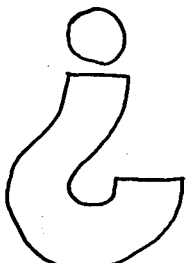


CHANCE		You receive 1 Encumbrance card You are dismissed from the game (You lose the game!)	You are reclassified a year behind yourself Take an extra trip around the board	GO (It's that time that of year again!)
		REGISTRAR SURPRISE!	REGISTRAR SURPRISE!	



scholastic

Sept. 14, 1973

S-AROUND-THE-DOME

Receive Required Reading List of 500 books => Proceed =<	Special Ptomaine Night PAY \$25 to have stomach pumped	Receive Required Reading List of 500 books => Proceed =<	Receive Required Reading List of 500 books => Proceed =<
You are ditched Return to ☹️ DORM Lose Pride and turn	Special Ptomaine Night PAY \$25 to have stomach pumped	Receive Required Reading List of 500 books => Proceed =<	Receive Required Reading List of 500 books => Proceed =<

infested with bookworms University closed indefinitely FREE TURN	You are trampled by Marching Band Go to INFIRMARY	Lose \$100 and 2 TURNS waiting in line
---	--	---



IN DORM

JUST VISITING

the **scholastic**

needs

writers / artists / copy

editors / layout / comics

/ circulation workers /

prophets / pragmatists /

photographers / visionaries

and others of these

and similar ilk

if interested and/or
qualified, call or contact:

Kerry McNamara

scholastic office

4th floor

la fortune 7569



4	coming back to notre dame	jack wenke
7	watergate and a look to the future	greg conti
11	student union's calendar of events	janet cullen & jack wenke
14	the student that nobody knows	rev. robert griffin
17	the notre dame game; play and enjoy	nan smith & joe runde
19	the week in distortion	t. j. clinton
20	the temptations rock the acc	jack wenke
23	the lighter side of the fall football season	casey pocius
25	the crooked rook	paul bolduc
26	a visit with h-man	joe runde
27	coming distractions	terri phillips
29	the summer record scene	kevin dockrell
30	the last word	kerry mcnamara

VOLUME 115, NO. 1

The opinions expressed in the SCHOLASTIC are those of the authors and editors of the SCHOLASTIC and do not necessarily represent the opinions of the University of Notre Dame, its administration, faculty or the student body.

Second-class postage paid at Notre Dame, Ind. 46556. The magazine is represented for national advertising by National Educational Advertising Services, 360 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Published fortnightly during the school year except during vacation and examination periods, the SCHOLASTIC is printed at *Ave Maria Press*, Notre Dame, Ind. 46556. The subscription rate is \$5.00 a year and back numbers are available from the SCHOLASTIC. Please address all manuscripts to the SCHOLASTIC, Notre Dame, Ind. 46556. All unsolicited material becomes the property of the SCHOLASTIC.

editor: kerry mcnamara / **art director:** jim purvis / **production manager:** janet cullen / **assistant editors:** greg conti, jim gresser, terri phillips, joe runde, jack wenke / **business manager:** joe meyer / **circulation:** frank zaletel / **faculty advisor:** frank o'malley / **sports editor:** tom gora / **staff:** paul bolduc, t. j. clinton, paul colgan, kevin dockrell, betsy dwyer, leo j. mulcahey, jim pauer, casey pocius, pat roach, steve shea, mary siegel, sally stanton, gil zachary and others / **art & photography:** mike budd, dick mikes, nan smith.

illustrations: cover illustration, illustrations on 15, 17, 18, 26 by nan smith / illustrations on 7, 9, 29 by dick mikes / photos on 4, 5, 6, 20, 24, 25 by mike budd / photo on 23 by jim purvis / photo on 12 courtesy of student union.

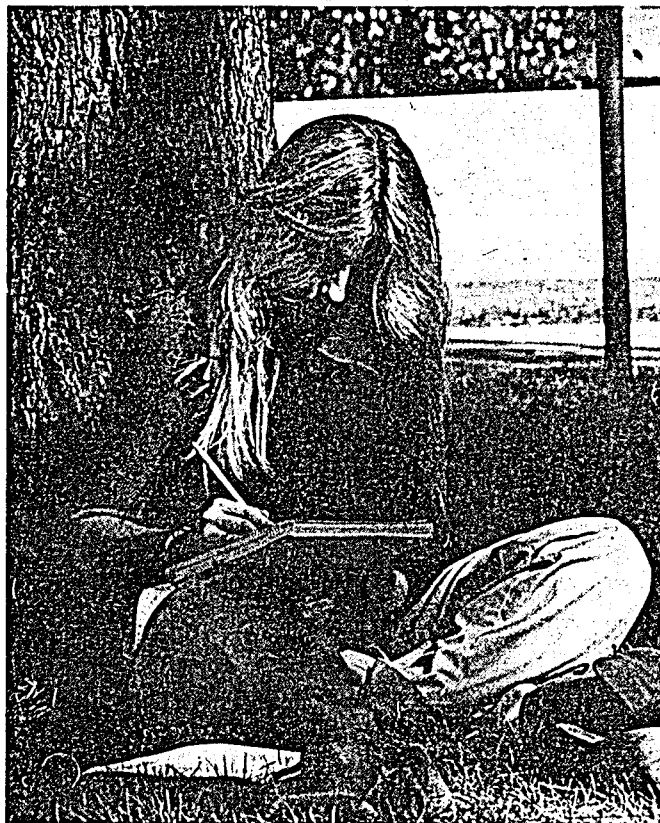
Coming Back Uncertainty Loosed

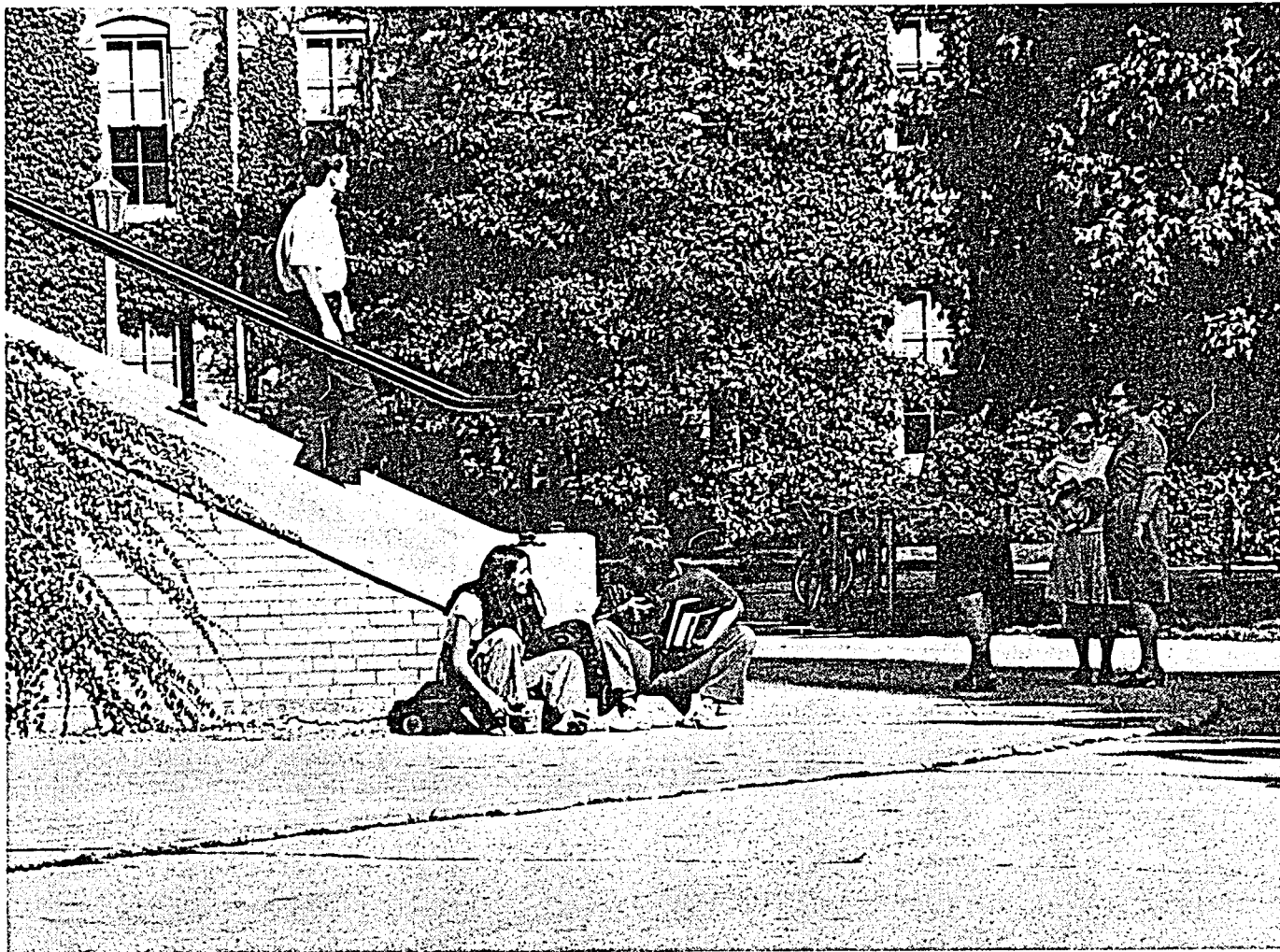
The return to school inspires nothing if not a complexity of emotion. We may, on the one hand, be disgruntled by the fact of September; yet, on the other, how can one sincerely be at odds with the realities after having chosen this school, expending, after the initial plunge, so much time, trial and energy to remain here, not to forget, most importantly, the many deep and lasting friendships that we do develop? Even so, honest moods are seldom singular. There must always be the swing of tension, the arch of dialectic before any deeply felt emotion is really validated. Ambiguity is at every bend of thought.

Hence, the beginning of the school year, for all, is couched in extreme uncertainty. But if uncertainty and beginnings are what we hold in question, we should then look to where such sensations are most clearly experienced. Let us think therefore of Seniors and Freshmen.

If the launch of Senior year is in many ways the beginning of the end, then the same period for the Freshmen is truly the beginning of the beginning. Little more than these blatant facts of age and experience are needed if one chooses to pigeon-hole both groups as quite distinct. It requires no great mind to realize that Seniors outweigh the Freshmen by untold amounts of data points which have passed through the bank of the registrar's computer. One could suppose that the disparity between this "digital recognition" approaches the difference between the number three and

the amount of angels that can dance on the head of a pin or two. While it is certainly easy in such matters of fact to define the two groups as separate and virtually unrelated, it is nonetheless curious to suspect that Seniors and Freshmen are bound more closely than even facts might suggest. Indeed, facts somehow fall prey to the muddle of emotion. But what can one do with suspicions of these emotional links? To write of purely sentimental matters is to invoke the worn demons of soap operatics; self-indulgent whining is a subtle slip of the mind away. Yet better to have too much emotion than too little. So we are off in search of this emotional bridge.





We intimate immediately that the quality of ambivalence is experientially similar.

For the Senior, the return to school is invariably a confrontation of the past and, concurrently, a recognition of voids. It is what has changed or has gone which ushers in the flux and ambivalence. A subtle uncertainty is therefore loosed. A recent trip on the hall elevator first brought this thought to bear:

"Just think," a Senior said, "We won't see Marv anymore. He's gone for good. He was kind of a creep anyway. Always a wreck. Always actin' like he had nothing to do or nowhere to go. Slept for days away."

