangue

Your tired evasions: euphemism-lies. Civilized man and his word-hord. Will you be relinquant Or relinquished.

Name and Title. Religion and Rank. Put a check in the column. Put a check in the bank.

If you'd be only a little bit clever. If you'd be occasionally. If you'd be forever.

If you'd be my government.

If you'd be my gal.

If you'd be my treason and my tongue.

If anything articulate remains, Identify the numbers by the names.

Three: Narrative

Cachectic, cachectic. Heart rate grossly irregular. Jugular venous distention. Systolic expansile pulse.

Right ventricular lift. Left ventricular tap. Murmur along the sternal borders. Pulmonary edema.

All piezometers installed In the boreholes. Static and dynamic Cone penetration made.

Infrared results
Allow mathematical models.
I hope I was never
Complacent: Seismology.

BUT IF I WAS IN LOVE WITH YOU? I was in love with you, I think. I think I didn't have the heart.

No, I never even thought to move the earth:

Turns

Fathers

I never knew them. Neither one. That ancient Englishman was deaf and inaccessible—I

took his daughter from his house. He was dreaming of ships, of Vienna, his German assassin

sleeping under his bed: I never knew. In Republican Ohio, the man

I thought I hated grew so thin he'd slip he said a wedding ring around his

upper arm. Rheumatic, he rode like a horse his electrical invalid chair. He was a judge

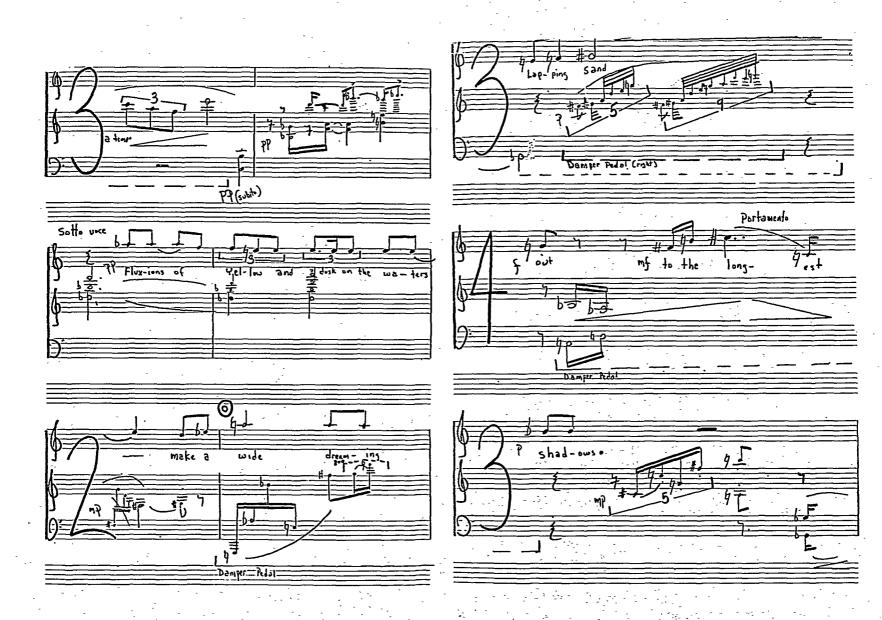
and should have been a sailor... Who'd stand no nonsense, tell them of the Empire

and by God Britannia, chew his pipe and try to understand his girl—twenty-one and

born when
he was fifty.
And if I'd known them,
either one, if I'm a
sailor now and should

have been a judge, what son will talk to me? What stranger take my daughter from a daughter's house?

music



Excerpts from

Nocturne in a Deserted Brickyard.

The style is only partly dodecaphonic. It is linearly organized with directions which involve *sprechtstimme*, voiceless sounds, etc. The piece will be performed by Miss Susan Steven, SMC faculty, on the occasion of her November recital.

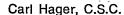
Dr. James E. McCray

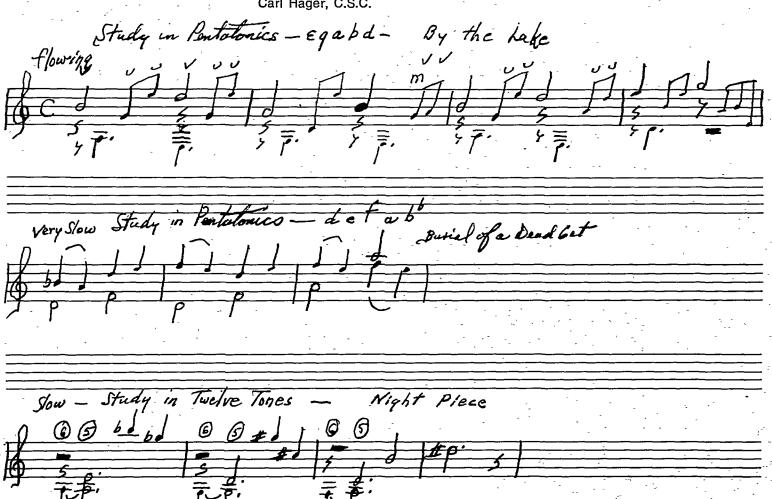
Three Works for Classical Guitar

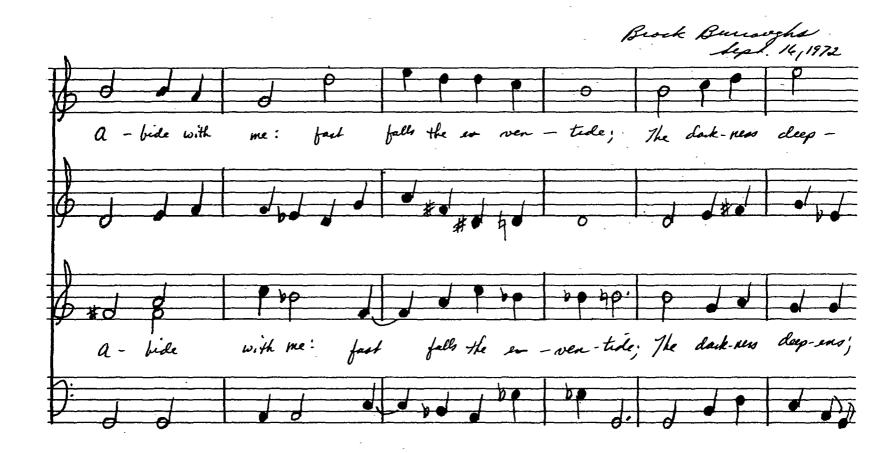
By the Lake **Burial of a Dead Cat Night Piece**

Composed with guitar tuned to the Phrygion mode, stays away from major-minor tonalities.

The first two pieces are taken from an as yet unfinished collection of five short studies in pentatonics. The second is in a "minor pentatonic" system, that is, comprised of a minor third and a semitone, the other intervals remaining the same. Both pieces are treated modally, that is, without a specifically designed tonal center as with major and minor systems. The third piece is new and still not completed. It is a "twelve-tone" piece, the material presented here constituting the "row."







Abide with Me, excerpt

based on Protestant melody Abide with Me, Brock S. Burroughs.

