

scholastic

MARCH, 2, 1973



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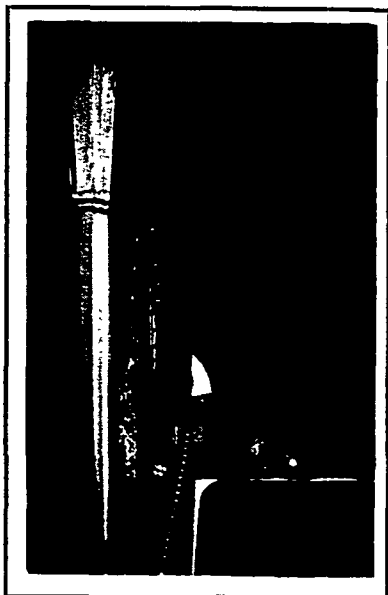
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letters

APPLAUSE

Editor:

Your recent issue's focus on Chicago is excellent.

Sincerely,
J. Peter Stonitsch

COMMUNES COOPERATE

Editor:

I am asking your cooperation in publishing this letter so that I may reach the general student population.

I am attempting to accumulate some meaningful data for a serious study on American communes. To that end, I wish to reach as many communes as possible by mail and in some cases for personal interviews, if agreeable.

I will be grateful if students, graduate and undergraduate, who are living in communal situations, will write me indicating willingness to receive a questionnaire. Size of commune is unimportant; 3 or 4 people, up to any number.

Sincerely,
Mae T. Sperber
26 West 9th Street, 9E
New York, New York 10011

EDITORIAL HYPOCRISY

Editor:

It appears that the accusation of hypocrisy is almost as easy to earn these days as it is to advance. The editors of the *Scholastic* seem to me to have earned it with their recent treatment of campus sex, interlacing with scriptural epigraphs on behalf of the repentant sinner their arguments about behavior they seem to think is not sinful at all. What the prodigal son's father was celebrating in the epigraphs was not a new-found tolerance for the emancipated lifestyle, but the fact that his son had returned—morally as well as physically—to his home.

Notre Dame is a Roman Catholic institution. The Roman Catholic Church has always taught, and continues to teach, that sexual intercourse outside of marriage is seriously offensive to God. I insist, therefore, that no one for whom "premarital sex is an open question" can have here a home in the sense envisaged by the epigraphs. If such a person is here, or if a multitude of such persons are here, he, she, or

they are here as our guests. As guests, they can be asked to leave if they cannot fall in with the deencies of the place during the time of their stay.

This seems to me a fairly simple and obvious point. The misunderstandings, and, worse, the injustices that have arisen concerning it are the fault, I believe, of those who have failed in their duty to make such matters clear. It is time, and more than time, for our resident clergy to proclaim unequivocally the Church's teaching on sex, and for the university administration to (whatever it is) toward those who are unwilling to abide by that teaching while they are here.

Sincerely,
Robert E. Rodes, Jr.
Professor of Law

EDITORIAL APOLOGETICS

Editor:

I am somewhat shocked and disappointed by your apologetic stance in "The Last Word" (Feb. 16, 1973). However, I presume that you will react with less confusion to my disappointment than you already have to the disappointment of a certain administrator. At this point I have ceased wondering from where the fuel had come to first feed the flames of misunderstanding involved in Father Burtchaell's preoccupation with his parental trusteeship.

There was no reason to apologize for having pointed your criticism (issue on Feb. 2, 1973) so bluntly at one man. He has assumed, and indeed appears to flaunt, the responsibility for the Lewis Hall outrage (to call it a "case" would connote some non-existent legal process).

If this administrator had somehow lost touch with the reality of events around him, which of course is the tendency in any organization due to the less than efficient process of upward filtration, then an error in judgement would have been understandable. It is a far more terrible tendency for a man, a tendency for which he and not the structure around him is responsible, to have the facts, the poll of student opinion, and the intellectual understanding of those around him distort after they have entered his mind.

Warren Thom Knudson '73



Hoop Crowd

Thirty-five seconds to go and we're down by seven. The ball comes under the boards to Shumate, who explodes to the rim, dropping in the bucket and drawing a foul. He converts the three point play, but with 32 seconds left, trailing by four points, it doesn't look good for the Irish who have had to play catch-up ball all afternoon. The momentum, though, is with Notre Dame, and at the twenty second mark, Shue scores on a jumper to bring us within two. On the inbounds pass, our titan of defense Pete Crotty ties up Pitt's Eulkowski, then controls the tip-off. Shue grabs the ball and whips it to Clay, who streaks downcourt to the baseline, 25 feet out, where he swishes the tying points, with four seconds left. We have the tie and another chance.

Someone recently told me that 25% of the class of '74 earned a high school varsity letter in football. Though I don't know how true the figure is, I would be inclined to believe it; at Notre Dame, football reigns supreme. A prof once told me that we pay \$3500 for season football tickets; the University boots a free education into the deal just for the record. Yet amidst this pigskin-impregnated atmosphere, some still thrive on the low-cut gym shoe and polished hardwood floor. We have to pay "extra" for basketball tickets — fifteen bucks by August 1 — and still some wise guy in the ticket office probably thought it amusing to give me a seat right behind the backboard, high enough up so that I

have to look through plexiglass to follow the action on the other side of the court.

Pitt scores first from the top of the key in the overtime, and a home crowd that has been loud and enthusiastic gets louder and more enthusiastic. Catch-up ball once more; down we come, to Brokaw, to Clay, to Novak, to Clay. Then, on a brilliant fake, Brokaw drives and scores. Tied once again, except this time the roar of the crowd is enough to scare the ball out of Pitt's hands. A turnover gives the ball to Notre Dame, and in an attempt to get the ball back, Pitt fouls Clay, who pumps in the single shot to give us our first lead of the afternoon. Ecstasy, jubilation. Pitt fails to retaliate, leaving the Irish a chance to add two big insurance points. With about a minute left, big John Shumate shoots and is fouled. The crowd, already on its feet, seems to rise another two inches; the noise is deafening. Shue to the line to shoot two.

Saturday mornings are rather sedate at Notre Dame, especially at 8:30. Yet, as Pat and I walk to the Rock, gym shoes in hand, we spot at least 15 other guys with the same idea. "You can't be a jock around here anymore," says Pat. "'Cause everyone wants to play ball on Saturday mornings." I can remember a time when we had the whole court to ourselves for at least an hour before anyone else tripped around. Now we wait in the cold with a dozen other guys until Fat Eddy opens the door. I shudder.

The Pitt game draws only a small dedicated crowd. Many seats are vacant, even in the usually crowded student sections. This is a basketball crowd. Dedicated. Addicted. The UCLA game will bring them all out, even the football crowd, who bring bad morale, garbage throwing, and loud disinterest, just like at the football games.

The crowd roars its approval as Shue steps to the line. The ref walks to the right of the key, holding the ball, waiting for the crowd to settle down. The game is ours, though, and we're going to make up for all the time we were behind. Clay, Brokaw, Crotty, Novak and Shue break the huddle at the line, but the crowd won't let the game continue. Shue, grinning broadly, raises his hands clenched in the victory sign to the ecstatic student section. Pandemonium.

We know how he feels, the pain, the stress, the pressure, but also the incredible rush that comes with a hard-fought victory, whether it's pickup games for winner's rights in the Rock, or serious ball for a tournament berth and national ranking in the ACC, the ball feels the same, and swishes just as cleanly. And right now it feels great. We might not win the next game, or get the tournament bid, but we'll never admit it; no one can berate Notre Dame basketball for not giving 100%.

Shue steps to the line, does his little jig, and drops it in.

—tom gora

Play on Worlds

December, 1972

"Can I put up a sign on the bulletin board?"

"Sure. What's it for?"

"Just this:

FOR INSPIRATION:
WSND-FM
11 A.M. SUNDAYS

Is it okay?"

"Yeah, but sign it."

"Why?"

"So people will know who to blame."

* * *

"Did you listen to the show?"

"No, I forgot all about it."

"Be sure to listen Sunday."

"Why?"

"This show will be *extra* inspirational."

"Okay, I'll write myself a note. Let's see W . . . S . . . N . . . D . . . 11 A. M. Sunday. AM or FM?"

"FM."

"Okay, F . . . M."

"Now you be sure to listen."

"Why?"

"For the *inspiration*."

"Thanks. About now I need it. But, just what's the show about?"

(giggle) "I can't tell you." (giggle)

"I won't listen."

"Oh, you'll find out soon enough."

"What's it about?"

(giggle)

"Oh, come on now!"

"Well . . . it's a children's show, but I'm afraid that the only children who listen to it are Notre Dame students. You see, every Sunday morning seven or eight really insane people crawl out of their beds at an ungodly hour and stumble up to the studio in O'Shaughnessy tower. Sometimes we have a script and sometimes we don't."

"Probably better without the script."

"Nooooo, Joe! You should have heard the show a few weeks ago when the plot outline gave out twenty minutes into the show. With over a half an hour left Ben Franklin had to quote some of his famous sayings, only he couldn't think of any!"

"Well, you know, Ben's pushing two hundred and fifty . . . he's probably a little senile by now."

"Tom Enrico wouldn't thank you for that remark."

"Who's he?"

"He was Ben Franklin."

"Oh well, sounds interesting. I'll listen, I guess."

* * *

NAN: LOOK!



PAUL: A machine has come right through our roof!

MARGIE: A flying saucer!

BRAINS: No, silly. There's no such thing. There is a logical explanation for this.

ALL: gasp

BILL C: A—er—person is coming out of the machine!

MARGIE: Who are you—uh—sir?

MOON MAN (thoroughly embarrassed): My name is Bedonnakerobacle Thobbacussocum and I've been travelling a long way—but, er, I didn't mean to land in your house. I'm sorry.

BILL L: Where have you come from, Mister B . . . uh . . . ?

BEDON: Bedonnakerobacle Thobbacussocum. I'm from the moon.

ALL: gasps and squeals

BEDON: My spaceship ran out of Brogobbaloosh—that's the fuel for my machine—so I had to land very suddenly.

BILL C: Don't worry, Mister uh . . . we'll find you fuel and have you on your way in no time.

BEDON: No. No . . . you do not have moon fuel on earth! I am doomed!

BRAINS: Leave it to me. I will take a sample of the residue in your fuel tank and analyze it.

BEDON: You will analyze and analyze, but you can't find moon fuel on earth. OOOOOOOH! I can never go home! (moans and groans)

TOM H: Let's sing an earth song to cheer him up!

ALL: sing silly song.

MARGIE: Let's have refreshments! I'll go out to the kitchen and fix something for us to eat.

PAUL: Good idea—I'm starved.

ANDY: Me too!

MARCH 2, 1973

SHAUNA: I'll help you, Margie. I think there are some brownies in the cupboard.

BEDON: I'm not hungry. I'm doomed.

TOM H: Now, now, Bedon. Life is brighter than you think. And Brains is brighter than we *like* to think. He'll find you your Brogobbaloosh in a jiffy.

BEDON: grunts.

MARGIE: Here are some brownies and some juice. I'll set them on the table here and you can all come around and take what you want.

SHAUNA: Would you like some grapefruit juice, Bedon?

BEDON (sourly): Not much . . . (sniffs it) BROGOBBALOOSH! !! !

ALL: What? What's he yelling about?

BEDON (excitedly): It's Brogobbaloosh! This is moon fuel! I can go home! I've found fuel for my spaceship!

TOM H: Grapefruit juice? ? ? ? ?

* * *

Three rings.

"Hello?"

"Is this Nana-pana-pumpkin-gomper?"

"Oh NO! . . . You listened! How did you like it?"

"I liked it."

"Really?"

"Yeah, Nanawhatever."

"Nanapanapumphengompher."

"That's a wierd name . . ."

"It's just the simple version of my name in Moon Language."

"Whatever—I liked the show anyway. It isn't every club that goes to the moon."

"True . . ."

* * *

January, 1973

One ring.

"Hello?"

"Joe?"

"Oh, hi, how are you? How was break?"

