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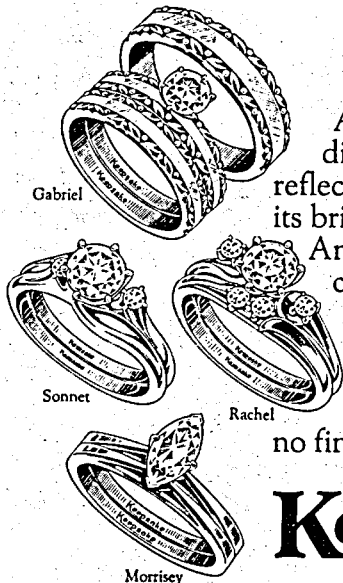
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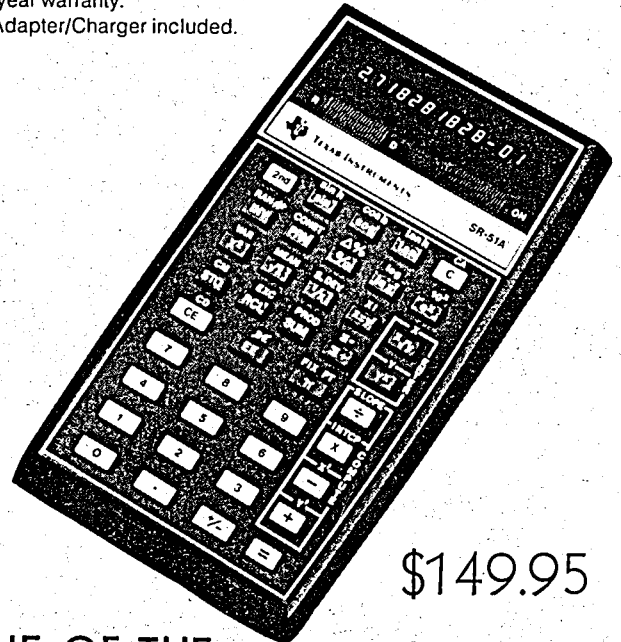
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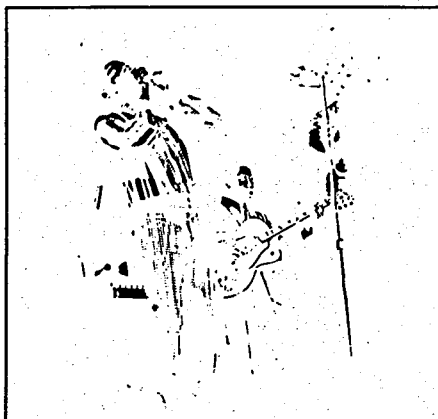
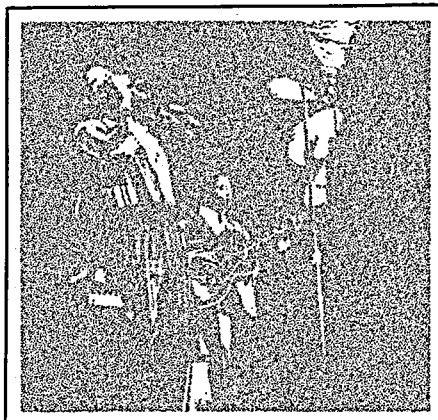
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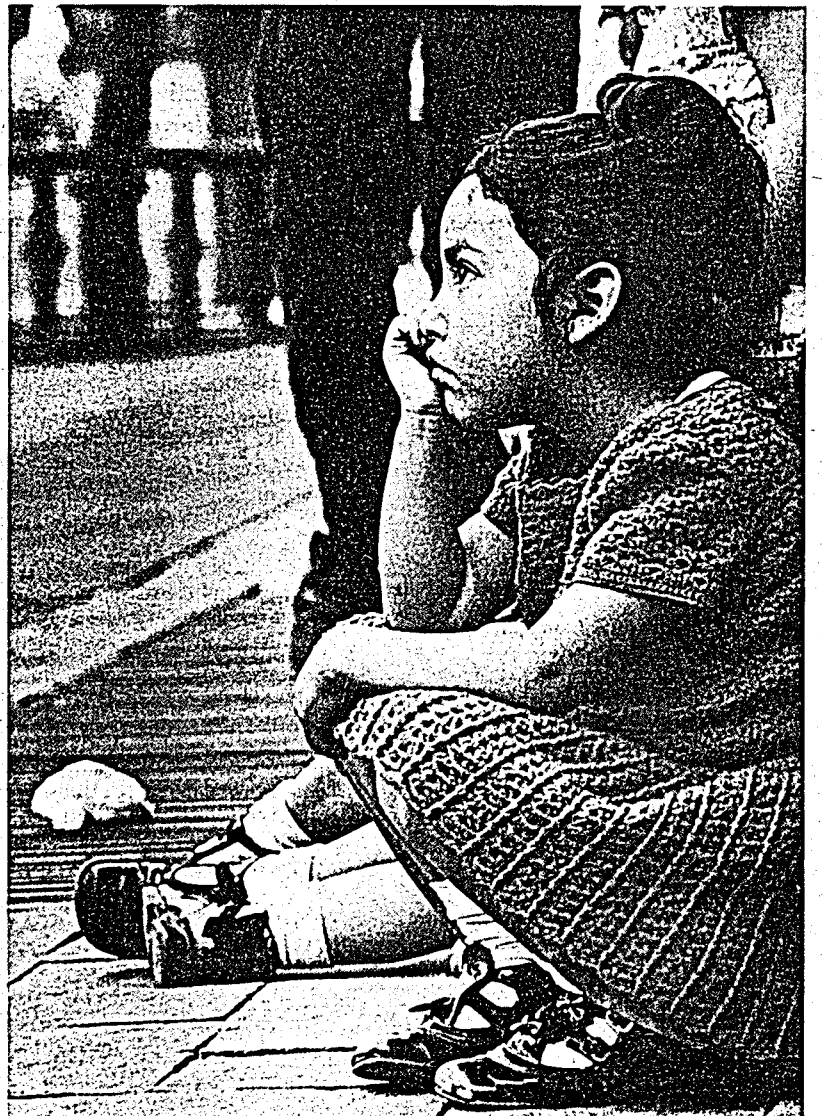
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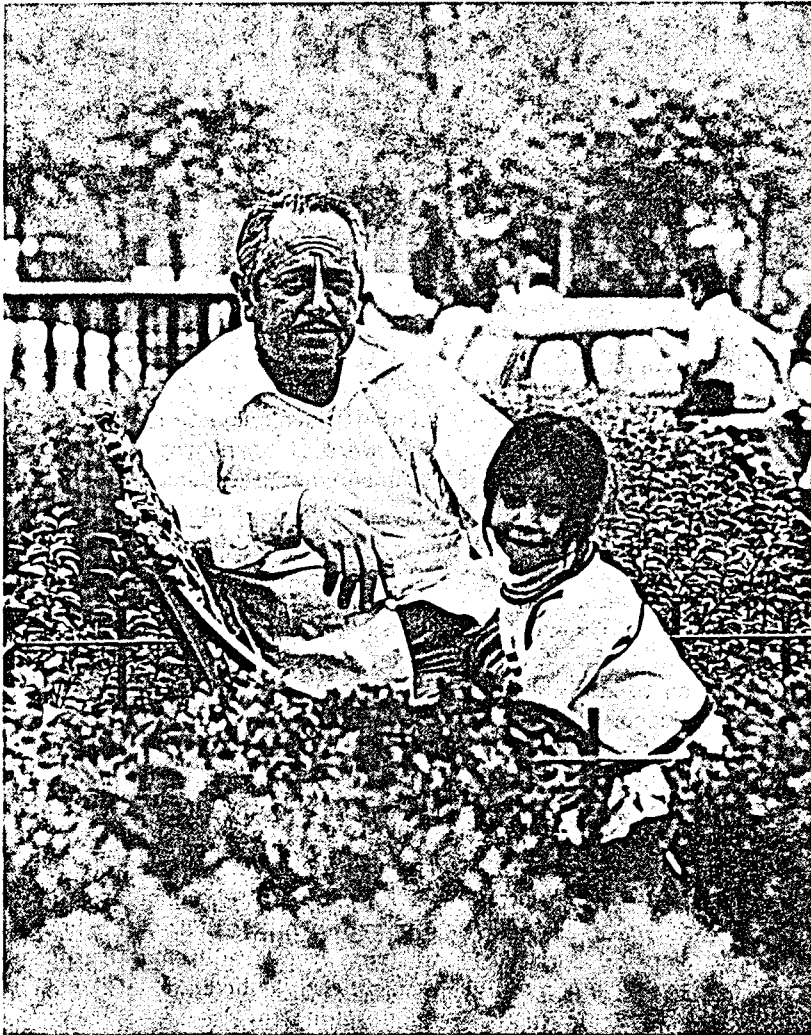
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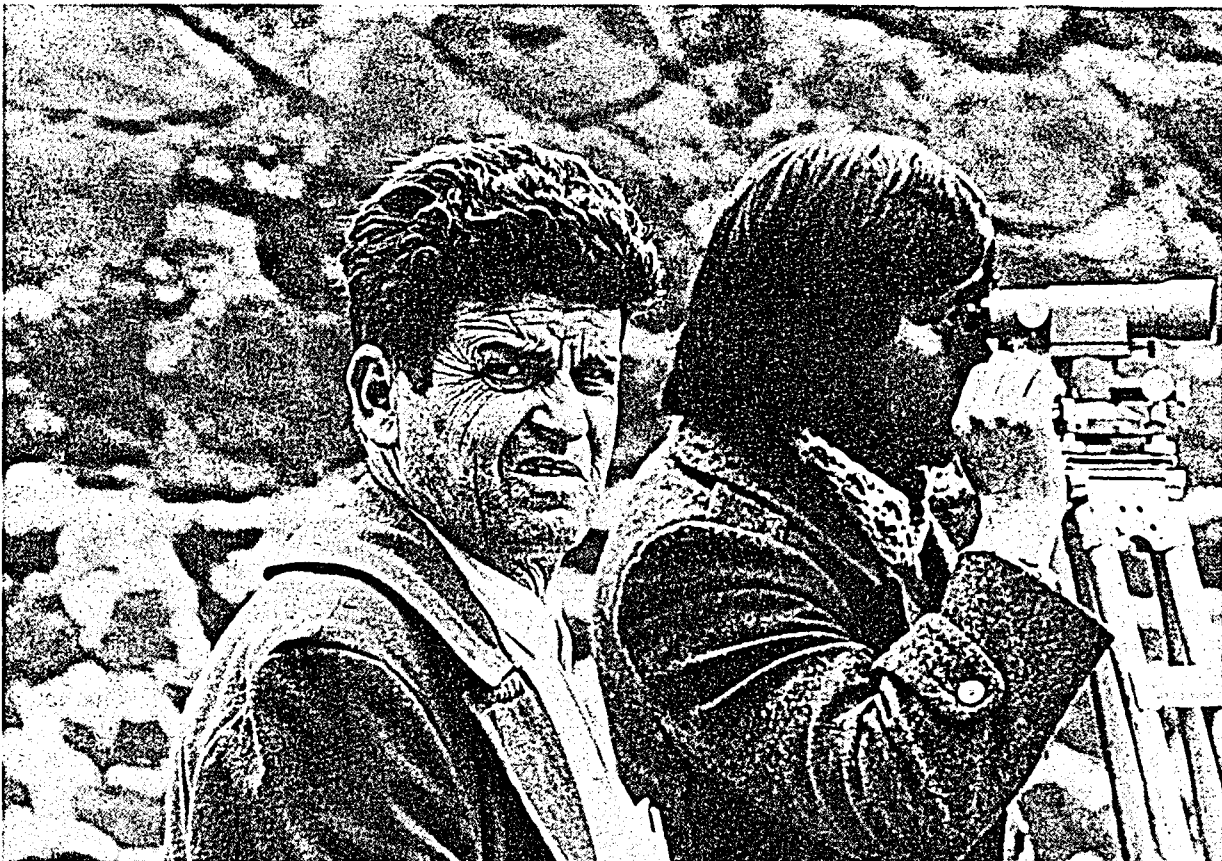
Gallery





Mexico is not cacti
on a desert plain.
Nor is it a strip of beach
in Acapulco.
It is *people*.
That my year there would be
captured in photographs
such as these was, therefore,
virtually inevitable.

Anthony Chifari
Junior, American Studies
University of Notre Dame



From Indiana to Creativity

by Missy Heard

Victor Higgins, whose work is currently on display at the Notre Dame Art Gallery, is one creative figure with whom many students here might identify. He was born in 1884, in Shelbyville, Indiana—in the *real* Midwest. He was fifth in a large Irish Catholic family of nine.

The Higgins exhibit, which opened October 26, displays the major works of this Indiana-born artist who primarily worked out of Taos, New Mexico, until his death in 1949. The exhibition, arranged jointly by the Notre Dame Art Gallery and the Indianapolis Museum of Art, is the first retrospection of this American artist's paintings and will run through December 21.

Higgins had no rigorous early

training. In fact, it wasn't until he was nine, while playing hooky from school, that he met his first art teacher. This teacher, an itinerant sign painter, supplied Higgins with his first paints, his first art lessons and the overwhelming desire to attend the Art Institute of Chicago.

In 1899, when he was fifteen, Higgins left Indiana to study at the Art Institute of Chicago. He studied there for ten years, working at odd jobs to support himself. He received his first break in 1910, when his works attracted the attention of art patron Carter H. Harrison, a former mayor of Chicago. Harrison, then, financed four years of travel and study in Europe for Higgins.

