

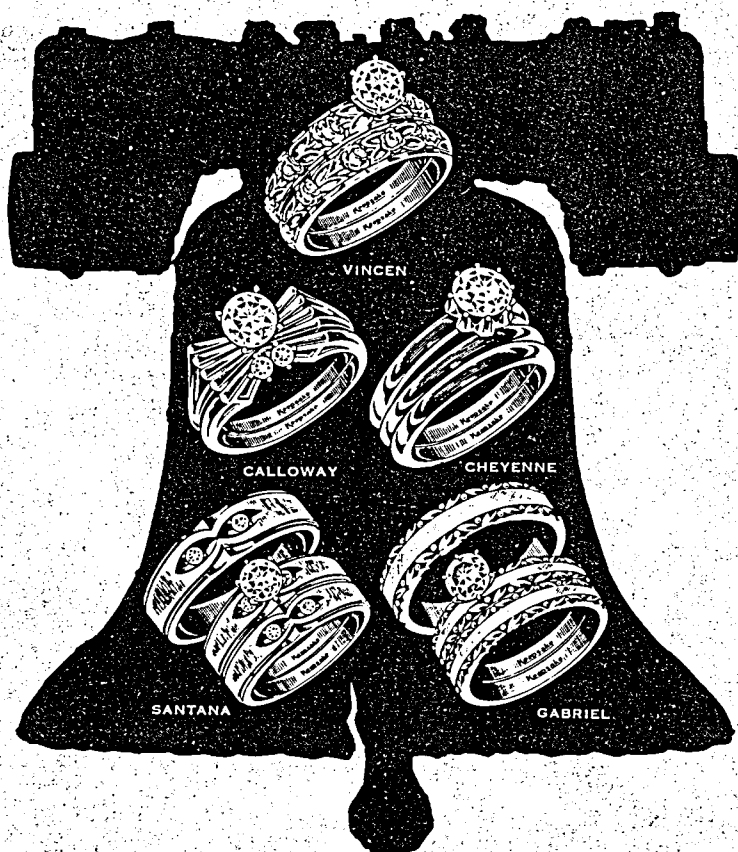
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Scholastic

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Wishes for the Pope

by Rev. James T. Burtchaell, C.S.C.



The source which has taught me the most about marriage is the 19th chapter of the Gospel according to Matthew. This chapter records two interviews with Jesus. In the second, he is asked by a young man what he must do to possess eternal life. This was a standard question that any Jew would ask a rabbi and Jesus' answer at first is a very standard answer: "You must keep the Commandments." And he lists several of the very familiar commandments. The young man is pleased and replies that he has been observant since boyhood. Jesus then says that this is not enough. If he wants to go all the way, then he must sell everything, give it away and follow after him. At this the young man is not so pleased because, as the evangelist points out, he has a great deal to sell. Somewhat disillusioned, he turns around and goes away. The point of the story is that he does not have eternal life even though he has kept the commandments from his youth.

Here Jesus is opposing to the religion of his day another type of faith which has no concrete terms or prior conditions. When a Jew purposely undertook the life of a Jew, he knew what he was undertaking. He was told in advance what were the terms of faith, and he accepted them with eyes open. When a man accepted to follow Jesus, he had no idea what

the terms were. Nothing specific was told him in advance except that he must surrender to whatever claims Jesus, through all of his neighbors, would put on him. The young man rightly recognized that this was far more frightening since there was no way of calculating how much he was giving away. And so . . . he relinquished eternal life. After he leaves the scene, the disciples are somewhat nervous and they ask, "Well, if this is the way it is, who on earth could get into the Kingdom of Heaven?" and Jesus says it is not for everyone; it is a gift.

In the earlier part of the chapter, a very similar interview takes place. Jesus is asked what are the terms for divorce. In the religion of his day, people entered marriage knowing in advance what were the limits of endurance: what things a man could be expected to tolerate and what things he need not accept. Jesus insists that in marriage, as he conceives it, there are no terms; there is no divorce. The people go away shaking their heads. Once again the disciples are a little bit upset and they ask Jesus, "But if this is the way it is, who on earth could get married?" and he says, "It is not for everyone; it is a gift."

What I perceive from this chapter is that the unlimited surrender which a man very frighteningly makes to Jesus Christ in Baptism has as perhaps its closest imitation among men Christian marriage, wherein a man and a woman surrender to one another without terms. Jesus can say to a man in the crowd, "You! Follow me" and the man has no idea where that will lead. Just so, a man can say to a woman, "Follow me, with no idea where that will lead or what I will become." And the woman in her turn says to him, "And you follow me, not knowing where I will lead you." Marriage, like Baptism, begins in faith. It is a move based simply upon trust in a person—not a policy, a religion, a moral code, a set of requirements. It is an open-ended abandonment to an unpredictable

person, who is known and cherished enough that one can make the surrender.

If this be so, then Christian marriage is not like all other marriages. Marriage is what you make of it, and Christian marriage is a particular, voluntary form which Christians have fashioned for themselves. There are many other forms of marriage, and we should not imagine that they are not legitimate. If in a certain culture it is accepted that a man has six wives, it is none of our business to constrain the man to discard five of them. If a man says to six women, "You are my wife," then they are indeed his wives. If in another culture it is understood that a man may exchange wives at whim, then it is none of our business to tell him he must marry for life. It is our calling to live our baptismal faith and our marriage faith before the eyes of all men and women so honestly and generously that the entire Christian commitment would in turn become their voluntary undertaking, also.

In fact, it is unfortunate that in our civil marriage ceremony, words are put into the mouths of men and women whereby they promise to one another things that they in no way intend to promise. In our society it is not understood that a man and a woman give themselves away for better, for worse, until death. They do not give themselves away unconditionally; they give themselves away indefinitely. Yet because our civil marriage form is descended from the Christian sacramental forms, couples are forced to say more than they mean.

Now if Christian marriage is a particular, extraordinary, peculiar way for a man and a woman to join together, then we must realize that it has particular obligations. The most important one is similar to the obligation to follow Jesus. When you tie yourself to a person, you cannot control your future. Every one of us has within himself an unbelievable potential for love and for generosity but we do not bring it out very will-

ingly. It has to be torn out of us. And the thing about Christian marriage is that the surprises encountered demand a love and generosity from us that we can in no way calculate or control. If that be so, then the incalculability of the demands of children fits very closely into the generosity that a man and a woman share in marriage. If a man and a woman can and do calculate and hedge the major claims made upon their generosity in the course of their marriage, then I fear that it is less a marriage of faith, and it will not blossom into a marriage of love such as Christians can enjoy.

The Church should not be interested in breeding. A thoughtless priest said in the United States a few years ago that Catholics would put an end to religious discrimination in a generation or two by outproducing their contracepting opponents. Preachers have also suggested that the obligation to crowd heaven should stimulate Catholic parents to optimum production. Both statements breathe nonsense. Yet the Church has always had a smile for children, not because she is interested in population but because she is interested in love. And besides,

she was once told that of such is the kingdom of heaven.

A first child, especially a boy-child, can easily be a threat to his father, for he seems to be a competitor for the wife's love that had been all his before. Similarly, each new child that swells the brood can seem a burden: the loaf must now be sliced just that much thinner. Faith sees another side to it. Bread may be sliced thinner, but love is sliced larger, and greater love sets about winning more bread. Every person, every parent, is a fathomless well of love potential. Children are not threats to love or competitors for it—they are new claims upon it, new tugs on the ungenerous heart to force it open further than it felt it could go. Children don't divide parents' love; they should invite it to multiply. Enormous resources of parent love are let go stagnant in the heart's reservoirs for lack of children to make it gush and flow. Now obviously physical resources are not fathomless, and children must have bread. But in our age and culture, when parents feed their children cake and live in fear of a bread shortage, the Church weeps—and rightly so—that the children are

starving in a famine of love.

One is so disappointed in *Humanae Vitae*. One wishes the Pope had called parents to abandon themselves—in a way that would seem reckless to those without Christian faith—to their children as well as to one another. One wishes he had found a way to restore in husbands and wives so zestful an appetite for sons and daughters that when constrained to choose contraception for one strong motive or another, they would do so with reluctance and a sense of loss. Instead of grumbling that he has wrongheadedly forbidden artificial contraception, one regrets rather that he has not really preached to us the sort of good news that Matthew heard from Jesus.

If we have faith, we have hope. In this time of turmoil and contradiction, the Church will see its way through to a new and yet so very ancient understanding of what children do for their parents—of how they force them, in ways that surprise even themselves, to be greater men and women than they had planned. Jesus Christ has come to destroy all our plans—even those of parenthood.

The Revelation of Self

by Rev. Charles E. Sheedy, C.S.C.

I am sure we would all be pleased if sex were not so big in the study of ethics and morality and in general moral concern. We always say sex is not everything; it only seems at times like everything.

Sexuality is very large in life, pervasive, suffusive. Men and women always act like—men and women. A person's sexuality is present not only in the distinctly sexual actions he or she might perform or attempt. Beyond or beneath actions, sexuality breathes and beats like lung and pulse. The way a man or woman thinks about it, attempts to manage or direct it, connects closely with his or her basic view of life and the gradual growing of the self which is life's task.

Sexual love is the theme of most songs, much poetry and almost all of fiction, from the cheapest pornography to the great revealing novels like *Anna Karenina* of Tolstoy and *The*

Rainbow of D. H. Lawrence. I do not think you can learn much about sex from sex books. They tend to be ludicrously technical or portentously psychological or soupy edifying. Good books on other topics have good sex parts; for example, the first hundred or so pages of *Love and Will*, by Rollo May. Great literature does this the best. For disastrous misuse of sex, see *Madame Bovary* of Flaubert and *The Red and the Black* of Stendhal. Contrast in *Anna Karenina* the life view and character process of Levin and Vronsky along with their respective circles. *Kristin Lavransdatter*, by Sigrid Undset, Norwegian, Catholic, Nobel prize winner, is one of the great novels about sin and the gradual healing of repentance.

Tone and expectation count in a discussion of sexuality. My discussion is intended in a rational and Christian context. A rational sexual

ethic does not expect an outcome of perfect fulfillment. Nor are terrifying blame and condemnation attached to missteps and sexual misuse. Apart from a few extraordinary persons, nobody manages sex very successfully. A realistic Christian ideal is not one of angelic perfectionism, but of honest admission, humble repentance, the acceptance of forgiveness and a fresh start. In this the saying of Kierkegaard is noteworthy: "The opposite of sin is not virtue; it is faith."

So a narrowly ethical view is not helpful. By narrowly I mean a view which would confine itself to judgments placed on individual acts as good or bad. In sexuality, if anywhere, the action is less important than the meaning of the action. Actions contain inner meaning in self-understanding and outer meaning in the quality of relationships. Sexuality is a kind of language, of inward

understanding and of communication to another or others in words and gestures. It is not enough for a person to be able to say, whether contritely or braggingly, what he or she did in a given action. The deeper ability is to describe (to "spell out" in detail where appropriate) what the action says about the person's own life view and the trend and direction of his or her life. Whether, for example, the action says love or something other or less.

In *The Concluding Unscientific Postscript*, S. Kierkegaard asks the question, "What does it mean, in inwardness, and subjectivity, to get married?" The answer he gives is this: "How is it that the ethical becomes a task at the same time that the erotic expects the miracle?" This can be a kind of motto; it clarifies the view.

Sexuality is a task, not a miracle. A task is learned gradually. It entails awkwardness at beginning, a growing familiarity and an improving skill. The use of the skill may range from a pleasurable and spontaneous giving and receiving to a calculating and selfish exploitation.

A task carries duties, responsibilities, routines and regularities. It entails continuing effort and controls against counteractivities which impede fulfillment of the task. A task will at times produce exhilarating outcomes, but sometimes disheartening failures or middling in-betweens. But, in any outcome, the task goes on. Since sexuality is a task, there is no single action that can be seen as decisive. It is more a matter of the unfolding of a life. Sexual ethics does not consist in the definition of certain acts, but in the interpretation of the meaning of a life, within a person's life view.

A Dartmouth College ethics professor, Bernard Gert, follows the teachings of the English philosopher, Thomas Hobbes. Hobbes was big for moral rules. Gert has the interesting view that there is no moral rule concerning sexuality as such. Whatever may go wrong with sex is covered by some other moral rule. Thus seduction: deceit; adultery: cheating; and rape: violent injury. These entailments are all prohibited by moral rules. He would conclude that where these evils are absent, where no extraneous harm is done, there is nothing morally wrong with sex-

ual intercourse between consenting adults.

It is true that a sexual outlet may be used to cover profound defects of character that have nothing to do with sex. This can be seen in love as conquest. In "The Diary of the Seducer" in *Either-Or*, Kierkegaard surmises that seduction does not "presuppose an excessive concern with sex. To seduce a woman means: with no force but with much art to secure the free capitulation of her mind to yours . . . [sexuality] is strictly incidental to the real objective, which is the conquest of the spirit and not the congress of the flesh."



Sex can be used to conceal the self from the self. Karen Horney describes various devices in *Neurosis and Human Growth*. An ostensible act of love may be really an act of hate, the "quest for a vindictive triumph." Or, a person with a self-view as a strong lover or as "carried away by love" may really be trying to assert a doubted sense of personal worth. In an elegant book, *Self-Deception*, Herbert Fingarette argues that a person ought to be able to "spell out" and "avow" the total content and meaning of what he or she is doing, in his or her "engagement with the world." To see all these devices in a lively novel, look at Julien Sorel in Stendhal's *The Red and the Black*.