"Fine. You said you wanted to be in the radio show, didn't you?"

"Yes. I guess so."

"Well, do you still want to?"

"Sure."

"Okay, can you come to our next meeting?"

"When?"

"Right now—in Tom Harris' room in Flanner. He's the producer of the show."

"Be right over."

* * *

Knock.

"Come in!"

"Hi people! How's it going?"

"Hi Nan. Is this Joe?"

"Yeah, that's one thing he's called . . . Joe, this is Tom Harris . . . Tom Enrico . . . Paul Bolduc—he's our Evil Character . . ."

"Oh, I know Paul. You're right—he is evil."

"Thanks, Runde."

". . . This is Margie Fuchs and this is Shauna Dunn . . . and that's Andy Schilling in the corner."

"Glad to have you in the Neighborhood Club, Joe."

"Tom—he wants to play the club Dumb Kid. You'd be surprised how well—"

"That's enough, Nan!"

"Well, let's get down to business. We're going to rehearse a King Arthur script for next week—March 4th—and Father Griffin has agreed to play the part of Merlin. If everyone's here now—yeah, I think this is all of us—let's go over to Keenan so we can run over the script with Griff."

"Tom, who's doing the next script?"

"Margie and I are getting together on a script—last semester she came up with an idea for an International Show. Oh, by the way, Nan, are you going to have another script for us soon?"


"Yes—I've got a couple of ideas. One is about a picnic in the woods where we all turn into animals. In the other one I thought we might get carried away by a kite up to a cloud land where—"

"You always were a little up in the clouds."

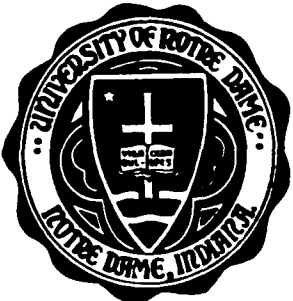
"Anyway, let's get going."

—joe runde and nan smith

analyses



UNIVERSITY OF
NOTRE DAME
AMATEUR RADIO
COMMUNICATIONS CLUB



K9VRU

BOX 176
NOTRE DAME, INDIANA 46556

Mention amateur radio when you are in a group and the chances are all you will get are complaints about television and stereo interference, or how aesthetically unpleasing the antennas are for the neighborhood. This, unfortunately, is the limit of knowledge most people have about "ham" radio. They do not understand actually what the hobby entails, or even begin to know the extent of the services it is able to provide.

Here at Notre Dame, an amateur radio club was organized in 1926. It has moved from building to building many times since and currently finds itself in the small building behind Holy Cross Hall. From that location, student "hams" have been spreading "Notre Dame good-will" to stations in every corner of the United States, and most areas of the world as well. Some 286,000 people in the U.S. hold valid licenses from the FCC, and another 130,000 in foreign lands hold government licenses. This makes almost every area of the world accessible to voice and code communication and has begun many international friendships which might well last for a lifetime. Fortunately, the people operating the equipment are not the only ones who can benefit from amateur radio, for the student body, being national in nature here at Notre Dame, certainly stands to gain.

Through a process called "phone patching," hams can use the telephone to hook up two parties in different places, all for the cost of a local telephone call. This service can be used for any state in the United States and most Latin American countries. Europe and most of the Eastern Hemisphere can not engage in direct phone contact by order of their governments, although messages can be run to these places, as they can be all over the world.

People might very well wonder what strangers talk about while on the air. It should be kept in mind that the people amateurs speak to are not total strangers: the ham operators form almost a type of world community. The range of topics is quite broad, varying between the local weather and time, to matters of a more personal nature such as jobs, school, etc. Politics is often shied away from when talking with foreign stations, out of mutual respect.

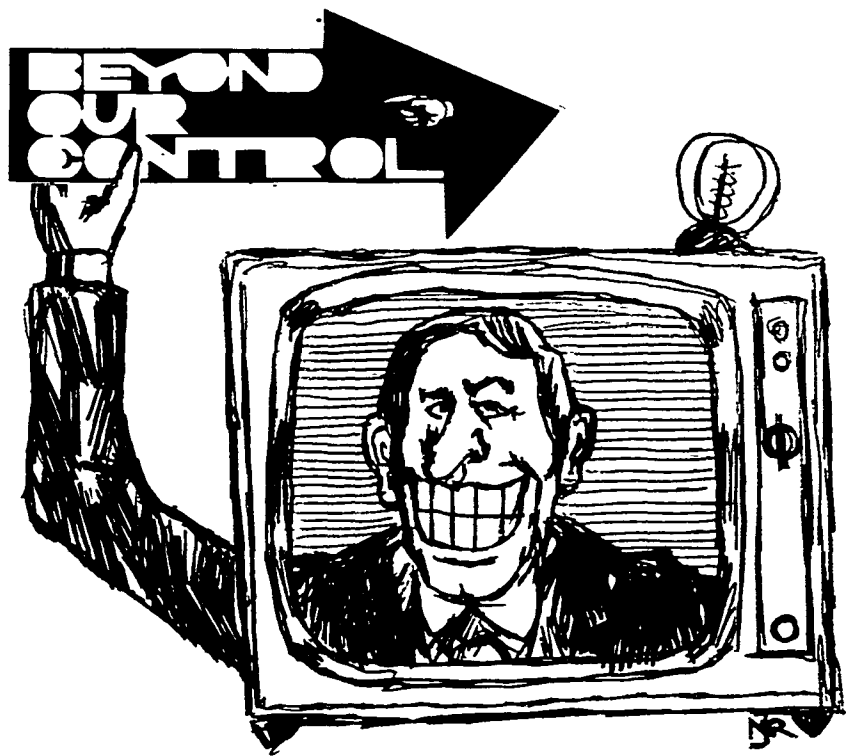
Once contact with a station is made, a "schedule" can be arranged for a certain time and a certain frequency on the band for future communications. Schedules may also be arranged by mail or by prior personal agreement. However they are set up, depending upon conditions, they are usually very fruitful. After a conversation is completed, cards are mailed to confirm that two way communication was indeed held. The

American Radio Relay League (ARRL), an association of hams, gives awards for the number of foreign countries contacted, proven through the receipt of foreign cards. The Notre Dame club station, with call sign K9VRU, has received cards from over 180 countries. In addition, it has sent out many hundreds of cards, which at this moment are displaying a picture of Sacred Heart Church on station walls all over the globe.

Notre Dame students who come from California, Oregon, Washington, Florida, and other populous, distant states, are urged to come to the clubs "radio shack" between 4 and 6 PM on Sunday afternoons if they wish to sign up for phone patches. The club has had little difficulty contacting California. Yet, ironically, the club has received almost no response from coast dwellers here applying for the service, which, by law, is a free service. In addition, it is interesting to note that since returning from winter vacation in January, communication has been achieved with two Alaskan stations and two Hawaiian stations.

The Notre Dame Amateur Radio Club is not content with simply meeting people in other countries and in the U.S. The members are equally interested in providing a unique and valuable service to the rest of the students here.

—mark wenig



television beyond television beyond

—“... the most consistently funny TV program I've ever seen. . .”

—“... some of the best writing on television. . .”

—“... a stunning display of satire at its best. . .”

—“... very funny. . .”

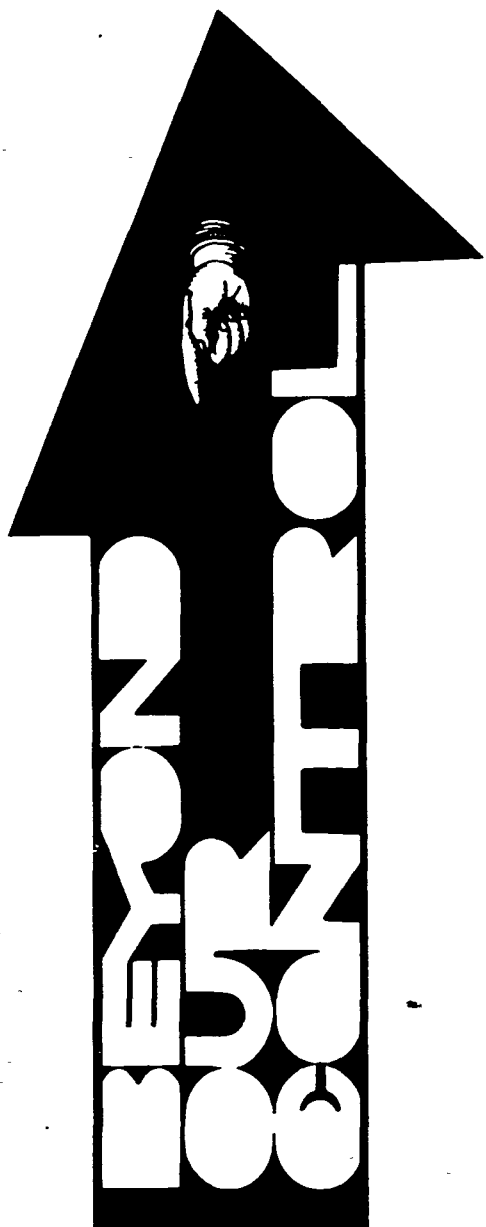
THE blurbs are naturally my own, but they're sincere. Like most of us, I don't spend too much time in front of the tube, but when an outstanding program comes along once in a great while, we all like to make a special effort to catch it. I've been catching one in particular for four seasons now, and just thought I'd bring it to the attention of all you who don't know what I'm watching.

It's called (as you may have guessed) "Beyond Our Control," it airs most springtime Saturdays at 6 PM on Channel 16, it stars local talent, and most remarkably, it's produced by high school students in a Junior Achievement Company. Promotional materials refer to it as a "weekly satirical revue" on TV about TV and that's a pretty good description: the program is a series of sophisticated adult satires, no subjects barred, and full of enough pyrotechnic displays of wit to make a Lampon writer gasp. Of course, every bit on every show can't be the quintessence of comic creativity, and I don't pretend they all are, but the frequency with which these producers hit the mark is amazing.

Take last week's installment for instance. It was an average program of sorts, including a parody of a famous local auto-parts ad entitled "Elkhart Hubcap;" a "Happy, Smiley News Report" which reminded one of local Eyewitnesses; a moving musical extravaganza in the Italian operatic tradition entitled "Il Spumoni Del Parmesano"; and a pseudo-advertisement for "Mutual of Tijuana" in which a roving insurance agent bursts into a peaceful domestic dinner scene, the surprised head of the house accidentally thrusts his carving knife across the table, and while the agent composedly describes the benefits of a Tijuana medical plan, the family frantically tries to revive mother. (It was much funnier to watch than to read, so I recommend that you watch.)

