

Scholastic

Volume 115, No. 4 November 2, 1973
Notre Dame, Indiana



Winning the big one

Editor

Kerry McNamara

Art Director

Jim Purvis

Production Manager

Janet Cullen

Assistant Editors

Greg Conti, Jim Gresser, Pat Roach,

Joe Runde, Jack Wenke

Sports Editor

Tom Gora

Business Manager

Joe Meyer

Advertising

Alice Christopher

Circulation

Frank Zaletel

Faculty Advisor

Frank O'Malley

Staff

Paul Bolduc, Paul Colgan, Kevin Dockrell,
Betsy Dwyer, Leo J. Mulcahey, Casey Pocius,
Mary Siegel, Sally Stanton, Steve Shea, Gil
Zachary, Pat Sheehan, Jean McQuillan,
Maureen O'Brien, Eileen O'Grady, Mark
Nishan, John Whalen, Sean Bursic, Jack
Brown, Katy Sullivan, Tom McLinden, Kathy
Kelly, Tara Carey, Jorge Lopez, Jack Hangel,
Tom McAndrews, Bob Griffen, Fred Graver,
Pat Fanning, Pat Dillon, Kevin McCormick,
Bill Murray, Frank Coughlin, T. J. Clinton,
Mark Luppino, John Moore, George Sibley,
Craig Spengel

Art & Photography

Mike Budd, Ed Earle, Nan Smith, Tom
Waldoch, John Phelan, Pat Hanafin, Joe
Kuspan, Bill Foglia, Bob McMahon

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.

copyright © 1973 Scholastic / all rights reserved / none of the contents may be reproduced without permission

HEADLINERS

- 6 **Avanti** "They're building dream cars down on South Lafayette Street, and it's not a bad business at all."
- 10 **The Social Stalemate — A Poll** "The results of the poll speak for themselves . . . Something in our recent public policy has gone awry."
- 12 **Mixology** "So you're tired of beer and still want to have a party, but the only drink you know how to mix is a 7 & 7."
- 17 **Poco** "The original hard luck American band."
- 19 **Paul Simon** "His progression accompanies him to the concert stage."
- 22 **Crosby and Nash** "Two poets of experience."

FEATURES

- 14 **Computers and Literature—Keypunching Poetry.**
- 26 **The Rugby Team — "What is a Scrum?"**

REGULARS

- 4 **Letters**
- 21 **Coming Distractions**
- 24 **Week in Distortion**
- 25 **The Crooked Rook**
- 26 **The du Lac Sporting News**
- 30 **The Last Word**

Illustrations: Photo on 3 by Joe Raymond / Photos on 6, 7, 8 by Kerry McNamara / Photo on 15 by Mike Budd / Photo on 20 courtesy of Notre Dame Concerts / Photo on 23 courtesy of Atlantic Records / Photo on 27 by Tom Gora / Photo on 28 courtesy of The DOME.

Letters

DRUG RAIDS

To the Editor:

The recent series of drug raids evidence a new attitude on the part of the administration. A few weeks ago it was stated that the University had no choice in this matter inasmuch as contraband was involved and the University could not, even if it wanted to, allow the use of marijuana on campus. Regardless of these pronouncements it is patently clear that what is involved is *not* a legal issue. If it were, the University would be equally obliged (in logic) to the eradication of drinking by minors, and where it had reason to believe minors would be drinking would be equally committed to punitive and/or remedial action. Obviously such is not the case. Moreover, the findings of the University are not valid in a court of law, unless the searches are under the supervision of an officer of the law, nor does the University even refer the cases to the courts. In fact, the right of secrecy is claimed as a means whereby the persons involved are not subject to the law. Thus, a moral—not a legal—judgment has been made, which by its commission implies the omitted judgment that drinking, even by minors, is, within a proper context, i.e., a context defined by the administration, defensible. Consequently, the University—regardless of the law—is tied to a justification of the moral condemnation of drug use, speaking in particular of marijuana.

The AMA has declared that the use of alcohol is a more serious problem than the use of marijuana. The National Council of Churches has passed a resolution calling for the legalization of marijuana. Research statistics indicate that at least 67% of college students

use or have used marijuana. The rate may be higher here—there is no reason to believe it any lower. Let us say roughly 4,000 students at Notre Dame are involved with the drug's use, not counting faculty or administrators. It is true that right morality cannot be legislated by mere majority; however, the University must show that it is in all cases a moral problem, that is, that drug use itself—not deeper maladies which provoke drug abuse—is a moral question, and that it is of a nature which demands universal condemnation. This, I think, they cannot do. Parenthetically, the University might realize that the harm of criminal and social sanctions far outweighs the harm of marijuana use itself, and work for the non-criminalization of possession. This stance, unpopular in some circles, would require true moral fortitude.

It is clear in any case that the University cannot halt, probably not even lessen significantly, the use of marijuana. The real task, perhaps more difficult, is to provide an atmosphere in which getting high is not an absolute goal but at best a relative one. If they and we are serious about our Christianity, then they and we must stimulate a re-valuation of the divine rite, which not just in this instance has been devalued to the humanistic rite of lighting a joint. To cloak the issue as it has been is to validly subject the administration to the charge of "Hypocrite lecteur," to overshadow the fact that all of us are faced with difficult questions, and to belie the truth that you are not my superior, you are "mon semblable;—mon frère!"

Respectfully,

James T. Braun

NICKIE'S RECONSIDERED

Dear Editor,

I read the *Scholastic's* evaluation of the area taverns frequented by Notre Dame students. I agreed with many of the statements in the article, but I must take exception with the evaluation of Nickie's. Let me begin by saying that my favorite bar is Corby's. However, they serve sandwiches which don't appeal to me. So when I'm hungry, I often drop over

to Nickie's for the hamburger special. For \$1.50 you get a pint of cold beer, a bowl of soup and a half pound (not a quarter pounder) hamburger. The hamburger and soup taste good, and in my opinion it's a good deal.

So now you know how I feel about Nickie's food. Let's talk about the watered down beer your staff members feel they serve. Any "knowledge-

able drinker" knows it's very difficult to water down tap beer. A person would have to be a hydraulic expert to run water and beer through the same line. Can you dig that?

Enough said there. I heard that the Notre Dame administration is cracking down on hall parties. I guess that's their prerogative. Instead of trying to fight it, why don't the students of drinking age start

going out to some of the taverns around here? I realize that Corby's is jammed almost every night. But, as the article pointed out, there are a few other (Louie's, the Library, Rocco's, Simeri's, Cliff's, Giuseppe's, yes, and even Nickies) places for the ND people.

So the social atmosphere is cold. There are about 8,000 Notre Dame students and maybe 1,200 St. Mary's students. Hey man, that's a lot of people. Of these students there are quite a few good-looking women around who aren't going out at all. For those of us who enjoy knocking down the brew, there are a few places to go besides the dorms. So let's get off the old butt and go out a bit. Maybe if we started boogying a little harder, we could warm up the social scene to a respectable level.

Well, I'm getting carried away. Why not bury the hatchet with Nick? None of the taverns around here should be half-full on any Saturday night. Give all the bars a break. If you gave Nickie's half a chance, you might want to drop in sometime. I do.

Sincerely,
Duff Holahan

THE PRIEST

Dear Editor,

I should be the last to suggest that bad books deserve good reviews; nor is it my feeling that one's university should serve as claque for his work. But Mr. Melody's easy dismissal of Ralph McInerny's most recent novel is upsetting (*Scholastic*, October 12, 1973, pp. 36-37). In its pretense of operating in terms of reality, Mr. Melody's review assumes criteria which are not sensible for fiction. There is nothing in this world that

says Mr. McInerny must write about Mr. Melody's realities. A fair-minded critic will keep this in mind and recognize that it is not for him to *make something up* but to *make something out of* what is already made. A critic then who spends one-half of a 1000-word essay in conjuring up pleasant memories and fond realities at another man's expense but finds no place to say that this man is a serious writer who has authored several books in philosophy, as well as fic-

tion, and is a professor in Notre Dame's Department of Philosophy (an item, I would think, of no small interest to *Scholastic* readers) is not to be heeded—however be the real case with Mr. McInerny's new novel.

D. W. Moran

Editor's Note: Due to an error in production, Mr. Melody's review went to press without certain essential corrections he had requested. Our sincere apologies to all.

Why should anyone be a priest?

Why study for the priesthood? Why be part of a dying institution? Why commit yourself to celibacy? Indeed, why get closer to misery in a world that is already miserable enough?

There aren't any easy answers to these questions—even for a Paulist. But he knows that today's world desperately needs people who are committed to ideals and beliefs. In our search for peace of mind and country, happiness, love and brotherhood, we are really seeking *meaning*—a reason for being.

The Paulist doesn't feel the world is dying; he rejoices in the signs of hope around him

and listens for the sounds of love. Men like the Paulists rekindle our spirits and their love for Him includes and embraces all of us.

Every Paulist is a missionary. Whether he is in the pulpit or the parish house, on campus or in ghettos . . . whether he communicates with the spoken word or the printed word, the Paulist is talking about what concerns him most: the love of Christ for all people.

If you are looking for answers, talk to us. Together we may find them. For more information about the Paulist priesthood, send for THE PAULIST PAPERS—an exciting new kit of articles, posters and recordings about America's first religious community.

Write to:
Father Donald C. Campbell,
Room 102

Paulist Fathers

415 West 59th St., New York, N.Y. 10019

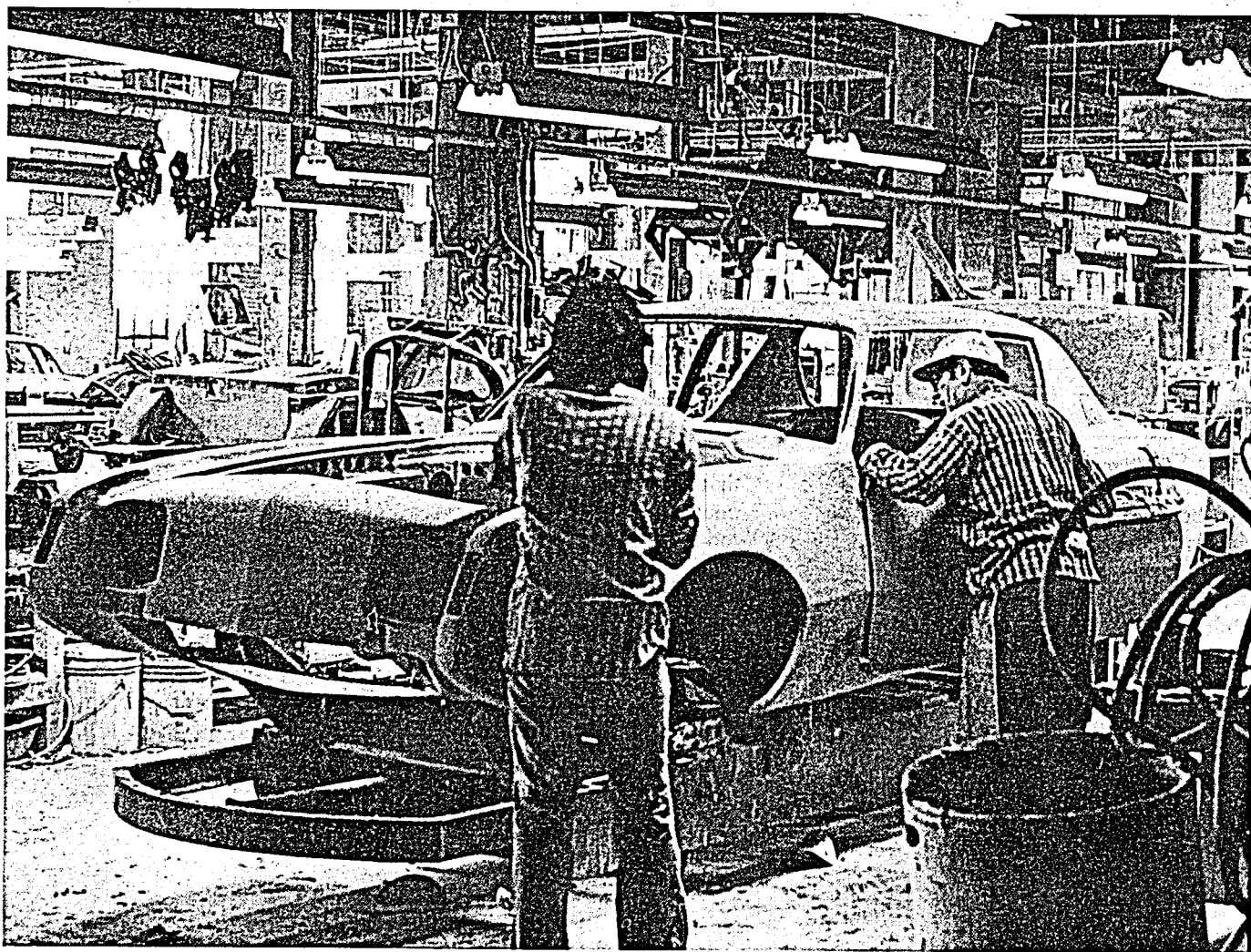
AVANTI

the studebaker
that
made it

They're selling phantoms down on S. Lafayette Blvd., and it's not a bad business at all. In among the long-deserted buildings that were once the home of the Studebaker automakers, the tiny Avanti Motor Corporation continues to hand-assemble resurrections of a 1963 dream car, and sell them for nine grand apiece.