Though the Hobbesian writer is correct in saying that bad sexuality is generally bad for reasons outside sexuality, he leaves out an essential point: this is the ordinance of

marriage, in human nature and in God's command, and the order of sex towards procreativity.

Marriage is not in the best popular esteem. A young lady will tell you that she and her husband lived together for a year before they got married. The only reason they got married, she says, was to charge things at Thrift-Mart on the same credit card and to appease their parents. At no time did she think of the boy and herself as living "in sin." With their view of life, who could say they were? Yet the fact remains that she *tells* you this, for some reason, and she expects a responsive and continuing response.

What is involved in the premartial sex situation is a confusion of thought as to love, marriage and the marriage ceremony. You cannot give marriage a merely legal meaning, as if the ceremony gave a ticket of legalization to what had been unlawful before. It was this trivial idea of the legal ticket that the young lady and her boyfriend rejected.

But neither can you give marriage a meaning derived from a psychological analysis of the act of sexual love.

In his book, *Deeds and Rules in Christian Ethics*, Paul Ramsey writes that marriage contains a "morality of practices" which exists within a socialized and public context beyond single acts such as loving sexual intercourse. Marriage has a "performative" aspect over and above acts. Marriage *says* something and does it in the saying. The performative aspect adds the idea of fidelity and promise-keeping to the single act of love. "I take thee" has a performative content beyond the mere assertion that "I love thee." Ramsey thinks the ethics of marriage would be better off if it got away from this psychology of act-to-act love and would restate the idea of promise-keeping and covenant-entering, with marriage seen as "touched by the divine covenant."

In this view, the bond of matrimony, the obligation to stay together, is not seen as an unwelcome intrusion of an outside law, but as a reinforcement and a divine guarantee. The couple are commanded to do only what they deeply wish to do: to live together, to love conjugally, to raise a godly family and to live faithfully to the end.

From Pawn Shops to Notre Dame

by Betsy Carey

"I couldn't give you a definition for it — you can listen to two records 180-degrees different in style and like them both, and they're both categorized as jazz," says Mike Dillon, co-chairman of the 1976 Collegiate Jazz Festival. Jazz band styles, compositions, even instruments, greatly vary. The word *jazz* brings Chick Corea to mind for some and Duke Ellington for others. It's a multifaceted genre.

"Nobody can say he hates jazz without lying," says Dexter Gourdin, saxophone player in the Notre Dame Jazz Band. "In fact, today's music will pose a problem for the musicologist of the future, as far as distinguishing musics. Jazz is so intertwined with everything."

Dillon feels that jazz lacks an audience. "There's no exposure, so most people don't know if they'd enjoy it. But jazz is as American as apple pie. America has no culture. It's the unculture. The most listened-to music is rock and roll, which primarily is rip-off blues by a lot of English musicians. Jazz musicians are superior and should be heard, but you can't push it. People just have to go and find out for themselves."

Ellen Syburg, also working with the Festival, agrees on this point. "I've heard people say, 'I don't like jazz.' I think it's not that they don't like it, it's that they haven't heard it."

LeRoi Jones has written that the something sound is indigenous to a certain kind of cultural existence within America. The end of slavery brought out a new direction in the blues. The highly accepted idea that jazz began in New Orleans may not be completely accurate — it sprang up simultaneously throughout the

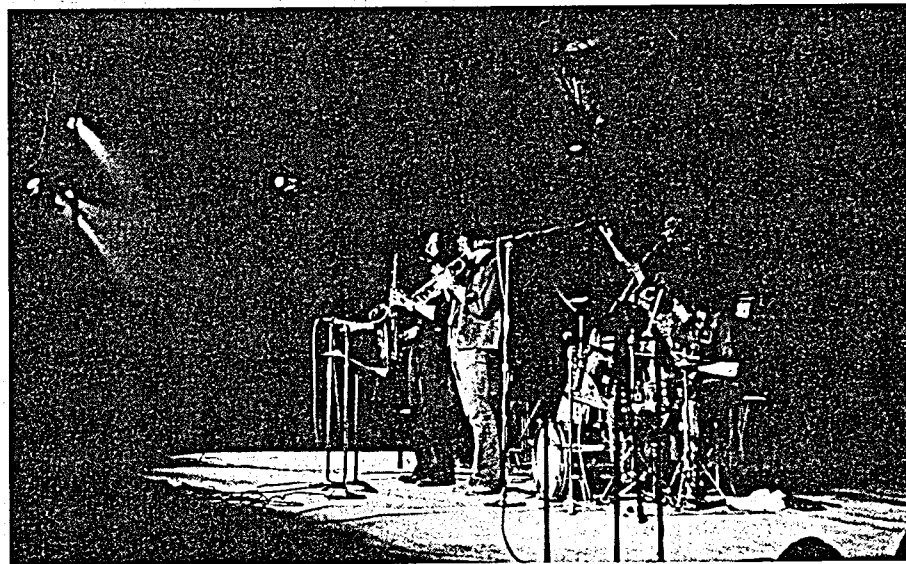
South. Pinpointing its birthplace is difficult.

Although not a successor to the blues, jazz would not exist without it. Both were original art forms that followed different courses of development. Jazz has been called the "song speech of the blues."

The first jazz instruments came from pawnshops where Confederate soldiers deposited their military band paraphernalia. Then, the French in New Orleans added tubas, trumpets, trombones and exotic

their instruments — an American sound.

And this new music moved North. It went with the blacks who tried Chicago's job market, and from there it spread out. "When it comes to Chicago, you get all sorts of styles and periods of music," Gourdin relates. "As time progresses, the great performers become evident. They had themselves come through all these changes. Jazz is continually changing. Maybe it's a circular sort of thing. You will always have per-



rhythms. The music progressed and became a response by blacks to the cultural and social stimuli of the country in the late 19th century. A music which communicated an attitude toward the human condition was developing.

New sounds were being emitted from those European instruments — sounds harsh to classically tuned ears. Expressive sounds. The purity of tone fell away as jazz musicians attempted to find a more humanly expressive sound of the voice with

formers noted for a particular era who were great inspirations.

"There were a few musicians who laid it down and others who picked it up and carried it. Perhaps this circular pattern of jazz will go all the way to ragtime. I would hope that it doesn't, because if it goes that far, that means there's no imagination left in jazz. I hope it goes beyond and continues to transcend."

Dillon believes that historic jazz is essential to today's music. "I think it's all built upon its history. Say



somebody is interested in a particular jazz instrument . . . he goes back and studies the way the greats played it long ago. He's not stealing, he's extending the original music. You have to develop roots to progress."

Going back through history re-emphasizes the Negro tradition in jazz. But Dillon points out that the white jazz musician, although refuted by some, does hold a very stable position in the jazz world. "There are still some people who say a white can't play jazz, but all

you have to do is point out some super white players. There's Stan Getz—and you certainly can't deny him his place in the jazz world. Many jazz educators are white, take Fr. George Wiskirchen. He feels it, it's in his blood. Maybe in composing you can draw a distinction. But initially it's definitely easier for a black to get into it. They're where it all came from."

To say that it's easier for blacks to be introduced to jazz does not mean that only they can enjoy it. Jazz concerts draw crowds world-

wide. Some of the largest audiences turn up in France and Japan. Stadiums are filled in Europe for Dizzy Gillespie. Gourdin attributes this to the scarcity of jazz abroad. The concerts are rare, so when foreigners get the chance to indulge in the music they readily take it.

But Dillon disagrees, "Dexter is talking economics; it's not that. It's because the Europeans and Japanese have a long heritage of art and are more learned in these areas. They can appreciate a different sound. They have their own vast culture and are open to others' ideas. They're more appreciative than the Americans because the Americans just aren't hip to jazz. Since we don't have a cultural background, we don't identify with anything and it all gets fragmented."

Apparently, the interest of the South Bend community is not extensive either. There are some avid fans, but not enough to successfully bring big names here to perform. John Gardner, former entertainment editor of the *South Bend Tribune*, was pessimistic about the area's interest. "I'm afraid South Bend isn't receptive at all. When we bring a good band that should hang the crowds from the rafters, there's hardly a crowd at all. There's just a small, solemn corner of enthusiasts here. I've bent over backwards with publicity for different concerts. For an example, we just broken even on a Woody Herman concert at the Morris Civic."

Again, the lack of interest may stem from a lack of exposure. South Bend's entertainment offerings do not afford much opportunity to hear jazz. The few clubs which offer it must be searched out. River Bend Pub offers live jazz entertainment which caters not only to South Bend folk, but also to students (from whom they draw most of their entertainers).

"You have to find a place with the right atmosphere, because mood is very important to this art," states Gourdin. He defines this right atmosphere as a nightclub-like setting with dim audience lights and stage lights that just allow the musicians to be visible. "There's a mellowness involved. Both the audience and the musicians need the right mood. A soloist can enhance his performance by movements in the light; the motions of his body with his flute or sax communicate the sentiment, too.

"Jazz covers such a wide spectrum that it practically enhances all music. Speaking scientifically now, it's like you have this density called jazz, and it moves out over the field. The density decreases as you reach the end of the spectrum, but it's still there — you get to the blues and there's some jazz, to rock and there's still some jazz," Gourdin remarks.

This vast music does have some following at Notre Dame. Recent years have seen an increased interest among campus music enthusiasts since the formation of the jazz band and the exposure to jazz available within LaFortune Student Center.

Three years ago the first attempt was made with "Jazz at Nine," an evening of jazz which was staged in the ballroom. This was the initial attempt which may explain its sporadic presentations and schedules. The atmosphere was not terribly conducive to the mood, either. It was stiff, but it was a try.

"Jazz at the Nazz" attained the necessary mood: soft lights, relaxed seating and good music. Recently the Notre Dame jazz combo, comprised of Bill Boris, Neil Gillespie, Kevin Chandler and Steve Calonje, treated the community to an astounding variety of "Jazz at the Nazz."

This Friday and Saturday, the ND-SMC community is offered an

other opportunity to hear this exciting music of contrasts as Notre Dame hosts the 18th annual Collegiate Jazz Festival, which has been labeled by *Downbeat Magazine* as "the best jazz festival in the land."

CJF is the oldest competition of its kind. It has developed from a Midwest fling into a national extravaganza. Bands in the past have come from all around the continental United States, though this year's contestants hail predominantly from the East and Midwest. Over 50 bands applied for acceptance to the 16 slots available. They were selected on the basis of a 10-minute tape recording submitted by each school.

In former years the festival has been more competitive than festive. This year it promises to be another musical exposé of some of the best young jazz talent in the U.S. Eastman, the multiple award winning band of the 1975 festival, will return as a guest band. Lew Soloff, jazz musician and critic, formerly the first trumpet for Blood Sweat

and Tears, will be another guest of the festival. He will jam with the Eastman band, his alma mater, Saturday night before the awards are announced.

CJF, besides bringing in tremendous amateur talent, has six professionals in the jazz field as judges. Dan Morgenstern, former *Downbeat* editor and presently a writer and critic, will preside over the judges' panel. Morgenstern, a good friend of CJF, has provided publicity and advice almost since the festival's inception.

Stan Getz, the renowned tenor sax, and Bob James, arranger and musician, will also preside as judges. James performed at the festival in 1962 with the Michigan jazz band. Malachi Favors, Lester Bowie and Dave Remington, Chicago artists, complete the talents sitting behind the judges' panel.

The opportunity for jazz exposure is at its zenith this weekend. The Festival begins Friday night at 7:30, Saturday afternoon at 1:00 and Saturday night again at 7:30.



PORNOGRAPHY AND STUDY GUIDES

by Kathy McElroy

What's black and white and red all over? Answer: *Monarch Notes* published by Simon and Schuster, Inc. If *Monarch Notes* did not come immediately to mind perhaps you are more familiar with the yellow and black version, *Cliff Notes*, or the yellow and white version, *Hymarx Outlines* or the blue and green version, *Study Masters*, or the . . . Those who persist in pleading ignorance of such publications, observe the following scenario:

The scene is the Notre Dame Bookstore; the date is March 9, 1976. Proceeding to the second floor, one may observe two matching display cabinets positioned strategically with handy pull-out indexes to notes and study guides on works of literature, history, philosophy and economics. Upon further observation one finds all copies of the notes on "The Philosophy of Aristotle" and Plato's "The Republic and Selected Dialogues" missing from the files. Coincidentally, this was also the week of the Political Theory midterm. Similar thoughts arise in connection with the low supply of notes on *The Brothers Karamazov* and *Don Quixote*.

(Author's note: When conducting such research it is recommended that one travel *incognito*. If one is an English major, carry an organic chemistry text, and should you run into your advisor, explain that you are just writing an article for *Scholastic*.)

Many professors are oblivious to students' use of study guides and

master plots. According to information supplied by Mrs. Patricia Vanek, head of the Notre Dame book department, however, someone is keeping them busy resupplying the series. At present the bookstore attempts to carry the complete line of *Monarch Notes* and checks the files weekly so that 10 copies of each title are on hand. Although the main distributor is located in New York, Mrs. Vanek often orders the books from the branch in Ohio. After all, the use of *Monarch Notes* is often not anticipated and time can be an important factor.

Students' reactions to study guides range from self-righteous indignation to obvious embarrassment. There is, shall we say, a certain stigma attached to their use evidenced by the observation that few students feel free to bring their copies to class discussions, and it is rare that a student will seek instructions as to how to footnote such a source.

