

# RELIGIOUS BULLETIN

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Wednesday, December 6, 1961

Notre Dame, Ind.

## THE NOVENA

The Novena for Parents began yesterday. Those who didn't get the word may still begin and finish the Novena before all depart for the holidays. So, if you're one of the slow-starting kind, begin this evening by attending the 5:10 Mass in Sacred Heart Church.

## THURSDAY

The 5:10 Mass tomorrow evening will be offered for the father of Andy Keenan of Walsh; requested by the students in Electrical Engineering.

## FRIDAY

The schedule of Masses on Friday will be the same as the Sunday Mass schedule. Keep in mind, therefore, that there will be no evening Mass on Friday!

## APPEALS

This time of year, there are a great many appeals for charity in the mail. Anyone wishing to aid one of these causes need only stop by the University Chaplain's office, 116 Dillon, and pick up one of the appeals.

## PENANCE

As the lights of Christmas begin to appear, it's well to keep in mind that this is a season of penance, and the predominant activities should be those penitential activities--prayer, mortification, and almsgiving. Each year, we seem to lose the Advent spirit long before the season is half over!

## ANNIVERSARY

Tomorrow, the nation pauses to recall the twentieth anniversary of Pearl Harbor and the outbreak of World War II. Most of you hadn't yet or were just beginning to see the light of day at that time. In your prayers tomorrow, nevertheless, be mindful of those who died and those who lived on with unpleasant memories. And pray also for peace.

## IN YOUR CHARITY

Please pray for the following. Deceased: Mother of Bill Gallagher, Off-Campus; two friends of Ed Kennedy of Dillon; uncle of Dave Rivoira of St Edward's; uncle of Don Williams of Zahm; Mrs. Nellie McSherry; wife of Herbert Giorgio, '32; wife of John Neal, '49; John Brill. Ill: Miss Marie Lawrence, Law School librarian; father of John Banks of Zahm; friend of Ed Kennedy of Dillon; Herbert Seiser; mother of Brian Sheedy of Dillon. Two special intentions.

## The Liturgy

Thursday, Dec. 7

St. Ambrose, Bishop, Doctor. The examples of salt and light in the Gospel of this Mass of a great father of the western Church tell us that as long as time lasts the business of lending savor and of illuminating must go on. There is neither any final resting in time nor any accomplishment of the Christian promise. This should also be the message of every Mass in which we participate: encouragement to a task whose results will be seen ultimately but not now.

Friday, Dec. 8

The Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary. (Holy day of obligation.) This Mass in honor of Mary's freedom from original sin because she was to be the mother of One who was both God and Man is not only a striking witness to God's loving intervention but also a source of comfort for all of us for whom the Advent promise is still a matter of faith and hope. It is also an affirmation, if any were needed, that salvation is God's work, not ours. What we can do in our worship and in our lives is to attempt to emulate her acceptance of His grace.

Saturday, Dec. 9

Mass as on Sunday. We return to the Mass of the First Sunday of Advent again today and try to make our own its sense of proportion between earth and heaven, between time's events (which loom so large) and the fulfillment of God's purpose for which those events constitute a preparation. "Arm yourselves with the Lord Jesus Christ," is the message of the Epistle. This should mean both entering into our worship more fully (not as audience but as actors, doers) and establishing a clear relationship between that worship and our temporal activities.



Judging from some of the new song-titles and the talk about forthcoming holidays plans, the foot-work will be done not only by the mailman but by the "twisters". We've never claimed to know much about foot-work, "fancy" or other. Maybe that's why when we ran across some remarks by a dance expert in the Sunday Times, we thought it worth passing along. The writer is Geoffrey Holder, Trinidad-born, and something of an authority on foot-work that's "fancy".

Regardless of your reaction to his interpretation of the "twist", keep in mind that when you go dancing during the holidays, you're not seeking status, you're bringing it with you.

## The Twist? 'It's Not a Dance'

**T**HE Twist? I'm sitting this one out. It's dishonest. It's not a dance and it has become dirty.

Not because it has to do with sex. Everything does. But it's not what it's packaged. It's synthetic sex turned into a sick spectator sport.

When the gypsies did the tango in the Argentine fifty years ago, it was one thing. When it got to Europe in 1914, the Archbishop of Paris denounced it as a "hypocritical excuse" for unmentionables. I know what he was talking about.

The word Twist has gone round the world. What you twist remains largely unmentionable. A hypocritical excuse for leers.

Social dancing was never meant to supply vicarious kicks for spectators. When it does, watch it! Those slumming Roman ladies in "Spartacus," selecting fine brown muscled gladiators and teasing them before they go into their dance, they were at least honest.

The oldest hootchy kootchy in the books has become the latest thing. Who would believe it?

If it's new, what was Elvis Presley doing offscreen, outside camera range, on the Sullivan show years ago?

When Antony Tudor wanted to establish his hero as a sexpot and phallic symbol in "Pillar of Fire," he

came on and did the Twist—for a few seconds, to establish character. Then he went into the dance.

From the dawn of time, the classic way of showing male potency, sexual vigor, has been the same pelvic movement. In African fertility dances, you always find it naked. Honest.

Last winter in a roadhouse near Valley Forge, Pa., I saw a lady spin off from her partner in a kind of solo seizure. Other dancers backed away. I tried not to stare.

"It started here—in Philadelphia," she announced. She was winding and grinding so I knew she wasn't talking about the Republic. It was embarrassing. I decided to stay out of the suburbs until it blew over. Now where to hide? Where to dance? It's the biggest thing since the Asian flu. The other night I got a cable from Hong Kong, asking me, as a person of some standing in affairs of the pelvis, for my views. Margaret Mead, go home. Gilda Gray, this is your life.

**O**THER dances have been turned into gimmicks. Here is a gimmick turned into a dance. Seeing young kids do it months ago was cute, charming, the first time around. Their unconscious innocence was essential. But the Romper Room Set has a low point of boredom. After four or five squirms, they moved on to something else.

You have to be pretty far gone to want to do it or see it all night long.

Before the Twist lost its innocence, I spoke to some teen-agers about it. One lovely little girl launched into a boring contortion, singing the Hank Ballard-Chubby Checker work song softly to herself. In the middle, without changing her choreography, she said:

"My girl friend was late to school this morning."

"What happened?" I asked.

"She couldn't sleep. She hasn't been able to sleep for days."

"What's the matter?"

"On account of the fallout," she shouted, looking at me as though I lived in an ivory tower. "Do you know what the rate of radioactivity was in Washington yesterday? Eighty," she said, still doing the Twist.

"You get nausea first," she said.

"Then you start losing your hair."

Are you ready for *that*?

**T**HE Twist happens to be a contortion for children which got taken up by adults.

I happen to believe, as a dancer and choreographer, that the body does not lie. The dances and contortions which pass for dances at any given time tell us something about the society that makes a vogue of them.