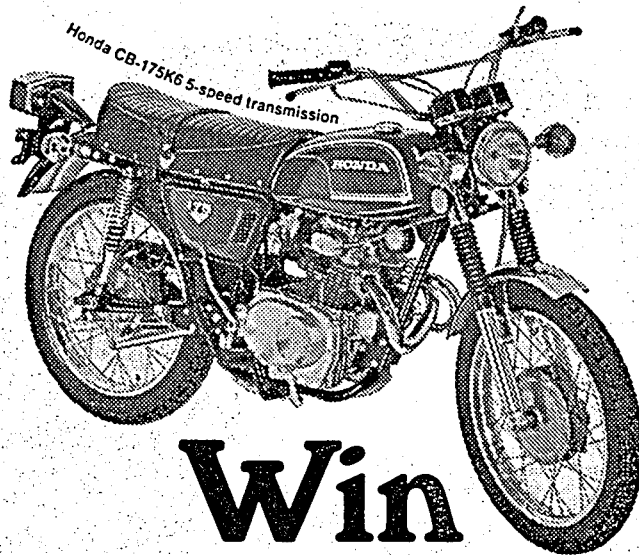


Paul Simon

notre dame concerts

Scholastic

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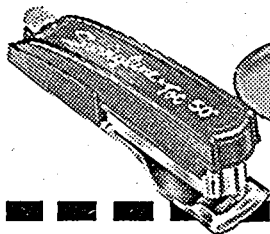
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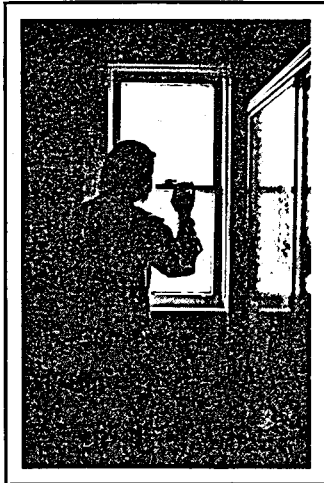
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Salvatore Allende: The End of a Dream



His corpse lay slumped over a blood-soaked black velvet sofa. A single round from a silver-plated sub-machine gun had torn through the mouth that had once promised "meat pies and good wine for all my compatriots." As the life and blood seeped out of Dr. Salvador Allende, American-made Sherman tanks began blasting away at the outer walls of the Moleda, his presidential palace, and government troops began rounding up dissidents, executing some on the spot, herding others, Nixon Administration style, into nearby sports arenas to await their fate.

With him, in the enlarging pools of blood, lay another corpse, the corpse of a dream to unite socialism and democracy without force; to set an example that all men could learn from.

They carried his lifeless body out shrouded in a peasant's blanket, and quickly buried him without ceremony, in a lonely plot in a rural cemetery; his widow the only one allowed to witness the burial of this martyr and the dream he died for.

It was the first time in forty-six years of Chilean history that the military had overturned a democratically elected civilian government. Chile has become another on the growing list of Latin American countries to fall under military rule. But this was not simply another

Latin American coup, and Chile was not just another banana republic. Chile had had a long and proud tradition of democracy and political stability. Chile had been the showpiece of this potentially powerful, yet tragedy stricken continent, the land many called the "sleeping giant." Ever since Dr. Allende came to power in 1970, after three previous attempts, the world has been watching with great interest his unique attempt to do what no nation had ever done—to move into a socialist state through a peaceful and constitutional process, and prove to many skeptics that there was nothing incompatible with Marxism and political freedom. His friend, Fidel Castro (who had presented Dr. Allende with the gun he used in his suicide as a gift, and an indication of Castro's feelings on his peaceful revolution) tried vainly to warn him that he was being too benevolent, and that force was the instrumental tool to any revolution.

Ironically, these Chilean military men had refused to participate in official politics. But in the end the final and murderous clash between the two forces was inevitable. It came with lightning speed, striking first in the port city of Valparaiso Wednesday morning, the twelfth. The navy gained control of the communications center. At 10 a.m., the chiefs of the army, navy, air force and national police issued an ultimatum—resign within twenty-four hours. Allende refused, and vowed

not to leave the palace alive (in his words, "pajamas de maderas," or wooden pajamas). Crowds began gathering around the palace as word of the coup leaked out and street fighting broke out.

What followed reminded many reporters of the Tet offensive in Vietnam in 1968. The military began bombing factories that had become leftist strongholds. One report said more than five hundred were killed in one factory alone. At about three in the afternoon, it was announced that Allende was dead of his own gun, and that the military was in control. Helicopter gunships battled snipers throughout the day and into the night. Hospitals began filling rapidly, and many were treated to the horror of seeing the dead and dying being piled together, stacked like so many copies of the Manifesto. The stench of death hung over the city for days, and finally its besieged citizens were allowed out to bury their dead.

The Moleda lay in ruins, and was prepared for a symbolic demolition. Throughout the week government troops hunted down leftists who had refused to surrender, and were doing it with a ferocity and ruthlessness yet unheard of in Latin America. The new junta appeared to be trying to crush the leftists with one, iron-fisted blow, and estimates of death tolls ranged into the thousands.

The military coup that overthrew the first freely-elected Marxist government in the Western hemisphere also ended the lifelong Quixotic dream of a complex,

driven, yet incredibly sensitive man, whose own life symbolized many of the paradoxes of the peaceful revolution he tried to lead. As a medical student he had been jailed many times for his political activities, and as Marxist chief of state he had vowed to rescue the millions of Chilean peasants from the exploitation of the ruling wealthy families. Yet he never lost his taste for fine food, fine wines, beautiful women and great art. They called him "El Pije" or the Dandy, after his flair and style.

Born in Valparaiso in 1908, the son of a wealthy lawyer, he had become active in politics as a medical student at the University of Chile during the dictatorial rule of General Ibañez in 1928. He was jailed repeatedly, but was nevertheless elected president of the Student Federation in 1932, the same year he became a doctor.

The next year Allende and his fellows founded the Chilean Socialist Party, and as a result of this he was rejected from jobs, and forced to work in the provincial cities for several years. It was here, among the peasants and the poor, that he acquired a sensitivity to their hopeless existence and despair. In 1937 at the age of twenty-nine, he was elected deputy from Valparaiso, and two years later became a minister of health in the "Popular Front" government of Pedro Cerda. Also in 1937, he won national recognition for his direction of the relief work done after a disastrous earthquake killed twenty thousand Chileans.



He was elected to the Senate in 1945, and began building a power base for his dream to run for the Presidency. He succeeded in his fourth try, in 1970, but received just thirty-six per cent of the popular vote, hardly a mandate for the kind of radical change he dreamed of. As a minority President, with only one-third of the populace supporting him, he already had one strike against him. He had campaigned on the pledge to build a socialist state with a human face, and to set an example for the rest of the world. "I vow," he said, "to be the first President of the first Chilean government that will be authentically democratic, popular, national and truly revolutionary."

Dreams, said the philosopher, when deferred, do explode. Last week, as he lay dead, his revolution smoldering in the ashes of a violent military coup, the peasants cried, and the generals toasted each other. On Tuesday of the following week, the four men who had led the coup, Gen. Jorge Guzman, Vice Admiral Jose Castro, Police Commander Cesar Duran and Gen. Augusto Ugarte attended Mass in Santiago, prayed for "guidance and success in their new capacity."

Dr. Allende's short but explosive term in office was characterized by many ironies. For all his Marxism, he maintained his exquisite tastes, and often tangoed until the early morning. When a young protege approached with the idea that he move to the slums and become truly a "People's President," he politely refused, and retreated to his villa in the suburbs.

But Allende was an extraordinary politico. He froze prices in 1970, and granted large wage increases, putting money back in people's pockets, and his popularity soared. He nationalized the copper mines, Chile's biggest industry, and began agrarian reforms on the nation's farms. At the end of the year, however, copper production fell off badly, as well as produce, and the country's economy began listing.

Allende then tried to push his luck, and talked of instituting neighborhood judicial tribunals as well as attempting to set up a unicameral parliament, a "People's Assembly." The rich families and upper middle class violently rejected this, and housewives, incensed at the shortage of food and skyrocketing inflation, took to the streets. The weighted straw came when he attempted to set up a state trucking firm in the city of Aysen. Chile's truckers rebelled, fearing nationalization of their businesses, and walked off their jobs. The truckers, notoriously independent and hard-headed, have always had a low tolerance of people who told them what to do with their money. "This is a battle for the future," one was quoted as saying, "I am fighting so my children won't have to be Marxist. Marxism annuls personality and takes away incentive."

Officially they were on strike to protest lack of spare parts, but their real goal was to bring down the government they feared would steal their pocketbooks, and "annul their personalities." Despite government threats, the truckers refused to go back to work. Other professional workers, doctors, dentists, and pilots vowed support of the truckers if the government acted on its threats.

***"I am fighting so my
children won't have to be
marxist."***

As commerce ground to a halt, Allende declared a state of emergency and began wholesale arrests, charging many with a Machiavellian plot to bring down his government through strikes. Inflation was rampant, at times as much as three hundred per cent, and Chilean currency was devalued on the world market. Chile's middle class fought back by closing their shops, and bread lines swelled. In the end, Chile was in a state of collapse. To attempt appeasement, Allende shifted his cabinet for the twenty-first time in three years. It did no good. Gasoline was rationed, and prices on government stores of goods went sky high.

Again he attempted to adjust his leadership on September third. He included three new officers in his twenty-second cabinet, as well as Carlos Birones, a good friend of former President Eduardo Frei Montalva, leader of the opposition Christian Democrats. However, the truckers and merchants refused to return to work, and the military, sensing the direction things were going, went with the middle class. General Carlos Prats Gonzolaz, commander of the army, and doubling as Minister of Defense, resigned under pressure from powerful factions within the armed forces and their wives. Violence flared in many places. Santiago seethed and exploded into rioting and demonstrations. Radicals from both sides called for resignation, which Allende vehemently refused to do. Talk of civil war filled the streets of this nation caught in siege. A mass exodus began and trains ran painfully slow, jammed with fleeing Santiaguans and their families. Air transportation was halted by the military. There was no way out or in. Sensing their chance, the military acted with lightning precision and swiftness, and snapped Chile's long history of democracy with one slash of its bloody sword. All communication was cut with the outside world, and correspondents were ordered to halt all work until



further notice. Ties were immediately severed with Castro's Cuba, and expatriated leftists whom Allende had given refuge to in Chile were notified they were no longer welcome. A shroud of silence fell over Santiago, and the world was stunned. The loudest silence of all came, however, from the United States. It had all along been quite cool to Allende's socialism, and after he nationalized American-owned copper mines (owned by Anaconda and Kennecott), and refused to pay any compensation, U.S. aid was cut back severely. Chile was isolated now, even from sympathetic Soviets. The Nixon Administration refused to comment on the coup, except for saying that it had known of the plot *two days* prior to its occurrence. Accusations flew, of both CIA and ITT (with its large holdings and political astuteness) conspiracy. The memory of Diem and of the Bay of Pigs was still fresh in many minds.