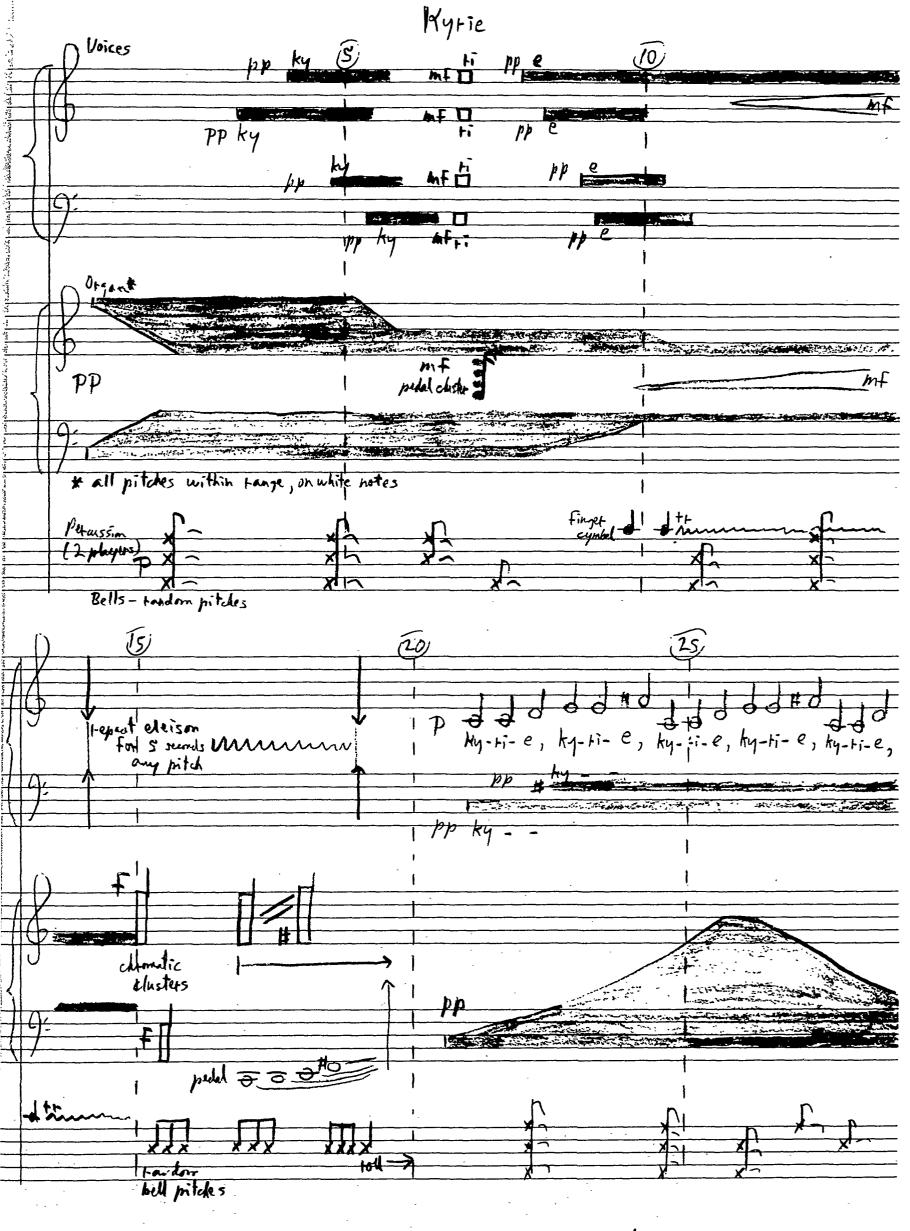
Kyrie

Although I represent the performing areas of music more than I do those of the composer, I find that anyone working in composing or performing new music today has a range of choices with regard to techniques and materials. Thus, one may write music which uses traditional musical materials in traditional ways, one may write music which uses non-traditional materials in non-traditional ways, or one may write music in some combination of these two.

My "composition" employs traditional materials in the form of specified musical pitches for singers and organ, with random-pitched percussion instruments, and deals with a most traditional text—"Kyrie." The techniques of using them, however, are non-conventional. The time factor is organized by five-second units, rather than by the more usual metrical rhythm. Thus, musical events have no set time values, in the sense that we usually think of quarter notes, eighth notes, etc., but are governed by elapsed time on a stopwatch.

Despite its appearance on the page, this composition leaves no more to chance in the performance than a more traditional piece does; in fact, it is quite specifically structured. All the musical events are carefully ordered, but the notation used to achieve these events is non-traditional.

Arthur Lawrence



the artists

COVER

The cover of this special issue of the *Scholastic* is an original lithograph printed in two colors in an edition of 9,250. The cover was specially prepared by Jim Dyer of the Notre Dame Art Department. Mr. Dyer was born in Torrington, Conn., in 1942 and is currently an MFA candidate.

PHOTOGRAPHY

- 1. Mike Lynch, born New York City, N.Y., 1951, currently BFA candidate at ND: untitled, photographic sculpture with peanuts, 7" high, 1972.
- 2. Lida Petruniak, born Lviv, Ukraine, 1942, currently MFA candidate at ND: Grain Study I, photograph, 9"x7½", 1972.
- 3. Mary Brelowski, born Niles, Mich., 1951, currently BFA candidate at SMC; untitled, photograph, 9"x61/2", 1972.
- 4. Michael Lonier, born Columbus, O., 1952, currently BFA candidate at ND: from (the rubber bowl group) II, photograph, 8"x10", 1972.
- 5. E. J. Sauter, born Chicago, III., 1952, currently BFA candidate at ND: 3 on 1, photograph, 9"x13", 1972.
- 6. Tom Roche, born Cleveland, O., 1951, currently BA candidate at ND: untitled, photograph, 7"x9½", 1972.
- 7. Faye Serio, born Mishawaka, Ind., 1949, currently MFA candidate at ND: untitled, photograph, 5"x8½", 1972.
- 8. Dick Stevens, born Chicago, III., currently Associate Professor of Art, ND: Beach Scene, photograph, 19"x15", 1972.
- 9. Jennifer Luhrs, born South St. Paul, Minn., 1950, currently BFA candidate at ND: untitled, photographic sculpture, photograph with applied color, 8" high, 1972.
- 10. Sister Nancy Moran, C.S.C., born Morris, III., 1932, currently MFA candidate at ND: untitled, photograph, montage of prints from found negative, 15½ "x8", 1972.
- 11. Jim Raymo, born Chattanooga, Tenn., 1944, currently Assistant Professor of Art, SMC; untitled, photograph, 16"x20", 1972.
- 12. Jane McCormick, born Chicago, III., 1951, currently BFA candidate at SMC; untitled, photograph, 7"x7½", 1972.

THE PLASTIC ARTS

- 1. Kathy McDonnell, born Milwaukee, Wisc., 1951, currently BFA candidate at SMC; untitled, construction, acrylic on wood and canvas, 48" high, 1972.
- 2. Douglas Kinsey, born Oberlin, O., 1934, currently Assistant Professor of Art, ND: *After Experience*, painting, oil on canvas, 54"x54", 1970-72.
- 3. Mark Riley, born LaPorte, Ind., 1947, currently BFA candidate at ND: Xuan Loc, etching, 11"x9", 1972.
- 4. Rosi Bernardi, born Detroit, Mich., 1951, currently BFA candidate at SMC; R. Sleeping, lithograph, 25"x28", 1972.
- 5. Tom Jackson, born Rock Island, III., 1950, currently MFA candidate at ND: untitled, painting, watercolor, 21"x29", 1972.
- 6. Tod Hoover, born South Bend, Ind., 1945, currently MFA candidate at ND: Family at the Park, lithograph 22"x15", 1972.
- 7. Father James Flanigan, born Chicago, III., 1935, currently Associate Professor of Art, ND: *Nickie*, drawing, charcoal on paper, 24"x18", 1972.
- 8. Terri Lustic, born Akron, O., 1952, currently BFA candidate at SMC: untitled, ceramic sculpture, unglazed stoneware, 9" high, 1972.