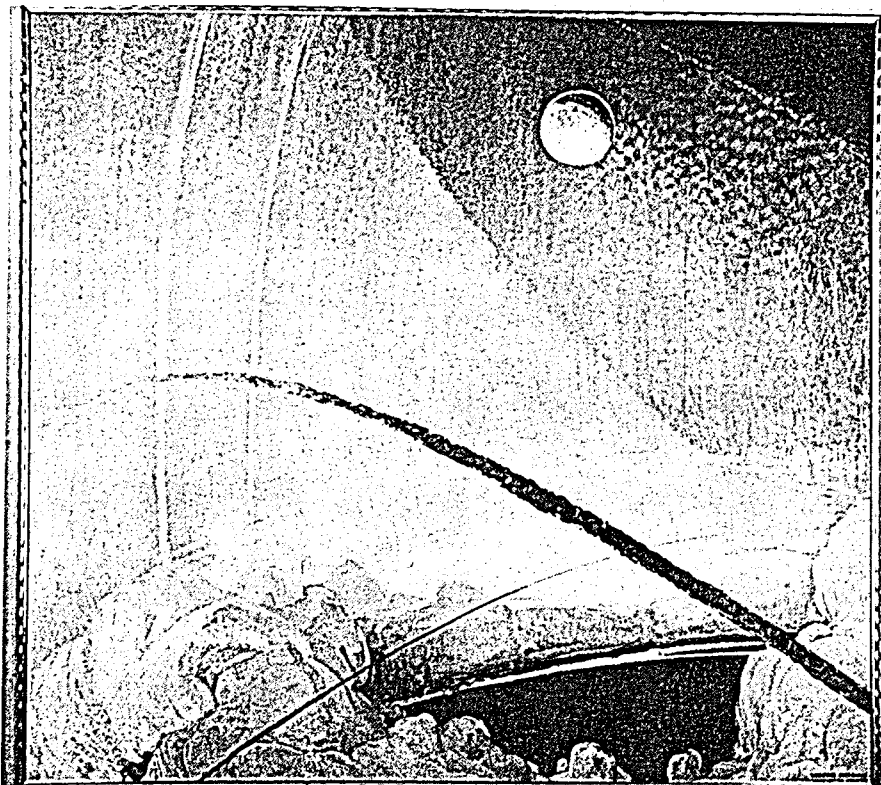
During this period, he mainly

studied the old masters. His paintings were of the European school—dimmed colors, academic figures and picturesque landscapes. He returned to the United States before the outbreak of World War I, somewhat disillusioned with European adventures.

Harrison again sponsored him on another art expedition, this time to the new art colony in Taos, New Mexico. It was there that Higgins met some of the most creative artists of the time: O'Keeffe, Marin and D. H. Lawrence, to name a few. He began to work towards the development of an indigenous American art form. But first, he had to abandon the traditional European academic style he had developed in his foreign travels.

Another major problem he suffered from at first was a tendency toward the romantic that seemed to affect most of the artists in the Southwest. In his First Taos Period, he discovered the beauty of the American Indian, the colors and the unbelievable landscape. Yet most of his subjects were from the Taos Pueblo, following the creative tradition set by his fellow artists. The paintings of this period, such as the *Bead Worker* and *Juanito and the Suspicious Cat*, were well-received by audiences in New York and Chicago. With this style, Higgins won nine prizes in competition between 1915 and 1920. Despite his success with his work, he wanted to paint for the sake of painting and not solely for the purpose of romantic illustration. Higgins was interested in bringing to his subjects a basic simplicity. This search for the basic along with brilliant color characterized his painting until his death.

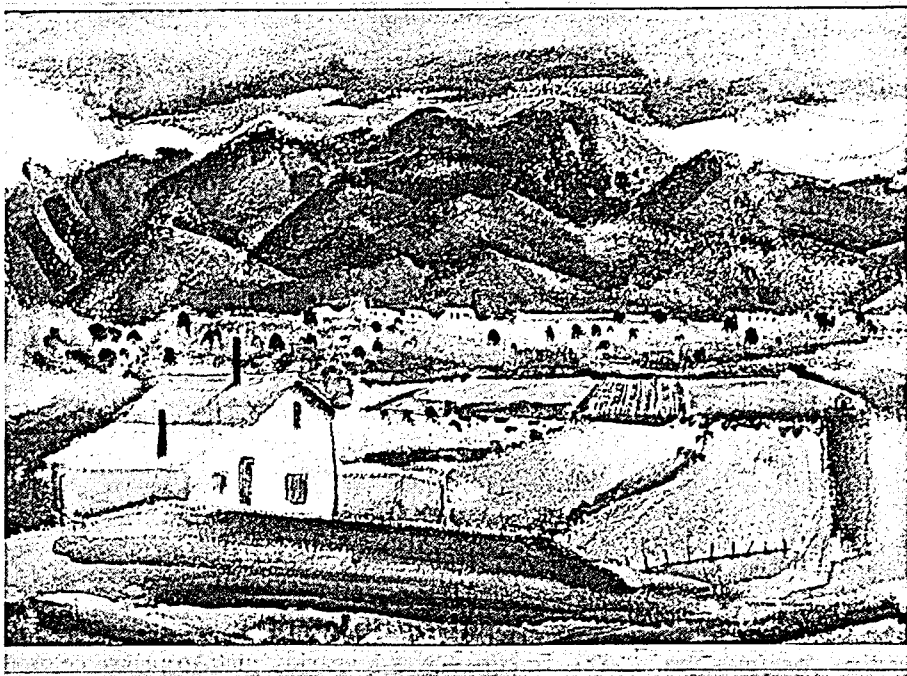
It was in the 1920's, during



what is known as his Second Taos Period, that Higgins turned to landscapes. At this time he also began two additional series, the still life and the model, many of which are Indians both sleeping and waking. With these subjects, he used pastel colors and a more delicate brushstroke.

One of the most unusual compositions created in the 1920's is Higgins' *Circumferences*. It shows us one of his rare departures from his New Mexican environment. It is the representation of a great battlefield between 1914 and 1919, the Mediterranean and Western Europe. However, his perspective is one of an astronaut. We find ourselves looking down on a battle of the sky with nature's shapes, colors and textures fighting against one another.

The creation of some of America's finest watercolors was achieved by Higgins in the 1930's. They had more life and motion than his oils. They were full of brilliant colors and primarily represented the landscape. But it was during this period that Higgins painted his greatest oil, *Winter Funeral*. Though it does represent a funeral in a snowy pasture, it is the storm-choked mountains that attract immediate attention. The tops of huge dark



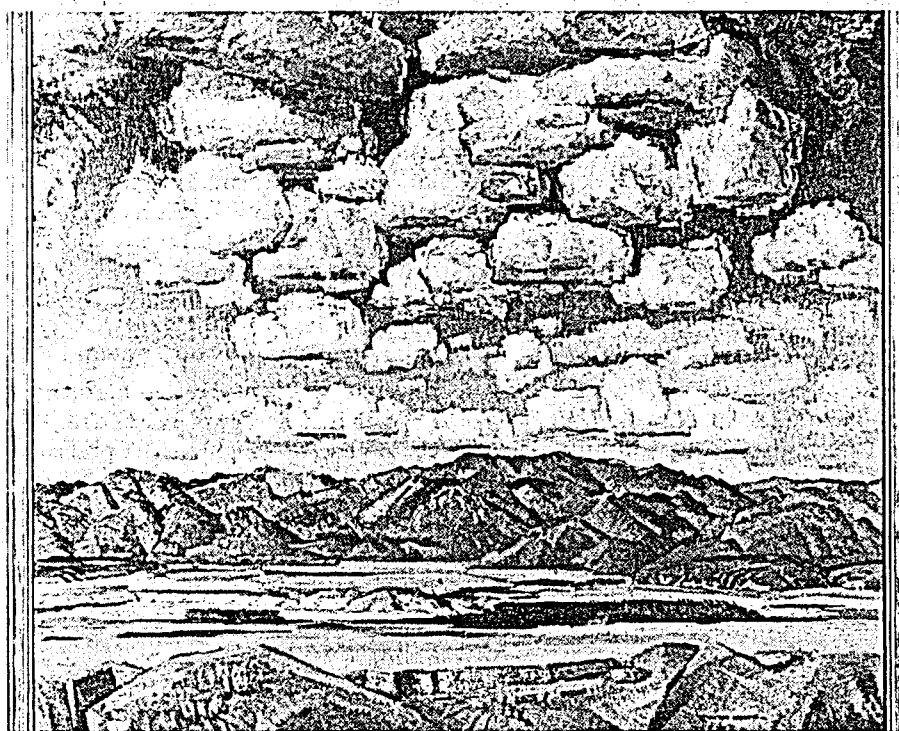
mountains are obscured by even darker winter clouds; the gigantic aspect of the two—clouds and mountains—dwarfs the tiny funeral in the foothills.

In the 1940's, during the last years of his life, Higgins painted the group of small panels called the "Little Gems." These measure roughly 10 by 20 inches and represent small oil landscapes, delicate in

their detail, tiny brushstrokes and jewel-like colors. They are the achievement of an individual who when searching for the comprehension of his environment finds it and can now paint for the sake of painting.

Victor Higgins died in August, 1949. It was not until this exhibition, over 25 years after his death, that we have begun to examine his contribution to American art. It seems only fitting that two Indiana museums have initiated this examination—the Art Gallery here until the end of December and following this exhibition, a two-month showing in Indianapolis. The exhibit has already increased national interest in Victor Higgins; several prominent institutions in the Southwest have recently made bids to share it after its presentation in Indiana. Finally, Victor Higgins is in the national spotlight.

The art of the Southwest is perhaps the most indigenous to the United States. For many famous artists who came to Taos, this period of their careers was mainly transitory. But for Victor Higgins, it was a lifetime devotion. So, in order to discuss American art, we must first examine the works of Higgins. We may discover that his talent was one of the foremost of all American artists.



NEVERTHELESS, NOMORE

by Michelle Quinn

Michelle Quinn, a sophomore psychology and English major from New York, has been writing short fiction for four years. She is currently chairwoman of the Sophomore Literary Festival.

I leaned my eyes upwards to the window. Already, Grandma came to the sill and pronounced my name. My toes wound round the metal, pulling the kickstand to position. There now, the milk bottles at long last were silent. Goodness, they could start a commotion the moment I jerked pace the slightest. This morning they clattered ceaselessly as I pedalled to complete townering. Saturday was errand day in the house. Everyday was someday; your part in it written beside your name on the inside of the oblong kitchen cabinet. Ever since I was so high my name went along with the rest. In younger, less tall days it was Charlie's duty to inform me of my chores. Saturdays were not my own till lunch had been set out.

I've been 14 for an entire month now. In many homes age is a number. In ours though, it is a position. Fourteen meant you were almost an adult (which meant you weren't ever, ever to wallop the boys even when they did behave intolerably). With fourteenship you could at holiday time sit at table

and have wine with guests. Best of all your work went beyond the house. To accomplish it, your gift was a sparkly pick to please colored bicycle. This was the first I could call my very own. Always before, Meg and I shared the Green Disaster.

I took the stairwell two steps at a time till I had approached the final landing. Grandma's home was on the third level smack even with the tops of city corner trees. The door was partly open. Grandma didn't appreciate the racket of a fist pounding wood. She said if you put to the effort of expelling such energy to climb those damnable stairs, she had no right or inclination to refuse your company.

Grandma knew I'd come. Somehow, whenever the queer thoughts came to me, I'd come by to sit them out with her. I could figure finding her in the Closet. Caroline's Closet: Admit One! she'd say when I was tiny. This, she called the porched room. It kept her treasures, all of them. The Closet stores recipes in a woven holder, books in a cupboard with warbled glass panes, the awesome piece of self-done tapestry lay atop the uppermost shelving.

The chair sighed a sad huff as I sat. I knew I could let the thoughts come now. Her right hand firmly gripped the pot which warmly let through thick hot chocolate that

could melt your insides through and through. She sat beside me. Her knees, half-bared by the hem of her housedress, touched perpendicular to my thigh. Perpendicular — a delightful word, the worthiest remembrance of last spring's math. I turned my head toward her. I stared, couldn't think of words to say what was my mind's speaking.

Mother kept insisting childhood would soon behind me be. Enjoy every moment, children, it will long pass you by and your moments in spending imagination's reality will come to pleasant recall. Adulthood is a fine, exciting life but you'll never know again the glories of a child's afternoon. Mother never dwelled upon such matters. Only, whenever we got it in our heads to want the ways of older years, she'd pause in tendings and remind us so. I didn't know childhood could be peeled and left behind, forever. Especially the forever part. I certainly wouldn't believe it.

Grandma took my hands in hers. An older way could be made agreeable. Many chums were muddling through what they called maturity. I'd call it a first-rate mess. They could gasp or giggle at the precise social moment and expect the therefore muted applause to tumble forth for them. Surely, I too had dreams of grown-up years. I wanted



to see Africa, to know unbearable heat, to sleep in watch of mosquito regiments, to spy an untimid tribe. I wanted to swim in a full-fledged ocean, to submit myself to currents, to spill forward and back in the spray, to search for pearls and seashells. Other dreams I had as well. They were closer hopes, I suppose, for they were no lesser. I wanted to wear a soft blue nightgown to bed and perfume to the movies. I wanted to know if Presbyterians had sextons or meet the person, whatever they called him, who rang the bells from the peak of their church in early morning. I'd want to ring bells instead of vacuuming rugs. It must nearly be time to return home.

Grandma upped herself and went to the wall. I sipped hot chocolate so as not to cry. Turning around, her hand cupped slowly. Clasp the piece she sat again. The harmonica lifted to her lips, she set her hands to play.

Once, Grandma told me the story. It was a gift from Mr. Daniels. Mr. Daniels was not Grandpa. Grandpa was her evermost love, Mr. Daniels was her youngest. Grandma says a woman always gives her love to men, though men seldom know it. I remember her saying a woman cherishes a difficult life. Without your asking, it entails a heap of trials with a load of misconnections. Too, a man once or again might share your living. So it was with Mr. Daniels.

