

Bishop Fitzpatrick Blesses Building At Ceremony

by Emalie Bristol

The Edwin L. Wiegand Center was the sight of dedication ceremonies on March 18. Hostesses, dressed in academic attire, welcomed the guests and led the procession down the aisles of the auditorium. Also in the processional were the Tara Singers, and the guest speakers led by Mr. Ivan Servais, Marshall.

Ralph Renick, recognized in the field of television as a knowledgeable speaker, was chairman of the affair. His humor and warmth delighted the audience.

Agnes Kettyles, Mother Rosemary Ferguson, and Sister Dorothy welcomed the guests of Barry College and expressed appreciation for the concern and the generosity of those who made

the building possible. Sister Dorothy presented Barry's highest award, the Laudare Medal, to Mr. Wiegand.

Mrs. Alice Widner, publisher of *USA Magazine*, spoke of what the building could mean to the students of Barry College. She said, "What young people need today is a sense of the hierarchy of things." The recognition of the true value of things is all important in success and happiness. Gratitude is essential. Miss Widener also said that only big people were unafraid of being grateful. Father Donald Connolly, Coordinator of the national Catholic office for radio and television spoke also of gratitude.

Bishop Fitzpatrick briefly

greeted the audience. Then the procession, led by an honor guard, moved out to the front of the Edwin L. Wiegand Center. Bishop Fitzpatrick then blessed the building with holy water. The Tara Singers and the people sang "Priestly People, Holy People" as the group of observers moved indoors.

After the ceremony the hostesses guided groups of visitors around the new building. The guests were then escorted to Thompson Hall for refreshments.

Also in attendance at the ceremony were metro Mayor, Chuck Hall, and the president of the Miami Shores Chamber of Commerce, Tom Baden.

Wiegand Center Houses Lecture Hall And Language Center

By City Connor

The Wiegand Center, located on the north end of the Barry campus, is the home of the science, nursing, language, business, and mathematics departments and 45 faculty offices.

The main entrance of the building has three panels with murals of ceramic tile. Regi Yanich — a professional artist who assists in the ceramic studio — designed the panels. She, along with Sister Mary Joseph, and the Art Department, made the designs piece by piece.

There are two outstanding features in the Wiegand Center: the lecture hall and the language center.

The lecture hall has a seating capacity of 200. The hall can be converted into two smaller halls

by a folding wall which runs down the middle. Each side of hall is equipped with closed circuit television, a movie screen, and other modern electronic equipment, all controllable from the central lectern.

The language center can be compared to a combination radio and television station. Here one can not only listen to a language tape but can also videotape a lecture or laboratory procedure.

Each classroom was designed and furnished to meet particular class needs. Audio-visual equipment in the classroom as well as electronic equipment and other advanced technical teaching aids are available to faculty and students alike in the search for knowledge.

Barrypeople à Paris

April 5 and 6

In an unguarded moment I promised to have something in your Editors' hands shortly after my arrival in Paris, April 3. But, you know, it takes time for things to happen—even to me. A three hour flight delay is not exactly an incident during an air-traffic control sick-out. Nor is an announcement to deplane and take your luggage with you (This happened in Boston. I took the opportunity to call Diane Barrett (semester abroad '67) to check on her Europe plans; she should arrive in Lausanne tomorrow and, after settling her luggage, come on to meet us here in Paris—trying to get Europe out of her system. I don't know why that's hopeless. It ought not to be, I argue with myself after a day's encounters with Parisienne shop-keepers. But it is.)

Speaking of Paris: it's cold and damp this time of year, and dirty anytime, I imagine. Pollution got an early start here and has had a long history. The Seine flows fast and muddy and until spring shoots up some fine-ry around Notre Dame, the gardens are grim and desolate. But none of that matters.

So what's with Paris? As Verlaine wrote in some dark attic a few blocks north of where I write this, "Il pleure dans mon coeur," to see the faces—not only those of the sad Vietnamese, the Africans, the Arabs, Indians, Chinese, but the tragic faces of young men and women of all races.

It's fun to sit in a cafe behind glass enclosures (in the winter) and watch the faces go by, but it's as interesting and more "desolating" to look in and see the haunted eyes of so many who are looking out from somewhere in a lost soul. Paris is full of the sad people — not Parisiens — the sad people of the world; they all come here, I think. They make an ironic backdrop for the extravagant and careless tourist, mostly from England and America.

We try not to be that tourist, but, of course, our cameras slung casually over the shoulder, our rich boots, our colors and textures scream at the native Frenchman.

Kathy Duggan and I went walking and shopping on Saturday. We walked the Champs Elysses; we shopped on the side-streets at large department stores. These are comparatively new to European life and, I imagine, absolutely hazardous to the housewife. Here, for instance, every cosmetic house has its own arcade or square of counter with several mademoiselles behind each to study, with you, your proper tint.

Kathy and I are at the Prismic looking for boots. The clerk, about Kathy's age, scarcely looking at us, says: what size, mesdames? what color? leather or rubber? winter or spring? All in quick French, or course. This is a long way from that sign in American shoeshops that reads: Do not ask for a size; let us fit you.

One afternoon I stopped at a small hosiery shop and asked for an off-black, pas trop cher. "Off black, qu'est-ce que c'est? Black is black. If you don't want black, what do you want?"

"Well, Madame, something like this," I say showing her the hose I'm wearing.

The shopkeeper: "That's grey."

"Grey? Oh no, madame. It's black."

And she pulled down from the highest shelf a pair of clear grey hose and I said, "No, Madame."

"Bien. C'est tout que j'ai. Au revoir, Madame."

That's the Paris shopkeeper. The girls say the thing to do is try the men's store, and I believe it. But, malheureusement, they don't always have your size.

Our awkwardness with the language gets in the way of better relations, of course. I asked a woman shopper in a market to point out to me a cracker, un biscuit. So she points to a cookie. "No Madame, sans sucre," in my best French. "Pas sucre? But all biscuits are sucre, Madame. What do you want?"

"Rien." Buying a bottle of wine is the great challenge. Red or white? Dry or sweet? Large or small? And a half dozen other possibilities. Incidentally, here in the wine shop I saw, sitting on a shelf as conspicuous as an American flag, a box of Ritz crackers.