Earlier this season (tomorrow night's show is the fifth of thirteen in their January to April series) viewers thrilled to the incredible soap-opera tale of a one-in-a-million tonsillectomy which replaced a patient's comely features with the head of a cabbage (the grief-crazed mother of the monster later reacted violently when an asylum nurse mistakenly offered a "delicious tossed salad" for lunch); then there was the gripping saga of Mohab—bearded baby and super-hero saved from the pharaoh's murderous goons by a courageous mother and the Nile River; the first program featured a spoof on panel discussions entitled "Reapportionment: Threat or Menace?" Here's a definition of the topic volunteered by one of the learned panelists:

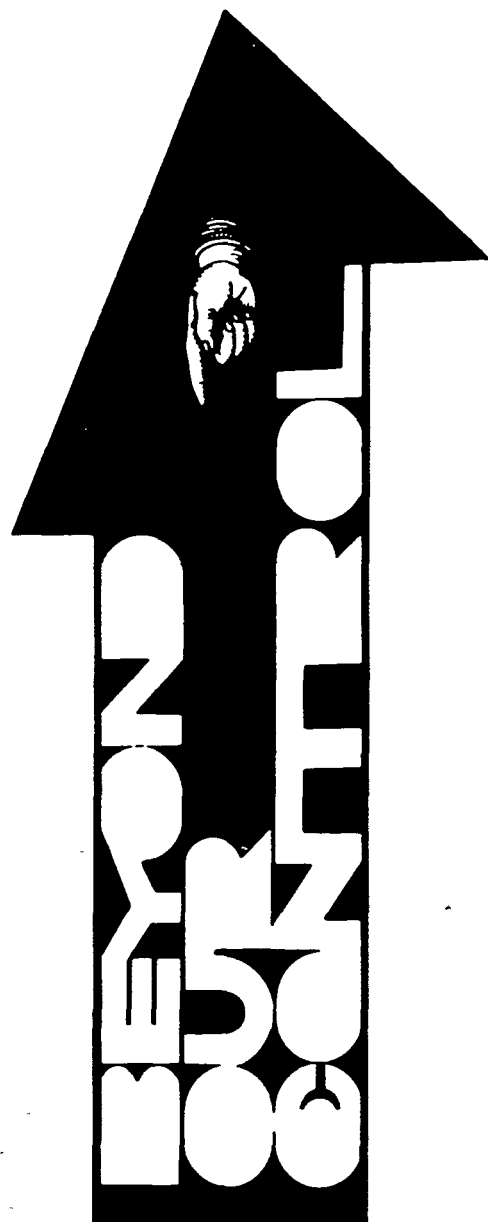
Well, Township Re-Appportionment is a—concept of geographical-population distribution, based upon a theoretical progression involving certainly tacitly understood suppositions which—while highly conjectural—involve what I would call hypothetical postulates of the township and—as





a tonsillectomy gave one patient a
“head” of cabbage

organizing the program is a closed undertaking



a corollary—a theorem—call it what you will—reapportionment of that township. Vague—but nonetheless, elusive.

The sets and costuming for these skits of course add immeasurably to the humor, and though the acting and camera work sometimes fail to fulfill sophisticated expectations, they too contribute a certain quality that most television programs wouldn't dare approach.

Actually, the program is the most complex ever produced in the South Bend area—ever. News programs are usually the only locally-originated fare, and they are relatively simple productions with two easily focused, video cameras a single fixed set, and sundry film clips. "Beyond Our Control" productions go a long way beyond these sumptuous conditions. Some of the shooting is on-location all over Michiana, and even the in-studio production (which is done on Saturday mornings in the WNDU building right on campus) is an awesomely complex affair. I attended one of these sessions two weeks ago to watch them pre-record segments of tomorrow evening's show.

It was an amazing scene: about thirty high school types were scurrying all over the place, lifting sets here, arranging cameras there, throwing pillows (props), and playing cards between "takes." Dave Bashover, the high school senior in charge of managing production, was hurling orders like a pro, and efficiency prevailed. The JA company's advisors (who happen to be WNDU employees)—Dave Williams and Joe Dundon—were always on hand, but offered only occasional advice. The operation was clearly in the hands of students, except for the hired director, Mark Heller, who also occupies the status of a WNDU adult.

At the time, they were working on a parody entitled "The Generous Electric Knowledge Bowl" pitting the dignified, eyeglassed "Silverfish" champion geniuses of MITT against the kazoo-blowing, banana-throwing hair-greased varsity scholars of Indiana Diesel Technical College And Grill. I won't ruin the humor by letting you know what happens, but watch for the half-time filmed tour of the challengers' beloved Alma Mater, indeed a highlight.



IT was clear to me that the program's success was far from being beyond control. Hard-working writers meet every Saturday and Sunday afternoons, and then three weeknights; Thursdays feature a compulsory meeting for the entire company where scripts are distributed and parts assigned. Organizing the program is a colossal undertaking in itself; seventeen-year-old Bashover estimates that he puts in about 35 hours per week. What lies behind this Herculean effort? Why is there a "Beyond Our Control?"

"That's a problem just like every other show's," opines Properties Manager Julie Ratkiewicz, "except we're not making as much money and not as many soap operas." Bashover (whose name implies nothing of the subtlety in his sense of humor) sees the show as "a creative outlet for all those against the standards of moral society, and football and basketball in particular." (That is, what did *you* do in high school?) Only two of nine applying for membership to the company—those seen as "spontaneously funny"—are admitted, so there seems to be a need out there for such creative expression.

Also, in the Junior Achievement tradition, the operation does make some money. They have sponsors and salaries and expenses. But as the entire company seems to agree, "the quality comes first and the expenses second"—easier said than done. But, that's the way it is despite the program's minim-budget.

And I'm not the only one who likes this show. The fan mail pours in at an average rate of one piece per day. Even national attention has been focused upon the project after features appeared in Parade Magazine, Educational Television, T.V.-Radio Mirror and, any week now—you'll see one in TV Guide. And though the 7-year-old WNDU production was the first of its kind, a few tawdry imitations (the highest form of compliment) have been spotted in Virginia and Georgia.

It is a very funny program—at least—and a stomach cramp at its best. I heartily encourage you to watch. That's tomorrow night—and my missing it, for one, would be an event beyond anyone's control.

Neil Rosini

Consort

THE Paul Winter Consort came back to Notre Dame last weekend, but it was a New Consort with a new style, doing new songs in a new situation. They played by themselves, neither following nor preceding any other acts whose influence they would then have to cope with. They played new music, products of each member's search to find music that will fit the Consort perfectly as a group, and still express their feelings as individuals. They played in a new style because they are new. Three of the Consort's five have been with Winter for only nine months; Dave Darling (cello) and Paul Winter (alto saxophone) are the only remaining members of the Consort that visited Notre Dame in '71 and '72. Yet, they continued to please the ND audience, who, that evening, had come expressly to hear the Paul Winter Consort.

As they took the stage after a brief introduction, it was immediately apparent that someone was missing; there were only five musicians on stage, and the familiar guitars and double bass were replaced with a harp and bass marimba. But not only were the instruments different; the Consort had also changed. In reality, the Winter Consort has been changing ever since it was first conceived. While Winter was an undergraduate at Northwestern University, he organized the first of his many jazz groups. The Consort that came to Notre Dame in 1971 was formed late in 1968, and in Paul's words, "We went as far as we thought we could together; we really split into two groups. Four of the other original players formed another group, and David Darling and I emerged to this group, replacing the guitar with harp, eliminating the bass, and adding two percussions instead of one."

Concert



There soon seemed to be no difference, though, as the Consort began to spin their delicate musical stories. The sax, harp and cello took turns coloring the melodic panoply, often playing together, sometimes soloing or emphasizing the theme. Some of the old favorites were there, slightly rearranged to make use of the new instrumentation. The new compositions reflected the Consort's broadening interests and skills. I asked Paul if he would concentrate on rearranging the works he had done the year before. "The important thing is to keep going, and along with that is the challenge of writing new music. The Consort is not an entertainment band that will play hits, but a growth band and that is the significant thing that I think the people should focus on. I mean, to see the Consort over a period of years, to see how it grows, and not say, 'Oh, gee, isn't it a shame you're not playing "Both Sides Now" or something you did on your earlier albums.'"

WE knew and appreciated Winter's beautifully crafted melodies as well as Darling's exacting expressive cello, but the new Consort still came as quite a surprise. At first, a harp seemed like a rather unlikely instrument together with a cello and sax, but I soon had the im-

pression that more than ever, *it belonged*. Paul later explained, "I had been fascinated with the harp for a long time, and it seemed like the time was right. I had heard of Joel Andrews in San Francisco three years ago, and last February, very close to the time that the previous Consort had ended, I was in Boston, and heard one of Joel's records, a Bach *Partita*, at a friend's house. Glorious. I was just overwhelmed, and I thought now is the time to try harp."

But why harp? Why not another guitarist? "The guitarist who was with us previously, Ralph Towner, is, for my money, the greatest guitar player anywhere. To follow him with anybody would have meant a really difficult search. And sometimes you don't want to; sometimes you've used an instrument in the most definitive way, and when that person leaves you, you can't replace him with anybody else. That happened with my first sextet, after my trumpet player left; then we added flute. So we've been through a lot of instruments.

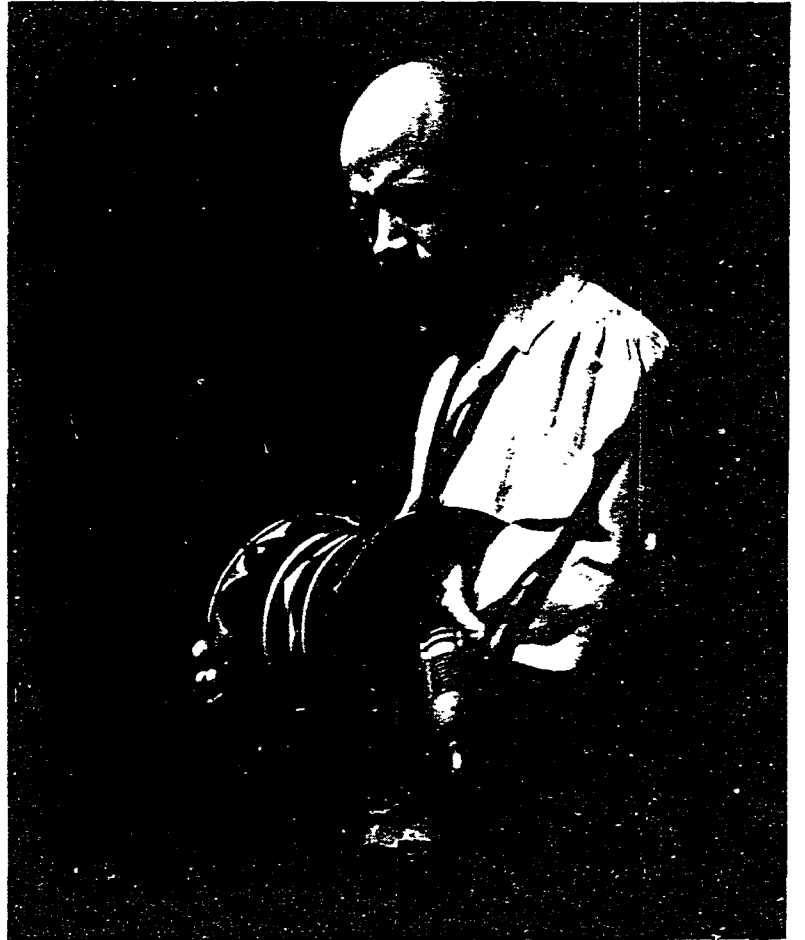
"Likewise with the oboist, Paul McCandless; there is nobody in the world that can do an oboe like he can. It's senseless to try to find just an oboe player to fill in. The Consort can be any combination of instruments."

Though I considered the harp only adequate in some of the compositions that the Consort had performed before, Joel Andrews played beautifully in the new work, laying down a myriad pattern of chords from which Paul and Dave worked their magic, or performing alone, as he did so brilliantly with the Bach prelude.

Percussion is important in the new Consort — not only in establishing a rhythm, but also in creating a melody, and effect, and an interchange with other instruments—thus the incredible assortment of percussion instruments. Paul explained, "Percussion is limitless; once you get into the realm of percussion, the world is open to you. You'll find that every culture has amazing percussion traditions. Drums in all sorts of shapes go back as far as man."

Russ Hartenburger and Bob Becker, who are both candidates at the same Eastern seaboard university and who have been playing together for years, performed on dozens of instruments, completing the ensemble and playing together and/or separately as the situation demanded. Their composition for percussion encompassed a wall of African instruments, beginning with chime-like gongs and cymbals, ending with a Ugandan amadinda, a three-man xylophone. They played in simple and compound rhythms (sometimes in no apparent rhythm at all), exhibiting an incredible amount of agility and coordination in tempo and phrasing. Kettledrums, trap sets, tablas, congas, and a collection of drums that reminded me of hanging garbage cans filled the stage completely so that the musicians had difficulty in moving about.

UNDER Winter's direction, all these seemingly diverse instruments came together into one harmonious whole. Their compositions were rather free and open to personal expression and embellishment, not only be-





cause they are just beginning to learn the nuances of playing with each other, but also because this form leaves room for continual expansion and change. I asked Paul whether the music was constructed loosely to shift with the musicians' mood and emphasis. "It changes from concert to concert; last night we had the freedom to do that because when the audience is so with you, you can carry them with you. You can carry them further, than, say, two nights ago, when we played in Buffalo, the State University there, in the gym. A rock concert with the Mary Almond Band, where the kids really just rocked. We couldn't stretch out as long, we were only playing for an hour, so we condensed it."