It was war then, Grandma said. Mr. Daniels served in a military capacity. Grandma never knew what sort exactly, only, it kept them far, far apart. She'd become so wanting

for his laughter that she would send him a letter soaked in loneliness. She'd rant at the stupidity and wonder at the necessity. She cried even. My Grandma, strong woman, cried. Mr. Daniels got lost. I'm puzzled as to how grown men can go and lose themselves; but then I don't try hard, even in social studies, to understand the war. For her birthday he sent the harmonica. He sent it as his song. Packaging poor, and Mr. Daniels having made it without the proper glues at hand, the harmonica arrived in two separate pieces. Held jointly an unsettled noise blew through.

Grandma says she crushed the song. Her harmonica did not want to function for someone else. Mr. Daniels meant for her to handle it as gently as Grandma loved him. To get a pleasant sound, her lips had to uncover where to whisper

breath. Just enough of her into the open bits of the instrument and the softest, sweetest songs could play. She played Mr. Daniels' song for all the people she came to love. The hard thing, she says, is not to crush your beloveds. Give to their openness your gentle living. Then be silent as they play.

Grandma's playing ceased. She placed the harmonica in my lap. I didn't watch her face. Her song was done. I didn't want to know. She hadn't breathed a word, still I understood her telling. I had the instrument. My time to handle the gift had come.

I didn't want to make the strains, to discipline forms, to free the imperfections. The gift now belonged to me. I left then, with the bottles, and the bicycle, and the piece. Lunch would soon be done with. My day had begun.

ISIS

STUDENT GALLERY

by Richard G. Landry

For some, the word conjures up images of a tortuously bad anagram describing some student organization, or perhaps the name of an old alumnus-turned-patron-of-the arts. All diligent students of the classics know otherwise. Bullfinch notes that the Egyptian goddess of fertility to whom the title refers "is represented in statuary with the veiled head, a symbol of mystery." On the Notre Dame campus, she is represented by an imposing black-and-white sign hung on the west end of the old fieldhouse. A door to the right leads into a small anteroom, the ceiling black, the walls black with tan canvas panels. On the north wall, a glass pane set above the lintel of a white door announces, in black letters, the destination: Isis. The student art gallery.

Since 1970, the Isis gallery has attempted to serve the University's need for a space devoted to the showing of graduate and undergraduate artwork. It began first as the undertaking of a small group

of architecture students, who converted the once-locker room into a cleaned, painted area in which to display the different pieces they had completed while studying in Rome in 1969. Afterwards, the space was used occasionally by members of the art department and by visiting artists who were contacted too late to be included in the main gallery's busy schedule of events. It was not until 1972, however, that the gallery first fell under formal management; in that year, an art student named Chris Gregory assumed responsibility as the director of Isis. With funds obtained from the Cultural Arts Commission, he organized what was to become a most active and successful season. At times there was an opening for a new show every week. Enthusiasm ran high, not only within the art department, but also among a great number of faculty and students within the University as a whole. Gradually, though, interest began to taper off, culminating, in the 1974-75 school year, in what might be termed a dis-

astrous season: the number of exhibitions was greatly reduced, gallery hours were decidedly erratic and publicity for shows was often sparse and inaccurate.

Richard Carey, a graduate art student and teaching assistant who is presently the director of Isis, sums up the matter succinctly: "Last year the gallery completely fell apart." In particular, aside from the problem of poor organization, little of the sorely needed physical improvement of the working area was actually accomplished and, although advancements have been made this year, much more needs to be done. For, as a structural unit, the gallery is somewhat of a two-headed dragon.

It is a huge white room, with an old, cracked cement floor painted grey, and white stucco brick walls with brick support pillars. The ceiling is almost rustic in appearance; its exposed rafters have been painted white, as well as the frame of the rather dilapidated skylight. In all, the area has a rugged quality

about it, and it is this very ruggedness which is at once a delight and a burden. Certain types of art blend extremely well into the Isis space: large canvases and, as demonstrated in a showing produced earlier this year, ceramic pieces. But some work simply does not fit: medium-size canvases tend to wallow in the large space between pillars, and certain geometric designs clash with the pattern produced by the brick walls and sloping roof.

To counteract this phenomenon, the Isis staff has set up false walls, which at once break up the large room into a number of smaller areas, and provide a surface upon which to hang "problem" work. Yet this one achievement, however successful, is by no means comprehensive, and it is not an overstatement to say that there are still a great number of key aesthetic difficulties yet to be overcome. As a result, says Carey, "all of our energies have been going toward making [the Isis] more of a gallery space than just a stone wall on which to put things up; we want to create a space in which artists can actually get a certain distance from their work."

Adding to the difficulties presented by the sheer physical design of the Isis is the problem of limited financial resources. Until this year the operating budget of the gallery consisted of \$1,000 allocated by the Cultural Arts Commission. An indeterminate amount was donated by the art department through its visiting artists program, a cooperative venture in which the art department and Isis gallery share in the costs of producing shows and seminars devoted to contemporary art.

This year, under the direction of Chris Mahon, CAC chairman, the budget was raised to approximately \$2,000 annually. However, this is hardly enough money needed to execute the required improvements; the cost of simple maintenance is, by itself, demanding. Fortunately, notes Carey, the staff of the main gallery in O'Shaughnessy Hall has been extremely helpful in lending display stands and other pieces which the Isis would otherwise have to build or purchase.

However, there is another problem from which the Isis suffers, a problem that is far removed from finances, but which is just as de-

bilitating in character: the lack of faculty and student involvement in the workings of the gallery. At the beginning of the year, only four graduate students and one undergraduate assumed entire responsibility for the difficult, time-consuming task of interior renovation, as well as the organization and production of shows. More students have since become involved in the Isis, particularly in response to the onset of the first undergraduate exhibition of the year, which opened November 3. But there is still a noticeable absence of active involvement on the part of the faculty, who could contribute much simply because of their experience.

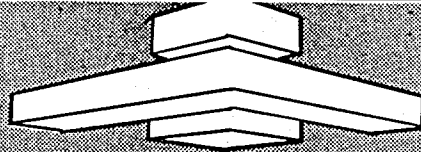
Carey attributes this apathy in part to last year's poor organization and publicity, and in part to the unit system, a program of independent study in which graduate and undergraduate students work essentially on their own, under the guidance of a faculty advisor, with whom they confer on a regular basis. Because of the lack of structurally imposed interaction among large numbers of students and faculty, isolation and non-involvement are naturally reinforced and perpetuated.

Despite these grave difficulties, it

is clear that there are some members of the art department, both students and faculty, who are determined to see that Isis remains a viable force. Fr. James Flanigan, C.S.C., chairman of the department, notes that the gallery serves two functions which the main gallery in O'Shaughnessy Hall would be hard-pressed to fulfill. First, and most obviously, the Isis provides an opportunity for student artists to show their work in a distinctly professional setting. In so doing, it allows the staff of the main gallery to devote more attention to its own collection. Secondly, and equally important, the Isis gallery, in the words of Fr. Flanigan, "brings art in from the outside for our own art students, for a short period of time, and a little more informally than the main gallery is able to do." In this sense, the Isis serves a vital pedagogical function and is, in a real and undeniable way, irreplaceable. Perhaps Fr. Flanigan describes the situation most precisely when he states, "[without the Isis gallery] there would be a vacuum."

The Isis gallery is open every weekday during the school year between the hours of 1-3 p.m. Openings are from 7:30-9:00 p.m., and the public is always invited.





Gary Zebrun, a senior English major from Buffalo, New York, is the editor of the Juggler. He hopes to teach in a high school next year and then return to graduate school for a Master's in Fine Arts.

October's issue of *Notre Dame Magazine* features the article: "Yesterday's Activists: Still Marching to a Different Drummer?" Five former Notre Dame students and one professor recollect earlier encounters with the political shadiness of the sixties, marked, as today, by a rhetoric of concealment and contradiction.

Today the campus du lac is quiet. It is at times, in fact, still as death. The causes of the move from activity to non-involvement are complicated and by no means easily pinpointed. Clear explanations may be lost. For many students the seventies mean developing a firm intellectual foundation. Others are interested in purchasing tickets for comfortable careers. And then, there are students seeking a blend of academics and human experience. Some people here age into uncertainty; others draw up blueprints. These extremes of bewilderment and infallibility at once are clashing to cause a general appearance of incapacitation on the campus in these dull, inactive seventies.

In the separations between unimaginative diehards and earnest romantics there is one universal similarity: today we are alone. Whether we are at sea or moving in our private steadfastness does not alter our basic solitude. As the poet Rilke has written, "we are solitary."

If Rilke is correct, how shall we confront our solitude? Alone we are as easily vulnerable to the prophet of fantastic doom as we are to the anesthesiologist of habit. How can we preserve and spark our imaginative capabilities in a solitary world, a world of opposing extremes — compressing itself into silence or breaking into triviality? That solitude which kindled Rilke's imagination is snuffing ours out.

I think we must all ask ourselves

if our creative resources have been dulled in disrepair or sharpened so acutely as to become our most suicidal weapons. Have our private worlds dug us into a ditch of unimaginative work or have they dispersed us into an unharnessable hell of burning fantasies? Are we always, either through boredom or intensity, on our way down without a rope to climb back up?

And if we are solitary, a desperate movement toward community will not do. Nor can reverting back to an idealistic activism, as marked the sixties, satisfy our solitary desires. Though many political changes were accomplished in the sixties, such as the gradual admissions of our shams in Vietnam, the growth of disillusionment that drifted in after the age of "Love and Woodstock" should prevent another flood of chaotic idealism. And the political reappearances of conservatism and corruption, such as anti-busing and Nixon's past regime, will guard against our trip back into sixty nostalgia. For, the disparity between the real and the hoped for would be too unbearable this time. Nonetheless, because we are human and sometimes frail, we need in the seventies something to hold on to, a confidence beyond rigid determinism, but, something firmer than the confusions of our unacted desires.

And if we are solitary we must gain confidence, first of all, in our private actions. These are the dull seventies, years of public boredom and private anxiety, when many of us move in stupors because we are not committed to our hearts' desires; because, for some, these are years both of public and private mediocrity; because there are many people who have already given in to the hollowing out of their minds, hearts and social desires. Whether we all join the queues of these already dull ghosts, or, whether we create within our solitudes a clearer, more pleasing confidence in our imaginative capabilities is a choice we should make soon.

It may be apparent by now that I do believe we are solitary and, that

in the beginning, uncertainty harasses us. But, I cannot agree that uncertainty must destroy our distinctions. Nor should our solitary distinctions prevent our interacting with others. To work within one's solitude is to work with uncertainty itself; to remain open to the unknown, to trust our imaginative capabilities, and, at the same time, not to be consumed by them should be the hope of all of us in the seventies. Then, once we gain a private stability through our sharper imaginative eyes, we may begin the greater work of social interaction.

But today the campus is too quiet. Sometimes it is still as death. In place of the dullness I have nothing concrete to offer, because, in order for a true change to arise, we must seek out, as Rilke once did, a "courage for the most strange, the most singular and the most inexplicable that we may encounter." About this I am reminded of a poem by Adrienne Rich, "Prospective Immigrants Please Note":

Either you will
go through this door
or you will not go through.

If you go through
there is always the risk
of remembering your name.

Things look at you doubly
and you must look back
and let them happen.

If you do not go through
it is possible
to live worthily

to maintain your attitudes
to hold your position
to die bravely

but much will blind you
much will evade you,
at what cost who knows?

The door itself
makes no promises.
It is only a door.

Portrait of Two Ladies: A Tableau

by Barb Frey & Melanie Jorgensen

Who wears scarves, hoop earrings, chains and is always dressed to kill? Who's the brainy bookworm that's just a buddy to all the guys? If you think you can answer these questions correctly, read on.

One of the first things a Notre Dame or Saint Mary's woman is exposed to as she begins her life in college is the legendary (if not yet traditional) rivalry between the females who live on *this* side of the road versus the ones who live on *that* side. Yet the actual quality and extent of the rivalry is vague. In an attempt to investigate this question, a number of interviews were conducted with women at each school.

The most obvious stereotype found in the conversations was one of appearance. The descriptions given in the first paragraph are exaggerated but many seemed to think not far from the truth. The image of the "SMC chick" flaunting excessive jewelry and makeup in order to win a Notre Dame man was well-known at either school. A general stereotype of the Notre Dame woman was a little harder to deduce though most attributed a more bookish personality to her—she acted intelligent even if she wasn't.

Physical traits seemed less connected to the Notre Dame woman than an air of intellectual snobbery and aggressiveness. One Saint Mary's woman described the typical Notre Dame coed as "someone who is especially good in everything and she lets you know it."

In relation to appearance, the students were asked if they could distinguish a Saint Mary's woman from a Notre Dame woman. Most of the Notre Dame students and about half Saint Mary's students said they could tell the two apart though many qualified this by adding that their classifications had never been backed by proof. "Oh, my God, yes!" re-

sponded one Notre Dame freshman who pointed to the dressiness and "rich bitch" look of a Saint Mary's student as a dead giveaway. (She was painting her fingernails at the time of the interview.) Some felt there was a noticeable difference in the actions of Saint Mary's and Notre Dame women in the presence of men—the Notre Dame woman appearing more comfortable in her home territory. Another Notre Dame student, a sophomore, said she could always identify someone from Saint Mary's, "There's a look in her eye like she's on the prowl." The ma-

jority, even while admitting this "place the face" game as a popular pastime, considered their choices as mere speculation.

On the subject of intelligence, women from both schools considered the average Notre Dame student to be smarter than the average Saint Mary's student. A freshman from Saint Mary's commented that, "it seems like everyone over there majors in pre-med." Notre Dame women often felt that their classes were more difficult than those at Saint Mary's though Saint Mary's students disagreed. They resented



the attitude that they were in college mainly to achieve an "M.R.S." degree with education being purely accidental. Many women interviewed are in professional fields of study with plans to continue their education after graduation from Saint Mary's.

The reason for the students' choice of schools offered some surprises. Most of the Saint Mary's women said they selected Saint Mary's because of its small size and the fact that it is an all-women's institution. They seemed to like the freedom and individuality that is allowed to develop without the competition that often occurs in the presence of men. Many had family ties with Saint Mary's and several cited an interest in a special program as a reason for their decision.