Let me tell you what we did last night, April 5. A group of us, headed by Lou, a friend of a friend, including Paula Miller, Chris Hansen, Kathy Duggan, Jill Crowley, Nancy Maschue, Carol Day, Maria Pozo, Marina Pando, and myself went to a Krishna Pentecostal (my name for it). It was held at the American Center in a dingy little room at the end of a narrow passageway. We left our shoes at the entrance, went in, and joined the others sitting on the floor.

About four young men and two girls comprise the Paris community of the International Society "par la Conscience de Krishna." The men are shaved except for a brief swig of hair, like a small braid in the middle back. All were barefoot, dressed in long flowering robes.

If you've been to a Pentecostal then you know what this was like: praying, singing — mostly the same words over and over. "Hare Krishna," which, of course, doesn't translate easily. But it's a prayer, I suppose, like "Hail" or "Praise God." We had a quite normal homily about loving God by serving Him, a "love without good works" theme, and a reading from the *Bhagavad Gita*. Here was a group of young people with sweet, gentle faces asking us (and "us" was made up of the extremists of young life in this city) to sing out, to sway, to dance for love of God. There is only one God; to Him let us raise our hearts and hands and voices.

We walked out about 10:30 to a cold Paris night and back home down Blvd. St. Michel. Stopped in a cafe for a cafe au lait, or lait chaud, or biere. Carol Daly had one of those foot-long sandwiches which she, in a spirit of Hare Krishna, passed around for everyone to take a bite.

Finally, Blvd. St. Germain and Hotel de Lima, cold pills and vitamins for Nancy and Kathy, and bed. Bon soir, mes amis, hare Krishna.

Sister Robert Louise

April 27 Deadline Announced

As part of a newly established procedure for appointment of the *Hourglass* editor, candidates are to submit letters of application to the moderator (Box 571) by April 27. The letter should state briefly the candidate's view of the function of a campus newspaper.

A selection board composed of student and faculty representatives will be announced in the May issue of the paper.

Requisites for candidacy are:

- Junior or senior standing in the year as editor
- a B average in the major field and in courses in English (and journalism if studied)
- apparent capacity for leadership and administration

Editorials

"OPEN" House???

Recently the administration at the University of Miami abolished weekend curfews for all women students. Restrictions for the men students had been previously lifted.

Another recommendation that was also approved by the administration is the immediate change of the Open House policy in the Woman's Residence Halls to allow the room doors to be either open or closed, and/or locked.

Recently the administration at Barry College lifted the ban on boys in the Barry dorms for three whole hours out of the 6,480 total hours that make up a usual school year. March 8th was the big day. Between the hours of 1 and 4 p.m. male specimens of the human race entered the hallowed halls of our residence houses.

The tourists were met by excited Barry co-eds, and ushered in to see pre-inspected clean rooms. (We were forewarned that there would be a monetary fine for any untidy rooms.)

In opposition to the locked-door policy at the U of M, Barry practiced the Open Door Policy. We were told ahead of the big day that we were to leave the doors wide open. The continual flow of nuns and housemothers assured that the policy was followed.

After our visitors saw where we hang our toothbrush and towels (which should have taken all of ten minutes) they were expected to return to the lobby to sample the punch and cookies purchased with our voluntary 10¢ donation. In other words, get out of the rooms fast.

But an even sadder aspect of this situation is the fact that our fathers — who are for the most part footing our college expenses — are afforded this one solitary (momentary?) chance to see what they are paying for. But don't fret girls, if by chance your father couldn't make the 1,600 mile, three-day trip you can always send him a picture, or if you are coming back there is always next year.

But seriously, this is a problem that cannot be ignored. If the University of Miami (and most other colleges) feel they can treat their co-eds as young women, why not Barry? What makes us so different?

B.I.

Recruiting Poster Logic Isn't Patriotism

In most instances, rhetoric is an inexpensive commodity; it rolls off our tongues with startling ease and glides into a world where oratory is far more popular than truth. In 1970 America the clash between cliché and conscience has reached the point of no return. We all know those heart-rending sayings:

This country was founded on the belief that all men are created equal . . .

The history of this country is one of the use of reason over the power of brute strength . . .

You should be in China, where people are starving . . .

Remember what your country does for you . . .

Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness . . .

When the rays of reason pervade the fog that surrounds these recruiting-poster quips, we come to realize that:

This country was founded on the belief that all men are created equal, with certain exceptions of color and wealth . . .

The history of this country is also the history of Lexington, Boston, Gettysburg, Shiloh, Little Rock, Selma, Birmingham, Dallas, Chicago . . .

If people in China are starving, they are not alone; let them know of their Mississippi cousins . . .

Your country does for you, but, as April 15 and draft notices testify, you do for your country (It might be added that your country's "civil servants" are paid handsomely for their performance in your behalf) . . .

About I, I, and p of h, perhaps the most overused statement in all American folklore: speak of life to the soldier who as fallen in a slimy marsh; speak of liberty Sacco and Vanzetti or Caryl Chessman or Dellinger, Hoffman, Davis, Rubin, Hayden, Weiner, Froines; speak of the pursuit of happiness to a ghetto child who calls a rat "Kitty" . . .

What does separate this country from many others is that we have, at our rather apathetic disposal, the material and intellectual forces of change. We, especially the "we" of the college population — Students, faculty, administration — do not have to sit by idly and let political conventions, supposed secret treaties, and intimidation under the guise of patriotism tap the resources of this potentially great nation so as to make the individual impotent and the state all-powerful. This will be a decade of action, not rhetoric, and much of the change will be cataclysmic. The more liberal and radical forces will meet head-on with the forces of ultra-reactionism. Somewhere in the melee, the individual — meaning you — must take a stand. Although the issues will not be black and white — issues never are — you will have the opportunity to stand, to participate, "to write your will across the sky in stars."

In a speech before the Conference on War and National Responsibility, Bishop James Armstrong clearly outlined the dilemma of the 70s: "I am not an anarchist, but if the thesis is the state and the antithesis is the conscience of the individual then I must come down firmly on the side of individual conscience."

D. L.

Letters to the Editors

THIS SPACE WAS
RESERVED FOR
YOUR COMMENTS . . .

To Editors, Staff and Miss Edelman:

Just to say, good luck to you all. Your first edition was excellent, and a pleasure to read. I am delighted that Barry College will once again have an eloquent voice. Keep up the good work and if there is anything I can do to help in any way, please call on me.