"Where's he at?" asked his friend.

"Portland, Oregon, and gone with the wind."

A collective giggle was raised by the pair as they left the elevator. It was, however, a decidedly nervous giggle. A strange dividedness—an intimation of insecurity—was at the heart of the Senior's conversation. Somewhere behind the assurance lurked the notion that next year they will be Marv. They will be gone too, perhaps touted as creeps—or even worse.

It is a troubling prospect, an ugly thought to conceive that the future here will go on without them;

that vacation and exam frizzies will break out and them not to comment on the dread (it will merely be others who shake their heads at those who are literally driven up a wall); that the teams will all win or lose; that the fans will cheer or jeer without their presence. It is unsettling to think that you are next to go.

For the incoming Senior, graduation, although two full semesters away, bears the angst of what to do afterwards. The future, for even the most Socratic Senior, is that onerous variable out there which must inevitably be met. One cannot step out of time. Whether it be law school or medical school, a year off or a job in a firm; be it teaching in high school or roaming the globe in the Peace Corps, a job with the government or a place in the unemployment line, there is always the troubled sense of the uncertain about what the leap to the next reality will hold in store.

Yet, between the crunch of the past and the haze of the future, there is the "now" and, therefore, great expectations. For the return to school is also the return to the Alumni Club, the Senior Bar, Corby's, the Library (the new one), thoughts of rallies and football games, the reunion with roommates and friends, the best courses and the possibility of friends yet to be met.

Amid the anomie (the yaw of sentimentality now beckons), something special exists about the nature of Senior Year. This special nature, peculiarly indefinable at its basic root, is heightened by a sense of potential and promise. It is here that Seniors and Freshmen come together. While Seniors must emotionally grow with the joy and disdain of leaving, while they must, in introspective moments brood on the waste or achievement of four years, so also must Freshmen live close to their feeling and discover, with the good and bad, how this university will be a home for their time here.

At this juncture, we need not fear lapsing into sentimental strains over the fate of Freshmen. Sentimentality—emotion expended haphazardly and for all the wrong reasons—rarely contends with the tension, struggle, flux and ambiguity. Freshman Year—the first semester most especially—is the consistent swapping of good and bad, the continual recognition that ego rides like a tetherball, the consistent assessment and reassessment of one's relationship to this new environment as well as the uncertainty implicit in trying to divine what changes might occur between familial bonds and friendships back home. Indeed, Freshman Year is

apocalyptic. The pendulum is in motion. The swing is erratic. Uncertainty hoards most moments. The clock will wind down and achieve stability at no certain hour. But, for each individual Freshman, just as for each individual Senior, the future breeds not only enigma and complexity but also, most importantly the potential of developing the self to its maximum aspect of becoming.

And what can one now say? The Senior and Freshman share deep similarities at the crossroads. But if most roads are destined to straggle into strange and diverse areas, where does that lead us? to a more succinct explication? a better perspective? One can hardly think so. To get a firm grasp on such ethereal matters is the equivalent of trying to grip ice cubes by the edge: the best of intimations always seem to slip away. We must be left, I suspect, only in the present. A species of *carpe diem* bows. The question awaits, after coming full circle, of who might try to do most to encourage understanding, perhaps making the ambivalence on both ends of undergraduate life less of a puzzle and maybe even promoting the notion that Seniors and Freshmen have much to teach one another.

—jack wenke

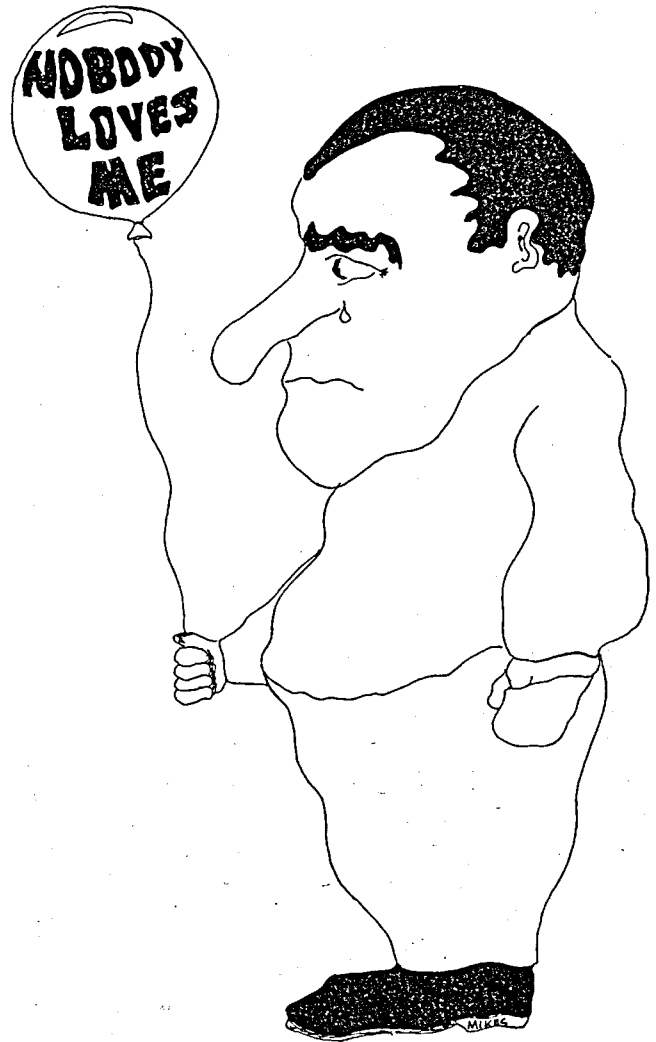


Stay Away--- the message of WATERGATE

John Mitchell called them the "White House Horror Stories." Most of us with a little less flair for dime-store mysteries preferred the less descriptive but more popular title, "Watergate." Whatever the name, the Senate investigation of the Watergate break-in and related incidents was definitely the focal point of America's attention during the summer of 1973.

The hearings made their debut on national T.V. early in May accompanied by the normal amount of journalistic fanfare. The first week or so of the televised coverage brought a torrent of protest from the housewives of middle America who missed their daily cavalcade of soap operas and quiz shows. But before long the hearings, with the help of biblical quotations from grandfatherly Sam Ervin, took on a dramatic quality all their own. Millions of television viewers became enthralled with this new soap opera of derelict lawyers and ad men weaving tales of top secret espionage and undercover adventures. Suddenly the seven committee members were receiving more fan mail than the staff of "General Hospital."

Perhaps there was only one group of people who were more deeply involved in watching Watergate than America's excitement-starved housewives; namely, the more than 1200 young men and women who ventured to Washington this summer to work as interns on Capitol Hill. Don't let the title mislead you, summer interns have nothing to do with the medical profession. Rather, they work as summer employees in the offices of Congressmen and Senators and the various Committees, Subcommittees, Joint Committees, Joint Subcommittees, Subjoint Committees and special Committees which so overpopulate the Capitol. Believe it or not there is even a Special Committee on Committees. That's in the House. The Senate hasn't quite gotten around to making one of those yet.



Who are these people and why are they significant? Certainly one description of the interns could be given, as in fact it was given to the interns themselves, by Gerald Ford, the minority leader of the House. Ford stood at the podium on the floor of the House, stared piercingly into the eyes of his young audience and declared, "Ladies and gentlemen, I am proud to stand among you today on the floor of this great institution which I am honored to serve. You have come to Washington from colleges and universities all over this great land of ours to observe the workings of our governmental system. Let me tell you that ours is the greatest system of government in the history of the world. You are the future leaders of America. After your experience in Washington this summer many of you will return to occupy seats in this very chamber and in the offices of the other branches of our government. Even if you should decide not to return, the firsthand knowledge of our system that you will gain during your stay here will make you better leaders of the communities in which you live. I myself was an intern and . . ."

'Four more years, with time off for good behavior.'

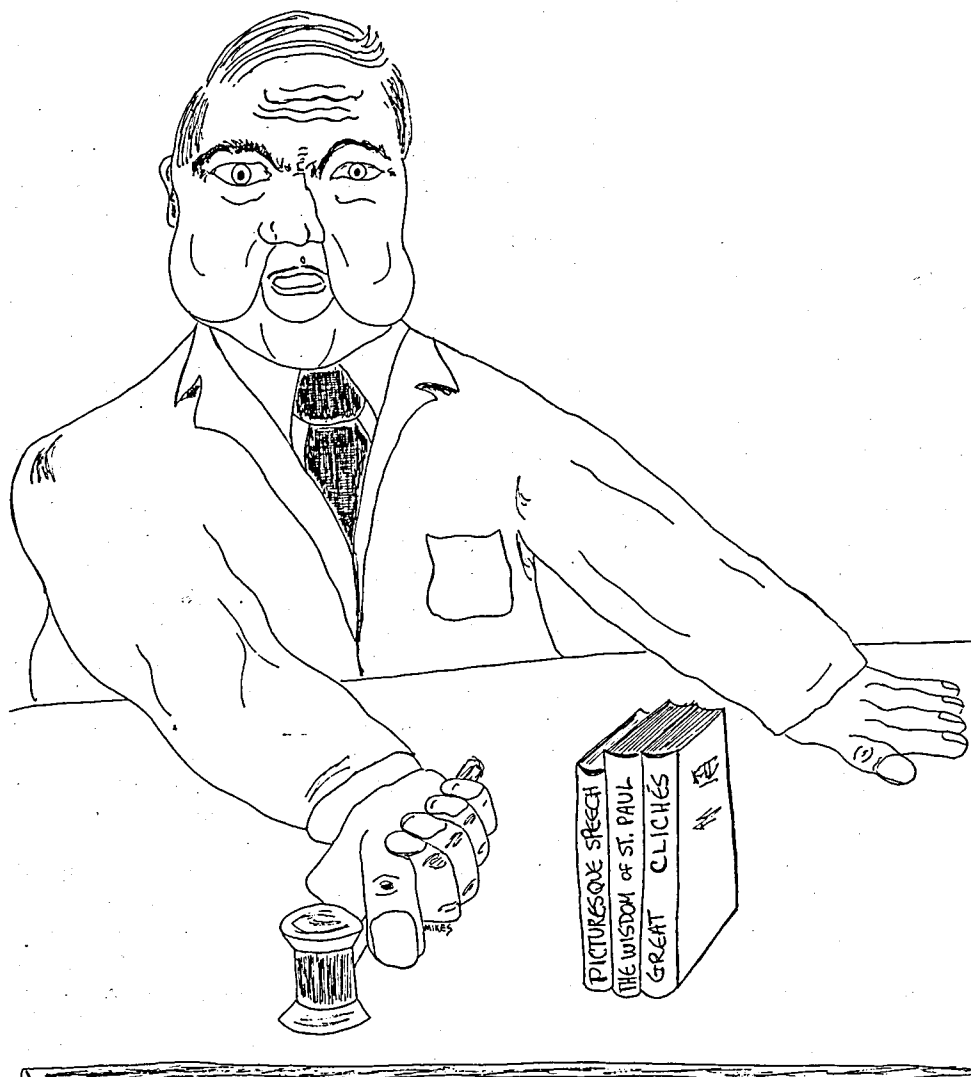
Gerald Ford actually believes all that. Worse than that he thinks the interns believe it. Despite all of the high-powered verbiage, however, Ford's description does have some accuracy. Most of the interns are students and they do come from all parts of the country, and it is fair to say that the vast majority of them have a greater than average concern for the nation's social and political welfare. Otherwise they wouldn't brave the tropical Washington summer and the meager salary of \$75 a week. Most important of all about Ford's statement is that it is true that the interns of today are at least representative of the leaders of tomorrow. But the interns of 1973 had an attitude significantly different from that of their concerned counterparts of recent years. They were not primarily concerned with the war, or civil rights, or ecology. The interns of '73 were concerned about the justice and effectiveness of the very process of governing. What they saw and the attitude which they took home from their Watergate summer may have far-reaching implications in the years to come. At the end of May the interns began to arrive, settling in apartments in Georgetown, if they were

lucky, and in dorms at George Washington University if they weren't. There had been a lot of competition for the jobs and the Gerald Fords on Capitol Hill could be pretty well satisfied that they had gotten the cream of the crop; campus leaders from the media, clubs and organizations and, of course, a generous sampling of campus politicos. Not student body presidents but presidents of the Young Democrats and Republicans—the ones with real political ambitions. Regardless of what end of the political spectrum they called home, all were excited to be at the center of the action. Everybody had his own copy of the Washington Post, the paper that had scooped everybody else on the Watergate cover-up story. And, of course, everybody delighted in telling each other the latest Watergate jokes: "Free the Watergate 500" and "Four more years, with time off for good behavior." But underneath the jokes was a genuine hope that the Ervin committee would uncover the facts and throw the culprits out.