Approximately one-third of the girls interviewed at Saint Mary's had applied to Notre Dame. Those who were accepted at ND usually chose to attend Saint Mary's because it had a better program in their major. The size of Notre Dame also discouraged many of the Saint Mary's women: the University seemed much too large for them to develop the type of personal relationships they wanted. A small Catholic women's college with the advantages of having a large university nearby was the perfect arrangement in the eyes of many at Saint Mary's—"the best of both worlds," as one woman put it.

Many Saint Mary's women stressed the high academic rating of their college and felt many Notre Dame women wouldn't find it as easy as they think. As one Saint Mary's student said, "Notre Dame girls seem so superior, but if Notre Dame didn't take girls they'd be right here!"

The majority of Notre Dame women interviewed picked Notre Dame because of its good academic reputation and because they wanted to go to a coeducational university. Many had family connections with Notre Dame, usually a father or brother in the alumni ranks. Most of the Notre Dame women interviewed had never considered Saint Mary's because of what they considered its limited educational opportunities. They felt the University offered a more intense and varied selection of programs.

Each group of students was asked how they thought the women across

the road viewed them. All the students at Saint Mary's thought the Notre Dame coeds saw them as a possible threat where men are concerned. As one woman put it, "We're seen as invaders in their territory at parties and the library." Most Saint Mary's women felt the Notre Dame coeds believed that all Saint Mary's students wanted to go to Notre Dame but were not intelligent enough to



get in. In truth, some Saint Mary's students *did* apply to Notre Dame, but the majority of the student body at Saint Mary's chose that school because of its particular characteristics and offerings and *not* because of a rejection from Notre Dame.

The following classic story which is floating around the Saint Mary's campus seems to typify the Notre Dame women's analysis of the Saint Mary's woman, according to several Saint Mary's students. A Notre Dame senior was asked to the Senior Bar one Saturday night. In getting ready she put on a nice pair of jeans, a shirt, scarf, blazer and a pair of hoop earrings along with her usual array of jewelry. While there, as she was talking to her date, a friend came up behind her and remarked, "You're a poor imitation of a SMC chick." Stories like this are not rare and their effect, if taken seriously, can only be one of common bitterness. It is this type of action and attitude which implants the stereotype attributed to the "typical" Saint

Mary's woman. It is this stereotype, in turn, that is a foundation for much of the hostility Saint Mary's women hold for those at Notre Dame.

The Notre Dame interviewees were a bit shaken by the question, "How do you think Saint Mary's women view you?" Most admitted that they had never thought about that side of the story. A general consensus finally developed which included the thought that they were seen as more intellectual. Notre Dame women also predicted that Saint Mary's students see them as very competitive and aggressive. This last generalization arose from the notion that "to stay on top" a Notre Dame woman must be able to beat the best (or close to the best) in the form of the Notre Dame man. Most felt that this platonic rivalry was blown out of proportion, so that too often the Notre Dame woman was pictured as socially sterile.

Women at Notre Dame also sensed that Saint Mary's women think they put on airs. Notre Dame women are attributed with a feeling of superiority—apparently arising from the fact that they are at Notre Dame. One Notre Dame sophomore expressed it in this way: "I suppose they think we believe we are better than them because we go here."

Ah—but for the most pressing topic: the Notre Dame men and how they treat the women from each school. Both Notre Dame and Saint Mary's women seemed to think that the Notre Dame men are interested in Saint Mary's students as dates while Notre Dame women are viewed as buddies and pals. The feeling was that since the men and women at Notre Dame are with each other on an everyday basis that their relationships are often more intellectual than ones the men might form with the Saint Mary's women. This was bluntly expressed in the words of a Saint Mary's student: "We're the babes, they're the brains."

An investigation of the men's actions and conversations led to a major discrepancy. Notre Dame men have told Saint Mary's women that they would just as soon come over to their college for companionship, while conversely telling the Notre Dame women a similar tale. They have suggested to the Notre Dame women that they treat Saint Mary's women like their stereotype: daffy,

date-oriented and rich. From the interviews it appeared that the Notre Dame male has found it more enterprising to please *both* groups of women by telling each the other's faults, no matter how fictitious.

Both Notre Dame and Saint Mary's students believe the "myth" that a feud is going on between them is told them by the men they know. Because very few women know any women from the other school, it is the men that carry many of the images, stereotypes and hostilities which are understood to exist.

None of the women contacted were blind to the important role the Notre Dame male plays in their relationships, with female students living on the opposite campus. Some openly expressed their belief that it is the Notre Dame men who invoke the feud between the two female student bodies. The reason given was the male's "precious ego" which, according to them, loves to be flattered by having several women fight to gain his affection. This belief was inferred by one Saint Mary's woman when she stated, "The idea is implanted that 'they' [ND women] are the enemy."

Proximity may be the difference that decides how a woman is viewed by the men at Notre Dame. These differing outlooks do not please many of the Saint Mary's or Notre Dame women. Most Saint Mary's students said they would like to be able to be seen as a friend, too, instead of always as a date. Sometimes, it was said, they feel like pretty objects used for exhibition — possessing no mind, intelligence or feelings. In describing her interactions with Notre Dame men, one Saint Mary's student said, "It's just all Social City—Friday and Saturday nights."

Complaints rose from across the road too. "I'm sick of being one of the guys," stated a Notre Dame woman. Most of the women at Notre Dame felt good in terms of the close, friendly classroom relationships they have with many men but expressed frustration and disappointment at never being considered as a date. Notre Dame women explained that the average man never thinks to or doesn't want to date that friendly, smart coed who sits beside him every Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Because of this, many Notre Dame women sometimes find themselves

sitting in the dorms on weekends while the Saint Mary's women hop to the parties.

The interviews represented here cover only a small portion of the opinions of each student body and do not exhaust the range of feeling at either school. It may not be safe to generalize on such a random sampling. Yet, a predictable pattern of responses became apparent throughout the interviews. Except for an occasional vicious character or one who was exceptionally indifferent to the whole situation, those who responded came up with quite similar answers.

There was little seething hatred from either side; the harshest atti-

"WE'RE
THE BABES,
THEY'RE
THE BRAINS."

tudes that could be attributed to either group seemed more a defensive snobbishness than any true hostility. Often the interviewers were made to answer more questions than they could ask, simply because the women were curious about the other school's responses and attitudes. Several of those questioned were hesitant to answer at all, feeling they had insufficient background to express any opinion on the matter.

All this leads to a conclusion (or quasi-conclusion). Stereotypes are often drawn out of a lack of first-hand information about a subject, and this seems to be demonstrated in the case at hand. The limited contact between the women from Saint Mary's and those from Notre Dame leaves

the images of both totally up to hearsay. Each freshman class inherits the stereotypes and often the bad feelings that accompany them. The students see each other and talk together even less. Parties or other social events are the most frequent meeting grounds, and in these circumstances the situation is as often a confrontation as an introduction.

Classroom acquaintances seem to have more substance, and clubs or organizations co-sponsored by both schools are helpful in breaking down the communication barrier. A Notre Dame coed related an enlightening experience that she had this semester while taking her first course at Saint Mary's. On the first day of class a woman entered who was, to this student, the personification of the Saint Mary's stereotype. She was wearing a fashionable dress, her hair was piled high and her makeup was overdone. The Notre Dame woman was amazed when a month later she discovered that this fashion-conscious woman was not from Saint Mary's but from Notre Dame.

Another woman interviewed at Saint Mary's informed us, that she was a member of the marching band. She emphasized the many fine friendships she had made with Notre Dame women in the band and stated that it had given her an entirely new perspective on female attitudes at both schools.

Most of the women interviewed from either Saint Mary's or Notre Dame could find no profound basis for a dislike of the women from across the road. Compliments were bestowed from each side and snide remarks were held at a minimum. Many times the women expressed frustration at the situation between the schools, holding that the obvious separation of the two groups of women invited hostility and rivalry. "I don't know who's jealous of whom," said one Saint Mary's student in reference to the so-called feud.

And there is a subtle irony in the existence of this rivalry: 1975 has been designated by the United Nations as International Women's Year. In this era of the recognition of women's rights and the persistent imagery of the sisterhood of all females, it seems signs can still be seen of the age-old confrontation of woman against woman over man.

When Notre Dame Was Active

by Mike Sarahan

This is the second of a two-part series on student activism at Notre Dame.

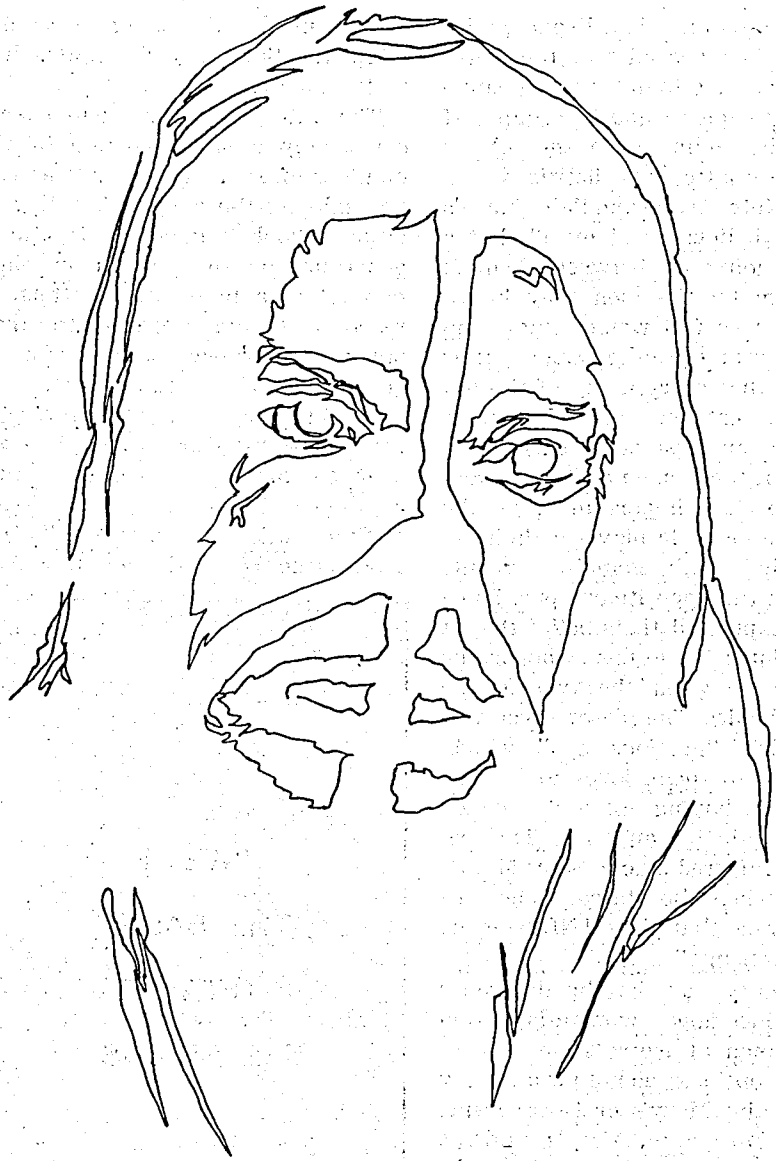
Think you've sent your child to one of two nice, quiet Catholic schools to receive an education?

The Observer posed this question to the parents of students returning to campus in the fall of 1969. "Well stop a moment and consider this," it told them. Consider the 1968-69 year. Consider Notre Dame and its activists.

1968-69 was an important year in the history of activism at Notre Dame, the staff explained. There was the Dow-CIA protest with its three-day sit-in; and there was the pornography conference incident—a snowball throwing, mace-spraying conflict between students and police. And there was a general awakening of students to what was going on around the. Yes, '68-'69 was quite a year, *The Observer* mused. It wondered: what will '69-'70 bring?

The answer was not long in coming. Students converged on South Bend that fall with plans and began to put them into effect.

In summer strategy sessions, the student Coalition for Political Action had been formed, and it claimed Phil McKenna, student body presi-



dent, and Fred Dedrick, student body vice president, among its first members. The group anticipated action along a broad front of issues, including racism, the presence of ROTC on campus and a number of others, and its first substantive efforts were toward planning the Notre Dame observance of the October nationwide moratorium against the war.

The Observer found out exactly what kind of year it was to be on October 15 for the moratorium set a tone which carried through the entire year. The day brought with it an outpouring of dissent and affirmation that far surpassed any previous demonstration.

There was dissent. The day's activities saw an estimated 2000 students protest the war by participating in teach-ins and marches in South Bend and on campus. At one point in the afternoon, students

marched to the ROTC building where crosses were placed as a memorial to Notre Dame students, and their lines stretched from the main quad to the Rockne gym. There was certainly dissent.

But there was affirmation as well. Brian McInerney, one of the founders of the Coalition for Political Action, explained the implications of the march on the ROTC building, which he called the "Silent Peace Walk." According to McInerney, the students would walk to the protest carrying black banners as signs of mourning, but as they turned from the building at the end of the ceremony, those in the lead would raise bright banners, "symbolizing a turning from death towards life."

Affirmation was also to be found in the central activity of the day—the Resistance Mass held in front of the library. At the Offertory of the Mass, two professors and four

students destroyed their draft cards. The spokesman for the six, James Douglass, assistant professor in the non-violence program, declared:

By our actions here today . . . and by our continuing to spread the truth of resistance and civil disobedience to a law of death, we hope that we can return America to the path of life . . .

The commitment to life is a consistent theme in the expressions of Notre Dame activism.

The Observer, in its editorial on the day's activities, felt the atmosphere on campus was undecipherable: "It was feeling, pure feeling." But a student, Tim O'Mielia, saw the significance of the day in more specific terms. For him, it was a sign that there was, after all, something new on campus, and he saw that "something new" as an "extraordinary hope in the future of humankind." In that one day, he related, he had gained a respect for Notre Dame as more than a place of "great rhetoric."