Monarch and *Cliff Notes* appear to be considered superior in quality to other series. Mr. David Lievowitz, sales manager for the Monarch division of Simon and Schuster speaks of a change of quality over the years. "They started as crib sheets, substitutes for reading the books, but now they are used as adjuncts to the original texts." Mr. Lievowitz also remarks that reactions to the notes have improved. "Years ago," says Lievowitz, "we would receive complaints from teachers, but these are rare now. The level of the notes

has risen so that now they can be used as an aid to teachers. We feel that we are providing a real service."

There have been several changes of format initiated by the company to improve their image and clarify the purpose of the publication. The 1965 edition of *Monarch Notes* features a box on the cover noting the three Ph.D.'s on the editorial board of consultants, along with a statement of intention: "*Monarch Notes* and *Study Guides* are designed to stimulate the reader's interest, deepen his enjoyment and encourage the desire to enrich his learning."

In the most recent versions a statement such as the one appearing in the notes to *Siddhartha* introduce the work: "This critical commentary aims to help you in your study and appreciation of Hermann Hesse's *Siddhartha*. It will make little sense to you unless you have already read the novel either in its German version or in the English translation. The basic assumption throughout this study is that it will prompt you to refer back to your original text." Similar notes to the reader appear in *Cliff Notes*. Stating that "they are intended as a supplementary aid to the serious student," the publishers describe their policy as a realization of the Socratic concept of the "examined life."

Even phraseology, however, fails to make allies of many of the works' critics. None of the professors interviewed were conscious of a wide use of the notes, nor were they familiar with the most recent revisions made

in any of the publications, yet most held some reservations—at least at a gut-level. Dr. James Walton, associate professor of the English Department says, "I frame my assignments around questions which demand more than a summary, or even a critical summary, could provide. I look for a highly distinctive approach with emphasis on individuality." Dr. Walton added that he is not aware of what kinds of study methods students employ: "I'm like the college professor they warned you about in high school. I don't pay much attention to the study habits of the students." Walton does point out a problem with the use of notes: "I evaluate by how personally limited the subject matter is—*Monarch Notes* are comprehensive and impersonal. If I ever felt that students were being swallowed up in second-hand sources, I would change the assignment to obviate that practice, only because I'm afraid they would bore me to death."

Dr. John McDonald, assistant professor of English, also acknowledges a certain bias against study guides and master plots. "There are better places to go; unfortunately, you have to know something before you can find them. The format of the master plot is convenient, but there are better sources and guides to critical analysis. What I object to," says McDonald, "is the thinking that all past and future knowledge on the work is captured in these publications. They are preoccupied with looking for the truth through divulging hidden meanings."

One senior English major expresses a similar point: "I suppose I'm too arrogant, but I don't trust them. One can fall too easily into the pattern of thinking that they are definitive." It does seem that when using study guides students find great comfort in discovering an agreement with their thoughts and those of the preparers of study guides. Dr. McDonald says, "I would not be surprised if many of the safe, pedestrian ideas in students' papers come from master plots." Perhaps students are suffering from that great under-

graduate fear of being too original.

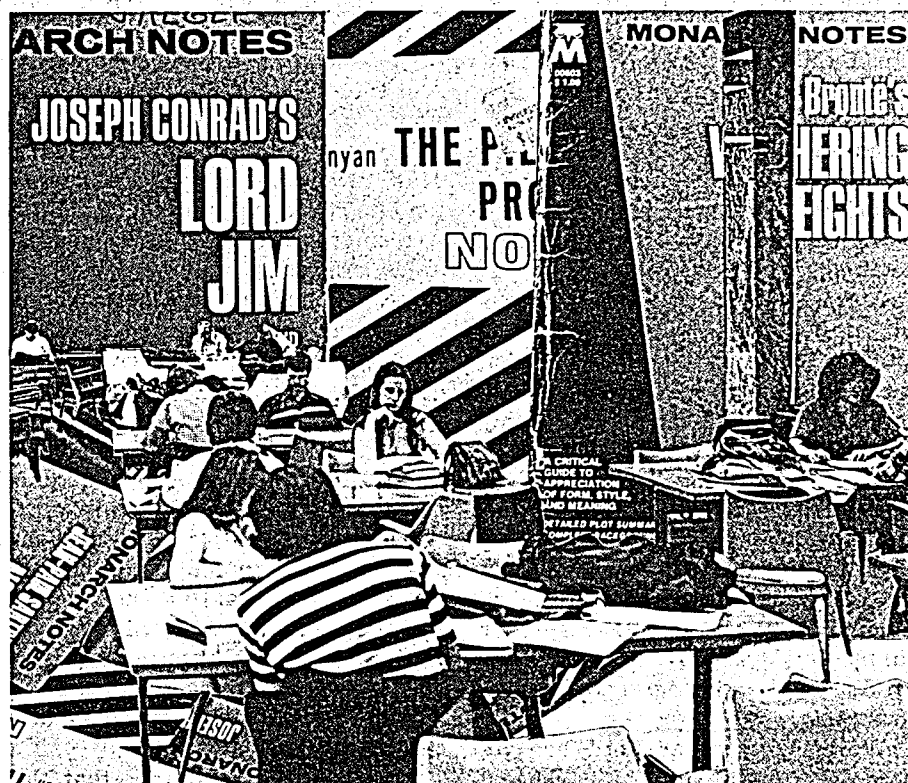
Professor McDonald expresses doubts as to the competency of the preparers of master plots. Commenting upon the fact that the degree Ph.D. often follows the name of the author, Dr. Walton suggests that only writers of pornography and study guides feel compelled to follow such a practice.

Dr. McDonald points out that he would not object to master study guides if they did not pretend to do something which they do not do. "They make a mistake in thinking they provide what a professor is looking for when they approach a book as if it were a puzzle. Such a method is the least part of one's education." As study guides, however, McDonald feels the notes can be used productively to aid students in formulating questions in their own minds. Liebowitz from Simon and Schuster notes that tests have shown that students' comprehension increases when using the notes in conjunction with the book. "We include critical commentary so that even when the student feels he has read

the book well, he will find that he has really missed some points."

Dr. Walton notes that there is a positive value when study guides are used as a mnemonic aid. Often students will use specific study guides to retain or recall the intricacies of plot in the more lengthy novels.

Apparently *Monarch* has communicated its appeal to students to avoid using the notes as substitutes for reading primary sources since few admit risking such a short cut. There is, after all, more to the experience of reading a book than an objective summary and analysis. The spectrum of student opinion is wide. One freshman remarks, "I wouldn't use them unless I was in the biggest jam of my life," but other self-confessed procrastinators acknowledge their debt to such conveniences. There is, however, something incongruous about condensing the Bible into 30 pages of critical commentary with review questions and answers included and God listed as the main character. But as long as there are students, and 900-page novels, and not enough hours in the day. . . .



Response

I took Joseph Duffy's article (*Scholastic*, March 5) in stride at first. I chuckled at its self-righteousness and put it away without further consideration. Thinking about it later, though, I realized that *The Revolution Next Time* is a perfect device by which to shed light on the isolation of a large segment of modern academia. It is a frontal assault, not so much on America's institutions and leaders as on its people—in fact, on people in general.

The first theme Mr. Duffy develops is that "the Bicentennial is an irrelevance." We cannot celebrate the central event of our country's history because "the system has not worked for a long time." Which system, and how long? The system seems to be composed of the triple evils of technology, speculation and capitalism, and they go back, he tells us, about 150 years. Before putting that triumvirate on trial, though, it is pertinent to ask whether Mr. Duffy also denies what the Bicentennial is, by definition, about. Have the rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness become alienable, so that we cannot reaffirm them with a nationwide festival? We never find out, for Mr. Duffy leaves this line of argument abruptly—so abruptly, in fact, that he makes no point at all. Instead, the "irrelevancy" theme is conveniently transformed into an *a priori* argument, seeming to enforce what comes next while bearing no relation to it whatsoever.

And what comes next is a delicious bit of demagoguery. Suddenly, Mr. Duffy attacks President Ford, "on behalf of [whose] *existence* so much pathetic groping has been encouraged" (*italics mine*). First of all, I shudder to think of what he might do with the man. I am sure that the uncomfortable precision of that quote is unintentional, but some sort of punishment seems to be implied. And for what crimes? Basically for disagreeing with Mr. Duffy's views on Vietnam and federal social programs.

We all know that Ford has vetoed his share of Great Society legislation, but does this make him a "stupid man of mean imagination," whose actions are "life-denying,"

who would "bring the old to their graves sooner, . . . intensify the misery of the handicapped and retarded" and last but by no means least, "kill or stunt the infant poor?" After all this, we find, incredibly, that "it is not [Mr. Duffy's] intention to vilify Gerald Ford." But, of course, it is, and the vilification has a purpose: since we, the people of America, allow this demon to remain in office, we are in some way tarnished by his life-denying persona and it becomes a part of us by extension.

Even if Ford *were* Attila the Hun resurrected, this argument would not hold water—there is no law of nature which states that a people must reflect the personality (or, for that matter, any quality) of their leader; but Mr. Ford is nothing more or less than an amiable, if bumbling, congressman out of his depth. The purplest prose cannot hide that, and Mr. Duffy, realizing this, moves on to juicier targets.

The juiciest of these are "capitalism and its petrifying materialism." Less important, but also quite serious, are militarism and racism, both supposedly accommodated to by, and catch this, "Mr. Ford's fellow citizens." Get it? Us. You, me and Jane Fonda.

With regard to capitalism, note the subtle way an entire culture is written off. The attendant benefits of the free enterprise system—the unparalleled prosperity of the Western Hemisphere as well as the vigorous intellectual climate present in every single industrialized democracy—are of no significance whatever. They petrify, you see. As far as the latter two ogres are concerned, whom is Mr. Duffy trying to kid? I accommodate myself to militarism because it is there; Russia's four million-plus army will not disappear when I close my eyes. And I do not, repeat *not*, accept racism and will decry it from as high a rooftop as any English professor. Is racism a purely American disease? A capitalistic disease? Ridiculous.

It is at about this point that the issue becomes clear. Mr. Duffy could not care less about the suffering of the poor or about the powder-puff

by Alex Vuckovic
dilemmas he confronts us with. His problem is that he simply cannot stomach the *existence* of America, and for one reason only: it is a free society, or at least as free as human nature has yet devised. As a result, it reflects both the good and bad points of the people who make it up. Any attempt to celebrate that freedom is for Mr. Duffy an "obscene performance" because men do not *deserve* to be free.

In a final proof of the true target of his attacks, Mr. Duffy takes a parting shot at our distribution of wealth and at the American middle class in general. The members of that group make up the decided majority of the population of this country; I am sure that they will be as amazed as I was to find that their lives consist of nothing but "dreams of endless consumption." Such contempt for more than a 100 million people is mind-boggling, and it follows as no surprise that Mr. Duffy is more than eager to redistribute their income. So much for his overriding concern for the people.

Finally, what is the point of all this? What is the man leading to? He begins with an attack on the Bicentennial, follows with a hatchet job on President Ford, makes the *de rigueur* assault on capitalism, and ties it all up with a demand for the nationalization of the oil companies and a vague hope for a "social and economic democracy." None of these topics leads into those following it in any way that I can discern. It is a hodgepodge of bitterness and resentment. And the key to it all is the isolation of the American University.

Mr. Duffy's opinions are not new or unique. They are the culmination of an elitism which has been fostered on United States campuses for the better part of a century, and which is the result of the continuing frustration of the academician with the men in power who will not listen to him. But their relative abundance and age make them no more authoritative than back issues of the *Reader's Digest*. They are nothing more than an invitation to totalitarianism, and they must be replied to once in a while in order to clear the air.

PORKY O'ROURKE

by Maria O'Meara

The cool, Roman streets were glowing with restaurants, and the traffic echoed from the ancient alleys of cats. Anne and I walked slowly towards the Spanish Steps. We had no place to go, nothing to do. We smoked and talked about people we knew or the people on the street who bumped against us murmuring excuses and obscenities.

We approached the Steps from the back, and the piazza below, unusually calm, was lit by infrequent lamps, and mostly by the pale, full moon sinking in the west. Descending the worn stairs, something ghostly lightly brushed against my arm, wobbled in front of us. We saw the dark, almost crippled form tumble heavily down the stairs. It lay on the concrete, barely moving, the lump of a fallen man in a dark coat. We ran down to see what was wrong, reached him and then, grunting, he rolled over. Dropping down another step, he panted, and pushed himself up. Wavering momentarily, he regained a semblance of balance. He was shorter than we, and, standing on the step below us, he seemed grotesquely small. Staring into his face, we saw the damage. His nose, cracked open during the fall, was split wide down the middle. Dark, glistening blood spread down the sides of his nose and onto his rough cheeks, pale in the cold moonlight.

"Your nose, your nose," Anne stepped closer to him but I stood quietly, unable to move at all—as if this man had not fallen down and smashed his nose, as if we hadn't even come by this place, as if it were merely a vague and forgotten dream lodged somewhere in a corner of my brain.

"I'm all right, just fine, just fine." He teetered on the steps; his words slurred through the air of smoke and warm, heavy beer clung to him. He dug into his coat pocket pulling out a handkerchief. White linen glowed in the eerie light.

He was a round man with a bullet-shaped head and a sparse crew cut. Blue, liquid eyes bulged out from his jagged, thick face. He smeared the handkerchief across his nose, smiling oddly at us, and shoved it back into his pocket. He smiled again, breathing deeply, the air caught in his lungs as he exhaled.