- 9. Ann Bates, born Youngstown, O., 1935, currently MFA candidate at ND: untitled, painting, oil on canvas, 48"x36", 1972
- 10. H. James Paradis, born Rice Lake, Wisc., 1930, currently Associate Professor of Art, SMC: untitled, ceramic fountain, 76" high, 1972.
- 11. Jim Killy, born Toledo, O., 1945, currently MFA candidate at ND: *Kinetic Mechanism No. 15*, wood sculpture, 30" high, 1972.
- 12. Cynthia Huff, born Berkeley, Cal., 1948, currently MFA candidate at ND: *Lib and Klee*, painting, oil on canvas, 60"x66", 1972.
- 13. John David Mooney, born Urbana, III., 1941, currently Assistant Professor of Art, ND: *Cloud*, plasma light sculpture, wood and blown glass light tubing, 56" high, 1971.
- 14. Chris Gregory, born Findlay, O., 1949, currently MFA candidate at ND: untitled, painting, acrylic on canvas, 96"x66", 1972.
- 15. Carmen Samora, born Denver, Colo., 1951, currently BFA candidate at SMC; untitled, macrame, cotton string, wood, and feathers, 75" high, 1971.
- 16. Konstantin Milonadis, born Urkaine, 1926, currently Artist-in-Residence, ND: Arrangement with Springs, VI, metal sculpture, silver soldered stainless steel, 30" high, 1971.
- 17. Sister Cecilia Ann Kelly, born Akron, O., 1927, currently Associate Professor of Art, SMC: untitled, painting, watercolor, 54"x36", 1969.
- 18. Thomas S. Fern, born Minneapolis, Minn., 1921, currently Chairman and Associate Professor of Art, ND: Round and Square, VIII, construction, acrylic on canvas and styrofoam, 38"x38", 1969.
- 19. William Barnes, born Dover, O., 1949, currently MFA candidate at ND: *Hillclimbing*, seriograph, 26"x20", 1972.
- 20. Robert Leader, born Cambridge, Mass., 1924, currently Professor of Art, ND: detail, New Gods and Old Gods, mural, St. Scholastica College, Duluth, Minn., acrylic on cemented canvas, 35'x13', 1970.
- 21. Dennis Doran, born Akron, O., 1953, currently BFA candidate at ND: untitled, painting, acrylic on canvas, 48"x48", 1972
- 22. Jean Battles, born Pittsburgh, Pa., 1941, currently Instructor of Art, SMC: *Big Baby*, mixed media, 36"x48", 1969.
- 23. W. T. Spont, born Woonsocket, R.I., 1952, currently BFA candidate at ND: untitled, painting, oil and canvas, 48"46", 1972.
- 24. Linda Stellato, born Rome, N.Y., 1951, currently BFA candidate at SMC: untitled, clay sculpture, 10" high, 1972.

LITERATURE

Ernest Sandeen, born Warren County, III., 1908, currently Professor of English, ND: recent poems on pages 24, 25.

Dan O'Donnell, born Scranton, Pa., 1951, currently BA candidate at ND: recent works on pages 26, 27.

Christopher Costello, born Bethesda, Md., 1953, currently BA candidate at ND: recent play, *Eros*, on pages 28, 29.

John Matthias, born Columbus, O., 1941, currently Assistant Professor of English, ND: recent poems on pages 30, 31.

MUSIC

Dr. James E. McCray, born Kankakee, III., 1938, currently Chairman of Music, SMC: excerpts from *Nocturne in a Deserted Brickyard*, 1969, page 32.

Carl Hager, C.S.C., born Plymouth, Ind., 1911, currently Professor of Music, ND: By the Lake, Burial of a Dead Cat, Night Piece, page 33.

Brock S. Burroughs, born Hammond, Ind., 1951, currently BA candidate at ND: Abide with Me, 1972, page 34.

Arthur Lawrence, born Durham, N.C., 1937, currently Assistant Professor of Music, SMC: Kyrie, 1972, page 35.

A Interview with John Matthias

The following conversation with Notre Dame poet John Matthias is taken from an interview by Patrica Fenlan for the Memorial Library "Newsletter." Mr. Matthias' poems in the portfolio section are from his new book, *Turns*, referred to in the interview and to be published by the Swallow Press.

Question: Robert Duncan has written of you as follows: "In part he is a goliard—one of those wandering souls out of a Dark Age in our own time, a Jack-of-all-trades mind, carrying with him as he goes in his pack of cards certain key cards that come ever into his hand when he plays: the juggler (as he was to be portrayed later in the Tarot), the scholar whose head is filled with the fame of learning and of amorous women, and the heretic remembering witch-hunts yet to come." Does that seem to characterize you, or is it really a kind of parody of your position as a poet?

Answer: It was very generous of Duncan to write that. For a book-blurb, in fact. I don't think it's a parody of my position, but it's perhaps a more accurate description of Duncan himself than it is of me.

Question: What are you working on now? Are your new poems an extension of what's going on in *Bucyrus*—lyric, narrative, and found elements in the same work—or are they completely different? I understand you have a new book ready for publication.

Answer: Yes, the new book is called Turns. It forms a diptych with Bucyrus which is its first side. Readers who were unable to discover the larger configurations in Bucyrus will find that claim pretentious, but there we are. I cut good poems from Bucyrus in order to build a coherent architecture and I'm cutting good poems from Turns to make it one with Bucyrus. The two should eventually be published as a single book. Bucyrus is a very violent book. Turns, I hope, is less so. Turns is often austere in dealing with themes which Bucyrus treats rather too extravagantly. Otherwise, there are a lot of similarities. They both mix lyric, narrative, and found elements. They both mix prose and verse. They both play with the quarrel between formalist and Marxist aesthetics. They both deal with autobiographical, political, historical, and occult phenomena and attempt to establish relationships among them. They both should be read as books and not as a miscellaneous grab-bag of items that happened to get bound up together by accident. We all start reading poems in anthologies-which is a pity because it conditions us to think of the anthology as somehow the natural context. We ought to put down an anthology as soon as we get to a poet we like and go read his book.

Question: Of course you've edited an anthology yourself, 23 Modern British Poets. Did you want us to find a lot of poets we liked and go read their books?

Answer: 23 Modern British Poets was a necessary evil. We continue to suffer in this country from what I call in the forward "American Literary Jingoism." The British poets I most admired were quite unknown over here. I kept waiting for someone to do an anthology that represented a number of these poets, but nobody did. So I did it myself. The book, in fact, has made its impact—and has made a lot of people angry in the process by messing up some neat little tags and categories usually hung on the British. And now it's at least a little easier to find the books by those twenty-three in American libraries and bookstores. The anthology will self-destruct in about five years. It won't be necessary any more.

Question: Nathaniel Tarn when he was here two years ago made much of the distinction between the American language and the English language. I remember him lamenting that people didn't think of him as an American poet and the Juggler editor responding that he should try living here for three generations first. You are often in England. Is it true that the vitality of the language is centered in America now?