But if the campus came out of its experience with the October moratorium feeling uplifted, it was quickly brought to its feet and to harsh realities. Notre Dame activism went to Washington for the November moratorium, and 12 members of the Notre Dame-Saint Mary's community were arrested at the Pentagon where they were offering a peace Mass.

And back on campus, students were preparing for the return of the Dow-CIA recruiting teams in mid-November. The Coalition for Political Action held open meetings, and the key question discussed was whether the protest should be disruptive or non-disruptive, violent or non-violent. Students demonstrated their militancy by deciding that, in the event Father Hesburgh's 15-minute rule was invoked, students would not disperse and would confront the Administration directly. The hypothetical became the real the following afternoon.

Students gathered at the Administration Building for the 1:00 protest. An organizer of the activists, Tim MacCarry, had spoken of the rally as a "cleansing of the temple," and it was clear that emotions were at a high pitch.

That afternoon, MacCarry him-

self provided one of the most notable radical quotes in the history of Notre Dame activism. He challenged the University on its role in society and called the University "a functional digestive tract fed by the foundations and tax grants to shit out agents to keep the vicious beast stalking the world."

Another participant, Sister Joanne Malone (a visitor to campus and one of the DC9 who poured blood on the Dow files) indicted the University as a center of violence. She said, "The violence is here, like in Father Hesburgh's office and the Placement Office where decisions are made about who lives and who dies."

These and other deep-seated reactions to the war and to the University carried over into the actions of the protestors, making the Dow-CIA demonstration the most disruptive of the protests on campus. The CIA recruiter left the campus after being frustrated in his efforts to interview students; the Dow representative was hampered as students blocked entrances to the Placement Office. A reported 100 students crowded the hallway in front of the office, and leadership was not apparent.

Into that confusion stepped Father James Riehle, the Dean of Students, and he invoked Father Hesburgh's 15-minute rule for the first time. Under the terms of the rule, students were given a 15-minute period of meditation in which

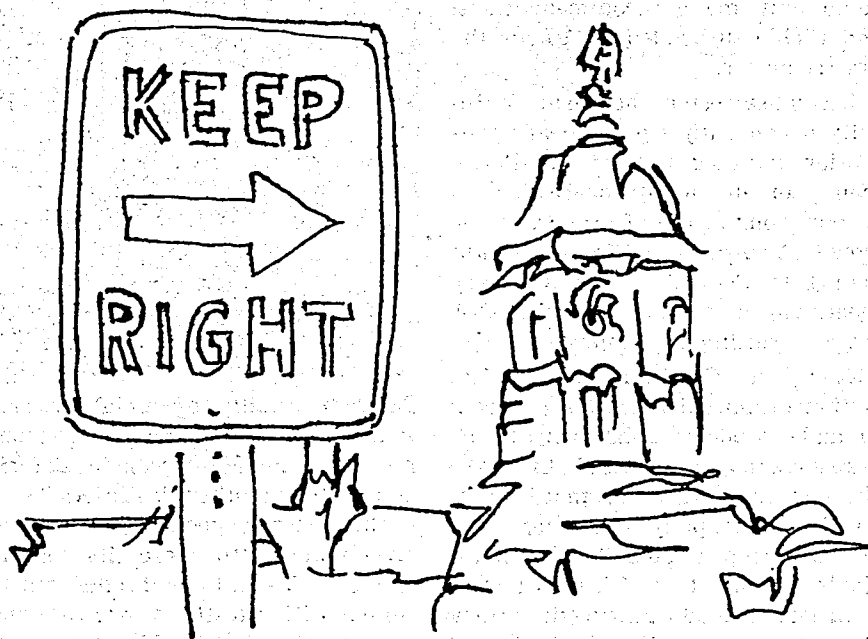
to cease and desist what the University viewed as illegitimate dissent. At the end of the time limit, however, the students continued to block the entranceways, and Riehle began to collect identification cards in accordance with the Hesburgh plan.

The University took tentative action against 10 students, expelling five and suspending the others. These students immediately became known as the "Notre Dame 10."

But the University took other action as well. It went to court and obtained an injunction prohibiting interference with the interviews. This, in effect, handed control of discipline in the matter over to the St. Joseph County Sheriff and subjected offenders of the University's injunction to arrest.

Students, however, were defiant in the face of such tactics. About 75 students returned to the Administration Building the next morning intent on stopping the interviews from taking place. A confrontation between police and students was averted only when the recruiting agents chose to leave the campus to avoid agitating the students further. A relative calm then returned to campus.

The Dow-CIA controversy was not to be settled for another month. The Notre Dame 10 appealed their suspensions and expulsions, charging the University with complicity in corporate crimes and stressing their own moral innocence.



In a statement issued by the 10 on November 24, their representative Gary McInerney countered the University's claims and established the basis for the defense of the 10 as follows:

We were accused of "obstructing the life of the University." We did not obstruct that life, but rather affirmed the life of a Christian University.

The students steered away from solely technical issues and attempted to discuss moral issues throughout their appeal.

The Appeals Board hearing the case responded favorably to the students' point of view because it based its own findings not only on the technical issues but also on the students' moral commitment. The Board concluded in its judgment of the affair that "we can find no reason to doubt (the students') motivation, their good faith, their acting in accordance with the spirit of Jesus Christ and with the spirit of academic community."

The students might seem to have been vindicated in their actions, then, but the final decision rested, not with the Board, but with Father Riehle, making him both the instigator and the ultimate arbiter of the charges. So while the Appeals Board found the Administration to have been negligent in not taking steps to avoid a confrontation, and while it publicly doubted Father Riehle's recollection of the events, it could only make recommendations, and Riehle suspended all 10 for the first semester.

Second-semester activism naturally began with a great deal of attention directed toward the Placement Bureau and its dealings with corporations in the aftermath of the Dow-CIA protests. First, the Student Life Council, at its February meeting, decided to ban the CIA from recruiting on campus.

Next, the Coalition for Political Action organized a week's program to make students conscious of corporate wrongdoings and to make the Placement Bureau more selective in the company that it kept. The action was prompted by the Coalition's finding that 17 of 31 corporations scheduled to interview students between February 16 and



26 were "guilty of racial discrimination, discrimination against women, conflict of interest in defense contracts or other injustices."

But after a good beginning, activism went into one of its periodic declines. Two students tried to stir up opposition to the war with a new organization, but it did not generate

much interest. And after its Complicity Week, the Coalition for Political Action was out of the news for several months. The only major controversy on campus until the end of April was the An Tostal party raid.

May 1 came as something of an explosion of activity—and the weeks



which followed were critical ones in the life of the University.

The revived spirit of the students was evident on Friday, May 1. Under the direction of a student, Mike Shaughnessy, the campus was to celebrate Free City Day. For the day, students were encouraged to leave the formal education system and take time to reflect on the course of their education, to judge it and to discuss reforms with faculty and students.

Along more militant lines, the Coalition for Political Action had planned a demonstration that afternoon to present demands at the trustees' meeting. CPA leaders had reacted to the panty raid by examining the place of men and women in the University, and most of their demands aimed at limiting "sexism" on campus.

But what is significant is that the leaders intended to present their views in person, and trustee meetings had never before been open to the general student body. The students did not meet with the full board, but after a shouting match with two trustees and a room-to-room search of the Center for Continuing Education, 30 students, pounding on the door of the meeting room, forced the board to cut short its session. The students' takeover of the CCE completely eclipsed the Free City Day program.

With student activism on the rise, national events intervened to give Notre Dame its greatest, but last, surge of dissent and moral outrage. President Nixon announced the invasion of Cambodia by United States troops on April 30, 1970, and the move enflamed campuses across the nation.

On May 4, Kent State was the scene of tragedy when National Guardsmen shot four students. On the same day, Notre Dame staged a massive rally, but the administration was clearly side-by-side with the students on this campus. Father Hesburgh assumed the leadership role of the protest, in fact, telling the students and the nation that there comes a time when "moral righteousness is more important than empty victory."

Newly elected Student Body President Dave Krashna took his lead from the Free City people and called for the cessation of classes. In an emotional address, he urged the students to "stop, look and listen and absolutely say stop to the education we're getting at this time."

A strike was initiated on campus that day, and after a meeting of all the strikers, it was determined that classes would continue to be boycotted until May 15, but students were urged to stay on the campus for that time. While many other universities closed their doors to students, fearing unrest, Notre Dame, as a group, was to take time to think over and question and act upon the moral and political issues which had again surfaced.

A new direction for education was surely at the heart of the strike activities. Striking students inaugurated the "Communiversities," and in its informal classes students, faculty, Administration and persons from the surrounding community joined in posing questions of compelling national and personal interest and in responding to them.

But students operated outside the classroom setting as well in their May "education." Among the more

notable examples are these: Notre Dame was the information headquarters for a national economic boycott in which, as spokesman Rick Libowitz put it, students would "put a dent into the system responsible for this war." And also, a concerted canvassing effort of students produced over 20,000 signatures supporting Father Hesburgh's statement on the war.

Hesburgh himself looked on all this May activity and was pleased. In a national television interview he suggested:

Maybe we should say "Thank God that young Americans have that tender a conscience, and may they always keep it."

But it appears that the strike and the related efforts of May, 1970, were actually the last flaming of the activist passions of students, for the Notre Dame "conscience" was not to speak so vocally again.

Perhaps it was too hard to stay tender, too easy to harden, but in any case, it was clear when students came back in the fall of 1970 that times had changed. Old spokesmen were curiously silent, and no new voice of the students arose even though the war dragged on.

And so the year came and went as if activism had never been a part of the Notre Dame experience. *Observer* columnist Dave Lammers gave the 1970-71 year its appropriate eulogy:

The year rolls out in considerable quiet, a liquid progress of days and nights, signifying nothing, meaning nothing.

And so it goes.

In the major events of these years, the years of student activism, students came face to face with some very basic questions of the human condition. Their answers have had a significant effect on their own lives. Six members of the Notre Dame community have discussed these effects in the October issue of *Notre Dame Magazine*.

But their answers should also extend further. They should affect those who might still remember the questions. And those who are to learn of them. And those who will recall "the time when Notre Dame was active."



In Order of Appearance

On a typical Friday morning before a home football game, the Law School lounge is transformed from a haven of quiet chatter to a teeming throng of enthusiastic Notre Dame rooters. It is here that the "Chief," as he is fondly referred to by those familiar with the almost legendary figure, conducts his traditional pep rallies which draw law students, alumni, and curious bystanders, all attracted by the sounds of the Chief's personal student band, which features a variety of instruments, ranging from kazoo to trumpet.

Professor John "Chief" Broderick of the Notre Dame Law School received his nickname when he served as an instructor in the Naval officer training program at Notre Dame during World War II.

A summa cum laude graduate of Washington and Lee, where he was also a member of Phi Beta Kappa, the Chief returned to his native New York to earn his law degree from St. John's University in 1935. After spending a few years affiliated with a New York City firm and later in his own private practice, Professor Broderick returned to Notre Dame to teach at the invitation of Dean Manion in 1947.

In the pursuit of academic excellence, Professor Broderick has been an innovator from the beginning of his teaching career. He was among the first to advocate awarding the degree of juris doctor (the equivalent of a Ph.D.) to law school graduates.

However impressive his intellectual accomplishments, the Chief has also been an avid sports enthusiast since his college days, when he cap-

tained his college track team. Professor Broderick's love of sports, especially football, led him to become known as "Notre Dame's number-one fan," with his presence on the sidelines a tradition in itself.

In a faculty resolution, the Dean and faculty of the Notre Dame Law School stated, "John J. Broderick has become an indispensable part of the spirit and climate of the Notre Dame Law School . . . No one within memory has touched so many minds and hearts, or endeared himself to so many students — not only law students, but students all over the campus."

Almost everyone pursues some hobby or avocation during his leisure hours. However, to sustain the life processes, something is needed to afford us a little income. When these two, business and pleasure, coincide, as they have in the case of Dr. Erhard Winkler of the Earth Science Department, a most fortunate synthesis is attained.

Dr. Winkler, a geology professor, enthusiastically recalls in thick German accent that his interest in the field of geology was aroused in the first grade in Vienna. As Winkler admits with an impish glint in his eye, "I have a love life—my research!" He attended the University of Vienna where a professor asked him to conduct field trips (what he terms as "geological entertainment") through the surrounding countryside. Later he taught as the equivalent of a T.A. at the Vienna Institute of Technology until he came to America and the University of Notre Dame in

1948. Here he has taught undergraduate geology and it is to his students that he gives most of the credit for inspiration for his book, *Stone: Properties, Durability in Man's Environment*.

Winkler has just returned from Salt Lake City where the Geological Society of America presented him with their annual Best Publications Award. Prior to its release in 1973, Winkler had been working on the book for 10 years and he says it is now a "scientific best-seller." Stone weathering has long been a source of fascination to Dr. Winkler and some of the examples used in his book are from the N.D. campus.

In offering suggestions for improved conservation of stone, Winkler reveals not merely a scientific but also a personal concern. Richard Jahns, Dean of the Geological Department at Stanford University, writes of Winkler's book that his interest borders on "genuine personal affection for commercial stone;" just as he enjoys "the look and feel of a polished granite panel," "he suffers a bit from the sight of a rusty corroded cornice."

Spending so much time "in the field" has cultivated other outdoor interests in Dr. Winkler such as sailing, swimming and kayaking which he enjoys with his wife and children. Also he can be seen riding his bike ("my muscle Mercedes") across campus, but you have to look fast to catch him because he pedals with gusto!

The professor's plans for the future include continued research. It will be interesting to note what new fruits his love life—research—will yield.

Week in Distortion

Recent surveys have shown that the average Notre Dame student's S.A.T. scores have slightly increased amidst a definite decline in scores at other colleges. While intelligence levels remained on the upswing, the nation's so-called number one student body has experienced a sharp decline in the famed Notre Dame spirit. In view of this startling evidence, the following evaluation, the N.D.S.T. (Notre Dame Spirit Test) has been compiled to see just how much of that fighting Irish blood you possess.