Sincerely,
Thelma Medoff

* * *

Dear friends,

Just a little note to express a wish of a large group of Cuban faculty members, employees, and students of this College. We would like to let everyone know that there is a huge Cuban flag in Sister Kenneth's office, which we would love to see waving the next time that a display of flags takes place.

Sincerely,
Dr. Maria Theresa Salazar

* * *

April 8, 1970

Editor
Barry Hourglass
Barry College
Miami Shores, Florida

Dear Editors:

As a member of this college community who has followed with concern the recent developments involving the campus newspaper, I feel obliged to offer a few personal observations. I suggest that all members of this college community — students, faculty, and administration — must be actively interested in seeing that this instrument for the exchange of ideas represents a vibrant and dynamic undertaking. It may not be an exaggeration to suggest that the quality of a student newspaper constitutes a good reflection of the prevailing attitude throughout the campus.

In this respect, it would appear to me that the newspaper should serve as forum for mature and honest dialogue as well as for the communication of needed information among the students, faculty, and administration. Therefore, I would like to propose that the HOURGLASS call upon the faculty and the administration to express their views concerning significant activities on campus as well as off-campus events pertinent to this college community.

A related point, which I would like to mention, pertains to the scope and content of the HOURGLASS. Based on the last issue of the newspaper, it appears that a definite effort is being made to include major off-campus developments that relate to the college. Let me say that I find this approach to be very meaningful.

Certainly the obligations of a college newspaper must encompass the relationship of the college community to the local community and the national community as well. Here again I feel that the observations and reflections of both the faculty and the administration could contribute significantly to the total purpose. In-depth journalism with intelligent analysis of national and local events is, certainly, a demanding standard of journalistic endeavor. It is one, however, at which the HOURGLASS should aim. Your last publication of 4 March, gives hope that you plan to move in this general direction.

Sincerely,
John T. McKay
Associate Professor
Philosophy Department

hourglass

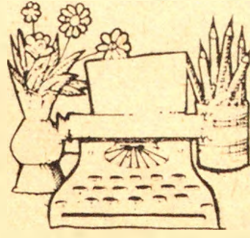
THE HOURGLASS is published once a month by the students of Barry College. Opinions expressed in THE HOURGLASS are not necessarily those of the administration, faculty or the majority of the students. It is the policy of this newspaper to provide equal space for dissenting views.

The staff reserves the right to edit copy and letters which do not conform to journalistic standards.

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Features Anne Reich
Production Manager
Roxanne Panero
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Photographer Kathy Zurhurst
Circulation Manager . . Pat Amore
Staff writers Emalie Bristol,
Sharon Busing, Gisela Cardonne,
Citty Connor, Carol Grill, Mary
Kollmeyer, Kathy Kovaltsik

POETRY CORNER

Then October, November,
January, and colder days . . .
When up she rose
her gown falling freely down
rippled gently by oven-scented
air
she walked a quick'ning pace
to shield her nakedness
She would not be stayed
nor linger longer past
this eleventh hour
Her painted face
and cotton candy hair
shrewn flakes
my fingers could not contain
nor did they want to
Uncosmeticized
her cracked skin—pale gray
and soul
Cluttered with best-forgotten
yesterdays.
Done this forseen drama, done
The sleeping stage lies cluttered
with remnants of up-curtain
days
December voices
fall freely down—metallic
Where once she stayed
Done this drama, done.
Marybeth Murphy



PHILIPIC

by Carol Grill

And I loved the
flower for the
flower's sake . . .
Not because it
reminded me of
you.
It just happened to.
And then again,
It smiled like
you.
So open, so honest . . .
Like you.
I loved the flower
For the flower's
sake.
And I love you
Because you're you.

Life-Death: A Game

by Linda Koppelman

"Men die, and are not happy."
This is the reality that Caligula,
emperor of Rome, discovers fol-
lowing the death of his beloved
sister; the consequences of this
discovery for him and for the
members of his aristocracy forms
the basis for one of Albert
Camus' most widely acclaimed
plays, Caligula, which was pre-
sented at Barry by the world-
famous "Le Treteau de Paris."

The play, produced by Jean
de Rigault, deals on its most
basic level with the conflict be-
tween Caligula and the patri-
cians whom he intends to punish
for their lack of awareness and
preoccupation with the Public
Treasury. But the most profound
meaning of the play lies in the
Emperor's own internal struggle
to give some meaning to life
—which ends so absurdly in
death.

Through his symbolic search
for the moon, Caligula seeks to
obtain power, the only thing
which will place him above the
gods and, possibly, above death.

He proceeds to condemn all
his subjects to death, "logically"
assuming that since the Treasury
is all-important, human life is of
no value at all. In reality, his
goal is to be completely free to
change the laws of nature, to
hold the sun and stars in his
hands, and, as he says: "Then
perhaps I, myself, will be trans-
formed and the world with me,
and finally men will not die and
they will be happy."

Caligula's realization, at the
end of the play, that he has
failed in his search for the moon
and that he, too, is guilty, as are
all men, is perhaps Camus' way
of challenging his audience to
find the answer to the problem
of the absurdity of life. If Cali-
gula failed to solve the dilemma,
he at least brought about aware-
ness of what the dilemma was.

(Editor's note: Opportunities
to hear French were never more
plentiful. In addition to Cali-
gula, the film Z, playing in local
theatres, is in French with Eng-
lish subtitles. Recent travel films
shown on campus were narrated
in French. Mlle. Rose Imar holds
continual conversations with stu-
dents in French; check with Sis-
ter Mary Jean for times.)

Fear Not Mary Fellman You Are Not Alone

I have been seeped in Cassidy-
Kidisms since first I dropped my
bifocals, leaned over Butch's
shoulder (wish!) and shared his
clear vision. I have unconsciously
committed 95% of the dialo-
gue to heart—the other 5% I
just sigh about. You wrote in a
combined aura of intellectual in-
vestigation and the kind of awe-
filled love that enables people
like us to sit in the 200th row
of Shea Stadium, clutch the per-
son next to us and scream,
Ringo's looking at me!"