Perhaps the greatest tragedy of this violent death of a dream is that many felt that Chile, of all places, *did* have the capacity to make reforms without violence, and *was* ready for a more socialist economic framework. There were many injustices, and many of the poorer workers were anxious to end the exploitation that had badly worsened their plight and put most of the wealth into the hands of a very few. What Allende failed to realize was that he did not yet possess a real mandate, and that change had to come slowly. He also failed to enlighten the vast middle class on his reasons, and left them prey to the vicious rumors spread by those who had the most to lose—the businessmen and the rich. Opinions polarized—the working middle class who felt they were next after the rich to meet their doom radicalized and began moving to the right. Fed by fear the workers, the people whose plight Allende dreamed of uplifting, ironically, brought him down.

Throughout all this, however, Dr. Allende never really lived up to the stereotype of the ruthless dogmatist. He clung faithfully to Chile's constitutional process, and throughout resisted the temptation to let his lofty ends justify any ruthless means to implement his revolution. He felt all along violence would undo any good that he tried to do.

To say that Chile was not ready to suddenly make a uniquely peaceful transition into socialism would be easy, but there is a larger question. When is any man ready to sacrifice some of what he has obtained, so that the plight of others may be alleviated? Years of not having enough had long since killed any notions of sacrifice, except in the hearts and minds of idealistic students, a few intellectuals, and vast numbers of the poor, who would have tried anything to uplift themselves.

It seems quite sad that someone who genuinely wanted to help the disadvantaged could be met with such hostility; but looking back, others come to mind (including a Galilean), who had similar ideas, and their fate was the same.

Dr. Salvatore Allende has left his mark on Chile. He made the poor and exploited realize they were important, and did have a voice. There have been reports that many of his followers, the Marxist ideologues, students, and sympathetic factory workers were arming themselves, organizing, preparing for some sort of vindication, possibly even a counter-coup. The military vowed "to blow up every stronghold, every factory, if need be" to rout them out. It appears that Chile is now doomed to a long, agonizing, and at times bloody period of aimlessness, while factions from all sides struggle for the power that all sides want so badly.

—pat dillon

"The Moral Task is the Task of All"

A Sermon

Reverend James Burtchaell

Fellow Scholars of the University,

Brothers and Sisters in Christ:

It is time for us to consider our obligation at the University of Notre Dame to offer an education that is more than merely intellectual.

This has to be a place, of course, where knowledge is sought and shared, and where the intellectual virtues are cultivated which that search requires: honesty, patience, humility, doggedness, clarity, candor. Knowledge, however, is only one of the mind's endeavors, and if it is the only one that feeds and flourishes, it becomes a grotesque cancer which will sap the life from the other activities of the intellect that make an organically wise and hearty man. Notre Dame must, by our avowal, be a place where all the goods of the intellect are honored and offered. What I am most disquieted about today is the depth of our commitment to moral education.

There are scholars and departments here whose business it is to study ethical values, to explore social justice, to debate political theory, to probe the economic order, and to scrutinize religious beliefs. But what I am speaking about is distinguishable from study. It is the ardent advocacy of the moral values we are committed to, and the probing of those commitments: the work of no department, yet of every scholar.

Students who come to this campus should be walking into a crisscross of questions about the values we live by. Can the American formula for a democratic republic serve the needs of developing nations? Is a sexual relationship between a man and a woman right and proper only within marriage? Is organized labor working for the disadvantaged, or against them? Is abortion homicide? How consider one's lifework a service to the world if one must compete for profits? What adjustments is the family going to need when

professional and educational opportunities are really made available to wives and mothers? What is honor? Does the development of military weapons preserve the peace or undermine it? These are all moral questions, and they probe at our values. They are not all matters we shall all agree upon. Indeed, by God's grace the Catholic tradition we spring from has not been spared vigorous disagreement and debate in its pursuit of truth, and we can expect a course no less argumentative. But the common pursuit, the readiness to reach, the ability to stand for things—this we have a right to expect of every scholar at the University.

We are not really forced to this by the students. Their search for interpretation and value is often inarticulate and frustrated. Indeed, our task is often not so much to answer students' questions, as to draw them to ask enough questions so that the search may get under way.

Each era has its own needs, and we have seen a profound change of era. When those of use who sit here this morning came to college, students were soaked in a culture, from schools that impregnated them with values, and parents who somehow got across a few things they held precious and were working for. At Notre Dame this was so true that we may have been little challenged, so lulled were we by the apparent conformity of students to approved values by the time they arrived.

This is no longer the case. Parents and early teachers all too often want younger people to accept values and beliefs which they neither live by nor sacrifice for. Nonchalant homes and slothful schools have not been impressively effective at inculcating either intellectual or moral discipline. As for tradition, some students would not know one if it ran over them. Some students come to the University so value-deprived that they don't even rightly know what to rebel against.



The University had tended to be a place where the values brought firmly from one's family, ethnic background, religious training, early schooling, and social and economic status were to be jostled and riled, where unthought and inherited values were shaken and tested. But often now our raw material is no longer young people steeped in the Christian tradition. No longer can the major strategy of our liberal education take this kind of iron and temper it into steel simply by the process of critical self-examination. The ore is gone, and yet our strategy is slow to change. Now it seems that we have to provide some of the values in the first place. The student now needs less to be shaken free of values than to be put together and guided into some personal and social commitments, even if they be tentative. For in our world, and our country, and our schools there is little vision. Many people do not believe much, nor have a love to live and die for.

If we do take up the task of searching with students for the worth of things, we have to agree about who is to lead the search. Many have been presuming that these were matters best dealt with by the priests in the chapels and in the halls. As a priest who works and lives there, I welcome the charge as do the others of us, but not at the risk of taking it ultimately from the faculty. Students claim moral comment and moral example from the same persons who lead them in their quest for learning: from you, the teachers. The President must and will continue to give forthright moral leadership. The campus ministers and the student affairs staff have professional services of their own to offer students. But whether men and women graduate from this institution as adults or as moral troglodytes depends more upon you than upon all those others. We cannot have chaplains who know nothing about scholarship. Neither can we have scholars

who have nothing to say about life's goods and their order. If the educators and the educational process of the University are not integrated, we shall surely have disintegrated graduates.

And the moral task is the task of all. Some professors, particularly if their own branch of scholarship has little direct affinity with value questions, may be tempted to consider themselves incompetent to assume the moral task, or exempted from it. Or they may even be resentful to be distracted by it from their academic work. Some even conceal their beliefs as a private affair which would only bring the objectivity of their studies into question if brought too near them. But if we accept this as a limit upon ourselves as teachers and scholars, we shall put forth students with disjointed and feckless minds, bewildered at what to do with all the learning we prize so much, at a loss to integrate heart and mind in this mad world. In the matter of values, the silence of a teacher makes a sound. By saying little, we teach that moral matters are not important, or are purely private, or that our own intellectual development is curiously unbalanced. That sort of attitude is directly related to the shabby public morals one sees in American public life in this year. There is, then, no scholar who enjoys a right to be illiterate in value, in belief, in ethical concern.

This challenge, peculiarly yours, obliges you as faculty to find better ways for seeking, sharing, and enjoining beliefs and values with our students. Prior to that, perhaps we need to find how to stimulate more of this sort of conversation among ourselves. At lunch or at the library or the laboratory, we do from time to time fall to talking of these things, but never with any regularity like that which obliges us to discuss the issues of our respective scholarly disciplines.

Furthermore, we have very few strategies for sharing values with our students, at least none faintly as articulated as is our curriculum and academic program. It is all so haphazard. Should there not be ways— as systematically elaborated and tended as is the course of study at the University—whereby the senior scholars at Notre Dame will expose, debate, and share their beliefs, values, hopes, and prayers with their younger colleagues? Why must learning be so open and published, while moral convictions and commitments are protected as if either improper for public sharing, or unable to support public examination?

I may be putting this as if it were an easy thing. This is terribly difficult, and terribly delicate. I trouble over it, and hope that what I try to put before you today is also a worry of yours. It is an essential feature of our educational mission, and of our obligation, to help students grow in what they prize, and what they believe, just as we help them grow in what they know, and how they learn. In these matters that tie mind to heart we have no satisfying consensus, not because we wrangle over them too much, but because we wrangle not enough. I put it to you that we have to look to this, and neither consign the task to delegates, nor wave it away as something foreign to our scholarly calling.

As witnesses to truth, we all seek to dispel the darkness of ignorance, to explain the unexplained, to get to the bottom of things. Is there not another side to witness, though, which brings others into contact with things that are bottomless? As Cardinal Suhard put it: "It has been well said that to be a witness does not mean to spread propaganda, or even to create an impression, but to create a mystery. It means living in such a way that one's life would be inexplicable, if God did not exist." To what extent, I wonder, do we, the explainers, lead lives that would, in this way, be inexplicable?

Father James T. Burtchaell, Provost of the University, delivered this sermon to the faculty at the Mass inaugurating the Academic Year on September 16.

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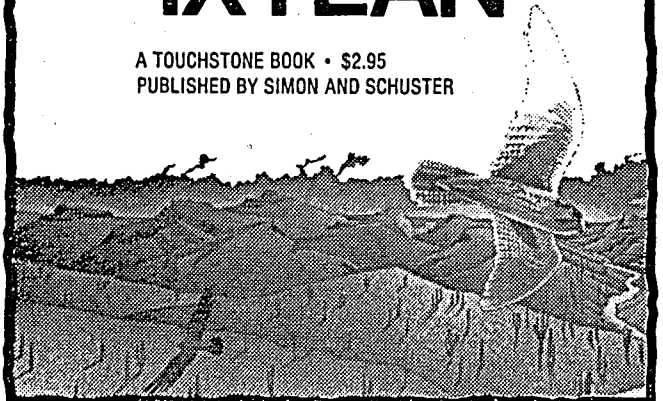
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The Bicyclist's Creed

As the seventies have dawned and the solutions to the problems of the sixties have started to formulate into constructive change, it is refreshing to see that at least one device of our childhood remains undisturbed and is even being reinforced in the New Consciousness. Emerging more today in America than at any time in its history, the bicycle has evolved from a crude, immature plaything to a practical, sophisticated and even intellectual plaything for adults. The millions of Practicing Bicyclists across the country range from weekend escapists searching for an unpolluting alternative and just plain exercise to the pseudocyclists, whose salvation rests in the successful marriage of body to instrument in search of the One Great Hill that has never been conquered. Though sociological statistics are not yet available, it is becoming increasingly clear that riding a bike is now an "in" thing. Although suffering from a fad image, bicycling is now for many a serious religion which may sooner or later become the greatest single faith in the world today.

As suggested earlier, cycling began in American society as a step in adolescence—that awkward period between childhood and teenage when a paper route and a Sting-Ray with wheelie coasters were status symbols. That value system faded, however, as quickly as it took to get a driver's license. Bike riding was then snubbed as incomparable to the girl-snatching hot rod. But ecological awareness in the middle and late sixties brought the bicycle slowly from a simple toy to a practical alternative. Combined with the hippie movement, which laid a strong groundwork for increased youth individualism, and a larger rate of heart disease in the People of the Establishment, bicycling was given a perfect atmosphere for advancement by 1970. Young people were doing their thing more frequently and variably; older people needed more exercise; traffic was a depressing problem in every large city. So the bicycling philosophy was born out of the need for enjoyment without technological entrapment and modern problems. Today there are more bicycles bought each year than automobiles.