Notre Dame Spirit Test

Don't look at the test questions until you are told to do so. The rules are self-explanatory. Each correct answer is worth five points; a blank space is worth zero points and an incorrect answer is worth minus five points. Hopefully this will discourage haphazard guessing, but since there are no wrong answers given, all answers are correct. (We understand that there are still a few flaws in this test but you must realize that no aptitude test of this sort is perfect.) Anyone caught cheating will be forced to serve as tackling dummy for the Irish football team. The test is not timed and you have 3 minutes before we will be around to collect them. Good luck! Pencils up . . . Begin.

CHOOSE THE BEST ANSWER:

Every Notre Dame fan knows that:

- There is more spirit in the stands than on the field.
- There are more spectators on the field than in the stands.
- Notre Dame spirit comes in pints and quarts.
- No alcoholic beverages are allowed in the stadium.
- The concession stands sell excellent mixers.

2. The fight song was written by

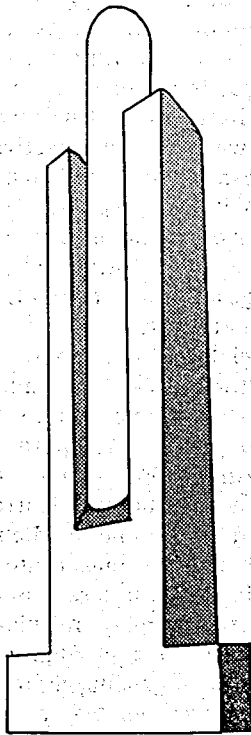
- Father Sorin.
- Chopin.
- Knute Rockne.
- Shea and Shea.
- Two intoxicated leprechauns.

3. The Irish Guard

- Pulls on sweep plays.
- Marches out in front of the band.
- Works in the main security gate.
- Is a new brand of antiperspirant sold at the bookstore.

4. _____ runs this University no matter what _____ says.

- Father Hesburgh, Father Burtchaell.
- The students, Dean Roemer.
- God, the student body.
- Football, Digger Phelps.
- Money, anyone.



5. Notre Dame's starting quarterback is

- Joe Montana.
- Rick Slager.
- Both of the above.
- Neither of the above.
- A Devine mystery.

6. The fighting Irish score three touchdowns, miss one extra point conversion, kick one field goal and make two safeties in the first half

and score two touchdowns, two extra point conversions, one on a running play, kick two more field goals in the second half. The total number of points scored divided by the number of points scored by the offense, multiplied by Steve Niehaus' weight is equal to: (You have five seconds).

- 0.
- 1.2×10^3 .
- an imaginary number.
- an Irish dream.
- no answer, dividing by 0 is an undefined operation.

Read the following selection carefully and answer the following questions:

"Notre Dame has always been a coach's dream—a campus without coeds or fraternities; with automatic suspension for the use of alcohol; with tight disciplinary regulations that make it almost impossible for an athlete to get out of condition; with a religious program designed to produce spiritual health and peace of mind. That's the way Notre Dame was (what it still pretty much is) and the way Rockne intended to keep it. He fought any intrusion that threatened masculine habits and outlook. His basic speech for outside dinner groups was the wholesome influence of athletics on a sane American life and the danger of our young people softening up."

7. This passage would lead one to think that Knute Rockne was:

- the greatest football coach of his time.
- a leftist radical.
- a male chauvinist.
- a member of campus ministry.
- dean of students.

Your time is up. Pencils down, yes THIS MEANS YOU! Please pass your answer sheets in before leaving. Your scores will be compared to those of a fixed reference group of 1948 and the results will be posted in the lobby of the Huddle next July.

Midwest Blues: An American Festival

The following interview is with Perry Aberli, a graduate student in government and coordinator of the Midwest Blues Festival, 1976. Perry has been coordinator since 1971 and has come to know many of the performers personally.

Scholastic: What about the history of the festival itself and some past highlights? This is the fourth Midwest Blues Festival?

Perry: Strictly speaking, this is the fourth. Actually, before there is the Midwest Blues, there was in 1970 a small two-day festival that was held in Stepan and put together by Bob Brinkman, Cultural Art Commissioner for that year. He called up Dick Wadderman, who is the blues manager in the country, at least by reputation among the artists in the country. He called Dick and told him he wanted a two-day festival and gave him a price range and said could you deliver me a package? Wadderman put together a two-night festival and it had Fred MacDowell, Otis Rush, J. B. Hutto, and Jimmy Dawkins, Hound Dog Taylor, and Lightning Hopkins. Publicity on this festival was poor; it consisted of sheets of mimeo information on the festival and these were put up in the Huddle, around campus, and maybe four or five hundred people showed up. It was really good, the Lightning Hopkins performances were filmed by NET and later used in a half-hour documentary on Lightning Hopkins for Public Broadcasting.

So I went to Brinkman after that and told him I've just been to our festival here and been to Ann Arbor for theirs; I've been into blues for a while, and that I'd like to run the festival next year. Bob ended up being Cultural Arts Commissioner the next year. That year Ann Arbor decided not to produce a blues festival because

they had lost so much money in 1970; \$35,000 due to incredible mismanagement and politics. There were people like John Sinclair running the festival, and they tried to make it a kind of politically motivated affair and plus the fact that Goose Creek Rock Festival was held right outside of Detroit that same weekend. So the decision was made not to hold a festival in 1971. It was really nice from a blues freak point of view, because the only people that attended were blues freaks. The rock festival cut into the gate, so they lost a lot of money that way. By Ann Arbor not having a festival in 1971, I got together with Brinkman, telling him that this was our chance; we can start a festival here, get it established, and maybe we could do it as a regular thing. We went ahead and planned it for three days, and as it turned out, it was the largest blues festival in the nation that year.

Financially, we took a bath, not in the sense that Ann Arbor did, we lost maybe three to four thousand on it, a quite moderate figure. For the Student Union we have here at Notre Dame compared to the one at Michigan in Ann Arbor, it becomes quite a large figure. Part of the loss was because we had the Sunday misplanned, a Sunday afternoon in Stepan Center just didn't work out right, and of course the weather was a factor; it was a beautiful fall day, a strange occurrence for the South Bend area, so that cut into the gate. As it turned out Friday night we had Fred MacDowell, Carey Bell, Eddie Taylor, Homesick James and Howlin' Wolf. The Saturday night we had Shirley Griffith, Little Brother Montgomery, Otis Rush and Muddy Waters. And Sunday we had Buddy Guy and Junior Wells and they came out and did an acoustic set, then finished up with an

electric set with Mann Slipscomb and Little John with Jimmie Rogers. A just really super lineup; with Guy and Wells, and the Wolf and Muddy Waters you have the three top blues acts in the country, except maybe with the exception of B.B. King. It was just a superb show, plus the fact that it was the last performance of Fred MacDowell.

We've had that happen to us a couple of times, it's sort of ironic; a couple of people will play at Notre Dame Blues and that will be the last time they'll ever play. It happened with Fred MacDowell in 1971. He finished at Notre Dame, and he was scheduled to play at Wisconsin and cancelled out; he went home and he died in July the year following. That was the first Midwest Blues, the year before was just a blues festival, it didn't even have a name.

The next year the emphasis in the Cultural Arts Commission was on culture, dance and drama being the highlights of that year. I had a really hard time explaining to the Commissioner that the blues is a cultural phenomenon, most of the Commission tended to regard it as a kind of degenerate rock music and not truly a cultural form at all, so as a result there was no set blues festival, but we were able to put on four or five miniconcerts. We did four shows in Washington Hall, we had Shirley Griffith, Hound Dog Taylor, Big Walter Horton and Carey Bell, and Houston Stackhouse.

They were all well received but again the blues festival did lose money. Part of that is the attitude of the people who generally run Cultural Arts. It's one of that we're not in this for the sole purpose of making money, and at the same time the idea that we can't charge students too much. Admission for Shirley Griffith was just a dollar, and when you consider that at Ann

Arbor they wanted \$30 for a three-day pass for their blues festival. You just can't touch *anything* for that price. \$1.50 for Hound Dog Taylor, why that isn't even the cover you could pay to see Hound Dog in a club in Chicago. That's part of the reason why it lost money.

The next year we decided we would go back to the festival format — two nights. We had Roosevelt Sykes, Houston Stackhouse came back, this time with Joe Willie Wilkins and the King Biscuit Boys. The first time Houston came it was alone, the second time with the group, the King Biscuit Boys, brought up from Helena, Arkansas. Hound Dog Taylor finished up the set Friday night. On Saturday night there was Shirley Griffith with Yank Rachel and J. T. Brown, Son Seals, and Mighty Joe Young and Coco Taylor. That was just a really fantastic show.

Last year was technically Midwest Blues III, we didn't count the series of concerts as a festival. We went back to the one-night format because the Commission was saving money for second semester to bring a big name concert right before the CJF, Herbie Hancock, so that part of our money went to the Hancock concert. The budget for the blues was cut back, and the fact that we had as good a festival as we did just amazes me.

Last year we had Fenton Robinson, Big Walter Horton and Muddy Waters. That about brings it up to date. This year we're going back to the two-day format because we really believe that if we are to establish it here at Notre Dame as a festival, rather than a concert, it has to be done over a two-day period, over a weekend. Hopefully, if it continues, and I hope it does, it will become more of a festival. I look for the possibility of having the artists coming in on Thursday night, coming to classes on Friday, talking in Lit classes, Black culture classes, or even some seminars all Friday afternoon. On Saturday, it would be feasible to have meetings with the artists, maybe in LaFortune, similar to the CJF setup. That might start happening next year, or it

might not, but ideally that is what we are trying to do. It was tried two years ago with little success, because first of all it didn't have enough publicity.

Scholastic: What is the opinion of the blues artists themselves of the situation of the festival? They are coming from the black areas of Chicago, be it the south or west side, or even from Gary to play before an audience that is composed largely of white, middle-class college students. Do the artists exhibit any apprehensions about making an appearance?

Perry: Well, mostly, they really get excited about it. It's a big event for the majority of artists and they enjoy it a lot. They know that they're going to be well received, and they



Perry Aberli

tend to enjoy themselves immensely. People that handle the artists like Bob Kester and Bruce Iglar say that their shows here are the best sets that these people have ever seen them put on. I've had that compliment about the festival many times.

There's something about this place that the artists really enjoy and they get up for doing the festival. I can't explain it because I don't really understand why. I have some tapes of Hound Dog Taylor's performance in 1970, he's screaming, yelling at the crowd, "I'm back again, I love it here! Notre Dame, I love you!" It's amazing because

here is this 65-year-old bluesman saying that he's too skinny to play football but I'm always on your side. We've just had fantastic audiences every festival. A lot of the artists, Otis Rush and Big Walter in particular, are difficult at times.

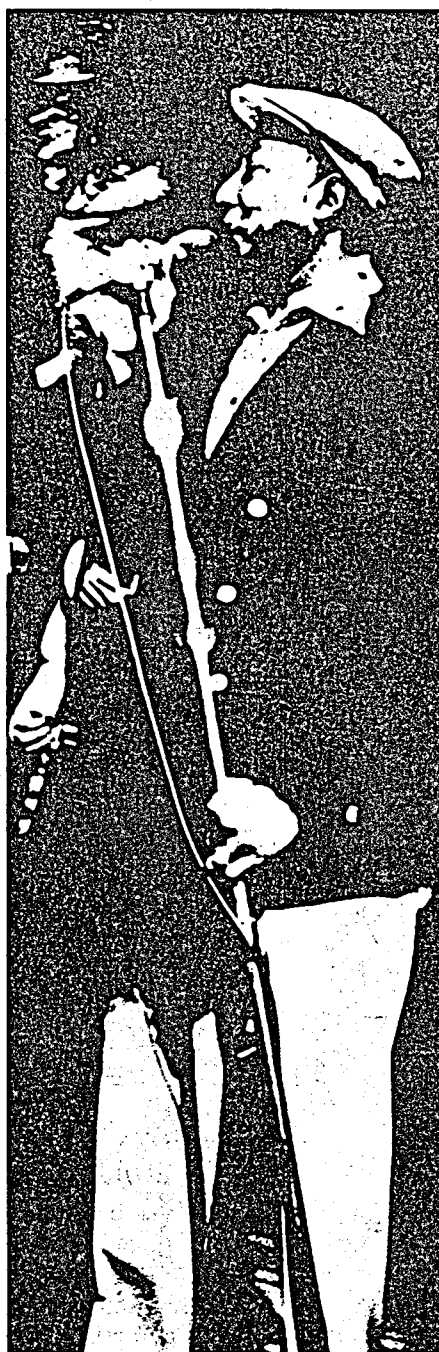
Otis is often too polite, to the point where he makes you feel uncomfortable: that's the problem with him, but once he gets into things, when he becomes open and effusive, once he starts playing, you really can enjoy him. He's moody in the sense that if you ask him if the sound system is okay, or if the mikes are in order, he just says that it's all perfect. Son Seals is easy to get along with, there's never any problems with him. He is very independent, you just have to tell him that it's time to go on at this time; and do this long a set. I generally don't go in there and say, "Well this is a boogie audience, if you play a lot of boogie you'll get them really excited." I feel that the artists will play what they want to play. Blind John Davis I've never met, so I don't know how he's going to be to deal with. I don't think he should be very difficult. Albert King I've also never met, but I've seen him a couple of times and a friend of mine went to Chicago and was talking to his manager, and apparently Albert's pretty easy to get along with. Martin, Bogan and Armstrong again I haven't met but my wife has talked with their manager several times on the phone and they seem to be very likeable people and practically willing to bend over backwards to accommodate you.