Saturday night, they played just for the Notre Dame audience, a crowd that had come to hear the Paul Winter Consort. The warm welcome established an understanding, a rapport that the Consort expanded and tempered with their creations. They enjoyed playing at Notre Dame, and were quick to express their feelings: "Notre Dame? It is always a pleasure. It's to be among friends. They're a really warm, open audience."

But the real relationship didn't start until the workshop Sunday afternoon. Since the formation of the

new group, the Consort has been doing workshops at the universities after performances. When Dave Darling mentioned that they had done a workshop at Eastman, I raised my eyebrows in mock disbelief, but he assured me that the type of awareness they try to propagate through their music relegated everyone to the same category, no matter how proficient the musician.

Paul began the workshop with an explanation of improvisation, some hints and some ideas on how to create individual music to fit into an ensemble. He chose a small group of students to play with Joel and Dave, and let them improvise. The result served as a base for the next four hours. The ability to improvise, Paul explained, lies in everyone, "because it is a certain chemistry that no matter how well you play, establishes itself within you. You play until you create a tapestry, a certain richness, until you feel yourself part of a texture." Of course, at first one feels restrained; these are the compensations that have to be taken into consideration. "We had a classical guitar for a long time. He was always getting wiped out by somebody."

THE fact that good improvisation is so hard to realize points to the reason for Winter Consort; "We are the reaction to the fact that there are so many difficulties in getting a group together. Egos get in the way of a group of good musicians. That's why there are so many good single musicians around and so few groups. Our musical academic system allows for no groups tradition. There are some small ensembles in the European tradition, but they are of one family of instruments, there are no combinations." Like Winter Consort.

Joel spoke about the relation of music and life, reflecting many Eastern ideas and practices which he believes bring man to a better understanding of his dynamic responsibilities. He explained that if one of two identically tuned strings were plucked, the second string would also vibrate and sound. We all have the capacity to be that "second string," and our sensory perception is "tuned" to accept and vibrate with all that we hear around us. We began chanting in the dark, om-ma-ne-pad-ma-hum. "Everything is vibration; if we can come together with the vibrations of each other, we can tune ourselves to each other." Breathing, chanting, vibration, perception, awareness. When one begins to feel the vibrating harp string evoking a response in the body, he is sympathetically resonating in union with the sound, and he becomes the sound. "We do that all the time to each other with words and ideas. Thus, we have to be responsible for those vibrations; we have to know what we're doing. Every cell in our body responds to the vibrations around us. Unlike touch or smell, we can't escape sound, because our whole body responds to it."

Dave complemented Joel's remarks: "If we think of ourselves first as musicians, then as particular persons, we'll be more open to receive and give in return when we play. It gets down to listening to each other. The music we want to create is like some kind of organic life, and there is an infinity of possibilities as to the form it can take."

Everyone got an opportunity to play, if only to say that they jammed the Winter Consort, but hopefully to "lose themselves to come to their senses," as Paul terms it. Music is not simply earning a living for the Consort, but a philosophy, a means of expressing their being and direction. Thus, when Paul said, "We'd like to reach as many people as we can," I understood not a desire for commercial success, but a kind of musical proselytism. "You must lose yourself to come to your senses."

"I don't think that any of the ideas that we talked about in the workshop are that original, nor are any of the elements in the Consort's music or instrumentation. We're pulling together things that maybe haven't been combined before, but that have existed for centuries. It's very difficult to do that in an arena full of people who are there for a much more surface kind of experience, entertainment. This was a much more intimate kind of setting, with people sitting on the floor, and the lights out. Here you begin to touch the reaches of peoples' beings.

"It's very simple to do; it's just new in our culture. In India, people do it all the time. It's just that the inner life in the West is a very undeveloped image. There is definitely a spiritual renaissance going on now. There are all sorts of different paths, but they all lead to the same thing which is God. It's a very exciting time, especially to be making music. People are beginning to realize that music can be used towards that aspiration."

I asked Paul if there was anything he would like to add or underline in the interview. He replied, "I think *you* should say it; the music is what *we* say. I think your reactions are more important than my philosophizing. We come to play and not really to preach, so you should say what you think in your review, not as a critic, but as a person, a subjective force."

But what can I say? I can say that Winter Consort is one of the finest musical groups I have ever heard, but in the light of this article, that means nothing. I can say that as musicians, they play very well, but how do I define well? I can say that they exhibited a superb control of their music and an excellent ability to work together, but that's evident.

I can say they've got *it*. Yes, that's right. You know, they've really got *it*.

the music
is what we say



Tom Gora

Structuralist Technique: The Algebras of Literature

Part One

A Taped Conversation with Professors John McDonald (Jack) and James Walton (Jay), N.D. Dept. of English. Interviewer: Cordelia Candelaria, Graduate Student and Instructor of English

On a clear, cold, pleasant January morning, I met with Professors McDonald and Walton for a taped discussion originally meant to focus on mythic approaches to literature and criticism. The openness of our dialogue, however, allowed for a stimulating, free association of ideas which, you will note, ranged mostly in the field of myth criticism. Our morning's discussion yielded some 50 pages of entertaining, profound, and always fascinating observations on literature, science, philosophy, education, etc. Nevertheless, being finite — as the implications of our discussion are not! — the SCHOLASTIC is able to present only excerpts (in two parts) from the taped interview. The second part will appear next issue.

In what follows, Professor McDonald focuses on structuralist critical theories, while Professor Walton concentrates on thematic evolution of the pleasure principle in literature. Currently quite topical, structuralist approaches in literary criticism attempt to find, according to Donald C. Freeman, "the relation between the organization of the human esthetic and the features of literary structure and language." In doing this, critics no longer limit themselves to the tools and methods of their discipline; rather they cross disciplines



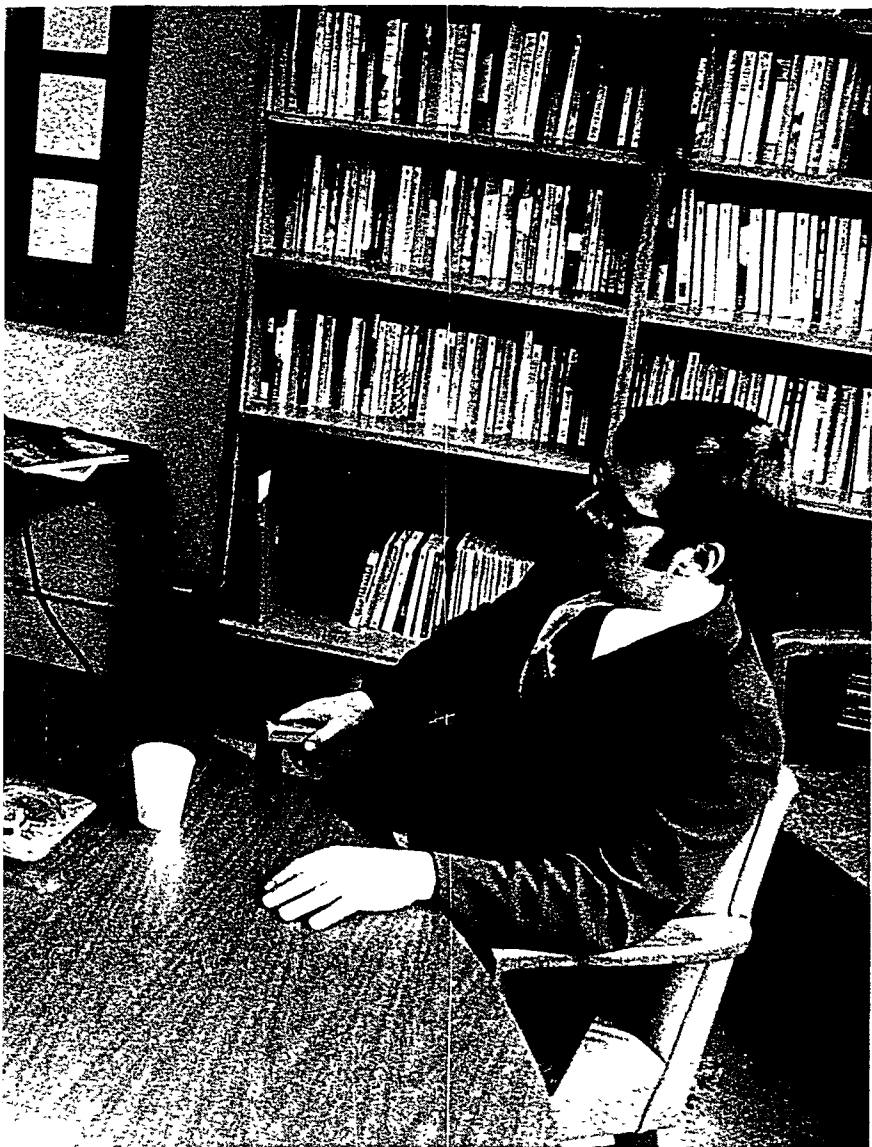
peripathetically, seeking the aid of the latest discoveries in other fields. Professor McDonald discusses this modern tendency, and he also comments on the literary critic's problem of analyzing literature in the language of literature, instead of in a, perhaps, preferred symbolic language.

In this first part, Professor Walton parries many of Professor McDonald's remarks with what might seem reflexive rumblings from the old guard. We will discover next issue, however, that Professor Walton moves originally and complexly avant-garde in his archetypal interpretations of literature, particularly romance. In addition, his discussion of the pleasure principle in literature compels one's interest because of its aura of inevitable "rightness."

Because the participants made many allusions to authors and works perhaps not readily familiar to our readers, brief identification in parentheses follows the more obscure allusions.

Candelaria: We are each at different levels of teaching and study in literature. Perhaps as preliminary we could discuss the relationship of literary criticism to literature.

McDonald: Good place to begin. The relationship has much of the flavor of a dilemma about it. An ideal critical theory, it seems to me, would describe a set of general structures which could generate any particular, existent literary work. But we can't talk definitively about literature in a purely analytical language, because what's important about literature is the distance that's between it and the structures. One of the things



we have to do is to measure that distance. I think about James' talk about the novel as a "balloon" of the imagination "moored" to the earth by a rope; the more or less "commodious car of the imagination," he says. But it is moored, and we can measure the distance of the rope. Criticism, then, should describe the rope.

Candelaria: Is language itself an obstacle to the critical analysis of literature? Is that why you so often make references to other kinds of symbolic language?

McDonald: Yes. For example, if we go to the language of Boolean algebra, we'd be talking about something which has applications not simply to literature but to other subjects. Ultimately, I think the perfect critic would be the man who understood not just Boolean algebra, but all kinds of algebra and calculi. Then, after being able to understand the principles behind these algebraic structures to be able to talk not on the algebras themselves but on the distance, the rope, that moors those conceptions of structure to literature. I guess what I'm really talking about is the way in which the Bourbaki school [pseudonym for group of mathematicians with highly sophisticated point of view] characterizes algebraic structures.

Candelaria: Professor Walton, in the past you've expressed an aversion to such combinations of science and literature. Is your aversion idiosyncratic or broadly philosophic?

Walton: It's incomprehension! [general laughter] The ultimate implications of the practical criticism that

I perform, I do not understand. Jack wants to because he's younger and more vigorous than I am and is probably capable of doing it. A way of registering incomprehension would be this way: I've suddenly converted to positivism and

Candelaria: You mean right here?

Walton: Yes, right now. I have become a positivist in order to say that what Jack wants to do is irrelevant because I don't understand it. This positivist that I'm becoming has definite Marxist leanings, and, he says to Jack: What you want is a criticism that is not bound by culture, as the works you criticize are; a criticism that is meta-literary and free of all of the assumptions, idiosyncratic questions, and idiosyncratic answers that a given culture is likely to come up with. This demand itself, the Marxist would say, is culture-bound and symptomatic of a decadent bourgeoisie. The Marxist also goes on to ask a different set of questions about the exact circumstances under which a certain kind of literature is produced. He, or any other positivist, will talk about the printing press as a condition under which *Don Quixote* or Dickens' novels acquired their characteristics. He doesn't believe in a reality beyond the coarsely material circumstances.