That hope looked as if it might be fulfilled when John Dean was called to testify before the committee. It had become apparent that Dean had been singled out by the other members of the White House inner circle to be the bag man for the entire cover-up operation. It was too late for Dean to try to reingratiate himself. He had to attack, and everybody knew it. The interns thought up all kinds of excuses to leave work and headed over to the hearing room. Nearly all of those nameless faces that you saw on your T.V. screens, squashed together in the back of the room, were interns. And they weren't disappointed by what they heard. In his more-than-200-page opening statement Dean portrayed himself as the calm and loyal executor of orders while he charged the President with at least knowledge of the cover-up and a host of other offenses. Among these were the creation of an illegal espionage unit called the Plumbers, the use of government agencies to apply political pressure, and an almost chronic paranoia that resulted in brutal treatment of legitimate demonstrators and compilation of a list of political enemies, e.g., Carol Channing, Bill Cosby, and Joe Namath.

Dean's statement gave the interns what they were looking for; hard evidence against the White House power structure. Now if only he could hold up under the committee's questioning.

For four days the interns stood in support of Dean, watching his fortunes rise and fall in the flow of legal nit-picking. His credibility held fast until Senator Edward Gurney, who had been labeled the Nixon man on the committee, questioned Dean about his meetings with Herbert Kalmbach, Nixon's personal lawyer. Dean stated that he had met Kalmbach in the coffee shop at the Mayflower Hotel before proceeding to Kalmbach's room. When asked how he could substantiate that,



Dean instructed Gurney to check the hotel records for Kalmbach's registration. With no small amount of satisfaction Gurney replied that he had the records in front of him and that they showed no registration for Kalmbach during the time in question. That was it, the first crack in Dean's story. Gurney quickly seized the advantage. "How can you expect us to trust your recollections of conversations that took place months ago when you can't even remember where it was you met with Mr. Kalmbach?" Dean hesitated and then said that he wasn't exactly sure if it was the Mayflower or the Hilton where he had met Kalmbach, but in any case that really didn't matter did it? It obviously did matter. The gallery seethed in frustration. How could all of Dean's revelations be rendered useless by such a trivial lapse of memory? In the confusion Dean conferred with his lawyer. Finally he leaned into the microphone and said, "Senator, I'd just like to insert one thing into the record. The coffee shop at the Hilton Hotel is called the Mayflower Coffee Shop." What an unbelievable recovery! Dean's memory had been working perfectly. His credibility was proven beyond a doubt and the interns left the hearing room with the assurance that they would get to the truth.

In the days that followed, the interns adopted a new

smug attitude toward administration officials and it seemed to set the tone for the hearings. Pro-administration witnesses like Maurice Stans and Jeb Magruder tried to defend the President, calling him a man of high principles and integrity. Such attempts were more often than not greeted with derisive laughter from the gallery. It was hard to remember when a President's prestige had reached such a low level. On July 16 the President was admitted to Walter Reed Hospital for treatment of a respiratory ailment. The announcement of his hospitalization gave rise to rumors that he had faked the illness in an attempt to win the people's sympathy. On July 23, 700 interns were given free tickets to watch the President welcome the Shah of Iran on the White House lawn. This was just a few days after the discovery of the now-infamous Nixon tapes of his White House conversations. As the President and the Shah began the traditional review of the troops they passed within a few yards of the crowd. Just before the President turned to face the troops an older woman standing in front of the crowd yelled, "Why don't you give them those tapes, Dick?" Those standing next to the woman were stunned but not offended. They merely waited until the President turned and then laughed and commented on the woman's timely sense of humor.

But even while the President's reputation continued to decline, other factors were combining to effect a change in attitude among the interns. Up until the testimony of John Mitchell the interns' contempt for the President and his defenders had not become a distrust for politicians as a whole. One had the impression that what the interns wanted was someone they could stick the blame on. If Nixon was guilty and they could prove it somehow, the system's integrity would be preserved. Mitchell's testimony changed all that.

Mitchell's first day began in much the same atmosphere that had prevailed for the other post-Dean witnesses. But as the afternoon wore on it became apparent that Mitchell just wasn't going to talk. He denied ever telling the President anything about the break-in plans or the cover-up. More than that, Mitchell freely admitted to a whole slew of ethically and constitutionally dubious actions by himself and others which he also maintained were unknown to the President. It finally hit home to the interns that the Watergate incident was just one link in a long chain of imponderable acts that seemed to encircle the entire government. What had begun as a despicable but isolated incident had now developed into what seemed a tremendously complicated scheme created by some powerful and impersonal third party.

While the Senate hearings had discovered this cancer in the government, they seemed also to be proving their inability to deal with it. Mitchell's capacity to escape questions and put the committee on the defensive gave credence to the growing criticism of the committee's inept cross-examination. The committee members seemed incapable of making Mitchell own up. Erlichman and Haldeman proved to be even more sophisticated escape artists than Mitchell. As the chances on getting at the truth seemed to grow slimmer and slimmer the interns began to lose faith in the whole operation.

The interns were also frustrated by the outcome of the battle over the bombing of Cambodia. A coalition in the Congress of northern doves and southern fiscal conservatives had managed to cut off funds for the bombing, which already stood on questionable legal and moral grounds. The President promptly vetoed the bombing fund cut and sent it back to Congress. After some intense bargaining Congress finally agreed to let the President continue the bombing until August 15. Many members of the press viewed the action as a moral victory for Congress, but most of the interns saw it as one more indication of Congressional weakness in dealing with the President.

On July 27 the interns gathered for an off-the-record talk by Ted Kennedy. This was surely going to be one of the highlights of the summer. After all, this was Ted Kennedy, the last of the three brothers and still one of the mainstays of the liberal voice in Congress. He had appeared at Notre Dame and other places throughout the country during the '72 campaign drawing larger and more enthusiastic crowds than George McGovern.

Kennedy began his speech by enthusiastically recalling the indispensable contributions made by young people in the 60's in the efforts to stop the war, expand civil rights, and aid the poor. Drawing on his over-publicized but nonetheless awesome reservoir of charisma, Kennedy spoke inspiringly of the continuing need for youthful participation in the battle to solve the problems of the 70's. The interns were not unaffected by his appeal. There was a perceivable feeling of excitement in the room. They sat attentively on the edge of their chairs, ready to take up the challenge. "That's right, Ted, we won't be like the silent generation of the 50's. We're with you." But suddenly and for no apparent reason the enthusiasm melted away. It all sounded so heroic. Confronting the issues, joining the fight, bringing America home to the people. But they just couldn't step over the line. They'd seen too much this summer and the reality didn't jive with the words that seemed to flow so easily from the mouths of politicians.

Perhaps the reaction to Kennedy had been forecast a few days earlier during an afternoon session of the Watergate hearings. The witness was Gordon Strachan, special assistant to H. R. "Bob" Haldeman. Strachan was intelligent, capable, and understandably ambitious. He had chosen to follow a career in public service and by any standard he had been most successful. At age 30 he was the chief assistant to the President's chief of staff, just two or three doors away from the President himself. But like so many other capable and ambitious young men, Strachan's career had been ruined by Watergate and the ensuing investigation. Many felt that he was the unfortunate victim of too close an association with his boss. For this reason the members of the committee were particularly sympathetic to Strachan. Toward the end of the questioning they asked him what advice, if any, he had to give to young people considering a career in public service. Strachan thought just for a moment before he turned to the microphone, his eyes filling with water, and said, "Stay away."

Stay away. The interns who worked in Washington this summer will remember those words for a long time. It is too early to tell yet whether Strachan's advice will be all they remember or even if it will be a determining factor when the interns make their career decisions. But right now the odds are that more of them will follow Strachan's advice than Kennedy's. The Gerald Fords of America may be surprised a few years from now when the people they take pleasure in calling the future leaders of America decide that they don't want to lead.

—greg conti

Entertainment, Culture, Service

What's Up, and Coming

A careful look at Notre Dame's itemized tuition bill reveals a nebulous \$14.00 fee for Student Government. Where does it all go? Certainly not to a profit-making organization. According to Jim Rybarczyk, the 1973-74 Student Union director, its goal is to "reach every student on campus."

Student Union is a branch of Student Government, itself comprised of five separate commissions: Academic, Concerts, Social, Services, and Cultural Arts. Although the overall setup remains the same as last year's, an attempt will be made toward a more well-rounded and extensive program. Whenever possible, all undertakings will be coordinated with those of Denise Peterson, head of St. Mary's newly formed social commission. While previous years have seen the gap on co-sponsored affairs broaden, all the commissioners wish to see a renewed cooperation established.

Ken Natale, Academic Commissioner, first outlined already scheduled speakers: Shirley Chisolm, former U.S. congresswoman from New York on September 24; James Ridgeway, editor of *Ramparts*; Author George Plimpton; Warren Weidner, mayor of Berkeley; Leonard Woodcock of the United Auto Workers; Stan Van Der Beek of the University of South Florida; theologian Richard Rubenstein; and renowned poet W. F. Auden. Two presentations of December 2 will outline a further investigation into the assassination of John F. Kennedy on its tenth anniversary.

Other possible projects: an academic adaptation of the first annual New York Erotic Film Festival; editorialist I. F. Stone; Harriet Pilpel of Planned Parenthood and World Population; Jerry Werf, president of the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees. Also on the drawing board are plans for a political forum to parallel the Sophomore Literary Festival. Perhaps in conjunction with the Government Department, the forum would examine the American political situation and climate in 1973.

For the past three years, Rich Donovan has worked as Concerts Coordinator. To help plan your calendar, Rich gave us an idea of who we'll be seeing: on September 15, Stepan Center will be the site of a free concert of the Pure Prairie League, a two-hour show of country rock. Chuck Berry and the Coasters will be around on September 22, and the New Riders of Purple Sage with special guest Roger McGuinn on October 5. For the latter, there will be a special low price scale: \$4.50, \$3.50, and \$2.50 at the A.C.C. Other concerts will be announced as the performers commit themselves, the only unscheduled weekend being that of Thanksgiving and the Air Force game.