Thanks for the literary signi-
ficance I had failed to attach to
the film. As for your questions,
I offer my thoughts: The relation-
ship between Butch and the
bicycle? The sheriff who refused
to aid B & S in their efforts to
join the War told them they
were outdated outlaws, human
anachronisms, unable to switch
tracks to the present, much less
the future. That span of time,
according to the barker pushing
bikes, belonged to the two-wheel-
ed phenomenon.

Question two: Perhaps the
head of the superposse wears a
white hat because the good guys
always wear white and love B&S
as we may, they are the bad guys
(Ed. note: Are they? The super-
posse killed for money, not jus-
tice. Perhaps there are no good
guys, only bad and worse.) The
superposse is the answer to
Shaw's Superman, the ultimate
good guy, the Establishment,
progress.

As for the "love" triangle
—well, if love makes the world
go round, perhaps it smoothed
the three corners and permitted
the pointed wheel to roll smooth-
ly. Etta's "love" cannot be ex-
plained nor should it be. Haven't
you and I confessed to loving
them both? They return her
"love" because she is the femi-
nine reflection of them as well
as their complement. She is also
a mature touchstone of reality
for their childlike natures. It is
she who is always waiting with
a hot meal when the wandering
boys come home. It is she who
forces them to face the truth:
"Harriman's gang won't stop til
you're dead . . . I'll stick around
until it's time for' you to die.
I'll miss that scene if you don't
mind." They do and she does.

The one aching question that
still haunts me is, when Etta
reads the headlines, how does
she carry on? Sally Ruskin

HAPPENINGS

No Exit is being presented April 24 and 25 at 8:00 p.m. in the Little Theatre. The play is under the direction of Debbie Johnson. The leads are being played by Charles Cassini, Patty Dolan and Pauline Hawthorne. Admission is 50¢ and everyone is invited to come.

The Tara Singers, Madrigals and the men from Biscayne College will be performing in the Spring concert. The concert will be held on April 26 in the Barry Auditorium.

(Note — No one should have to complain about having nothing to do during this week. Both the drama department and the music department have been working really hard to put together their shows. Now it is time for the rest of us to show our spirit by getting out and attending these performances.)

The art department has also been busy. The art majors will be displaying their works from April 12 to the 24th. The show will be in the lobby of Msgr. Barry Library and will be open for viewing during all regular library hours. It would be nice if you made it a point to see the show. Then you will know what we are talking about next month when we review the show.

Tryouts are now being held for **The Member of the Wedding** which will be performed on May 8 and 9.

S.G.A. has elected its officers for the 1970-1971 school year. They are: President—Pat DuBeck; Vice-President—Kathy Cleary; Secretary—Nancy Maschue; Treasurer—Lynn Zeltner. We wish them all the luck in their new positions, and, oh yeah — Congratulations!

Our traveling European students are enjoying themselves in Paris now. Europe seems to be in the thing these days. As far as I'm concerned that's the only way to study — abroad.

It's time for all you Tom Jones fans to start saving your money. He is supposed to appear in Miami during July. You'd better start saving hard and fast. Rumor has it the tickets will cost around \$15.00.

The Vietnam Moratorium committee endorsed a Peace Fast on April 13 - 15 which was largely focused on college and university campuses.

The purpose of the fast was to demonstrate a moral opposition to the continuing war and also to oppose the government spending on the war and weapons of war.

The organizers of the Peace Fast asked that the people who do not eat for the three days to send the money saved on food to aid the victims of the war.

Reflections on . . .

"What are you going to be . . . ?"

by Kathy Kovaltsik

"What are you going to be when you grow up?"

This question has been thrown at most students since they can remember by parents, friends of parents, your Aunt (on your mother's side), your favorite high school teacher (who, unfortunately, was married) and of course, every student's best friend — the guidance counselor. Seriously, how many times have you inwardly asked this question and are unable to provide a self satisfactory answer? Why is it that many cannot decide, even when they are half way through college, what they are going to do with their lives once they have gone through all "institutions of higher learning?"

Of course, situations are different for both sexes. Being a woman, you naturally inherit an advantage over members of the opposite sex, for you already have a career which has been pursued by generations of women before you. Ever since you were able to say the word "marry" your one goal in life, stressed emphatically by your mother (and all females you come in contact with) is to find yourself a "good" husband and settle down to raise a "nice family." If you do not hold these ultimate quests close to your heart, then you automatically become a disappointment in most mother's eyes. What about the girl who respects these goals, but would like to have a career first (although she is not exactly sure what she would like to do), and then find time later on for marriage—how can you explain that to the marriage-minded mothers of America?

Perhaps the answer can be found by examining the reasons a girl enters college in the first place. As graduation time neared in high school, you watched your joyous girlfriends sporting their new engagement rings. This aided in helping you decide that you have too much to see and do before you entered that "blessed institution" known as marriage. Therefore, when your counselor faced you with THE question, you could intelligently reply, "I would like to go to college to further my education." (The old standard answer.) Maybe this is a good reason as any, but there is much more to going to college, as you are later to find out. Nevertheless, this answer suffices for the present time and still allows some hope for mother that her daughter will indeed benefit from "furthering her education" by meeting a nice college man.

However, in dealing with the situation at hand, you find that you must have a definite idea as to what areas you wish to concentrate in. (the major and the minor.) The major is usually a certainty, but when it comes to selecting a minor, you lapse into generalities once again. Some students switch both majors and minors many times during the course of their college years. As a result of this on-and-off type of education, many become more confused then when they started. On the other hand, some are able to find what they are interested in doing by stumbling across it in this switching process. In either case, what is most important is to have a definite purpose in mind when you enter

(Continued on page 7)

Evaluation- How Valid?

by Pat Pfeiffer

Criticism of the recent teacher evaluations has been voiced by a few members of the lay faculty.

Some of these opinions have touched on key points that should perhaps have been discussed openly before their evaluation.

Questions raised ask how this evaluation will effect future status and contract renewals of lay faculty. A question presently being asked by students as well as lay faculty is however, how, if at all, will this student evaluation of faculty affect the religious members of the faculty.

These questions were discreetly overlooked before the evaluation took place.

The evaluation itself is an excellent idea in that students were permitted to express their opinion of the individual teaching ability of her professors.

There was originally some contention that the student was not qualified to make an intelligent evaluation of a teacher's ability. It was realized, however, that no one is better qualified to state a teacher's ability to help the student digest the educational material intended for his understanding in a particular course.