But it is dishonest of me to bring all this up. It's really a means of backing away from the implications of my own kind of thinking as opposed to the positivist's way of thinking.

Candelaria: Would you care to respond to our Marxist persona's arguments?

McDonald: Well, I think the Marxist himself uses a mythology that is a fairly simple-minded concept of structure. The dialectic is a pattern of opposition which is a subset of the relationships which, incidentally, Boolean algebra studies. In answer to a position like that, I guess I would have to expand on the comment I made earlier: there's really no sense in pursuing directly the kind of critical program that I'm suggesting is ultimately possible because one must be impure to be real. If we simply talk about algebraic structures we're not going to be able to measure the distance between those structures and the reality that we have to deal with. So as a practical program, the only program consonant with sanity, I would do—and do in fact do—the kinds of things you do, Jay, and start from a more empirical stance. "Empirical" not in the scientific sense of dealing with "real" phenomena, but empirical in the sense of a more comparativist approach. But it would be useful to know as much as possible about the structures. Such knowledge ought to suggest solutions to some of the things that are inexplicable from an empirical approach.

Walton: It's a logical conclusion from what you've said that many of us in trying to speak conscientiously about literature want to abandon the literary language which we use to comment on literature. I draw circles on the board, and the only difference between my circles and a consistent system of symbols is that they aren't consistent or systematic. Most of the teachers I know



feel at times that they must liberate their critical ideas from their own oratory—which, then, merely makes literature out of literature. They go to the board and put the design in the most abstract form they can by drawing geometrical figures.

Candelaria: Do you think teachers of literature are the only ones experiencing the dilemma of being somehow bound by their language and particular discipline? I wonder if perhaps it might not be a general professional difficulty?

McDonald: Absolutely. Ever since Heisenberg [theoretical physicist known for “the uncertainty principle”] pretty much convinced the scientific world that there is no measuring of phenomena without distorting the phenomena, I think all workers in basic science have realized that there is a huge distance between their imaginative structures and what actually goes on in the world. So they search out new languages to fit the phenomena, looking ultimately to find a language which is abstract enough to cover a wide range of cases, but a language which somehow recognizes its own lack of particularity. Their search is ours, too.

there is no measuring
of phenomena
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Walton: Judging from what Jack says about literary criticism, its next problem will be to distinguish between thinking mathematically about literature, and merely drawing analogies between the way mathematics works and between the way literature works. If I ever learn more mathematics, I will simply use mathematical ideas to clarify my ideas about literary structure. I’ll still be using another kind of figurative language. “This is like the square root of minus one,” I’ll say. I won’t be doing anything like what Jack recommends for literary criticism. I don’t have the mind for that—which makes me a representative of multitudes in our profession. If it is imposed upon us that we must understand pure mathematics

Candelaria: What an alarming conclusion! You’re not suggesting that only one critical method, that derived from pure mathematics, will be somehow officially mandatory and

Walton: No. I mean it might be imposed by the nature of the discipline. Yet I’ll never be able to distinguish between the use of mathematics as a literary analogy and the use of it as a mode of reasoning.

McDonald: That’s an interesting problem right there. Ultimately, I think there should be a mathematics of analogy too, so that we can reason by analogy with more confidence. I think Whitehead and Russell started to investigate these kinds of problem, but there’s a long way to go. And the longest first step is trying to figure out what in the hell Whitehead said.

Walton: In this context, characterize for me this kind of thinking: Lewis Carroll in *Alice in Wonderland* is very aware that the imaginative activity he is representing in his work is an effort to create the illusion of origins and ends when there is really no origin or end. You realize he is writing a finite literary work that’s made up of so many words with a beginning and end-



ing, an inside that he is creating a model of endlessness. The figure for the process which Alice is undergoing is the infinite divisibility of integers. Here's the "one," the finite thing, and within it I'm creating a model of the inexhaustableness of existence in time and space.

McDonald: Zeno's paradox.

Walton: So it is. It's like Achilles and the tortoise, but, instead, Carroll uses an analogy from number theory. He gets Alice confused by the duodecimal system instead. "I'll never get to 26 this way," she says. That's a figure, then, for the infinite presented within the finite work. Now he has provided me with that image, but I wonder if he was really doing mathematical thinking. Isn't he simply drawing an analogy between psychological and mathematical processes?

McDonald: Yes. But the real interest in mathematics is not here, though it's an interesting precursor of what's going to happen. The real interest is in why we can draw these analogies. What is the principle of structure common to mathematics and Carroll's perception of psychology?

Candelaria: The current interest in structuralism is providing some answers. Yet, even structuralist approaches can't be expected to unfathom those mysteries that draw us, perhaps, to literature in the first place.

Walton: Literature has certainly always depended on our inability to know the "thing in itself." That dependence supplies the continuity between ancient and modern literature. Life is a providentially ordered universe—temporal life—is a dream; and life in the universe about which we can affirm nothing is also a dream. So the same metaphors that link time and eternity in Christian literature—say, medieval—can be used in modern literature. Literature in an age of faith speaks precisely to our own metaphysical apprehensions.

Candelaria: Your view of reality as unreal, as dreamlike, disturbs me. Something in me argues for a quintessential, irreducible reality that exists literally but yet isn't static. I would call that core reality cyclic repetition—the continual re-enactment of the same things in 1972 as, say, 5,000 years ago. The cast is changed, the surfaces are updated in conformity to all the external technological "advances," but the "reality" exists, quite literally, within the repeated sameness of life. Mythic literature attests to that, it seems. If we compare origin stories like the Eden myth with, for example, the story of Prometheus and Epimetheus, the similarities are remarkable. At any rate, re-appearance of the same basic imaginative substructures impresses me with the literal reality of that persistent repetition.

Walton: There are other ways of characterizing that reality that don't even sound like yours, Cordelia. One of my Greatest Passages in Western Literature speaks to this point. Though it is a different culture, it need not be transposed or translated in order to speak to our common experience. Dante, in *De Vulgare Eloquentia*, has been writing desultorily about the vernacular, and now (that is, in the passage I'm quoting) he wants to become systematic. In a conceit that expresses intellectual passion better than any I've ever seen, he alludes to a panther who, according to medieval bestiaries is a figure of Christ and has sweet breath—doubtless, no one ever got close enough to find out differently.

the fragrance and not of the essence. What disturbs me, and I think it might also be what disturbs you, Cordelia, is that I read Borges and I get upset because the *Ding an sich* has disappeared—all is fiction. There seems to be no conception of a reality behind the meta-fiction, a reality identical in kind with the object studied by the “hard” sciences. The whole thing is an airy castle.

Walton: Borges is so wry about the problem. It’s a mask, of course. Anybody who is as completely preoccupied with the problem as he is has to protect himself with a mask of wryness which, I imagine, gets boring or irritating after awhile if you stay with him. I think, though, that to affirm the existence of things and their essentially mysterious nature is one of the most affirmative and beautiful things we can do. Of course, this is not a part of what an old teacher of mine once called the “boorish longing for eternal verities” because it isn’t ultimate truths we’re talking about. It is things, objects of everyday experience, that are to be characterized as mysterious and rich and complicated.

It seems to me that that is a function of literature which has otherwise lost its contact with the “pleasure principle” to the most remarkable degree. The pleasure in perception itself is a pleasure that literature continues to sustain, while modern literature is really more about the decline of all other modes of pleasure than it is perhaps about anything else. That’s a wild generalization, of course. But it does seem to me that one of the problems of modern criticism is that it’s dealing with an activity whose primary function has always been to give pleasure, and modern literature happens to be preoccupied with the unhappy fate of the pleasure principle itself. That makes modern literature paradoxical. To stay within my own precinct for a moment, my course is necessarily modern because it’s a course in the novel. It could be given any number of thematic titles, and one of them would be the “fate of pleasure.”

Candelaria: I’m not sure I see how past literature was “pleasing” or “pleasure giving” in a way that’s qualitatively different from modern literature. Am I missing your point? Aren’t pleasure and instruction, truth and beauty, Chaucer’s “sentence and solas”—aren’t they finally inextricable? If so, then any illumination which literature gives will have a comparably “pleasing” side, regardless of its effect: whether tragic, painful, frustrating, complex, whatever.

Walton: Perhaps, but I do think that in my novel course you can take three books that are in themselves preoccupied with the problematical nature of the pleasure principle: *Oliver Twist*, *Madame Bovary*, and *Death in Venice*. The laureate of pleasure in the 19th century was Dickens; yet the young Dickens wrote a novel in which all modes of gratification are made disgusting. This—from Dickens! Not Balzac, no dyspeptic and rancid realist. This is the entertainer for whom Scrooge, with his wealth and power, was a life-denying figure, and Cratchit, with his family of misfits was a life-affirming figure—all because of their attitude toward pleasure. Yet, in *Oliver Twist*, all the people who are enjoying themselves repel us.

Having scoured the heights and pastures of Italy without finding that panther we pursue, in order that we may discover her, let us now track her down in a more rational manner, so that, with cunning shifts, we may catch fast in our snares her whose fragrance is everywhere but who is nowhere to be seen.—Dante

Literature is always catching the emanations from, and affirming the existence of the unapproachable *thing*, the object of the heart’s desire.

McDonald: What Frye [critic; author of *The Anatomy of Criticism*] then attempts is to do the systematic kind of analysis of which Dante spoke—the analysis of

modern literature is
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Peace, Productivity, and Prosperity

Mike Melody

Peace, at long last, peace; Ares' chaotic, rampaging dominion has finally been broken. All that remains is to repatriate the prisoners and to suitably mark the graves of the dead. Perhaps some future poet will even sing of the flowers that will grow over these graves. All of us can now turn to our own business, unhindered by the chauvinistic *machismo* of Messrs. Kennedy, Johnson and Nixon.

In a perverse way many of us will probably find a vacuum in our lives now that the war is ended. It was sort of nice to have such a large-scale abomination around so that one could revel in the most pretentious of self-righteous stances (anti-war *chic*). Every other encounter with the beast of untrammelled desire shrinks in the peculiar stench of burning flesh, the death chant of denuded forests and the obscenity of My Lai. One could almost live with one's own secret abominations knowing that there was the war. Confession became much easier; for what were one's sins compared to the war. The horror, sadly enough, has become familiar. At times, the war seemed to acquire the status of the natural. One grew up with the war just as one grows up with one's friends. The war was even on television every night. Like "My Three Sons," the war became part of the American ethos. In the public consciousness, the war seemed to be accorded the status of "television land"; it shared the same "level of being" as Monty Hall and Bob Barker. Otherwise, for many, it was all too easy to ignore.

Yet, the war, in the cruelest and most mocking of ironies, was also associated with many of the finer, more manly moments of one's life. There were the men who personally discovered the reality of Aristotle's distinction between the good man and the good citizen. Many of these men fled to other lands or risked resistance. There were those who discovered in the public destruction of their draft cards a new, non-relative sense of virtue — manliness. These men came to know the dread melancholy of the unpopular decisions; the free decision which involves publicly accepted risk. Such men are truly free, but in a sense that has long evaded the greedy grasp of bourgeois man. In regard to the battlefield, there are also many examples

of manliness understood in terms of the warrior's skills, such as strength, cunning and endurance. Some of these men have been singled out for decoration, and thus are now public examples of this understanding of virtue. There are also many examples of compassion such as Chief Warrant Officer Thompson's actions in trying to stop the barbarous carnage at My Lai. Yet, on the whole, the only word that seems appropriate for this war is stench; a smell comparable to the nauseating, infested air that surrounded the Nazi death camps. Given all of this, the passing of the war is quite naturally not an occasion for celebration. In the end, one feels a subdued joy, but also a lack, a gap — an abyss whose precise nature is difficult to define. Perhaps some future poet will adequately name this feeling.