The dream car is the *Avanti*, once Studebaker's trump card for survival as a U.S. automaker, and now what *Esquire* magazine has called "one of the world's most desirable automobiles." They story of the *Avanti*—its birth, death, and resurrection—is one of the most unique and fascinating in American industry, and one not likely to be repeated.

The story began back in 1961, when a suntanned young California executive named Sherwood Egbert flew into South Bend to become the new president of Studebaker Corporation, and rescue its floundering automotive division. Fifth among American car companies at the time, Studebaker was in sore need of a boost for its corporate image, and the energetic Egbert decided that if the company would produce a popular, sporty car, the stigma of dullness that was stifling Studebaker sales might be broken. That popular, sporty car that was to save the company was the *Avanti*, and Egbert went headlong into the project.



To design the car's styling, Egbert turned to Raymond Loewy, an internationally famous industrial designer who had styled earlier Studebaker models. Loewy assembled a team of three other designers, for privacy rented a house in Palm Springs, and turned out a design in two weeks. Although some of the first drawings were clumsy, the final design was so dramatic that even now it seems more advanced than many Detroit models. The car's shape combined the graceful lines of an aerodynamically curved "pinched waist" with the long hood-short deck styling that was to appear later on Ford's sporty Mustang. The styling even today stands out in a crowd.

From there the plan went to Studebaker's vice-president in charge of engineering, Eugene Hardig. Hardig, who remains with the Avanti Motor Corporation today as director of engineering, was faced with a set of problems radically different from those of the rest of the more sedate Studebaker line: The *Avanti* was not to be simply a pretty, modernistic-looking car, with a flashy body and plush interior. Like the exotic foreign sports cars that had first led Egbert to the conception of the *Avanti*, it was to be a car that would perform.

Hardig went to work "over-engineering" the car from the ground up. Starting with a huge X-member frame for rigidity, he added front and rear stabilizer bars, heavy-duty springs, and rear radius rods, all for handling; front disc brakes, which were a novelty in 1961; and a handful of other engineering niceties. For safety, the car included a roll bar and door latches that, once closed, became structural members of the *Avanti* body. The body was molded in fiberglass to help shrug off dents and lighten the car's weight.

"... options often throw the price tag into five figures."

The *Avanti* power plant became a problem. Short on money to develop a larger engine, the Studebaker engineers turned to their economy model 289-cubic-inch V-8, and hunted around for ways to increase performance. Egbert bought out a supercharger company and made its president, Andy Granatelli of STP fame, his director of performance. Granatelli did a good job. A production supercharged *Avanti* once hit over 170 miles an hour on the Bonneville salt flats, and even the unsupercharged car could hit sixty from a standing start in just over eight seconds.

The public loved the car. In spite of the \$4500 base price, which was an even bigger chunk of money in 1962 than it is today, orders poured in as fast as Studebaker could fill them. It looked as though Egbert had hit on a winning combination. Hopes were that the swelling popularity of the *Avanti* would spread to the other Studebaker lines. Studebaker would be back on its way to financial health and South Bend's work force of six thousand would be secure. All would be well.



But there were problems. The *Avanti* had been taken from pipe dream to production in little over a year, and snags that might have showed up in testing during a regular two- to three-year development program now began to show up on the road. Faulty brackets let the rear windows pop out of their fittings at high speeds. Some parts would not fit well. The fiberglass body would not take a good paint job. The story is told of the shudders in the corporation when British author Ian Fleming ordered one of the original *Avantis* painted black. Black was the color that showed worst the waves in the fiberglass.

The problems continued, and more came. Production delays caused by outside suppliers added to the growing rumors about the *Avanti's* quality, and more and more orders for the cars were cancelled. Engineers worked feverishly to correct the problems as production went on.



Then in December 1963 came the announcement that Studebaker was closing its auto operations in South Bend and moving to a much smaller plant in Canada. The automotive division was \$80 million in the red. There were sixty-five thousand Studebakers sold in 1963; they needed a hundred twenty thousand to break even. Studebaker was gone, and the *Avanti*, it seemed, was dead. Twenty million dollars had gone into developing the car, and in the twenty-month-production period only five thousand had been sold.

* * *

At this point in the story there enters an unlikely hero: a cigar-smoking South Bend auto dealer by the name of Nathan D. Altman. Altman's heroic credentials were not exactly impeccable, especially as far as automobiles were concerned. Although successful in his dealership, he had backed a series of ill-fated lines: a pioneer Edsel dealer, and one of the largest Packard dealers in the country, Altman had been selling Studebakers for years. At one point in the mid-fifties, he had turned down the chance for a Volkswagen dealership, claiming the beetles were too ugly to sell well in the United States.

But in the graceful *Avanti*, Altman saw a car worth saving. And that is what he set out to do, making the rounds to major auto manufacturers to persuade them to pick up Studebaker's dying baby. The response was discouraging. American Motors, which later in the sixties would succeed with the *Javelin* in an *Avanti*-like corporate rejuvenation, were pushing economy models at the time, and wanted no part of the deal. An official of the Checker Motors Corporation, the company that makes taxicabs wanted to know how Altman could expect them to be interested in such an ugly car.

It was then that Altman decided to go into business for himself. He got the help of his business partner, Leo Newman, and family and friends, and with a \$75,000 loan from the St. Joseph Bank, formed the Avanti Motor Corporation. The Ohio Company that had produced the fiberglass bodies for Studebaker agreed to supply them for Altman's *Avanti*. From Studebaker he acquired two buildings on Lafayette Blvd. in South Bend, all the blueprints, parts, and tools needed to make the car, and shrewdly the parts and equipment for Studebaker's truck line as well. It was the sale of those truck parts that kept Avanti Motors alive during the first years.

Altman also talked a reluctant Gene Hardig into taking on the post of chief engineer for the new *Avanti II*, as it was to be called, just as he had been for Studebaker. Hardig faced a set of engineering problems completely different from the original car: adapting the design to a different sort of engine and transmission (now that the Studebaker power plant was no longer available); and more importantly, to a method of production radically different from before. The *Avanti II* would be built the way Altman thought it should always have been built: with care, by hand from the ground up.

* * *

The first *Avanti II* rolled from the factory in 1965, and since then the design of the car and the formula for its construction haven't changed. Only about two hundred are produced in a year, each one the result of six weeks of that handcrafted care that makes the *Avanti II* unique among American automobiles. That winning combination has caught not only the attention of the *Avanti II* buyers, but of the national news media as well.

In the last few years, Avanti Motor Corp. has been featured in *Esquire*, *The National Observer*, *Motor Trend*, and engineering trade journals. CBS News has prepared a yet unbroadcast piece on the factory, and the August issue of *Gallery* devoted several pages to the *Avanti II*, calling it "the American Rolls-Royce." The concept that makes Avanti Motor Corporation work is one radically old-fashioned enough to warrant attention.

From the moment one enters the factory, the difference can be felt. The atmosphere is warm and relaxed. There are no motorized assembly lines. Instead, a pair of parallel lines about a hundred feet long in the factory accommodate a week's body and chassis assembly (five cars or so). The cars, in various stages of construction, are moved on wheeled dollies by hand to the next assembly station—but only when the preceding step is finished. The work is unhurried. If two hours are required to hang a door properly, the worker takes two hours.

Patience and care are shown at every step of the car's assembly. The ten-coat paint job requires a week to apply. Before the upholstery is installed in the car's interior, the car is tested for passenger compartment leaks in a water spray booth. Finally every finished car is road-tested for 150 to 200 miles on the roads around South Bend. The idea is that every car be "as perfect as man can make it," in the management's words, before it leaves the factory.

Most of the cars are sold directly through the factory, and custom-ordered before they are built. Although there is only one choice of power plant (a 400-cubic-inch Chevy V-8 is standard on all 1973 *Avanti II*'s) buyers can choose from more than four hundred different interior designs, in leathers, vinyls, and fabrics, and shag and plush carpetings. Any color of automotive paint currently in production can be chosen for the outside of the car. In addition, there's a long list of Detroit-type options, including air-conditioning, stereo tape systems, a power sunroof, and Borrani wire wheels. The car's base price is \$8600, but options often throw the price tag into five figures.



Down on Lafayette Boulevard, Nathan Altman is proving that the resurrection of a ten-year-old dream car can be good business. And in among the dreary buildings of the old Studebaker complex, the *Avanti* is proving that the story of the phoenix might not be all myth. In any case, it's a story that we're not likely to see again soon, and perhaps never.

—pat roach

The Social Stalemate: A Student Poll

In an attempt to establish some substantive grounds on which to discuss and evaluate the recent actions of the Office of Student Affairs, and desiring to work toward some creative alternatives to the present social stalemate on campus, the *Scholastic* conducted during the past week a random-sample poll of the student body on certain key questions facing all of us. The results are printed herein for interpretation and consideration by all. Though we acknowledge that some questions are unavoidably vague and general, that the percentage of polls returned is by no means encouraging, and that all such polls are less than definitive, we nonetheless feel that the results deserve careful consideration by all. To a certain extent at least, they represent the general campus attitudes toward problems and questions under current consideration by all of us.

The sample was restricted to on-campus undergraduate students. Our deep thanks to Dr. Frank Fahey of the Sociology Department for his advice on conducting the survey, and to Mr. Richard Sullivan, University Registrar, for providing us with the necessary student lists.