The question of how to remedy any discrepancies here should be left to academic personnel.

It would be an appropriate courtesy to the members of the faculty as well as the student body if it were explained in detail how this evaluation will affect the individual members of the lay faculty as well as the religious faculty.

Applicants Take Oath

On March 4, the Barry College Auditorium temporarily served as the United States District Court, Southern District of Florida. Honorable Judge C. Clyde Atkins opened the court for naturalization proceedings which started at 10:30 a.m. Father Robert Bailie, O.P., first pronounced a short invocation after which Joseph Bogart, Chief Clerk of the Court, administered the "Oath of Allegiance" to the applicants.

In his welcoming words to the assembled 954 applicants for American Citizenship, Judge Atkins compared the new citizens to adopted children who were "perhaps more fortunate because you had a choice." Thomas J. Kelly, retired Brigadier General of the Florida Army National Guard addressed the assembly in a patriotic exultation of the privileges and duties of the new citizens. He urged them "to learn to understand and to articulate your thoughts, so you can tell the rest of the world what it (the United States) is like." He then lead the audience in the recitation of the Pledge of Allegiance. The Court adjourned at 11:50 at which time the new citizens surrendered their residency cards and received their Certificates of Naturalization.

The process of naturalization requires five years as a legal resident of the United States, together with the successful completion of oral and written examinations based on the applicant's knowledge of the United States history and form of government.

VIETNAM: Catalyst for Violence

(Editor's note: The following is an interview with Mr. Gunnar Myrdal, one of the world's most respected economists and social scientists. Mr. Myrdal is author of *An American Dilemma* (1944), an account of the desperate situation of the American Negro, and *Asian Drama*, a recent work on the toll of poverty in Asia and the relation of poverty to political crises. The relevance of Myrdal's comments, especially to young people, is obvious. The interviewer is Samuel Grafton of *Lithopinion* . . .)

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Grafton: I want an answer to the key query of our time. What has stirred youth to its present heights of political passion?

Myrdal: The Vietnam war is at the bottom of it.

G: You mean here in America?

M: No. I see it all over the world. The war in Vietnam is fundamental to the radicalization of youth everywhere.

G: How can this one American military adventure have this special international significance?

M: It has started young people everywhere thinking about causes and events: it has given them a basis for discussing imperialism and thinking about it.

G: Does that explain why the United States has become the target for student rage in so many different places?

M: It does. In Sweden, I have undertaken to be chairman of the committee against the Vietnam war. This is a committee which includes different political parties, church groups, youth groups, as well as individuals. Sweden is an organizational society and many of our organizations are made up of other organizations. You may find this strange but I undertook this chairmanship as a civic duty for two reasons, and one of them is that I want to fight the general hatred of America which is sweeping over the world.

G: Hold it for a moment. I want to get this straight. You are chairman of a committee against the Vietnam war and yet you conceive your role as that of a friend of America?

M: Yes. America is becoming morally and politically isolated. This note of hate is a bad one. It is heard more and more often. I feel we should hate no nation . . . So I do not call it the American war. I explain to my audiences that millions of Americans are against it . . .

G: You mention that you had two reasons for heading up this committee. What was the other?

M: I want to cool down the menacing growth of violence everywhere. I cannot speak to strongly against this danger, against the egg-throwing, the resistance to all authority which is spreading. The war has become a catalyst for the promotion of all sorts of violence. I fight the war because I want to fight the development of this kind of bitter feeling . . . It plays that role even in my country where nobody is for the war. This is all very impractical. We have to try to come to the end of it.

G: Do you feel, then, that if the war ends, young people may go back to their former relative indifference about public policies?

M: Oh, no. I think something has been started that will not end with the war. Youth is awakened. If the war ends, it will find another cause. Once they have learned how to protest they will find other things to protest about. A lot of ideas have come along, centering around anti-imperialism. Tension is rising. I am, in a way, scared about the future. I may say that I have not in my entire life been so distressed, even frightened, about the world political situation . . . Tempers are high. I was in Washington for a television appearance. At nine o'clock one morning I got into a taxicab with a black driver. I gave him the address I wanted, then repeated it. He said sharply: "Stop repeating the address. I've got it. What do you think I am, stupid?" I said, "That's a foolish thing to say." So he stopped the cab, ordered me out, and kicked me.

G: I would hardly call that a dialogue.

M: I'm afraid there is very little dialogue anymore. It is not civilized to do things in a temper, but this is spreading . . . I find things so difficult to project and predict that I have delayed for months writing a simple magazine article about the racial issue in the United States. I usually write as easily and naturally as I eat steak, but I find myself inhibited these days.

G: And this feeling of yours is new?

M: New, indeed. A generation ago, I could study the facts, and make forecasts. I would not expect much to change in a year. Now I won't know what will happen by tomorrow. I don't like to make predictions anymore.

G: What shall we do to get out of the mess?

M: You would need a Lincoln, with humor and understanding, prepare to make decisions, and with lot of solidarity behind him, to handle what is going on. I am very anxious for the whole world.

Changing from the rather ominous "one" to the more casual "I," I would like to thank those members of the Barry community who expressed such fervent interest, favorable and unfavorable, in the attempts (re: my *Kunstler* and *SDS* articles) to "internationalize" the *HOURGLASS*. This attempt has, for the most part, met with approval from the co-editor, from the staff, and, I'm happy (relieved?) to note, from the readership. Interest, however, should not indicate prejudice. While I cannot compromise either my own views, those of the co-editor, or those of the staff, this expression will not result in a biased newspaper if all *HOURGLASS* readers contribute to the "forum." We earnestly solicit your diplomatic (strategical?; in any case, "political" seems to connote nothing good anymore) views and, if arguments arise, remember that this type of battle is, and always has been, a potent intellectual force and a sturdy stepping-stone toward the solution of our mutual problems.

D. L.

Male Treat - Out of Date?

by Charles Cassini

Excuse the pun, but is the American system of dating out of date? I feel that there are several reasons why the dating system should be re-examined. The first reason is that this dating style is about as reflective of our present socio-economic situation as the model-T Ford. It comes to us as a legacy from a time in which few women had money of their own. Most did not work at income producing jobs, and where they did they were paid much less than men. Once married, they left bread-winning to their husbands. This is no longer the case. In our affluent society, many girls have money even before they leave the home and set up on their own. Along with "emancipation" has come economic independence. Many intend to continue work even after marriage for as long as they can and be equal contributors with their husbands.