WORDS, always delicate and fragile, are more difficult than usual in this matter. As several men of letters have noted, the war was associated with a subtle debasement of the language. Washington seems to have been prevailed by a most convenient philosophical nominalism. Our lexicon must now include transpositions such as to waste meaning to kill. What does it say about a man when he refers to the killing of another man as wasting him? What kind of statement about the "human condition" does this phrase reveal? There is also search and destroy. This means to denude and depopulate. Free-fire zone simply means indiscriminate slaughter. The American Indians had an ample taste of this, but we had other words for it then. Such transpositions are more and more common in this technetronic society. We have other curious words such as mega-death and assured destruction capability (ADC). The phrase 20 mega-deaths sounds so bland, almost as if one were talking to a butcher about meat. It literally means 20,000,000 dead human beings. Given this, words seem to fail in description and present difficulties for reflection. Yet, how are we to characterize this war? Perhaps the image of My Lai is most fitting. As Lt. Calley proceeded from the first horror-filled ditch to the other one, he came upon a

we commonly speak of "winning the

soldier forcing a young Vietnamese woman to fellate him. He stopped the soldier though he did not later press charges upon return to base camp. In the midst of this obscene carnage, we also have the compassionate action of Thompson, the helicopter pilot, who, at no small risk to his own life, landed and tried to stop the massacre perpetrated by the blood-drunk lieutenant. Is the understanding that led to the barbarous slaughter at each ditch radically different from that of the soldier who forced the Vietnamese woman to her knees? Compassion, obscene lust in the midst of blood, and a slaughter worthy of Attila the Hun. How should one react to the "honorable" end of such a war? Perhaps we could actually celebrate if the peace was founded upon justice — fairness, equity or even-handedness — as opposed to honor.

Yet, the real world will, as it always seems to do, carry on. Men, though bored and perhaps having a sense of their own futility, will report to their life-sucking jobs every morning as their fathers did before them. One must get ahead; and life goes on. But the university, the unreal world by implicit comparison, should carefully reflect on the experience of this war. The war, like the actions and words of any people, reveals our collective character, our ethos.

PEACE. Such a fine word. But what do we mean by it? The word in one sense refers to rest; a quiet, a cessation of movement and desire. In this sense, the word is frequently used in the context of heavenly peace. Yet, we certainly do not mean peace in this most Christian of senses. Peace can also be defined by reference to its contrary, war. In this case, peace seems to refer specifically to the quiet of arms — the lack of armed contention between men. In this medieval sense, peace is regarded as the normal relationship between men, while war, an aberration that is sometimes necessary, must be both formally declared and ended. To disturb the public peace, one must have defensible, plausible reasons. In this understanding, a just war theory makes obvious good sense. This, at first glance, appears to be the core meaning behind our use of the word peace. But if we reflect on this, our

usage of the word appears to be deceptive. We also commonly speak of "winning the peace." In fact, we also refer to the period from the end of World War II till the present *détente* as the cold war. We speak of peace in terms of "sublimated" war. What does all this mean?

Peace is such a fine word. In terms of our discourse it appears to be recognized as such. But is this really the case? It seems that the closest approximation we have, as a people, to a shared understanding of the common good, the *res publica* is GNP (the common pleasure or plunder). This abstract measure is treated with the same reverential awe as that of the early poets describing the paths of the wanderers — planets — within the divine cosmos. Rising GNP is good; falling or static GNP is bad. Growth is the value. Yet, GNP solely measures quantity; it does not directly refer to quality. Conceivably, a nation could so organize itself as to be the world's most efficient producer of pornography, and hence have a rising GNP. We would have to conclude that such a people would be prosperous — granting that a large, hungry market existed — and hence happy. In another sense, GNP is the measure of the public agitation. It refers to the flow of demand and supply in terms of goods and services. Movement and agitation are valued; not rest peace. Demand in this context is the crucial word. Our use of the resources of nature is a function of demand — desire. Yet, the term demand is relative. If there is a sufficient demand for a particular good or service, satisfaction, though it might be expensive at first, will come. Some of this can be seen in the fact that prostitution is now being discussed as a business. Nature and even other men (services) are treated strictly as functions of desire. Since the resources of nature are limited, we must compete for the objects which satisfy our desires. Hence, though we are united by the plunder of nature, we are also competitively divided by the distribution of the spoils. In this regard, every man represents a threat to all other men. The world, given all of this, truly belongs to the industrious and wise; the captains of industry, the producers. How can such people cherish peace; for to be at rest is to be non-productive, non-desirous, a bum. Un-productive rest is a waste of time. Ultimately, to be at rest is to be dead.

peace"

THE contrary term, war, is used quite frequently in our public discourse. In fact, at first glance, the word seems to be used in peculiar contexts. In terms of our public discourse, we have declared war on: poverty, VD, juvenile delinquency, cancer, rats, drug abuse, inflation and ignorance. War seems to be a favorite word of our leaders and the frequency of its use is revealing. As the term is used, it seems to refer to an overwhelming marshalling of resources for a concerted and hopefully crushing attack on some societal problem. By means of such an effort, any problem can be surmounted. The word seems to be particularly reserved for problems that frustrate us, such as cancer. Our war on cancer and other diseases reveals our tremendous cultural avoidance of even the recognition of death as a natural event. Other aspects of this can be seen in the fact that several Southern cities are becoming necropolises, with the institution of "death therapy" (masking the passing of the doomed by drugs such as LSD and heroin) as an experimental program in several hospitals and the freezing of bodies until cures are found. Cancer is threatening to us, and hence it must be obliterated. Interestingly enough, Lt. Calley in his speech to the military jury justified his actions on the grounds that the woman, children and old men that he butchered somehow, however vaguely, represented a threat to his men. Our other threatening enemy, cancer, frustrates our desire to live longer. In fact, we seem to equate the good life with the long active life. Death is not to be accepted as perhaps a fitting rest after a long, fulfilled life, and hence the agent of death, cancer, must be defeated, destroyed, obliterated. War is declared. But isn't this the same understanding involved in many of our actions in Vietnam? This seems to have been what prompted a *New York Times* columnist to term the B-52 bombing of North Vietnam "diplomacy by tantrum." Isn't part of the frustration of the war precisely the fact that irregardless of the amount of pain and suffering that we heavily-handedly inflicted on the North Vietnamese, they obstinately refused to do our will? Our understanding otherwise seems to be that problems come down to the application of the proper technique in conjunction with enough resources. Ends seem to be relative to our desires or will. Knowledge is reduced to the aspect of how: engineering. All tormenting problems can

be solved in this manner! If not now, then later. The god *Techne* will save us. The natural — death — can be defeated. Arrogant, Promethian rebellion is the human stance. In terms of the example of cancer, the issue appears to be whether The Cross or Science (*Techne*) is the appropriate, human way to win through death? Does one wrestle, Augustine-like, with one's pride-full will lusting for the soothing touch of grace, or attempt to batter down the gate of eternity?

GIVEN this, the peace in Vietnam is certainly a truce. It simply means that this nation is no longer trying to impose its will upon the Vietnamese, and they will no longer have to resist such a willful — tyrannical — encroachments. We will, of course, continue our other wars such as the one on cancer. Perhaps, and this seems to be the faint hope, we can even defeat death. There is a distinct difference between soothing the harsh aspects of the "human condition" and the hubris-like futility of combatting the given limitations of human nature. Someday, we might again war on another people if they have the temerity to thwart our will. Our Good Neighbors in Latin America seem to be very aware of this. (From the opposed position, one could fruitfully inquire into the word "liberation.")

The tyrant country stands vigilant, ready to spring out like a wild beast when its will is thwarted; its willful men, standing as tyrants, *vis-a-vis* each other, and as accomplices in the conquest of nature.

Mike Melody is a graduate student in government and teaches in the Collegiate Seminar Program. Mike has also served as a resident assistant in Farley Hall for four years.

Manassas Looking Back

Dear Kevin,

That was not just another concert. Transported as I was from my strange surroundings in Washington to familiar but also different surroundings at ND (we have all been here before, Crosby sneaking around the attics of people's minds, looking for old treasures), and then to be made aware once more of the hard edges and clean corners of Manassas. I kept my head.

I think it had to be made clear to the audience who sat on their hands for part of the concert, as well as to the so-called fans who make it a weekly practice to show their fake enthusiasm (probably exhibitionism) by storming the stage, that this band is one of the very few true working bands in the country. The Dead is one, Chicago for sure, Eagles could be, but the all-time best working band I ever saw was B.J. Thomas and the Raiders (that's right, old "Raindrops" himself, when he was a greaser). They were, and Manassas is, a group of well coordinated, competent professional musicians who don't really need to be called stars to get a kick out of playing, who don't need the peripheral borders or insinuations of latent or blatant sexuality, homosexuality, transvestitism, voodoo or any of the other headline-grabbing gimmicks that are in vogue today (gay people take note—David Bowie is making fun of you). It is a show, a show that is directed, first of all, at the music and an involvement in it, and secondly at an involvement with the audience on some kind of personal level of communication, not alienation (regards again to Alice Cooper, snake and dog). Furthermore, it achieves a balance of musical complexity and philosophical message that makes you believe that they mean what they say ("Word Game") and at the

same time is some kind of musical experience. They work at it, they give you two or three hours of it, and you go home with a badge of identification (the bumper sticker), and a few tunes to hum to yourself, and maybe even something to think about.

The answer is clear to the people who put Stills down as an egotistical superstar who loves to indulge himself in self-conscious meanderings and hypocritical harangues at society (the old saw is that he's up there with \$20,000 worth of equipment, making fifteen grand a show, telling the people how rotten they are because others are starving). Stills always did realize the odd situation it put him in, but there is a limit that you can reach in singing about the moon-spoon-June-Baby-love kind of stuff, and he does see an opportunity and an obligation to put his advantages to work to get a message across. The cynics scoffed, but he rode that flak out, mainly because the message is contained inside some good, unfrilled, mature rock music. He does have a fair-sized ego (but what rocker doesn't) and the mystique he's built around himself now (the football freak, who just happens to play in a band. . .) is nicely understated.

Chris Hillman is the perfect complement. He is a kind of Stills without all the pop paraphernalia, and is somewhat of a minor cult saint with old Byrd fans, and he forces Stephen to play better than his best. He has a nice dry voice, too, and he's cool.

Paul Harris has been Mr. Keyboards for God knows how long, and this is another in a long line of jobs, but he still loves it, and gets off on the fact that a few people in every crowd always listen harder for his licks.

Fuzzy Samuels, Dallas Taylor, Joe Lala, and Al Perkins all fit—they do the job well, create the basics, add their favorite licks, and have a fairly good time if the people like them. That's all they signed up for, and that's what they do.

I was really impressed by the quality of the music. Like I said before, it has distinct melodic lines, hard, clean and defined breaks, and a sense of shape and moving toward goals that is good on the ear. A lot of it is due to Stills' way of playing and writing, which has developed into a very professional style with this band. Notice his guitar playing on that monster first side, which they unfortunately rushed through at the concert—it's full of surprises, but none of them are rudely addressed—they lift you up, carry on, and skip over to the next, just when you've got the first riff pegged. That's how the whole band carries the music—easily, cooking when it's appropriate, moving on at the right time.

It's good, also, to see that Stills is really playing again. The lifeblood of most of his previous work had been his playing, but on the second solo, *Stephen Stills 2*, almost all of it was missing (consequently, it was a pretty bad album, with a few good moments). He doesn't inspire the awe that a Clapton or Duane Allman evokes, but for the life of me I don't know why. His music, at least now, just doesn't need flashy, overtly, personal solos—what he gives the solo spot is tightly controlled, a lot of playing in a little space, and it's what he does with that space that is the essence of the art. Clapton, on the other hand, got about 2/3 of the piece for a solo when he was with Cream, and although it was fairly taxing physically, it never challenged him to

force all of that energy into very definite bounds. Stills, however, creates those bounds for himself, artificial as they are, and brings home very fine stuff within them. A good example of this is "The Treasure," where the repetition of the verses creates the boundaries for the guitar work.