More specifically, the philosophy consists of three main principles: a) the bicycle is the purest form of

transportation and/or existence; b) the preservation of childhood and innocence is essential and only possible by riding regularly; c) automobiles are abstractions of Nature. There are many who are merely dabbling in the practice because of necessity or casual interest. But the true believer abides a Cyclists' Tract which states the commandments which, among other things, will lead to the great Nirvana if followed closely. They are (not necessarily in order of importance):

1. Thou shalt oil the wheel, thy god.
2. Thou shalt not squeal.
3. Thou shalt honor thy axle and its grease.
4. Love thy derailleur as thyself.
5. Never trust a semi. (For the naive Easterner tractor trailers.)

The bicycling faith is truly dynamic in today's times because it draws men and women of all means together for a common good. The social radical, the Wall Street banker, the mailman, the paper boy, and the status quo Middle American are all united as Bike Freaks, pedaling and defying their way through the streets of America. Having ridden from coast to coast myself on a bicycle, I was transformed from a cautious cynic to a zealous believer merely by seeing what my example was doing to the thousands of people I passed. After the usual questions as to my mental stability or any unpleasant experience in childhood, they would stand in awe, facing a miraculous feat of blind courage or whatever, moved to believe for themselves that the bicycle is a vehicle of salvation which comes only to those who have faith in it.

At Notre Dame, the number of bicycles, by conservative estimates, has increased 200% in the last two years. Although it is true that some ride bikes for other than religious reasons, the time is coming when all eyes will be opened to the power of the bike, of the return to childhood, of the independence from the exhausting automobile.

—david dreyer



A Talk with John Macheca



John Macheca graduated from Notre Dame in 1962 with a degree in Latin American Studies. After doing graduate work in Mexico he returned to Washington, D.C., and took a position as an Intelligence Research Analyst for the National Security Agency. He had an opportunity to join the Peace Corps but when his wife became pregnant, they had to give it up.

"Ask not what your country can do for you, but what you can do for your country" was the spirit under which he joined JFK's administration. "Things changed under Johnson," he explained "and that's why I came to Notre Dame." He felt that serving the public good was a deteriorating value.

To Macheca Notre Dame was separated from this deterioration in values. "Notre Dame produces men with a moral dimension. Not just raw talent but men who could discriminate the moral questions."

He took the post of Regional Director of Development in Notre Dame's Chicago office in 1969. He was on "the periphery" of Notre Dame but he said he always made it a point to come back to visit the campus. Usually he stayed in the dorms when he visited so he could talk to the students.

It was during one of these visits in the spring of 1970 that Mr. Macheca and I first met. It was the week of Cambodia and Kent State. Notre Dame was striking in protest over the aggressive whims of President Nixon and the National Guard. During one of the many strike activities, I had a discussion with an alumnus who had worked for Defense Intelligence and quit because of the Vietnam War. We had a long and interesting conversation. It wasn't until the middle of our interview for this article that I realized that Macheca was the same man I had talked to three and a half years ago.

This continuity of involvement and concern with the students of Notre Dame over a period of years makes Macheca less of a stranger to Notre Dame than expected. He has been indirectly associated with the Student Affairs office since 1969. This is where he thought he could best contribute to the Notre Dame community in a nonacademic way.

When Macheca took over this summer, he decided to institute a "new attitude" in the Dean of Students Office. "We hope to be involved in student life and student activities. You have to know where it's at. You can't educate from an office in the Main Building."

Macheca feels that Student Affairs is "a very important aspect of the total education of an undergraduate" here at Notre Dame. "I don't want people to feel that the Dean of Students just sits in his office." He "wants to know, to feel, and to be sensitive to what the University is doing for student life. We want to be educators as well as administrators."

A decentralized Student Affairs office is part of this effort. There is more personnel in the office to do the work so that the administrators have more time to get to know the students, the RA's and the rectors. To Macheca this represents "the only way to be in better touch with the students and their lives."

This effort includes visiting the dorms frequently as "a learning experience" and as a means "to get a feel of the place." "I have no intention to let people think I don't come out into the real world." By going to the dorms he feels he can serve the rectors and staff in "a more sensitive way." It gives him a chance to communicate with the students and to be "more cognizant of the University as a whole."

As part of this "new attitude" Macheca said that the Student Affairs office is trying to better articulate their role in the lives of the students. A "new defining of roles in the office and what we could do for the students" was the purpose of a statement issued to rectors and RA's at the first of the year. It was "to explain why we're here." This preliminary statement was then given to Fr. Griffin to rewrite in a revised fluid form "to capture what we have to say."

Macheca uses what he calls a "rehabilitative model" of discipline. This includes "being sensitive to the student and where he's at." He feels that "everyone needs discipline to cope with the basic weaknesses we all have."

When questioned about off-campus students' problems he explained that he is "equally concerned with the well-being of students on and off campus. I can't limit my concern simply to students on campus . . . for then discipline becomes a function of order." A function Macheca wants to avoid.

"We feel that if this community is an educational community seeking truth . . . we must be honest." Not adhering to the rules is a "form of dishonesty." Macheca wants his office to act openly and responsively in regard to the rules. The move to create a more realistic rule on the use of alcohol is part of this new honesty.

The Student Affairs office is "concerned about the abuse of alcohol" on campus. They want to encourage a more responsible use of alcohol. "There are right ways and wrong ways to use alcohol in your life," Macheca explained. "It is not educational to learn that just because they [the students] work hard five days a week that they can let it all hang out on the weekends. . . . You have responsibilities to other people. You don't

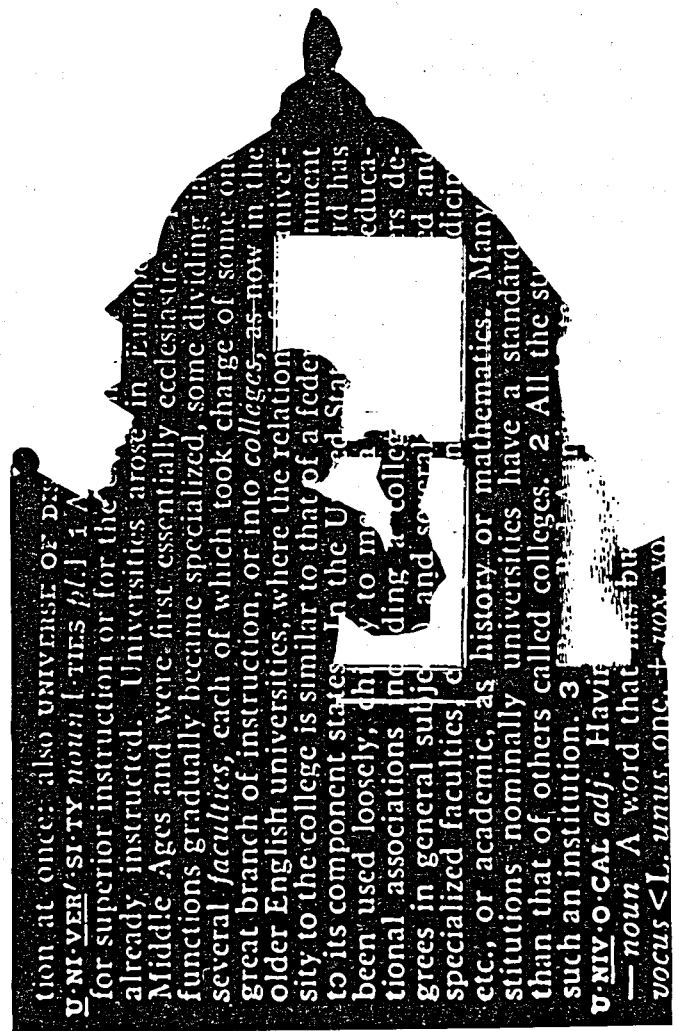
earn the right to go out and blow your mind just because you worked hard."

He doesn't want to stop parties; he just wants to stop the abuse in the halls. "It's not the party that is the problem, it's the place. It impacts upon other people." Macheca said that the dorms were not the appropriate places for the huge parties people try to have.

Macheca emphasized that he didn't want to "out-law" parties. They are trying to get away from the legalistic approach to the rules. He preferred to call them guidelines.

There were two points that Macheca stressed most in our interview. First, that he was seeking justice in the consideration of student problems. The second point was that he was there to serve the student as well as the University. We hope he can do both.

—paul colgan, jim gresser, bob griffin



Inside Notre Dame Concerts

Toward the end of a long interview, Senior Rich Donovan, Notre Dame Concert Chairman, leaned back and laughed at the proposition:

"Do you at any time, in the night for example, see yourself as the next Bill Graham bringing on the Filmore Midwest?"

"No, no," Donovan replied, "Hopefully, I'm going to Med School. The music industry is too risky, too cutthroat. I guess I just like what I do."

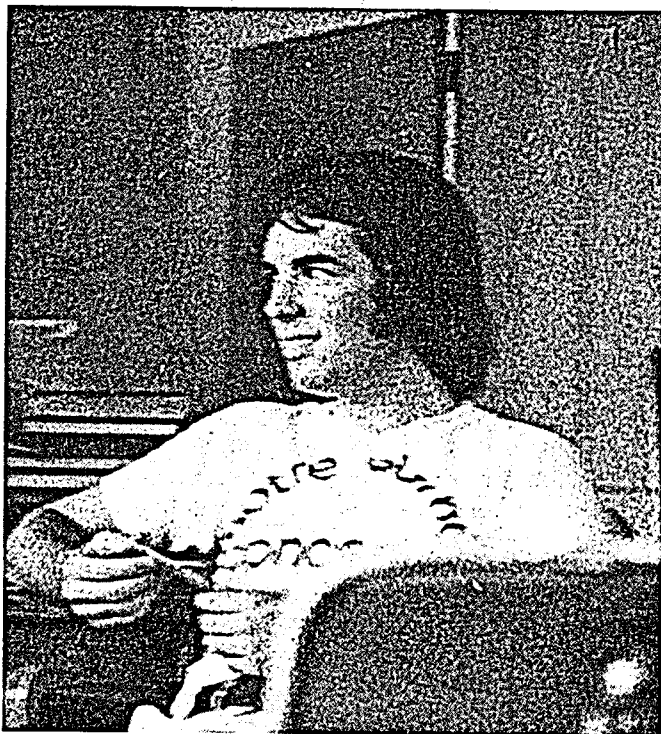
Rich Donovan enjoys his work. Since the Notre Dame Concert is an integral part of campus life, most students reap the benefits of Rich Donovan's efforts. Yet how many have any idea about the individual who spends countless hours booking and producing concerts? How many, indeed, possess even the slightest intimation concerning the actual nuts and bolts of concert production? For most of us Rich Donovan is one of those names (hurdy-gurdy man?) who are occasionally quoted for a one-liner in the *Observer* to say whether ticket sales for an event might be good or bad. Usually, such people are known by the cryptic nature of their one-liners. To say that Donovan is unselfishly dedicated to getting good concerts is uninteresting and almost boorish; it is, however, true. After hearing that no stipend of any amount is accorded the Notre Dame Concert Chairman I was slightly taken aback. In sympathy, the slightest twinge of guilt forced the admission that even *Scholastic* Editors are not completely unrequited for their love.