Answer: No. Tarn was in fact born in France and has lived in a lot of places besides England. He rightly resents being labeled British. But Tarn is really extraterritorial: a wandering Jew and an anthropologist to boot. His strengths are the strengths that come from not having roots. And yet he admires poets like Williams and Olson, poets for whom place (Paterson, Gloucester) is very important indeed. He'd like to have a place too, and now that he's living in America he calls himself an American poet. It doesn't much matter, really. The best British and American poets are basically international (or at least trans-Atlantic) in their orientation, linguistic and otherwise. A lot of "American" poets live in England. A lot of "English" poets live in America. There's lots of moving around and one's speech patterns and habits are not forever conditioned by the environment one grows up in. The real contrast is between the vitality of the language in the mouths of those who love it and the death of the word in the bowels of those who hate it. And there are plenty of both types on either side of the ocean.

Question: I've heard it said that the influence of Williams and Olson can be seen in your own work. It seems perhaps that Williams has out-lasted Eliot and Stevens, stylistically at least. How do you see the poetic line, as anything like the "measure" that Williams talked about?

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Answer: The poetic line depends on the poem at hand. I write differently at different times. "Poem In Three Parts" in Bucyrus is quite obviously, as you say, indebted to Williams and Olsonthough to a lot of other people too: Pound, Duncan, Gertrude Stein, Kenneth Rexroth, Louis Zukofsky. When I was writing it I was working very closely with Peter Michelson-to whom the last section of Bucyrus is dedicated-and his influence is certainly important. But so is that of some very different poets, and, again, some of them are British: David Jones. Christopher Middleton, and Geoffrey Hill. for example. The piece. of course, is largely synthetic. I took what I needed to get the job done. For other kinds of jobs one looks elsewhere: the short personal poems on erotic themes in the first section of the book have their source in Thomas Wyatt, for example. I have no particular distaste, like Williams and Olson, for traditional metrics. And I don't think Williams has outlasted Eliot and Stevens. We need all of the resources we've been given. In fact the enthusiasm for Williams' poetics to the exclusion of all other possibilities among a number of poets in the last ten years has produced a real dead end. We could do with a little elegance now, a little grace.

Question: You mentioned earlier that one of the foci of both Bucyrus and Turns was the quarrel between formalist and Marxist aesthetics. In your poem "Statement" in Bucyrus you seem to be quoting Christopher Caudwell, the Marxist critic, against himself. I understand that you take these matters up in your courses as well. Do you have anything like a systematic aesthetic yourself that determines the shape of your work?

Answer: It's more the other way around. I have some work that determines a not so systematic aesthetic. If I could make up my mind about aesthetics I could get on with the important business of being a literary critic. But since I can't manage to do that I have to go on writing poems instead. I can sometimes sound authoritative talking about these matters, but in fact I'm a chaos of contradictions.

Question: Susanne Langer says somewhere that the chief reason literature manages to get taken seriously is that one can always treat it as something else than art—or, back to Housman: people admire not the poetry before them but something else in it which they like better than poetry. Do you think this is a danger? Especially, for example, in a political poem?

Answer: Well, let's try this. When one's writing well one can turn some of the most unlikely materials into art. When those materials are political one turns them into art insofar as one de-politicizes them: insofar as the political content is transfigured by the imposition of form and so becomes aesthetic content.

Question: Ihab Hassan has remarked apropos of "Poem In Three Parts" that Pound's kind of learning is dangerous because it tends to make the poem inaccessible to all but a very few of the initiated. Do you feel that's true?

Answer: Not at all. When I use, say, occult materials in "Poem in Three Parts," it's no more necessary to understand how those materials function in the sources from which they're taken than it is to understand the secret recipe and production techniques that result in a drink called Pepsi Cola in order to feel the formal significance of a Pepsi label juxtaposed with three colors and four lines on a canvas.

Question: You're not exactly coming on as a Marxist, are you?

Answer: Shall I give the Marxist answers? They're just as true—given, that is, the operation of the dialectic which makes them also just as false—but they're not so interesting verbally.

Question: In just the last few years your students have published in many national and international poetry magazines. Michael O'Connor and John Stupp have been editors of *Prism International*, Rory Holscher won the Hallmark award and Steve Tapscott the Cornell Poetry Prize. A good number have gone on to do distinguished work in graduate writing programs. Do you find teaching writing enriches your own experience and therefore your work?

Answer: The strange thing is, you know, that I really prefer teaching the more academic courses I offer, such as Modern British Poetry. All of those willful egos and hurt sensibilities in writing classes! Some people believe it's quite impossible to teach such a thing as poetry writing. If I believed that, of course, I wouldn't try to do it. You certainly can't teach imagination or inspiration, but you can teach—and in fact teach effectively-technique and craftsmanship. I think it's useful for a young poet to stop thinking of himself as a romantic visionary and start thinking of himself as an apprentice craftsman instead. Poetry, like music, involves precise disciplines that can be learned. If there's no imagination, of course, the technique alone won't produce anything more than verbal exercises. But imagination without technique is imagination in chains. I mean, think of going to a piano teacher and telling him: Man, I'm full of music. What's he going to say? Sit down and start learning the scales, right? Anyway, to answer your question, I don't know what the feedback from the writing courses into my own work amounts to. I don't write a lot when I'm teaching. I like to teach and I like to write. The two activities are different enough that I'm seldom doing one when I'm doing the other. Teaching certainly enriches my life, but sometimes one's work is enriched when one's life is impoverished—and the other way around. It's hard to generalize about these things. It's certainly gratifying to have had so many fine students in five years.

Question: Do you find any pattern among your students' anthropological, structural thinking? I was remembering that when John Logan was here our students formed inadvertently practically a Freudian school in the early sixties.

one takes the chances-one must-always

Answer: One should try very hard to avoid schools and produce individual talents instead. Rory Holscher was a monumental theorizer as a student and carried a lot of people in his wake. But there were others at that time—I'm thinking of O'Connor, Hessler, Sherry, Stupp—who were more empirical and perhaps therefore a healthier influence. As a teacher I try to stay neutral on poetics, let alone philosophy.

Question: You took quite a number of writing courses yourself at Stanford and Ohio State before beginning to teach and worked with some famous poets such as John Berryman and Stephen Spender and Yvor Winters. What do you think qualifies a man to teach such a course?

Answer: Three things, basically: The authority and availability of his own work, his openness to work of quality which is entirely different in kind from his own (e.g. is he open to good traditional work if his own is radically experimental), and his pedagogy-has he, that is, evolved a pedagogical method which allows him to deal in a rigorous and disciplined way with this rather odd and specialized subject? In fact I never took a writing class from Yvor Winters because, while the authority of his own work was considerable, his openness to any writing even a little different in kind from his own was negligible. The authority of the instructor's own work, nevertheless, is his first credential to teach such a course. It should be made available to his students early in the term-on ditto if it hasn't been published-and discussed right along with theirs. Any sort of modesty on this matter seems to me entirely out of place. Notice the manner in which the Art Department here handles this: by inviting their students into the instructors' studios to work along beside them. Implicit in the second question-the man's openness to work different from his own-is his ability to discern quality in work very different in kind from what he's doing himself. Often that's much more difficult than one might think. As for the question of pedagogy, there seems to me no excuse just to sit around and b.s., even though this is what happens most of the time in most writing courses at most universities.

Question: Just after you arrived at Notre Dame you wrote in the Scholastic that "culture has got to be local, immediate, participatory. This, if for no other reason, because history is a bully." Do you still believe that?

Answer: I think I'd tend now to make that a descriptive rather than a prescriptive statement—and not be so pleased about it, either. I was defending the function of the Juggler at Notre Dame and arguing, if I can quote that paragraph you've got

there, that the primary function of a student literary magazine is to give the lie to dreary notions of Kulchur by defining the practice of writing as a natural and normal human activity. I argued that when we come to know about and care about the phenomenon of apprenticeship, then we begin to feel more at ease with literary art—and, by extension, with all those other arts and crafts and skills we like or need to practice.