Rich is also working on a series of small, free shows—hopefully in Washington Hall. He'd like to "try to get really good, qualified performers who are not 'superstars,' and, in presenting them free, attract students who really care about music."

Chuck Berry

in Concert

with

the Coasters

Sat. Sept. 22

8:30 P.M. A.C.C.

\$5.50 \$4.50 \$3.00



St. Mary's sophomore Gina Voll, serving as Social Commissioner, has set up four separate committees: special projects, homecoming, movies, and concerts (Rich Donovan as coordinator). Their first project was the orientation carnival held September 12 on each quad. Homecoming is October 26-27, the weekend of the Southern Cal game, starting Friday night with a pep rally, a free folk singer in Washington Hall, and the dance. Its theme will be a barn dance, complete with overalls as suggested attire. Saturday brings the game, followed by an A.C.C. concert hosting the Carpenters. A free movie, "Tales of the Crypt," will set the mood on October 31.

Another project is an effort to offer Coke and potato chips on the nonexpress shuttle bus between St. Mary's and Notre Dame. And a Christmas cartoon festival hopefully will distract all those busily studying for exams. If it can be arranged, the Rathskeller will serve as a coffeehouse until renovation work is begun, and perhaps a second South Shore trip to Chicago will follow up last year's success.

"To serve the students in some of the less glamorous utilities" is what Services Commissioner Jim Nowalk sees as his work; to find "what the students need in the matter of having things done to make life better." In that line, Reed Webster is working on refrigerator

sales, and a new student information number—3834—will facilitate any student's search for news of what and when there is something to do or find out. The Rider Board in the Huddle will be made current, along with a new calendar for off-campus students for a central informational facility. A more effective Campus Mail system is in the offing, as well as preparation of telephone directories. Tentatively, we can expect the regular listing near the end of October, complete with a new, separate section for Student Union, Student Government, etc., members—those who might be of interest to the students. Unlike previous years, the Freshman Directory will be processed by University Programs, in addition to an introduction by Student Services. And far in the foggy future, Jim Sweeney is planning a spring trip to Acapulco.

The Cultural Arts Commission, under Kip Anderson, sees its function as working "to provide culturally and artistically stimulating things for the students to do; in so doing, . . . to broaden the base of cultural appreciation of the Arts." Using that approach, we can once again look forward to the renowned Jazz Festival, the Blues Festival on October 12-13, the Sophomore Literary Festival, and more in coordination with the ISIS Gallery.

Purchase of an \$8.00 Patron Card opens the door for the Cinema '74 series, beginning September 29-30 with Antonioni's "Red Desert" and Fuller's "Shock Corridor" on October 13-14. Besides a festival of movie musicals, the Dance and Drama Series will host the National Players and the Theater of the Deaf. And if that isn't enough to satiate your appetite, Marcel Marceau will return to delight one and all in February with his mastery of the mime. The Contemporary Art Festival begins its season on September 20-21 with "The Last Picture Show." And this is but a beginning. . . .

All that remains is to encourage that students either sign up to help the Union, or become aware that their ideas are not only welcomed but needed. The staff is open to suggestions, particularly from N.D. females whose representation in the Student Union is sadly lacking. Last year's work has left an ample budget, and all are willing to spend it on us, for our schemes, plans, and even whims.

Jim Rybarczyk stresses that he heads a service organization which has no other function but to cater to students. "I don't know if I can reach everyone, but I'll try," he said. Somehow, given their enthusiasm and openness, I can't see how he can miss.

—janet cullen
& jack wenke

CINEMA '74

1st Semester

Sept. 29-30

Antonioni—**RED DESERT**

Oct. 13-14

Fuller—**SHOCK CORRIDOR**

Oct. 27-28

Demy—**LOLA**

Nov. 4-8

a festival of movie musicals

Nov. 4—Berkely—**FOOTLIGHT PARADE**

Nov. 5—Mamoulian—**APPLAUSE**

Nov. 6—Donen—**FUNNY FACE**

Nov. 7—Donen/Kelly—**SINGIN' IN THE RAIN**

Nov. 8—Cukor—**A STAR IS BORN**

Nov. 17-18

Malle—**LES AMANTS (THE LOVERS)**

Dec. 1-2

Lang—**M**

Note—the movie musical festival is subject to rearrangement

FREE CONCERT

Notre Dame Concerts

presents

Pure Prairie League

Sat. Sept. 15, 8 p.m.

Stepan Center

Bring your friends, it's free

the student that nobody knows

There once was a student at Notre Dame who considered himself a very cool guy. In his first year at Notre Dame, he made straight A's in all of his classes. Out of his summer earnings, he bought a stereo set worth more than two thousand dollars; and he drank nothing but the expensive brands of Scotch.

In his second year at Notre Dame, he also made straight A's. Having read Masters and Johnson, he decided to become sexually active, so he started to invite girls to his room. The girls liked his stereo, and they enjoyed his booze; but they couldn't stand him, because he was drunk every night on the expensive brands of Scotch.

In his third year, he made the switch from Scotch to grass, because, he said, grass was a purer experience, free of vomiting and the morning-after. Through reading the serious magazines like *Playboy* and *Esquire*, he became, by his own admission, a veritable expert on drugs. Eventually, all he ever wanted to talk about was drugs, because, to tell you the truth, he was beginning to mess around with the hard stuff. By the end of the year, this very cool guy was beginning to act funny.

"It's all right," he said. "I'm still making straight A's."

In his senior year, he was so spaced out that no one wanted anything to do with him, because they could never figure out what he was talking about. He would sit in his room alone, listening to highly psychedelic records on a stereo that was turned up to the millionth decibel. Sometimes he would visit his rector, who couldn't figure out what he was talking about, either. It would drive the rector crazy to hear this really cool guy arguing about the similarities between God and the gorilla, or the excitement of having sex while riding with a girl on a speeding motorcycle. The rector called his parents. They said they had noticed something was wrong, but figured it couldn't be too serious. "After all," they said, "what can you complain of to a boy who has been a straight-A student all through college?"

So this very cool guy graduated with honors, and he got a job with his father's company. But his family couldn't stand to have him around much, so he was sent off to work in a distant city. I hear that he is now bouncing off the walls of the hotel where he lives, buying expensive brands of Scotch for friends who never call, and listening to highly psychedelic records on the stereo.

There are details to be added and other facts to be supplied before this true life history can be said to be complete. For example, the young man was ordered to seek therapy early in his junior year, but psychiatrists are not miracle workers, and the boy enjoyed the sessions as occasions on which he could debate with his therapists on their tight-minded prejudice against drug use. The parents were not really unconcerned about their son; they simply didn't understand him, so they did a lot of pretending that there was really nothing wrong with their boy, the straight-A genius.

If, some day soon, this young man ends up in a psycho ward, there are a lot of people who will share in the blame. But does all the guilt of neglect belong to the parents and the rector, and to the therapists who were never listened to? Are not students committed, by their life in a community, to helping one another?

Here was a lonely, sensitive boy, who lived four years on campus surrounded by his classmates; none of them ever seemed to look beyond the status symbols of the Scotch or the stereo, to discover the loneliness or to be responsive to the sensitivity. It was a student knowing of this boy's weakness for liquor who persuaded him to switch to grass. Later, he was treated to mescaline, and his little adventure was hosted by the guy who lived next door. For a period of two years, the boy was engaged in buying drugs from suppliers or pushers who were themselves students whose identity was known to the members of his section, his floor, his dorm, and maybe the Quad. Nobody ever blew the whistle on the pushers. No one ever told them, "You are messing up a very cool guy, so why don't you get off his back?" Nobody ever did anything like that.

When a student, who is already a loner, grows funny in the head, he is very apt to be left strictly alone. More and more he becomes the student that nobody knows and nobody takes care of.

It is about the student that nobody knows and nobody takes care of—and not, if you are fearful, about drugs—that I want to write this essay. Here and now, in this imperfect place, Notre Dame, I want to commend each of you, as a year-long chore, to the love and care of one another. Love is the toughest command, the most fundamental ethic ever given. If practiced well, it can involve the risk of being crucified. But the command of the Lord is clear: "Love one another, even as I have loved you."

All of us on this campus are very high on love. Our rooms are bright with banners tailored in burlap, with messages urging our need for loving one another. "Lovers alone wear sunlight," read one such banner that is hanging on the wall at my back. "Love means never having to say you're sorry," reads another, which I keep under wraps in the back of a closet. I don't mind if you want to believe that love means never having to say you're sorry—but you can hardly claim the line as a sensitive insight if you've just watched a drunken student speeding off in a Thunderbird with his two roommates and their girlfriends for a murderous crash at the Circle.

Once upon a time in my life, when I was locally notorious as the swinger of a nonstop shoe at school dances, some decent chaps approached me to ask if I would escort a senior girl to her very own senior class prom. I sometimes walked with the girl in the afternoon, they had noted, and I had feasted her on lunches of toast and jam. Now I was needed, they said, as her escort to the prom. A senior girl musn't be left home on prom night, they said, and I was the most obvious person to see it didn't happen.

Naturally, I asked her for that prom date, and she did me the honor of accepting; and after nearly thirty years, I still remember the happiness of that night.

There are some girls who would not spit on a date made through the intercession of well-meaning friends; but even for them, I think, it would be nice to know that there are decent guys around, who are sensitive enough to care if there are women who are alone and dateless on the nights when the world has decided to play. I think there are dateless and lonely girls who could arrange their own dates if they could find the decent chaps who would invite them to simple feasts of toast and jam, instead of always to orgies.



For six years now, I have been worrying about the dateless and lonely girls of this community, and about the student nobody knows. I have written endlessly of the despair of students who have attempted suicide at midnight . . . of the agony of the homosexual, and of the girls who feel cheapened by sin. I have written of students desperate over grades that cheat them of opportunities in careers they have dreamed of since birth. I have written of men and women who have suffered a loss of hope because of the neglect of parents and the seeming indifference of friends. I have written so much of unhappiness that sometimes in my own heart I have grown fearful of the darkness.

But if I write the litanies of suffering once again, it is because this semester administrators speak optimistically and credibly of Notre Dame as a Christian community. I really believe the things that administrators are saying about Notre Dame as a Christian community. I am not sure that the students believe them, for I have heard students speak of the ways in which they think Notre Dame is a very unchristian place.

But even if I knew that Notre Dame was the Watergate of Christian education, and there were investigations on this campus tomorrow proving that the admissions office at Notre Dame had bugged the admissions office at Yale, and that the Provost had attempted a break-in of Fr. Hesburgh's psychiatrist's office, and the chief of Notre Dame security was secretly taping the conversations of the women in Lewis Hall, and the football team was really a committee of plumbers organized for dirty tricks against the Pope—I think that even if such official wickedness existed, it would not diminish in the least the need students have for feeling responsible for one another.

Is Notre Dame credible as a Christian community? The answer need not begin with an examination of the dogmas believed in by the president. His faith is not a substitute for the practical ways in which I must be Christian, together with everyone else, if Notre Dame is to be a place where men and women are to grow in grace and wisdom, and not merely exist as the walking dead.