Questionnaires circulated: 480
Questionnaires returned: 160
Percentage of response: 33 1/3%

1. Do you consume alcohol?
Never 9%
Less than once per week 42%
More than once per week 49%
2. Are you of legal drinking age in Indiana?
Yes 17% No 83%
3. Are you of legal drinking age in your home state?
Yes 67% No 33%
4. Do you place a different value judgment on the use of alcohol vs. the use of marijuana?
Yes 65% No 35%
5. Have you ever smoked marijuana?
Yes 47% No 53%
6. Do you smoke marijuana now?
Yes 28% No 72%
7. Do you place a different value judgment on the use of marijuana (hashish) vs. the use of "harder" drugs (acid, amphetamines, barbiturates)?
Yes 90% No 10%
8. Do you feel that the use of alcohol is a detriment to the Notre Dame community?
Yes 10% No 90%
9. Do you feel that the use of marijuana is a detriment to the Notre Dame community?
Yes 34% No 66%
10. Should there be official University guidelines concerning the use of

	Yes	No
a. marijuana?	64%	36%
b. alcohol?	42%	58%
11. Have you read the University guidelines concerning the use of alcohol and drugs?
Yes 79% No 21%
12. Do you agree with present University guidelines governing the use of

	Yes	No
a. marijuana?	43%	57%
b. alcohol?	28%	72%
13. Should the University expel

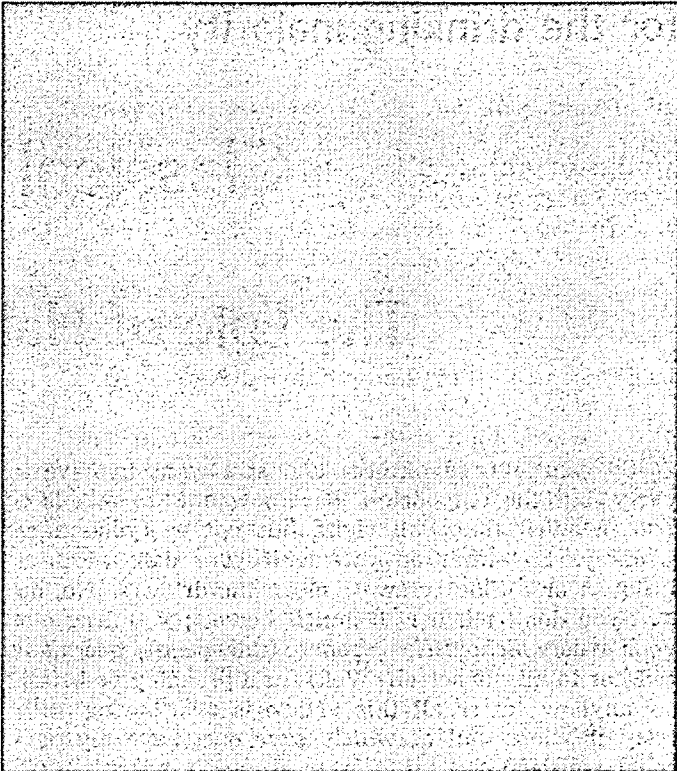
	Yes	No
a. marijuana users?	14%	86%
b. marijuana sellers?	43%	57%
c. "hard drug users?"	54%	46%
d. "hard" drug sellers	90%	10%
14. Have the new University guidelines and the recent actions of the Student Affairs Office affected your social life?
Not at all 67%
Favorably 2%
Unfavorably 31%

Though the results of the poll speak for themselves, and though it is both dangerous and invalid to read too much into the results of any such random sampling, there are a few points which deserve to be mentioned specifically if we are to continue a discussion of the social stalemate Notre Dame seems to find itself in.

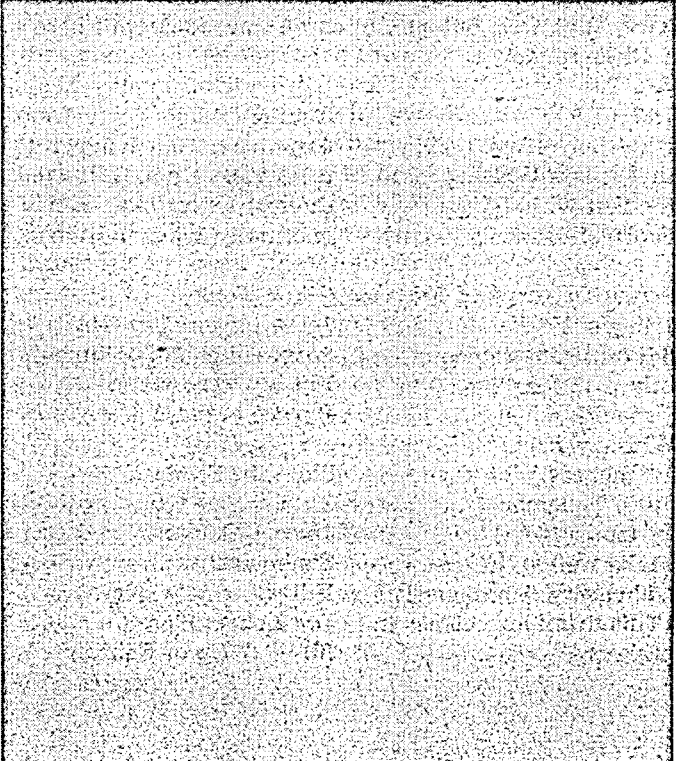
Nearly 60% of those polled disagree with the present University guidelines covering marijuana use, and over 70% disagree with the alcohol guidelines. One can only hope that such results will inspire some careful thought on the part of those involved in the formulation of the guidelines. Though it can (and perhaps will) be argued that the student body will always largely disagree with restrictions on its behavior, one would hope that the students' contentment and well-being still operate as a criterion in the development of University policy. If 70% of those polled disagree with the present alcohol guidelines, it is safe to assume that more than half of those polled (and most likely more than half of the student body in general) will find (and *are* finding) ways to circumvent the restrictions contained in those guidelines. If success be any measure of a policy, then the new guidelines seem to be severely problematic.

These assumptions are reinforced by the answer to the final assumption. Of those polled, 67% felt that the new guidelines had no effect on their social life. One would hope, for their sake, that their social life was, therefore, satisfactory from the start. Another 31% felt that their social life was adversely affected by the new guidelines. While it is conceivable that the actions involved in the "social life" of this 31% were clearly objectionable to the community as a whole (which is itself hard to gauge), it is also safe to assume that this 31% is presently strongly disenchanted with the actions and decisions of those who lead us. Once again, success need not be a criterion; but, if it is, something in our recent public policy has gone awry.

We have all spoken of "creative alternatives." Hopefully such talk will turn into action, and the age-old cliches about Notre Dame's social life (or lack thereof) will die. But this must be a collective effort. Insofar as we represent the University community the *Scholastic* encourages a public examination of our social problems and past, present and future solutions to them. We offer our pages as a forum for such an examination, and encourage all to write in with ideas, comments, complaints and suggestions. Only in this way can productive and serious discourse lead to a better campus life for all involved.



"Something in our recent
public policy has
gone awry."



for the drinking majority

Classical Mixology

The Epic of Harvey Wallbanger

So, you're tired of beer and still want to have a party, but the only drink you know how to mix is a 7 & 7. Well that's all right, but not everyone likes whiskey. So—what do you do if your date wants a Daiquiri or a Sloe Screw (I mean the drink!). No, no . . . you don't tell her to mix it herself; you drag out your trusty *Scholastic* (open to this page), and then tell her to mix it herself. Well, she'd probably be better off anyhow; after all this article is overflowing with tasty libations—all of which, save one, have my personal approval.

Alright, where do we start? How about a little (very little) explanation of the measurements and terminology. A jigger is equal to $1\frac{1}{2}$ ounces, a shot equals one ounce, and a dash is—well it's a dash: $1/32$ oz. When a recipe calls for a drink to be shaken or stirred with ice, make sure it's cracked ice, so it will melt faster. Then, if you want to look good, strain the mixture into another glass, which is either empty or full of cracked ice depending on the drink. If you don't care how you look, just mix the drink with ice cubes and leave it that way. Enough explanation, let's get into some serious drinking.

Almost everybody knows how to make the usual party favorites, but just in case someone doesn't here's a little rundown.

7&7

Anywhere from 1 jigger to $\frac{1}{2}$ glass Whiskey. Fill the rest with 7-Up.
(normal drink: 1 jigger)

Screw Driver

1 jigger Vodka
6-8 oz. orange juice
Stir with ice.

Whiskey Sour

1-2 jiggers Whiskey
Juice $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. sugar
shake well w/ice
add cherry & orange slice
(This drink also comes in packets)

Rum & Coke

Anywhere from 1 jigger to $\frac{1}{2}$ glass Rum. Fill the rest with Coke.
(normally 1 jigger Rum)

Gin & Tonic

$1\frac{1}{2}$ jiggers Dry Gin
Squeezed chunk of lime
Fill w/ tonic water
Put ice in glass first.

Sloe Gin Fizz

2 shots Sloe Gin
Juice $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon
Shake well w/ ice
Fill w/ soda water
(or 2 shots Sloe Gin
fill w/ 7-Up or Squirt)

Collins

Juice $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. sugar
1-2 jiggers Gin, Rum,
Vodka, or Whiskey
Shake w/ ice
Add soda water
(comes in packets)

Boilermaker

1 shot Whiskey (straight)
1 Beer chaser
(these are great fun)

Shots of Tequila

Salt, a shot, a wedge of lemon or lime.
Take the salt first, then drink the shot, then suck on the citrus, all in rapid succession.
(comes w/ all size headaches)

Next we run into some popular drinks that are only at parties if the host happens to like them.

Sloe Screw

Same as Screw Driver
Add 1 shot Sloe Gin
(looks terrible,
tastes like punch)

Bacardi

2 shots Bacardi Rum
juice $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon or lime
2 dashes Grenadine
Shake well w/ ice (strain)

Vodka Gimlet

3 Vodka
1 Rose's Lime Juice
Serve on ice

Harvey Wallbanger

Same as Screw Driver
Add $\frac{1}{2}$ shot Galliano
(more or less Galliano to suite own taste)

Daiquiri

2 shots light Rum
Juice $\frac{1}{2}$ lime or lemon
1 tsp. powdered sugar
Shake well w/ ice (strain)
(comes in packets)

Rusty Nail

3 Scotch
1 or less Drambuie
Serve on ice
(CS seal of approval)

Singapore Sling

2 shots Dry Gin
1 shot Cherry Brandy
1 tsp. sugar
Juice $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon
1 dash bitters (optional)
Shake well w/ ice
Add soda if necessary

Basically that's a good list, but it's a little boring,

so I'll introduce you to some of my favorites. First and foremost is "The Rabbit."

Rabbit (or Snowshoe)
1 shot Brandy
Top with Peppermint Schnapps
Drink straight down (no chaser)
(a great way to prepare for a party or rally)

Then there is the Upside-down Rabbit, which has the same ingredients, but reversed in order and amount. My next suggestion is something I ran across by accident. At a party, my best friend's girl (he wasn't there) asked me to fix her and myself something different; so I did:

Mini-wapadoo
1-2 shots Vodka
Fill glass w/ Spañada
(you may have to wait till after the boycott for this one, if you want it)

Next we have a little blockbuster package that I call the Little Brown Jug. I came across this recipe (or it came across me) at a card party. This one's a guaranteed knockout.

Little Brown Jug
1 Seagram 7
1 Tequila (maybe less)
1 Seven-up
Shake it up, let it go flat.
Hold on to your head and drink it as it is.

If you are looking for a more sophisticated drink, perhaps one of the following will do. Usually these drinks are found at bars, weddings, or fancy parties.

Dry Martini (Gin or Vodka)	Gibson (Gin or Vodka)
4-5 Dry Gin or Vodka (more if wanted)	4 Dry Gin or Vodka (or more)
1 Dry Vermouth	1 Dry Vermouth (or less)
Stir gently w/ice (cracked)	Stir gently w/ice (cracked)
Pour into separate glass	Pour into separate glass
Add olive	Add pickled pearl onion

Manhattan (sweet)	Manhattan (dry)
2 shots Whiskey (Bourbon)	4 Whiskey
½ shot Sweet Vermouth	1 Dry Vermouth
½ shot Dry Vermouth	1 dash bitters
1 dash bitters	Stir well w/ice
Stir well, add cherry	Add cherry

Old Fashioned
½ tsp. sugar
Light dash Angostura
Bitters
Add ice & twist of lemon
Fill with any Whiskey
(comes in packets)

These are all excellent drinks, but they tend to be a little expensive.