Rich Donovan has always been a serious lover of "pop" or progressive music. As a freshman, he was a programmer for WSND. There are, one might suspect, few emoluments of any kind beyond humility, anonymity and the sense of a job well done for the

freshman programmer. Nonetheless, having been struck by the lackluster quality of the concerts that year, Rich became interested in concerts as a matter of artistry. "During my freshman year," he said, "the emphasis was all wrong. They had people who weren't what you'd call *artists* but, more or less, just entertainers. Nightclub entertainers, in fact. It's just a matter of emphasis but the balance that *should* be achieved is a talented mix of art and entertainment."

So the leap from WSND to working as stagehand was effected. Toward the end of his freshman year, however, Donovan spoke to Don Mooney, then Social Commissioner, and applied for the job of Concert Coordinator. Rich got the position and worked producing the concerts after Mooney did the booking. Seniors and Juniors will remember that year by the formidable list of productions including The Beach Boys, Cat Stevens, Poco, Liv Taylor, Jethro Tull and Elton John. After Mooney graduated, Donovan was essentially left on his own. He was the only one with any real experience. Hence, Rich performed the double haul, and he still does, of booking and producing the concerts.

A web of complexity, protocol, correct channels and good fortune lurk behind the lovely veneer of an apparently routine operation. When the concert-goer arrives, ticket in hand, anticipation whetted, the stage is already set, the performers are safely stowed and meditating backstage, all one need do is wait for the M.C. to come on and launch the show. There is, however, much that never meets the eye. Concert production is nothing if not complex. A brief sally down the avenues of concert production might well elucidate a fair share of the operation.



In planning the upcoming season, Donovan must initially go to the A.C.C. to obtain the available dates. Decent working relations seem to exist between the Student Union and the A.C.C. A certain gentle strain, however, is inevitable in the encounter between students whose priorities can be generalized as quality before profit and the more business-oriented Convocation authorities who, admittedly or not, would, if forced to the issue, prefer profit over quality. Donovan says, "It could be a lot worse. The A.C.C. are not near as bad as some make them out to be. They are just starting to get into rock concerts and they need to get more accustomed to it. But they are getting good. They need, I think, to understand kids a little better. There is a trust though. We do work well together."

The concerts are cosponsored by the Student Union and the A.C.C. The Convocation authorities put up the money from University accounts, provide the technical equipment and staff, order and operate ticket sales and take care of off-campus publicity. The choice of acts is up to Donovan; there are no real censures imposed by the A.C.C. as to who is to be booked.

The evolution of this better working relation can be seen in recent developments in profit sharing. Until last year, the contractual agreement between the Student Union and the A.C.C. called for a split of all net profits. It would, in short, be 50-50 until the Student Union made \$10,000 for the year. When this point was reached, the entire profit went to the University general fund through the A.C.C.

Since the old contract ran out, a new agreement needed to be signed. Before last season began, Jim Schneid (Student Union Director 1972-73), Joe Prochaska, Dr. Ackerman and Rich Donovan came together and drew up a more equitable plan. Much money hung in the balance—money which could be used by the Student Union for its members. Regarding the new plan, Donovan said, "It is basically 50-50 all the way down the line. We share profits and losses. There is no longer a profit ceiling for us at \$10,000." This plan was submitted to Fr. Joyce (Vice-President of Business Affairs) and Mr. Plouff (Manager of the A.C.C.) and the matter was accepted with good grace in all quarters.



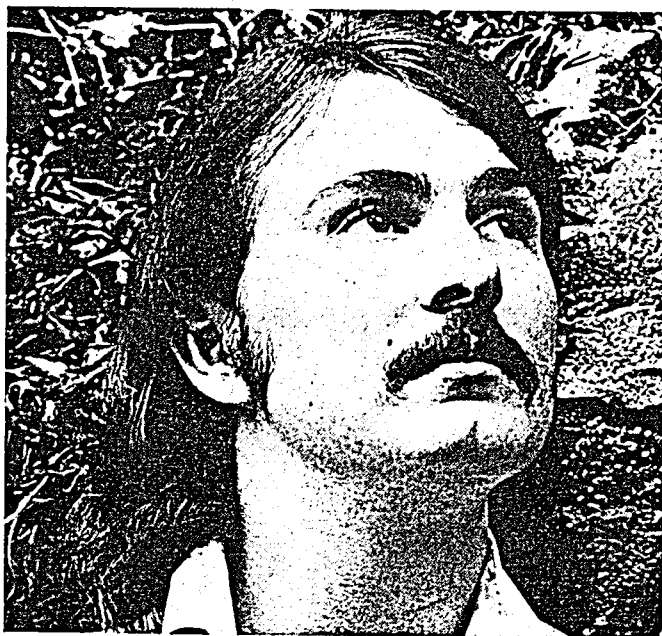
New Riders of the Purple Sage

After the list of available dates has been procured, a set of priorities is compiled. This is based upon who is popular, who would sell, who will combine the necessary coalescence of artist and entertainer. Even when such factors as popularity are considered, the question of what act to select is no simple divination. Donovan admits that no accurate method exists whereby everyone might be pleased. Oftentimes, he is forced to trust his own intimations. Rich states the problem succinctly: "The problem at N.D. is to please people from such diverse geographical areas and classes. What I try to do is book for what most students want to see." Even with the present uncertainty, let it never be said that technique idles in the Twentieth Century. Donovan suggested that an accurate method for sampling student mood regarding concert preference is in the works. Professor Appel (Marketing) is designing a study which conceivably would produce an accurate sample of student opinion.

When priorities have been established, Rich goes next to the booking agent. There are five to ten major booking agencies in the country. The Student Union deals primarily with "College Entertainment Associates." In trade talk, they are known as a "middle group." They work, therefore, exclusively with colleges, serving as intermediates between the college and the many major booking agencies throughout the country. In short, resources are funneled through them and they expand the resources, making the desires and needs of the colleges more universally known.

With Donovan's list of dates and priorities, "College Entertainment Associates" go out and discover which acts are available, how much money they want and what other circumstances there might be which would pertain to booking a concert at Notre Dame. When Donovan hears from C.E.A. as to who is able to meet our terms, he then authorizes C.E.A. to make an offer for Notre Dame. After this, the bands compile a list of offers from all over the country and the group's personal manager sits down with the booking agent and they map out a tour. Having agreed to play at Notre Dame, the formality of contract signing remains. All in all it is a time-consuming and tedious venture. Rich, for example, is beginning now to contact groups for the second semester.

With contract signing, the work is hardly begun. Publicity, promotion posters, *Observer* and *Scholastic* reviews must be lined up; equipment must be rented. The sound system, for example, will cost between \$750 and \$1,000 per concert. Pianos and organs are sometimes needed. Food, seemingly an easy commodity to obtain, may become in fact the last-minute run-around when such groups as "Yes" ask for a full complement of organic food. Neither are accommodations an easy trip, especially on a football weekend. Up to fifteen rooms might be needed for an act. For the harried Concert Chairman, such business clearly transcends a walk on the Primrose Path; the experience must at times be more akin to a slow jog down Lunatic Lane.



Rick Roberts

Speculation is always rampant as to why certain "name" groups cannot be signed. "The fact," says Donovan, "is money. Certain acts like The Moody Blues, Leon Russell, Faces, The Allman Brothers and Elton John have become so popular that they can afford to play only the largest facilities in the country and at their own convenience." The presumption, it seems, is that such performers believe that they will sell out every time. Hence, there is more to a concert at stake than merely ticket sales. The group's impact on the surrounding area — i.e., the projection of increased record sales — is also a grave concern. "In this regard," said Donovan with a hint of the wry, "there is nothing we can do to make South Bend a major market. Several times I've talked to the Moody Blues' manager — we keep trying to get these people — but the managers say we don't have big enough facilities."

There are, of course, many performers of great quality who are not so financially preoccupied. Coming up on the calendar are a few special cases in point: The "New Riders of the Purple Sage—Roger McGuinn" concert is to be presented at special reduced rates; Paul Simon, one of the most important artists in modern music, prefers to play for college crowds as opposed to the great halls or theaters reminiscent of Zeppelin hangars. A very recent and indeed profound development in this season's concert schedule is the confirmation of David Crosby and Graham Nash, formerly of Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young, for a concert in November. Professional performers of such eminence guarantee a concert season of rare quality.

No small part of Rich Donovan's success in booking and production comes, oddly enough, from Notre Dame's reputation. The manager of "Yes" has spoken of Notre Dame as "one of the best colleges we've ever played at." The explosion of the N.D. audience at the Chuck Berry concert is the most recent testimony that an audience can make or break a concert.

So we can look forward to a year of excellent music. Indeed, we are fortunate that Rich Donovan enjoys his work.

—jack wenke

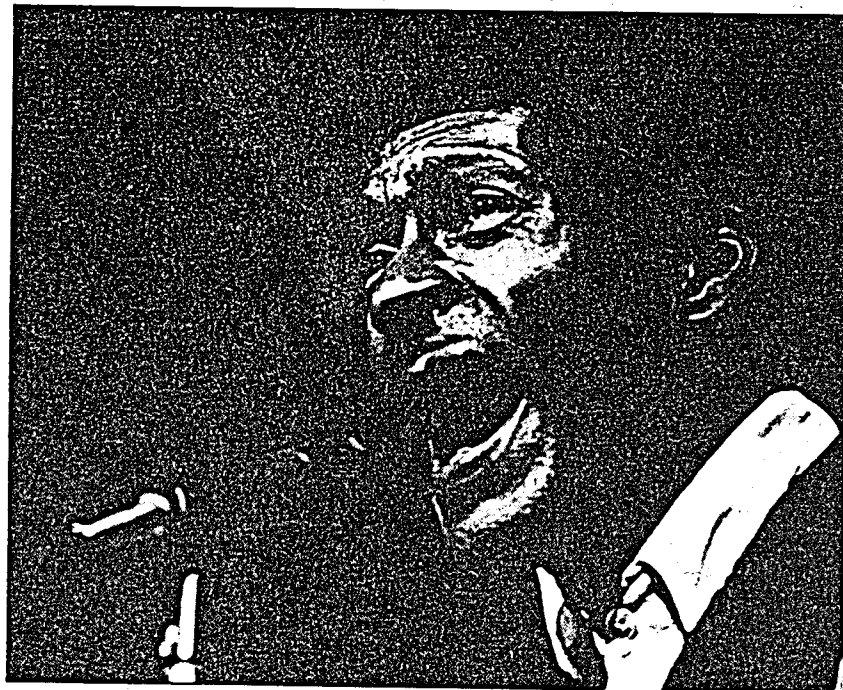


**Roger
McGuinn**

*Rock 'n' roll is here to stay
It will never die
It was meant to be that way
Though I don't know why
I don't care what people say
Rock 'n' roll is here to stay*

—Danny and the Juniors

Charlie Brown and Maybelline Revisited



It was fitting that the first group on the program was called The Conqueror Worm. And wormy they were. By contrast, the names of the 50's groups had a classic simplicity. Whether reflecting the world of nature (Willows, Moonglows, Drifters), of animals (Crickets, Flamingoes, Penguins), or of inanimate objects (Platters, Diamonds, Coasters), the names were direct and clear.