Question: You've said that sometimes one's work is enriched when one's life is impoverished. There are people who feel that writing poetry is certainly neither natural nor normal. In fact, the British critic A. Alvarez argues in his book *The Savage God* that modern poets are consistently driven to madness and suicide by taking on their backs the barbarousness of their age.

Answer: Yes, I've read Alvarez. The press, you have noticed, gobbled it up. More vicarious kicks for the good and prudent burghers. I knew John Berryman; he was the first poet I ever met—when I was seventeen. His suicide was a great shock. I admire Sylvia Plath, Ted Hughes, Robert Lowell and the other poets Alvarez talks about in that book. But even reading is dangerous. Goethe managed to set off a string of suicides all across Europe by publishing The Sorrows of Young Werther. Thinking is dangerous. Getting out of bed is dangerous. But one wants to get out of bed, and think, and read, and live—and even write. And, what's more, one wants to do these things with some intensity. One takes the chances—one must—always. I don't think poets need to kill themselves, o.k.? Or to be encouraged to. Roy Fisher recently wrote a response to Alvarez I'd like to quote to you.

The poets are dying because they are told to die. What kind of dirt is that? Whose hand jiggles the nerve, what programme demands it. what death-train are we on? Not poetry: some of us drink, some take the wrong kind of walk or get picked up in canteens by killer lays-it's all tasteless to talk about. Taste is what death has for talent. Then the civilization is filth, its taste the scum on filth. Then the poets are going to be moving on out past talent, out past taste. If taste gets its gift wrappers on death-wellout past that, too. There are courts where nobody ought to testify.

OCTOBER 27, 1972 39

HUNGH on the beautiful arts2

A Polemic in twenty-six platitudes

1952

. .

1962

Elsewhere, Steven Marcus was fixing these words to page: To the question, "What time is it in pornotopia?" One is tempted to answer, "It is always bedtime," for that is, in a literal sense, true . . . time in pornotopia is determined by the time it takes to run out a series of combinations. Given a limited number of variables—that is, persons of both sexes with their corresponding organs and appendages—and a limited number of juxtapositions into which these variables may be placed, time becomes a mathematical function and may be defined as however long it takes to represent or exhaust the predetermined number of units to be combined. This is why The One Hundred and Twenty Days of Sodom represents one kind of perfection in this genre. (The Other Victorians; New York: Bantam Books, 1967, pp. 272-273.)

("Go To 'L' ")

- (1) Abstract expressionism, however, was only the beginning: the drips and drools on the canvas of an abstract expressionist painter are still part of an objet d'art. Without Hiroshima, the revival of Duchamp in the 1960s (C)
 - (2) Bruce Nauman gives his satirical bent an adequate expression with photos of his facial contortions grimacing at the "Conceptual Art and Conceptual Aspects" Exhibition (1970). There he also "showed" his piece Violin Tuned D.E.A.D. (1969), consisting of a continuous sound-tape, repeating grating noises. These artists have made films and videotapes that document their work. Vito Acconi's film Hand in Mouth Piece (1970) shows the artist forcing his hand into his mouth, until he has to stop. In Acconci's work, the endurance time of the performer becomes the duration time of the piece and/or film. (Ursuld Meyer, Conceptual Art; New York: Dutton, 1972, pp. XII-XIII.) (Z)
- (3) Could not have happened; he would have been noted as a minor eccentric. To see why, we must have recourse to an examination of the concept of Progress. The idea of Progress contains a thoroughly teleological model of action. To progress is to strive for and achieve goals defined in the present but realized in the future. The more ideological and visionary the progressive becomes, the more distant his goals are placed in the future. However, what concerns us here is that the overriding model of Progress which has carried us through the industrial revolution, through the atomic age and into the present, is one which employs a model of future fulfillment to assure everlasting frustration. That is, Progress has not been made to subserve larger human goals; instead it has asserted itself as the all-encompassing goal.

The logic of Progress is like the logic of housework. Although it looks as though one is supposed to do something, all that really matters is that one keep busy. No matter how trivial or grandiose the aim, serving a masterful means, doing work, is all that matters. Consequently, nobody gets any satisfaction which is not spurious. Even before one goal is realized, others are already being formulated and their means set in motion. The accomplishment of one task means only the beginning of another since the putative aim of the work is no better than an excuse to extract labor. So there are no true goals, no human purposes: they are all consumed by the infinitely voracious appetite of Progress. Although it appears as though things are happening, nothing of importance is brought about except by accident. Value resides merely in getting things done, whatever they are.

Progress. A model which purports to resolve all human aspirations into problems for the technology of Progress ends up devouring those aspirations in a mindless worship of more and more ingenious ways of constructing means. We live in warmer houses, drive faster cars, and live longer lives. But what for? The answer is: for the purpose of making even warmer houses, even faster cars, even longer lives. A pro-

gram which promised a world better suited to serving human purposes has taken control over those purposes by recognizing and valuing only what pertains to means, by honoring what produces, by extolling (E)

- (4) Does the woman who owns an art object own its beauty? (M)
- (5) Efficiency. The program of Progress pledged to make people happier by giving them what they most want; it ended up (F)
- (6) Forcing people to seek only what it was prepared to give. It forced human beings to submit their values to the methodology of Progress. Thus, Progress, which appeared to be offering (G)
- (7) Greater realization of human values, evacuated the world of value. It did so by forcing value perpetually into a distant future. Values are important as spurs to work, and for that, they need never be obtained. We can never (H)
- (8) Have our values because, under the aegis of Progress, they always exist as future goals. The only things we are allotted in the present are privileges to link ourselves with means to what we want (1)
- (9) In the future. We must work hard now in order to buy a new car next year. Even our values are infected with Progress. When that car is won, its value evaporates. It had value primarily as something to which a means could be plied. Once it is acquired, the only way we can still create meaningful value for ourselves is to define another goal, a yet newer car, to be had next year. We have to work hard for the privilege of working hard some more. We're proffered a carrot on a stick, and soon we lose sight even of the carrot, trying to scavenge meaning and value out of the (Q)
- (10) Job science did at Hiroshima. But it can die trying. (And what else is there for it to do anyway?) In trying to understand Hiroshima, are we going to look for the re-creation of value? Destruction can have no form if it is total. (Corollary: The method of suicide has nothing to do with the nature of the act itself.) Is it any wonder that recent artists have abandoned morphological art?

When Marcel Duchamp carried the shovel into the gallery, he turned the world inside out. If the artist has the shovel, the critic cannot shovel the shit out of the gallery. And there's lots more of that there too: Duchamp also brought his urinal along with him.

Artists have lost their modesty. It's a (Y)

(11) Kant does us the service of pointing to what is essential. Before him, others had held that the sublime is connected in some way with fear—a fear of threatening powers capable of harming us. Kant recognized that the sublime is that which is "absolutely great." It is contrasted with the Beautiful not by fear, but by a much deeper difference. The Beautiful has a form which excites our mental faculties to engage in pleasant free play. Consequently, the Beautiful has a form which can be taken in by the mind, and indeed a form to which the mind responds affirmatively. The Sublime, however, is formless immensity. It is a power or an expanse so great that the human mind cannot take it in. It breaks the limits of the human imagination. In short, the Beautiful is that which turns you on, the Sublime blows your mind.

