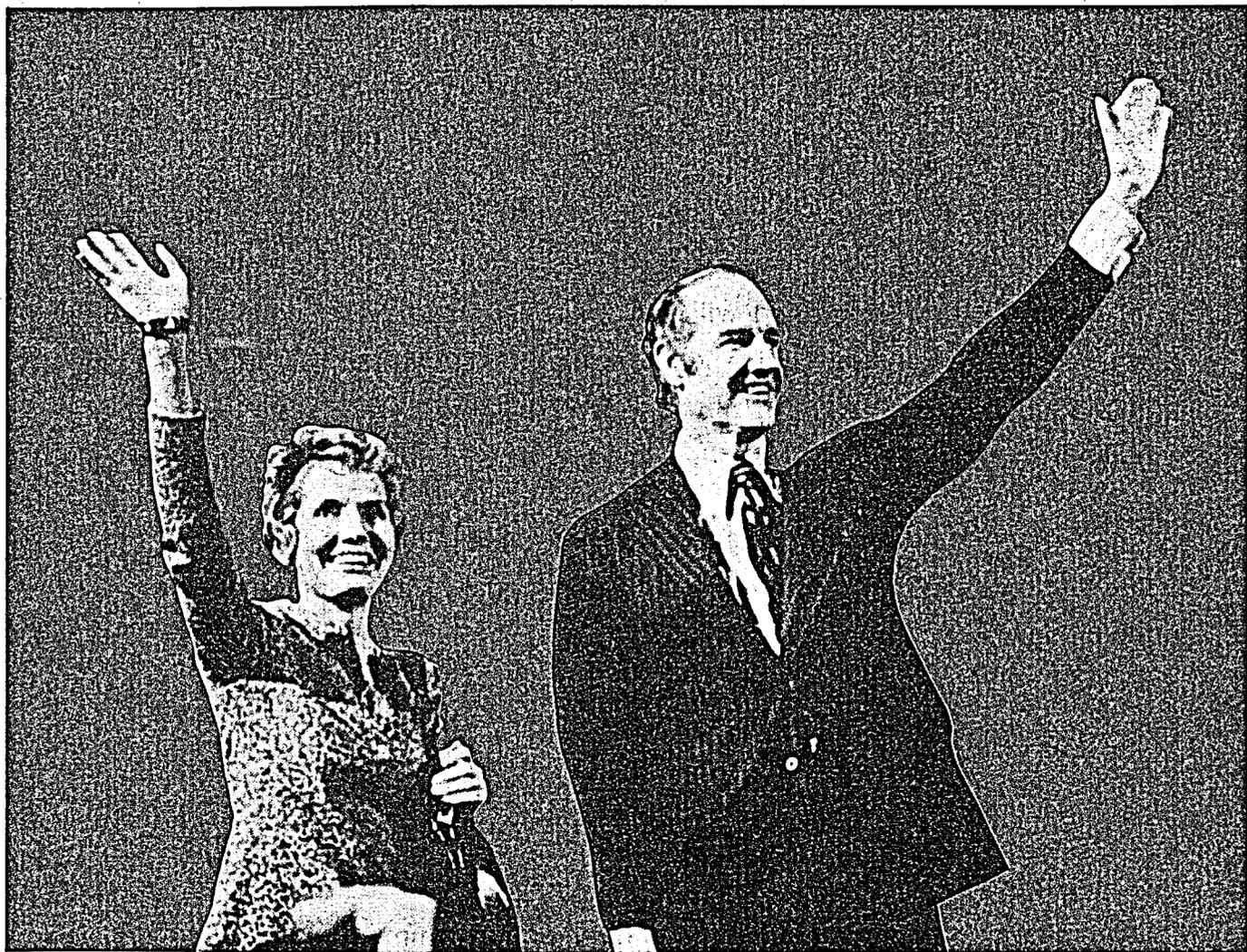


Scholastic

November 16, 1973



One Year Later



Scholastic

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Letters

Dear Editor:

I have just finished reading "The Social Stalemate: A Student Poll" in the November 2nd issue of the Scholastic.

Could you please explain to me how we can learn to relate to others (social consciousness, awareness, whatever) when the social atmosphere (or at least a good part of it) seemingly revolves around alcohol, marijuana and perhaps other drugs which decrease your self-awareness?

I think it is a strange and sad paradox that in our attempts to relate to others we feel compelled to drink and smoke so that we lose awareness of ourselves. Seeing as we all have more in common with each other than not (at least in that we are unique individuals) I fail to see how drugging oneself away from self-consciousness can help us relate to others.

Don't get me wrong. I'm neither a teetotaler nor involved in a Temperance League, but neither do I think that an article involved primarily with psychological crutches should be entitled "The *Social* (?) Stalemate."

Sincerely,
Thomas H. Sheridan



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in cities and suburbs
in parishes and on campus
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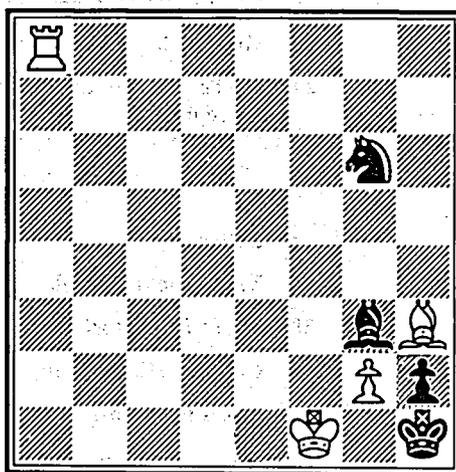
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The Crooked Book



ANSWER TO LAST PROBLEM

1. Q-QN1 threat 2 Q-N4 mate
QXR 2 P1B13 mate
Q-N6 2 PXQ mate
Q-Q6 2 PXQ mate
Q-K5 2 P-B4 mate
Q-N5 2 P-B4 mate

SAMUEL LOYD
V Second Prize Set
Paris Tourney
1867

White mates in five moves

SOLUTION IN NEXT ISSUE

Breakfast with George McGovern

The Scholastic and WSND were fortunate enough to join Senator George McGovern for breakfast the morning after his speech at Stepan Center. What follows is the gist of a lengthy and most rewarding conversation.

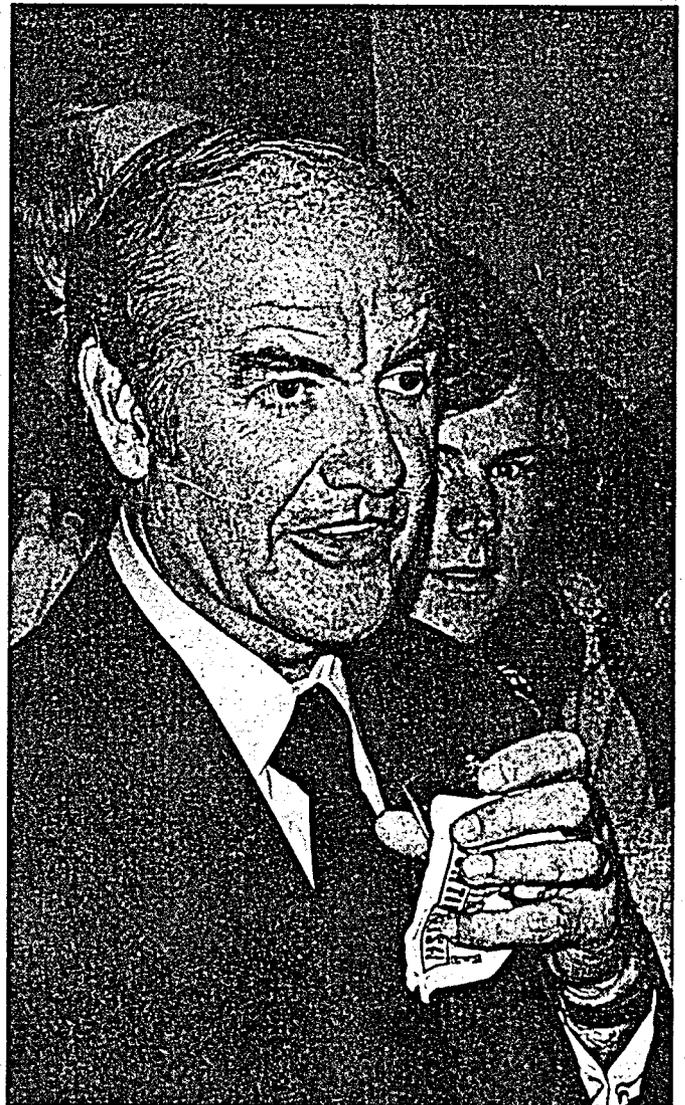
Scholastic: In reiterating your stand on impeachment last night . . . Senator, do you feel there is no possibility for resignation?

McGovern: Well, I wouldn't rule that out . . . I would prefer impeachment to resignation, because I feel it answers some of the questions which might otherwise never be answered if the President were just to resign and walk off into the night. What I really think the situation requires now is that the President be removed from office, either by resignation or by impeachment. But I would prefer the impeachment route. I think that's what the Constitution most clearly provides. I think that's what the present tangled and confused situation dictates.

Scholastic: Do you feel, in the vein of Senator Aiken, that we should "get in and do it or get out?"

McGovern: Yes, I think so. I think that the Congress can't just carp away at Nixon's misconduct and then walk off without confronting the issue. The issue now is some 22 impeachable offenses which the House Judiciary Committee is investigating. I've read that list, and if any two or three or four of them have validity, I think he should be impeached.

Scholastic: Given the events of the past few days, do you feel Nixon is perhaps changing his stance on the issue and realizing that he has to face the people on this?



McGovern: I think he does. I think the President will make every effort to use the power and prestige of his office to convince the country that he can govern in other areas. I think Mr. Kissinger is going to be in orbit from here on out, partly because the foreign policy situation requires it but also because it's a very convenient diversion. I think that you'll see the President doing things like the energy crisis speech and various other moves that will concentrate attention on him as a President in action on the country's problems. But he must know, from the advice he's getting from his own Republican leaders in the Congress, that that's not going to be enough to still the anxieties and fears about his misconduct and Constitutional violations. So I would think you'll see some further effort on the part of the President to clear his record.

Scholastic: There are some signs that he is going to release some of the tapes and make them public. Do you think this will in any way alleviate the public furor that's been raised?

McGovern: Well, unfortunately, that's been preceded now with an announcement that the crucial portions of the tapes that the Committee and the prosecutor wanted — either the tape malfunctioned or parts of the conversation didn't come through clearly. Now that may be true, but I don't think it's perceived to be true by most Americans; because they wonder, and I think understandably, why after months of saying that he under no conditions would release those tapes and violate his principle of confidentiality, the President suddenly reverses himself and then, weeks after that reversal takes place, we learn that the really pertinent tapes are defective. The whole thing, as I said last night, begs to be discarded by the public.

Scholastic: Do you yourself believe that it was just a malfunction?