Whether the change to more bizarre names — the Byzantine Outhouse, Gross and the Iridescent Adenoids, or whatever — signalled a new consciousness of the Absurdity of Existence (as youth might have it), or a studied pretentiousness (as truth has it), is not the real question. To be sure, one may lament the grotesquerie of Alice Cooper and grow nostalgic over Buddy Holly; prize Marlon's mumblings and heroism in *Waterfront* or rebellion in *The Wild Ones* (*What are you rebelling against?* demands the judge; "I dunno, waddya got?" replies Marlon), and puzzle over the drug-pushing cyclists of *Easy Rider* or over Marlon's own kinky-chic *Tango*; or be struck by the contrast between the shriekings of acid rock and the soft simplicity of the Moon-

glows' lyrics: *We go together/Like two straws in a Coke/Why not come over/And you'll meet my folks /Let's go steady/You are my first love-uh-uh-uh-huh-huh-huv*). Overly sentimental, perhaps, but only to cretins. Nonetheless, in a week when Willie Mays retires, when time disrupts more than two decades of unsurpassed individual greatness, the question of whether such changes are good or bad is less striking than the fact, at once brutal and poignant, of change itself.

I first saw Chuck Berry — note the simplicity; no confusing that name with Sly Funk or the Jefferson Railroad — in New York in the late 1950's. His performance, with Shirley & Lee (*Let the Good Times Roll*), Bo Diddley, and lesser lights, even managed to assuage momentarily the pain of the Giants deserting the Polo Grounds for the mirage of California. We hanged the Giants' owner in effigy on that lost September day in 1957; for if Bobby Thomson's home run (Mays was on deck) in the 1951 playoff was "the shot heard round the world," was not Stoneham uprooting a part of America's own heart? And a plane crash, which in memory also occurred in the late 50's, killed

Richie Valens (*La Bomba*), Buddy Holly, and the Big Bopper (it took thirty seconds or so for a maudlin record, elevating the "three stars" to a permanent place on the Big Jukebox in the sky, to appear; mercifully, there was no mention of the Big Bopper outshining the Big Dipper).

So the 50's were not all bobby sox, C.Y.O. dances (your hand was stamped when you entered, and scrutinized under ultraviolet light when you returned after slouching outside and Being Cool; Protestants were welcome, but only if they danced to a certain rhythm method), real (as opposed to antiseptic) ballparks, saddle shoes, white bucks, upturned shirt collars, d.a.'s, ponytails, cinch belts and crinolines, the ring on a chain around the neck to denote going steady, Ike, and Beats (more profound and literate than Hippies). There were blackboard jungles, troops in Korea and Little Rock (sent by that same Ike to enforce the desegregation orders), payola scandals, Army-McCarthy, and traditional chaos. But the media were not omnipresent, and, more important, there were no — or few — drugs around. The Stars died violently on a plane and not on pills. Although Frankie Lyman — of F.L. and the Teenagers, whose *Why Do Fools Fall in Love?*, along with the Crewcuts' (sic) *Sh-Boom* and the Penguins' *Earthangel*, forms a significant early trilogy of classic rock 'n' roll — became hooked on drugs in the late 50's, he died, much too young, in the drug-ridden culture of the late 60's. In the relative absence of drugs, if anywhere, was our innocence.

In those days, and again at the ACC, Chuck Berry rocked and wailed over basic emotions: Maybelline's betrayal, Sweet Little Sixteen's desire to grow up (miniskirts, hotpants and bare feet have replaced in the lyrics the original tight dresses, lipstick and high-heeled shoes), sexual energy in *Reelin' and Rockin'*, and sheer celebration and exuberance in *Roll Over, Beethoven*. Berry's concessions to time and a new generation have been few: his performing is energetic as ever, his melodies, however frenetic, remain coherent, his lyrics have a narrative strength (the car race in *Maybelline*), and he desires to be heard rather than be amplified beyond intelligibility. In light of the dramatic changes in popular music since the 50's, the opportunistic feyness of Little Richard, the Everly Brothers' bisection (apparently Phil, after twenty years, was getting tired of being known as Don's brother and vice versa), and the campiness of Sha-na-na, Berry's consistency is amazing.

The Coasters share Berry's virtues: a strong beat, simple narratives, energy, and a lack of pretense. Their background in *Searchin'* was too amplified; but *Poison Ivy*, *Yakety-Yak*, and, of course, *Charlie Brown*, were very good indeed. The innocence of Charlie's escapades — shooting craps in the gym, throwing spitballs and mocking the English(!) teacher — reflects not so much an ignorance of the seamier aspects of high school in New York in the 50's (after all, Sidney Poitier's high school in *Blackboard Jungle* makes more recent schools in television and movies seem like Sunnybrook Farm), as a tendency not to sing about them. It may be argued that such a tendency is escapist; it may also be argued that it is inauthentic to deny that there are moments of adolescence that are tender, romantic, "innocent," and free from social consciousness, and that an excessive "realism," wherever found, is even more false than sentimentality.

There were, of course, no rock 'n' roll ballads in the concert; to that extent, we revisited one part of the sound rather than several. Chuck Berry and the Coasters clearly represent and reflect rock 'n' roll; so do the ballads. *Earthangel*, for example, was voted (don't ask me by whom, but I remember awaiting the results in 1960) the top rock 'n' roll hit of the 50's and it was followed by another ballad (the Dells' *One Summer Night*). The absence of ballads last night, of course, was not a shortcoming. But nostalgia seems to thrive on reminiscences of slower, more gentle moods, even more than on the "big beat." The difficulty was not Berry's, but memory's.

"Innocence" in part may consist in the failure to realize how much we owed and owe to those who loved us when we were oblivious to their love, took it for granted, or cast it aside. Perhaps only experience, if that, bludgeons us into the recognition that love is in fact a rare gift, nearly impossible to give in a true spirit or to receive in gratitude. But the soul's struggles with the pain by which love and identity are consistently tested, surely were no different in the 50's than they are now. The 50's had Ike, the 60's assassinations; but the inner growing up, private and wrenching, the seeking of some form of durable simplicity in the midst of change, remain constant and recognizable. This continuity may be the source both of Berry's appeal and his consistent popularity — despite the thousand or so one-nighters, in the middle of nowhere, between then and now. He is good; and, after Alice Cooper,

where *can* one go? He has persevered and grown older gracefully, without the gimmickry to which the Fading Star often turns in desperation.

If the audience's incredibly zealous response to Berry clearly indicated that he was the one they had come to see, their response to the Coasters was also warm. Yet the rapport between audience and performers occasioned some disappointment. The references to drugs were sad — not, perhaps, to the young, but to one who grew up in the 50's. It was obvious but melancholy that a few apparently could not find sufficient pleasure in Berry's infectious music without resorting to the artificial highs brought about by social pressure that they feel at this kind of event. For a performer to pretend that such devices are chic or even necessary, is depressing as well. It is reasonable to suppose, of course, that the performer's references were simply rhetorical devices meant to ingratiate themselves with a far younger audience. Nonetheless, to have Charlie Brown, the irrepressible but somehow innocuous hood say, "Lay some grass on me" — even if such jargon is not dated, as I suspect it is whenever I am able to understand it — is about as appropriate as it would be to have Dorothy ask for a shot of whisky to help her make it through the Land of Oz.

But if the rapport between audience and performer is vital, it becomes even more crucial when there is an age difference between them of two decades. The real pathos, then, was not in the attempt to be "hip" (as we used to say), but in the Coasters' explicit denial that the 50's were indeed their home, their point of reference. We came out of the 50's, they insisted, but we are not "for" the 50's. We have been playing all the "A" nightclubs" in Las Vegas, Miami, and so on. Now to be "relevant" to an audience need not necessitate pretending to eternal youth, or indicting one's own past. What could it possibly mean not to be "for" an entire decade — and a decade that had been for them a good one?

Their claim that they had been in, but were no longer of, the 50's was gratuitous. One understands their not wishing to be museum pieces, stuffed, as it were, with their dusty gold records. But the point Chuck Berry made, of course, and the Coasters did as well, is precisely that good music has a certain integrity all its own, and that it does not need the trappings of a later time to ensure its appeal. With the exception of the louder, more elaborately amplified background, the performances were the same as they had been twenty years ago, and they were as well received.

If the feelings at times were mixed, it was still pleasant to remember, to coast, and to be momentarily berried. The Republic has survived Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and it is surviving Watergate. It has endured its elders and its young, its left and right. Jack Kerouac knew its ever-returning soul better than B. F. Skinner. Faith restored, I'm ready for any innovation. Bring on the Kingston Trio!



Thomas and Noelle Werge

Thomas Werge is an Associate Professor in the Department of English. Along with his position as Chairman of the Committee on Academic Progress, Mr. Werge is also the SCHOLASTIC's Ambassador from the Fifties.

The Art of A Pep Rally

A week had passed since an old friend, bearing a revelation picked up around a bend of booze, had confided, "Did you know? Did you know? that no one has ever interviewed a sacred cow?"

"You're drunk," I countered.

"Did you know," he continued, "that no one has ever covered a football rally, either?"

After chiding such irreverence, I remembered that fools are often more than foolish. I held a brief conversation concerning the coverage of the pep rally with the Editor. He reacted with enthusiasm. A commitment of sorts had apparently been made. Hence, the concept of studying the rally preyed on my mind. Suddenly it all seemed basically pretentious. From that point on, the idea intermittently foundered and regained life. Then the final uncertainty settled in like the clouds on the afternoon of the night of the rally. In short, if the rally promised to be either too great or too small, too evil or too sublime, then could one do any justice to the event in a few pages? The question of tone was at hand. After having witnessed two successive nights of panty raids and having heard from a friend over lunch that an uncertain number of women—attempting a "jock" raid—had been battered by a contingent of men, I had serious misgivings about the socio-sexual-macho-milieu which seems to surround football, especially Notre Dame football. But cynics are boring and self-defeating; innocents, on the other hand, are generally prudish and lack insight. The answer had to be elsewhere.

The notion arose that the event might contain its own form and, therefore, the question might conceivably contain its own answer.

Nonetheless, one needs enthusiasm when digging for gold. The slump of deep depression, settling slowly throughout the week, had completely sagged to bottom when the news arrived that singer Jim Croce, one of the few to achieve any fame from my neighborhood, had entered Buddy Holly Heaven. Thus, a fierce apprehension about covering the rally itself had come together with a smouldering depression, leaving as residue the unholy intimation that I might arrive at the gold mine and discover I had lost my shovel. The form of the rally might finally prove too impenetrable.

Outside Stepan Center, before the tribe was permitted to enter, the mood was not witchcraft, but carnival. I was struck by the difference in sensation between the Dillon Rally of the night before and the Stepan crowd gathered outside in the light rain. At Dillon, the phantasmagoric images of cheerleaders, projected twenty feet high against the wall, and the strange mix of catcalls and battle cries was more like Halloween than pep rally. At Stepan, however, whether it was the lesser ratio of hard-core football fanatics or the large representation of parents and alumnus, there was a decided innocuousness that enveloped the participants.