Recent Sublime art has been trying to blow our minds by breaking through those formal structures we utilize to grasp, categorize, and understand the world, including the art world. Following Marcel Duchamp's example, there is a desperate, but playful, attempt to escape the programmed limits placed upon art—limits which come from a conception of the avantgarde closely allied with the idea of Progress. The problem is that art can never do the kind of (J)

- (12) Left Hand. Right Hand. Both Hands. No Hands. (Permutations are slightly different for men and women.) (P)
- (13) Max Kozloff, in an article in the current issue of Artforum ("The Trouble With Art-As-Idea"), criticizes the recent

development of conceptual art for doing away with the structure in terms of which critical evaluations can be made: "You can step the brake down to the floor and nothing happens" (p. 35). Right! "The unexpected is so expected that a selfdefeating element is introduced into our dialogue with art" (p. 35). Right! He criticizes the conceptual artist for not coming to terms with experience. Yet what is our experience? Experience is Hiroshima; no self-respecting (self-effacing) artist would try to feign it away. And value judgements are irrelevant in a world denuded of value. In an odd way, perhaps Kozloff's denigration of "art-as-idea" is based upon his belief that conceptual art is a totally unexpected development in art. Yet he admits that "the abstract expressionists conjured up a timeless myth of the sublime" (p. 36). It is surely the Sublime as expression of the absolutely great which plays itself out on the stage where art-as-idea tries to survive in the wings. Hiroshima was unexpected. Conceptual art is not. "The unexpected is so expected that a self-defeating element is introduced into our dialogue with art." After Hiroshima, what can we expect. Maybe tomorrow there will be no world? And what shall we expect of the artist under these circumstances? The artist's creative powers were symbolically destroyed by Hiroshima. It is not the artist who has come up with the idea of disconnecting the brake pedal. The surprising thing is that it took so long for conceptual art to make its stand (or its fall, as the case may be). The explanation may be that it has taken this long to recover. Hiroshima has had the same effect upon Twentieth Century man the promise of the second coming had on early Christians. Those early Christians did not busy themselves with worldly matters. (N)

- (14) Now we are faced with the intriguing possibilities of an even more sublime (a contradiction—ha!) prospect. After Hiroshima came the media which reaffirmed the finitude of the world by giving us the capacity to be in touch with any part of it instantaneously. And now good times brings us the threat of the population explosion. Perhaps we will couple ourselves to oblivion. (0)
- (15) Onana. Onana is the goddess of onanism. She looks exactly like a playmate, b.c. (if you don't know what "b.c." means with reference to Playboy magazine, please don't ask). I once made a movie titled "Onana." Shot part of it in a men's rest room. While I had my spotlight trained on a busy urinal, the fulminating building superintendent walked in, demanding to know what was going on. I explained that I was making a film. He declared that it was an odd thing to be making a film about. I agreed, but pointed out that the film wasn't really going to be about what I was shooting, consequently there was nothing at all strange happening. He didn't know what to say, so he explained how it was his responsibility to look after the building. I told him that I understood his concern, but reassured him that nothing was going to happen to his building, barring acts of God. By this time, his rosy complexion had changed from anger to embarrassment, and he backed out maundering. We continued shooting throughout the encounter, consequently we were nearly finished by the time he left. Casualty: one broken spotlight. (L)
- (16) Puerile art, especially puerile male art, is frequently self-abusive. (S)
 - (17) Quotidian struggle to (R)
- (18) Reach tomorrow for the purpose of partaking in the quotidian struggle for the next day. In short, the concept of Progress in which we are so well-schooled and in terms of which our world has become totally defined, is basically self-contradictory. (U)

this symbol is sublime-but what is the sublime

show; but since then, art has most decidedly ceased aspiring to Beauty. It will sound anachronistic to say it has instead fixed its sights upon the Sublime, but that is precisely what has happened. This is not as anachronistic as it may sound. Immanuel Kant, who did so much to further our understanding of the differences between the Sublime and the Beautiful, maintained that art could never be sublime. With a few minor exceptions, he was right about art before the Twentieth Century. But he was wrong. It took someone like Marcel Duchamp to demonstrate why Kant was wrong, plus an increasingly industrialized society, ever more viciously pursuing its own lovely tail in a regress of progress.

The first expressionist artists believed they were liberating themselves from the Beauty aesthetic which had tyrannized (as now it seems) the act of creation for so long. What they did not forsee is that expressionist art came out at the other end rendering service to Beauty's never wholly tractable mate, Sublimity. Yet if abstract expressionism found itself courting Beauty's old partner-by-apposition, it also came to realize that it was stealing Sublimity away, thereby liberating both itself and Sublimity from the increasingly alien sleeping Beauty. (A)

- (20) The quest for authentic art leads away from the marketplace. A noncommercial attitude reinforces the isolation of art from object: no objects, no sales. (Ursula Meyer, Conceptual Art; New York: Dutton, 1972, p. XVIII.) (D)
- (21) Under the auspices of serving value, it annihilates it. The (V)
- (22) Viciousness of our current institution of competition is becoming well-documented. There is something basically inhuman about a world in which every human endeavor is a competitive game where only the winner, the person who finishes first, is granted all the honor and respect. What is less noted is the way even the winner is denied any ultimate value. His glory is short-lived and ephemeral. Next year, someone elsewill come and do the chore even better. When that has happened, any value obtained by being best is gone; now someone else is better. Our competitive ideal follows from the reign of Progress. Both deny the finitude of man and the cyclical order in his activity. The fundamental idea of striving toward goals may fit in with the life cycle since it allows for the continuing pursuit of human values without depriving them of their meaningfulness. But to the progressive mind, all circles are vicious. We must go somewhere. So Progress attaches the beginning of each cycle to the end of the preceding one to form an infinite linear string of unfulfilling drudgery. (W)
- (23) What was so important about Hiroshima is that it created for us a perfect image of the hypocrisy of Progress. At the same time, it made traditional culture intolerable. George Steiner is right in attributing great importance to certain events

in the Second War which seem to render culture impotent. Yet he focuses on the vast accumulation of atrocities against individuals. What makes the image of Hiroshima so powerful is that it does not portend merely a vast destructiveness, but rather a total destruction.

Hiroshima was the natural fulfillment of Progress, so it did not tarnish the ideal from the outside. This is why culture has been irrevocably altered. Mankind now has the tools of suicide, and there is no turning back. Hiroshima reaffirmed the finitude of man, and so openly displayed the contradiction inherent in Progress. But the contradiction will not vanish because of the peculiar way the finitude of man is revealed through what, in effect, is an infinite—a sublime—human act. To the mind of progress, destruction has no limits. The technologist committed to Progress can seek more efficient ways of destroying greater and greater portions of humanity. No limits are perceived, e (X)

(24) Xcept the technological ones. And those are precisely what are under the technologist's control. Consequently, the limits on his destructive powers he perceives to lie only at the limits of his own ingenuity in devising the means of destruction. The lesson of Hiroshima is that once destruction reaches certain proportions, it lacks all meaning since it can spell only self-destruction. The destruction of everything means destruction of those very values which could give to destruction rational grounds. To the progressive technologist, self-destruction would be worth it if everything else were destroyed too, since it would be the greatest victory possible of means over endsthe means to finish and fulfill all our preoccupation with petty means. If the technologist must end his pursuit of technical improvements by dying, what better way to go than to take everything else with him? But Hiroshima made most of us suspicious of this dream. It gave us a symbol for the emptiness we feel in the face of Progress.

This symbol is sublime. But what is the Sublime? (K) (25) Yoko Ono:

CLOCK PIECE

Make all the clocks in the world fast by two seconds without letting anyone know about it.