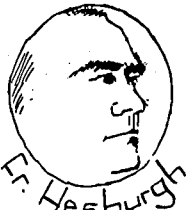
Despite the ways in which students feel unloved by administrators or mistreated by the faculty, Notre Dame is not a Watergate, and love is not merely a service which one student offers another. There is much more love, care, and concern for students going on under the Golden Dome than this campus dreams of; and our teachers spend whole lifetimes showing the ways in which they care about students. If I urge you to be concerned about one another, it is not because I think of you as children facing the outer darkness, huddling together for comfort and safety as a defense against neglect or danger, because you only have the other to depend upon. There are many here who love you, but they are not always at your side as your roommate is, and they are not always aware, as your friends in the section may be, of when your predators are striking.

I think Notre Dame is a place where we must stop hurting each other, as we do when we are guilty of cheating, stealing, or vandalism. I think we must be on guard against exploiting each other, or being wordless when we know the exploiters are at work. I think we must stop being tolerant toward a neighbor who is tempted to do the self-destructive thing with drugs, sex or alcohol. I think we must be vigilant against the outsiders who would come into our campus homes to exploit our loneliness, our failure, or our defeat.

I think we must care about the student that nobody knows, for in the end we may recognize him as ourself.

Rev. Robert Griffin

one hundred dollars



100

F. Hesburgh

100

fifty dollars



50

Edmund T. Price

50

ten dollars

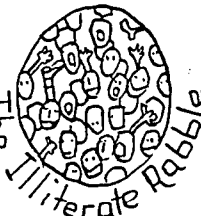


10

Your Janitor

10

five dollars



5

The Illiterate Rabble

5

two dollars



2

The Gipper

2

one dollar



1

Darby O'Gill

1

Trade football ticket for 12 dozen bubblegum baseball cards or \$15.

Indiana Bell sends you a bill for a \$50 call to Timbuktu. Pay it.

Professor tells you to go jump in the lake.

Computer schedules you for a course in Underwater Basketweaving. Go to the Registrar in hopes of correcting the error.

GET-OUT-OF-DORM-AT-WILL CARD

Win raffle. Become the proud owner of a Geranium plant.

Join campus magazine. Receive pat on head and Pulitzer Prize for Journalism.

Happy Birthday! Go to the bar to celebrate with your friends.

You have attained the lofty status of POOBAH and all privileges thereof.

You lost your wallet. Go back 3 spaces to look for it.

A wealthy relative in India sends you a baby elephant who leaps from his box and runs joyously thru the dorm. Pay \$100 in damages.

PHENOMINATION CARD You discover your ability to induce mental awe in others. Do whatever you wish.

FUNNY MONEY

FUNNY MONEY

FUNNY MONEY

FUNNY MONEY

FUNNY MONEY

FUNNY MONEY

CHANCE

CHANCE

CHANCE

CHANCE

CHANCE

CHANCE

CHANCE

CHANCE

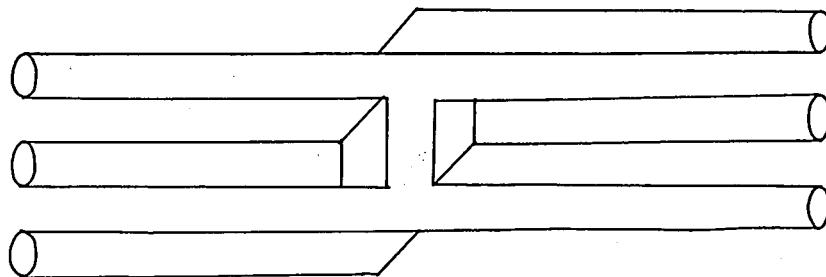
CHANCE

CHANCE

CHANCE

CHANCE

week in distortion



Hi there! T. J. Clinton here, welcoming you back to our insular, insulated little corner of the world. It's time to cast away your concern for Watergate, rising food prices and gasoline shortages and worry instead about the 4-4-4 triple stack Southern Cal is going to throw against us in six weeks. Yes, there's always plenty to worry about out here. . . .

THE PRECEDING STATEMENT IS NO LONGER OPERATIVE . . .

Mr. Arthur Pears, speaking on the Fieldhouse break-in, noted that "the building is like a sieve."

A little later he stated that security knew about the storage in the Fieldhouse but was not officially notified and—you guessed it—did not have a key.

Apparently the lack of a key did not deter certain other people from entering the Fieldhouse. . . .

YOU KNOW YOU'VE BEEN AT NOTRE DAME TOO LONG . . . when you pour your milk down the side of the glass to keep the foam down. . . .

BOILING POINT DETERMINATION

The people who broke into the Fieldhouse broke into my box of books and notes, apparently examined the contents and then closed the box back up, taking nothing.

For anyone making up a composite of the culprits, I can definitively state that the people involved don't groove on structural organic chemistry.

BUT WILL THE SCRAMBLE AREAS GIVE US A WINNING SEASON?

It used to be that the South Dining Hall lines were inefficient and uncoordinated. During the course of a meal, one or another of the four serving lines might run out of a particular item, which held up the line for a while.

Now, however, the South Dining Hall lines are efficient and coordinated. All six run out of a given item at the same time.

I THINK, THEREFORE YOU ARE NOT

An *Observer* editorial printed last Friday stated that the paper "operates 'in a one-newspaper town' with its only news competition coming from WSND—a representative of another media."

Are they trying to tell the *Scholastic* something?

FATHER SORIN HAD A FARM . . .

A Student Life Council committee recently came up with the proposal that a barn at the northeast corner of campus could be converted to a "Party House" where students could party and drink to their hearts' desires.

There is a rumor floating around that, in a move to upgrade living conditions, students will be moved out of St. Edward's Hall into the barn, and that the former will become the party house until it falls down. To save on demolition costs, the Old Fieldhouse will become the next party hall. . . .

PROFUNDITY OF THE WEEK

Your parents are one generation closer to the apes than you are.

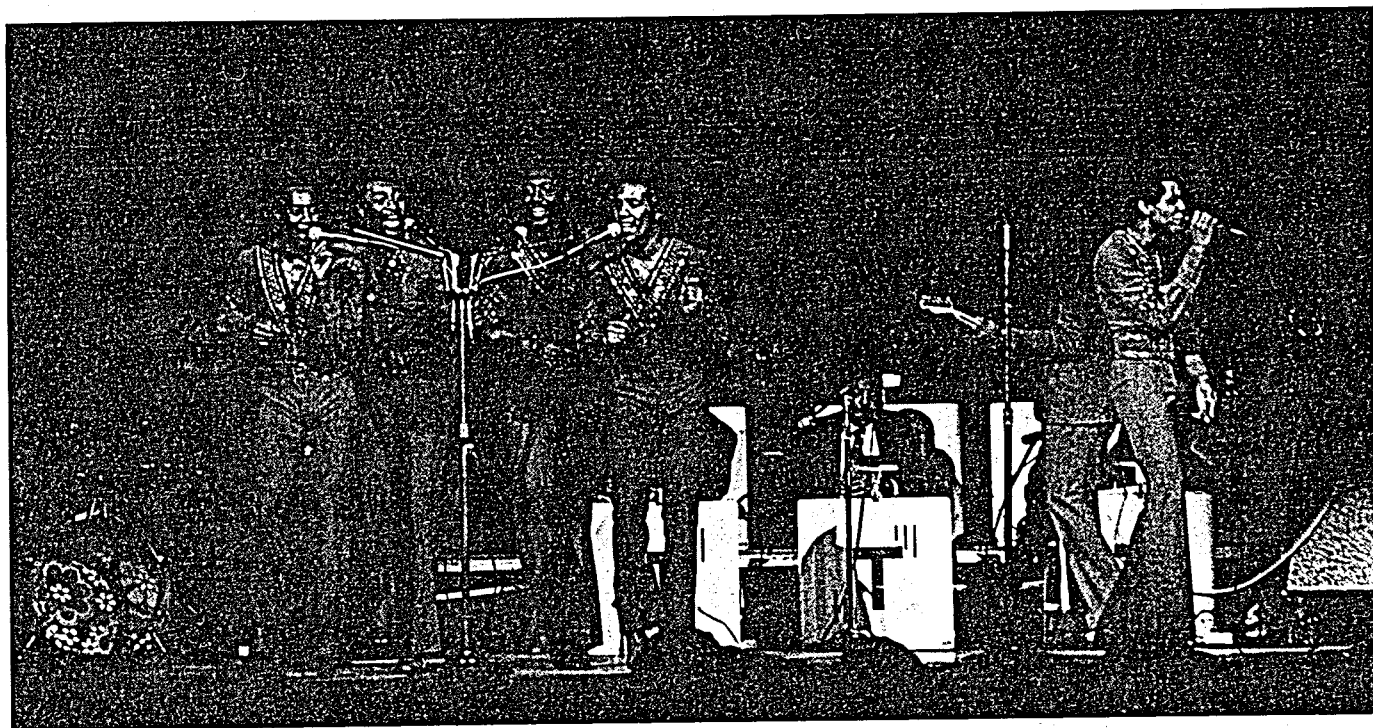
—t. j. clinton

On the Air with The Temptations

Last weekend, the night of The Temptations, like most good nights, began with a lurch. It is unsettling for a critic to arrive at his seat in the cheap section, mildly disgruntled that complimentary tickets could not be obtained, and then to discover not an empty seat but a massive human being sitting impassively—boldly in fact—while I dug through my pockets, like a shy bureaucrat goes through his desk, hoping to say, “Yes, you see, sir, it is *my* seat you are in. Yours, no doubt, is elsewhere.” The words, however, failed to arrive. Rather, I held my ticket in silence until the Revolutionary’s companion showed me their real seat number five rows back. With a humble nod, I retreated further from the stage believing, in compensation, that I could better study the phenomena of the Notre Dame Concert crowd from the distant peripheral perspective of the poor without straining my neck. The night, however, had not yet sunk to its final depths. My friend inquired if my retreat might not have been cowardly, intimating that a brawl in the upper deck of the Convocation Center would have been more manly. No, I answered quietly, a critic must not fight while working; besides, one need only be reminded of Hemingway’s unkind comment on Fitzgerald’s “The Crack-Up.” Referring to Fitzgerald’s “whining in public,” Hemingway wrote, “A man can be a coward but at least he can be a writer.” The responsibility of writer beckoned.

I was surprised to discover that my mood of dispersion stuttered its way through the first half of the Temptations concert and was shared by the rest of the audience. The United Sound Company came on first and they were, in effect, soul in a vacuum. Their music was refreshing but somehow there were too many seats empty. One could not help but think that everyone should have risen and trudged to Stepan Center so that a better atmosphere might be cultivated. But, as it went, the sound produced was more like a museum piece. The audience was generally detached and polite, responding like peasants in a ballroom.

The sensation of high school prom began to fade, however, when the sax player grabbed a solo and was very impressive indeed. He blew his sax and, during one passage, got his instrument to sing like the first cousin of a violin. The band followed up with “Music is the Message.” The crowd was moving a bit now and, apparently, catching on to the message. But wet blankets were the order of the moment. The United Sound Company’s most glaring fault was their bad timing and lack of follow-up. At one point, for example, they stopped the flow of music, forcing introductions after which the spokesman for the band suggested that the audience relax—a mistake considering that everyone had come to catch fire.



Sparks rose from the smoldering embers when The Swiss Movement arrived and The United Sound Company became their back-up band. Although the sense of the stricken could not as yet be completely removed, the mood was still profoundly enhanced. The Swiss Movement delivered "Could It Be I'm Falling in Love" with great zest and ease. Form and content were beginning to coalesce. The up-and-down of the feet—the strut of anticipation—was indeed fine compliment to the music.