"Take a seat, girls, please, take a seat." Stumbling, he began to murmur. "Don't worry about me, I'm just fine. Been through worse, been through worse before. Please, take a seat. I'd like to talk to you about this city we call Rome, this, the Eternal City; all roads lead to it, Rome, this city, its roots in history, in the blood of the greatest men who ever lived. Please, please, sit."

He motioned us like a maitre d' showing a guest to a seat. His voice was soft and raspy. I sat, as if pulled, down on the cement and Anne sat next to me, digging



through her enormous purse, looking for a cigarette. Pulling my canvas jacket tighter against the breeze, I watched the flicker of the match glowing on Anne's blank face, and through the curls of her light hair. The man stood in front of us. We gazed down into the piazza and out into the glittering city beyond. Spreading his arms broadly toward the city below, he sighed.

"I came here in '45 and now I'm back, 30 years gone, and I'm back. Sergeant O'Rourke, 121st Airborne Division. Porky O'Rourke, they used to call me, still do, too; my friends do, at least the ones that are left—call me Porky, that is. Parachuted down in the outskirts. Had to hike in, occupy the city, this city, this Rome, Rome with its history, greatness, battles, generals, emperors, great lives, noble deaths. It makes you feel like a speck in time, just a speck, nothing but a little, tiny, insignificant speck." He put his thumb and index finger together to indicate the size of a man in time. His fingernails were cracked, dirty, yellow with nicotine. Coughing, he surveyed the city again, jolted a little and peered at us, mysteriously.

"But you girls don't feel that, do you? You can't feel it yet, but you will. You're young; you can't know, but you are, too, you too, only specks like this."

He squeezed his thumb and finger together again, and stared down at his small feet, and back at us, resuming his story.

"I came back to the States after the war with a piece of Rome in my heart, Rome, Eternal Rome, a piece of eternity in my heart, forever, right here." He pounded the left side of his chest firmly, with his chubby, clenched fist and looked over his shoulder at the city. Swaying a little, he turned back to us, his eyes blinking rapidly, his hands extended and quivering.

"Do you girls know what you have? Do you know you have something I don't have, something I couldn't buy with all the money I have? Do you know what it is?" His voice was cracking and his hands began to tremble more violently. We sat quietly, glanced hesitantly at each other, and looked back at him.

"What?" asked Anne. He breathed deeply, dramatically, before answering.

"Youth, youth, you've got your youth, the time to be crazy and laughing and wild. Your youth is your life. The rest, after your youth, that's only dying, making money, being rich; that's only dying. It's not youth. In the army, I was poor, but I had my buddies; we had our wild times, and then, when I came back from Rome, I married the old battle axe, got filthy rich and started my own business in Chicago." He spat on the step below and continued more quietly. "Got filthy, fucking rich, but I was dying, only dying."

He stopped for a moment, as if he had forgotten something important and he rummaged through his pocket and brought out his handkerchief again. He rubbed his wounded nose and continued.

"Don't you see, I knew I was dying. I want to get back my youth. I want to be the real Porky O'Rourke I was in '45, the Porky O'Rourke inside. I divorced the old battle axe to marry Edith, who used to be a Rockette. Goddamn it, Edith hated to work, and now, she'll never have to again." He chuckled hollowly and looked at us.

"Listen, I know why she married me. I'm not stupid. I know she's just waiting for me to kick off, but, you see, I don't care. I don't care because I love her." He looked at us, smiling with the corners of his mouth. "That surprises you? That I love her? It shouldn't, shouldn't at all. You know why I love her? I love her because she gives me her youth. I can be young with Edith, even when she bitches, which she does all the time, I have her; I have her youth. You see, now I can be young again."

Anne flicked her bright cigarette butt down the steps. I hadn't even noticed her smoking it. It bounced and flickered out of sight.

"Edith would be here tonight, except she got a cold, went to bed early up in the room." He motioned toward the back of the Steps at the hotels and lodgings at the top. "Poor sick, sneezy Edith." He scratched his head and smiled knowingly at us. He was going to tell us a secret.

"You know what Edith doesn't

know?" He laughed and jumped a little. "She doesn't know she's getting old, and she has the first three signs of it, too: wrinkles, gray hairs and midriff bulge." This amused him. He began laughing, at first in short bursts and then harder. He sounded like an old car that wouldn't start. He wheezed in great gasps of air and whispered to himself, "midriff bulge" until finally, the gasps of laughter choked into coughs, and the coughing grew louder and longer until his entire body was shaking. He took out the handkerchief again, and this time he blew his nose and then spat loudly on the cold steps. He was finally regaining control when he murmured "midriff bulge" and repeated the process of laughter, the short bursts, the hard laughing and the violent coughing. He doubled over, trying to expel the gurgling liquid from his lungs. He bent over, heaving with a hacking that had once been laughter. It seemed as if he would fall again, but he turned around, and, straining, lowered himself next to Anne. I looked over at him; his face was puffy, his eyes full of tears, and then he began to relax again.

"Are you OK?" Anne asked.

"No." He shook his head and opened his coat. His smile vanished. "No, I'm not OK, but there's nothing to do about it." He reached into his coat and took a pack of Camels from the inside pocket. He gave one to each of us, bringing out an engraved, silver lighter. As he leaned over Anne to light mine, the glow passed to her face, serious and round. The light bounced from her silver earrings, and then he lit his own, and the light flickered on his rugged, creased face as he stared, almost hypnotized. The cigarette was strong and I felt little shreds of damp tobacco on my lips and teeth. I inhaled deeply, feeling the harsh smoke rush into my lungs. My head felt light as I watched the smoke roll from my mouth. I blew it into the cool air. It billowed, spread and disappeared into the night. Porky O'Rourke talked as he exhaled smoke through his battered nose.

"No one can do anything at all. I've got one more year. I had to see Rome one more time. I had to come

back to the Eternal City." He looked down at his feet and took another drag. "Lung cancer."

I looked at Anne, at her ring-covered hand gracefully holding her cigarette.

"You wonder why I smoke?" He looked back up at us; "You wonder why? I'll tell you why; it's because I love to smoke. You know, once you get this far, a year's not much different from a year and a half." He stared quietly at the glimmering city.

"It's a getting pretty cold," Anne said. "Would you like us to walk you back to your hotel to make sure you get home OK?"

"Home? I'm not ready for sleep. I could talk all night. And what the hell, so could you. You're still young, so come on, and we can get a couple of beers somewhere."

"None of the bars are open," Anne said. I looked at my watch. It was 3:30. "So where do you want to go?" she asked, not suspiciously, but as an acceptance of an invitation.

"We can go up to my room in the hotel, get a few beers on ice, up there."

"Your wife is sleeping, isn't she?" asked Anne. He got up and started wavering again.

"Come on, who cares? We'll wake her up and she can have a beer *with* us." His voice was scratchy and shaking. "Please, come up. I want to talk to you some more. Please, please come." He swayed dangerously on the steps, saying over and over, "Please come up, please, just for one beer. It's getting so cold out here, so cold."

We got up to follow him. "Here's the hotel, girls." We pushed through the revolving doors, breathing reflections of light and of our own faces. The lobby was adorned with Oriental rugs, black leather furniture and glittering chandeliers. As the desk clerk pressed the button for the elevator, he raised his eyebrows at our strange procession.

"Good evening, sir," said the clerk as we got into the red leather, baroque-mirrored elevator. Golden cherubs entwined the mirror and it captured the three of us for a moment; our faces red, quiet and staring, like a bizarre, misframed

painting. I did not want to look at my face. I turned to the front. Porky O'Rourke pressed the button for the fifth floor. The elevator wheezed as it carried us slowly up, letting us out into a corridor covered with soft, green carpet. We walked down to his room, and he turned the knob. The door was open, and from the hall, we could see into the room. It was dark, and we apprehensively followed him into the blackness. I wondered where Edith was.

He turned on a light. The expensive, gaudy room lit out before us coldly. I looked down at the breathing, blanket-covered human lump in the sculptured bed. Anne and I backed away, standing near the door. Porky O'Rourke went over to a small refrigerator and took out three beers and popped them open. He dragged a heavy chair across the room, cutting long veins in the nap of the carpet. He completed a circle with a velvet settee, and held out the beers to us.

Then she rose into a sleepy, wild-eyed Medusa. Her black hair exploded about her sleep-filled, makeup caked face. Groaning, she looked at us, puzzled, and then angry. She screeched, at first groggily and then louder and louder and louder as all sleep passed. She woke into full, red anger as she realized now, fully and completely, what her husband had done.

"Get them the fuck out of here." Each horrible word, distinct and necessary. Again she screeched like a skidding car.

"Get them the fuck out of here!"

We moved quickly to the door and he toddled after us.

"No, don't go; please stay. Your beers are poured."

Walking down the green hallway, we heard him rasping, "Remember, remember your youth; it's all you've got, remember. I'm sorry, I'm so sorry it happened like this, so sorry it all happened like this, forgive me, and remember—"

At the end of the silent corridor, I heard their door shut with a click. The elevator was still there, and as the doors slid in like darkness, I thought I saw a white rag lying softly on the green carpet of the hallway.



Creation's Apprenticeship or Entering the Masters' Guild

by Sally Stanton

The position of the fine arts at the University seems not always to be of primary concern. The Art Department has risked rout from its crumbling fieldhouse; the long-rumored restoration of Washington Hall has not materialized — and most of the dramatic performances must be staged in O'Laughlin on Saint Mary's campus. The music department has just recently moved from the windowless, graffiti-decorated practice rooms of O'Shaughnessy to Hoynes Hall. This move is an encouraging sign of a growing, more active commitment to the arts.

* * *

"As a child I saw a lot of theater. My father, a scientist, loves the ballet, music, the theater. We used to go to the children's theaters at Goodman when we lived outside Chicago. I still remember productions, things that happened — it was a very vital thing and I responded to it as a child."

Bill McGlinn, a senior major in the Speech and Drama Department, has been performing consistently in theater productions on campus since his freshman year. Inheriting an appreciation for dance and theater from his father, he got involved in dramatic productions in high school and spent six or seven weeks one summer studying drama at Northwestern in the National High School Institute, a program to which he returned to teach two years ago.

"I've always been interested in music, dance, the theater — I narrowed it down to the theater and it is continuing to narrow itself down. When I go into training next year, it will be all professional; there will be no more academics."

The theater—acting—is a very intense discipline, calling on an individual to use all his or her resources, all aspects of the individual personality. Study at a dramatic institute immediately after high school demands immediate concentration to

the virtual exclusion of all other concerns. The scope of the student's experience, at least the scope of his or her academic, formal intellectual experience, is quickly narrowed.

"When I came here, I didn't want that — that's why I entered the arts and letters college. I think it helps you expand and find the perspectives on different things that you should find and establish before you narrow yourself into something. Everything's very interrelated and if you don't at least have a grasp of all the things that surround you, you can't possibly understand what you're working with in your own narrow field. This is especially true in the theater, because you're dealing with communication and you've got to understand what your audience is up to, mentally, emotionally. . ."

That is not to say that an actor must experience all aspects of the roles he plays firsthand. Acting is very much a child of empathy; a result of an introspective search of similarities.

"There's a story: If you're 21 years old and you've never had a baby and you're playing a woman who's having a baby and she's in labor — that can't be an extension of yourself, I mean, it cannot be a direct extension, because you've never done it before. So what do you do? You find other instances that relate directly to that. What is an abdominal pain? You've had that. Stomach — force it, enlarge it. Make it work there. Where is the reaction centered? O.K., you've felt those things; you can deal with those things — and so you extend them."

Acting is not role playing; not the donning of different personalities, different masks. Rather, it is a process of extension; of study and understanding and exaggeration. The actor begins by studying the script, creating biographies, alternate biographies for the character from the information the playwright has embedded in his play, from the stage

directions, the author's descriptions, the character's own lines and the relevant lines of the other characters. He builds on his own immediate reaction to the character and then begins to formulate a conception of the character outside or beyond the text, filling in the blank spots, making the character whole. This may involve some background research into the historical milieu of the play, or a study of analogous historical figures.

The actor then begins to talk to the other members of the cast who are going through a similar process with their characters. The cast begins, with the help of the director, to interact in their characters and in the play; the characters begin to jell. The lighting, scenery, costumes, props join with the characters, and the play takes on shape.

"Theater is a collective craft or art. There is no one particular adjunct to the theater that stands out as being singularly the most important facet. There has to be a real cohesion amongst all those people.

"I enjoy the concentrated work you can do with a group of people. That's when I do most of my socializing — when I'm working."

Acting is also a solitary art. It is a time-consuming discipline that is learned slowly, through constant and concentrated practical study, by experimentation, modification and actual performance. A character is not created or conveyed solely by the lines of the play — drama is more a performing than a literary art — but also by voice quality, physical stance and movement.

"I work on mime almost every day for an hour or an hour and a half, to gain flexibility, a physical sense, to know how I can use and change my body.

"For my role as Sitting Bull in *Indians*, I spent eons of time just being alone, working on my voice, recording it, listening, trying to imagine the quality of voice that I

wanted. If you work hard, you do develop a different sense for word tones and rhythms."

Technique is an important aspect of any art; it is the medium which enables communication with an audience. But if the actor remains only on the level of technique, his art doesn't work; the audience watches him act, rather than engaging in the play, in the world it creates.

