

**Robert Penn  
Warren**

**Tuesday, Feb. 17**

**Louis  
Simpson**

**Wednesday, Feb. 18**

**May  
Sarton**

**Thursday, Feb. 19**

# SILENCE IS DEADLY.



When someone drinks too much and then drives, it's the silence that kills. Your silence.

It kills your friends, your relatives, and people you don't even know. But they're all people you could save.

If you knew what to say, maybe you'd be less quiet. Maybe fewer people would die.

What you should say is, "I'll drive you home." Or, "Let me call a cab." Or, "Sleep on my couch tonight."

Don't hesitate because your friend may have been drinking only beer. Beer and wine can be just as intoxicating as mixed drinks.

And don't think that black coffee will make him sober. Black

coffee never made anyone sober. Maybe it would keep him awake long enough to have an accident. But that's about all.

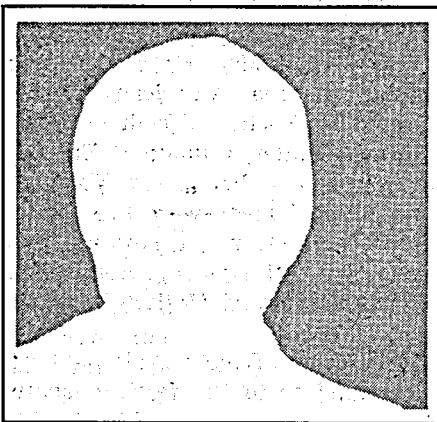
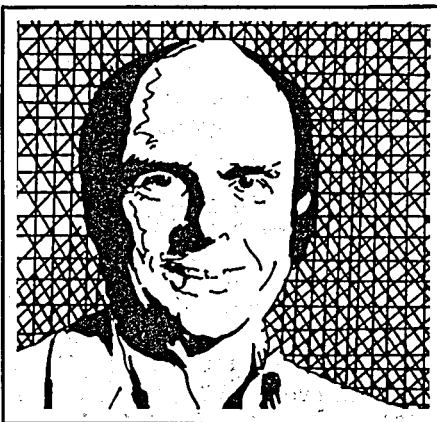
The best way to prevent a drunk from becoming a dead drunk is to stop him from driving.

Speak up. Don't let silence be the last sound he hears.

DRUNK DRIVER, DEPT. Y		A-1
BOX 2345		
ROCKVILLE, MARYLAND 20852		
I don't want to remain silent.		
Tell me what else I can do.		
My name is _____		
Address _____		
City _____	State _____	Zip _____

**FRIENDS DON'T LET FRIENDS DRIVE DRUNK.**





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# Scholastic

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## FEATURES

- |    |  |                  |
|----|--|------------------|
| 4  | Literature, Laughter & Libations                               | Sally Stanton    |
| 10 | Broken Dreams, Dances & Bus Rides                              | Kathy McElroy    |
| 11 | "All the World's A Film"                                       | Kathy McElroy    |
| 14 | Will You Still Love Me When I'm 64?<br>or Tenure at Notre Dame | Sheila Kearns    |
| 22 | An Appreciation: Willis Dwight Nutting                         | Michael J. Crowe |
| 23 | Paul C. Bartholomew  | John J. Kennedy  |
| 26 | Finesse with a Stick   | Judy Robb        |
| 27 | Frozen Motion Fanaticism                                       | Bill Delaney     |
| 28 | Corn . . . Cornu . . . What?                                   | Bill Gonzenbach  |

## REGULARS

- |    |               |                       |
|----|---------------|-----------------------|
| 18 | Perspective   | Sr. Jean Lenz, O.S.F. |
| 20 | Gallery       | E. L. Jardstrom       |
| 25 | Jottings      | Fred Graver           |
| 30 | The Last Word | Sally Stanton         |

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# Literature,

# Laughter &

# Libations

by Sally Stanton

In a time when the price of Life-savers, that staple of childhood in the '60's, has risen to 15 or 20 cents, and the penny gumball machines in supermarkets accept only nickels;

in a time when college campuses are darkened by the obese specter of unemployment, and practicality reigns supreme;

in a time of hard-nosed realism, the notion of a festival—particularly the notion of a festival celebrating such a patently useless item as literature—is absurd.

On Sunday, February 15, partially oblivious to the practical absurdity of its party, in the auditorium of the Memorial Library, this University will begin its 10th annual literary celebration. The Sophomore Literary Festival, organized by a committee of sophomores under the generally benign eye of the Cultural Arts Commission, will bring together, for a week of talking, thinking and partying, a variety of people: scientists, artists, teachers, businesspersons, administrators, students, visionaries, charlatans.

The festival was born in the late '60's when the campus was infused, not with realism, but idealism. In 1967, J. Richard Rossie, a Mississippian and then-sophomore, organized a symposium of literary scholars to discuss another, slightly more widely known Mississippian, William Faulkner. The event, sponsored by the Academic Commission of the sophomore class, and partially financed by the English Department, lasted only four days, and though definitely of a scholarly nature, served as the inspiration for John Mroz who was to chair the SLF the following year and develop it into its present form.