McGovern: Well, I'm puzzled as to how this could happen. I know that tape recorders sometimes malfunction, but here was a sophisticated system, apparently installed by the Secret Service — the tapes were maintained by them, as I understand it — and the man who first told the Committee about it, Mr. Butterfield, said that he could not conceive that the tapes would not be in good order. He said that there might be some conversations from clear across the room that might come through rather thin. But he said that it was a sophisticated, sensitive system, and it would be hard for him to imagine the tape missing any really pertinent conversation in the room.

Scholastic: Is that the general feeling on Capitol Hill?

McGovern: I'm afraid it is. I'm afraid that the announcement that the tapes were garbled or that the machine was malfunctioning came too late in the day. I just find it hard to think that during all this time somebody didn't sit down and listen to those tapes and see what was on them. And it just seems very strange to me that only at the last minute, after the President had reluctantly agreed that he would have to release

the tapes, that we then discovered the malfunctioning of the system. I realize that the President may be telling the truth. This is what happens when you yell "Wolf" too many times; nobody believes you when you are telling the truth.

Scholastic: If impeachment proceedings should be taken, how do you feel this will affect the balance of power between the Executive and Legislative branches?

McGovern: Well, I would hope that there would be some restoration of Congressional influence and power, because I think there is an imbalance on the side of the Presidency now. I believe in a strong President, a strong activist President, and I think he ought to use all the powers the Constitution provides. But that will only work if the Congress does the same thing. If the Congress doesn't implement *its* constitutional powers; if it lets the legislative initiative, for example, gradually move over to the Executive branch, if it lets the budget process be decided in the Executive branch, if it lets executive arrangements on foreign policy be made in the Executive branch, and doesn't even have the information on which to make intelligent foreign policy or budget decisions, then that is not a proper functioning of the Constitution. So I don't view with any alarm at all the shift in the balance in the direction of more Congressional power. I would not want to see the Presidency crippled, and that's why I'm not excited about a lot of new legislation designed to change the institution of the Presidency. I'd leave it pretty much as it is. But I did think, in this uncertain area of war and peace, that the Constitution was not clear at that point, and that there was need, in view of what's happened in the last 25 to 30 years, for legislation to spell out the differences there.

Scholastic: Senator, what did you think of the response to your speech last night?

McGovern: I was very moved. It was a tremendous response, I thought. And even on a Sunday night, in an off-election year, when there's nobody running for anything. If this had been November 1, 1974, it would have been expected. But to come in at this stage, in the middle of the football season, on a Sunday night . . . I was really startled by the size of the crowd.

Scholastic: What is the outlook for South Dakota for the 1974 elections?

McGovern: Well, I think it's going to be a Democratic sweep. We've really turned that state around. I think I'm going to win that Senate reelection fight. It's going to take some hard work, but I think it can be done.

Scholastic: In regards to Jaworski as special prosecutor, do you feel that the assurances he got from Haig, that he will get whatever he wants from the President, and that he won't run into interference from the President in regards to any legal action for anything from the Executive branch, do you feel those promises are real?

McGovern: Well, I don't know. I think we've now got a situation where it's almost as important how things appear, as far as the restoration of credibility is concerned, as how they actually are. It's really appearances and images which are important now, as well as substance. And I don't think the public or the Congress are going to be satisfied with the results of a prosecutor who's named by the President, even though the President said he'd be willing to work out an arrangement where the man would not be fired without the approval of the Congressional leadership on both sides of the aisle. It just seems to me it would be far better for the Congress to go ahead and name an independent prosecutor, or have the courts name one, and provide that he could not be dismissed unless the federal judge found him incompetent. I just think that's a better way to restore confidence in the investigation. I don't know anything about Jaworski, though, and I'm not on the Judiciary Committee that's investigating him.

Scholastic: Do you see the recent overriding of the President's veto of the War Powers Bill, after so many unsuccessful tries to override a presidential veto, as a sign that some of the Republicans that were supporting the President are abandoning him; and do you think there will be any further overrides of vetoes, if they occur?

McGovern: I think there were several factors which explain why we won on the War Powers Bill. It wasn't simply that the Republicans abandoned the President. It was the strong feeling against this country becoming involved again in an Executive war. And remember we voted right in the middle of the Middle East crisis. Most members of Congress are willing to supply military equipment to Israel, but they don't want American troops involved there or anywhere else around the world unless Congress has a chance to share in the decision. It isn't that we want to be isolationists, but we don't want our troops committed by Executive action. So I think that factor was operating very powerfully. Then you add to that the erosion of the President's prestige in the Watergate scandal, and the frustration over previous failures on veto overrides. I think it all came to a head. Timing had a lot to do with it, and even people who had voted against the War Powers Bill in the House in some cases changed their minds and voted to override the veto. I think there were four who did that. So it may not be a precedent. It may just be that conditions were right in that one case to put together a two-thirds majority. I wouldn't count on that on other efforts, though. I think it's very hard to override a Presidential veto.



Scholastic: The Vietnam war seems to continue even though the truce has been called. Do you see any situation in which the President might recommit either naval or air forces, and any situation in which Congress would accept this?

McGovern: I don't see any situation under which we'd recommit our own forces, but I'm very much disturbed about the continuing slaughter that goes on there. This is the forgotten war. But if we can believe the statistics of the Thieu government, fifty thousand people have died there since we left, which is a terrible situation to call "peace with honor." It may be peace for us, but it's not peace for the people who continue to die on both sides. I think, to a considerable extent, because of the sophisticated armament we've been pumping in there in the last ten years, if that struggle had been allowed to work itself out with the kind of primitive weapons they had, it would have been a much less costly and devastating war. But we left with hundreds of airplanes in place, helicopters, automatic rifles, artillery, flame throwers, tanks and all kinds of sophisticated equipment; a lot of it has been captured by the other side, and they're using it against us. As a consequence, you have a very bloody conflict that we continue to supply. I regret it very much. I think we should have broken cleanly and told the people of Vietnam that they were on their own. I don't know what the future of that government would be, but I don't know anyway, even if we stay on for another ten years in an aid capacity. And you wonder if all we're doing is just providing the equipment that they're going to use to tear their country apart.

Scholastic: How do you feel the SEATO alliance now stands, in light of the Vietnam war?

McGovern: I think it's dead. It's not worth the paper it's written on.

Scholastic: Is that why some in Congress have attempted to bury it in terms of individual alliances and treaties between nations?

McGovern: Yes. It's a good case of why we ought to review these paper pacts that we have all over the world. We went through a period, particularly when John Foster Dulles was Secretary of State, of getting everybody down on paper for or against us, and a lot of those agreements are pretty worthless. They don't really represent strength. I think they all ought to be reviewed. We ought to review the some 42 different mutual security arrangements we have with individual countries, and see whether or not it's in either our interest or theirs to continue those alliances. Most of them have never been ratified by the Congress.

Scholastic: In light of this, how do you view NATO as an alliance?

McGovern: I think NATO is important, but I would like to see it move more in the direction of an organization that can deal with problems of international trade, and of investment, and of concerted political action, rather than primarily as a military force. I think if we're really serious about detente between East and West, we have to gradually ease off on these two power blocs that face each other militarily. I'd like to see a systematic reduction of American ground forces in Western Europe; and their replacement, if they need to be replaced, by European forces. We can continue to provide a nuclear shield, which is the principal deterrent, but I really don't see why we keep 300 thousand American troops in Western Europe.

Scholastic: This wouldn't have to have a prior condition of reduction of Russia's support of the Warsaw Pact nations?

McGovern: I'd like to see a mutual balanced reduction, but whether that happens or not, I think it's in our interest to make some reductions. The Soviets after all have several million forces on the European continent, that they can move into play very quickly. So even if we were to pull back some of our forces from Western Europe we're not really changing the equation there very much, because our main deterrent against

the Soviet move into Western Europe is the nuclear force. . . We can't argue on the one hand that we're improving our relations with Russia and that we're achieving detente and then say that we need the same number of troops there that we had fifteen years ago.

Scholastic: Do you think we should drop back from being policemen of the world, as the British did?

McGovern: Not as the British did because they virtually dropped out as a major force in the world power balance. But I think we could well afford to cut back on the number of bases we have abroad. . . It's a part of what I think is now a kind of obsolete military strategy called the "forward strategy"; of assuming that we have to be ready to respond with forces in the field all over the world. . .

Scholastic: To return to the question of Watergate. . . there seem to be two extremes of opinion on Watergate and its reflection upon the American political system in general. One extreme is that Watergate is simply revealing a sort of basic corruption that is inherent in politics. The other is the view that the Watergate debacle is actually a very healthy process whereby a basically healthy and uncorrupted political system is purging certain internal impurities which are unwelcome.

McGovern: I would totally reject the first view, that it's typical of American politics. I think it's unprecedented. I don't think there has ever been a time when the White House or high government officials acting for the White House broke the law so flagrantly, and misused sensitive agencies like the F.B.I. and the C.I.A. and the Internal Revenue Service. You might find some isolated incidents of each one of the Watergate crimes in previous administrations, although I doubt it; but never has there been such a massive network of violations of the Constitution. . . I don't think there's any precedent to this. Keep in mind that we've already had two major Cabinet members indicted, including the former Attorney General; and people sent to jail who were high in the President's confidence — either on his staff or on the Committee to Re-Elect the President. On the second question, I do think that the revelation of that kind of shocking conduct can serve a useful purpose, in that it's massive enough to really frighten the country about what happens when you put expediency ahead of principle.

Scholastic: Do you think the results of Watergate will be a revitalizing of trust in the American political system in general, or do you think that trust has been severely wounded?

McGovern: Well, temporarily we're severely wounded. We'll go through a period of very deep cynicism and skepticism about the whole political process. The answer to that question is not yet in. It depends on whether we demonstrate that justice is really going to reach to the White House and the Executive branch, or whether we're going to let them get by. I think if the President is permitted to stay in office and the whole thing is smoothed over, I think we're in for a very rough time as far as the recovery of confidence is concerned. But if the wheels of justice turn, if he is either forced to resign or if he is impeached, assuming that all or part of these charges against him are true, then it seems to me that people will say "Well, that shows you can't break the law and get away with it." It may actually lead to a return of confidence in our system.



A Unified Approach

"Who am I therefore myself? . . . Perhaps like every Christian . . . a beggar of Heaven disguised as a man of the world, a kind of secret agent of the King of Kings in the territories of the prince of this world, taking his risks like Kipling's cat, who went out alone."

Jacques Maritain

Jacques Maritain was indeed "a kind of secret agent of the King of Kings," whose special task and skill it was to open new doors and paths to mysteries that had remained locked away. But the French Catholic philosopher was not totally alone; some doors had been opened before him by Thomas Aquinas, whose disciple he was, and Maritain's new opening of Thomism into the modern world has produced many students who carry on his work.

To act as a sort of international clearinghouse for the analysis of Maritain's massive work the University has created the Jacques Maritain Center. The Center, under the direction of Prof. Joseph W. Evans and Fr. Leo R. Ward, C.S.C. encourages the development and spreading of Maritain's thought. It is intended, as Fr. Hesburgh said at its founding, to be a place of "significant philosophical activity and publication," and has edited and translated a dozen of Maritain's most important works. Thus Maritain's students become teachers of others.