1963 autumn (from *Grapefruit*; New York: Simon & Shuster, 1971.) (B)

(26) Zoo.

Critics are beginning to demand that artists honor the distinction between art and politics, as though it were the artist who has broken down the barriers between the two. The barriers are already down. Hiroshima did that for us. The artist is just trying to make sense out of it like the rest of us, or perhaps he is trying to find out how to live without sense. We cannot blame him for dispensing with a distinction which no longer exists:

So should we say one gains the world but loses his soul?—that the artist makes life into art only by surrendering himself and his sacred position? No: we have already lost our souls. Hiroshima did that. The artist, like the rest of us, is trying to shift for himself. (T)

Elsewhere, I was in film school. People had given up making films about orgies for something less boring. Somehow, sex and cinema had been inexorably linked in the subconscious of Amercian youth, and at the height of the sexual revolution it seemed unavoidable that this link would find its expression in film as students exorcised false idols by producing unmitigated smut. Sometimes our local processing lab would view the raw footage and threaten to call the D.A. After that happened a few times, the footage of naked bodies was sent to an out-of-town processor. In the end, these skin flicks turned out being an excuse to watch private acts or to get everyone you would like to see naked to undress before you at the same time. The other reason for making them was money. There were tales of filmmakers who supported their serious work by making marketable pornography. But there aren't many artistic possibilities in pure sex. It does not take very long to discover this fact. People were abandoning for art. Johnny Winter was still playing, undiscovered, at the Vulcan Gas Co. in downtown Austin. I do not know where Yoko Ono was.

PARTICULARS

- 1. On a hunch.
- 2. At Notre Dame.
- Mailer does not need repeating. Consider, however, the following statement which appeared in the Scholastic (October 13, 1972, p. 25) above the names of Joe Runde, Dan O'Donnell, and Jack Wenke:
 - (Suzanne, a young woman traveling with Mailer, came into the bar and sat at a nearby table. She was wearing a purple outfit and made us all wish to be writers.)
 - This little obiter dictum is revealing, as obiter dicta are known to be. It betrays, first of all, a disgustingly sexist attitude toward women. Furthermore, it is downright pathetic.
- 4. As if to knell out the death of infant cinema at Notre Dame, Cinema '73 venerates relics.
- The Lion In Winter
 Summer and Smoke
 After the Rain
 The Magic Flute
 You're A Good Man Charlie Brown



Photographic Vision in Seven Parts

I. Photographic Reality

My birth came not quite one hundred and twenty years after Talbot and Daguerre developed the first primitive camera images. And yet in that short time, photography had become so much a part of our culture that a minor linguistical revolution had occurred. As a child, I had no difficulty discerning the meaning of the word "picture." It was quite clear that when someone said "picture," he meant a "photograph." If one meant a "painting," "drawing," "cartoon," etc., he said "painting," "drawing," or "cartoon." These words all had very definite meanings, not to be confused with "picture" and "photograph." In fact, this distinction was so great that when someone said, "picture," meaning a painting or drawing, I thought it a strange and a very uncommon word usage—probably incorrect.

Aaron Scharf has written, "We have learned to see nature more or less as the average camera 'sees' nature." We see what we have learned to see, and the photograph has been the great teacher of the twentieth century. Our vision has been terribly confined, terribly conventionalized, by the effects of the photograph on our culture. Perhaps one of the stronger motives that has led to my own photographic experimentation is the desire to break out of this conventionalized vision. I am no mystic: my desire is not for the "transcendental." It is, quite simply, a question of freedom. In this search to see

the world as it *is*, perhaps I will learn to see it my way, from my own unique viewpoint. Already the world appears different to me than when I was a child, and I'm not talking about how things seem smaller as I grow bigger.

II. The Problem of Photography

The major act of an artist is one of expression. The difficulties of this task for an artist working in photography are compounded by many popular misconceptions of his medium.

Danny Lyon has said that a photograph of an event is not the event itself, which is a fairly obvious assertion. Apparently few people are aware of the implications of this statement: consider the photographic energy expended in recreating and documenting events, either of the external or of the so-called internal, though more "mystical," variety. Consider also, how much photographic "appreciation," if not criticism, depends upon a photography of representation. Imposing as narrow a conception as representation onto photography is as limiting to that medium as photography has been to our vision of reality. It may even be the cause of that vision.

Photographs are hardly true representations of reality, even controlled to that end. Theoretically, photographic representation is absurd. A photograph is an object, among the other objects that comprise part of what we call reality. The most it can accomplish as representation is metaphor, a dubious accomplishment in light of a photograph's potential.

A photograph is a visual construct manufactured by the reaction of light on sensitized material, which is then chemically processed. The possibilities for inspired control and intervention during this process are endless. This visual construct need not be about anything. It is. And like most things that are, it provides an occasion for human experience. The form of a photograph does not make a statement, except as it defines itself.

III. Art and Illusion

When Nietzche wrote that art is illusion, he meant that illusory moment when an artist's imagination is free, his heart willing, and his hands able.

IV. The Art of Craftsmanship

Michael Patrick O'Connor has written: "Freedom is the recognition of poetry." The artist's conception of freedom

differs from the popular notion. Instead of coupling freedom with responsibility, he couples it with the obvious—ability. To be free by itself means nothing. Freedom takes on meaning only when it includes action. Ability is a necessity in any truly free activity. So an artist learns his craft. If he does not know his craft, he cannot be free in his work.

The artist's conception of responsibility is a responsibility to his work. As a highly disciplined craftsman, he realizes that any other kind of responsibility is artificial. A photographer who works with a camera owes nothing to the reality which was the occasion of his photograph. He owes everything to the image that results. He is responsible for that image, and, like any wise parent, he must turn it loose the moment it is born.

V. Aesthetic Meaning

We are, contrary to what my writer friends tell me, a wordoriented society. Images, photographs, may be everywhere around us. But few of us have learned to see.

It is a most common occurrence for an artist to be asked of his work, "What does it mean?" Even the *literati*, who have learned to remain mute before paintings, are unable to refrain from asking the same question when confronted by a photograph. "Does it make a statement?" is a common art school criterion concerning photographs. Recently, some of my strongest photographs were eliminated from a show because the curator could not read a "coherent statement" in them.

As if painters were poets and photographers were novelists, we ask for words of meaning. However, the visual arts have their own language. Photography does not speak in English. It is necessary to learn the language before you can experience the art in it. In 1936. Laszlo Moholy-Nagy wrote, "The illiterate of the future will be ignorant of the use of camera and pen alike." The future is upon us.

VI. The Meaning of the Aesthetic

There are artists working in a language we all know: the poets and novelists around us. We may know the language, but again, few know the art in it. Poets and novelists are not essayists. They are not expounding about the human experience. They are using words to build powerful constructs that provide us with experience.

Technological man, in this scientific society, demands precision. He desires immediate description followed by instant categorization. Observations and concepts are easily handled in this manner. But art is not observational. It is not didactic, nor is it entirely conceptual. Aesthetic statement is not bound to metaphor. Insofar as modern man is precise, he remains approximate: neutron, electron, proton, and neutrino still remain as earth, air, fire, and water. Art is, finally, the celebration of the approximate, the inexact, and the unknowable.

VII. The Anti-Aesthetic Manifesto

On April 26, 1930, Edward Weston wrote, "I can not, never have been bound by any theory or doctrine, not even my own."

Dance the metaphor.