"It's very much like painting or music: where there is an exploration of a craft you continually grasp techniques. The more technique you have, the different styles you can produce and the different approaches you can produce, as well as continuing the substance underneath so that the technique isn't all that's being played with — you have to put what is your soul or whatever into it too so that it has texture as well."

It is this exploration of soul, the exploration of life with the audience, that may be the most vital part of the discipline. Such exploration requires some degree of balance, openness and energy.

"You strip yourself naked on stage, because you're exposing a lot of things. You're taking things that are a part of yourself and blowing them out of proportion, putting them in front of you.

"I've never felt that I've ever finished—when we've been working a show—that I've ever finished finding the things for a character

and its development that I could. And it's the same being an actor: I don't think I'll ever stop studying and learning — if you do, it says something about you — you could be Sandy Duncan or Mary Tyler Moore or all those things which are fun — but you're watching Mary Tyler Moore. That's fine if that's what those people want to do, but it's not what I want to do."

Betsy Jaeger, now a senior majoring in art, came to the University planning to study history. Yet, when the little cards with the blank spaces labeled "major" started their interminable procession, she began filling the blank with "art."

"I had always enjoyed art. Through high school I had been interested in the way people express themselves, be it in any medium. I think it tells a lot about people, the different things they put together. I wanted to do it myself."

Many students develop an interest in art after they've been at the University for a year or two, getting into the major in their sophomore or junior year. Not many come here specifically to study art. Although Betsy entered the department in freshman year, her background was minimal. She had not painted before.

"The first semester was so frustrating—I was ready to shoot myself because all the impetus had to come from myself. My advisor

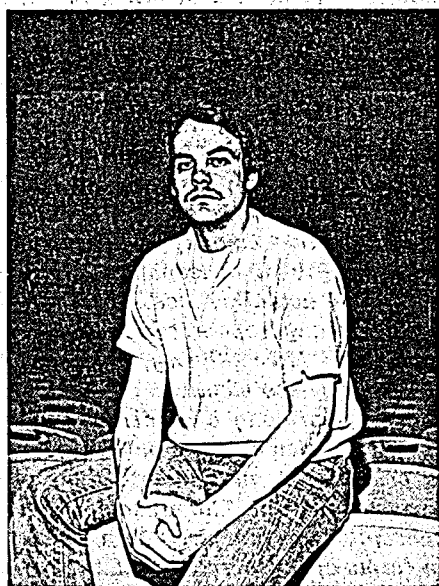
said, 'when you've got something to show me, then I'll come and talk to you about it.' I didn't know where to turn, how to use paint or what kind of brushes to buy, what canvas was—I was really fumbling."

The art program at Notre Dame is based on a system of independent study. The students meet individually with their advisors on a regular basis—generally once a week—to discuss their work, any problems they've encountered since their last session and to get a critical evaluation of their work.

"The independence forces a lot of self-discipline. You work totally on your own schedule. I usually work late at night—there are a lot of nocturnal people here—and sleep during the day. Sometimes I'll paint all day Sunday. I really enjoy having my own schedule, being my own boss."

It is largely through experience that a student begins to develop his or her art, through the process of creating and looking at what other artists are doing. Each art work presents new problems in technique; the student backs herself into corners, makes mistakes—hopefully not the same mistakes—and learns by trying various solutions to those problems. She then shares the outcome with her advisor for criticism. But the progression in art is not linear.

"I find it really fun just to experiment and see what different effects



Bill McGlinn



Betsy Jaeger



Kendall Rafter

I can get by putting this color next to that color. I think my major process of starting is just sheer experimentation—what will this look like? After I have a critique and critical suggestions, I can correct and polish it."

Art requires constant work. Each idea or experiment develops as the student works on it, becoming more complex, leading to other things.

"I am always thinking about my paintings, about how to resolve this problem or that problem.

"It's good to have some sort of image or idea in mind and then work it out by making the right color relationships and compositional corrections.

"I've always been interested in the organic, the figurative. I enjoy figure drawing. But when I came to painting, I didn't want to paint just figures. I didn't like being bogged down in subject matter. I wanted more freedom to just take off and do as I pleased.

"I took basic anatomical lines and shapes, forms, and just extended them, carried them a few steps farther through the application of color and the characteristics of paint."

The idea which generates an art work can come from any direction. Students study reproductions in libraries, art galleries or art history classes to gain a sense of what other artists have done and what contemporary artists are doing. Sometimes the spark for a work might come from the artist's environment, a culmination of many things.

"I think you should understand the tradition. I think you have to understand what other people have done; it helps you to articulate your own thoughts, and I think it helps you to see what you are doing yourself. I don't think you necessarily have to follow the tradition, but I think you should understand. Once you understand it, then you can take off on your own in the direction you want to.

"It's hard to pinpoint what influences you. Someone could just say a word. One day I was in a class and someone just mentioned a word. All of a sudden it clicked a whole set of images in my mind, in a way that I wanted to approach things."

Often, a sense or understanding of

the tradition is necessary for any appreciation of the individual art form, particularly in the nonobjective painting Betsy does.

"I don't really paint for other people. You need a lot of background in art history to understand a non-objective painting. Paintings which don't have subject matter deal with strictly formal relationships, like what two colors are doing with each other or two shapes. It's similar to a poem—if you take out subject matter and just analyze it for formal qualities—you need training to do that."

In strictly monetary terms, the future of any student artist is uncertain. The days of wealthy patrons are long gone and to break into the highly competitive New York market requires a battalion of PR persons. If the student is interested or willing, it's possible to go into commercial art or industrial design. Perhaps the major recourse for those interested solely in the fine arts is teaching, where the artist can work with other artists and not be compelled to modify his or her own style or interrupt personal experimentation.

"A lot of people are getting scared of the future in art—they want to be able to do something people can recognize and then say that they are good artists. They may be good technicians, but that doesn't have anything to do with being an artist."

If there is no recognizable scene in the art work, no object, it seems difficult to judge when a painting or other form is completed or finished.

"You just feel that all the parts are put together; there isn't anything that doesn't belong there; the colors are exciting; you've done something different.

"All the parts are working together: there is nothing arbitrary or nonessential. If color or lines were changed, the work would be changed.

"If you were to measure what constitutes a good piece of art—I think something where everything adds to the whole, is really cohesive, powerful, every element of the piece of art: the color, the form, the medium—everything in some way works together to create a powerful whole."

Not every work need be a pro-

found or definitive statement. Many are planned only as experiments or to expand the limits of the artistic discipline.

"Artists are always groping out to see if they can juxtapose things in new ways to make a new statement, or create a new visual experience—anything that clicks in your mind as being different or profound or just says something that you never really thought about before."

"I liked it all along; I didn't have to be told to practice.

"I don't know exactly what it is: the energy involved, the fact that it's physical as well as emotional and intellectual, involving all. Part of the attraction is the sound—I like to listen to music. It just makes you feel good when you hear it."

Although anyone can take music lessons, to be accepted into the music department as a major, a student must have had nine years or more of previous instruction. Kendall Rafter, a junior in a five-year program to receive a degree both in English and music, began piano lessons when she was nine. She was given a small electric organ, almost a toy, which probably started her on her musical career. She took up the flute briefly in her senior year of high school in order to join a band. Last year she began organ lessons. She sings in chapel choir.

"Every passage of a piece expresses a feeling: some type of agitation or a peaceful feeling, a humorous feeling, sarcastic—there's something in the nature of those elements: rhythm, harmony, and emotion—which creates an emotion."

The initial emphasis in musical training is skill development, especially in the education of young children. A knowledge of music theory is actually necessary, however, for any sophistication in performance. Music theory, an understanding of the elements of music—rhythm, harmony and melody—and how those elements are put together, is crucial for an understanding of the music itself. The student gets a conception of the piece as a whole, in terms of its form, so that the performer can better interpret the work.

"There are a lot of comparisons

with English. Analyzing a poem is a technical kind of thing dealing with language and imagery. In reading a short story you get associations—you'll read something, and it refers to something you just read, and that's neat. You're beginning to build up a system of allusions. The same thing happens in music. This sounds like something that was back there—and there is a connection. It's the same kind of process."

There are exercises to train the student in the skills of music analysis. The ear needs to be trained, the listening skills sharpened. The student learns the "grammar" of the music, becomes familiar with its elements. By writing scales, chords, by notating compositions, playing becomes a more conscious activity.

"Besides looking at the score you should hear the music, because something that looks the same on paper may not sound the same at all, and won't strike you the same way when you hear it."

Analysis serves primarily as an aid for the performer in interpreting the score, giving her a total view of a piece and a sense of where it's going, enabling her to understand and play its parts better. Yet many hours must be spent in physically practicing the piece. Preparation for a performance is an elaborate process.

"It's really complex. Definitely when you start off, it's a mental process. In piano, when you begin a piece you have to go through it and decide which fingers you're going to use. It's a real drudge. And then you have to get it in your hands, reading it, making sure that what you're playing is what's written down."

Reflexes are learned and established. Eventually the artist can play a piece without consciously monitoring the motions of his hands and feet—on complex passages such explicit mental control would be impossible—the pieces move too quickly. The student builds up a repertoire of reflexes.

"Then you get to the point where it will just flow, physically. And then the mind comes in again. You're aware of what you're doing although you don't have to force yourself to

do every single move.

"Then it comes to the interpretational process. You know what the piece is about, you have to make decisions about articulation, what kind of expressions in terms of crescendos, decrescendos, louds and softs, tempos—all that is involved in interpreting or expressing the emotions that are inherent in the piece. That's intellectual too, in that you have to very carefully listen to what you're doing and try different things—it's experimental but also emotional: what sounds good and also what I could do is not entirely an intellectual process. The question is more 'How does this move me?'"

The performance is a summation of all the artist has learned and felt about the music. The actual act of performing is the realization of the art form—an integral part of that form. The quality of the music, and so that art, is affected not only by instrument quality and acoustical conditions, but also the mood of the artist at that particular point in time.

"The first challenge is to get out on stage and really concentrate on the music. You have to forget about the audience in some respects; you're making the music first, you're making it even before yourself. You can be very self-conscious on stage, but it's not you that you're doing, but you into the music and the music for the audience.

"Hopefully, you know what you're going to do before you do it; you've also worked out your interpretation of it—you know how you're going to play it before you do, you've practiced it many times before and have probably come to a pretty standard way of doing it.

"But there's something in music that is different from art or painting. It's happening at the moment; there's something, an inherent drive or force in the music as you hear it—at that moment—that determines what's going to happen next. It's not just the way you've preconceived it or practiced it before: it could be different.

"An audience will help you want to express it to the hilt. There's an element of improvisation too—that you change the notes, but that

you can change something because of what's happening in the art form at that moment as well as your relation to it and the kind of excitement or tension being generated by the audience."

Kendall practices piano three to four hours a day and organ one to one and a half hours. Sometimes on Saturdays or on a day relatively free of other commitments, she will practice all day. Neglecting her practice for a day or two is bad; without daily work, the student loses ground.

At a music conservatory, students practice eight hours a day, every day. But at a university such as Notre Dame, this time commitment is impossible; other studies also claim attention. The scarcity of time available for practice puts pressure on the student to use what time she has efficiently. This may actually benefit the student, requiring concentration for survival.

"Music involves all of you; like an athlete, you have to be very intent, controlling it. You have to think about form, have an intellectual control of your body. Mental discipline or exercise is very much an element of musical education.

"Because of the nature of music—that it is so physical—it is very easy for your body to go while your mind goes in the opposite direction. While studying you know nothing's happening when you're not concentrating. But you can sit and play and not think.

"So it's not a purely intellectual thing—the emotion of the moment is not just your emotion but what kind of motion or emotion there is inherently in the music. It's hard—and that's the exciting part."

* * *

Bill McGlinn plans to continue his studies next year in graduate school, prior to joining a repertory theater. Betsy Jaeger is also considering graduate study for further training in the art field. Kendall Rafter is a junior and will return to Notre Dame next year; her plans for the future are still indefinite.

Learning a New Language

by Thomas Yannucci

The following comments are said in advent of Derrick Bell's delivery of the Civil Rights Lectures scheduled for April 8 and 9 in the Center for Continuing Education. It is hoped that the ideas expressed will provide a setting in which Bell's lectures can be better appreciated.

Two weeks ago, in Cincinnati, blacks gathered for their third political convention. It is naive to think, but not uncommon, that these gatherings are but caucuses where blacks forge their ideas of "special interests" into cogent, political rhetoric with which to lobby; that black political conventions are similar to the annual muscle flexing by George Meany and his AFL-CIO delegates every February in Miami. Passing from naive to ridiculous is the notion that these meetings are symbolic of the successful accommodation by our political system of a once violent, once uncultivated minority.

The Cincinnati convention was adumbrated by a press conference in Chicago a week earlier. Black leaders such as Jesse Jackson and Mayor Richard Hatcher of Gary, Indiana, decried the obvious neglect of blacks in recent primary campaigning. Oddly enough, blacks have become issues and not constituents. Busing and other affirmative remedial measures are no longer required but perhaps optional with the election of certain candidates.

However, it is not my purpose to either argue or discuss the merits of these events and any attendant misconceptions; rather it is to note that they are contemporary and warrant intelligent attention. While the social ambience involved with busing and hiring programs has led to spirited and sometimes ugly reactions, it is more significant that the underlying black-white premises are diminishing. There is currently a reassessment by all parties that seriously questions the possibility of an integrated America, as well as its desirability. Unfortunately, many people, not realizing that these fundamental doubts are paramount, still deal in the worn-out rhetoric of the 1960's. "We shall overcome" is properly analogous to "Michael row the boat ashore;" they chronicle a different time, a different mood. Black

political conventions are not designed to make concentrated contributions to later major party platforms; they are designed to create a separate political party that will represent blacks. It simply is now more efficacious for blacks to do things for themselves without waiting for what is arguably white evaluation, compromise or other mollifying considerations.