Evans stresses the importance of this dissemination of thought from one generation of students to another. "The human mind is a mendicant mind," he says. "So the teacher-student relationship is founded in the nature of things — it is natural that those who have made some progress in the 'struggle with the real' should tell others what they see, and serve as guides and path-breakers and gadflies. At the same time this can work in reverse—getting to know students personally has been richly rewarding—they help me to see things more clearly." It is this kind of interaction that the Maritain Center is all about.

The links that tie Evans with Maritain go back many years. Before he came to Notre Dame in 1947, Evans had done Master's and Ph.D. theses in Maritain's thought. He and Ward edited the first English anthology of Maritain's works and a series of lectures on history that Maritain gave here in 1955.

"I am a student of Maritain," Evans explains, "because I am fascinated by the range and depth of his thought. He really penetrates the essential reality of the human condition and tackles the fundamental questions about the grandeur and the misery that is man."

Evans reports that his enthusiasm is shared by an increasing number of his own undergraduate students. "One of them told me the other day, 'Old Maritain is difficult but clear; I like to read him because he is down-to-earth—not like those crazy guys Hegel and Husserl.'"

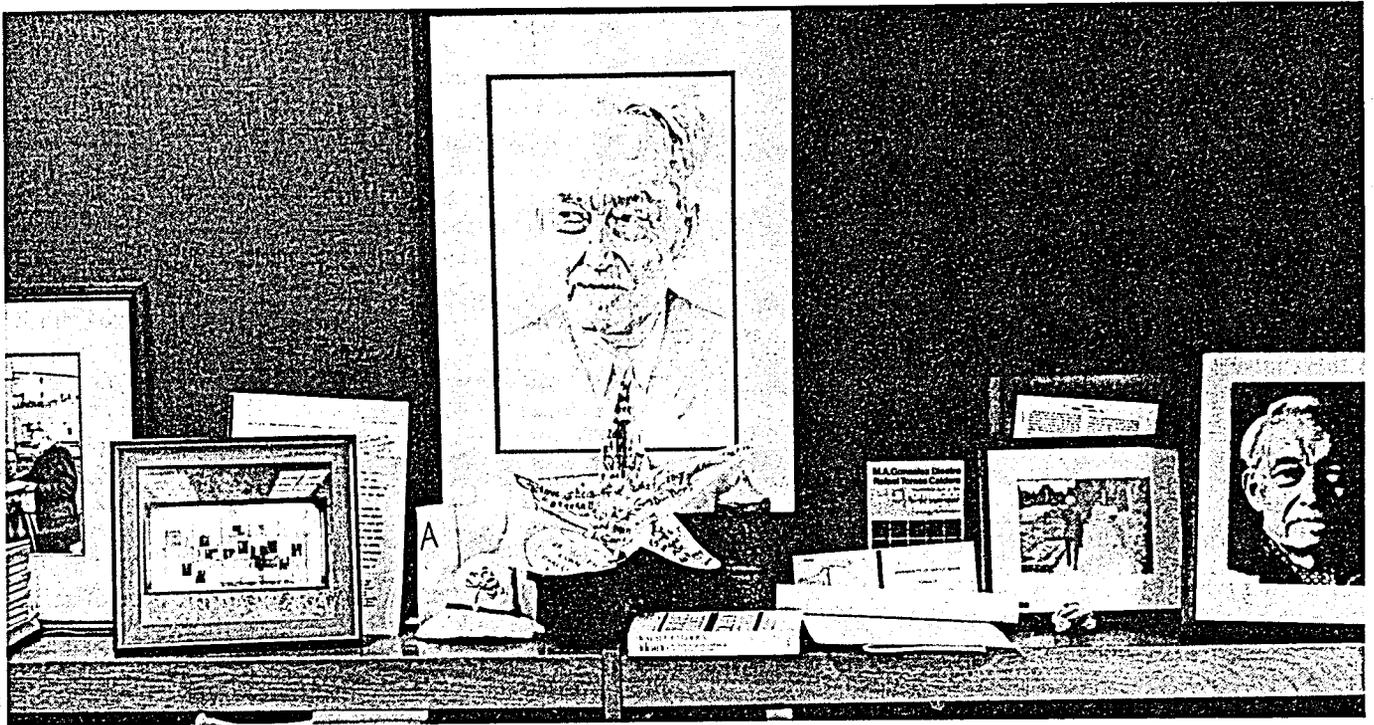
The work that Evans and Ward have been doing at the Center in the last several years has been primarily the vast job of translating and editing Maritain's massive work. To date, Dr. Evans has translated seven of Maritain's most important books into English and plans several more. He has edited five more books, two with Fr. Ward's assistance.

The Center has gathered all of Maritain's books in all their various editions, as well as the works of Raissa, Maritain's wife, and those of his closest associates.

However a great deal more work is still left. Many of Maritain's books appear only in French and many of his articles and essays are scattered in various periodicals and pamphlets and must be pulled together. Numerous essays that Maritain wrote shortly before his death have not been published at all. One new collection, "Approaches Without Shackles" will appear this fall in France and Evans may work on the English translation.



Dr. Evans



Evans has also recently finished revising the Notre Dame Press edition of Maritain's seminal work, *Integral Humanism*, and completed a new translation of *On the Church of Christ* which will appear shortly.

He has put an immense amount of energy into editing and translating another man's writings and Evans explains this dedication by saying that while "it may be a humble work, it is also a supremely important one. I know that my holding this may come as a bit of an 'existential shock' to some of my colleagues in the Academy, and also to some students. But I think it is the kind of 'existential shock' that the Academy needs these days—and I don't believe in letting the Academy call all the plays for me."

The importance of the work lies in the importance of Maritain's philosophy. It is based on the principles of Aristotle and St. Thomas Aquinas but he was an independent thinker in his own right and incorporated many insights from modern science and from other philosophes. He held that there is a "philosophia perennis"—a perennial philosophy which is linked with the "simple," "natural," "common-sense" perceptions of men in every period. He tried to develop it by looking for greater insight not only in Thomist philosophy but in other systems of thought because he saw philosophy as progressing by "deepening understanding" rather than by "substitution" as in the sciences.

During his long life Maritain published over fifty books and countless numbers of articles on a wide variety of philosophical subjects: epistemology, metaphysics, ethics, esthetics, politics, social analysis, theology, history, humanism, psychology. Perhaps his most important contributions were his demonstration of how the different ways of knowing—science, philosophy, poetry, mysticism, and so on—can work to-

gether, each with its proper sphere; and how men of differing beliefs can work together in a pluralistic society such as America towards the pursuit of the common good. His renewal of Thomism offered a challenge to modern man to rediscover Being (as opposed to purely scientific analysis), Love and God.

Maritain was born in Paris in 1882, the son of liberal Protestant parents. He studied at the Sorbonne and briefly came under the influence of teachers who believed that science was the sole answer to man's problems. But there he also met his wife-to-be, Raissa, who was to collaborate with him on much of his work. Maritain said about her that "the best thing I owe to my studies at that time is that they enabled me to meet the one who since then has always, happily for me, been at my side in a perfect and blessed communion."

Reacting against the extreme scientism of their professors, the Maritains were converted to Catholicism in 1906. Soon after this Raissa introduced Maritain to Thomas Aquinas' *Summa Theologica*, which was for Maritain a "luminous flood" and the beginning of his life's work. From 1961, after Raissa's death he lived with the Little Brothers of Jesus, finally joining the order in 1970. He died early this year.

Dedicated to his memory and the dissemination of his insights the Maritain Center, Evans concludes, "strives to put special emphasis on the study of the remarkable new avenues of thought that Maritain has opened up. Any living and creative thought, no matter how well formed and articulated its expression may be, has need ceaselessly to grow. We would like to think that our efforts will assist Jacques Maritain's thought to take root and grow in many minds of this and future generations."

—pat hanifin

J.F.K.

A Friend Remembers

Rev. John Cavanaugh, C.S.C.

As the tenth anniversary of the assassination of John Kennedy approaches, *The Scholastic* turns to the member of the Notre Dame community most intimately connected with the events of that momentous weekend. Father John Cavanaugh, President of Notre Dame from 1946 to 1952, is a close friend of the Kennedy family. In a conversation with *Scholastic* staff member Greg Aiello, Fr. Cavanaugh recalls the series of events which took him from South Bend to the White House, to Hyannis, and finally back to South Bend, in the course of what was for all who remember it one of the most tragic weekends in our recent history.

— Of course, I knew he went down to Dallas. I also was aware that he was working toward getting more rights for the black people, and that this attitude of his would be hostile to many people in the South. For that reason and because of my knowledge of him and the family I was attentive. I was over in Moreau Seminary then, and in order to hear this with my hypertension I would lie in bed like this, and it was right after lunch and the report was coming in like you would expect, crowds on both sides of the street, and that they were all eager to see him and to let him know that they were happy he was there. And it started to come across without much introduction that 'we just got a report that the President was shot and we wouldn't take this too seriously,' the man kept saying, 'because we haven't had a chance to verify it.' My reaction was that he had been shot. There wasn't a question in my mind whether he needed to verify it or not. Maybe everybody thinks of the worst possible thing and it's a reality to you. Then the second report I remember coming was in examining where the shots came from, at first they thought it was from a hilly area ahead and to the right, but then they decided they came from the Book Depository.

— My phone was ringing all the time. People were calling and saying be sure you listen. Finally I took the receiver off the hook because they were just saying the obvious things about listening in and this and this. After I heard this I went over to the phone and called a very good friend of mine, and also a friend of the Kennedys, who was on the board of trustees of the

university, by the name of Voll. I felt the need of seeing someone and talking to them. He said why don't you come over and have dinner with me.

Before I went with him, though, I called Hyannis Port and the nurse got on the phone and I asked her how Mr. Kennedy, Ambassador Kennedy, was and she said that they had been in touch with the doctor. He was watching a movie and the doctor thought it would be better not to tell him about it, but prepare him for it with the proper sedation. They asked me if I would come up there. The doctor thought it would be good if he had a nice rest and then in the morning they would tell him and they thought maybe if I were there I could be of some service to him.

So I decided to go up there the next morning. I couldn't get a plane until the next morning, Saturday morning.

So I went over to Mr. Voll's. It was Friday and we were having tuna fish and the telephone rang and it was Sargent Shriver at the White House. He said he knew that I was going to Hyannis Port, but he wanted to know if I would first come to the White House and offer mass with the immediate members of the family, and closest friends. I said sure. He said I could then go by plane from the White House up to Hyannis Port. So I got a private plane from Mr. Carmichael in South Bend. It was a gusty evening, the wind was moving the plane around and I took a sleeping pill and fell asleep. When we got to Washington it was still this way, blustery. The attention at this time was partially the lack of knowledge about who shot him. Was it an individual or was he part of a group? Did he have an identity with any of our enemies? You had to have all these things in mind.