If mixed drinks aren't your thing, maybe a little punch could liven up a party. Almost everyone is familiar with Wapatula (or Wapatuli, or Wapadoo), but few people dare to use the original recipe. A common version is:

1 Gin
1 Vodka
As much fruit and fruit juices as needed

I find this pleasing, but a little mild. So, if you're a daring soul, the next time you have a party tell people to bring a bottle of something (anything alcoholic). You supply a big bowl (or clean trash can) and enough fruit wine, like Spañada, and mixes, like Squirt and 4 Mix, to sweeten it. One warning on this: some people tend to bring cheap, weak liquor, so a little Ever Clear (grain alcohol) wouldn't hurt . . . much. You will need 2 or 3 tasters, because one alone usually doesn't make it.

And this brings me to my favorite recipe for punch. This stirring liquid is very aptly named "The Tidal Wave." It may seem a little expensive to make, but its results are devastating. It's a good way to get a party started, keep it going, or end it fast, whatever the case may be.

The Tidal Wave
1 Southern Comfort
1 Vodka
1 Grapefruit juice (maybe more)
Enough Grenadine to change the color

If you're serving this as a punch, add fruit and maybe even a fruit-ice-ring. This can also be made in individual servings, but it's a pain. Warning: do not drink this through a straw; my aunt and uncle tried that once and we didn't see them for two days after.

If your favorite drink hasn't been listed and you don't know how to make it, you can do one of two things. Either pick up a bartender's guide or ask a bartender — they're glad to help. I didn't list drinks like Scotch on the Rocks or Whiskey and water, because they're easy to make and people interested in that type drink usually know how to make it already.

I am by no means an expert, but everything I have listed I have tried personally, and they all taste pretty good, as do most drinks. Experimentation is fun, but be careful what you try. Once a "friend" of mine said that I should try a drink he heard of called a Silver Bullet; so I did. There really is a drink by that name, but this wasn't it. What he gave me was a Gin Martini with a shot of Scotch mixed in. Ugh, you say! Well I had a few choice words about it myself. All in all though, I didn't mind too much, because the hour was late and the party was breaking up. So drink up, and have one on me. Salute!

—craig spengel

Computers and Literature: Keypunching Poetry

Dr. Edward Kline is the Director of Graduate Studies in English at the University of Notre Dame. Dr. Kline is an associate professor of English and teaches in the fields of Medieval literature, linguistics, and computer stylistics analysis. He is also literary consultant to Kook Huber and Marlyn Ritchie who wrote the poetry and prose sections of LINGUA-SLEUTH, respectively.

Kook Huber is the chief programmer for the Social Science Training Laboratory at the University of Notre Dame.

They were interviewed by Mary C. Murphy, a graduate student in the Department of English.

Murphy: A good question to begin an interview on Computers and Literature is, why use the computer in the English Department?

Kline: For the same reason that the scientists use the computer: to save time. For example, in a course on stylistics, it used to take students four or five classes to analyze the total form of a sonnet. Now, once the sonnet is key punched and fed into the computer, its form can be analyzed in only two minutes. Aside from speed, the analysis is errorless.

Murphy: Kook, could you explain what key punching means?

Huber: Key punching is very easy. The key-punch machine is very similar to a typewriter. All one needs to know is how to type in order to punch his program and data on cards.

Murphy: Ed, you talked above about form analysis. In what specific ways does the computer analyze form?

Kline: When I speak about form analysis, I mean that the computer can give a phonological (sound level), morphological (word distribution) and syntactical (phrase and clause structure) description of a poem. Besides these descriptions, the computer can also point out line end rhymes, imagistic patterns and concordances.

Murphy: Obviously, the computer can do many things. I have often heard people express distrust of the computer and fear the machine will take over. If the machines are so useful, why do people have these fears?

Kline: Your question brings up the limitations of computers. Computers are machines which are incapable of thinking. Human beings can think, and the power behind the computer is the programmer.

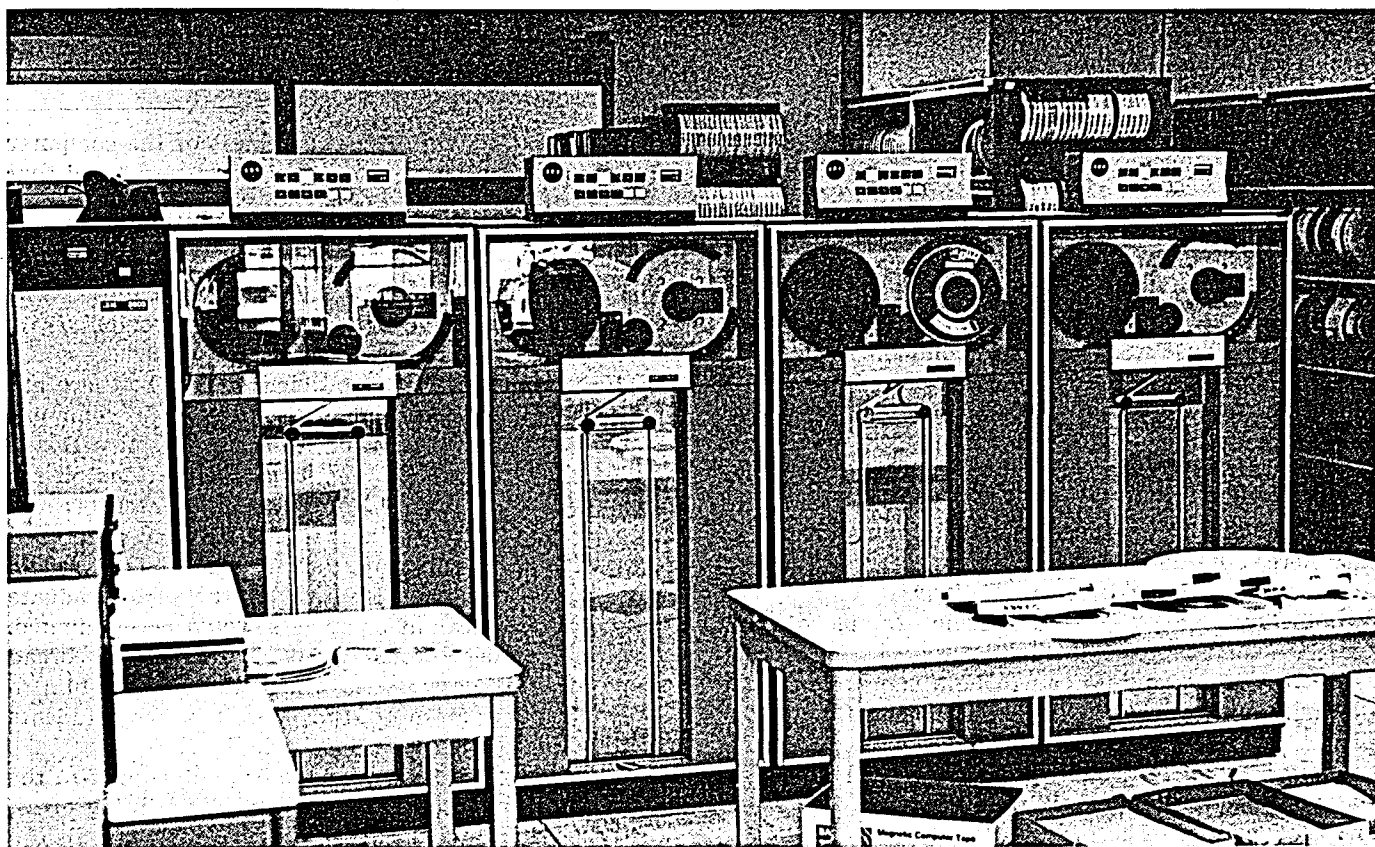
Huber: One of the greatest limitations of the computer is that although the computer can give form analysis, it can never give the meaning of a work. Nor can we write critical opinions or impressions into a program. We do not know how to program semantics, even in our own minds. Therefore, denotation is foremost and connotation is subjugated to denotation.

Murphy: Since the computer can take only a logical, objective approach to literature, is there any danger that computerized analysis will kill emotional response, the true nature of literature?

Kline: No. Even though the computer is limited to objective description, formal analysis is a great aid to subjective analysis. Form is deliberate. I often hear the question: "How do we know the poet meant to use the patterns and techniques critics find in his works?" My answer to this question is that art is a deliberate rearrangement of language to produce a certain effect; it is the union of form and matter. If the artist did not order his work, art would be reduced to accident.

Huber: Artists and musicians do not write music or paint by accident; they plan form long before they execute it.

Kline: It is very curious that literature is the only art in which form is generally ignored. True appreciation of art is impossible without knowledge of form. Here is where the computer is so helpful to literature. It can give us a complete description of form in a matter of minutes or even seconds. Such complete knowl-



edge of a work's form helps us to gain significant insights into its meaning.

Murphy: How long does it generally take a program to run and what kinds of studies have been done at Notre Dame?

Huber: No project done here has ever taken more than two minutes of computer-processing time. The average run is only one minute.

Kline: At Notre Dame thus far, we have done various studies on the stylistics of sonnets and odes, morphological studies of English literature, studies in Middle English dialects, prose analysis, and graphs and maps of phoneme distribution.

Murphy: What is a map of phoneme distribution?

Kline: Such a map takes each sound and classifies it according to its type and where it is produced in the vocal tract.

Murphy: Is there any computer language especially adapted to deal specifically with literature?

Huber: Yes. PL/1 was developed to accommodate input in terms of natural language. Fortran uses symbols, equations, numbers, and formulas to deal with science but also with natural language.

Murphy: How is PL/1 accommodated to natural language?

Huber: PL/1 handles alphabetical characters used in natural language in a more natural way than Fortran whose data and analysis are mostly numerical.

Murphy: What do you mean when you say "a more natural way"? Can PL/1 handle great numbers of characters?

Huber: Yes. With PL/1, you can put an entire book or an entire poem into the computer in its natural format as data, and there is no necessity of coding the data into numbers.

Kline: Commands in PL/1 are natural English rather than the esoteric symbols of scientific computer languages.

Huber: Fortran can do what PL/1 does but with great difficulty because it uses an artificial language in which symbolism and syntax are totally different from the natural language of everyday speech.

Kline: Now that we have a computer language that can accommodate natural language, use of the computer in verbal-based disciplines such as literature, linguistics, philosophy and theology is becoming wide-

spread.

Murphy: Have any programs been specifically composed to handle poetry and prose?

Kline: Yes. There is a program called LINGUASLEUTH which is the most complete program to date.

Murphy: What does LINGUASLEUTH do, and how is it complete?

Kline: LINGUASLEUTH is complete because it performs all of the following functions: it reads the linguistic and/or literary data contained on key-punched data-input cards, automatically keeps a count of the number of (1) stanzas or paragraphs, (2) lines, (3) words, (4) characters, (5) characters per word. LINGUASLEUTH's capacities are too numerous to go into here, but there is a brochure which gives a total explanation of the program's functions.

Murphy: Can you give a specific example of what LINGUASLEUTH can do?

Huber: The program can make a concordance of a literary text of any length from 2 lines to 10,000 pages. A concordance, the most elementary kind of computer application, gives an alphabetical list of all the words in the text, their frequencies of occurrence, and the locations of occurrence.

Murphy: In what ways have concordances been put to practical use?

Kline: There have been many uses, Mary. For example, concordances have been used to settle problems of disputed authorship as in the case of *The Federalist Papers*. They have also been instrumental in determining the influence of one author upon another as in the example of the influence of Milton on Shelley. Concordances can further enumerate all the nouns in a man's writing and tell us whether the nouns are abstract or concrete. Knowing whether a man's vocabulary is abstract or concrete can tell us a lot about the way a man thinks. Furthermore, computer studies have progressed from the basic routine concordance to sophisticated studies. For example, an article has recently been written based on a study entitled: "Programming a Plausible Plot." The title indicates the project's complexity.

Murphy: Are there many articles being written about computer studies?

Kline: Yes. In 1972 alone, approximately 300 articles have been published in journals about computers and literature.

Murphy: In light of the usefulness of the computer in literature, can you explain the widespread belief that computers are alien to the humanities?

Kline: I think the belief comes from the relative newness of the computer to the humanities. The first course ever given in computers and humanities was offered in 1965. Therefore, the use of computers in literature is not even ten years old.