Accordingly, it is partly my contention that current white appreciation of racial conflicts is often either wrong or ignorant. Optimists see current racial problems as an inevitable, perhaps persistent, effect of whites and blacks working together; others see current tensions as resulting from an overdue rational and neutral temperance to the emotion and guilt of the '60's. I submit that current tensions, regardless of genesis, finally indicate a growing apartheid. Before you indict the use of that word to describe an American situation, let me add that it is not meant in a didactic or moral sense, but is used descriptively. To borrow a widely used legal distinction, I am not necessarily addressing our intent or purpose as a people in race relations, but rather the *effect* we have achieved. Unless you can dispute that there is a growing frustration among minorities over the *actual* accessibility to equal opportunities and that there is a growing *reluctance* among the white community to meet black demands, then you cannot dispute that we still live in a segregated fashion.

This "effect" which has become increasingly noticeable in various areas warrants brief survey. To begin with, many maintain that there is a current retrenchment extant in the federal courts concerning race relations. Assuredly there is no conscious attempt by the courts to enhance frustration or cater to segregationists' views. Yet the same forum which, in 1954, heralded a belated end to segregated schooling in *Brown v. Board of Education*, has slowed its hand. Again, regardless of the relative merits, there is no doubt that the recent decisions of *Milliken v. Bradley* (reversing a lower federal court order requiring a metropolitan busing plan), *James v. Valtierra* (upholding state referendums on housing legislation); and *DeFunis v. Ode-*

gaard (a finding of mootness barred the Court from passing on a state law school's affirmative action in admitting minorities) have proved inflammatory to certain members of our society.

Derrick Bell personally represents the transitions in assessing the civil rights movement described above. Now a Harvard law professor, Bell has dedicated himself to advancing blacks since 1957. Many of those years were spent supervising the docket for over 150 school desegregation cases while with the NAACP Legal Defense Fund. Yet, the very title of Bell's lectures painfully suggests that these efforts have proved unsatisfactory. Bell's topic "Racial Remediation: A Re-Analysis of Motivation and Benefit" is comprised of two lectures: "Bicentennial Dangers and Civil Rights Values" and "Re-formulating Racial Strategies for Survival and Accommodation." Apparently, Bell also does not find the term apartheid rhetorical or didactic, but rather descriptive and in need of new response.

It is this need to fashion new remedies that argues most for listening to Bell. To say that blacks and whites are not living in an illusory world conceived 10 years ago is not to say that we have exhausted chances for bettering relations. To question previous integrationist policy does not mandate continual failure. Derrick Bell is not traveling here to merely denounce the past 10 years. Rather, an honest, if unpleasant, appreciation of the problem is a necessary precedent to devising its solution, because we are moving into a new and alien idiom surrounding black-white relations.

There is still another, particular reason for attending Bell's lectures. This campus is suffused with the terms "community," "Christian commitment," "respect," "trust," etc. While these terms can be profound in meaning, they have largely become empty, abstract phrases. Yet, if, as a university, we truly hold these values central, then Derrick Bell deserves our warm reception. He offers an articulate challenge to these valued sensibilities; he asks that we share in an intelligent "commitment" to a problem that affects all of us personally.

Suzy Chaffee, three-time world freestyle ski champion

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Week in Distortion

by Michael Sarahan

Setting: The famous Hawk and Dove Tavern in the shadows of the Capitol dome, D.C. Two ND grads, fast on their way from "bright and cheeriness" to bitter, wrenching disillusionment, meet over a beer.

SLIM: Well, Chuck, how the hell's it been going with you these days?

CHUCK: To tell you the truth, Slim, I feel like I'm quickly shifting from a bright and cheery college graduate to a disillusioned white-collar bureaucrat.

SLIM: Gosh Chuck, that's tough, but I know what you mean. I get the same feeling every morning when I wake up and look at myself in the mirror and try to decide whether it's really worth it going through another workaday day.

CHUCK: That's the question, for sure. It's there every morning grinning at you. You know, though, it's funny that we two have gotten so caught up in the 9-to-5 rut already because we haven't even had a job yet. Strange.

SLIM: Yeah. All I can do is imagine what it would be like to work, and I still get depressed. It's just that I remember the way we were at ND. What's happened since we left the place? What's going on in this thing we call life?

CHUCK: You may have carried this a bit too far, Slim. Today's situation isn't really a part of life at all but rather a dream. Where is it going? We wonder. But the answer won't come until we wake up—wake up from four years of hibernation in academic isolation!

SLIM: You always sound so collegiate, Chuck! But anyway, did you check up on the job you were looking for?

CHUCK: What job?

SLIM: The one with the Bicentennial apples or whatever...

CHUCK: Right. It looks like some hard-core competition for that position.

SLIM: I get it. Do you think anything will come of it all? It's time we did something. We've got to make it, to make something of

ourselves; we've just got to!

CHUCK: Cool it, Slim. The way I see it, we can't all grow up to be James Polk. A little time out here in the real world will make that impeccably clear. Those college day aspirations are nearly gone—impossible. You're going to have to reconcile yourself to lesser goals and more attainable desires. Bicentennial apples please me now.

SLIM: Gosh, I admire that. You've really come a long way. But do you have the job?

CHUCK: No—no. It's been five months of interviewing and pushing those resumes, but I still have to go through a few more interviews and hawking tryouts. But I'm confident. A Golden Delicious almost sells itself.

SLIM: You'd better ask, "Can I sell myself?" You must need great qualifications for that apple job. It's a plum.

CHUCK: Sure I can sell myself. Not everyone is peddling with a degree from duLac these days.

SLIM: I don't know about that. Since you have connections, though, how about finding something for me?

CHUCK: What are your interests? I know of a peanut man who will be retiring next month.

SLIM: Bicentennial?

CHUCK: Sure.

SLIM: That's great! I have an American Studies degree, you know.

CHUCK: You're a shoo-in.

SLIM: Unless somebody with a graduate degree gets there before me. This job hunting's a bitch—dog eat dog.

CHUCK: Sure it's a bitch, but don't worry about those graduate degrees—too overqualified. I may have to worry about that in the apple business, but surely not in peanuts.

SLIM: Well, then, if I get the peanuts and you get the apples, I guess we finally have made it. We'll have money—we'll have standing—we'll have...

CHUCK: JOB SATISFACTION!

SLIM: Sounds heavenly, doesn't it? Almost too much to ask for some-

one who's only been in school 16 years. We're two lucky guys after all.

CHUCK: You know it. James Polk would be proud.

SLIM: Did he go to Notre Dame?

CHUCK: Shut up and drink your beer.

SLIM: (Slurp!) Look at the crowd here, will ya? With these new jobs, we'll be able to take a big step up the social ladder—maybe even get to talk to a few of these Capitol Hill-ers.

CHUCK: Maaaaybe. But remember what I said about lowered aspirations. There is an opportunity to get to know some of the Capitol Hill police if you try peddling peanuts out of your territory. But don't worry; Jimmy Carter is on your side.

SLIM: Mister Peanut himself. No problem. How's your love life these days, by the way?

CHUCK: By the way?!

SLIM: I took a short cut. Anyway, how's the old social side of the street? Have you found your way back?

CHUCK: It's not really that hard to adapt. After four years in the monastery I feel like a rabbit in springtime.

(A song comes on in the background.)

CHUCK: The Bee Gees are back!

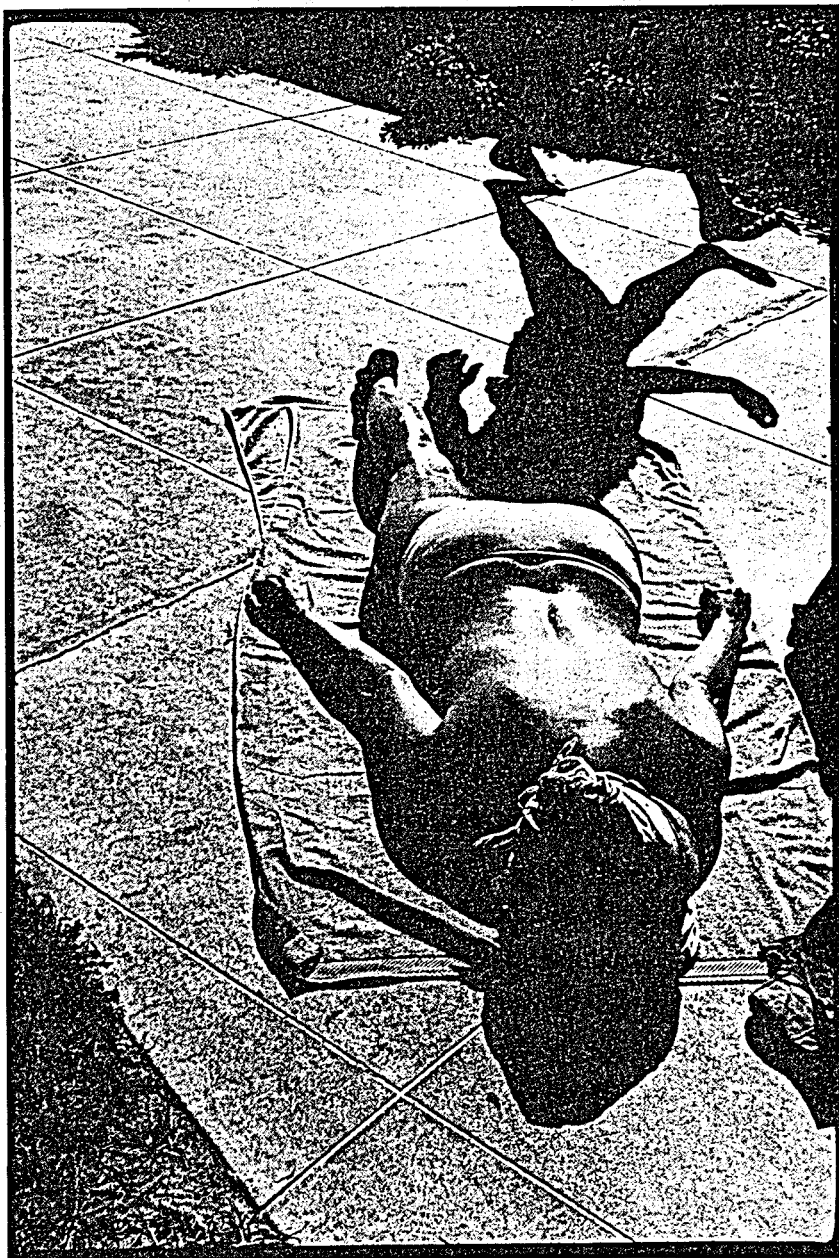
SLIM: They were a long time gone, weren't they? Everything's coming up roses now, though. There's a lesson there, I think: Success is a fickle thing. We better enjoy it while we have it.

CHUCK: ANOTHER ROUND!

SLIM: My treat, Chuck. I've got the unemployment check.

CHUCK: Ah! "To see heaven in a wild flower and a beer in your unemployment check."

SLIM: Sure, Blake's good, but Franklin's better still—"Early to bed and late to rise gets you through another unemployment day." Drink up, Chuck. We don't have too many more of those days left.