The Swiss Movement, most importantly, offered the ground rules for what a Rhythm and Blues Concert is most about. The notion looms that the artistic success of such events is measured by how well the performers can make radio come alive. Indeed, if music is the most basic message, then dialogue must also be the extension of the music. For The

Swiss Movement, dialogue contributed to the concert like plaster over drab brickwork. The extension of radio was particularly evident when we were asked to listen to the words "forever, that's how long I'm gonna love you," repeated at one point in a cappella while keeping in mind that the song was dedicated to all the ladies in the audience. A radio show without dedications is empty business.

The Swiss Movement were interesting and talented performers. Each one has a nickname which conformed to his place in the structure of the group. Super-Chicken and Superstar were the most memorable. As they left, the band played coronation music which would befit the crowning of any king. The first half of the concert ended with the thought that Super-Chicken had the most royal exit walk.

The night began anew with the arrival of the fantastic Temptations. The mood was entirely transformed. If the audience earlier in the evening responded like a sick man vacillating between illness and health, then the patient was now fully recovered and off on the run. There was no longer question or uncomfortableness. The Temptations were in control. Only the most uninteresting or tight-strung people could have failed to stamp their feet or clap their hands to their presentation of "Cloud Nine." The Lovers, as The Tempts called us, were all in motion. And The Temptations led the charge with excellently coordinated—almost gymnastic—choreography. I was struck by the consummate grace and beauty of the five human bodies merged as form. It takes great artists to make one forget that they are in the Convocation Center. The sense of Chicago blues cafe presided.

As they performed "The First Time Ever," I was profoundly moved by the smooth yet complex rendering. My only lament by then was that I had to continue acting as lab assistant and take notes for the rest of the concert.

After "The First Time Ever," The Temptations moved into the hard-rocking, soulful "Get Ready." Indeed the audience crossed the divide of mood and was in no way lost to the yaw of transition. The mark of great artists is the skill with which they control the medium of their expression. In the case of The Temptations, they were not only masters of music and dialogue as message but, more importantly, movement and communication of cool were the most salient sensations transmitted to the audience.

The Temptations were fire when they performed "Hey Girl." I was especially impressed by the series of false endings. After the song ended for the second time, the deep, brooding quality of the silence that occurred for no more than an instant was a marvel to experience. Professor Krier has suggested that one aspect of the art work is the quality of silence which is evoked at the completion. At that one point in "Hey Girl," the utter silence was extremely beautiful.

The Temptations concert was, needless to say, very rewarding, especially when viewed in relation to the ambiguity of the night's beginning. I was no longer disturbed at being relegated to the back of the auditorium. Who knows, reviewing concerts from the rear may become chic. If nothing else, for the critic forced to the rear by financial difficulty and *Scholastic's* slashed budget, the experience was a lesson in humility.

A parting shot is reserved for the Convocation authorities. The fine mood established by The Temptations was aborted when the lights were turned on even before The Temptations were off the stage. For the concertgoer, one encore is not too much to hope or pay for. Turning the lights on so soon prohibited the concert from concluding on a justified fine note. It was a rude awakening, when the light flashed on, to recall that we were in the Athletic and Convocation Center again.

—jack wenke



Win this Honda

3 First Prizes: HONDA Super Sports



Nos. 5610 & 6610

50 Second Prizes:
Columbia 10-speed bikes

Guess the number of staples
in the jar.

The jar is approximately 8¼" high and 10" in circumference. It's filled with Swingline Tot staples. (Look for the clue about Tot capacity in the coupon.)

The Tot 50° stapler is unconditionally guaranteed. It staples, tacks, mends. Only 98¢* with 1,000 staples at your stationery, variety or college bookstore.

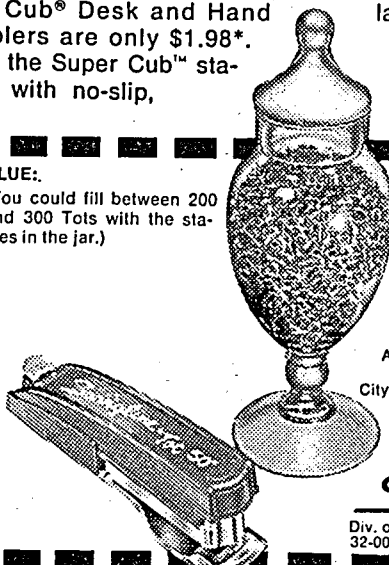
Cub® Desk and Hand staplers are only \$1.98*. And the Super Cub™ stapler with no-slip,

no-scratch base, only \$2.67*.

Fill in coupon or send post card. No purchase required. Entries must be postmarked by Nov. 30, 1973 and received by Dec. 8, 1973. Final decision by an independent judging organization. Prizes awarded to entries nearest actual count. In case of tie, a drawing determines winners. Offer subject to all federal, state and local laws. Void in Fla. and Wash. and wherever prohibited or restricted.

*Suggested Retail Price

CLUE:
(You could fill between 200 and 300 Tots with the staples in the jar.)



SWINGLINE HONDA
P.O. Box 169
New York, N.Y. 10016

There are _____ staples in the jar. Important: Write your guess outside the envelope, lower left hand corner.

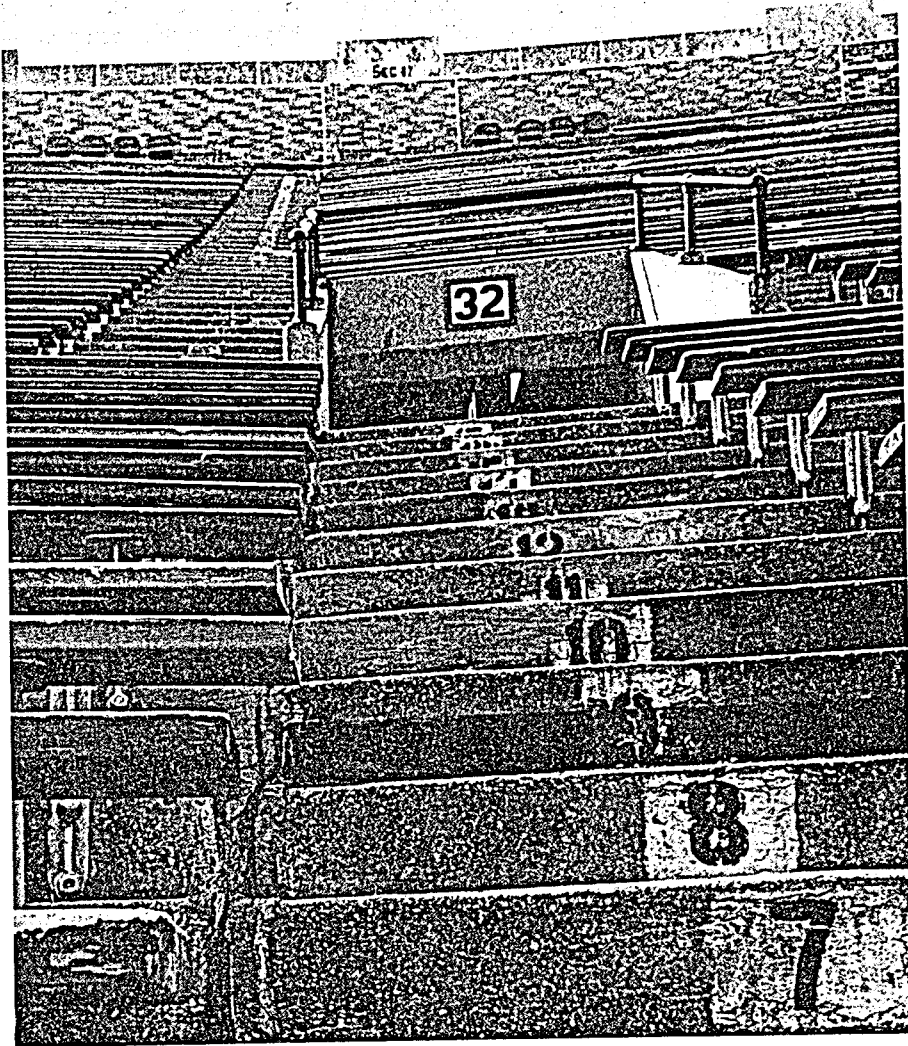
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Telephone No. _____

Swingline®
Div. of Swingline Inc.
32-00 Skillman Ave., L.I.C., N.Y. 11101



Death in the Afternoon

"It's third down, 110 to go
And the coach's called a hand off to you
The field's bloody slippery in the snow
What's a poor rookie clown gonna do?"

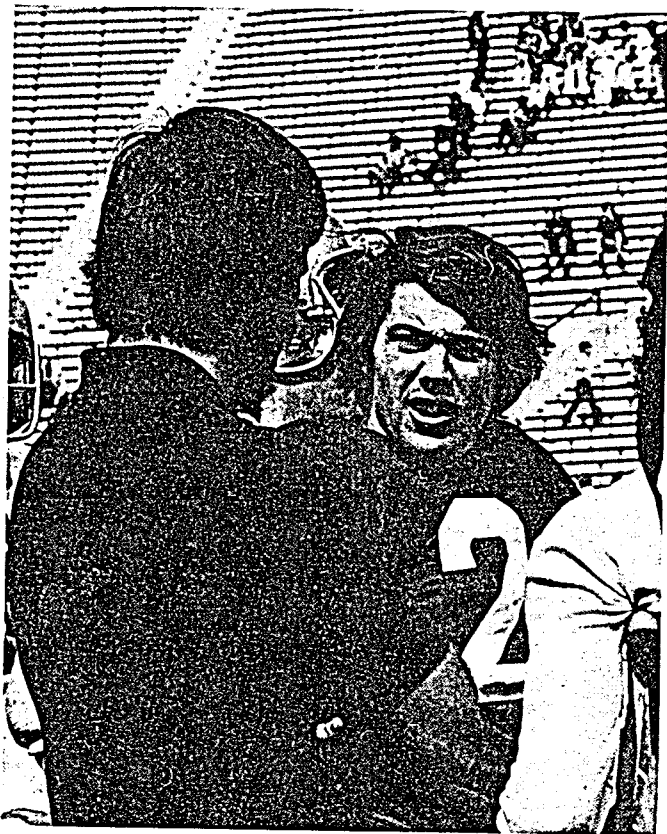
—Jesse Winchester

The ND campus, as you will recall, is a group of buildings located just northwest of the Stadium. During the week there's not much to do there except the old grind, grind, grind of brain versus book. Comes the weekend and you're ready for some action, eh bub? So what's to do on a Saturday afternoon? Well, you can go to the library and study (empty), watch a little tube in yer room (self-abuse), perhaps blow some grass on the quad (deserted). Or, if you're lucky enuf to have a handy-dandy student pass or just a ticket or maybe you know the check-out guy or something then you can just toss your cares down the nearest laundry chute and truck on over to The House That Knute Built for some of de ol' ultra-violence.

Dig it: action and excitement, thrills and spills, the flush of victory and the angst of defeat. Ah yes, this is big-time college drinking at its best. I mean how many bars seat sixty thou, Cedric? It's like the place is a walking distillery so don't wave any matches 'cause ya might get burnt, as they say.

Anyway, that's what's happening up in the stands but now a word or two about those brawny lads down on the field (called the Team) who collectively constitute the entertainment and as a consequence can't do any drinking of their own (mixes bad with uppers but a shot or two is okay for the pre-game shakes) so as to be ready for the Game, which is why you're here in the first place so sit down and start paying attention, it's time for the National Anthem, not to mention the second annual *Scholastic* Pre-Season Predictions, which the magazine and its editors disclaim any responsibility for, which is to say: ". . . the opinions expressed in this article do not reflect . . . and blah blah blah . . ." What would Emil Zitko say to that?