The White House automobile was waiting for me. The driver was a big, strong husky guy. He said, 'What is your name, he didn't ask me, 'Are you Fr. Cavanaugh?' I could see that he was filled with this too, the uncertainty of just what kind of a plot this was. Everyone was bewildered by this thing.

We went to the Mayflower Hotel. They had made arrangements. When I got there, there was a message from Mr. Shriver to call him immediately and I did.

The body of the President had been brought over to Maryland and they were preparing him, the body, for the funeral. He was never viewed by anybody because of the nature of the violence. So he just told me to come over in the morning and he hoped we could have mass about 8:30, 9:00. He told me it would be best to take an ordinary taxicab in the morning because, again, at that time you didn't know just what kind of a thing you were confronting.

On a night like that you don't sleep much, but in the morning I took a cab like Mr. Shriver suggested. There was a black man who was driving the taxicab and I got in and told him to take me to the White House. He said, 'Where?' I said, 'The White House.' He said, 'Do you know anyone over there?' I said, 'I may get acquainted with them.' They told me to go in the special entrance and when we got there they told the cabdriver to go around the block while they checked him out. He said, 'I don't know if we're ever going to get in here, Reverend.' I said, 'We'll just do what they want us to do and see what happens.'

So after a few trips around the block they signalled us to come in. When I got into the White House Senator Bobby was there with John-John and Caroline. He told me that they would be delayed somewhat because they were still setting up chairs. Mrs. Kennedy had the arrangement changed so the mass could be in the spot where his body lay, which I thought was proper.

We were right near the kitchen and I had had nothing to eat and I wanted a cup of coffee. I asked Senator Bobby if it would be alright to go in and have a cup of coffee and he said, 'Sure.' So I went out and they had a little place like a bar with tall chairs. I asked if I could have a cup of coffee and some orange juice and she said, 'Yes.' She was crying, this black girl who worked in the kitchen, because she said, 'You're sitting right where the President sat many mornings when he asked for coffee and orange juice.'

So after that I went to the Oval Room, or just off it, to see Mrs. Kennedy. She wanted to go over the details of the mass. I don't think she had even changed the clothing she had worn in the car. I thought at the time what history there was in that dress because his head had really been shot right into her lap. What I observed about her was that she was thinking out, step by step, everything that was going to happen. The details of the procession, everything. Her husband is no longer the President. There were a number of things she was turning over in her mind.

Then we went out and went to the mass. We said a very simple black mass in the old liturgy, in latin. Mrs. Kennedy and the children were sitting about an arm's length from where I was saying the mass. The casket was just across from the altar so that I could reach across from where I was and touch the casket. There was no occasion to do it, but it was that close.



Several of the family were not there. Senator Ted, Mrs. Rose Kennedy, and Eunice were all up with the father.

After mass there was a breakfast and then they had a plane, the President's plane, to take me from there up to Hyannis Port. The weather yet was not very good. It wasn't raining, but the flying conditions were not good. I noticed this, that all throughout the flights, from South Bend to Washington and then from Washington to Hyannis Port, it was somewhat blustery. The state police of Massachusetts were waiting for me and we had an escort siren and all that, and we went from the airport to the home. When I got to the Ambassador's home I took an elevator from the ground floor to the first floor. They had this elevator because at this time he had been crippled by a stroke and this made it easier for them to get him up and down for meals and things. He had been informed by this time by Senator Ted and they told me that he knew so I wasn't too worried about that. To what degree he realized it is another thing. He was a sick man, they had given him sedation, and you don't know at what point of realization he is.

They shifted the conversation right away when I came in. Instead of dwelling on the event that brought me there they started to talk to him about something else, I think about the football game or something like

that. We were there in the room for maybe a half hour and then I went into my room to unpack. After that I saw him from time to time. This, again, was normal procedure when he was ill. The next time I saw him I had a long talk with him and his nurse, Miss Gargan, who was very close to him. She was a niece. Her mother was Mrs. Kennedy's sister. She was at Notre Dame as a novice with the Holy Cross sisters. She was thinking about being a sister. But she became ill and for the Kennedy family having helped her so much she decided she was not going to go on as a sister and they took her right into the family.

We visited all day. It was a time of tension. I don't suppose anyone is in for much cheap talk at that time. There was a general awareness of the tragedy that had taken place, and you sort of respect that awareness. The members of the family who went to the funeral were Mrs. Rose Kennedy, Eunice, and Senator Ted and the rest of us stayed up in Hyannis Port with the Ambassador. Mr. Kennedy had a little thing in his hand and every half hour when we were watching the funeral on Monday on TV, he would click this thing, and cut it off and rest. The tendency for him was to keep watching and not lose a second of it and the strain might have been very great for him. But everything went well. Mrs. Kennedy returned Monday evening after the funeral. I stayed until Tuesday and then flew back to South Bend.

I came to know the Kennedys through the Ambassador, who had been for several years a member of the board of trustees of the University. I was the vice president at this time and I would see him at meetings and I became acquainted with him. Then he invited me to his home in Florida because he knew I would sometimes be in Florida. I also would go from time to time to Hyannis Port and go out on *The Marlin*, their boat.

Through the ambassador I came to know Mrs. Kennedy and all of the family as they grew up. John Kennedy was a quiet man for a young man and with the priests, at least with me, always very reserved and respectful. But he had a sort of playful humor you had to watch for. He had a great sense of humor and great kindness, a great awareness of other people. He was not a cheap talker, a blah, blah, blah person. Even before he was President, in conversations he was very thoughtful and reflective.

I remember I was down in Palm Beach with the Kennedys and he was sick at the time and writing his book, *Profiles in Courage*. He would come out from his room and show me parts of the book and ask me what I thought of it. He was very modest about his writing.

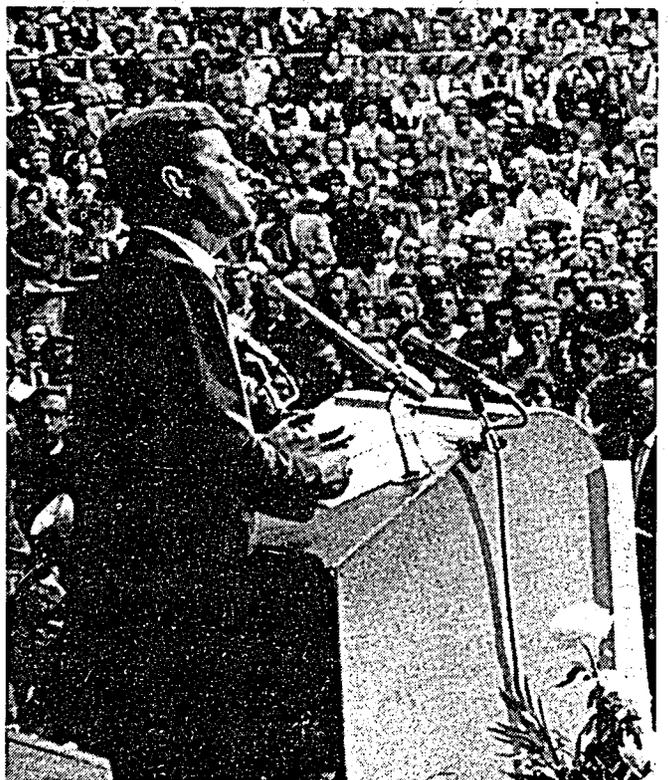
He had a greater interest in biography than most people have. You would see this when he would talk about the details of the lives of these famous people, the men who made the history of the United States. He had a great sense of respect for these men.

He also had very handy bits of poetry. He was sort of Off-Broadway about his interest in poetry. It was not the same kind of poetry all of us know, but they were poets that were very talented.

He had a tremendous memory. He had a command of facts that was tremendously impressive to me. I also thought he had tremendous taste. He never overburdened you in any way.

When he became President people changed toward him more than he changed. The last time I saw him was maybe five weeks before he was assassinated. One evening he had a couple from San Francisco by the name of Faye up at the summer White House in Hyannis Port. Mrs. Kennedy had just given birth to Patrick Bouvier Kennedy, who died, and she was white and you could tell she had just been in the hospital. Well, he wanted her to have a few laughs and he wanted his father to have a few laughs. He was wonderful about that because he knew how to get laughs for them.

There was no notable change in his personality after he became President. He retained that same simple warmth. There was nothing phony about him. He was the same Jack Kennedy you had always known only he just seemed to be President, and he seemed to be President by nature. He didn't have to say, 'I must change now, I am President.' He was just himself. He had that same gracious way he always had. There was a natural dignity about him, along with this great warmth and playful humor. He was so much the President that he didn't have to play the part.



Since 1967, when it began as a three-day seminar on William Faulkner, the Sophomore Literary Festival has grown to the status of one of the most celebrated literary events on any college campus in America. In a flurry of activity, a week packed with lectures, readings, informal workshops and meetings with students, the festival raises a wake of excitement which can be measured only after it has departed.

Each festival is different, as they are undeniably reflective of the efforts and personalities of the committee which works over the previous summer and through the school year to put together the event.

Things have not run as smoothly as this year's committee would have wished. For one thing, a change in dates prompted by the scheduling of the festival concurrently with the ND-SMC Theatre's production of Harold Pinter's "The Homecoming" had the committee hastily writing to previously contacted authors, almost in a panic at the thought of the undoing of this summer's efforts.

Fortunately, there were few cancellations as a result of the change, although a major casualty was the loss of Lawrence Ferlinghetti, who had centered an entire tour of eastern campuses around the festival.

Sophomore Literary Festival

Another aspect of the festival which raises definite feelings of frustration in the committee is the reluctance of many of the authors, especially the major names, to commit themselves to dates far ahead in the future. Among those who consider the present too early for them are Tennessee Williams, Kurt Vonnegut, John Purdy and William Burroughs. What is too early for them, though, is becoming too late for the committee.

The volume of correspondence carried on between the authors and members of the committee is reaching considerable proportions. Most of this is carried on with this year's chairman, Gary Zebrun, and David Green, a member of the executive committee.

Hearing from the authors, whether or not they are sending good tidings, is a pleasure as most of them have very fine things to say about the festival.

A sampling of quotes from the letters includes: Ray Bradbury—(in an extremely polite refusal) "I love you for continuing to ask. I really feel *wanted* by you nice people. . . . But . . . this year . . . as with others. . . I must stay here and finish a book and a screenplay . . . for time is running out on me . . . or so I feel. . . . When you hit your fifties, you really begin to add up your projects to see what you can finish before it's too late. God willing, we will meet."

Doris Lessing—(another diplomatic decline) "Yes, I do know about your festival and applaud it and everything it stands for. And indeed, what you people are doing there seems to me to be what literature needs."

James Baldwin—(in his acceptance) "In haste. My fault. I was on the road. I agree with Doris Lessing, who is a friend of mine, and I'll be very happy to meet with all of you."