Gallery

... from the Beach Series
Anne Mattimore
senior art major
St. Mary's College

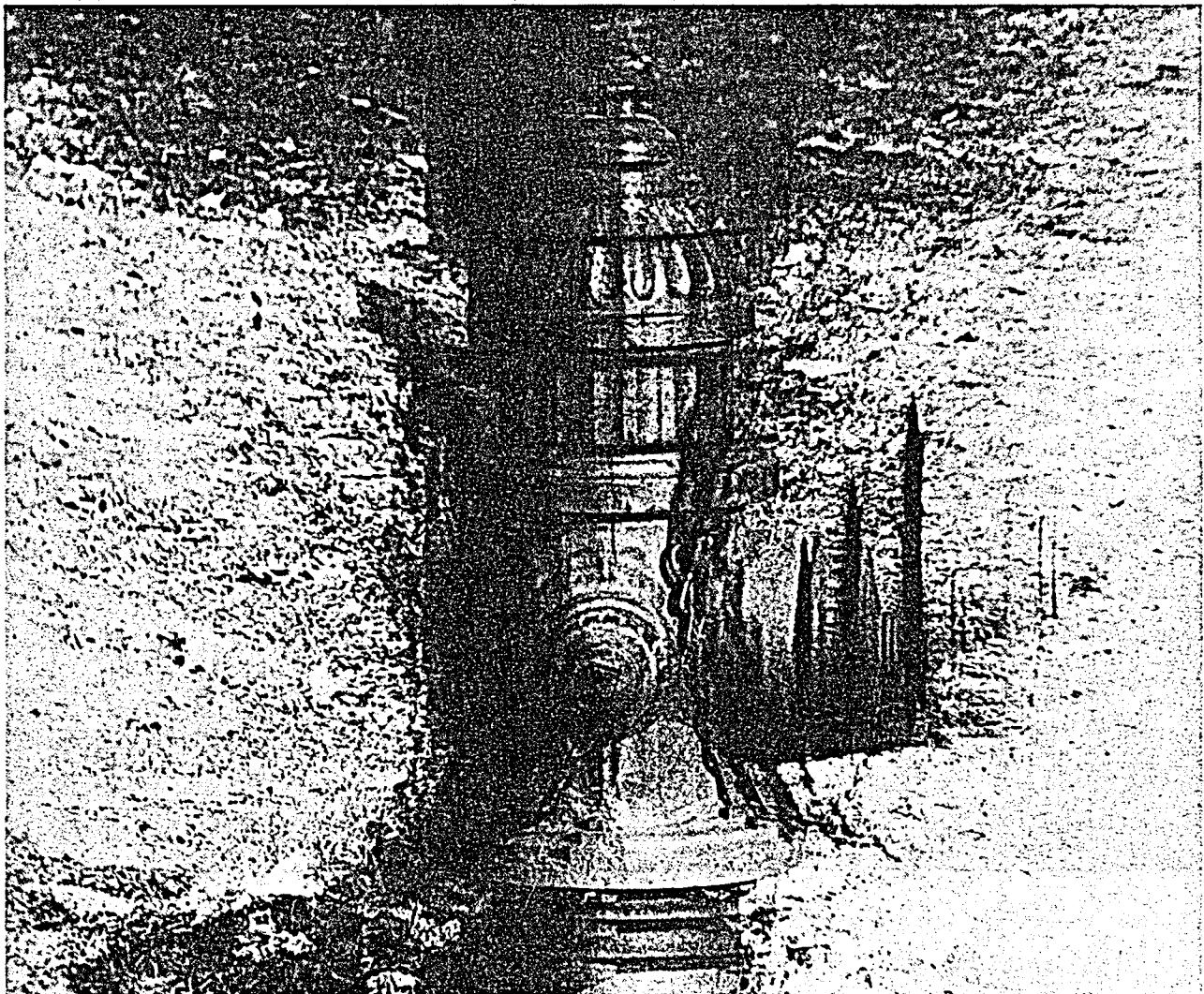


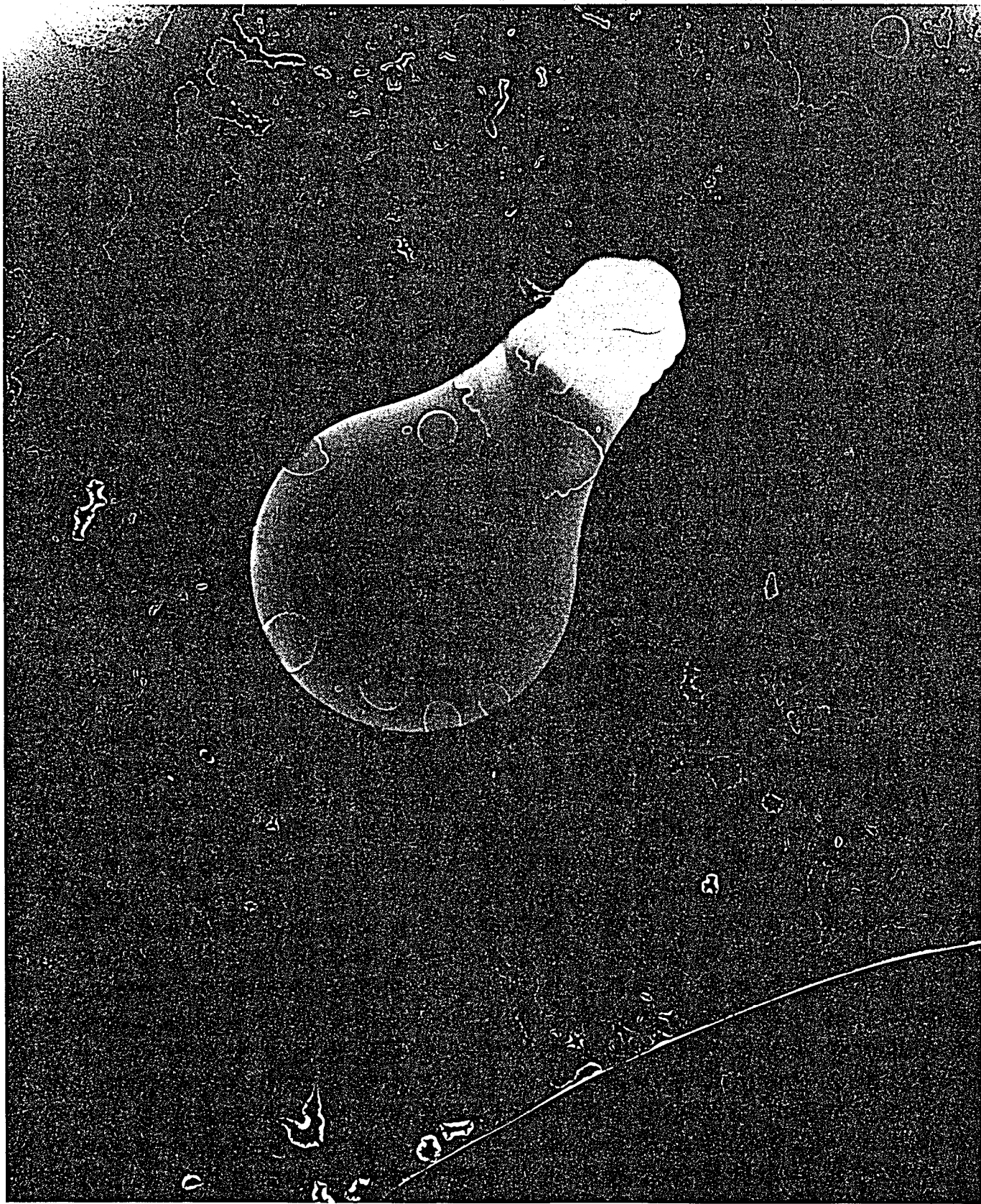




The truth of photographic expression lies in the revelation of light. Light complementing the moment; the spontaneous moment, poetic and rhythmic. The derivation of the image is unimportant, for the consequence is always the truth.

—Williston Dye
senior architecture major
Notre Dame





Devine Age Dawns Again

by Bill Delaney

Monday marks the second year of the Devine Age, for on that afternoon, Dan Devine will unveil his workhorses onto the frozen tundra of Cartier Field for spring football. Completely divorced from the Par-seghian era, Devine must now continue to improve his club from a promising, yet unsure, 8-3 log last season.

The coaching staff again faces the problem of filling the vacated holes in the offensive line. Many candidates have been diligently training throughout the winter to fill the vacancies, but no clear-cut line will appear for a while. Slager and Montana return at quarterback, and all of the running backs from the previous team are returning.

Steve Niehaus' defensive tackle spot will take three men to fill, but if an adequate replacement could be found, then the defense could shape up to be the nation's finest. The linebacking should be shored up by the underclassmen, leaving the de-

fensive backfield the opportunity to gain playing time and confidence.

Of course, not everyone will be participating in the spring drills. The high school recruits must first graduate before they can play here. If the statistics on the recruits mean anything (which they *surely* do), then Devine and his staff have an

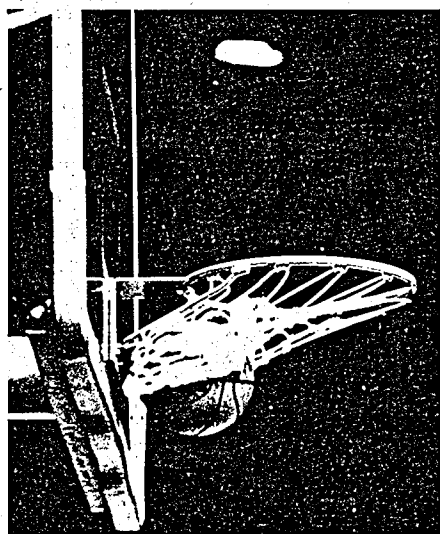
excellent year in upcoming talent.

The aches, sprains and injuries of spring practice culminate in the 46th Annual Blue-Gold Game on May 1. And just think: there are only 150 days until the season opener against the Northwestern Pussycats. I can hardly wait.



Last Ovation for Two Warriors

by Bill Delaney



They never really had a chance at Notre Dame—their purpose was to be immediate replacements if John Shumate couldn't make the long road back after his illness. But the tremendous "physical specimen" stunned basketball circles by showing his great talents and left the roles of Myron Schuckman and Roger Anderson as last-minute substitutes for the thunderous ovations for Shumate.

Oh, injuries in the critical weeks of freshman year happened, as did some other fine recruits as the years went by. But Anderson and Schuckman never felt the same treatment as Shumate, Novak, Brokaw and

Clay did. They were two of the tallest ever to play at Notre Dame, and that is how they are going to be remembered.

Perhaps the system is all wrong—our basketball team has to be successful if Notre Dame is to remain financially solvent. But people do get lost in the shuffle, whether on the basketball court or in the classroom. Somehow, I hope that both Roger and Myron will always feel that at the 1:16 mark of the Western Michigan game, we really showed our appreciation for what they did. For they truly deserve a great amount of respect.

Do Sailors Have More Fun?

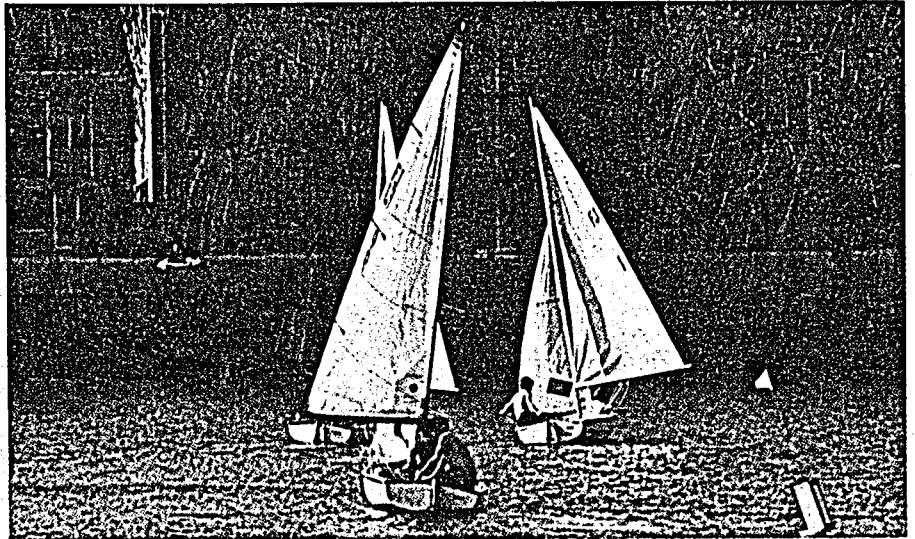
by John Delaney

Athletics and amusement—rarely are these words used together, except when speaking of the 1962 New York Mets or the 1976 Chicago Bulls. There is, however, an organization at Notre Dame which enjoys the best of both worlds, though somewhat more successfully than Casey Stengel's Fun City Follies. Not only engaging in top-level competition, but also having a good time are the dual purposes of the Sailing Club. The two goals are quite popular, as evidenced by the group's roster of 115 dues-paying members.

Coordination of activities is handled by the club's officers. Commodore Bill Ryan is the overseer of the entire operation. Race team captain Paul Makielski is in charge of the intercollegiate sailing program. Responsible for maintenance of the boats is the rear commodore, Bill Kostoff. Lyle Gallivan supervises the instruction of inexperienced members and publicity for the club as vice commodore. Meme Hanson and Lory Kerger serve as treasurer and secretary, respectively.

The primary function of the Irish Sailing Club is to introduce newcomers to the sport of sailing. Each new member is paired with a veteran, who will teach him the skills necessary to "ride with the wind." For those unaccustomed to sailing, the club is a real bargain. Dues, which are \$12 per semester or \$20 for the academic year, cover lessons and unlimited boat use. Available to the sailors, seven days a week, are the club's vessels: nine "Flying Juniors" (two people, two sails) and three "Flying Porpoises" (one person, one sail). All the boats are reasonably new, six having been purchased in the last year. A sailor must show that he is competent in handling his craft before he is permitted to sail on his own. Sailing is a very enjoyable, often challenging form of recreation. As commodore Ryan puts it, "We want to expose people to a sport which they have never tried, but is a lot of fun and can be enjoyed for a lifetime."

The competitive aspect of sailing is far from neglected by the Irish



mariners. Notre Dame is one of 40 member schools of the Midwest Collegiate Sailing Association, which is one of eight district organizations of the nationwide Intercollegiate Sailing Association. Bruce Marek, stalwart of the Irish sailing program, is a past commodore of the M.C.S.A.

During the racing season of April and May, three regattas are held each weekend at different locations throughout the Midwest. Notre Dame is usually represented at two of these, due to the comparatively large number of experienced Irish sailors. Ten schools normally compete in a regatta. A team consists of four people, two crews of two sailors, one of whom is designated as the skipper. The crew must maneuver its craft around a triangular course, planned so that they must "tack" (run a zigzag course) against the wind for at least part of the race. To insure fairness, crews rotate boats after each run of the course. Former racing captain Jim "Buzz" Reynolds stressed the mechanics of sailing, saying, "The key is taking advantage of the wind, handling your boat and sails to get maximum use of your only source of power." Race winners receive one point and the losers get two points. The team with the lowest cumulative score wins.