Okay. This year's lineup includes the same old nine wet dishrags and USC so leave us get at them:



Northwestern (Sept. 22): When Alex Agase left the purple and white for greener pastures last winter, "administrative differences" were cited as a prime factor in the Big A's departure. Michigan, Notre Dame, and Ohio State are more like it. Last year the Wildcats couldn't beat an egg and that's no pun, son, they were just plain awful. Johnny Pont, who should know better, is the new head honchio. He brings with him the reputation as an "astute theorizer" and "builder of young men," which is fine if you're coaching interhall but in the Big Ten it gets you nowhere, which is exactly where these wimps are going.

Purdue (Sept. 29): Hey, guess who hired Astute Alex? You betcha, so don't expect any juggernauts to come rolling out of West Lafayette this century. This spring the redoubtable Mr. A. was heard to quip: "We had a good spring practice. We made progress. We should be a football team." Glad to hear it, Alex. Maybe he thinks that they're playing for fun out there every weekend. If so, the fun stops this Saturday. Ara names the score in this one. Shun those gates of mercy, baby, how many engineers have they sent to Armenia?

Michigan State (Oct. 6): New coach Dennis Stolz has junked the triple option in favor of the basic "I," which seemed to suit his personnel better this spring. He might as well revive the "Shotgun" formation for all the good it will do him. The defense returns a whopping four regulars with last year's quarterback now patrolling safety. At least he might play enough to letter back there. The offense may never even see the ball. Good night, Spartans.

Rice (Oct. 13): They throw the stuff at weddings. Good with vegetables if you don't brown it too much.

Army (Oct. 20): Geez, are these guys still on the schedule? Oh well, this year they get to be creamed on their home turf and it couldn't happen to a nicer bunch of stiffs. In Kingsley Fink they've got a great name but not much else. A mortar attack might help but would look bad in the papers. Otherwise, it's ND by twelve and I don't mean points. Hut, two, three, four.

USC (Oct. 27): Start fingering those rosary beads, boys, the Trojans is coming to town. Now you know what Custer must have felt like. These guys are the most imposing bunch since Attila's Huns. They eat nails for breakfast and get their exercise chasing rabbits. Plus they've got Anthony Davis, who'll be doing the place-kicking, so maybe he'll score all the points this time. Anyway, it's dominus vobiscum and count the communions, we're gonna need all the help we can get. I guess it's just not our decade.

Pittsburgh (Nov. 10): Are you kidding?

Air Force (Thanksgiving): Dinner tables won't have a monopoly on turkeys this day. The Academy has about forty of 'em on their roster. Give this game the bird and watch Detroit on the tube instead. Pass the cranberry sauce.

Miami (Dec. 1): Now, I know that the schedules are made up years in advance but the blockhead who signed this one should be working midnights at the Huddle. I mean, USC is one thing but it takes some kinda nerve to book the Super Bowl Champs. The Dolphins should romp and they won't even be breathin' hard, folks.

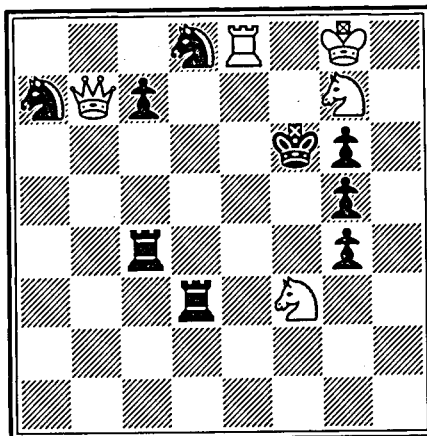
See you at the Sugar Bowl. . .

—casey pocius



the crooked rook

OTTO WURZBURG
V Zlata Praha
June 25, 1909



White mates in three moves

SOLUTION IN NEXT ISSUE

PRONUNCIATION GUIDE

Achterhoff, Jay.....AK - ter - hoff	Lozzi, Dennis.....lots - zee	Potempa, Gary.....POE - tem - puh
Allocco, Frank.....ah - LOCK - oh	Maschmeier, Tom.....MASH - myer	Quehl, Steve.....QUAIL
Alvarado, Joe.....ell - va- RAH - doe	Messaros, Bob.....Mes - SAIR - ose	Rohan, Andrew.....ROE - han
Bullock, Wayne.....bul - lick	Miskowitz, Lew.....MISS - coe - witz	Sawicz, Paul.....SAW - eitz
Demmerle, Pete.....DEM - er - lee	Niehaus, Steve.....knee - house	Slager, Rick.....slay - gur
Diminick, Gary.....DIM - eh - nick	Nosbusch, Kevin.....NOSS - bush	Szatko, Greg.....zat - coe
Gambone, John.....gam - BONE	Parise, Tom.....pa - reece	Wasilevich, Max..was - suh - LEV - ich
Hayduk, George.....HAY - duck	Pohlen, Pat.....polen	Wujciak, Alan.....WOO - gee - ak
Hein, Jeff.....HINE	Pomarico, Frank..pom - uh - REE - coe	Zanot, Bob.....Za - NOTT

A Visit With H-Man



Student Government, under the experienced leadership of Dennis (H-Man) Etienne, is swinging into action on such old projects as LaFortune Renovation and shuttle bus service for off-campus students.

There are no new projects on tap for this year. At least nothing long range. According to Etienne, the main concern of Student Government at this time is to find the right people for the right jobs in the administration. Greg Smith and Michael Geisinger are two experienced people returning in new posts. Smith, formerly of the campus judicial board, has taken over Etienne's old position of Student Government Provost. Geisinger moved from the cabinet to the office of Student Body Vice-President in last spring's elections. Michael Hess, former comptroller, has moved to the Student Life Council and Board of Commissioners. The only person returning in his old capacity is Jim Roe, Minister of Propaganda.

Other problems immediately facing Student Government include the allocation of this year's budget and the establishment of day-to-day routine. The first task is the most important to the average student. The budget will determine such things as the quality and number of concerts and guest lecturers on campus as well as the funding of such organizations as Ujaama, MECHA, CILA, and MANASA. Also included in the budget are such things as the hall improvement fund

and the Course Evaluation. The day-to-day routine, the solving of everyday problems that come up for the individual student as well as the whole student body, is the most constant duty of Student Government and the most time-consuming as well as, according to SBP Etienne, the most important. Again this year, Student Government will be service-oriented, caring more for the small problems than large projects which would prove inefficacious and giving its attention to its constituency and their needs rather than idealistic projects and good press. It is the belief of this year's Student Government that ideas for improving life on and off campus as well as most other student improvement projects will be better received and responded to if the ideas come from the students rather than the Student Government Offices in LaFortune. "Anyone with ideas is welcome and will be listened to. We're open to any ideas. The best way Student Government can be effective is if the students out there on the quad are willing to make it effective. We're here to help." When asked how he viewed the office of Student Body President, Etienne responded, "The big thing is being a student, then being SBP. We just try to do the best we can and have a good time doing it. That's been the whole philosophy—get the job done and have a good time doing it." How does the year look? Again according to Etienne, "It looks like it could be a very good year."

— joe runde

coming distractions

September 14

Knights of Columbus Hall: Film: "Joe Kidd."
South Bend Civic Theater: Play: "Old Times."
Elkhart Civic Theater: Film: "Last of the Red Hot Lovers."

September 15

Knights of Columbus Hall: Film: "Joe Kidd."
South Bend Civic Theater: Play: "Old Times."
Elkhart Civic Theater: Film: "Last of the Red Hot Lovers."

September 16

South Bend Civic Theater: Play: "Old Times."

September 18

Business Lecture, Carroll Hall, 7:30 p.m.

September 19

American Scene Lecture Series: "Reality Therapy in an Identity Society"; 7:30, Carroll Hall; Sr. Maria McDermott, Institute of Reality Therapy, SMC.

September 20

Lecture Series: "A Woman's Place Is . . ."; "There Ought To Be a Law—Or Is There?" Madeleine Graf Ettl, South Bend attorney at law.

September 21

Madrigal Singers, 18th-century dinner, Faculty Club, N.D.; Elkhart Civic Theater: Film: "Last of the Red Hot Lovers"; Chicago vs Dallas, pro-hockey, Athletic and Convocation Center. Artists' Showcase: Award-winning show of young artists from Chicago WGN-TV with host Louis Sudler; Washington Hall, 8:15 p.m.

September 22

Notre Dame vs. Northwestern, 1:30, N.D. Stadium.
Elkhart Civic Theater: Film: "Last of the Red Hot Lovers."

September 24

Shirley Chisolm, Washington Hall, 8:15 p.m.
Engineering Auditorium: Film: "A Midsummer Night's Dream," 7:00 and 10:00 p.m.

September 25

Business Lecture, Carroll Hall, 7:30 p.m.

September 26

Concert: Karl Greenshields, violin, and William Cerny, piano; Library Auditorium, 8:15 p.m.

September 27

Lecture Series: "A Woman's Place Is . . ."; "From the Voting Rights Amendment to the Equal Rights Amendment; Panel: Dr. Edward L. Henry, Janet L. Allen, Sally Beard, Sandra Hojnacki; Carroll Hall, 7:30 p.m.
Engineering Auditorium: "Revisioning Psychology," Dr. James Hillman, Jungian analyst and visiting professor, Yale University.

September 28

Elkhart Civic Theater: Film: "Last of the Red Hot Lovers."

September 29

Film: "Me, Natalie"; Little Theater, Moreau Hall, 7:00 and 9:00 p.m.; SMC Social Commission; Notre Dame vs. Purdue, there; Film: "Bawarchi"; Library Auditorium, 6:00 p.m.

—terri phillips

HOW DO YOU THINK MOST PEOPLE YOUR AGE DIE?

It's not drugs.
It's not suicide.

And it's not cancer.

It's automobile crashes.

More American people
between the ages of 15 and 25 die
in automobile crashes than in any
other way.

At least half of those deaths
are alcohol related. And the drunk
drivers who cause most of them
are under 25. Sometimes, many
times, they kill themselves.

One of the most dangerous
things you can do is get drunk and
drive home.

You can change it. You
have to.

You march against the war.

You fight for clean air and clean
water. You eat natural foods. You
practice yoga. You are so much for
life. And you are so much against
killing.

It would be unthinkable for
you to wittingly kill another human
being.

So then, why is this
happening?

DRUNK DRIVER, DEPT. Y*
BOX 1969
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20013

I don't want to get killed and I don't
want to kill anyone. Tell me how I can
help. *Youths Highway Safety Advisory
Committee.

My name is _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

**STOP DRIVING DRUNK.
STOP KILLING EACH OTHER.**



Paul Simon's latest, *There Goes Rhymin' Simon*, is relaxed to the point of boredom, unless you're capable of disassociating Simon from his earlier, more frenetic work. It seems initially lazy and uninspired; but once you accept the fact that his writing may never be as attention-grabbing as it used to be, kick off your shoes and enjoy *Rhymin' Simon*. Once again, Paul uses unknown studio musicians to complement his sound; again, the technical production is flawless. Most of the album was recorded at Muscle Shoals — hence, the Dixie Hummingbirds, whose vocalizing puts the finishing touches on "Loves Me Like a Rock." Also noteworthy: "Kodachrome," "St. Judy's Comet," and "Take Me to the Mardi Gras."