After entering the building, like cattle ushered down the trough, the first hint of revelation concerning the actual form of the rally was delivered. Tribal celebration was more in order than prayerful anticipation because the conclusions are essentially foregone. At an ND rally, there is, of course, no question as to who will win. Any uncertainty is reserved for the more mundane consideration of how much the team will win by.



The crowd was playful before the rally actually got under way. A foreigner, upon experiencing the sight of so many laughing people, upon seeing the launch of human beings from blankets, not to forget the dancing and singing, indeed, any foreigner who wandered into Stepan with no notion of time would certainly believe we had already won. Psychologically we had. Psychologically, the team always wins on Friday night.

The chaos cohered the instant the Band arrived. The rally was officially begun. The Band contains the potential of controlling the crowd at any time. All they need do is strike up the "Fight Song" and even Sidhartha himself would have to cease his utterances until the band stopped playing. In short, if the rally is a postgame celebration that is held pregame, it is essential to recall that music is the most profound reinforcement of the experience. No matter who says what—everyone says the same thing—the Band will christen the verbiage with another round of "The Fight Song." The beauty of this aspect of form is its complete predictability coupled with the sincere spontaneity of the tribe.

Since conclusions are foregone, there must be no surprises of any kind. In this regard, the content of the spoken language is essentially irrelevant. Only the affirmative tones and the screaming, emphatic sound of the words are important. One suspects that this is why it is so difficult to remember which speaker has said what. Without a notebook and roster, a scrupulous journalist might be forced to commit the sin of Creative Quotation.

Consider the question posed by the emcee:

"Are you psyched?" came the yell from the stage. The question itself is absurd. It would be like asking a dying hedonist if he'd like another go at one more orgy. The answer returned with a rumble:

"Yaaaah!" yelled the crowd. More dancing. Celebration. And of course the Band was there to let everyone know when to stop.

The next clue to the rally form was offered by tight end Dave Casper. It was Casper's second opportunity in two nights to speak. The preceding night, at Dillon, the Ghost—as he was then called—was unconsciously on to the rally style. One must be direct, speak in

short, concise phrases, and tell the crowd what they want to hear. Casper squared off before the mike. His twenty-foot shadow bobbed and weaved against the Dillon wall. Examining his shadow, one could divine he was not called the Ghost for nothing.

"Start yellin'," Dave yelled. The crowd, of course, responded enthusiastically. But the real pearl was to be offered on Friday night. For Dave Casper showed us the Art of the Redundant Repetition. Casper brought us up to date as to who was "back." Each individual's name was uttered in repetition. "Charley is back. Pete is back. Lou is back. Bill is back, etc." He ended by saying, "They're all back. They're ready to play."

In such curious litany, elements of the primitive abound. There is something terribly hypnotic and enveloping about the repeated phrases that transcend the actual content. While sentences are generally meaningless insofar as they are unexpected, there are words which never fail to provoke the tribe even when they arrive unexpectedly. "Number One" will always cause an eruption. "Challenge" is no mean word. Even so, we can all thank Mike Townsend for giving still another clue as to how deep the primal influences extend. Mike offered the normal line of rhetoric until the conclusion of the speech. Finally he said, "We're gonna kick plenty of ASS tomorrow." Well. At the sound of "ass" the crowd went wild. Obscenity in public, even the mildest "ass," is always chilling and moving.

The climax of the night was Ara Parseghian. The crowd, senses awakened, divined when it was almost time for him to speak. "We want Ara. We want Ara," etc., started spontaneously until virtually no way existed for the crowd not to "get" Ara. A disrespectful friend had once stated that there is essentially little difference in emotion between "Ara, Ara," and "Allah, Allah." I remember saying I thought the notion blasphemous but worth stating nonetheless. No matter what, however, it is clearly the "Era of Ara." After he was introduced and the Band quieted down, Ara pointed out that we were a "noisy group." More noise. Ara had some words to say to the freshmen about the Notre Dame spirit. Since words themselves at rallies carry little truck, it was proven, once again, that the experience would in fact speak for itself. Referring to the gathering before him as the embodiment of the Notre Dame spirit, Ara simply said, "Baby, this is what it is." More and more noise!

Like the others who had preceded him, Ara saved the best for last. We will remember that the Lack of Surprise and the Art of the Redundant Repetition are two essential elements of the rally form. Indeed, it is only the great artist who can break the rules of the craft and still come on with grace and a more profound offering. Consummate artist that he is, Ara

briefly stunned the audience by saying, "I hear Northwestern is pretty good." An ugly silence resounded. Gradually, the void was filled with a chorus of boos that began as silence and ended as crescendo. Again he spoke; "I hear they have good backs." Everyone, by now, was ready. Playful, happy boos. "I hear they have a new coach." More boos, only louder. "Good offense." Louder still. "Fine defense." The boos were deafening. The Art of the Redundant Repetition had taken hold. And, then, fully expected by all, came the words, "But we're gonna beat 'em." The rally was finally consummated. The crowd was in a frenzy.

The rally ended when the Band played the "Alma Mater." A few were on their knees.

"Are you psyched?"

"Yaaaah!" yelled the crowd.

More dancing. Celebration.

As I left, I realized my depression had declined. I didn't feel so bad anymore. While walking around campus later that night, I was struck by the conspicuous absence of the roving mobs of panty raids. The mood at large was actually subdued. Rallies, I suspected, have a way of driving off the steam. Rallies, I thought, are more than just emotional outlets. Having attended only three or four other rallies during my years here, I'm not quite sure what constitutes the psychology of the pep rally. Nonetheless, I have distinct impressions concerning each one, making each one meaningful or meaningless depending upon what had happened. I recall, once, falling in love with a girl in my dancing circle. But she was quickly lost in the crowd and probably returned to Toledo, Ohio, on the Sunday bus. That was last year. Now my impressions are less clear and more confused. The rally is a part of Notre Dame, probably here more so than anywhere else. I don't quite know what that might mean. Yet, rallies are very good and very bad, a pure release of spirit and a misdirection of energy. Depending on how you look at it, the pep rally will either be the quintessential absurdity or the magnificent ecstasy. It just depends, finally, on how you look at it.

—jack wenke

Siddhartha, Everything Returns

With two of Hermann Hesse's novels having already sold over two million copies and with several others well on their way, it was inevitable that someone would make a movie of *Siddhartha*. What was not inevitable was that the director who chose to do the adaptation would do a good job of it. Conrad Rooks, who produced as well as directed *Siddhartha*, has done just that.

Siddhartha, Hesse's 1922 novel, narrates the allegorical story of a Brahmin of the same name, whose search for the meaning of life takes him through periods of harsh asceticism, study with the Buddha, sensual pleasure under the direction of a shapely courtesan, material wealth as a merchant, spiritual breakdown and finally, after a lifelong struggle, the oneness and harmony with himself that he has been seeking.

Director Rooks, like all of his colleagues who have made film versions of literary works, faced a crucial decision: whether to stick closely to the simple plot outlined above, or to sublimate the plot and create an essentially visual, cinematic experience. Rooks, risking a loss of popularity among Hesse's avid young fans, chose to do the latter.

Rooks received some invaluable assistance from Sven Nykvist, the man who many experts believe to be the best cinematographer in the business. Nykvist has photographed more than a dozen films for Ingmar Bergman and the results of this experience are highly evident in his exquisite filming of *Siddhartha*. Siddhartha begins his quest for truth by rejecting the dull routine of his father's life-style and joining, with his friend Govinda, a traveling band of sadhus, or holy men. From then on his story is told in a series of visual images and photographic effects which seem unfortunately interrupted by the short philosophical dialogues. Before the conflict with his father Siddhartha and Govinda walk down

to the river, shed their clothes, and immerse themselves for their morning bath. At this young age Siddhartha is unaware of the mystical significance of the river. It is the river that teaches men the futility of trying to control their destiny with the simple message: "Everything returns." Siddhartha realizes the power of this message only after he reaches old age and again we see him, together with Govinda, working as a raftsmen on the river.

Filmed entirely on location in India, *Siddhartha* benefits from the generosity of a number of special interest groups. The sadhu sequence takes place in jungles along the Ganges River at Rishikesh, the holy city where the Beatles studied meditation. Rooks arranged to follow a present-day group of sadhus on their wanderings for a two-week period. The love scenes between Siddhartha (Shashi Kapoor) and Kamela (Simi Garewal) were filmed in and around the palaces and estates of the Maharajah of Bharatpur.

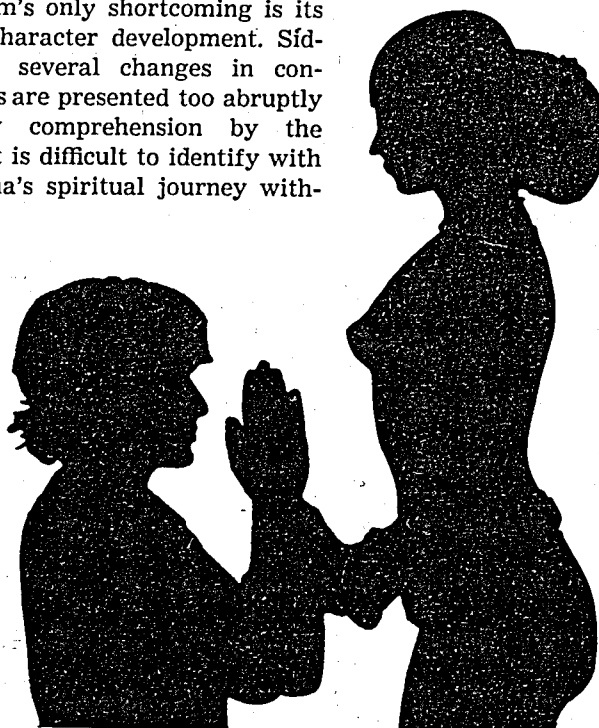
The film's only shortcoming is its lack of character development. Siddhartha's several changes in consciousness are presented too abruptly for easy comprehension by the viewer. It is difficult to identify with Siddhartha's spiritual journey with-

out a more in-depth look into his personality. Perhaps a little more verbal interaction would have been helpful here.

This lack of character development is in no way the fault of Shashi Kapoor, who gives a very credible performance as Siddhartha. He is the only Indian actor who has established a reputation outside his native land, having appeared in four international successes including *The Householder* and *Pretty Polly*. Kapoor joins Simi Garewal in several beautifully photographed love scenes that manage to be erotic without being pornographic.

Siddhartha is a fine film. Readers who would prefer a strict rendering of Hesse's novel may be disappointed but for those interested in a pleasant visual experience *Siddhartha* should be a welcome alternative to another evening on campus. *Siddhartha* is now playing at the River Park theater in South Bend.

— greg conti



coming distractions

SEPTEMBER 28

... Indiana Governor Otis Bowen honors his constituents with a lecture at Bethel College.

... The cheerleaders honor theirs with the film "Brian's Song" at Washington Hall.

SEPTEMBER 29

... The N.D. Indiana Assoc. sponsors the film "Bar-wachi" at 6:00 p.m. in the Library Auditorium.

... Cinema '74 presents "Red Desert" in the Engineering Auditorium.

OCTOBER 1

... The Shakespeare Film Series continues with "The Taming of the Shrew" in the Engineering Auditorium at 7 and 10 p.m.

Guy Lombardo performs tonight at the Morris Civic.