Huber: Because of traditional suspicion, there are not enough professors and students with computer training. We have graduate students at Notre Dame, for example, who are doing their dissertations on the computer. They are held up in their research because they did not learn anything about the computer until the fourth or fifth year of graduate school. They should have gotten computer training on the undergraduate level; there, a fear of computers would be eliminated. Also, the student would be presented with a broad scope of study possibilities which would direct him to a significant program of study. As it is now, students waste valuable time learning basics.

Kline: If people consider the computer alien to the humanities, then they must consider the printing press, the typewriter, and the overhead projector alien also.

Murphy: Does Notre Dame offer any courses in computers and literature?

Kline: Yes. Every year I teach a course called "Computer Applications in Linguistics and Literary Stylistics." It is a 500-level course and is, therefore, open to both undergraduate and graduate students. Also, many institutions such as St. Louis University are beginning to require computer programming courses on the freshman level.

Murphy: How do you view the future of computers and literature studies?

Kline: I think their future is bright. Scholars are becoming more and more interested in the computer. There are already two journals specifically devoted to computerized studies. One is *Computers and the Humanities*, and the second is *Computer Studies in the Humanities and Verbal Behavior*. Furthermore, any literary journal will accept computer articles. Because the computer is a relatively new concept in literary research, present articles require copious explanation and footnotes about how the computer was used. I foresee a time when essays will require only one footnote to indicate that the study was computer assisted.

POCO

The Original Hard Luck Band

Poco is not the best rock band in the world. They are also not the best country band in the world. But they are five competent, dedicated, professional musicians who have produced some memorable music since their inception after the demise of the now near-mythical Buffalo Springfield. But more than anything else, they are the original hard luck American band.

It was in the summer of 1969 that Poco made their debut performance at the Troubador in Los Angeles. Both their performance and reception were stunning. Springfield veterans Richie Furay (guitar, lead vocals) and Jim Messina (lead guitar) had formed the most refreshing new group in quite some time. Furay and Messina were in the studio for Epic Records during the production of Buffalo Springfield's *Last Time Around* when they found themselves in need of a pedal steel guitarist. Enter Rusty Young, who brought with him drummer/vocalist George Grantham. They rounded out the group with session bassist Randy Meisner. Those who saw them at the Troubador still speak with awe about their performance.

Poco's first album, *Pickin' Up the Pieces* (July, 1969), proved also to be awe-inspiring. Messina's production, a crisp, clean, uncluttered sound, and the quality of the songwriting and performing combined to form a very neatly done record. The group dipped into many styles — pure country, bluegrass, rockabilly, straight rock and pure schlock—all with remarkable success.

Exit Meisner (to join Rick Nelson's Stone Canyon Band and later, Eagles), enter Timothy B. Schmit on bass and vocals.

The second album, *Hurry Up* (also known as *Poco*—June, 1970), showed Poco in a more down-to-earth approach. Songs like "Hurry Up" and "Keep on Believing" first showcased Poco's special brand of rock and roll, a driving, urgent, really happy sound. They maintained their country contact in "Honky Tonk Downstairs" and "You'd Better Think Twice" and got into a very extended Latin-type song called "El Touto De Nadie, Regressa" which displayed Rusty Young's astonishing ability to use the steel guitar for purposes other than those for which it was invented.

Poco had developed a small but loyal following with these first two albums. All of their music up to that time came to a head on *Deliverin'* (March, 1971), recorded live in Boston and New York, this third album revealed a beautiful combination of rock and country, to start a trend that has come to be known as country boogie. *Deliverin'* is one of the most irresistible albums you're likely to run across. The music in these grooves reveals an unusual attention to detail, a really careful, painstaking approach to music. The songs (Furay's "I Guess You Made It," "C'Mon," and "A Man Like Me" and Schmit's "Hear That Music") and the way they are performed will make you sit up and take notice. You are not likely to hear anything so thoroughly energetic yet precisely controlled. Side two of *Deliverin'* ended with a medley of three country tunes from *Pickin' Up the Pieces* that was so tight that I still shake my head and stare at the speakers every time I hear it. It amazed me (as did all of their music until then)

that anything could be so obviously demanding of the musicians, yet played with such relaxation and obvious good humor.

After *Deliverin'* Jim Messina, once happy enough to take a back seat to Furay and Young, found himself not so happy, and split for a producer's career that turned into a superstar's career when he teamed up with Ken Loggins. He was replaced by ex-Illinois Speed Press guitarist Paul Cotton.

Cotton's first effort with Poco was *From The Inside* (October, 1972). Poco missed Messina's production. They used Steve Cropper and recorded in Memphis, a long way from home. This, coupled with the strangeness of working with a new guitarist, combined to produce some ambiguous music. It was more pure country (Richie's "Hoedown," "What Am I Gonna Do," and "You Are the One") than any album since *Pickin' Up the Pieces*. There was also straight rock (Cotton's "Railroad Days," Furay's "Do You Feel It Too?") and some in-between material (Schmit's title song, Cotton's "Bad Weather" and Richie's "Just for Me and You," the best of the whole disc). So while each of the songs stood up by itself, the album as a whole never quite hung together.

You will notice the conspicuous absence of any hit singles so far. Poco decided that it almost always takes a hit single to seduce the kind of mass audience it takes to support a band. With this in mind they chose a new production team (Epic producer Jim Mason and Jack Richardson, producer of the Guess Who), and set about recording the sure-fire hit single and hit album, both called *A Good Feelin' To Know*.

Their fifth album (November, 1972) marked a really definite change in style, though it retained much of the basic Poco approach. The elements of their music which remained (and were enhanced) included a strong, well-defined rhythm foundation (Schmit on bass, Grantham on drums), and a sense of the proper use of lead instruments. Paul Cotton's presence brought with it a great deal more electricity, and Rusty Young's steel work was refined to the point where he could produce all those incredible, well-thought-out riffs without sounding loud and boorish as he sometimes did

on *Hurry Up*. This new instrumental approach carried with it two significant changes. First, it established a phenomenal frame of reference for Poco's vocals. Richie Furay is one of the very best lead singers in rock and his voice sounds very strong and self-assured. In Schmit and Cotton, Poco has two capable, better-than-average lead vocalists. Cotton's nasal whine is nicely suited to his writing, as is Schmit's delicate vocal style in his more recent material. With Grantham supplying those ever-so-high backups and joining with Schmit and Furay in triple falsetto harmonies, Poco's vocal style is very nearly the best around, sometimes paralleled but never equaled. The second thing about the new instrumental approach involves a real change in the group's writing style. With *A Good Feelin' To Know* they abandoned that runaway tempo for a more deliberate pace. As a result they set up boundaries in which they could do a great deal more musically than before. There was much more overdubbing and the sound that results (with no small amount of the credit due to producers Mason and Richardson) is incredibly dense, a really exciting, attention-grabbing sound. This, in turn, leaves more room for the vocals, which really soar. In particular, Richie's "And Settlin' Down" and Cotton's "Keeper of the Fire" and "Early Times" are noteworthy in this respect. In a softer vein, Tim's calypso-ish "I Can See Everything" highlights those falsetto harmonies in a lush acoustic setting. The logical culmination of *A Good Feelin' To Know* is in Richie's title song, combining all of Poco's best element: simple melody, short lead guitar line, good country steel guitar and a magnificent vocal. Furay shines best when he really sings a line. Something like "You're bringin' a tear of joy to my eyes" would sound ludicrous coming from someone else's mouth, but Richie has always come by those kinds of things honestly, and he pulls it off nicely. The album itself (both the individual songs and the way they hold together as a unit) is brilliant, but *A Good Feelin' To Know* (despite the fact that, as a single, it was a horrendous flop) is a true classic. If Richie had written nothing else, this one song would be enough, that's how good it is.

After reading all of this, you can see that I am an unabashed Poco fan. So with all of the historical stuff out of the way, and the reviewers prejudices right up front (where they should be), let's take a look at Poco's latest album, the just-released *Crazy Eyes*.

Paul Cotton's "Blue Water" opens the album on a strong note. If Poco has a formula, this song sticks to it and brings home some very fine stuff. Cotton's vocal is strong and clean. He moves along nicely, yielding to Rusty's short steel lick, then moving out with falsetto harmony. The vaguely ecological lyrics are dull, but there's more than enough in the music itself to carry the tune.

This breaks immediately into Young's "Fool's Gold," a bluegrass number in the tradition of "Grand Junction" from *Pickin' Up the Pieces*. Manassas' Chris Hillman contributes two nicely controlled mandolin spots, then plays counter to Bill Graham's flying fiddle. Everybody else just stands clear and lets Rusty play, and he comes up with some high-powered solos on dobro, slide and steel guitars, and banjo.

Tim Schmit follows with "Here We Go Again." Much like his earlier "I Can See Everything," this new song is largely acoustic (with good percussion by Manassas' Joe Lala), but it also incorporates a high majestic sound produced by voices and Rusty on slide guitar. It works.

The two nonoriginal songs on *Crazy Eyes*, Gram Parson's "Brass Buttons" and J. J. Cale's "Magnolia," turn an otherwise credible performance into pure sap.

The title song itself also has strings, but the arrangement by Bob McMillan and Bob Eprin is much more imaginative, alternately taking the lead, then framing the group's instrumental and vocal tracks. On the one hand, they play a sweet, unfettered line around Richie and Tim in a falsetto duet, then come in with a mysterious, subdued crash on the downstroke. The best use of the strings comes in the two extended solo breaks. They do a nice job of setting off Rusty's simple steel guitar solo, then come crashing down around Cotton's furious, screaming guitar. For all of its magnitude, however, "Crazy Eyes" leaves little evidence of having really been somewhere in its nine minutes, and be-

cause of that, the performance is not awesome, merely better than average.

Richie's "Let's Dance Tonight" ends the album on a simple rock and roll note. His vocal is sheer beauty; he's at the top of his range, but he resists shouting and settles for holding every note before sliding off again.

Crazy Eyes doesn't open up anything really new for Poco, other than the strings, which they will most likely abandon. What it is, then, is a side trip, much like *From The Inside*. It lacks the unified feeling of *A Good Feelin' To Know*, but it does have several good moments.

So now, you're wondering, what's all this talk about hard luck? Simple. For over four years now, Poco has been on the verge of being The Next Big Thing. In those four years, they've come a long way, yet their audience is still the same and Poco is, for the most part, still a second-billed act. They have yet to have a major hit, single or album. This frustration is compounded by the fact that many of the people with whom Richie Furay has been associated (Stephen Stills, Neil Young, Jim Messina, the list goes on and on) are off to stardom. So for all the hard work and practice (and this band practices more than any other band on this planet) they've gone essentially nowhere. And that's too bad, because Poco's music has a really nice flavor to it, and music as good as theirs shouldn't have to get lost in the shuffle.

Last January, Poco found a new manager in whizkid David Geffen. So far his guidance has not been able to put them over the top. But I'm beginning to get the feeling that Poco has accepted that fact and is willing to settle back and do what they do best: making good, homegrown American music. Look closely enough, and you'll find the statement of all this placed very neatly at the end of side one of *Crazy Eyes* in Paul Cotton's "A Right Along":

"All you singers and all your
lovely songs,
Try so very hard to make them all
belong.
Some get taken, others forsaken,
But we keep moving
Moving a'right along."

—kevin dockrell

Paul Simon Musical Ice Cream

In America, we expect that all Public Showbiz partnerships should remain intact. There exists an implicit recognition (or at least the prayerful hope) that neither man nor beast, corporate profit projections nor artistic temperament should drive asunder any pair in the public eye. Consider, for example, the shock to the nation—to the world no less—if Ozzie perversely leaves Harriet, if Simon suggests that Schuster kiss off, if Fred Flintstone—heaven forbid—ever forsakes Wilma and takes up instead with a Stone-Age Harlot in a sin-infested, virtue-swamp Rockland bordello. It is a bitter pill indeed when the likes of Burton-Taylor, Nixon-Agnew split because, however covertly manifested, we always hope, with soap-operatic optimism, that Jill will never, ever leave her Jack (or even a Dave, as the case might be).