Muddy Waters was kind of aloof in a certain way, or character. I can remember when he came in 1971, someone came running out to me and said that his car is outside, so I went to the back room. The back room generally resembles bedlam, kids are running around, guys are screaming at each other, bottles are being passed around, the artists are playing cards, and there doesn't seem to be much sense to what's going on backstage; and Muddy just walked in the door and this great quiet fell over the place. Every-

body sort of walked to him very quietly and shook his hand, inquired about his health; it was just after his automobile accident. And Muddy just sat down and started playing cards, and that seemed to be a signal that everything was all right. He had to be the only artist I ever saw the other artists being very deferential towards. He just really commanded a respect. The first thing he asked me was, "Where's my dressing room?" I said that this is it. He looked at me, and I told him there was a divider we could pull across the room, but he said, "No, don't worry about it." Everything went back to normal.

That was the one extreme, the other extreme was Jimmie Rogers, and Buddy Guy and Junior Wells. Jimmie was just as incredibly outgoing in that he practically crushed me on stage; he just grabbed me and hugged me; he's just a huge guy. He had just received probably one of the longest standing ovations in the festival. But Buddy and Junior are just crazy, that's about the only thing you can say about them. They were backstage and had been drinking, and they were chasing each other all around the back room. That's just how the artists are. You would expect them to be very, well after all you've heard about the blues artists, the changes they've been through, you'd expect them to be rude or aloof or indifferent to the whites that are around at the festival. But that hasn't been the case, they are generally very friendly.

And that's why when we were talking about Ann Arbor before, I objected to Sinclair's injecting politics in the whole thing because while obviously for Sinclair, a blues artist would be a person whose political plight would be very great in terms of exploitation, there would be a lot of views there. The bluesmen are probably the most—I don't want to use "innocent" because that makes them look like children and that sounds like a racist statement. But they don't care about politics—they are apolitical in a certain sense.



The framework in which they exist and go about their everyday life is one in which politics doesn't play that big of a role, or at least consciously it doesn't play a role. So to get up and write liner notes for an album or an article about the political undercurrents within blues music, by and large, is silly. There are a couple instances in which blues artists have written songs which



are out and out political protests—songs like "Korea Blues" kind of a precursor of the late sixties. Formats like "they shot my brother in Korea and now Uncle Sam wants me." There are a few exceptions like those which tend to prove the rule that politics doesn't have much to do with blues music. Bluesmen are basically an apolitical group so that to try to do something along Sin-

clair's lines is obviously a mistake. Scholastic: How about some background on Fenton Robinson; is he on a true parole, or just a temporary reprieve?

Perry: It's a true parole; well first of all, the background of it: Fenton was in an accident about four or five years ago. He was driving down the Dan Ryan Expressway after playing at a club, and as he relates the story, a trucker passing him pushed his car on the shoulder, where there was this woman outside her car changing a tire with no lights or anything on, so he just wiped her out. He was charged with involuntary manslaughter and the police also accused him of drunkenness, although a breath analyzer test was never taken. He appealed it and kept on appealing it. He never told Bruce about it. (Bruce Iglar runs Alligator records, and picked up Fenton and made his album for him). Fenton was just too paranoid about it and thought that if Bruce knew he had these kinds of hassles, he might not go with him on the label.

So, two or three weeks after Midwest Blues last year, I got a call from Bruce and he said that Fenton was going to jail, all the appeals had been exhausted; Fenton had received an order to basically turn himself over to the authorities. He was in the County Jail for a while, then sent down to Joliet. On the basis of a letter that I wrote for Bruce and I think he got a couple of other letters from colleges and Bruce's own track record with Blues artists, plus the fact that since the accident Fenton had become a practicing Black Muslim; he doesn't drink, smoke or even eat meat. His behavior within the prison was that of a model prisoner, which nearly cost him his life. He thought his life was in danger, remember that there were prison riots in Joliet in which he refused to get involved. Some of the inmates started passing the word that Fenton had informed on the riot and he was getting really paranoid. So

it looked like early in the summer that he would not be out until early December, but then in September we found out that he would be released November 2nd and available for the festival.

He's been practicing while in jail; they let him have a guitar; he's been practicing, so that it's not like he's going to be rusty when he gets out. This was the first place, the first major college appearance he had ever had, and the fact that Bruce could go to them and say, "Look, I've got these people down at Notre Dame interested in him and they're really willing to give him a job in November. So it's not like he's going to hit the streets and be unemployed; he's got plenty of jobs lined up." That, too swung some bounces in his favor, so to speak.

Scholastic: The fans could almost look for enough new material for an album or two.

Perry: I'm pretty sure we could. He also won't have a regular band with him, since he hasn't been playing. He'll probably go out to the West side and pick up some of the people that he's played with in the bars regularly, which I think will be better in composition than the band he brought last year. The band he brought last year wasn't bad, but he had a nephew or cousin who was playing electric piano, just doing basic chords and that. It really didn't do much for anybody. It was Fenton alone that held things together.

I was really impressed with his set last year and I felt a lot of other people were. Another thing that we've got going for us, and I'm sure Fenton is going to take advantage of it along with the chance to get some exposure: people like Jim and Amy O'Neill who run *Living Blues* magazine are coming in for the festival. Five or six other important names from the minor blues labels in Chicago will be coming in; Bob Kester and his wife, from Jazz Record Mart, Bruce Kaplan from Flying Fish might be coming in. There's quite a few people

coming in for the festival. Knowing that with Jim and Amy out there to review the festival in *Living Blues* and going on with the lineup that we've got Friday night, which is pretty solid, Fenton will make one effort to pretty much blow everybody off the stage, along with the fact that Otis Rush is the climax for Friday night. (Fenton at one time giggered with Otis as a backup man, and whenever this sort of situation occurs, it becomes a headcutting scene.) Fenton will come out and play as best he can and put the screws to Otis to make him look like a fool if he plays a mediocre set and disappoints people; or else force Otis to really work at it. There's an outside possibility that we can convince Fenton to come out and jam with Otis to close Friday night, which would be dynamic. Scholastic: Could you explain some of the styles in this year's festival, and maybe classify the artists as either, let's say, delta blues, Chicago blues or the like?

Perry: It's going to be hard to say because most of the artists we have this year are postwar Chicago artists, primarily. With the exception of perhaps Blind John Davis, and Martin Bogan and Armstrong, who are two of the most unique acts that we have ever had here. You're going to get a lot of what is known as "string-squeezing," with this Albert King style of blues. With Fenton and Otis Rush, they are obviously working out of the background of a lot of influences. There's a lot of background that's at play; you get the influence of B.B. King, although it's not that much, but still present. It's hard to pick out the principal country blues artists that are responsible. The early Muddy Waters is certainly playing a role in the type of blues they perform. With Otis Rush, Magic Sam played a role, Buddy Guy is certainly influential.

With Fenton I am pressed to find some influences, but T-Bone Walker is a very dominant influence in his style. Most of the people that you're

going to hear are creators of their own style. They might borrow some things at times, but they're working on their own style. The curious thing about Albert and Otis Rush is that they are both left-handed musicians. It isn't that odd, but it seems like it because they're the only two people in the world that do it. When they learned to play the guitar nobody ever told them that you had to restring the guitar to play it left-handed. As a result they both play the guitar upside down. It's kind of strange because Albert plays backwards, but then again it shows the kind of creativity that he has. With Martin, Bogan and Armstrong, you have a sort of holdover of music you don't hear anymore in blues. You'll hear it in bluegrass with somebody like Bill Munroe, the very old traditional type of bluegrass. Basically what they've got is a country string band. They grow out of groups like jug bands from Memphis in the 20's and 30's. Most of the music they play is a kind of street-corner music. They are not really bluesmen as they are songsters. They make their living by being musicians and enhance their money-making capabilities by making as many diverse kinds of songs as possible. So we'll see them playing traditional blues pieces, and even quick melodies like "Sweet Georgia Brown." They just play anything and are very entertaining. Just by watching them you can get really excited; they don't just play music; they put on a show. They overemote. They're hams and they love the limelight.

Scholastic: How about a brief run-down, if it is possible, on the blues, including something on their origin?

Perry: There isn't any specific area where the blues came from. All that is known is that it is a distinct cultural form, that it appeared sometime around the turn of the century in black America. Basically, the

strongest forms: it would be found in Texas, Mississippi, and the Carolinas, the three main areas. Each area generating its own style so to speak. The Texas style could be classified as the light blues, the Lightning Hopkins type and people like that with an emphasis on the singing itself. In the Delta, two styles were produced, one of which strictly became known as the Delta blues, the kind of blues that Muddy Waters, Hound Dog Taylor produce, the slide guitar style. Originally they used to use a beefbone, the type that came out of a round steak; later they found that you could break the neck off a gin bottle and throw it into a fire. When the fire burned down, you took it out and the rough edge had been smoothed down by the flames. That's where the term "bottleneck" comes from. Later a steel tube was used. The other Mississippi blues involved an emphasis on the actual playing of the guitar, a fairly detailed picking pattern, rather than the sliding, whining type of music you got in the Delta. In the Carolinas a lot of people would argue that it's the home of the guitar wizards. The emphasis in the Carolinas was on speed and technique. If you listen to some of the Carolina artists recorded in the twenties, and they're playing so damn fast you almost have to check the speed on the turntable. That's just how fast those guys were. Just really fine musicians, unbelievable. The other form of the blues that we have is the classic blues, people like Ma Rainey and Bessie Smith. Blues singers like this were popping up, playing with rather sophisticated bands behind them in the twenties. You can't push too far back because it just becomes cloudy and subject to speculation.

Scholastic: It could be said that blues then, excepting jazz, is the only true American form of music.

Perry: You'd almost have to add bluegrass, although bluegrass certainly does have origins in English folk songs. But of course jazz comes out of blues, and rock comes out of blues almost directly, there's no doubt. You can prove it in the sense that a lot of the songs being done by rock artists are simply remakes of old blues tunes. But you get after this period, country blues in the South at this time, a lot of the major labels at that time would put ads in the papers saying that we will be recording at such and such a hotel for this week. For a long time the major labels would come to the South, so there's no need for migration. After the Depression a great deal of artists went to leave, and one of the things that people in the blues agree with is if you look at a map of the South and impose on it an overlay of the main rail-ways, you see that those lines lead to three major cities. First of all they lead to Chicago, second to St. Louis, and third, Detroit. And that's why those cities have become such great urban centers of blues music. These guys would hop freights and leave the south, and those are the places they would end up. The job situation in Chicago during the Depression and in the Second World War promised a lot. St. Louis just happened to be a hopping-off point. If you weren't going to Chicago, you got off in St. Louis for a while. Another area that drew a lot of blues artists during the Second World War was Oakland, the bay area out in San Francisco in the armaments industry.

The Midwest Blues Festival, 1976, happens on November 14 and 15. Performers such as Albert King, Blind John Davis, Fenton Robinson and Otis Rush will be appearing. Both two-day and one-day passes are available.

The Secret Players

by Bill Delaney

The band was marching out to their practice field as we came out of Alumni Hall. The sound of the fight song suddenly surrounded us, and dreams of the glory of standing down on the Stadium field before millions of fans brought chills to twenty interhall football players.

The lights of Cartier Field were now upon us. Adjusting to the artificial lights proved to be a bother to us, forcing us to squint across the field at our opposition.

The opposition. Howard Hall is just another hall to many, but to me, it was very special. I lived there for almost three years with many of those on the other side. I grew up with them. Now I was against them. I was on the opposition.

It was planned that I would quarterback the last plays of the game if we were ahead. To get ahead though, Alumni had to score, something that was a nagging problem throughout the season.

But it didn't take long for Alumni to score. An end around for seventy-six yards gave Alumni first blood in the contest. We were ahead and had the momentum. A strong defense and some poor officiating kept Howard in the game, down only by eight at the half.

Then I started to worry. This certainly was not a romp; Howard had kept themselves within a few points of beating us. Alumni couldn't afford to make any errors if they wanted to win. And I wasn't going to play if there was a chance that I could blow the game for Alumni.

Howard scored. They missed the two-point conversion, and we led by two. My stomach started to tighten. I told our player-coach Frank Driscoll that I didn't think that I should play. His only comment about that was, "The hell you *aren't* going to play!" So I knew that I'd get my chance.

Two minutes remained in the game. It was still tense, with How-



Frank Driscoll consults Bill Delaney (52).

ard now mounting a time-consuming drive. We were all nervous along the sideline. We had to win.

But then we got the ball! Thirty seconds remained before we would be the victors. And then I came in.

I was actually pushed out onto the field by Driscoll. He continually said, "Don't fumble the ball! Don't fumble the ball!" That's all. No rah-rah speech. Just a plea to hang onto the ball. Real encouragement.

The huddle was a weird experience also. Everyone started talking at once, each reminding me not to lose the ball. Driscoll decided I'd run a sweep around right end for my first play. If I survived that play, I *may* have the opportunity of doing it again.

We broke from the huddle, and started walking up to the line of scrimmage. I found myself lining up behind the left guard, who does not snap the ball. I quickly side-stepped to the right behind the center before anyone was the wiser and started to call signals.

Just then, an interesting thing happened. There was no one over our right tackle. Sensing that this may be a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, I got the ball and headed for the hole. Five yards and a cloud of astroturf later, I was hit by the

entire Howard defense, and nailed to the ground. But I gained five yards. Shades of Tom Parise!

Walking back to the huddle amidst the bewildered cheers of present and past hallmates, I felt that I had the world at my feet. But the huddle was something different. "Where did you go?" was the thought on everyone's mind when I joined my teammates. Driscoll was beyond belief. "Just follow us *this* time," was all he said. I quickly obeyed.

Another sweep was called. I correctly lined up behind the center this time. But I forgot the play. I went back to that right hole where success lay. This time it was different.

I was tackled by Howard Hall. Everyone associated with Howard (even Father Gorski) seemed to hit me. But I held onto the ball. Time ran out, and Alumni had won a football game. We had beaten Howard.

The statistics were impressive: two carries for a total of six yards. But more important was the fact that we had gotten together to play in a game which meant something extra. Something aside from Emil, or Space Tech. We had come together to have fun.

And we all did.