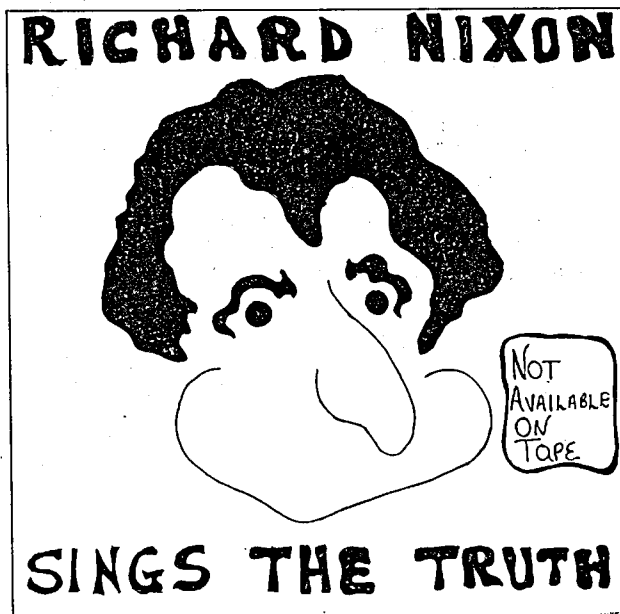
Stephen Stills has learned to play slide guitar, which in itself is not bad. What is bad is that Steve and new Rocky Mountain pal, Joe Walsh (ex-James Gang and Barnstorm, who also plays slide guitar) have locked horns with the Manassas regulars to produce an album that is disappointingly mediocre. The material, with the exception of Chris Hillman's rocker, "Lies," is weak and overworked with lyrics about the streets, cocaine, and brothers and sisters. The country tunes which highlighted *Manassas* are not up to snuff and the brilliant technical musicianship of *Manassas* is lost to silly slide meanderings and garbled singing. Too bad. I wanted to like this album. Stills' post-CSNY work has been up and down. *Down the Road* is down; the next release should be up.

Jim Seals and Dash Crofts have been responsible for some of the best truly original music in the last two or three years. Their most recent release, *Diamond Girl*, is magnificently tapered to their special blend of musical and lyrical eclecticism. Seals (guitar, alto sax), Crofts (mandolin, electric piano), Bobby Lichtig (bass, flute) and producer/guitarist Louie Shelton show extraordinary ability at adorning Seals and Crofts' songs. Among the best: "Wisdom," "Ruby Jean and Billy Lee," "Standing on a Mountain Top," and "Dust on My Saddle."

If there was ever an ultimate concept album, Eagles' *Desperado* has to be it. They tell the story of the outlaw man without being overly overt. It is heavy without being overburdening. They display remarkable proficiency at several styles, much of which is spiced by Bernie Leadon's multi-instrument virtuosity. As a result, they sound comfortable in every song. The album's overture and opus, "Doolin-Dalton" and "Desperado" are breathtaking, but in between lies some excellent music. I won't try to expand because *Desperado* will likely be the subject of a longer exposition. Suffice it to say that this is one hell of an album and if there was ever a perfect record, this could very possibly be it.

Chicago hasn't done anything really terrific in quite some time, but *Chicago VI* could be their least offensive effort since the convoluted *Live at Carnegie Hall*. With some exceptions, their writing has turned from relevance to relaxation; as a result, the material seems better accomplished. Examples: keyboard whiz Robert Lamm's "Hollywood" and bassist Peter Cetera's "In Terms of Two." But the best writing here is by trombonist James Pankow. His refreshing simplicity shows in "Just You 'N Me" and "Feelin' Stronger Every Day"; a throwback to "Now That You're Gone" from *Chicago V*. Their instrumental ability remains above reproach, but their taste is questionable. What they really need is a good editor.

— kevin dockrell



the last word

Bewilderment is probably the most appropriate word. Yes, bewilderment is the *only* appropriate word at the moment. It has been three weeks now since Jim and I pulled into town, nestled with only inches to spare in his Toyota, amidst what appeared to be the trappings of a whole lifetime. Alternately excited and crushed by the prospect of our arrival, goaded on to courage by a large stock of cookies and brownies (compliments of Jim's mother), held firmly to the road by more luggage than either of us dared to imagine, we pulled off the Main Street of the Midwest into South Bend, a city which never ceases to inspire (if such a thing is possible) violently ambivalent emotions within me. Having rejected a last-ditch plan to continue on to Chicago as a) too tiring and b) cowardly, we faced at last the prospect that had alternately enhanced and destroyed our summer mood—the return to Notre Dame.

Being a week earlier than most, we were not greeted by the usual menagerie of sights and sounds that has come to typify the beginning of a new year at Notre Dame: quartets from Morrissey staggering across the Main Quad under the weight of a just-retrieved couch; the band, out of uniform but already in full spirits, strutting across campus to the now-immortal strains of the Fight Song; freshmen looking either fascinated or oppressed, beleaguered by loud little brothers and proud parents. The only twosome present to acknowledge our arrival was Father Griff and Darby O'Gill, both already safely ensconced in Keenan. Of the four of us, Darby seemed to be the quickest to adapt to the change of environment. After all, any good dog lover knows that the trees of the North Quad are much more accommodating to certain necessities than all the fire hydrants of New York.

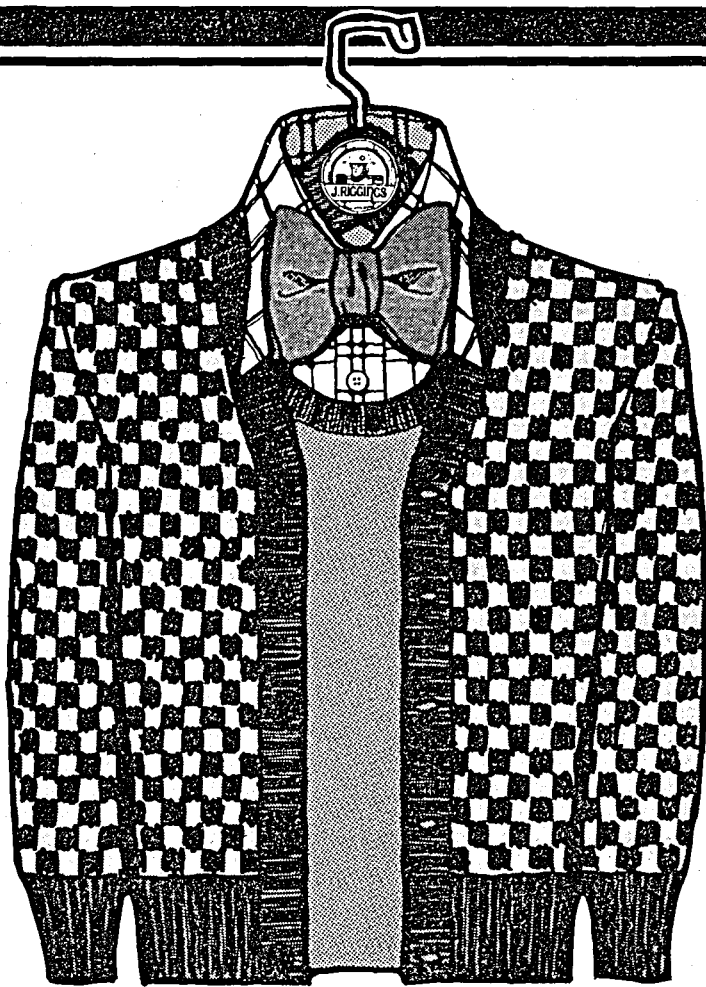
As the week progressed, preoccupation conveniently precluded any attempt to come to grips with our surroundings. When the paint which is destined for the wall of your office seems to obstinately prefer your hair, face and floor, little opportunity is left for serious consideration of the experiences that await you in the coming year.

Finally, the weekend arrived, and so did the people. The tranquility of the previous week was broken, and what had almost seemed a mere suspicion was now verified beyond doubt—the school year was truly beginning.

Lest my sentiments be misunderstood—they are nothing less than optimistic. This is a time of new beginnings, of grandiose plans. It is also, however, a bewildering time. It is a time during which the *Scholastic* must "hitch its wagon to a star." It is a time during which we must attempt to develop a delicate balance of lucidity, lightheartedness, sincerity, conviction, humor, compassion, and, most of all, active, vocal concern for everything and everyone that surrounds us. It is therefore to every person who in any way belongs to or affects the Notre Dame community that we dedicate this issue, this year, and our maximum efforts. We have no assurance that our efforts will be fruitful, our opinions correct, or our results worthy of notice. But it is upon this sometimes uncertain ground that we must operate, asking only your time, your indulgence, your concern and your help.

Welcome back.

—kerry mcnamara



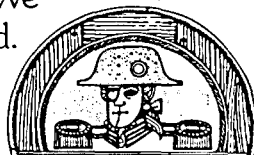
We've got Hang-ups!

...on our great new Fall Fashions.

We're J. Riggings, a men's store that knows you know what you want. And we have it.

Everything from the latest in suits, sportcoats, shirts, sweaters, pants... to belts and higher heeled boots and shoes. Come in and take a look at what we've got for today's man. We won't hassle you. Browse around.

Try things on. Maybe you can help us get rid of our hang-ups.



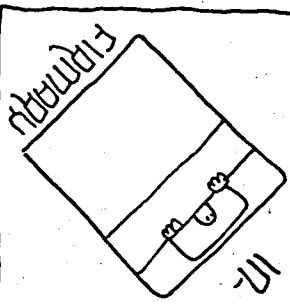
J. RIGGINGS

Wins award
for
Beauty
cheer

Obscure mind pigen
Hies into window
and wounds beak
Escort him to the
INFIRMARY

Postage Due
\$4
[at least the
Post Office
cares]

JUST NOT
VISITING



SOUTH BEND

SHUTTLE BUS

CARE PACKAGE

RULES OF THE GAME

The object of the game is to complete four circuits of the board while maintaining your capital and your sanity. Any number can win (or lose). Finish first or finish last. Finishing at all is a victory.

You will need one die, a marker (we suggest a chess pawn) and much patience. Funny Money is provided. If you want any more, you must Xerox it yourself (not to exceed the amount of \$300 per player). When this money runs out or the board indicates that the player has been eliminated, the player can either quit altogether or re-enter as a freshman. Move according to the die and follow the directions on the squares and the Chance cards. In the following cases, do as directed below:

Dorm: Stay until you roll doubles or die of boredom.

Lake: Just enjoy it.

Infirmary: Lose one turn.

Good luck!

BAR

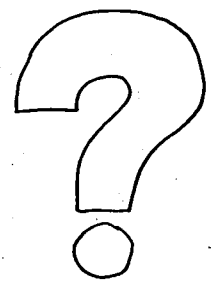
RAID!
Spill your beer
on police officers
Spend the night
in Jail
and \$100 bail

CHRISTMAS BREAK

You are snowed in!
Invest \$30
in Popcorn
Proceeds to
DORM

PLACEMENT BUREAU

has found you
a \$100
labelling soup cans
Faint
For pure joy
(lose turns)



CHANCE

ALL-NIGHTER

Spend \$10
for
Food, coffee & no-dope
Go to
DORM

DEAN'S OFFICE

Wait in line
until you roll
a 1 or a 6
POOBARS
go straight through

LAKE