Sometimes, however, blessing comes in the guise of what might seem to be the most terrible bane. In this regard, one inevitably thinks of the split of Simon and Garfunkel. Initially, the news was accepted with dread. Years of reading "Rolling Stone" magazine gives a fan nothing if not a sense of pathos after hearing, for example, that the boss bopper in a rock band quits and

casts off his neighborhood buddies so that he can "go it alone." It is pathetic indeed when, a year later, one reads that the boss bopper is playing for beans in a washed-out dive in New York—no doubt waiting for his second unheralded solo album to catch fire. Such fears were present after the breakup of Simon and Garfunkel. Indeed, these initial forebodings offered dreadful intimations that Paul Simon would fade into Misty Bob Lind Land or, if lucky, he might wallow as a second act behind the likes of Alice Cooper. Art Garfunkel, it was feared, might never find anyone to write good songs for him, thereby reducing him to star, like former football great Jim Brown, in second-rate movies that few actually take seriously. But, happily enough, such intimations were obviously misguided. Art Garfunkel, for example, stars in *good* movies and, if recent AM airplay is any indication, sings excellent songs. Paul Simon advances with each new album to justify his presence as one of America's most important, most influential and most creative music artists of the seventies.

By any honest perspective, one must grant that, for once, the personal expectations which precipitated the breakup are being realized.

Paul Simon develops, with each new album, a style of his own that is the stuff of genius. In Simon's work, one finds the beautiful coalescence of form and content, music and lyrics. *Paul Simon*, his first solo release, takes the listener who enters into the music through a curious inferno. Simon is haunting and cryptic in "Mother and Child Reunion"—I've yet to find someone who knows what that song means. At every bend in the music, Simon offers a bewildering wrench in the lyrics, thereby evoking shadowy images of voids which reach the listener more as intuition than as concretization. The album is embattled. Great themes gather and few are lost in the lurch of delivery. One suspects that the combination of lyrical blackness and unique intensity of performance correlates to an identity crisis which might well have existed as he launched his new career. I recall reading in "Rolling Stone" that Simon said the breakup of Simon and Garfunkel was a function of them both having different things to do. Simon felt liberated because he was free to do things that would have been incongruous for the S&G style. In short, Simon is developing as an artist.

This development is apparent in

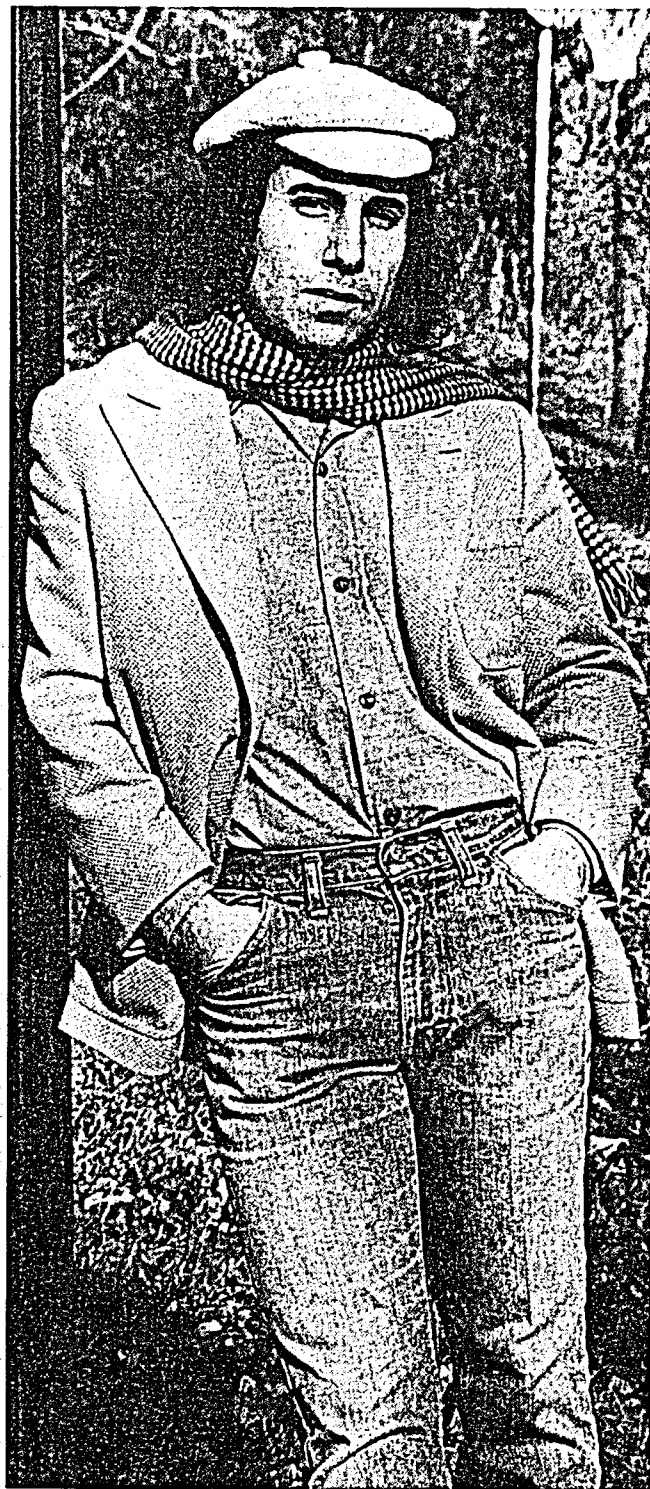
"There Goes Rhymin' Simon," his second and most recent work. The tone of this album is much brighter. I believe Simon senses his own arrival. "Kodachrome," a beat-to-death AM radio hit, is a favorite cut. Nonetheless, without further analysis, the album manifests the continually profound artistic growth that has been extant throughout all his albums. Simon, in short, has never regressed. Simon says, "Rock 'n' roll is filled with talented people but they put out too many records. You don't ever hear development. With most artists you can't tell the third album from the fifth or the first. You never feel that there is somebody who is growing and so you're never engaged. That's why they're so boring."

Simon's progression accompanies him to the concert stage. After a three-year break from live performances, he toured last spring with the "Jesse Dixon Singers," a gospel ensemble, and "Urubamba," a Peruvian group, who backed him up in appropriate songs. By combining solos and different backup groups, Simon transcended the banal glitter which accompanies the hyper-thyroid, blaring bombast concerts which seemingly attempt to compensate for anemic talent rather than celebrate any profound artistry.

Simon has long been one of my favorite performers. Every song he writes is a treat. Nonetheless, English majors revel in discovering their favorite line or lines in a song or novel or poem or play because, job markets being as they are, there is not much else to worry about. For what it's worth, "Where have you gone, Joe DiMaggio? our nation turns its lonely eyes to you" and "When I think back on all the crap I learned in high school, it's a wonder I can think at all" are my two favorite lines and should, undoubtedly, be enshrined wherever best lines are enshrined.

Paul Simon comes to Notre Dame on Saturday, November 3, at 8:30 p.m. Like the artist himself, the concert should be a treat. Musical ice cream.

—jack wenke



Coming Distractions

NOVEMBER 2

- ... CAC presents *Mash*, 8:00 & 10:00 p.m., Engineering Auditorium.
- ... Focus, in concert at Indiana University (Bloomington), Assembly Hall, West Side, 8:00 p.m. Tickets \$5, \$4, \$3, \$2.
- ... Movie Classics, Schuyler Colfax Auditorium, South Bend Public Library.
- ... Lloyd Orrell Gospel Concert, Morris Civic.

NOVEMBER 3

- ... Paul Simon, ACC.
- ... *America First*, a film presented by St. Mary's Dept. of Sociology, Anthropology, and Social Work, 8:00 p.m., Carroll Hall (Madeleva).
- ... Slovak Chamber Orchestra, Union Auditorium, Goshen College.

NOVEMBER 4

- ... CAC Festival of Musicals opens with *Footlight Parade* (Berkely), Engineering Auditorium, \$1.00.
- ... "Who Killed JFK?" a lecture by Bob Katz, to be given twice: 3:00 p.m. at Washington Hall, 7:30 p.m. at O'Laughlin (SMC).
- ... *L'Avare* (Moliere), O'Laughlin, SMC.
- ... Studebaker Drivers' Club's Antique Car Display, at the Studebaker Car Museum.

NOVEMBER 5

- ... The Shakespeare Film Series continues with *King Lear* (Scofield/Cusack), 7:00 & 10:00 p.m., in Washington Hall, free.

- ... *Applause* (Mamouliau), continues the CAC's Festival of Musicals, Engineering Auditorium, \$1.00.

NOVEMBER 6

- ... Elkhart Concert Club presents John West, at Memorial High School (Elkhart).
- ... CAC Festival of Musicals continues with *Funny Face* (Donen), Engineering Auditorium, \$1.00.

NOVEMBER 7

- ... CAC's Festival of Musicals presents *Singin' in the Rain* (Donen/Kelly), Engineering Auditorium, \$1.00.
- ... "Alexander Solzhenitsyn," a lecture by Vera Dunham (Wayne State University), 8:00 p.m., in the Little Theater (SMC).

NOVEMBER 8

- ... *A Star Is Born* (Cukor), CAC Festival of Musicals, Engineering Auditorium, \$1.00.
- ... CAC presents the National Theater of the Deaf, 8:00 p.m. in O'Laughlin (SMC), \$3.00.

NOVEMBER 9

- ... *The Lion in Winter* opens at Bristol Opera House, Elkhart (Elkhart Civic Theater).
- ... An Evening of Opera, at Bethel College.
- ... Edgar Winter Group live at the Valparaiso University gym; Tickets \$5 in advance, \$6 at the door.
- ... K of C presents *The Reivers*.
- ... Summer of '42, Engineering Auditorium, 7:00, 9:00 & 11:00 p.m., \$1.00.

NOVEMBER 10

- ... *The Reivers* (K of C), second night.
- ... David Crosby/Graham Nash, ACC.
- ... Elkhart Civic Theater presents *The Lion in Winter*, second night, Bristol Opera House (Elkhart).
- ... Fleetwood Mac (with Weather Report), at Indiana University (Bloomington), Assembly Hall (West Side), 8:30 p.m. Tickets \$5, \$4, \$3, 2.
- ... An Evening of Opera, Bethel College, second night.
- ... Policeman's Ball, ACC.
- ... Mitch Miller's Orchestra, Morris Civic.
- ... National Theater of the Deaf, Goshen College, Union Auditorium.

NOVEMBER 11

- ... George McGovern, Stepan Center, 8:00 p.m.

NOVEMBER 12

- ... Dr. Richard Rubenstein, 8:00 p.m., Library Auditorium.

NOVEMBER 14

- ... Start the Revolution Without Me, Engineering Auditorium.
- ... "Most Rich In Youth — The Phenomenon of Human Growth," by Dr. Frank K. Thorp (University of Chicago), 7:30 p.m. in Carroll Hall (Madeleva).
- ... Dean Sidney Davidson (Graduate School of Business, University of Chicago), 3:30 p.m., Library Auditorium.
- ... James Hejduk, Organist, Sacred Heart Church, 8:15 p.m. Free.

NOVEMBER 15

... Godspell opens, at the Morris Civic (Broadway Theater League of South Bend).

... South Bend Chamber Music Society, concert, South Bend Public Library Auditorium.

NOVEMBER 16

... Godspell, second night at the Morris Civic.

... The Lion in Winter, Elkhart Civic Theater, Bristol Opera House.

Drawn from Nature/Drawn from Life, featuring works by Homer, Church, and Huntington, opens at South Bend Art Center, November 4 (through Nov. 25).

Paintings by Mrs. Katherine Barnhart go on show at the YWCA Art Gallery beginning November 4 (through Nov. 30).