The present dating structure does not prepare a woman for this, and even if it is agreed that she will not work, it still does not reflect the modern economic situation. It is a unilateral "give" on the male's part. Both partners are not contributing equally in what they have set out to enjoy.

Dating systems of the past reflected the conditions that would be encountered in marriage. In frontier times, dating took place under the conditions of family outings and Sunday socials, for these were the days of the extended family. The lone

two-some became the norm as the extended family changed to the nuclear family. In this way, dating gave a person a certain existential experience at what life was like in each of these social conditions. But I seriously doubt that our present method does this. I do not think that it will help foster those deeper personal qualities which men and women are saying they wish to develop in their personal relationships and especially in marriage. It is a poor preparation for what is to come.

Such a system, I suspect, does not foster mature human responsibility on either part. The male starts thinking in terms of "getting something" for his investment. He could have taken out Mary on a dutch-treat because he feels that he might have enjoyed her company, but he chooses Jane instead because she is an unquestioned eyefull and he knows that, for the evening at least, he will be the envy of a lot of guys. In short, under such a system, the man thinks in terms of something other than simple friendship and personal compatibility as his dating motive. At worse, it takes the form of competition among men as to who is getting the most for his money. The one with the most attractive date wins.

If the girl is not careful, it can spoil her. She becomes use to getting a lot and giving only as much as she cares to. She does not even have to be nice or date the guy again if she does not want to. What has she got to lose? But perhaps most debil-

itating of all is the fact that mental habits can develop which are not conducive to developing traits that are necessary for a concerned and human relationship to truly exist.

As to the positive advantages, the dutch-treat idea could be a way of equalizing the advantages for women. Right now, the good lookers and the charming personality types have it. Usually they are one in the same. (When one knows one has good looks, one can afford to be charming about it). On a dutch treat basis, friendship could become the major dating motive. And when friendship is the basis (and not some shallow romanticism) it would give women more of an opportunity for initiating dates than they presently have. I do not feel that a mature man would react negatively to such a principle.

In short, what I am opting for is a more natural approach and a view of dating which takes into consideration the context in which it is set and the end at which it is aiming. There is sufficient concern on the part of many that our present system is beset with problems. What I have proposed is very cursorily presented. There are other facets to this theory which the limitations of space prevent me from discussing. My hope is that it gets us thinking about what we want to accomplish through our social life, and that perhaps we can eliminate the obstacles in our present system and arrive at something better.

The Freshmen were the victors of the Olympic's day activities held March 12th. The day's activities included a parade and athletic competition among the four classes. Awards were presented at dinner that night.



Sublime Lady Has Bad Case of Uglies



Francis Bacon

The grotesqueries of art have been ascribed to various causes: ineptness of draftsmanship ability, perversion of the spirit of the artist, and ignorance or dismissal of "beauty." It should be noted that the "degeneration" of subject matter which has resulted in the most severe indignation on the part of the public and their notions of taste, is no recent occurrence. Recognition of the aesthetic value of the ugly has been with us for centuries.

Beauty is being confused with and replaced by "prettiness." The misdirected or uninformed viewer has reduced his appreciation of the art form to the superficialities of subject matter appeal, which is perpetrated upon the viewing public by the enterprising and/or misdirected artist. These artists have taken two directions — they have either produced vast amounts of living room decoration or, in an attempt to be poetic, have alluded to complexity or profundity by making tragic images of children with large wounded eyes, which are supposed to imply universal injustice and suffering. These touching scenes contain not only a commercial crassness but are without integrity, in that they are an obvious reliance on subject matter which appeals to the basic emotions of the viewer. Sincerity and honesty go beyond the intentions of the artist. These qualities should be contained within the art object itself. Shadows of sincerity, presumed to be in the artist himself are believed to be transformed into his works under the guise of "expression." The honesty should be looked for in the work, not hoped for in the artist simply because it is something he feels.

The medium of painting is not clearly visible in any form outside the art object itself. Perhaps because of this many people are totally ignorant of technical or manipulative subtleties of the medium. In music, most laymen are aware of their ignorance of technique or structure in composition. Notes are there for them to see and they stand in awe of those who understand them. This is not to say that the musician, actor, or poet does not suffer from the same injustices of criticism. Few people will interfere with the actor, being vaguely

aware of his long hours of rehearsal and research into the dramatic arts. No one will interfere with the plumber or T.V. repairman. Everyone admits to knowing nothing about art. They go on however, to give their professional opinions as to whether or not they like a painting which in their eyes is the same as making a judgment regarding its validity. This validity is being based solely upon the appeal of the subject matter. An actor plays a role in a play which is offensive to the viewer. The viewer does not then say that the man is a bad actor if in truth he is the opposite. The viewer says he did not particularly care for the play but the acting was excellent. If the play had artistic merit, although it dealt with a subject repulsive to the viewer, hopefully, the viewer will admit that the play was powerful and well acted, but he still did not like it. If the viewer sees a painting in which the subject matter is not to his liking, he will declare that it is not only a bad painting, but that the artist is a bad artist. Tragedy deals with many grotesque and ugly realities, yet remains one of the highest forms of the drama.

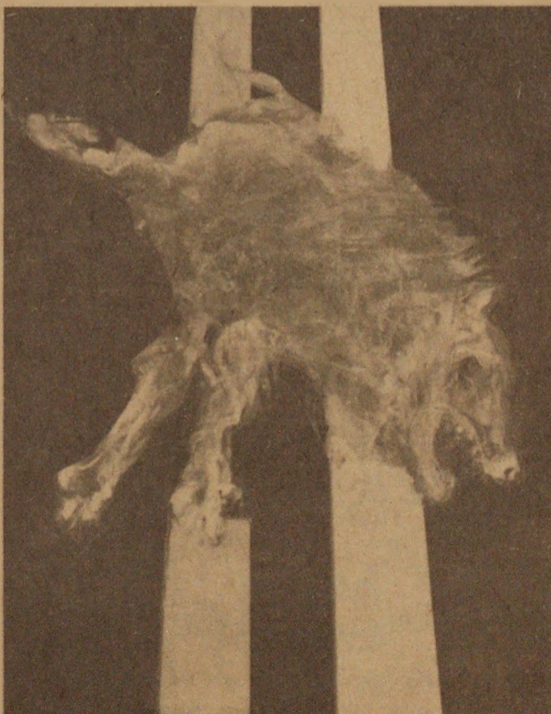
The artist who sincerely deals with the grotesque, does so in an attempt to alienate the viewer from subject matter without eliminating it entirely. This is done not only to create visual dynamics, which is frequently mistaken for sensationalism, but also to bring the viewer around to the recognition of the medium of art, which is not subject matter. The medium of painting is the paint; let us say oil, for example. The oil paint, and how successfully it is used, is the beauty of painting. The beautiful relationships of color, texture, and form are the elements of painting.