W. H. Auden



Samuel Hazo

Joyce Carol Oates—(in a happily received acceptance) "I have heard about the festival from many other writers, who have enjoyed it enormously. My own interests are not exclusively 'Literary' however—I am very much interested in a kind of synthesis of art and the newer Psychology (what is known as Humanistic or Third Force Psychology)."

Michael McClure—(poet, also accepting the invitation) "My wife has not been to Indiana—I would like to bring her with me—please include an extra set of accommodations . . . provided that she has the time in February to accompany me."

William Styron—(declining regretfully) "The festival is an unusual and stimulating project . . . an important and unusual literary event."

The festival has also received acceptances from poet Samuel Hazo (a graduate of Notre Dame), novelist Isaac Bashevis Singer, poet Robert Creely, dramatist Jason Miller, and humorist Bruce Jay Friedman.

Tragedy befell the festival upon the death of W. H. Auden, who had agreed just a few days before his death to appear at the festival. In lieu of this, the committee and Auden's agents have arranged a tribute to the great poet, featuring two of his close associates, Stephen Spender and John Hollander.

The festival will be held from February 10th through the 16th. It is eagerly awaited by many at the University, for it provides a priceless forum for the dynamic authors and thinkers of our times. Certainly, the event has earned a place on the University calendar as one of the most prominent occasions of the year.

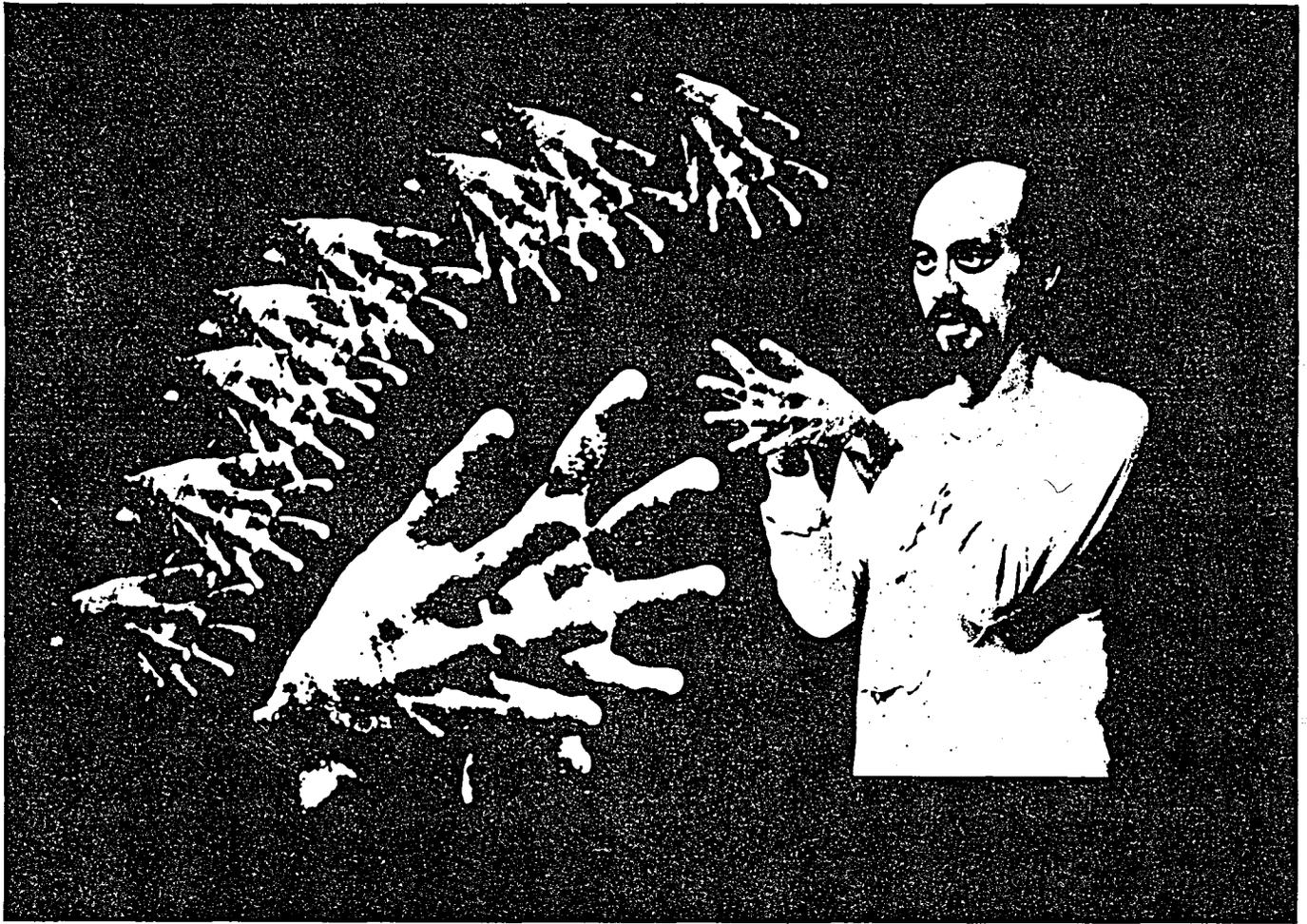
—fred graver

Poetry Without Words

Reviews are often repugnant—repungnant to write, repugnant to read. They are especially so when there is no public specifically waiting on the morning after to pass judgement on the event of the night before. Such are the problems one encounters when reviewing for the *Scholastic*. Unless one is dealing with the cultural touchstone of an entire age — we think fondly of Chuck Berry — it is an unholy strain to justify the review of an event which might well be more than a week old. The reviewer then finds himself either robbing old graves or at least attempting to redigest an aesthetic meal, long ago consumed, already endured with intestinal fortitude, and then decorously discharged by the human critical function.

Even when the critic is not divorced by time—that is, when the critic is, for example, a hardworking journalist straining to finish a review for the following morning's *Daily White*, he still must recognize his position of perplexing responsibility. In short, when the reviewer takes his job seriously great questions inevitably arise: are reviews even important for when an individual attends a show, he needs no one to tell him how he should feel? If a person does not attend the show, no amount of reviewing will ever make the event come alive. But the general conceit is that the reviewer's opinion is a professional opinion and, therefore, intrinsically valuable. One could also say that the reviewer is in fact a reporter and we need reporters. The circle could be run forever. In any event and however one might see such questions, the reviewer should have a good reason for doing what he does.





And so in considering "The National Theater of the Deaf," we must, in conscience, depart from normal critical exercises and journalistic maneuvers. In essence, this piece is written in the hope that the many who were not present at the "The National Theater of the Deaf's" performance might someday see them. In this regard, it is dull to say that they are excellent professionals for it is self-evident. Their unique professionalism derives, in short, from the well-wrought way in which they have one person on stage verbally narrate while another uses sign language concurrently to express the same thing. Indeed, it is essentially meaningless, in this case, to be obsessed by the process of the dramatic presentation itself. On the other hand, the most enveloping, most essentially pure and hence the most worthwhile and difficult aspect on which to write was the inexplicable and imminently pervasive quality of "felt life" transmitted to the audience. No critic, however presumptuous or blasphemous, can hope to reveal the root of this quality because it exists only as spirit and is communicable only through the existential experience of the moment. Even to approach the point of explication, one is forced to indulge in contradictions. The show was magnificently moribund, morosely en-

chanting, and delightfully horrifying. Such oxymorons initially seem to clarify the issue no better than mudpies tossed into a clear stream make for a better view of the fish. Nonetheless, it is where we must begin and, for a hint of the way, let us look to the title of the show itself.

In the program, we find that "The National Theatre of the Deaf" presents *Optimism or The Misadventures of Candide*. The company presented their adaptation of Voltaire's novel as a series of vignettes rather than as a show possessing a completely coherent and inter-related plot. Even with this imagistic rendering, it took me little time to realize that I will never have the heart to read the novel. Thematically, *Optimism or The Misadventures of Candide* traffics in blackness, chaos, sordidness, and various species of horror while sardonically characterizing existence in this life as "the best of all possible worlds." The world of *Candide* is without order, without justice; it is a world in which the Church is a mockery and Christ is merely a fashionable emblem and a veneer thinly covering gross evil; it is a world where absurd determinism is the catchall precept — "there is no effect without a cause" — and every hor-



rible cause produces a more horrendous effect. It is a play where one laughs so that he may not cry. The world of the dramatization was, in short, one in which "optimism" seems as much out of place as the Pope might be in a bordello.

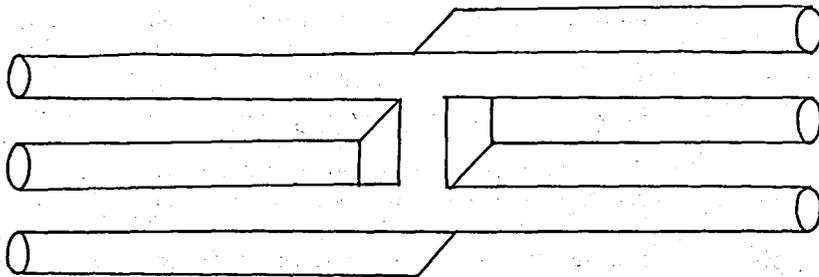
Yet, even amid the blackness, even within the very cold and hollow center of the play, there burns a fiercely hot fever. The players present a profound affirmation of life. One must recall that all of the performers are deaf. Beneath the weight of such infirmity, it is not impossible to imagine that the deaf person in life might well become bitter and see reality in as black a light as Voltaire suggests in *Candide*. The quality of felt life, however, resides not in the words that Voltaire writes but in the inexplicable and elusive beauty of the presentation. For the deaf individual, the ability to communicate is not a gratuitous experience. In the vacuum of silence, the sign is the word; the sound is the void.

To perform on stage — a medium which generally relies heavily on sound — is to affirm life. By transcending their infirmities, by saying in effect that things can always become worse if one degenerates into continual, maudlin self-pity, the deaf players were and *are* extremely moving and princely splendid. At the very heart of the performance one divines the message that life is valuable and should be lived as fully as possible. During the show, one of the performers posed a question to the others on stage and implicitly to the audience at large. She said, "Why are you still in love with life? Is there anything more stupid than to carry a burden that one wishes to throw off?" Indeed one clearly intimates that the "stupidity" is the same quality of purity which Christ attributes to children whose very holy and inarticulate sense of the promise of life is the only experientially real and valid moment of salvation in this life.

—jack wenke



Week in Distortion



There are only four months until Student Body President elections are upon us once again.

"So what?" you ask. "That's a long way off."

And so it is. But check out the stores downtown. The Christmas decorations are appearing, and have been around for quite a while already. You can bet your ballot that, in a dorm room somewhere, or at a designated dining hall table, plans are already being laid, strategies are being made for the election.

— — —

This is the dawning of the New Age of Apathy.

The present student government is concerned with the mundane rather than headline-grabbing antics. Student interest in things political is at a lower level than an ant's belly. This could be the last year of Kerstenist control, though the incumbent SBP may choose to campaign against nonamenable candidates and support others.