Michael Lonier

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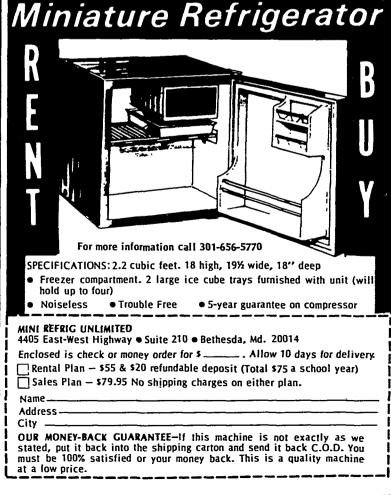
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The University of Notre Dame will be host to the Mid-America College Art Association Annual Conference and the Conference of the Society for Photographic Education, which will run concurrently from Wednesday, Nov. 1 through Saturday, Nov. 4. The program schedule is as follows:

Wednesday, November 1, 1972
8:00 P.M. Joseph Haydn Mass in D #3
(The Imperial or Lord Nelson)
Sacred Heart Church (on campus)
performed by the Elkhart Symphony
Chorus, John Lund, Conductor
Thursday, November 2

8:30 A.M.-6:00 P.M. Registration 9:30 A.M. Art History Papers:

Wendy Wood, Oberlin College
A Reconstruction of the Triads of
King Mycerinus

Richard A. Sundt, Univ. of Wisconsin Functional Aspects of Interior Buttressing in Gothic Architecture

Edward J. Olszewski, Case Western Reserve

Armenini's Treatise on Painting and the Problem of Artistic Decline Henry J. Kleinhenz, Case Western Reserve

Landscape Drawings by Guercino
10:00 A.M. The Future of Art in Higher
Education

John Darriau, Indiana University Douglas Kinsey, U. of N.D., Moderator Kent Kirby, Alma College Dean A. Porter, U. of N.D.

2:00 P.M. The Artist and the Gallery in Mid-America

3:30 P.M. New Approaches to Art History

Richard Blumenberg

Jack Burnham, Northwestern University

M. Barry Katz, Ohio Univ., Moderator Gabriel P. Weisberg, Univ. of Cincinnati

4:30 P.M. Government Patronage in the Arts

Larry Rosing, Dean, Dayton Art Inst., Moderator

Jane Allen, Art Critic, Chicago Tribune

Kenneth Lash, Univ. of Northern Iowa Jim Martin, Central Committeeman of Artists, Composers and Authors Caucus, Minneapolis

One other person to be named

8:00 P.M. Electric Stereoptican Washington Hall

An intermedia performing group from Northern Illinois University

Friday, November 3

SPE 8:30 A.M. Registration
9:30 A.M. Destructured Curricula
—A Year Later

Frederick J. Crosson, Dean, College of Arts and Letters, U. of N.D.

Rev. James F. Flanigan, C.S.C., Univ. of N.D., Moderator John Beardman, Oakland Univ.

Kevin Booher, Univ. of Cincinnati SPE 9:30 A.M. Slide talk—History of Photography in One Hour— Jim Alinder, Univ. of Nebraska

SPE 10:45 A.M. Photography, Dada and Surrealism

Arnold Crane, Collector—Historian, Chicago

2:00 P.M. Content in Art Today Robert Irwin, Principal Speaker Dimitri Tselos, Principal Speaker T. D. Argyropoulos, Western Michigan U.

Thomas S. Fern, Moderator, U. of N.D.

2:00 P.M. Industrial Design— Human Factors in Mass Produced Products

David Chapman, David Chapman & Assoc., Chicago

SPE 4:00 P.M. Open photo critiques 8:00 P.M. Theater Pieces by Dan Goode, Fieldhouse

Saturday, November 4

9:00 A.M. Art History Papers:
Donald R. Keyes, Ohio State Univ.
Benjamin West's Death on the Pale
Horse: A Tradition's End

Gabriel P. Weisberg, Univ. of Cincinnati

George de Feuer's Evocative Woman: A Study of His Literary Symbolism

Frances Crotty, Univ. of Cincinnati
The Art Deco Style at the Cincinnati Union Terminal

Frederick S. Levine, Washington Univ.

The Iconography of Franz Marc's

Fate of the Animals

SPE 9:30 A.M. (Very) Contemporary
Photography

Arnold Gassan, Ohio University
Arthur Siegel, Institute of Design,
I.I.T.

Harold Jones, The Light Gallery, N.Y. City

10:00 A.M. Graduate Students Session:

How to Remain an Artist and

Thomas William Taylor Robert Venn

Cynthia Huff, Moderator

11:00 A.M. Business Meeting 12:00 noon End of MACAA Conference

SPE 1:30 P.M. Three talks on *The*Problem of Photographic
Education:

Henry Holmes Smith, Indiana Univ., Chairman

Speakers:

Barbara Crane, Art Inst. of Chicago Byron Shurtleff, Univ. of Delaware A spokesman for Professional Photographers of America

SPE 3:30 P.M. Discussion Groups
Doug Stewart

All meetings, unless otherwise noted, will be held in the Center for Continuing Education.

There will be many other exhibits on campus in conjunction with the conferences. A Major Student Exhibition will be featured in the Isis Gallery, including the principal, recent works of Notre Dame students. The gallery is located in the northwest corner of the Old Fieldhouse. Recent drawing and prints by ND students will also be displayed in the O'Shaughnessy Showcases. These shows will run throughout the conferences.

The current photographic works of Six Photographers, Lida Petruniak, Ron Brander, E. J. Sauter, Faye Serio, Michael Lonier, and Dick Stevens will be shown in the Architecture Building Gallery until Nov. 6.

The nation-wide Feldhaus competition, featuring multi-media entries, will be located on the main floor of the Old Fieldhouse and opens on Wednesday, Nov. 1. Viewing is open to the public.

Douglas Kinsey of the Notre Dame Art Department is showing his recent work at the South Bend Art Center, along with a display of graphics from sixteenth century Northern Europe and seventeenth and eighteenth century Italy.

Some of the recent work of the chairman, *Dr. Thomas Fern*, of the Notre Dame Art Department, are being shown inside the office of Advanced Studies on the third floor of the Administration Building.

In conjunction with the conferences the Notre Dame Gallery will show the following:

Principal Works from the Permanent Collection of the gallery.

The sculpture and drawings of *Michael Todd*, ex-Notre Dame student.

A review of well-known Guest Artists at Notre Dame who have taught as guests in the art department.

Thirteenth to Fifteenth Century Miniatures from the Lessing J. Rosenwald Collection of the National Gallery of Art.

Saint Mary's College Moreau-Hammes Galleries will also be filled in conjunction with the conferences. There will be a collection of prints and drawings from the Permanent Collection of Ball State University and watercolors by the Ball State Gallery Director, Alice Nichols. This show will run from Oct. 28 to Nov. 30.

The ceramics of Marvin Bartel and Tom Meunich will be displayed at SMC from Oct. 29 to Nov. 30.

Also shown at St. Mary's will be the work of *Three Young Photographers*, Linda Connor, Joan Redmond, and Jim Raymo from Nov. 1 through Nov. 30.

The work of Notre Dame, St. Mary's College and Indiana University students and faculty will be shown and auctioned at the *Opel Art Festival* at the Yeager Motor Co., Showcase. The Festival will take place on Nov. 4 from 8:30 a.m. until 7:00 p.m. and on Nov. 6 from 8:30 a.m. until 5:00 p.m. The Showcase is located at 225 South Lafayette Boulevard.

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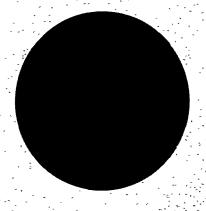
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