OCTOBER 2

... George Plimpton tells his story at Washington Hall.

OCTOBER 3

... The Music Dept. presents Sue Seid, organist, at Sacred Heart Church, 8:15 p.m.

OCTOBER 4

... St. Trinity Episcopal Philharmonic Orchestra of Haiti will perform at Union Auditorium, Goshen College.

... "An Eighteenth Century Evening" is to be had at Stapleton Lounge, SMC.

OCTOBER 5

... "Movie Classics" at Schuyler Colfax Auditorium, South Bend Public Library.

OCTOBER 6

... The ACC hosts the New Riders of the Purple Sage and guest Roger McGuinn (Byrds).

OCTOBER 7

... Studebaker Drivers' Club Antique Car Display will provide the Studebaker Car Museum its excitement for the semester.

... The ACC will try to outdo Studebaker with the opening of the Cobra Industries Travel Trailer Show, through October 9.

OCTOBER 9

... ND/SMC Theater opens "Richard III" at 8:00 p.m. in O'Laughlin. Performances nightly Oct. 9-13.

OCTOBER 10

... Cardinal O'Hara Lecture Series presents Prof. Joseph M. Belth, Professor of Insurance, Graduate School of Business, of Indiana University, Bloomington, in the Library Auditorium at 3:30 p.m.

OCTOBER 11

... IUSB opens "The Trojan Women" through the 13th.

... The CAC shows "Fritz the Cat" in the Engineering Auditorium.

OCTOBER 12

... Chicago Symphony Trio will perform in the Library Auditorium at 8:15 p.m.

... The Strauss Vienna Orchestra (Phil Simon International Series) plays at the Morris Civic.

... The Blues Festival opens in Stepan Center.

Don. Reitz Ceramics show opens Oct. 6 at the Art Gallery, Goshen College, and continues through the 28th.

Bob Evans opens a show of his *New Paintings* at South Bend Art Center on Oct. 7. The show will continue through the 28th.

Photographs by James Raymo continues at South Bend Art Center through Oct. 7.

O'Shaughnessy Art Gallery continues its show of *Italian Renaissance Work from the Permanent Collection* through Dec. 30.

A Joint Exhibition of Graphics by Harold Altman and Linda Plotkin, Radecki Art Galleries, continues through Sept. 30.

O'Shaughnessy Art Gallery's show of *60 Prints from the 60's* will continue through Oct. 18.

Paintings by Dr. Susan Chiang will show at YWCA Art Gallery through Oct. 30.

O'Shaughnessy Art Gallery continues its show of *Nineteenth Century Works from the Permanent Collection* through Dec. 30.

French Handbills of the 1890's will continue on show at South Bend Art Center through Sept. 30.

Experimental Photography by Richard Stevens will continue at O'Shaughnessy Art Gallery through Oct. 18.

—rick gering

notre dame concerts

FALL CONCERT SCHEDULE, 1973

October	5	NEW RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE (special guest: ROGER McGUINN)	\$4.50, 3.50, 2.50
October	26	*RICK ROBERTS	FREE
October	27	**CARPENTERS	\$6.50, 5.50, 3.00
November	3	PAUL SIMON	\$5.50, 4.50, 3.00
middle November		DAVID CROSBY & GRAHAM NASH	\$5.50, 4.50, 3.00

... other shows will be announced as they are confirmed ...

*location to be announced

**sponsored by the Athletic & Convocation Center (all other shows sponsored by Notre Dame Concerts with the ACC.)

The Du Lac Sporting News

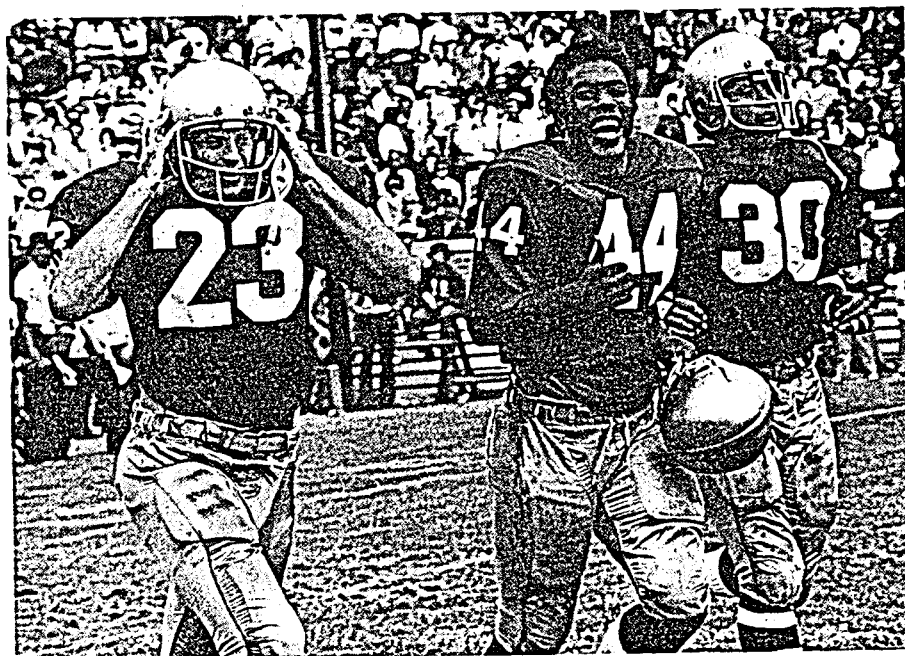
Ever since my freshman year, the football season has engendered dreams, and even expectations of national prominence and dominance. I have always hoped that the Fighting Irish would finish first in the national polls at least once during my college career. As a senior, my attitude has not changed, except, perhaps for absence of the cocky, pre-season certainty that, indeed, "this will be the year." Of my years at ND, 1970 proved to be the most successful attempt at capturing the national title; only a final, regular season game loss to Southern Cal marred an otherwise perfect record. Since then, we have never even approached the number-two berth accorded to us that year by the Associated Press.

The following two seasons witnessed the Fighting Irish sink to the teens in national ratings, registering the poorest showings in nine years. The disastrous season of 1963 reversed itself the following year as a new coach, Ara Parseghian, steered the shaken Irish to a brilliant nine and one record, meriting third place in both polls.

The low ebb of our gridiron strength seemed to evoke miracles from Ara ten years ago; one can only hope that Mr. Parseghian can again startle the sports world with that kind of striking recovery.

After a sentence like that, I feel some of the old assurance returning; but then, it always does about this time of year. Unfortunately, as far as I am concerned, this is our last, big chance.

Apparently ABC-TV still believes we are Number One, for, of the announced games to be nationally televised, ND leads in exposure with three contests — against Purdue, Southern Cal, and Air Force — already scheduled.

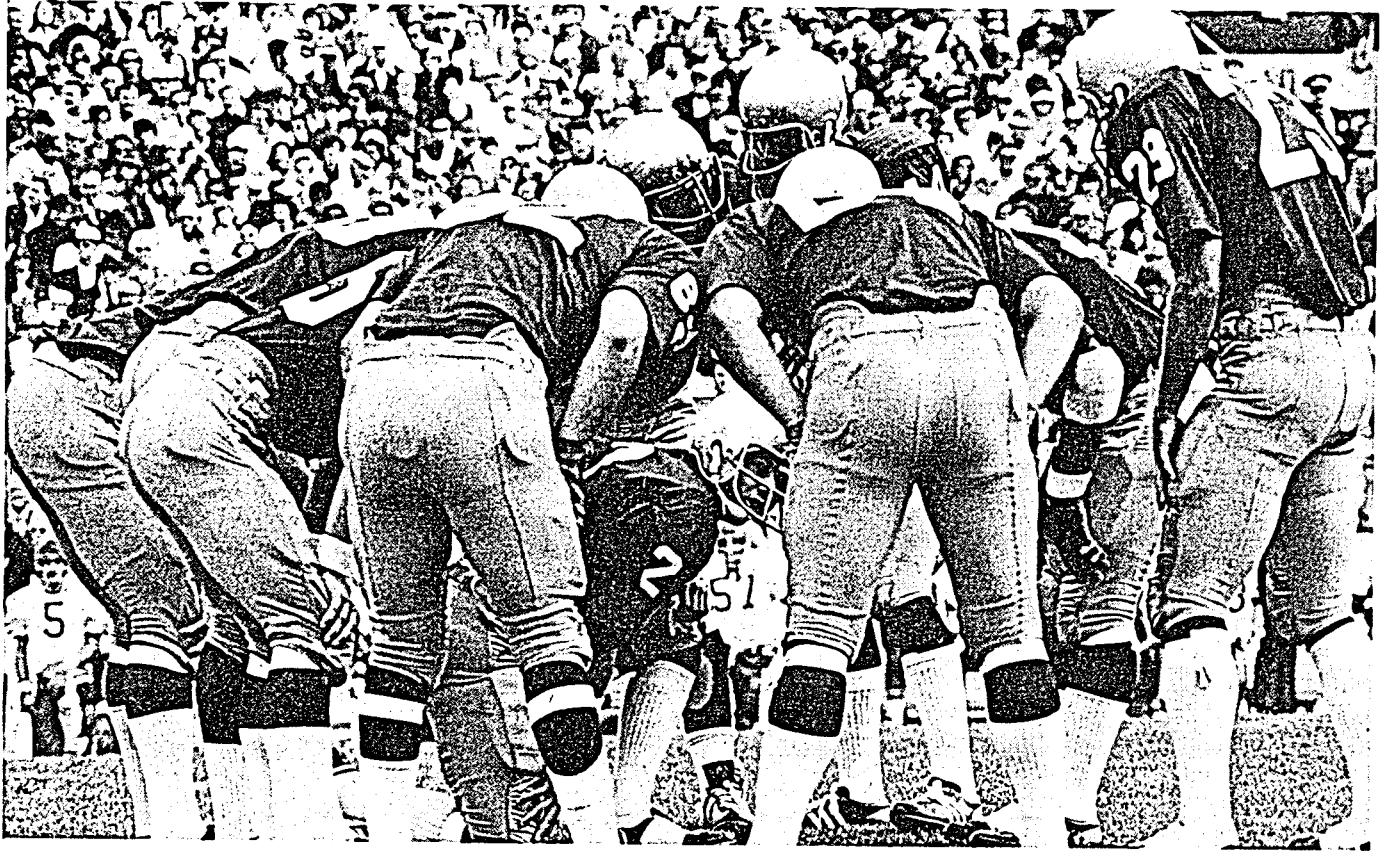


Art Best (23); Eric Penick (44); Wayne Bullock (30)

Beginning the season against Northwestern has always been marvelous for Irish spirits. In the past five season openers against Northwestern, ND has captured each by at least twenty points. This season's match proved to be a mere continuation as the recent change in the Northwestern coaching staff certainly didn't help matters.

I for one figured that since Johnny Pont had never worked under Ara, he could possibly come up with

some original plays. Unfortunately, running up the middle against our youthful but awesome front four is neither original nor healthy. Ends Ross Browner, a freshman playing his first game for Notre Dame, and Jim Stock, together with the damaging duo Steve Niehaus and Mike Fanning, repeatedly shifted on the line to effectively fold the Wildcat line in half like cardboard. The Northwestern backfield took turns bouncing around inside this trap, or



finally came running through the only exit into the waiting linebacker Greg Collins.