The Catholic Sport

by Brian Doyle & John Delaney

Although nearly every sport imaginable is included among the Olympic Games, there is only one truly universal sport. It's called soccer. It is unmatched as a means of international competition, and is, in reality, the only sport which can claim a bona fide world champion, determined every four years by the winner of the World Cup. Each nation enters a team in the World Cup in the hopes of returning home with sport's most prestigious award.

Americans on the whole, however, have as much interest in the World Cup as they do in the Pillsbury Bake-Off. This position is rapidly changing. The game is maturing at every level — from youth leagues to high school competition to college teams and professional leagues — the world's game is fast becoming America's.

Perhaps symbolic of America's fast-growing importance in soccer was the decision of Pele, the greatest soccer player ever, to come out of retirement and help boost soccer's growth in the United States. His express purpose in playing for the North American Soccer League's New York Cosmos was to place America on a par with other soccer-playing nations and develop American interest to where it would equal the rest of the world's. Pele's life, especially his childhood, underscores soccer's dominance in the rest of the world: he relates stories of his schooldays in Brazil when he grew up kicking rolled up rags around the streets, graduating to oranges and melons, never touching a real soccer ball until he stepped on the field for Santos, a Brazilian professional team, at the age of 16. While children in America grow up playing catch and throwing footballs, children in the rest of the world grow up with soccer.

Soccer's growth in America has affected the college sport: the caliber of teams and players has risen. Colleges now supply the professional leagues with players, and the importance and status of the game on the



Tom Bernardin

campus have increased. Soccer in America was once exclusively the sport of the ethnic groups, and college soccer was played only by those who had been exposed to it as children or were from an ethnic group. But today, soccer attracts the typical American athlete.

Soccer at Notre Dame has grown so much that it is possible to have both an "A" and a "B" team with the number of players available, and cuts must be made of the hopefuls. Though not a varsity sport on the level of football or basketball, soccer as a club sport can be compared with the rugby and lacrosse teams — independent, proud and very competitive.

Coach Bob Connolly's Irish booters are characteristic of soccer players — energetic, exciting, and exceptional hustlers. Soccer is not a game where a continuous drive re-

sults in a score, but rather the seizing of an opportunity, the outplaying of one's opponent, will produce a goal. Played with a running clock, there are no time-outs. Soccer requires a player to be durable and disciplined. Notre Dame's record may conjure visions of a lack of enthusiasm, but they have played well, overshadowed by one-goal defeats and the high caliber of their competition.

The Interhall sports program also features soccer, where the quality of play may not be on a par with that of the club team, but where the fervor and enthusiasm are just as intense. The popularity of the sport is also evident here, as each hall enters a team in both the fall and the spring leagues. This year's fall champion, Pangborn (who defeated Flanner 1-0 in the championship game) shared the spring title with Alumni, finishing co-champions after going through three overtimes in the championship game last April.

Many reasons have been deduced to explain the sudden mushrooming of soccer interest, including the catalysis of good, foreign players participating in the American game. A very basic explanation was offered by Pete Logan of the Notre Dame soccer club. He explained that, "in soccer, skill is much more important than size or height. Although it doesn't hurt to be a superman, the emphasis falls heavily on a player's ability to be proficient in a game, not on overpowering the opponent." In other words, the normal player can be good with a lot of practice, regardless of physical stature or dimension.

Development of interest and the growing commercial success will boost soccer into a more prominent spot on the American sports scene. It won't be long before John Q. Public knows the front line of the World Cup champion as well as he knows Bench, Morgan, and Rose. Until then, soccer will continue its snowballing popularity.

Runners and Lovers

by Mike Palmer

Twenty-five of them meet every afternoon on the third tee of the golf course. They do a few stretching exercises, trying to alleviate the stiffness of the muscles which were slightly tightened by their run early that morning. They then depart for a training run, usually about 10 miles. Often if a layman were to look at a stopwatch upon their return, he probably would wonder whether the course was covered by foot or by racing bicycle.

"They" are the Notre Dame cross-country team, and these harriers are there every day, rain or shine. There are no armies of managers, photographers or journalists; only those who are dedicated enough to put in the miles day after day. And 90 miles a week is a *lot* of dedication.

Why do 25 guys join a sport like cross-country? With so much unheralded work involved, there must be some special motivations.

"It's a hard one to define," remarks senior Jim Hurt, referring to his motivation. He started running in high school and has continued with an interest ever since, leading to his position as captain of this year's team. "It was something I was decent at," he reflects. "I felt some measure of success: beating kids." Now, he sees a simpler reason for his running: he just likes doing it. "I enjoy doing it as someone else enjoys basketball," he says.

Jim Reinhart agrees about this fondness for the act of running itself and speaks for the rest of the team. "We love to run. There are very few scholarship guys on the team. Most of the guys are out there because they enjoy it," he states.

This love for running itself is basically necessary for someone who spends so much time doing it, as a distance runner does. This is not to say, however, that every minute of the 10-mile run is part of a glorious experience; there must be other motivations to keep him going through the tough times, too.

Steve Welch, a freshman who is

one of the top runners on the team, sees some of the other reasons for putting in the miles every day. "I run because it gives me a goal," he says, "and because it gives some satisfaction." This satisfaction can come when the hard work is paid off: one runs his fastest time. It may also be simply being in good physical condition. Reinhart remarks, "There is a satisfaction of being in really good shape; running ten miles in 60 minutes is a great feeling."

Some of the team members cite a certain camaraderie on the squad. "We really enjoy the fellowship," says Reinhart. Sufferings together help to strengthen the alliance, agree several members. Although this is also true in other sports, cross-country is different. The "group of individuals" composing the harrier team, as opposed to a football or hockey "machine," can have just as much a strong fellowship.

Others are in it for additional reasons. Jay Miranda, another top freshman, asserts, "I run because I'm basically competitive." He is quick, however, to point out something else. "It's not all hard work

like a lot of people think; it's a lot of fun," he says. A few mention being on the team as a good way to meet new friends, or even as a diversion from studies.

Of the motivations for running cross-country, public acclaim probably is not one of them. "If you wanted publicity, you wouldn't be in this sport," says second-year man Ed Kistner. This does not seem to bother most of the team, however.

It is interesting to note that the majority of the team does not run at away meets, because of limits imposed on visiting teams by the NCAA. That does not deter them from working hard. As Kistner puts it, "There are 15 guys staying home weekends; they must like it."

Again this basic love of running is their motivation behind the many miles. But, also important is what Steve Welch spoke of previously — goals. Striving for a participant gives the runner a sense of focus, similar to many goals in life. Shooting for 10th place or better in a certain race or to break 26 minutes for a five-mile race could be goals; achieving them will make the runner feel that all the miles were worthwhile.



The Last Word

by Sally Stanton



"I grow old . . . I grow old . . ."
J. Alfred Prufrock
—T. S. Eliot

I feel my seniorhood weighing heavy on my head these days, a sodden clump of catalogues and half-begun applications. All the freshmen in my section are freshly turned 18 and can use their own ID's in Michigan: I'm legal in Indiana and facing 22. (The next landmark after 21, I think, must be 65 and senior citizenship.)

I guess I'm in the market for a rocking chair, or an afghan—blue to match my housedress—or a companionable African violet plant.

Perhaps it's the coming of pre-registration that has brought this dollop of nostalgia into my life. It was, after all, not so long ago that I saw my first Form 50 and tried to puzzle out all the attendant red tape. At that point I was deluged with possible courses, but I had three years to fill: now I am still deluged, but have only one semester.

It amazes me that the time has gone by so quickly, but then, time has a way of doing that. One of its inherent characteristics is that it passes. Yet at the moment I feel as though I were part of a magic show: I stand on a tablecloth, someone gives a quick yank, and suddenly I'm no longer standing on a tablecloth. The presence or absence of the cloth is all that has changed in the scenerio.

But that's not completely true. Things have changed since my first year.

Freshman year was the first year of coeducation and the first year of the "unmerger." I remember getting a little card in the mail a few weeks after I had applied to what I had thought would be a merged Saint Mary's College/University of Notre Dame, asking me to indicate wheth-

er I wanted my application to be considered by one school or the other, or both. When I visited right before Christmas no one seemed to know quite what would be done with the new Notre Dame women—one of the people I talked to thought they might be put over in Grace or Flanner, since the towers would be easiest to renovate.

There were only 350 women that first year—only 125 freshmen. I suppose women in class or on campus were almost as rare as great woolly mammoths in July—and probably provoked a similar response: fear and amazement. The admissions process had been billed as extremely selective and the women were labeled geniuses by all the men—and women. (I think a good number of us women looked to ourselves and knew *we* weren't the geniuses, so figured our application must have snuck by the committee when someone went out for coffee in the wee hours of the morning.)

In a residential University organized around the stay hall system, where the hall is the main social and political unit, we entered Badin and Walsh, halls suddenly devoid of residents. We were all so new—rectors, RA's, students. There was no one to initiate the freshmen into hall life—in one respect we were all "freshmen." The tradition had been broken and we had to start from scratch.

In many ways we were indirectly influenced by Saint Mary's. A good portion of the transfer students came from "across the road" and though some of those had taken the great majority of their courses at Notre Dame, they still had ties with the other school. They and their friends had been most caught in the unmerger confusion.

There seemed much concern among the students that year at the

growing gulf between Notre Dame and Saint Mary's. First semester the coexchange program allowing students to sign up for courses at both schools was suspended, and the people who were here before and after say there were fewer women on campus then than the year before when Notre Dame was still an all male institutaion.

The first class of women here may have been a little defensive also. I rapidly grew tired of explaining that when I said I was going to Notre Dame I meant I was going to Notre Dame (and not on a football scholarship).

And some people seemed to think the women were here to coeducate the University, while most of us, I think, came to go to college.

It was all a little confusing. Professors and male students would turn to a woman in the class for the "woman's view" as though that were necessarily some strange and exotic beast. There was a degree of self-consciousness that has not totally dispersed yet, as though we were watching ourselves to see if something horrible would happen.

I don't think anything horrible has, though women are surely more plentiful on the quad than woolly mammoths.

The most woeful casualty is not the demise of Notre Dame's masculinity, but the split in the relationship between Notre Dame and Saint Mary's. One sophomore I talked to at the beginning of the year had never been over to the other campus.

It would be nice if a new relationship could be created, one that did not rest on stereotypes and second-hand information.

But perhaps I grow old. And ramble on about things of no consequence as old people do.

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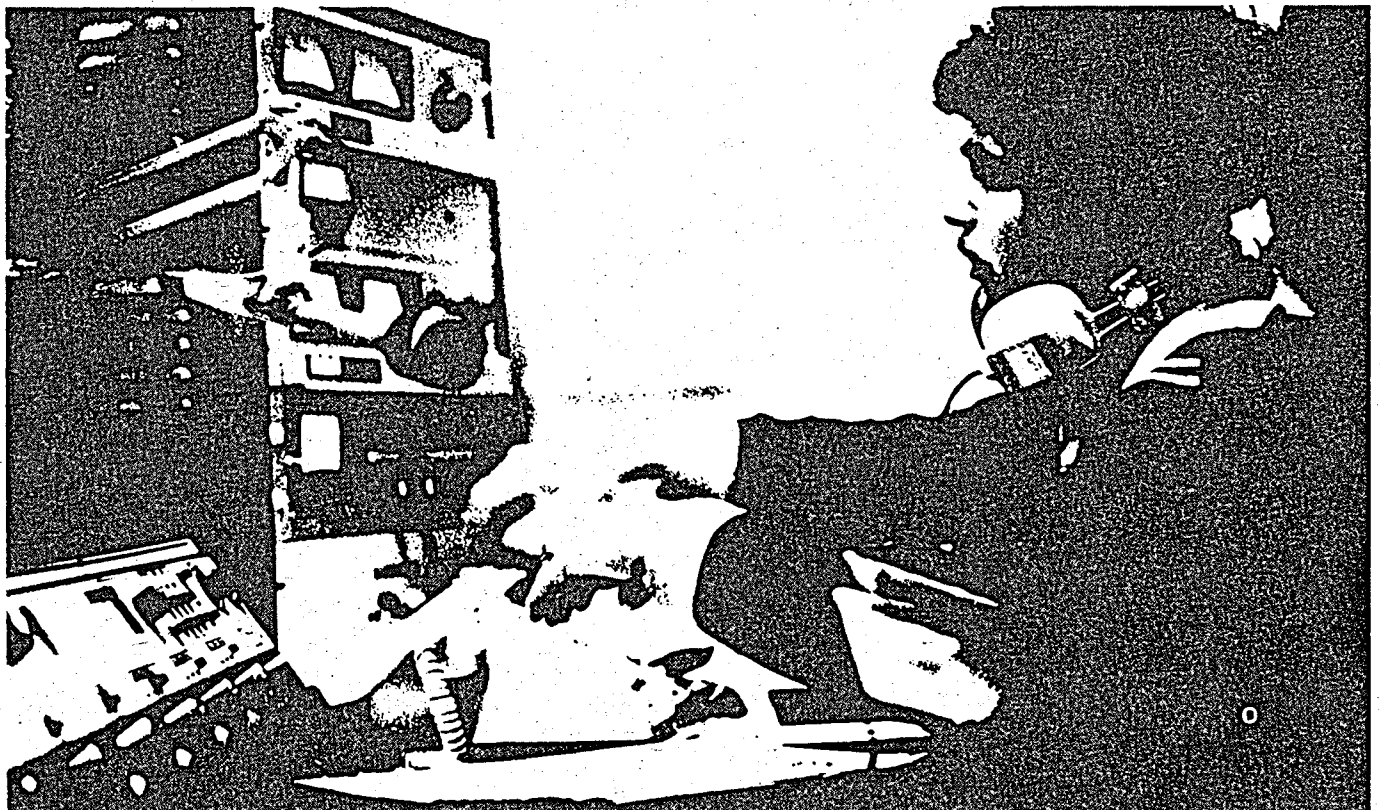
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