This year, the N.D. Sailing Club will host the Midwest Championships at Eagle Lake in Edwardsburg, Michigan. The top three schools

from the Midwest advance to the National Championships in Kings Point, New York, at the end of May. Two years ago the Irish mariners went on to the Nationals, but last year finished fifth in the Midwest. Four competitions are held at the Nationals. Two squads from the qualifying schools compete for the dinghy championship. The best solo sailors from each district race for the single-handed title. The team race is composed of a district's three best skippers competing as a group against similar teams from opposing districts. A women's team championship rounds out the agenda for the Nationals. The Notre Dame women captured the Midwest title last spring and finished ninth in the country. (Usually, sailing is coed; that is, a crew may be a male-female team, besides same sex squads. As a recent addition, an exclusively all-female championship is included among the National Finals.)

The racing members practice three days each week before a regatta. It is not a case of all work and no play, though. Traveling to various schools enables the competitors to meet many different people, and sailors have always been known as a sociable group. So, be they fierce competitors or Sunday afternoon skippers, move over blondes, because "sailors have more fun."

It's More Than a Landmark

by Brian Doyle

To many people around the country, Notre Dame is often represented by symbols: perhaps the most popular and widespread is the famous Golden Dome, covering the Administration Building. Sacred Heart Church is another, especially to alumni, and now the ACC symbolizes the Notre Dame image in the collegiate basketball world. But, to the myriad Irish football fans around the country, it is the imposing arena where the football team plays its games that stands the most for Notre Dame and its sports program—the Stadium.

As a facility, the Stadium is used solely for football; it is a football showcase. No other athletes walk onto that field except those dressed in the pads and helmets of the football team. Notre Dame has played some inspired and famous games on the Stadium field: probably the most famous of recent years is the Notre Dame victory over USC in 1973, 23-14, with Eric Penick's 65-yard run to clinch the game, and this year's loss to Michigan State, 10-3, which blasted the team's chances for an undefeated season.

Physically, the stadium itself is an

imposing structure—a half mile in circumference and 45 feet high, it is constructed of bricks and California redwood (for the seats), 400 tons of steel, and 15,000 cubic yards of concrete. Built in 1930, the Stadium still has the original sod of Cartier Field, where Notre Dame didn't lose a single home game in 23 years. The first game played on the Stadium turf was the Notre Dame-Southern Methodist game in 1930, won by ND 20-14.

The Stadium also encloses a rifle range, a calisthenic area for the football players to loosen up before a game and a press box which can hold 375 press people and writers.

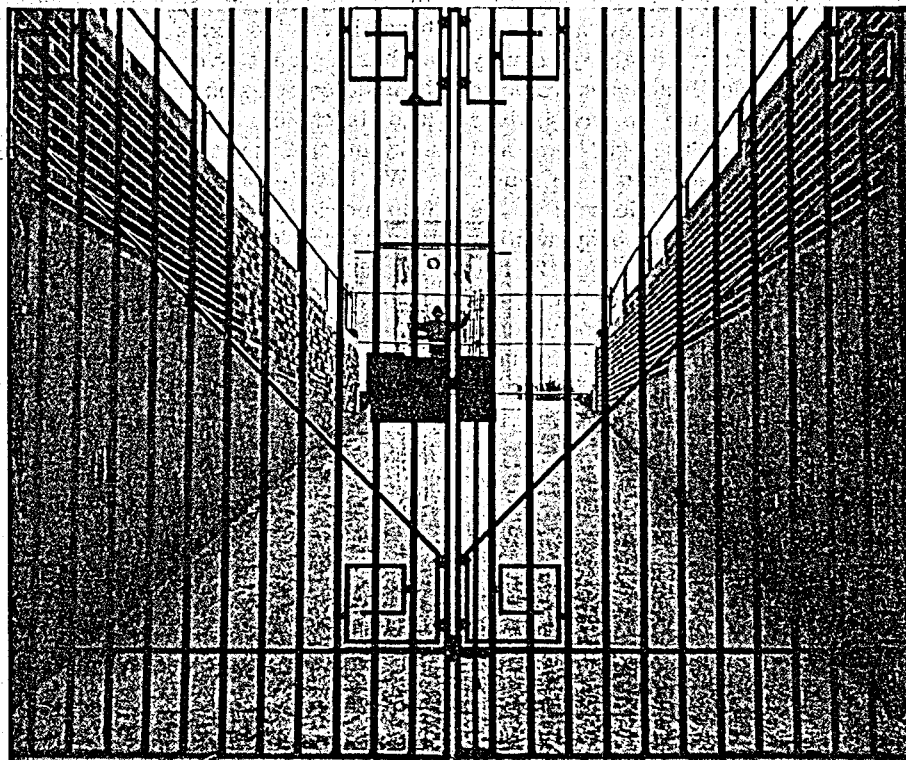
The head of maintenance in the Stadium is Harold Benninghoff, who has been in charge since 1965. For him, the Stadium represents a sometimes exhausting job, but one which keeps a symbol in functioning condition. "We don't do all that much during the winter," he said. "It's mostly the preparation for the fall season and steady maintenance during the regular schedule that occupies us most." In the off-season, Mr. Benninghoff and his crew usually attend to the smaller details of the

Stadium: repainting signs, repairing seats and tasks of that nature.

Saturday mornings in the football season are the times when Mr. Benninghoff and his crew are most pressed. "We have to cover or uncover the field with the tarp as the weather dictates," he said. "Plus all the details after the game keep us busy. . . . Sunday morning is when my cleanup crew goes to work on all of the trash left in the Stadium. Usually it takes us half a day. . . . That's a lot of garbage." Mr. Benninghoff also mentioned the summer uses of the Stadium. Open from 8:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. for the public, it is often used for large conventions and meetings, such as the Charismatic Renewal held last year.

As of this writing the Stadium is empty, except for the football players running up and down the steps to condition themselves for upcoming spring practice. They are the only people in that cavernous structure which so many times in the past years has been filled to capacity with fanatic Notre Dame fans. It looks empty, waiting for the roars that fill it in the fall. Just walking around in it, looking at the barren field, seeing all the empty seats leaves the observer with an expectant feeling; this field should be crowded with cheerleaders, massed players, alumni, managers—everyone associated with the whole mystique of The Game. The 60,000 seats should be filled with the eager, rabid Notre Dame fans, roaring for their athletes, cheering for the sudden touchdown, the long bomb, the breakaway.

The Stadium stands in its own section of the campus, fittingly alone as a symbol of Notre Dame athletics, the spirit and verve of the Notre Dame image. With no one filling those old walls, it seems a shell, a body without a soul. But soon after the summer days pass, when we are back in the autumn, the stadium will live again, full of the game and people of a football weekend at Notre Dame. As one alumnus put it, "It's where the action is." And for the time being, the Stadium will be enjoying a well-deserved rest.



The Last Word

by Sally Stanton

We of the present generation find ourselves caught in the turn of a great — or minor — cycle, suspended between the strident idealism of older brothers and sisters and the frugal pragmatism of younger siblings. O, for a righteous cause, to be able to embrace an ideal wholeheartedly, without cynicism! We want nirvana at the excursion rate — or the new Bicentennial savings. In an effort to be reasonable, we pursue careers without enthusiasm. I cry for a new pragmatism.

I have a friend who is a jellybean connoisseur. She has made a study of various breeds of jellybeans: the 76-, 80-, 82- and 84-cent varieties, and has found the 82-cent species most suited to her tastes. The outside candy is crisp, slightly tart; the center is clear jelly and very fruity. (She has made a spectacle of herself in Marshall Field's, pressing her face against the glass of the candy counter to see their beans better. The good ones, besides being 82 cents — which, in this time of economic gyration, may not be a reliable constant — have flecks of color in the yellow and green beans.)

Easter is coming and many of us will feel the need for a jellybean or two with which to celebrate the occasion properly. Not all will relish the 82-cent or flecked variety, and some will search out instead the 76- or 84-cent bean. Others will forgo the candy entirely, owing prior allegiance to chocolate bunnies, or even — *mirabile dictu!* — marshmallow rabbits (pink with black spots for eyes). There will be little, if any lobbying for one bean over another, although the black bean enthusiasts, a faction which seems to cut across all party lines, will probably show in force, ready and willing to confiscate any licorice rejects.

Only the lowest form of cad would disparage the 76-cent purchaser as a pinch-penny or fawn upon the 84-cent buyers. And although I personally question the state of the tastebuds of those who nibble marshmallow rabbits (pink!), I will defend their right to do so (the crazy loons). The selection of Easter candy is free from prejudice.

It is unfortunate that few seem to take the lesson of the jellybeans to heart, to apply it to their daily lives. The secret is to care about decisions, to look with care at all their details so as to see distinctions, to be able finally to suit our decisions to our tastes.

This is the new pragmatism — to take as the test of a choice or decision, not some vague external standard, the "average" or "mean," but rather, our immediate preferences, our tastes.

Unfortunately today, there appears to be an overpopulation of "thatnds," creatures whose eyes are fastened so tightly on the future that they constantly stumble over their own feet. These are very unhappy creatures, for their knees are huge and knobby from all the times they've fallen and they ache constantly. The future is always cloudy and they develop headaches from the eyestrain of trying to bring their vision into focus. They get bored and irritable since they can't see much. They are not very pleasant to be with — they are too busy wailing about what they'll be doing in five minutes to do anything. They generally end as deflated balloons, flabby, vacant, stretched out of shape with ugly, empty lumps and puckers, limp and slightly repulsive to the touch.

The rarer creature is the one who makes its choices in the present, with a rhythm of what the future may be about, but no paranoia for certainty. These, the "thisnds," let their present obligations and commitments blend with their tastes to select the path, or jellybean, for which they feel the greatest enthusiasm.



Some of these critters are college students. These "thisnds," then, major in accountancy because they like accountancy; or major in physics because they like physics; or major in English because they get a zany kick out of words.

This second animal is a congenial sort, with a tendency to whistle or hum at odd moments. It cares about things of all kinds and values distinctions as the offspring of variety. In fact it is so pleased with its jellybean that it has extra energy to get enthused about everyone else's. It feels no compulsion to coerce others into its choice of bean, nor does it envy others' theirs.

We have enough critters around who no longer care about things, who have given up and become dead balloons, who have become so accustomed to deciding by the norm, they have no sense of who they are or what they want. We need more good "thisnds."

So, the moral of this story is simple — and slightly obvious: "Don't let editors stay up past 4:30 in the morning; for they think they're funnier than they are," or,

"It's better to be 'thisnd' than 'thatnd.'"

A Yogurt Car?

If you have had trouble finding your car in a crowded parking lot, or if you don't have a car to lose in a crowded parking lot, your time may have come. As first prize in its new college contest, Dannon Yogurt is offering a car that will never be hard to find because it is painted all over with Dannon containers.

Trying to win this 1976 Chevrolet Chevette, with yogurt exterior as standard equipment, students in 200 major colleges and universities east of the Mississippi River will be creating sixty-second radio commercials on Dannon's low-fat, all-natural yogurt. Fifty runners-up will receive Panasonic cassette recorders.

To enter the contest, record a sixty-second Dannon commercial on a standard audio cassette, label the cassette with name, college and home address and phone numbers, and mail it to Dannon, P.O. Box 1975, Long Island City, New York 11101. Entries, which must be received by April 12, 1976, will be judged by the Radio Advertising Bureau, an official trade association. Winners will be notified by mail, no later than April 30.

The first prize winner, someone crazy enough to want a yogurt car, will never have to worry about losing it in a crowd.

How to fly home in the face of inflation.

Flying home economically is simple when you take off on Allegheny. And take advantage of the big choice of discount air travel plans. For instance:

The Liberty Fare.

You can go home and a lot of other places besides, with unlimited air travel at one, low price. You get a choice of plans, too. 7 days for \$135, 14 days for \$155, or 21 days for \$185. Good everywhere we fly, except Canada. Advance purchase required.

Group 4 to 9*

Groups of 4 to 9 save up to 20% roundtrip between any of our U.S. cities. Simply make reservations and purchase tickets 48 hours in advance--and travel together. Our Group 10 Plan saves larger groups up to 33-1/3% roundtrip.

The Freedom Fare.

It's brand new, offering up to 30% savings before June 1 and after September 15. During the summer season, the discount is 20%. Freedom Fare seating is limited on each flight, so advance reservations and pre-purchase of tickets are required. Good everywhere, except Canada.

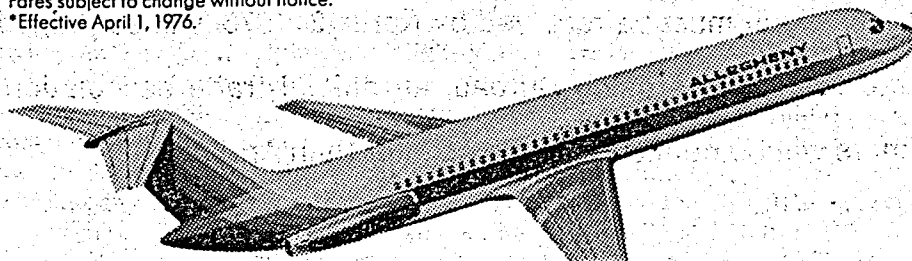
The Weekend Plan.

Take off as early as 7 PM Friday--return as late as noon Monday and save up to 25% roundtrip between our U.S. cities. Good anytime--including holiday weekends with advance reservations and pre-purchase of tickets.

It's your move.

See your Travel Agent for complete details on our discount air travel plans. Or call Allegheny. We'll show you how to fly in the face of inflation.

Fares subject to change without notice.
*Effective April 1, 1976.



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