I would like to qualify here that I am not negating beautiful subject matter any more than I am embracing any painting because it is "ugly." I am only making an attempt to clarify some of the criteria for the visual arts, and to give the viewer some basis for distinction between beautiful and grotesque painting which is valid, and pretty and ugly bandwagoning.

Roxanne Panero



Goya



Mark Lynch



Merton Simpson



REEL
REVIEW

Ulysses:
"The mockery of it all!"

by Janet Moore

Ulysses begins with Buck Mulligan's intonation of "Introibo ad altare Dei." He is standing in a tower, symbolic of the house of God or of the lightning-struck tower of Babel. As he speaks the words, the camera catches his vision from the tower of the creation below and the audience is drawn into a bizarre form of worship — on screen. From the very first scene, the audience is made aware that the film is informed to a large extent by the compendium of man's knowledge of and about God. The first sentence spoken is familiar to us as the words of the priest, who approaches the altar both as celebrant and willing victim. But now, in the movie, we hear the solemn words from the mouth of an irreverent young medical student.

At this point, each member of the audience is called upon to make a decision, if he has not yet made it. He is called upon to reconcile the sacred experience of the Mass with the profane flaunting of it on screen. I have by no means reconciled myself to the juncture of the two types of experience; but I do think that James Joyce's habitus or art allowed him to do so. The novel *Ulysses* and the film stand witness to artistic reconciliation. Buck Mulligan cries "The mockery of it all!" Mr. Deasy says: "The ways of the Creator are not our ways . . . All history moves to one great goal, the manifestation of God." And Stephen answers him: "History is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake." If we can discover the formal relationship between statements of this type we will have become ourselves artists. Our artistry will spring from a less fully nourished habitus than that of Joyce, but we will succeed, at least, in deriving artistic forms from a book we didn't write. The makers of the film were artistically successful in such a way.

One of the forms drawn by the film-makers from *Ulysses* from the Mass proceeds, I think, from the Biblical emphasis on the creative force named "the Word." In the first part of the movie during the breakfast of tea and bread, Buck Mulligan blesses Haines as "Pater," Stephen as "Filius," and himself as "Spiritus Sanctus." Shortly afterwards, Haines accosts Stephen with the question: "You're not a believer, are you? I mean, a believer in the narrow sense of the word. Creation from nothing and miracles and a personal God." Stephen answers: "There's only one sense of the word, it seems to me."

This little encounter in the first episode prepares us for Stephen's spoken thought in the third episode: "Touch me. Soft eyes. Soft, soft, soft hand. I am lonely here. O, touch me soon, now. What is that word known to all men? I am quiet here alone. Sad too. Touch, touch me . . . Wilde's love that dare not speak its name." In Bloom's episodes too, there is mention of the Word, the name that dare not be spoken. Molly is unable to say

metempsychosis and want Bloom to tell her what it means in plain language. Later on, when he is in the pub being persecuted by the Irishmen, Bloom is unable to say the word "love" (In the novel he dares to speak it).

In the harlot scenes, Stephen says: "In the beginning was the word, in the end the world without end. Blessed be the eight beatitudes." And then, Stephen's mother appears to him and he says eagerly: "Tell me the word, mother, if you know how. The word known to all men." She answers that "Prayer is all powerful. Prayer for the suffering souls in the Ursuline manual, and forty day's indulgence. Repent, Stephen." Stephen doesn't accept her words.

It is Molly, I think, who finally utters the word. After drowning herself in stream-of-consciousness, watching her life pass before her eyes, she says: "and yes I said yes I will Yes." Her "Yes" and all it implies is like the final words we used to speak at Mass: "Deo Gratias. Amen." But Stephen Dedalus never utters the word; he is like those who having heard the word literally keep it.

Banned in Greece

by Gisela Cardonne

Item: Gregorios Lambrakis, Greek political liberal is assassinated in Salonikas in 1963. The government describes the event as an "accident."

Item: Director Costa-Gravas together with screenwriter Jorge Semprum produce "Z." Prefacing the film a caption warns the viewer that any similarities between characters and situations and real life are entirely intentional.

A few minutes into "Z," the irony of the present Greek parody of government is so evident that it needs no elaborate explanation. Therein lies the simple presentation of "Z". A roomful of military officials decide to eradicate all the "isms" which

plague the country, including the pacifism of the murdered physician-politician, played by Yves Montand. Montand meets his death in the street, as indifferent policemen ignore the crime. The government casually dismisses it as an "accident," however such a dubious explanation does not satisfy the public prosecutor.

Carrying out his role with the smoothness of a professional, Jean-Louis Trintignant adds to the film's suspense when he proceeds to indict the guilty military men at the risk of his own career. His sacrifice parallels the deputy's risk of his life—apparently both are losers, ultimately "Z" renders them winners. At the end of the film, we are told that the Greek letter Z (Zet) means "he still lives."

Although "Z" was shot in Algeria and the dialogue is in French, (incidentally, the subtitles are unusually accurate translations) it is unmistakably a Greek film. Irene Papa's dignified performance as the widow leaves no doubt of her silent and strong determination that her husband had been right. Written by Mikis Theodorakis from a Greek prison camp, the score for "Z" was smuggled out of the country to provide the perfect emotional richness which it possesses.

More than a piece of propaganda, "Z" is an artistic portrayal of the devastating swiftness with which a dictatorship can smother a country, even the birthplace of democracy. Small wonder that Papadopoulos' government has banned "Z" from Greek theaters.