What if they held an election and nobody came? At the New Age of Apathy Training Table, headed by none other than last year's ageless political wonder Matt Kubik, the following was overheard:

"The atmosphere around here is about as interesting as watching a TV test pattern and I just wish somebody would change the channel."

—matt

"You know what the high point of my weekend was so far? Going back to my room last night and counting my socks."

—steve from cleveland

Steve: "Hey, what's happening?"

Matt: "We're planning the New Age of Apathy."

Steve: "Well, I really don't care about it."

— — —

So much for apathy.

Do you sincerely want to be Student Body President? If so, WEEK IN DISTORTION offers the following guide to gaining the rei(g)ns of power. The suggestions come from many sources, and may appear to be contradictory at first. But then, so do most politicians.

WEEK IN DISTORTION and the SCHOLASTIC assume no responsibility for the use or misuse of the following.

— — —

Be conservative. It's been the big thing for the past three years and it will be the big thing this year.

— — —

Don't be a joke candidate. Last year's joke candidate finished fifth. Ha Ha.

— — —

Don't be a flaming anarchist. Last year's flaming anarchist placed last with 46 votes.

"Make sure you've got a running mate who knows when to shut up."

—*michael carl goetz, the flaming anarchist's running mate.*

— — —

Now is the time for all good candidates to start writing for the OBSERVER, and earn fame and glory by getting their names in print. It doesn't matter what you say or even how you say it, only that you *do* say it. You can always decide to bug out at the last moment and become an R.A. instead.

— — —

Know what to kiss and when.

— — —

"I don't know how to become Student Body President."

dennis etienne, sbp

— — —

Make sure your staff helps count the votes.

— — —

"Don't think, and don't be ahead of your time."

—*jim roe, administrative assistant.*

— — —

Lie low.

— — —

If you don't live in the towers, go there immediately and start making friends. Most elections are decided in the towers. If you do live in the towers, grab a girl from Walsh as your running mate. With that combination you should be unbeatable unless you have had, heaven forbid, *political experience.*

— — —

One hundred Notre Dame political promises and a token will get you on the subway in New York.

— — —

Hall chairmen are very useful for putting up your posters—and ripping everybody else's down. Drawing moustaches is passé.

Notre Dame has seen many philosophic proponents of the Christian Community. Good guys finish last. Philosophers finish behind good guys.

— — —

Learn well the following about media endorsement interviews:

1. The media have already decided the endorsement question before the interview. The sole purpose of the interview is to obtain information to be used against you.
2. Stock up on trivia. Questions on precise budget figures and precise female enrollment figures are always big favorites at these interviews.
3. *Don't get the endorsements*, it's the political equivalent of the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED cover photo. All you want (and usually all you can hope to get) is honorable mention.

— — —

Stop in at the Student Government offices and check out the whole operation before you decide to do something rash, like announcing your candidacy. . . .

— — —

The lakes are good places to hide ballot boxes filched from hostile halls, but don't repeat the mistake made a while ago. Weigh the buggers down with rocks.

— — —

Announce late. "Machines are too hard to oil."

—*dennis etienne*

— — —

Vote early and often.

— — —

"Anybody who has the gall to think of running right now is the type of person who shouldn't be elected."

—*jim roe*

— — —

Using the lobby phone in a girl's dorm as your campaign phone will antagonize many people.

— — —

"If I know all this stuff, why don't I run for Student Body President? Because I'm smart, that's why."

t. j. clinton

Book Review

Ninety-Two in the Shade by Thomas McGuane. 196 pp., Farrar, Straus and Giroux, \$6.95.

In the age of "the literature of exhaustion" when most contemporary fiction is so painfully self-conscious and self-destructive, when the possibility of creating new and serious stories is made suspect by many avant-garde critics, it is refreshing to read a book which expands the horizons of the more traditional mode of novel writing. Thomas McGuane's brilliant third novel, *Ninety-Two in the Shade*, does just that. Through his finely honed descriptive technique, his daring, flamboyant range of language, his mad, frenetic humor—his sheer depth and accuracy of vision—McGuane has transformed the raw, brutal experience of contemporary American life into an artistic creation of the first magnitude.

The novel concerns itself, on one plane, with the tradition of cruelly absurd, anarchistic violence that is so endemic to the American Way. The story begins with the young hero, Tom Skelton, returning to his home in Key West to become a skiff-guide after a nearly suicidal affair with hallucinogenic drugs where he had "seen the tremulous threshold where another breath is a matter for decision." He makes his home, fittingly enough, in an abandoned World War Two fuselage. Skelton's progenitors have their own eccentricities. His father, a highly literate former whorehouse proprietor and Dada-type philosopher, has virtually withdrawn from the human race, dividing his listless days under a mosquito net between TV watching

and reading classical literature. Tom Skelton's grandfather, Goldsboro Skelton, is a bullying, cynical, ruthlessly amoral capitalist who owns half the town as well as its politicians. At seventy he finds entertainment performing lewd antics on a trampoline with his middle-aged mistress.

Skelton's insistence on cutting himself in on the fish-guiding market, leads him into a deadly serious rivalry with the more experienced Nichole Dance, a desperate, crudely instinctive guide whose shadowy past includes the point-blank murder of an exercise boy in Indiana. When Dance plays a devious practical joke on the unsuspecting novice, Skelton, in a methodically controlled rage, wreaks his vengeance by blowing up Dance's skiff. Thus the stage is set for the novel's inexorable movement towards the rivals' deadly confrontation. Skelton's respect for Dance throughout their psychological duel is related to his quest to become an accomplished skiff-guide—that is, his admiration of pure, technical expertise and the aesthetics of successfully calculated action in a chaotically indifferent world. At one point Skelton's father pierces his son with a deadly accurate appraisal:

"Get off the violence. You're too romantic to be any good at it. This bird Dance will eat you alive. He knows how to do violence and you're a dilettante at it."

Skelton thought with some admiration that Dance's trick had been a well-organized bit of cruelty.

Likewise when Skelton is witnessing

his pompous client's struggle to hook a prize fish, he laments, in true Hemingway fashion, the idea that the nobly fighting fish might be won "undeserved":

A fish that was exactly noble, thought Skelton, who began to imagine the permit coming out of a deep-water wreck by the pull of moon and tide, riding the invisible crest of the incoming water, feeding and moving by force of blood; only to run afoul of an asshole from Connecticut.

Comparisons with Hemingway are inevitable. Surely, McGuane's sense of "place," his topographical identifications with character, his lovingly detailed descriptions of Key West's tropical landscape, is as moving as Hemingway's Paris and Spain in *The Sun also Rises*. And like so many of Hemingway's heroes, lurking beneath Skelton's secular pragmatism, lies a deep and troubled religious sensibility, more akin to Kierkegaard than Camus. However, McGuane's paranoid humor and poetic exuberance clearly distinguishes his artistic subject as well as his style from that of the great American minimalist and machismo. McGuane's ability to juxtapose disparate perceptions in a wildly connective imagination, leads him to occasional excesses:

But there is a life that is not a life, in which the more adamant obstructions of the heart masquerade as loss, dreams, or carburetor trouble. A silent man wastes his own swerve of molecules; just as a bee "doing its

number on the flower" is as gone to history as if it never was. The thing and its expression are to be found shaking hands at precisely the point where Neverneverland and Illyria collide with the book of Revelation under the downpour of gackle droppings that is the present at any given time.

Nevertheless, they are excesses we enjoy at the time almost as much as any sin of the flesh. Like Thomas Pynchon, a writer to whom he bears a surprising resemblance, McGuane treads all over the geography of language, fusing the most subtle metaphorical profundities with hip, colloquial humor.

In the larger sense, *Ninety-Two in the Shade* is a haunting, poetic meditation on an individual's awareness of and confrontation with violence and death in a schizoid contemporary milieu. Near the beginning of the book, as he walks into his girlfriend's antique apartment, Skelton's morbid reflections could almost suggest McGuane's ambition in the novel as a whole:

Skelton perplexed himself as to how many dead had been transported through the hallway. If you had a specific answer to that, you could possess innumerable anecdotes about mortality with which to regale your friends; or if you had no friends, then to address that not so finite darkness in which we are all corporate shareholders. The trick, finally, Skelton knew, was to keep them rolling in the aisles, saving the best one for last, about how we die, and die, and die.

Although Nichole Dance's name might be a little metaphorically pre-tentious ("dance with death"), Skelton's confrontations with him prompt some of the most lyrical passages in the book:

Violence. Why did this stillness go so well with violence? Like cupping your ear in the high wind to make a pocket of quiet. The palm leaves moved and sent long fingers of shadow across the ground: and detailed shadows gave way to vacancy. And notionally, you see your spirit escape like smoke from a familiar corpse.

It is no coincidence that Skelton specifically chooses to imitate Dance's aggressive, dangerous, individualistic style of guiding at the beginning of the novel. Their mortalities are inextricably locked together in their common recognition of anarchistic necessity. Dance is a "private legislator" who carries a gun for essential "credence and collateral." The more sophisticated Skelton has a broader vision of a violent anarchism congenital in American life:

Skelton on his lunar, fetid inshore tide did not for the moment belong to the nation; except in the sense that the two principle questions of citizenship, *Will-I-be-caught?* and *Can-I-get-away?*, dominated his mind entirely, only slightly modified by the prime new world lunacy of getting from point A to point B.

Skelton is a tragic figure because, as his father tells him, "You have always been dedicated to ordeals as a

way of driving your spirit to the place where its first confusions are." Skelton needs an awareness of imminent death, an existential *angst*, in order for his life actions to retain a primal, purist significance. As McGuane reveals in no uncertain terms: "Thomas Skelton required a sense of mortality; and, ironically, it was Nichole Dance who was giving it to him."

During the period building up to the inevitable confrontation, Skelton keeps his sanity by relying on a down-home piece of wisdom:

Well, thought Skelton, life looked straight in the eye was insupportable, as everyone knew by instinct. The great trick, contrary to the consensus of philosophy, is to avoid looking it straight in the eye. Everything askance and it all shines on.

Skelton does not always heed his own advice. And thankfully for the reader, neither does McGuane. He looks directly into the instinctual violence embedded within the human psyche. Although the novel's implications are universal, McGuane succeeds in revealing the distinctive, ineluctable maladies of American life—its history of domestic violence, anarchistic lawlessness, and avaricious materialism.

Thomas McGuane is a young American author, making his art out of the daily evidences of this country's original sin. This is a story not about lost innocence, but about an innocence beyond recollection.

—Kevin O'Connor

Record Review

The scene at the Amphitheatre was a combination of carnival, riot and religion. Barricades had been set up and traffic was at a virtual standstill as police vainly tried to control a crowd that stretched for blocks around this smelly, all-purpose barn at the edge of Chicago's stockyards. Hippie ladies slinked about with their sleazy grace, people got high openly and ticket scalpers were asking a cool fifty for their extras. Wearing workshirts and jeans, in rags and velvet, every hipster worth his cokespoon was there from miles around. The usual formalities were forgotten: guys took guys, chicks went with chicks to the high noon of rock 'n' roll, the Rolling Stones concert. It was a real event, as the fab five make it to these shores about once every three years, play to a few dozen packed houses, then split for the south of France or wherever it is that rock stars go to spend their American money.