A final thought—the proof of all this rhetoric (a sort of rock-and-roll Monday morning quarterbacking) is placed very neatly at the end of that first sequence of songs on side one of *Manassas*, and it silences the critics and baffles the unbelievers, that this is what he does to make his life mean something. If he has failed before, succeeded at times, he will always be on his way:

"I'm gonna try again
no matter if I win or lose
Gonna try again anyway,
Yes I will, gonna try anyway."
Yes, he will.

take care,

John

* * *

John:

It's true that *Manassas* is as good a rock band as there is. But is it possible that Stills has retreated into this band? I mean, he still steps out front and turns up the volume, but the flash is gone, or at least it seems to be. While *Manassas* is a very strong and very satisfying album, it just doesn't have all the surface excitement of "Rock and Roll Woman" or, especially, "Bluebird." I don't mean that it isn't good (it's probably better, everything considered), but there's something about that acoustic chop is "Bluebird" that still amazed me five years later. Maybe he's surrounded himself with these very able musicians to protect himself from the bad vibes he got after *Stephen Stills 2*, which must have affected him somehow. At any

rate, he seems to be very comfortable with *Manassas*, and it shows. I wonder what that new album will sound like.

Stills seems to be lucky in a sense. He has survived the bad numbers people have been doing on him (remember John Mendelsohn's review of the second solo?), especially some of the bad press he's received since the demise of CSNY. As you said, the second solo album was pretty bad, but it did have at least two real gems—"Fishes and Scorpions" and "Singin' Call." It seems that as soon as somebody makes it, everybody says that since he's a star, he's an ass. As soon as you make it, you're back at the bottom. The surprising thing is that Stills has survived all of it, attested by the fact that he's been at the "top of the pops" longer than just about anybody. Everybody kept yelling at him to play rock-and-roll and keep the side trips down to a minimum. So he did play rock-and-roll—two album sides worth of superb rock—and then he indulged himself in some fine C&W and a set of lovely acoustic tunes. Nobody liked "Ecology" with the screaming Memphis Horns, but almost everyone likes "Move Around," complete with expanded Series III Moog Synthesizer. Hmmm.

What all of this combined speculation may mean is unclear, but one thing certainly hasn't changed since Stills early days with Springfield, buzzing around LA in that madcap, dizzy year of 1967. Stephen Stills can sure as hell play guitar, and when he's hot, nobody can touch him—he's that good.

"Sing your rock and roll, sing your blues. . . ."

carry on,
Kevin

—john hurley & kevin dockrell

Rothenberg's Ladder to the Poor Places



Jerome Rothenberg is a poet. And it is as a poet, one who as Diane Wakoski said "represents a culture and tries to present, through a prescribed set of imagery and a stylized vocabulary, a whole mode of perception," that Rothenberg approaches the translation of "primitive" poetry. As editor and one of the many contributing poet-translators of two large volumes of "primitive" poetry, *Technicians of the Sacred: A Range of Poetries from Africa, America, Asia, and Oceania*, and *Shaking the Pumpkin: Traditional Poetry of the Indian North Americas* (both anthologies published by Doubleday, approximately 500 pages, and priced at \$3.95), Rothenberg offers us through translation the opportunity to experience "primitive" poetry. But this experience isn't easily arrived at. Rothenberg points out that "primitive" poetry is not "simple or naive." The primitive poem is usually a multi-media affair in which words or vocables are not "differentiated, as such, but are part of a larger total 'work.'" Rothenberg says, "What we would separate as music and dance and myth and painting is also part of that work, and the need for separation is a question of 'our' interest & perceptions, not of 'theirs.'" Because "primitive" poetry is foreign and its complexity elusive, the great difficulty which faces the translator is that "translation can, in general, only present as a single work, a part of what is actually there."

In translation a poem may show only the "meaningful" words. Thus we have: Yend cowcrew's way-out. In actuality this one line poem may be repeated many times. It's inflection may change, the words may

change, and new syllables or vocables might be added. — All of this creating a poem substantially different from the original one line. How then can one isolate the words of a "primitive" poem from their broad context, and still retain some sense of its real meaning? Rothenberg says:

Like any collector, my approach to delimiting and recognizing what's a poem had been by analogy: in this case (beyond the obvious definition of poems as words-of-songs) to the work of modern poets. Since much of this work has been revolutionary and limit-smashing, the analogy in turn expands the range of what "we" can see as primitive poetry. It also shows some of the ways in which primitive poetry and thought are close to an impulse toward unity in our time, of which the poets are forerunners.

All languages, primitive or otherwise, have the ability to communicate through poetry through non-logical, or non-causal means. Rothenberg's acknowledgement of this fact is nothing special. What is special is his belief in the unity and ties between all mankind.

No people today is newly born. No people has sat in sloth for the thousands of years of its history. Measure everything by the Titan rocket & the transistor radio & the world is full of primitive peoples. But once change the unit of value to the poem or the dance-event or the dream (all clearly artifactual situations) and it becomes apparent what all those people have been doing all those years with all that time on their hands.

Through his translations of "primitive" poetry Rothenberg has changed the unit value which he mentions to the poem. Within this common unit of value Rothenberg as editor is able to frequently point out what seems to be the primitive ethos, that is, the sonsanguinity of all living things. In the preface to *Shaking the Pumpkin*, Rothenberg explains some of the reasons why he compiled a book of North American Indian poetry. He explains:

Now, put all of that together & you have the makings of a high poetry & art, which only a colonialist ideology could have blinded us into labeling "primitive" or "savage." You have also the great hidden accomplishment of our older brothers in America, made clear in the poetry & yet of concern not only to poets but to all (red, white & black) who want to carry the possibilities of reality & personhood into any new worlds to come. The yearning to rediscover the Red Man is part of this. It acknowledges not only the cruelty of what's happened in this place (a negative matter of genocide & guilt) but leads as well to the realization that "we" in a larger sense will never be whole without a recovery of the "red power" that's been here from the beginning. The true integration must begin & end with a recogni-

Gwendolyn Brooks and Jerome Rothenberg will both be guests at Notre Dame during the Sophomore Literary Festival. The Festival begins April 1 and runs through April 6.

tion of all such powers. That means a process of translation & mutual completion. Not a brotherhood of lies this time but an affiliation based on what the older had known from the start: that we're doomed without his tribal & matrilineal wisdom, which can be shared only among equals who have recognized a common lineage from the Earth.

In this time of the rapid and continuing dissolution of the values of our culture and society, Rothenberg's anthologies of "primitive" poetries are an attempt to strengthen our weakening spirit. In *Shaking the Pumpkin* Rothenberg tries to bring us closer to our own Red Brothers, the "real people." The materials which Rothenberg uses are comprehensive, involving vision, song, spell, myth, dream, animal tale, etc.. The scope of *Technicians of the Sacred* is even broader than that of *Shaking the Pumpkin*. Rothenberg uses an equally comprehensive range

of materials but draws them from many divergent cultures such as Kate Indian, Australian Aranda, Gaben Pygmy, Hebrew, Tibet, Eskimo, Aztec, African Bushman the list goes on and on. In the excellent commentaries at the end of both books, Rothenberg tries to not only place the poetry in its cultural context, but also to place it in a contemporary context by expressing his own and other poet's reactions to the "primitive" works. In *Technicians of the Sacred* he also presents a large variety of contemporary writing by such people as Creely, Breten, Neruda, Kaprew, Lorca, Kakeski, Gary Snyder, Ginsberg, Patchen, Stevens, and Appollinaire, among others. Rothenberg sometimes talks about the analogy between these contemporary works and their primitive counterparts, other times he just lets the works speak for themselves.

Rothenberg's commentaries, combined with the apparently high quality of the translation work together

to make Rothenberg, as Wakeski described him, one who represents a whole mode of perception. Rothenberg's perception is that "we" are "they." A study of the great variety of cultures and types of poetries with which Rothenberg deals can help us understand that truly self-transcendent fact.

Come, ascend the ladder: all come in: all sit down.

We were poor, poor, poor, poor, poor,

When we came to this world through the poor place,

Where the body of water drier for our passing.

Banked up clouds cover the earth. All come four times with your showers:

Descend to the base of the ladder & stand still:

Bring your showers & great rains.

All, all come, all ascent, all come in, all sit down.

(Zuni Indian)

—*christopher costello*



"There is indeed a new black today. He is different from any the world has known." These words of Gwendolyn Brooks which describe the Afro-American of 1973 also describe the Pulitzer-prize winning poetess herself. The Gwendolyn Brooks of today, the uncompromis-

ing and energetic spokeswoman of life and blackness is a quiet yet dynamic incisive force in American letters. The poet and woman has, especially since 1967, come to grips with and realized her role as poet and black.

The poetry of Gwendolyn Brooks before 1967 might be seen as a developmental search in which she at-

tempted to find the meaning of "poet" and of "black woman." To establish the relationship between the two was her next task. The poetry of these earlier years was, in a sense, a panoramic view of society, an attempt to reflect the times and its people. Her early view of the world was the result of judgments, evaluations, and definitions inherited from

Sister in Mecca

others and adapted by her. Her poetry was rooted in the American tradition, sparked by individuality. Her intimacy with the black experience became inextricably linked with her poetic vision.

The survival and growth of the poet through the trying times of the thirties and forties is due in part to the encouragement of a close family and watchful mother. The poetic enigma of Gwendolyn Brooks owes something of a debt to the influence of a potpourri of people and circumstances. Among these might be listed the works of Langston Hughes and Richard Wright, Chicago's South Side, Inez Cunningham Stark, and

the Community Art Center. During the years of 1943-1945, she won four poetry prizes at Northwestern University's Midwestern Writers' Conference. Her poetry appeared in the *Chicago Defender* and *Poetry* magazine, while *Mademoiselle* named her one of the "Ten Women of the Year" in 1945. Grants from the American Academy of Arts and Letters and the Guggenheim Fellowship marked, along with other laurels, a surrogate recognition as an "artist" — a poet who happened to be black. She accepted these titles with mixed feeling, but with gratitude that was shared by a husband and a small son — the new family that lived her

poetry.

Annie Allen won for the poetess the Pulitzer Prize in 1950. She was the first black person to receive the award, which might have seemed an attempt to make her blackness secondary to her achievement as a poet. The prize did mark her, however, as the best poet of the time and acquired for her an international reading audience, and most of all, a following from her own people. Economic opportunities continued to become available to her, and continued to spark both her creativity and productivity.

The poet continued to grapple with her blackness and her poetry. She

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searched for a context in which to define herself. *Annie Allen* for her was both a success and a failure, for she used the conventional European-American rules and language with success while failing to communicate with the black community.

The work of Gwendolyn Brooks in the fifties and early sixties received an even wider and more varied audience. Writers such as Lori Jones, James Baldwin, Ralph Ellison directed their words towards the American conscience and moral obligation: and people listened. Brooks' 1960 work, *Bean Eaters*, is both a black female's poetic credo and an assertion of the Negro's position as equal in society. "Mrs. Small," "Jessie Mitchell's Mother," and "We Real Coal" are three strong examples from this volume.

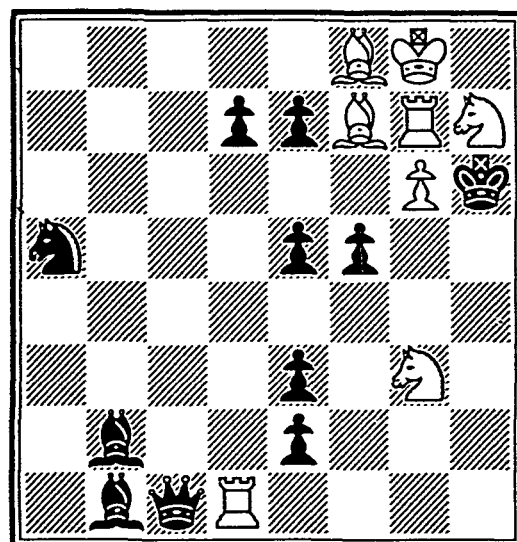
A clear and uncompromising black identity consciousness came with the publication of *In the Mecca*, a volume of poetry which brought its author closer to "a surprised queenhood in the new black sun." At this point the poetry reflected the temperament of the time. Blacks were beginning to fashion for a new world of art from a fresh and totally new perspective. They sensed that "to create is to destroy" — that a new house could not stand on an old framework. Gwendolyn Brooks saw her responsibility as first and foremost to *her* people and to *her* culture. She participated in cultural activities and became active in political and social problems important to the black community. This work and others after 1967 are examples of a succinct and pragmatic vision. Her poetry has become precise and more powerful, and the poet has become more comfortable and sure both of her craft and herself.