Before the game, Pont stated that he favored a sprint-out, option style quarterbacking. I think our front four proved last Saturday that they also prefer this style of football.

Optimism and enthusiasm seemed to be the key words emerging from the Purdue camp before the beginning of the season. As it turned out, these two terms meant that the Boilermakers lost quite a few lettermen last graduation, and have a rather young team that can go either way. After two games this season, they seem to be settled in one direction, though not a very promising one. Even though he escaped to Purdue, poor Alex Agase still has to face his former boss, this year, in our second

game of the season. In the past, Purdue's success against the Irish has been only marginally better than the Wildcats'; ND has topped the Boilermakers in their last three meetings.

As a trivia footnote: the Boilermakers were so impressed with the 35-14 whitewashing they received last year that they voted three Irish teammates to their "All-Opponent Team"; Frank Pomarico, Eric Penick and Greg Marx. They almost had to face two of the three in this season's contest, but as it is, they will certainly have their hands full with the evasive Eric Penick.

The Irish seem to be plagued this year with a problem that doesn't much lend itself to national prominence. The teams we are scheduled to play haven't been highly con-

sidered as tough competitors, and the games thus far in the season have only proved this too well. In their first outing of the season, Northwestern beat MSU, 14-10, but their showing against the Irish did much to destroy the notion that they were a team of any consequence. MSU came back to beat Syracuse, but only in the last minute, by a 14-8 margin.

Purdue began its season by shakily beating Wisconsin 14-13 but then dropped a sleeper to giant-killer Miami of Ohio, 24-19. And so on.

It all comes down to one game, assuming a postseason bowl trip would only be icing on the cake. Four years has been a long time though, and it sure would be nice. . . .

— tom gora

The sport legally recognized in Canada as the national pastime is not, as most would think, the toothless game of hockey, but is, instead, lacrosse. Here at Notre Dame, lacrosse is a club sport beginning its tenth season this spring, right now in the midst of fall practice.

Under the direction of Coach Rich O'Leary, who also is Director of Club Sports at Notre Dame, the '72 lacrosse squad completed their finest season in the club's history; repeating the 10-1 mark of last year looks to be a difficult task. The stickmen were hard hit by graduation, losing most of the firepower that averaged almost nine tallies a game. Not many students are familiar with lacrosse, much less follow its campus developments. Perhaps a little enthusiasm generated by an understanding of the game would help the ND squad match and, perhaps, surpass last year's mark.

Historically speaking, the North American Indians were the originators of the game, then called *baga-taway*. The American historian, artist and writer, George Catlin (1796-1872), who traveled extensively in Indian territories, stated that from 800 to 1,000 players sometimes took part in a game. The contests between the tribes often lasted as long as a week. Broken limbs were quite common, and some of the participants were actually killed on the field. Rigorous training and preparation were prerequisites for these intensively competitive matches, as the games were considered tests of the players' virility.

The first white men to see the game played, French traders, noticed that the sticks of the Indians were bent at the top. The Frenchmen realized that these sticks resembled a bishop's crozier, and from the French word, *la crosse*, the game received its present title.

In about 1840, the game was first played by white men, though it wasn't until 1867 that the National Lacrosse Association of Canada was formed. The game quickly spread into the United States with New York University the first to sponsor collegiate lacrosse, followed by Harvard and Princeton. The United States Intercollegiate Lacrosse Association was formed in 1883, and intercollegiate competition has grown ever since.

ND Stickmen prepare for number ten



If it is to be played successfully, this quick-reaction game, often called "the fastest game on foot," requires top conditioning, especially from the midfielders, and agile coordination of the stick. Hard, aggressive checking, accurate passing, and fancy footwork in dodging opponents all are needed for the purpose of getting the 5- to 5¼-ounce ball into the six-foot-square netted cage.

Co-captains of this year's squad are defensemen George Carberry and Geoff Lyden, who are expected to anchor the Irish defense. Senior Ron Sadowski is the president of the club, which, in addition to the first team, has a "B" squad under the direction of Major Cochran. Coach O'Leary, who in his college days was All-American at Cortland State in New York, has midfield returnees Rich Caron and John Corcoran back

to handle these most crucial positions. The big question mark on the team is the lack of experience at the attacks. Ron Sadowski has seen limited action in the past, and juniors Joe Mears, returning from an injury, and Steve Tarnow, back from a year in Mexico, are relatively inexperienced and untried. The squad members hail from all over the country and the final roster is expected to number between 22 and 24.

The prospect of lacrosse becoming a varsity sport in the near future is not very good, since Notre Dame, like most colleges throughout the country, is trying to curb its athletic spending. Nevertheless, Coach O'Leary feels that the club team has many advantages because of its informality and purely athletic interests.

— frank coughlin

the last word

The events of the past two weeks evoke (oddly enough) memories of my senior year in high school. My decision to come to Notre Dame was laced with obscure doubts, made only more disquieting by passing rumors about campus life there. Trite remarks such as "South Bend is great—if you like morgues," which re-occurred naggingly, were of not great comfort to a scared 18-year-old.

I arrived on campus that fall full of vague apprehensions about a life of semicloistered academics. Fortunately, however, the camaraderie of neighbors and the remaining frenetic energy of the previous spring's confrontations and strike combined to dispel my fears and make me believe that, despite all the factors weighing against it, Notre Dame *could* have a refreshing and stimulating social atmosphere.

That very atmosphere has been brought into question in the past few weeks, and I can't help but be fearful of the prospects.

Despite the claims and hopes expressed (and, I think, firmly believed) by all of us last year, coeducation has done little, in and of itself, to improve social life at Notre Dame. The idea that the mere presence of women on campus—whatever the ratios—will solve our social problems is as myopic and futile as the idea that sufficient government funds can cure poverty. Notre Dame's social malaise has deeper roots, and does not lend itself to simple solution.

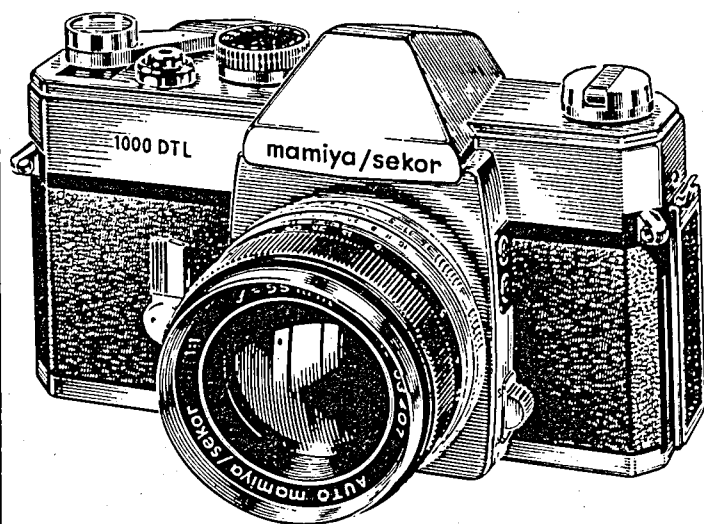
It is apparent from last week's raids and rallies that the main difference in the social situation this year is that, instead of having a large number of males venting their pent-up frustrations in mass pseudo-orgiastic revelries, we have now equalized things to a point where large numbers of males *and* females are publicly venting hostilities and frustrations indicative of a very unstable and unhealthy social atmosphere. It is no great episode in the annals of coeducation that the traditional panty raids have now been countered with "jock" raids. I must take extreme exception with Jerry Lutkus' *Observer* editorial asserting that traditional panty raids are alright as long as they are not destructive. Panty raids are revelatory of a depressing and perverse social atmosphere, and tradition is a weak argument for perversity. Furthermore, the idea that such perversity and its concurrent hostility are now coeducational makes them no more palatable.

The solutions offered so far are no solutions at all. If the social atmosphere at Notre Dame breeds loud, violent, drunken blasts in the halls, then legislating against such parties is like putting a Band-Aid on a broken limb. Instead of counting decibels, we should be asking ourselves why so many parties at Notre Dame are chaotic, destructive, and almost always so unsatisfying in the long run. Our search must not be for effective controls, but for creative outlets. There is a large amount of energy inherent in any and every student—energy which needs to be vented. To set limits to it risks smothering the person. There must be ways to expend this energy creatively, and ways to come together and enjoy each other's company without creating chaos wherever we step. Controlling or limiting social interaction in an attempt to curb destructiveness and chaos in the halls is a severe case of throwing out the baby with the bath.

Indeed, if I had to choose between a next-door neighbor who blasted his stereo and got drunk daily with his friends and, on the other hand, one who, beleaguered by rules, sat quietly in his loneliness, I would prefer the former. For though he would be more disruptive and bothersome, he would also in many ways be more human.

Hopefully, though, this is not a choice we will be forced to make.

—kerry mcnamara



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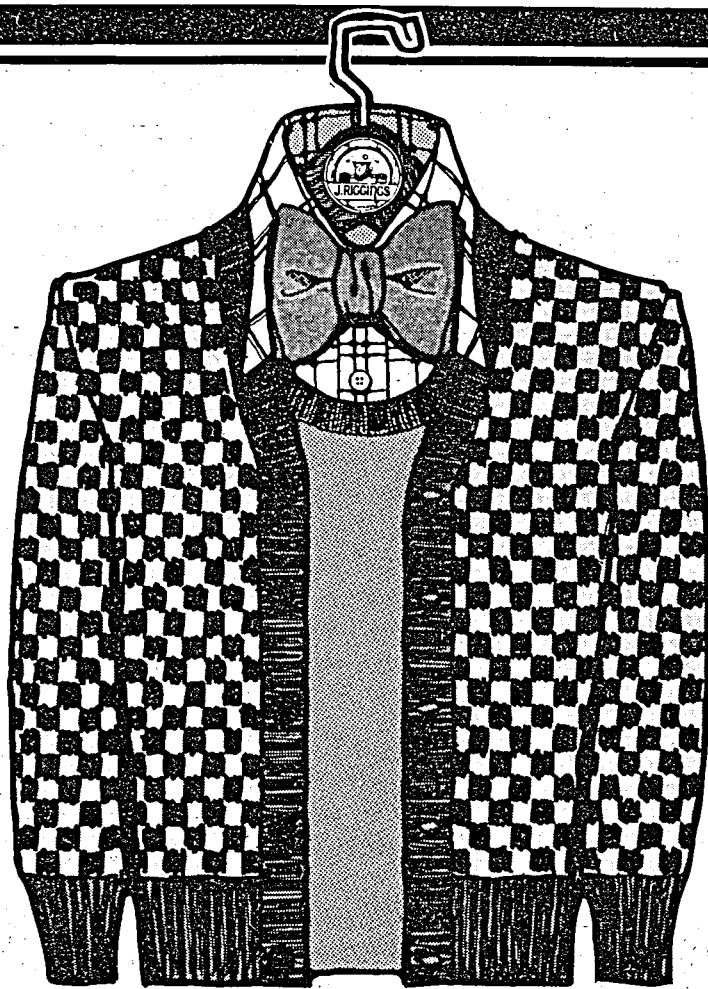
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