The crowd had come for Jumpin' Jack Flash and the "greatest rock 'n' roll band in the world." What you see is what you get. What they saw was an elaborately staged, professionally perfect rendition of the Stones' greatest hits, plus a few tunes from "Exiles on Main Street" thrown in for good measure. What they got was a large dose of one facet of the Stones' music. I remember reading an interview where Mick Jagger said that he'd like to do some slower songs like "Wild Horses" or "Moonlight Mile" but wasn't sure that the audience could get into them. While the Stones may not be famous for that type of music, they've always included a ballad or two in their repertoire. But whereas the rockers have usually dominated their albums and set the pace for them, it's the other way around on

their latest release, "Goat's Head Soup."

A year of touring all the hotel rooms that implies has honed the "Exiles" fat off their style and produced some fresh material to work with. The Stones are rolling again. Always the musical chameleons, the Stones change directions just when you think you've figured them out. They move through many and varied styles with ease; taking what they need and discarding the rest. Some strings here, a couple of horns there; always when it's least expected.

Owing to the universality of its themes and their musical treatment, "Goat's Head Soup" is a romantic album more than anything else. Stylized and unselfconscious, Mick sings:

"Went out walkin' through the woods the other day
And the world was like a carpet laid before me
The buds were burstin' and the air smelled sweet an' strange
It seemed like a hundred years ago"

He's never sounded better and the lyrics, finally audible sans the electric mud mixing, are on a par with anybody's, filled with a common, earthy insight that belies Jagger's new found jet set status. Following the disastrous opener of "Dancing With Mr. D" (it stands for exactly what you think it does), "Hundred Years Ago" sets the tone and theme for what follows. Juxtaposing straight-ahead energy with melodic ballad, the Stones leave rock, country and blues in their wake as they shimmy and slide into "Coming Down Again." Jagger's rough-as-silk delivery is punctuated by Charlie Watts' steady brushwork and some

tasty piano by the ever-present Nicky Hopkins. For all practical purposes, the Stones have become an eight-man band with Hopkins on piano and Jim Horn and Bobby Keyes on horns becoming an integral part of the group.

"Angie" is reminiscent of "Wild Horses" and is one of the few straight (they keep you guessing) love songs the Stones have ever done. Bordering on the sentimental and trite with its lilting strings and echo-chambered whispers, the song is saved by the beautiful arrangement, Keith Richards' fine acoustic guitar and lyrics that only Mick could make you believe:

"With no money in our coats
And no lovin' in our souls
You can't say we never tried"

The ultimate realization of this style, however, comes with "Winter." A slow, winding mountain of a masterpiece, it hinges on Jagger's dramatic delivery wrapped around some brilliant guitar work by the duo of Richards and Mick Taylor. All the promise of "Moonlight Mile" is fulfilled in this bittersweet, evocative song of love and yearning:

"It's sure been a cold, cold winter
My feet, they've been draggin'
cross the ground
I hope it's gonna be a long, hot summer
And our love will be burnin'
bright"

Sandwiched around these mellow-tunes are a couple "Exiles" standbys, "Silver Train" and "Hide Your Love." As usual the rhythm section of Watts and Wyman lays down a steady, compelling beat while Jagger and company skitter in and out,

trading vocal and guitar riffs of the more familiar variety. "Heart-breaker" tells the modern urban blues. The organ plays, the guitars bray and the wah-wah spits out controlled energy as Mick slurs his best New York tough accent:

"Police in New York city
Chased a boy into the park
In a case of mistaken identity
They put a bullet in his heart."

Mick Taylor's too-short but sweet guitar solo and the "doo doo doo" vocal chorus in place of horns are the topper to this one. So what if they did pinch the chorus right out of Lou Reed's "Walk on the Wild Side." As T. S. Eliot once said, "hacks borrow, artists steal."

The Stones, always fast finishers, wrap things up with "Star Star" an all-out, high-energy rocker that shows us they can still burn it up when they want to. Nick squeals, screams, and struts while Keith does his guitar thing and the rest of the band charges in and around the leave-'em-laughin' pseudo-punk macho lyrics:

"Honey I miss your two-tone
kisses
Legs wrapped around me tight
When I get back to Fun City, girl,
I'm gonna make you scream all
night"

Although this song is the sure AM hit of the album it probably won't get airplay anywhere because of the repeated obscenity. Still, that's just the Stones' way of saying that they don't need it. The release of "Angie's," at an unheard of four minute plus, is a further statement of their penchant for the unpredictable. This time they may have opened the door for longer songs to enjoy singles play on AM.

"Goat's Head Soup" is not the ultimate Stones album you've been waiting for (it'll never happen) but it's on a par with their best, which is to say the best, period, and leaves them with a lot more room to work in the future.

—casey pocius

The Comet Cometh

Men and women of Notre Dame/St. Mary's—the time has come to turn your eyes to the heavens. The biggest, the best, the most spectacular comet of the century is coming to our skies!

In March, the Czechoslovakian astronomer Lubos Kohoutek first sighted the comet which now bears his name. Kohoutek is enormous as comets go—the estimated diameter of its solid center is ten to fifteen miles, almost three times that of the brightest comets yet observed. It will pass extremely close to the sun—within 13 million miles—closer than all but 30 comets previously recorded. Scientists are making a concentrated effort to study the comet, hoping to learn more about the origins and nature of comets in general. NASA has launched a multimillion-dollar project dubbed *Operation Kohoutek*. Planes containing infrared telescopes will study the comet and surroundings before and after it makes its pass around the sun. A new observatory on South Baldy Mountain, near Socorro, New Mexico, is designed particularly to study Kohoutek and NASA is planning to launch several rockets to gather data above the earth's atmosphere. Sky Lab III astronauts Gerald Carr, Edward Gibson, and William Pogue will also get into the act. They will be running a number of tests to monitor the comet and will take two spacewalks, one on Christmas Day, to gather data from their instruments. The Mariner 10 probe is equipped to take photographs of Kohoutek, and these, combined with the many pictures taken by astronomers back on earth will give us our first 3-dimensional view of a comet.

Kohoutek should become visible to the naked eye at the end of this month or in early December, an hour or so before sunrise. By Christmas it is expected to be the brightest object in the sky besides the sun and the moon. In mid-January its tail may stretch across as much as one-sixth of the sky. The best time for viewing Kohoutek should be between January 10 and 20 when the moon is out of the way. It will pass closest to the Earth on January 15, when it will be 75 million miles away from us. Be sure to look for it just after sunset, or else you'll miss—it sets below the horizon in the early evening.

This comet will be bigger and better than even the famed Halley's comet, which last appeared in 1910 and will be coming again in 1986. Oh—and if you miss this showing you won't have another chance—Kohoutek won't be back for 75,000 years.

—sally stanton

Coming Distractions

NOVEMBER 16

- ... **Lion In Winter** at the Elkhart Civic Theater, Bristol Opera House, Elkhart.
- ... **Godspell** continues at the Morris Civic.
- ... **Hockey**, University of Wisconsin, 7:30 p.m.

NOVEMBER 17

- ... Cinema '74 presents **Les Amants** (Malle) in the Engineering Auditorium, \$1.00, 8:00 & 10:00 p.m.
- ... **Basketball Exhibition**, Varsity vs. Freshmen in the ACC, 2:00 p.m. Tickets 25c and 50c; all proceeds used by Student Volunteers to purchase Thanksgiving dinners for needy families.
- ... **Hockey**, University of Wisconsin, 7:30 p.m.
- ... **IUSB Faculty Recital**, 8:15 p.m., Recital Hall, IUSB.
- ... **Lion In Winter** continues at the Bristol Opera House, Elkhart.
- ... **Christ Child Society Ball**, ACC.
- ... **Orak Temple Ceremonies**, Morris Civic.

NOVEMBER 18

- ... **Elkhart Symphony Orchestra**, Helen Bodin, American Concert, Memorial High School, Elkhart.
- ... **Les Amants** (Malle), Cinema '74, Engineering Auditorium, 8:00 & 10:00 p.m., \$1.00.

NOVEMBER 19

- ... **Shakespeare film series** continues with **Hamlet** (Williamson), 7:00 & 10:00 p.m. in the Engineering Auditorium, free.

NOVEMBER 21

- ... **Mai Zetterling Film Festival**, **The Girls**, sponsored by the Office of Continuing Education (IUSB), 8:15 p.m., Recital Hall (IUSB).
- ... **Virgil Fox** (International Series), Morris Civic.

NOVEMBER 23

- ... **Lion In Winter**, Elkhart Civic Theater, Bristol Opera House, Elkhart.
- ... **Prisoner of Second Avenue**, Morris Civic (Broadway Theater League of South Bend).

NOVEMBER 24

- ... **Lion In Winter** continues at Bristol Opera House, Elkhart.
- ... **Prisoner of Second Avenue** continues at the Morris Civic.

NOVEMBER 25

- ... **Merle Haggard**, Morris Civic.

NOVEMBER 26

- ... **Shakespeare Film Series** presents **Othello** (Olivier), Engineering Auditorium, 7:00 & 10:00 p.m., free.

NOVEMBER 27

- ... **AFROTC Lecture Series**, Library Auditorium, 4:00 p.m.

NOVEMBER 28

- ... **Notre Dame Glee Club**, Sacred Heart Church, 8:15 p.m., free.
- ... **Electronic Music Festival**, 8:15 p.m., Recital Hall (IUSB).

NOVEMBER 29

- ... **The Trojan Women** (film), Engineering Auditorium, 8:00 & 10:00 p.m.

NOVEMBER 30

- ... **The Trojan Women** (film), Engineering Auditorium, 8:00 & 10:00 p.m.
- ... **K of C** presents **Frenzy**.
- ... **Judy Collins**, Indiana University (Bloomington), 8:30 p.m., Indiana University Auditorium. Tickets \$4.50, \$4.00, \$3.50, \$3.00, \$2.00.
- ... **Madrigal Dinner**, 7:00 p.m., Regina Hall (SMC).

Drawn from Nature/Drawn from Life, featuring works by Homer, Church and Huntington, continues at South Bend Art Center through Nov. 25.

Paintings by Mrs. Katherine Barnhart continue on show at the YWCA Art Gallery through Nov. 30.

American Crafts and Folk Art show continues at South Bend Art Center through Nov. 29.

Mary Dance, One Woman Show, opens at the Town & Country Theater on Nov. 30. Sponsored by the Women's Art League.

The following shows will continue at O'Shaughnessy Gallery through Dec. 30:

Italian Renaissance Works from the Permanent Collection.

XIX Century Work 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.