Gwendolyn Brooks, it would seem, has reached "beyond anger." She has defined herself first of all from what might be called cultural and historical perspectives. She recognizes her role and feels intimately involved with her people and her contemporary world. More important, however, she brings this recognition and sensitivity to her art. In her own words, "My newish voice will not be an imitation of the contemporary young black voice, which I so admire, but an extending adaptation of today's Gwendolyn Brooks' voice."

—john murphy

the crooked rook

VINCENT L. EATON
American Chess Bulletin
September–October, 1958



White mates in three moves

SOLUTION IN NEXT ISSUE

SOLUTION TO LAST PROBLEM

- | | | | | | |
|----------|---------|----------|----------|---------|------|
| 1. Q-KBI | B-NF | 2. Q-QNI | (threat) | 3. QXP | mate |
| " | " | " | P-N3 | 3. QXB | mate |
| B-B6 | (or Q5) | 2. Q-Q3 | etc. | | |
| B-K4 | (or B4) | 2. Q-B5 | " | | |
| P-R3 | | 2. Q-QNI | " | | |
| P-B6 | | 2. NXPch | PXN | 3. Q-R3 | mate |

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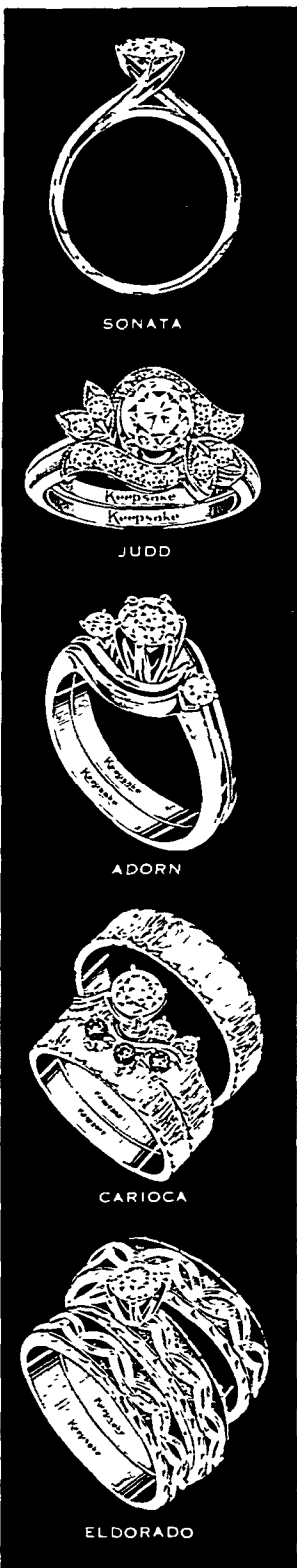
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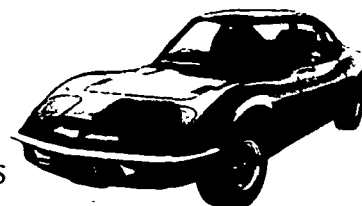


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LECTURES

Tuesday, March 6, U.S. senator from Indiana **Birch Bayh** will speak in the Library Auditorium at 8:00 pm.

Wednesday, March 7, at 7:30 pm., **Celia Marriot** from the Art Institute of Chicago will speak on "Women in Art During the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries" in the Old Fieldhouse in conjunction with the current exhibit of photographs at the ISIS Gallery.

Thursday, March 8, Black Studies will present a lecture by **Dr. Robert Martin** of Howard University in the Library Auditorium at 8:00 pm.

On Thursday, March 29, **Dr. James Billington** will speak as part of the SMC Humanistic Studies lecture series on "**The Strange Death of Liberal Education**" at 8:00 pm. in the Little Theater.

The SMC Dept. of Education will present a lecture by **Dr. Urban Legge** on "**The Montessori and the Phenomenological Concept of Personality Development**," on Wednesday, March 21, and on Wednesday, March 28, a lecture by **Evan Bengwell** on "**The Unreality of Teacher Education**." Both lectures will be held in Carroll Hall at 7:30 pm.

Thursday, March 29, there will be a Jazz at Nine lecture/discussion on "**The Art of John Coltrane**," in LaFortune at 9:00 pm.

On Monday, March 19, the **Mexican-American Lecture Series** will present a lecture in conjunction with the Notre Dame Sociology Department by **Dr. Trejo** of the University of Arizona in the Lib. Aud. at 7:30.

Tuesday, March 27, the Notre Dame Law School will sponsor a lecture by **Mayor Joseph Alioto** of San Francisco in the Library Auditorium at 3:30 pm.

The Arts and Letters Student Advisory Council will present six no-credit mini-courses on **The Fundamentals of Insurance**, with **Charles Reddy**, University of Notre Dame insurance officer. Everyone welcome. An invaluable supplement to a liberal education. All sessions are from 6:00 to 8:30 pm.

March 1—212 Computing Center—Fire, Home and Auto Insurance.
March 22—265 Nieuwland Science—Life Insurance.
March 29—212 Computing Center—Medical and Health Insurance.

MARCH 2, 1973

coming distractions

CONCERTS

The **Notre Dame Glee Club** will perform Monday, March 5, at 8:15 in Washington Hall.

March 6 will be highlighted by a **piano recital** given by **Ronald Morebella** of St. Mary's faculty at 8:00 in the Little Theater at SMC.

The Little Theater is the site of a second **piano recital**, this one a dual effort by **Annette Conklin** and **David Sharp**, March 22 at 8:00.

On Wednesday, March 7, **classical guitarist Gregory Bonentrager** will give a concert at 8:15 in the Library Auditorium.

The **Elizabethan Consort of Viols** will bring authentic Elizabethan music direct from London to the Library Auditorium at 8:15 on March 28.

On March 8, **Jazz at Nine** will present **Rock Cantata Night**. This is a multi-media production and will be presented in LaFortune at 9:00.

The **Notre Dame Jazz Band Combo** will give concerts on March 22 and 29 at 9:00 p.m. in LaFortune. No admission charge.

The **Michigan State University Mixed Chorus** will be on hand Monday, March 19, in Washington Hall. Admission will be \$1.00 at the door. The music begins at 8:15.

The **Notre Dame Concert Band** will give a free concert on March 23 in O'Laughlin Auditorium at 8:15.

FILMS

Saturday, March 3, The Senior Class of SMC will present **The French Connection** in O'Laughlin Auditorium at 7:30 and 10:00 pm. \$1.00.

Saturday and Sunday, March 3 and 4, Cinema '73 will present **Ride the High Country** in the Engineering Aud. at 8:00 and 10:00 pm., \$1.00.

Saturday and Sunday, March 24 and 25, **Singing in the Rain** will be offered in the Engineering Aud., 8:00 and 10:00 pm. \$1.00.

DRAMA


IUSB will present **Cinderella** on March 2 at 7:30 pm. and March 3, 4, 10 and 11 at 2:00 and 4:00 pm. in Northside Hall.

EXHIBITIONS

Faye Serio and **Michael Lonier** will open an exhibition of their recent photographs, Saturday, March 3, from 7:00 to 10:00 pm. in the ISIS gallery in the Northwest corner of the old Fieldhouse. It runs to the 21st of March.

SMC faculty and students show their work March 2 through 4 at the Moreau-Hammes galleries. **The Artist Photographer in Indiana** runs March 4 through 26 also at the Moreau-Hammes galleries.

—jack wenke



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the last word

It is Sunday morning already; today is the deadline for SCHOLASTIC Vol. 114, number 11. And now, after much procrastination, I approach the typewriter with a mind as blank as the white paper that returns my stare. This will be the second-last "Last Word" that I shall write, and I had hoped that it would be a good one — that I would have something worth saying and would be able to say it well.

What a pretentious notion!

* * *

The other day Danny asked me how it felt to have only two more issues to go. I found that it was a question not so easy to answer. At first I thought only of the many nights without sleep, of the books I have had to read hurriedly and without reflection, of the teachers who must have been offended to see my head droop during a lecture, of the class notes whose script tapers off into minute illegibility. And my evasive and weary response to Danny was simply, "I don't know."

* * *

A question that has been put to me many times this year (by myself as often as by anyone else) is "How many people do you think read the SCHOLASTIC?" And again the answer is, "I don't know." That question, and probably also the answer, have been lingering in the air ever since Rich Moran, who was editor my freshman year. I know that it would have been impossible, though, to put out a magazine if we had not been convinced that what we were writing about was important enough to read.

* * *

But the year has been good. And I think of Pat and Danny and the two Jim's. And of Michael and Terri. Danny, with the clear and lucid mind, precise; and his

poetry. And Pat — always asking how I was feeling while she herself was suffering from the grip of flu. Then there was Jim, with his wit and his determination — always there when I was lacking in either. And the other Jim, just returned from a summer in a monastery, always questioning what was right and what was wrong, always trying to do a little good for somebody else.

* * *

And what of the magazine itself? *Has* it been more than the vain indulgence of seeing our words in print? What of those things we thought important enough to write about and be read? We talked about the difficulties the women at Notre Dame told us they were having in making the adjustment to an all-male University; we talked about mental health at Notre Dame and the emotional effects of academia; we talked about the election and the war; we talked about the arts and about the "Christian community" at Notre Dame. Were these things important enough to talk about in print? Certainly, we thought so. But were we able to convey our own sense of their importance in a valuable way?

Again, the answer is, "I don't know."

* * *

Mr. Krier is especially fond of *The Tempest*; he often refers to Prospero as the artist. And now I think of Prospero's weary last words in the play as he leaves his island:

As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

— greg stidham

Applications are
now being accepted for:

EDITOR

ART DIRECTOR

CIRCULATION MANAGER

If interested or if
applying, please contact
Greg Stidham at
6539 or 7569

All applications must be
in by 5:00 p.m. on Friday,
March 9.

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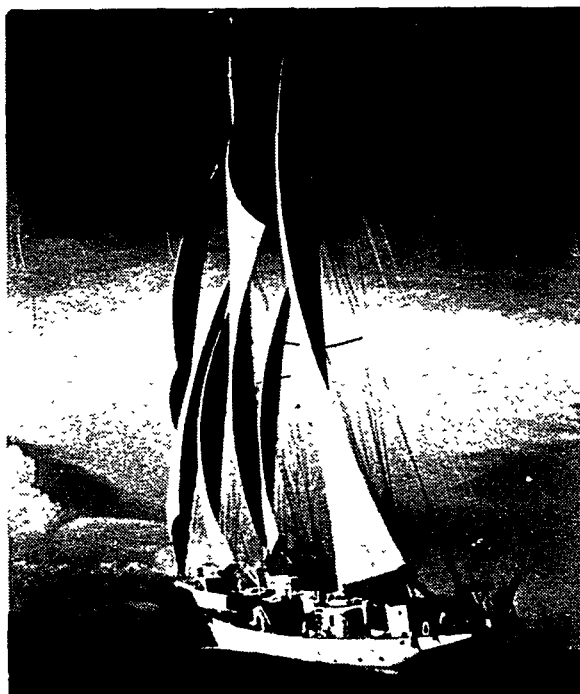
A sleek graceful sailing vessel glides across the sometimes green, sometimes blue Caribbean. The cargo: you. And an intimate group of lively, fun-loving shipmates.

Uniform of the day: Shorts and tee shirts. Or your bikini if you want. And bare feet.

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