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"Clothes Make the 'Man!'"

by Emalie Bristol

As I put on my academic attire for the dedication ceremony of Wiegand Center, my typically freshman, typically adolescent face was surprised to see the transformation that had taken place. My usually overextended arms and legs were loosely covered by the gown, and the wrinkles in my nose which usually appear when I smile, were less noticeable, perhaps because of the cap. Even with my slightly crooked collar and my mildly tilted cap, I looked older—more graceful, even poised.

Feeling a little more confident than usual, I was off to the auditorium to receive instructions on how to be a hostess for those attending the function. The wind was trying to persuade my cap and gown to desert me, but they held fast. I realized that my academic attire did not change my inadequacies as a cordial hostess, but the words did come a little easier, and I did feel capable of successfully welcom-

ing visitors to the affair.

"Ceremony," "tradition—" the very words today have unfavorable connotation. I am thrilled with Barry's new dress code, and irritated with those who think it is scandalous. I am thrilled with the new paper, and would defend it against its opposers. I am thrilled with the new building and other innovations around the campus, but I was also thrilled with the old ceremony, the sprinkling of the holy water, and the chanting. There was something so unyielding, yet so moving, so formal yet so warm, so untouchable yet so mundane. I felt like a distant observer and at the same time an active participant. I wanted to talk and move, and at the same time to be quiet and still. I looked at Wiegand and at the Cor Jesu Chapel.

Reflecting on this ambiguity, I am very glad to feel a part of what I feel is Barry College.

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Picnic for SRL Held at Greynolds

Student and faculty members of the Barry English Department, usually found on the third floor of the library, ventured into Greynold's Park, sans police, for a farewell "surprise" picnic for Sister Robert Louise. Sister is spending the spring and summer touring and studying in Britain and the Continent.

A highlight of the picnic was the reading of those poems selected for Carrie Blaine Yeiser Poetry Contest awards. First prize was awarded to Sandra Edelman for "Manatee." Second prize winner was Shiela Moynihan for "At Dawn;" third prize winner was Regi Carretta for "Some Voices I Have Heard." Honorable mention was awarded Sylvia Fortin, Barbara Ann Rusin, Wendy Allen, and Deatra Wright. Judge for the contest was Mrs. Hannah Kahn, poetry review editor for the Miami Herald.

Even at a picnic, English Department repartee is literary: "Yes, the stream-of-consciousness technique in Ulysses was well done"; "Yes, SR is becoming too political"; "No, I'll never pass the GREs" (a passing covey of ducks seemed confused). That a professor is never really out of a classroom was illustrated by Sister Robert Louise saying, as 12:30 approached, "All of you are coming back to class, aren't you."

(Continued from page 3)

college. Without this integral basis, it is extremely difficult to succeed in what you set out to do in the first place—to further your education while observing and experiencing life before accepting the awaiting responsibilities of a husband and family.

This problem is one you face within yourself and which you alone can solve. Once you are sure why you are in college, then you can decide what you are going to do about it. The next step is attempting to decide what you will do with your life once you have gone through the experience known as college. You could become the career woman and put your education to practical use. But what is more likely, you'll end up where statistics show most college women graduates are—as the wives of nice college men graduates and happily providing the perfect ending to every American mother's dream.



Barry English Department Enjoys Picnic



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Student Press Changing: Content, Looks, Political Tone

(ACP—1969) Until this year, the student newspaper at the University of Alabama at Huntsville was called the **Univala**. A typical issue contained articles on the distribution of registration forms, new procedures for student counseling, and a seminar on religion in history, plus a "coed of the week" picture at the top of Page 1.

This year the **Univala** became the **Exponent**. A typical issue contained articles on the "military-industrial complex," the plight of the American Indian children, and war toys.

In announcing the change in their paper, the editors wrote: "Its emphasis will be on ideas and interpretation: we live in a university community, where the accent is on ideas, and we feel very strongly that the purpose of a university newspaper is much more than just a bulletin board. It should reflect views, should emphasize opinion."

The change from the **Univala** to the **Exponent** was typical of what is happening to student newspapers on many campuses, according to officers of the U.S. Student Press Association, an association of about 350 college newspapers, which held its eighth annual congress here.

Other newspapers which association staff members say have changed their formats (and

sometimes their names as well) include the **South End** (formerly the **Daily Collegian**) at Wayne State University, the **BU News** at Boston University, **Choragos** (formerly the **News**) at Mount Holyoke College, the **Daily Pennsylvanian** at the University of Pennsylvania, the University of New Mexico **Lobo**, the Mississippi State University **Reflector**, the **New University** (formerly the **Anthill**) at the University of California at Irvine, the Mary Washington College **Bullet**, and the Bard College **Observer**.

On these campuses, student editors have changed almost everything about their papers. Most of them have adopted a "magazine-style" format with wide columns, large pictures, and longer articles. They have added news and features about off-campus events and issues, and their political tone generally has shifted to the left.

New Logic Teacher

By Gisela Cardonne

Give or take an undistributed middle term or two most of us would not remember the rules of the syllogism. However, Ira Marks, presently teaching Logic at Barry, makes sure that his students know them. A graduate of the University of Wisconsin, where he majored in Philosophy, Ira is a graduate student at the University of Miami.

While an undergraduate, he was interested in science but "after Organic Chemistry I became bored." Fraternity life was one of his personal projects and he describes himself as one of the "founding fathers" of Phi Zeta Chi, a chapter of Tau Epsilon Phi. He considered fraternity life a "microcosm" of life, inside which the individual may develop both socially and academically. Photography is a favorite hobby but he has not had much time to devote to it lately.

Philosophy: A look of life

To Ira, philosophy is a "way of looking at life and living life," not merely a set of rules found in some dusty library book. He believes that it is a dialectic process where half of the study is "academic and the other half personal." Through discussion and personal involvement he is sure that philosophy can help him find meaning and understanding of life.

dent to think for himself." He added that with the basic knowledge that modern man possesses he has no need to waste time "asking the wrong question," as has often occurred in the past. Instead, he should try to find meaning to the answers he has already.

Ira plans to obtain his Master's degree and then (of course) teach Philosophy. Logic? Although he has been interested in the subject since he studied it himself, Ira would prefer to teach modern philosophy: "What people are interested in today."

When asked what he would like to see introduced in the field of philosophy, he answered: "Originality — teaching the stu-

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