South Bend Art Center's show of American Crafts and Folk Art opens November 11 (through Nov. 29).

Portraits by Martin Stevens continue on show at South Bend Art Center through Nov. 4.

The Art of the Silhouette Cutter (Examples and History) continues at Radecki Galleries through Nov. 30.

The following continue at O'Shaughnessy Gallery through Dec. 31:

Italian Renaissance Work from the Permanent Collection.

XIX Century Works from the Permanent Collection.

"New Portfolio" of Josef Albers.

Portraits from the Permanent Collection: A Critical Examination of the Forgotten Art of Portraiture, featuring works from the Italian Renaissance through the 1950's.

For current information and schedule changes, call 283-3834 (Student Union Information Line), Monday-Friday, 1:00-5:00 p.m.

—rick gering

David Crosby/Graham Nash

Silver-Throated Harmonies

"We have a lot of trouble with that because we write a lot of our songs right out of what goes on, you know, to us; about people that we love, things that happen to us, 'cause that's what you have to write about if you want to get down to stuff that means anything to you. So sometimes it's really hard to sing 'em, too. But it's also groovy to do it, anyway."

With this candid philosophy of art as expressed on Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young's famous live album, "Four Way Street," David Crosby adequately reflects the sensitivity and delicacy which he and Graham Nash have come to represent in contemporary music. The sixties undoubtedly produced some of history's most explosive and significant achievements in popular music, one of which was the evolution of "Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young." Combining enticing originality in their harmonies with a skillful and fresh blend of rock, folk, and country, CSN&Y contributed greatly to a unique awareness in the American music scene, represented by Judy Collins, Joni Mitchell, John Sebastian, "The Byrds," "Buffalo Springfield," and more recently, "Manassas," to name a few. David Crosby and Graham Nash, playing together at Notre Dame's ACC on November 10 bring with them a splendid and rare style as well as two of the best voices on record today.

Beginning with "The Byrds" in the mid-sixties with Roger McGuinn, Gram Parsons, Chris Hillman, and others, David Crosby emerged as a strikingly original rhythm guitarist and singer. Moving away from "The

Byrds" ("Turn, Turn, Turn," "Mr. Tambourine Man"), he began work harmonizing on many of "Jefferson Airplane's" songs, writing "Triad" for them, and drifting into organization with Stephen Stills, Graham Nash, and later Neil Young to form "Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young." Their first album reveals Crosby's talents forthright as musician, singer, and songwriter. His songs "Guinnevere," "Wooden Ships," and "Long Time Gone" help lay the group's groundwork for their innovative harmonization and rock-folk blend. Also, their characteristic sensitivity and social consciousness comes forth. A later song, "Almost Cut My Hair," further establish him as an exponent of the rock culture while implementing a special lead guitar technique. As "CSN&Y" dissolved, Crosby drifted from helping with harmonies on Stills' and Young's other records to finally cutting his own solo album entitled, "If I Could Only Remember My Name." From there he rejoined "The Byrds" for one album released last year and then cut an album with Graham Nash, with whom he is now on tour. He is known best for his fine versatility as musician, singer, and songwriter, which will be more evident to everyone on November 10.

Graham Nash's major career started with "The Hollies," originally from England, who were known for their characteristic harmony just as "The Byrds" with Crosby. One might say he was the strength of "CSN&Y's" harmonization work. While not emerging particularly as a musician, his songs "Bus Stop," "Carrie Ann," and others recorded with "The Hollies" developed

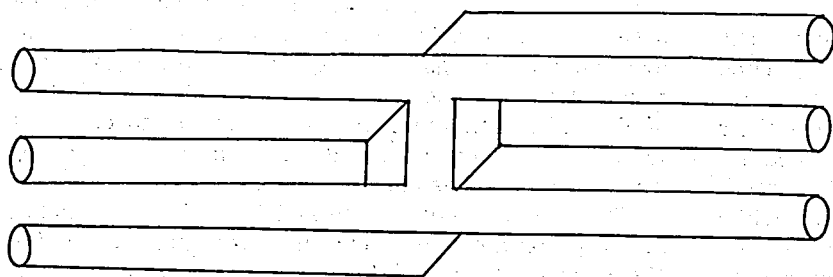
him as a significant voice. Joining CSN&Y, his recordings of "Teach Your Children," "Our House," and "Lady of the Island" certainly carried the special sensitivity that Crosby spoke of on "Four Way Street," and on which that group's talent depended. After The Hollies and CSN&Y, Nash contributed, like Crosby, to other artists' recordings in vocal backing until he made his own album, "Songs For Beginners," invoking social consciousness in the singles, "Chicago," and "Military Madness." From there, he joined Crosby to cut their album. As a songwriter and singer, he is in a class by himself; no one has been able to imitate him.

The real value of Crosby and Nash, however, is not actually contained in their silver-throated harmonies, their superb and original styles of songwriting, or their unique blending of rock-folk-country instrumentation. Their value lies, as in any great artist, in the special interpretation of their own feelings. The other qualities, while being significant to music as an art form, only serve as tools for the ultimate purpose; that is, the application of simple human experiences to powerful heights. To Crosby and Nash, the most powerful happenings are simple experiences and human feelings. " 'Cause that's what you have to write about if you want to get down to stuff that means anything to you." On November 10, Notre Dame will be receiving a sweet, simple, and powerfully sensitive exhibition of two of music's finest vocalists and most sensitive poets of today's experience.

—david dreyer



Week in Distortion



For the past two weekends, throughout the land (as well as in a goodly number of foreign countries), college students engaged in that great sport of competitive aptitude and achievement tests. The results from these tests can be sent to various institutions of higher learning which will, invariably, ignore them. Students are particularly fortunate in having the liberty of choosing the date on which they wish to take these exams. They can select either the weekend of a home football game or the weekend of final examinations for the first semester.

It is well recognized that any attempt to "cram" for the tests in a short period is futile. One would have to learn the distinctions between, and the nuances of, such obfuscatory test words as obloquy, obsequious, obsequies, obviate, ocarina, obtrude, obtund, ochre, ontological, ontogeny, etc. Many students have been observed to have something just short of a total breakdown attempting to distinguish between all the words beginning with O. It should be noted in passing that these words constitute a disproportionate number of the words used in word analogies, synonyms, and other parts of the verbal tests.

Many students wonder whether or not to guess answers to questions about which they are not certain. It should be borne in mind that a certain percentage of the wrong answers raised to an indeterminate power of the negative logarithm of the student's mental age less five times the standard deviation of the number of incorrect answers in a randomly sized and determined section is subtracted from the number of correct answers. Although the effects of this correction have not yet been determined, it is hoped that it will discourage students from haphazard guessing.

As an aid to those who might be taking the test in the future, we are publishing some of the more difficult

questions from an upcoming version, a copy of which was purloined by our staff at great risk.

1. Six chimpanzees sitting at six typewriters
 - (A) would destroy the typewriters in less than a day.
 - (B) invented the phrase "clear and imminent danger."
 - (C) serve as night controllers for the OBSERVER on Thursday nights.
 - (D) were once observed to type "xuY68aNdl ggg kiq riverrun, past Eve and Adam's, from swerve of short to bend of bay, brings us by a commodious vicus of recirculation. . . ."
2. Notre Dame is a
 - (A) city.
 - (B) town.
 - (C) Christian Community.
 - (D) zoo.
 - (E) University.
3. THURSDAY NIGHT: FRIDAY MORNING:
 - (A) 7 : 4
 - (B) hope : despair
 - (C) library : engineering auditorium
 - (D) Library : engineering auditorium
 - (E) simple linear relationship : utter confusion
4. The difference between God and is that the former is everywhere whereas the latter is everywhere except Notre Dame.
 - (A) Fr. Hesburgh (B) Fr. Sorin's statue (C) sunshine (D) cannot be determined on the basis of information given.

5. We want to you whether you want or not.
 (A) help ... it
 (B) disgust ... food
 (C) discipline ... football
 (D) dominate ... parties
 (E) bust ... to smoke
6. HABITAT : ANIMAL :: AIRPLANE :
 (A) engine (B) aileron (C) Fr. Hesburgh
7. A book retails normally for \$5.98. The wholesale price is \$4.50. The Notre Dame Bookstore is a non-profit organization. The price of the book will be
 (A) \$6 (B) \$6.50 (C) \$7 (D) none of these

DIRECTIONS: Read the following passage. Then answer the following questions on the basis of what you have read. In some cases more than one answer will be correct. In all cases select the one answer which is *most* correct.

It has been observed that there is a correlation between performance on certain types of objective tests and the educational performance of candidates who take these tests. The use of these test scores increases

the probability that a candidate's abilities will be fairly evaluated. When properly used, test scores can save time and money by eliminating undesirable applicants before they "flunk" out. The distribution of raw scores is observed to deviate slightly from the Normal or Gaussian distribution, which gives a bell-shaped probability curve. Indeed, a bit of skewness is not entirely undesirable insofar as candidates with low scores (who are therefore imbeciles anyway) are most apt to be "suckered" into spending another \$12 to try to improve their scores.

8. On the basis of the above passage it can be concluded that
 (A) this test is very good. (B) this test is very good.
 (C) all schools should require objective entrance tests.
 (D) these tests are written by positivists and make no sense to someone educated in Aristotelian philosophy who, by that reason, deserves to fail anyway.

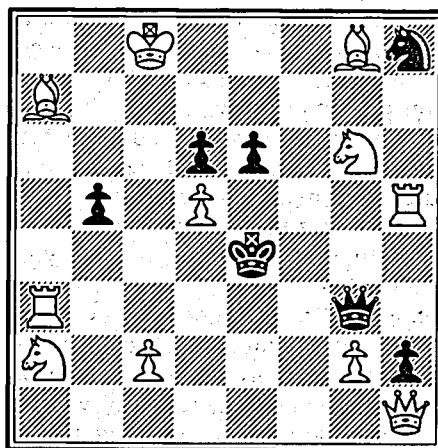
(Inspiration by J. J. Pottmyer, *Scholastic* '62.)

—t. j. clinton

The Crooked Book

ALAIN WHITE
American Chess Bulletin
 November–December, 1941

White mates in two moves



SOLUTION IN NEXT ISSUE

ANSWER TO LAST PROBLEM

- 1 P-Q3 threat
 2 PXXP mate

The du Lac Sporting News

Have you ever pushed yourself to the limits of your imagination? A rather nebulous concept, at best, one that nobody can really understand. Perhaps more familiar to us, in theory at least, is a parallel concept: have you ever pushed yourself to the limits of your physical capabilities? We see it done often enough, on television, in the papers, sometimes in person, but most of us rarely have an opportunity to experience it ourselves. "Rarely have an opportunity" means that we push ourselves that far perhaps once or twice playing football on the quad, but not much more. At the root of this reticence is fear, fear of the pain that we know inevitably comes with physical exertion, and fear that we just might not be able to do all we thought we could. At times, it is also an inconvenience not worth enduring.

Anyone who pushes himself to his limits regularly knows how satisfying it can be. Other than simply feeling fit and in good shape, there is also the added victory of mind over body. The confidence from this subsection spills out past the realm of sports into all activities. It leads to one of those paradoxes of human nature: despite feeling completely

drained and exhausted, one feels great. A friend of mine who has taken to regular exercise admitted to me that he walks into the dining hall a little taller this semester, knowing his beer belly no longer precedes him.

As in every causality, ulterior motives often play an important role in prompting one to do something he normally dislikes. Handball or basketball can be very enjoyable in its own right, but when one continues to play despite twisted ankles, frayed tempers and turning stomachs, we have to look past pure enjoyment for a motive. As I see it, there are basically three.

Since the institution of this university, Notre Dame has been gripped by what I call the Sexual Frustration in Athletics Syndrome. The unfulfilled male domers, and probably the newly enrolled and equally unfulfilled female domers, vent their frustration and despair over the social situation through sports. If you don't believe me, just check the Rock some Friday afternoon or evening. Since this point is self-evident, I will say no more, other than as a temporary measure, it really works.