— rick gering

Let's Go South for New Year's

Ara has been a head coach since 1951. He was the head man at his alma mater, Miami University of Ohio, from 1951 through 1955, and then became head coach at Northwestern from 1956 to 1963 (his record against the Irish was four wins to no losses). Mr. Parseghian came to Notre Dame in December, 1963, to become the school's 22nd head football coach. His record of 74-14-4 places him third in the victory column behind the legendary Knute Rockne and Frank Leahy. Ara's 100th career win, a 51-0 victory over Southern Cal in 1966, clinched the National Title for the Irish. His spectacular repeat this season might equally well clinch this year's National Title.

Mr. Parseghian was born in Akron, Ohio, on May 21, 1923. After graduating from high school there, he enlisted in the Navy and while in the service played football under Paul Brown at Great Lakes. Following his discharge, he entered Miami University where he competed in football, baseball and basketball. He won All-Ohio halfback honors and received All-America mention in 1947 when Miami played in the Sun Bowl.

Following his graduation, Mr. Parseghian played with the Cleveland Browns until an injury brought a quick end to his professional career. He then moved into the coaching ranks when he returned to Miami as an assistant to Woody Hayes in 1950, and moved up to the head coaching position when Hayes went to Ohio State the following year.

The Scholastic interviewed coach Parseghian with the intention of talking about football as a career, a representation of one's philosophy of life, rather than simply a game one plays on Saturdays. Mr. Parseghian was interviewed by Tara Carey and Tom Gora of the Scholastic.

SCHOLASTIC: Is there a philosophy behind your choice of football coaching as a career? Why did you choose coaching as a profession?

PARSEGHIAN: Of course, the most important thing in life is that you choose a profession that you enjoy. You decide on a profession for the kind of work, but at the same time, it shouldn't be all work, but rather, enjoyment. Coaching for me is not really a work as a labor, but a physical and mental enjoyment. If there is one philosophy applicable to everybody, I would say that you should select your profession as one that you could become really involved in, that you could enjoy doing. The problem with many people today is that they are dissatisfied with their work, or they jump around from job to job.

SCHOLASTIC: How did you decide on football coaching specifically?

PARSEGHIAN: Well, I knew I wanted a job as a coach, I wasn't sure exactly what sport I would eventually end up in, but I knew that I was oriented towards the sports. The opportunity to coach football then presented itself and I took it.

SCHOLASTIC: Why did you choose to remain in football?

PARSEGHIAN: I enjoy working both physically and mentally with people, and in football, this is the challenge. Football really involves a multitude of things; not only do you have the physical and mental strategy, but you also have the emotional and spiritual aspects of

the game. And then there's the competition itself, to show you how well you've learned your lesson. Football seems to me to be a total involvement.

SCHOLASTIC: How was it that you came to ND?

PARSEGHIAN: Notre Dame was an opportunity that presented itself at the right time; there are often some doors of opportunity ajar that you can nudge a little bit. As you know, I coached at Northwestern for eight years before I came here. At that time (1963) Coach Devore was an interim coach following Mr. Kuharich. At the end of that season, I called and told them that in the event they were contemplating a change, I would be interested in the position.

I wanted to come to Notre Dame because I knew the school; I had competed against them while I was at Northwestern. Notre Dame was a nationally prominent school, with a fine history and tradition. It was a great opportunity because Notre Dame had been down at that particular time. . .



SCHOLASTIC: You've received many offers to coach pro ball, yet you've turned them all down. Do you see the professional leagues as being a step up to the "big leagues"?

PARSEGHIAN: Actually, I consider college football as the "big leagues." Not that I'm criticizing pro ball, but I really enjoy the university environment. There is some pressure, but as a coach here, I am not a business representative; football does not exist solely as entertainment or as a moneymaker.

But what is more important to me is the role of educator that a coach plays. We're dealing with boys between the ages of 18 and 22. They have a lot to

learn, despite what they might think, and I know that we can be a real influence on them. Football is much like the classroom situation where you have your training in knowledge, mental and physical execution, and finally, competition. Football can prepare these boys for many of life's lessons.

As far as the pro offers go, they get turned down every year, and every year they come in again. But the best testimony that I'm not going to leave is that I've been here for ten years and I'm still here, still head coach. But, I don't say "ever" or "never." Still it's ten years that I've been here, and that's quite a while.



SCHOLASTIC: How did you view our victory over Southern Cal?

PARSEGHIAN: I've been coaching for 24 years now, a lot of exciting things have happened, and I would have to say that beating Southern Cal is one of the most important. It's a combination of reasons; we have had such poor luck with them in recent years, especially the occasions when they spoiled the national championship for us, as in '71.

SCHOLASTIC: Do you find that there is very much pressure from year to year to match or exceed the record of the previous year, or to come up with a new and different strategy?

PARSEGHIAN: One thing, coaching isn't like the business world. There, though there are federal restrictions now, profits can soar beyond expectation, stocks can go from ten to a hundred; it's all very uncertain. In coaching, it's only ten games, no more, no less. If you've won them all, that's what you've accomplished. The next year, you can only duplicate that, or get worse. A lot of coaches become victims of their own success that way. Everything's relative; a team can win seven and lose three, in a given season that

might be a poor record, but following a two and seven season, that would be great. There's a ceiling on what you can do.

As far as planning, it's a balance of power. You must continually research new trends, but nonetheless, you're still dealing with players, basic techniques, and good execution. From year to year, we'll probably be running the same play, but it's the execution that we'll be working on. But I did say that you have to keep researching new plays, new trends. You must keep abreast of new developments. There are what I would call cycles in the strategy of coaching. For any innovation, the first thing I think of is how can I defense it. If I think it will be easy to do, then that play or move is not worth incorporating into my offense. But I have to explore it, because I may eventually face it, and I'll have to stop it. If it's exciting, I'll incorporate it; we're always looking and evaluating.

SCHOLASTIC: It seems as if the teams we play against experience a sudden boost in their ability. Is it a real threat that they pose, or is it merely the psychological threat of upsetting Notre Dame?

PARSEGHIAN: There's no question that the intensity of the competition we play against makes it that much more difficult to beat them. They are always looking for the upset. We are the only college football team to be nationally video replayed, with national radio coverage, plus three of our contests are featured events on national television. The opposing coach figures that if he can beat Notre Dame, he can prove exactly how good a coach he is, because it will all be replayed on Sunday.

SCHOLASTIC: At the end of the season last year, and somewhat at the beginning of the season this year, it seemed as if the team would build up a sizeable lead in the first and second quarters, and proceed to watch it being pared away slowly and at times, dangerously, during the second half.

PARSEGHIAN: Well, sure. If we're prepared for a game and go out there and score 28 or 35 points in the first half, you know that the intensity of the second half is going to drop off a bit. It shouldn't, and that's the coach's job to see that that doesn't happen. It can get dangerous if the other team really becomes emotionally involved in catching up. Momentum and having things turn around suddenly is so important in college ball where so many of the teams are so good. This year, when we played Michigan State, we almost lost by our own errors. At the half, the figures were 270 yards to some ridiculous figure, but then we turned around and threw an interception for a touchdown, and fumbled for an eventual field goal. All of a sudden the score was 14-10, and we had to play a very conservative, calculating game where we couldn't do anything. No, in every game we see a very serious and potentially dangerous competitor.

SCHOLASTIC: How about our prospects of being number one this season?

NOVEMBER 16, 1973

PARSEGHIAN: Well, a combination of fortunate circumstances must first come about. First, we must win all the rest of our regularly scheduled games, thus being one of the possible six undefeated teams in the country. If we lose to Miami, for example, it's all over. The closer we get, the more incentive each team will have to beat us, and the harder they will be to beat. You have to remember that games are played on the field, not in the weekly prognostications. Next, we know that Michigan and Ohio will neutralize one another; somebody's going to fall from the undefeated ranks in that game, unless we have a rare tie, in which case both teams will suffer.



Just then, the telephone rang. Coach Parseghian talked for a few moments before returning to the interview.

That was news about the next condition. A friend of mine from New Orleans just told me that the seniors from Alabama have voted to accept a bid to the Sugar Bowl, if they get the invitation, and they'd like to play Notre Dame. We'd like to play the highest ranked team in a bowl, and it seems like Alabama can be that opportunity. The other combination, Penn State and LSU, would probably end up in the other major bowl, the Cotton Bowl. In their last game of the season, LSU plays Alabama. If LSU beats Alabama, and we have already accepted the bid to play against them in the Sugar Bowl, we'll be in a bad position to claim we're number one. It's such a combination of "ifs."

Of course, the PAC eight winner, UCLA or USC, will also have to beat whoever goes to the Rose Bowl from the Big Ten. It's such a combination of dependent situations that it's very hard to predict.

The Last Word

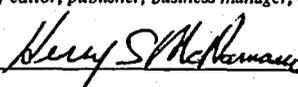
November is a time of memories. Dying leaves, blustery winds and the first traces of snow evoke visions of autumn adventures, high school football games, quiet, lingering moments with friends, and brutalities remembered all too well. The memories prey upon the mind, and defy any coherent ordering. Expressing them becomes even more grueling than sorting them out. But they all call to be expressed. They press upon the mind and demand attention.

The most unwelcome memory is one that has lasted ten years, unpleasantly reinforced by countless similar horrors which have recurred all too often in the interim. I was eleven when John Kennedy was shot. What had seemed a normal day of classroom drudgery was suddenly interrupted by an unexplained exodus to the adjoining church. The pastor came to the lectern, and his voice was trembling. His words were simple, but haunting. "Our President has been hurt very badly. Let us all pray together for him." And for what seemed an eternity we prayed, amidst dark, confused speculation about what could have happened to that distant figure who, though none of us really understood why, seemed to evoke the same mysterious respect and awe as the Pope. Suddenly another priest came in and whispered something in the pastor's ear. He interrupted our prayer. Now his voice was even weaker. "We have just heard on the radio that President Kennedy died. Let us say one more prayer for him, and then everyone is to go home." And for the first and last time, the announcement of an early dismissal brought no smiles to the faces of children. We all just went home; some crying, most of us, too confused to cry, not knowing just what to do. The memory, haunting and vague, has lasted, and the violent deaths of the years that have followed — both of national leaders and of the thousands of victims of the folly of national leaders; add to the memory's bitter grip upon us.

Left in such a slump, though, other memories thankfully flow in which refresh the spirit and make the cold winds of November seem less intruding. For November also brought to my home town the biggest high school football match of the year (at least as far as we were concerned). Held on Thanksgiving Day, it was often jokingly referred to as the only event of the year that every last person on Staten Island took sides on. Our loyalties switched with fortune (not being a student at either school made such fickleness less disreputable). But the outcome of the game was not really very important. What was important was *being* there. And after three hours of cheering and foot-stomping in the crisp autumn air, we would return home ravenous to the smell of turkey and pumpkin pie, still reliving the big moments of THE game. Finally, we would join in our Thanksgiving feast, thankful for the day's excitement, happy to be together, and warmed by familiar smiles and endless supplies of good food.

The memory of that warmth, that togetherness, that camaraderie both haunted and warmed me as I walked back towards Lyons the other night. What warmed me was the thought of such togetherness and care. What haunted me was the thought that such feelings seem so unfamiliar here.

—kerry mcnamara

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