We witness others pushing themselves to incredible extremes almost

every day and certainly every weekend in the national and collegiate sports. For the most part, these sports are team efforts, yet each man must produce as much, or as little, as the next for the team as a whole to appear consistent. These are real athletes, men who, at one point in their lives, decided that it would be mind over body, the body becoming the tool, the precise reflex of an equally adept mind.

These individuals are sustained in their perseverance to a large degree by other ulterior motives. No man would subject himself to the rigors of pre- and postseason practice, year after year, if it were not for the \$100,000 plus or the possibility of a national title. Team spirit, the satisfaction of victory, and dedication to the sport play an important role also, but take away the tangible goal and some "athletes" change drastically, like Abe Gibron. You must remember, I am speaking purely of the individual's physical condition and mental determination. Abe lost that just as soon as he traded his pads for a clipboard and stopwatch.

That leaves us with the athlete who never performs before more than a handful, who never receives outside recognition for his efforts,



and who accepts strenuous discomfort *de rigueur*. One such campus sport is cross-country, and one such individual is Jim Hurt, a sophomore from Westchester, Illinois. Cross-country running can be one of the most gruelling experiences, not only because it is physically demanding, but more, because it is a sport of individuals and individual effort. In most sports, the techniques of action or the details of play are enough to occupy one's consciousness, but in cross-country, there is nothing to supplant the realization of pain and fatigue.

"A guy could be fast, but in cross-country, it's all method and attitude," Jim explained further, "the difference between a good runner and an average runner is *attitude*; you have the tendency to slow down after the fourth mile, to gather strength, but you're actually hurting

yourself. You could push the entire way, as fast as you want.

"If the guy is 20 yards ahead of you, you know you can catch him; but within yourself, if he gets 21 or 22 yards ahead, you know you'll never catch him." Harriers are supposed to run together, bunched up, the faster runners encouraging the slower runners. Obviously, one forgets about himself when he is surrounded by his teammates. But in the end, when the finish line seems at last within reach, it is all individual effort and desire.

Outside of the realm of organized sports, there is the individual student who pushes himself equally hard. He runs around the lake at 6 a.m., plays handball until his hand resembles a pillow, or lifts weights to keep in shape. He works until he begins to feel that unsettled sensation creeping into his stomach, a

throbbing pulse beating over his head, and then he works some more. He runs until his lungs feel ready to burst, and indeed, his face shows it. Of course, every time he runs, lifts weights, or plays handball until he collapses, he extends his endurance just a little bit more. Like an addict, he must run that much further, play that much harder the next time to reach that same feeling which is at the same time exhaustion and success.

Thus, it is easy to fall behind, to exercise just so much, and then quit. But for some, it is not the number of repetitions completed or the number of laps run that counts, but rather, the feeling that one is at the edge of his endurance, peering over the side, to where he'll be tomorrow.

—tom gora

What's a Scrum?

When I asked rugby team captain Tom Masegna what the main objectives of his squad were, he replied: "To have fun, and to do well." The Notre Dame ruggers seem to have reached both objectives in grand fashion this year. On the field, the Irish sport a 9-0-1 overall record, and in their four regular season contests, they have outscored their opponents by the overwhelming margin of 127-7. The parties off the field have been equally successful, and it is not hard to believe that these social gatherings play a large part in the athletes' interest in the club.

The Notre Dame rugby club is rather unique in organization. Instead of a coach or manager, the ruggers have a seven-man council; the council runs the practices and decides each week by vote who will play. The council is made up entirely of seniors, and it is through the council that the lineups for all three teams (the A, B, and C teams) are picked. The council is quite fair in its choice of who will play; Captain Masegna stated that it was not uncommon for a member of the council to vote himself on the B squad if he felt he didn't deserve to play with the first team.

The president and leading scorer of the rugby squad is Ed O'Connell, and the team secretary is Bob Olsen. The main voice at the practices, though, is captain Tom Masegna. Masegna attributes the team's success to "the experience of this year's squad, plus the combination of conditioning, spirit, and team play that have been the main forces in our winning record." Since rugby is not very popular here in the states, most people know very little about the origin of the game and the rules which govern its play.

An Englishman, William Webb Ellis, is credited as the first to play the game called "rugby," though he stumbled upon the game in a rather freakish way. While participating in a game of soccer at the famous Rugby grammar school in England, he was called for a ball-carrying infraction of the rules. From this call, he developed the sport which is called "organized mayhem." The physically demanding game spread rapidly throughout the United Kingdom, and was first introduced to the United States around 1875. Rugby, as the forerunner of the game played here on campus, has enjoyed its longest popularity in the San Francisco Bay area. The United States Rugby team surprised the world by capturing gold medals in the Olympics of 1920 and 1924.



The action in rugby is much more continuous than American football, in that play goes uninterrupted except for scores, penalties, and out-of-bounds plays. Continual passing and handling of the oval-shaped ball are the most essential features as there is no blocking permitted. The runner is basically on his own with the ball; not only is he devoid of blocking teammates, but he also has no special padding or equipment. Forward passing is prohibited and once a man is tackled, he must immediately release the ball. It can then be picked up or kicked by a player of either team.

Officiating at rugby matches is handled by a referee and two "touch" judges. The referee is the sole judge when applying the laws of the contest and he alone is the timekeeper. Only when granted permission by the referee may a player go onto the playing field.

Scoring in rugby falls into four categories. A "try," the equivalent of a touchdown in American football, is worth four points; the conversion after a try gains two points; a "free" or penalty kick nets three points as does drop-kicking the ball for a score.

The game can become hazardous, primarily due to the lack of bodily protection and the aggressive, hard-hitting nature of the sport. Hardly any major injuries occur during the season, though about half of the squad sustains some sort of minor in-

jury, most commonly, broken limbs, concussions, or knee troubles. But even after injury, many of the Notre Dame ruggers are anxious to return to the field. Senior Bob Koehler is the best example of determination to continue playing. After losing his contacts repeatedly, running up a bill into the hundreds of dollars, he went home and had a special pair of contacts made so that he could continue to play.

But why go out for a club sport like rugby when it lacks the glamor of a varsity sport besides being so risky? Masegna believes that "rugby is the closest thing to a fraternity here at Notre Dame, and the close camaraderie makes all the difficulties worthwhile." Also, there is a lot less pressure on each man when there is no coach peering over his shoulder. Though Masegna and the council run the practices quite hard, each man ultimately is responsible to himself as far as conditioning is concerned.

Seniors make up half of this year's winning team; likewise, all but two of the first team are seniors. Masegna estimated that there are also twenty-five freshmen playing with one of the three rugby squads. No one who has the determination to stick it out is cut. The team policy is simple: if you come to practice, you can play on one of the three levels; if you skip practice, you don't play no matter how talented you are.

The kicker and leading scorer for

the team is Ed O'Connell with 15 field goals, 20 conversions, and 2 tries. Junior Tom Hastings, the fastest of the quick Irish backs, has notched six tries. Wing forwards Joe Hafner, with four tries, and Henry Clark, have both played solidly at this important position, as has John Kovac, with four tries. Fly halfbacks Dave Simpson and Tom Masegna each have two tries to their credits.

A "scrummage" or "scrum" is a crucial mass out-of-bounds play, and reacting well for the Irish at scrum have been Jerry Razer, Dan Lee, and Eddie Fishburne, an adept ball-handler. Jeff "Muffin Man" Warnimonte has been a steady influence on the last-line defense and senior Fred "Preferential Treatment" Manley is a consistent, solid back.

The Irish's lone tie on this season's record was against a team from Canada, during a pre-semester tour. This coming spring, the rugby squad will head across the Atlantic to Ireland to make a playing tour of the southern part of that country.

So far this year, the ruggers have done very well against top competition, yet they have lacked strong student and university support. A team of this excellent caliber deserves better treatment. But they are nonetheless doing well and having a good time. As Eddie O'Connell says, "As long as you keep winning, everybody stays happy."

—frank coughlin

The Last Word

Images of Autumn sunsets, cheering crowds and drunken blasts coalesce to form a muddled pattern of thoughts on a crisp Friday night. Perhaps overwhelmed by the day's activities, perhaps still unsure of my own answers to questions posed the other evening, I sit and wonder about the *Scholastic*, and about Notre Dame in general. Our fourth issue of the school year begins to fall into place—another awkward attempt on my part to reach out to 7000 people and say something that will touch their lives, something that will make them think, something that will bring us all closer together. But a typewriter lends a deaf ear to even the most poignant discourse, and these four walls have no response for a confused smile.

It has become a rather drab commonplace to accuse one's fellows of being desensitized. In a society where depersonalization is a key to expediency (one of the cardinal virtues), it seems at least contrary, if not at times downright anarchic to suggest that lack of sensitivity is at the core of our most pressing interpersonal and group crises. One might notice, though, that, amidst all the compelling language of the new University guidelines, there is little talk of the Christ-like sensitivity, care and forgiveness upon which this University claims to be built. I compliment the entire Student Affairs Committee for its creativity, expediency and thoroughness in dealing with the problematic behavior and needs of the 5000-plus students in its charge. At the same time, however, I bemoan what appears to be

a sad lack of feeling and forgiveness on the part of these; who, being the most prominent members of our Christian community, are also expected to be its most understanding members. I would not hesitate to acknowledge the staggering difficulty of the problems facing those who lead and guide us. However—stirred by the rich peacefulness of an early Autumn evening, moved by the lifeless faces that dart by on the quad, momentarily illuminated by the glow of a lamp—I am forced to wonder whether the source of our problems lies in pure logistics and social legislation, or rather in an insensitivity to our own needs, and a general inability (or perhaps an unwillingness) to speak of our problems in interpersonal rather than jurisdictional terms.

There are many unhappy people at Notre Dame. It would be foolish to attribute such discontent solely to an imposed social order. To a large extent, the social situation at Notre Dame is whatever we truly desire it to be; therefore, the blame for lonely Saturdays and muffled frustrations lies ultimately with ourselves. But in the midst of waging battle over the proper jurisdictional limits of those who govern us, in the midst of developing schemes to circumvent the actions and decisions of those who claim (and most likely believe) that they are working to make our life at Notre Dame better, we seem to have forgotten what is, in effect, of primary importance. In search of our own self-satisfaction, we seem to have forgotten how to care for one another.

Kerry McNamara

**ACCOUNTING AND
FINANCE MAJORS**

Let us help you:

PLAN AHEAD

To Become a **CPA**

**THE BECKER
CPA REVIEW COURSE**

CHICAGO

312-346-7871

Our Successful Students Represent

1/4 of USA

GIUSEPPE'S RESTAURANT

713 E. LA SALLE AVE.

SOUTH BEND

featuring

ITALIAN AND AMERICAN FOODS

also

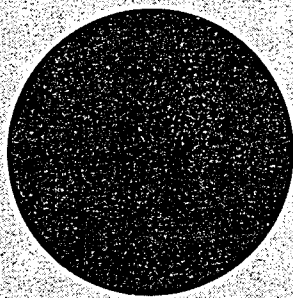
PRIVATE PARTY ROOM

for

25 TO 250 PEOPLE

PHONE: 233-0951

Juggler



Notre Dame's

Journal

of

Literature

Subscription: 2 issues only \$1.00

mailed off campus and out of town
delivered on campus.

Make check payable to:

Juggler
Box 583
Notre Dame, Ind.

Name

Address

Address

THE SCHOLASTIC

Soliciting Culinary Curiosities

Got a Favorite Recipe?

The Scholastic announces its

First Annual Recipe Contest

**All gourmets and/or gourmands are hereby
invited to search their souls for singularly
scrumptious suppers, etc.**

**Selected contributions will be published
in an upcoming issue and a grand prize will be
awarded to the contributor for the best recipe.**

**Put your best creation on a card and mail
it to us. If you are in need of further prodding
watch for further details in the next issue
of the Scholastic.**