Dr. Donald Costello, currently a professor in the English Department and closely connected with the festival from its inception, serving as advisor to many chairmen and hosting numerous festival parties,

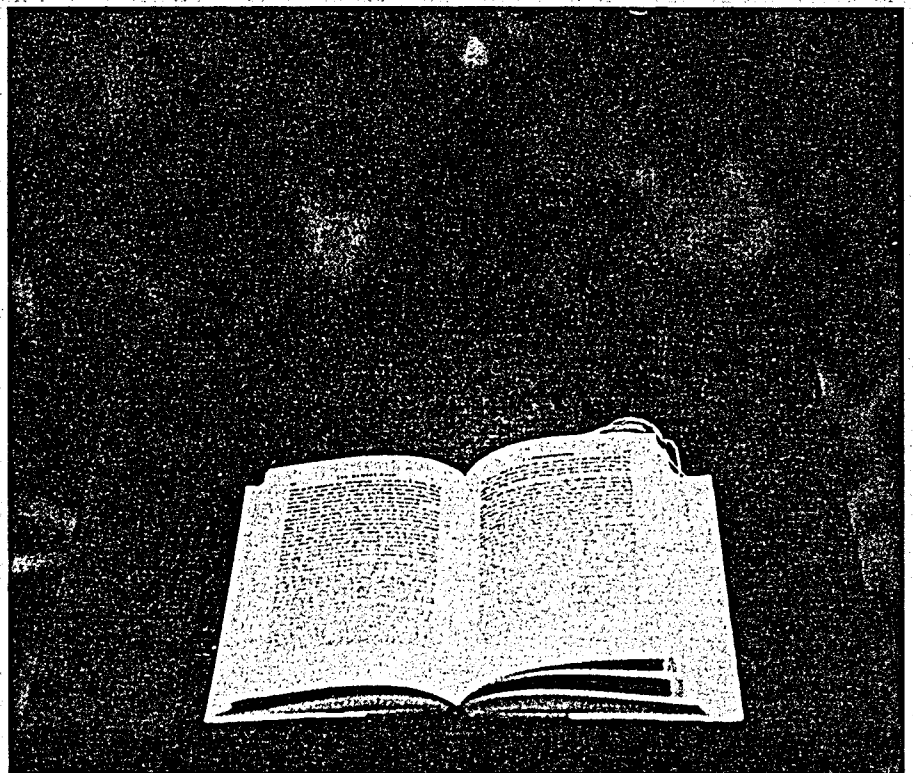
sees a common element in the rather traditional scholarly symposium Rossie created and the brash and flashy festival of Mroz. "It was amazing, the sophomores did something that the faculty didn't think was possible. That's been the secret of the whole thing—that they didn't know it was impossible." The sophomores succeeded in bringing to campus literary figures whom the faculty of the Arts and Letters College had been trying for quite a while to enlist in their various lecture series.

Part of the success of Mroz's festival—the "Second Annual Sophomore Literary Festival" as it was known since Mroz included Rossie's Faulkner symposium in his tradition—rested in Mroz's personality. "He was a real operator," Costello recalls. "If he were dishonest, he would have been a con man; he really had a way to get things done. A lot of the success of the festival comes from

the fact that Mroz started *big*; he involved everyone."

The "Second Annual Sophomore Literary Festival" was indeed a gala affair. The program billed it as "Minds and Motivations: a symposium of great American writers." Granville Hicks, Wright Morris, Norman Mailer, William F. Buckley, Jr., Joseph Heller, Kurt Vonnegut and Ralph Ellison were the participants, and Mroz got national publicity with the world premiere in Stepan Center of Mailer's film, *Beyond the Law*.

Dr. Ernest Sandeen, also a longtime advisor to the festival, speculates that one factor in Mroz's ability to attract so many literary giants was the authors' own curiosity about Notre Dame. In 1968, the University still had the reputation of a "football abbey" and the artists coming to campus that year might well have wondered what sort of literary fes-



tival such a bastion of athletic activity would create.

John K. Hutchens, in the May 4 issue of *Saturday Review* that year, begins his article on the SLF with Knute Rockne and the Fighting Irish. He writes in response to a student's comment that "football bores me": "To a visitor who assumed that football has been approximately one with God and country throughout most of the institution's 126 years, this had to be a shocker bordering on treason."

The days of Mroz's festival were days of great political involvement. The festival itself was framed by important national developments. President Johnson's decision not to seek re-election was announced to a full auditorium after Granville Hicks's opening address. Joseph Heller, the speaker for the evening of April 4, was having dinner at Dr. John Matthias's home when he heard the news that Martin Luther King, Jr., had been shot in Memphis. Matthias remembers the difficulty Heller experienced in deciding whether to give his address as planned. Hicks sympathized with Heller. "I was sorry for Heller last evening," he writes in *Saturday Review*, "for he felt, as he said, that a reading from *Catch-22* was inappropriate to the occasion, but there was nothing else he could do."

After the festival ended, Vonnegut stayed in Indiana an extra week to work for Robert Kennedy in the Indiana primary.

The atmosphere of the festival has changed since its early years. Partially, this change reflects a change in the nation and in student political awareness. Partially it reflects a change in the nature of the festival itself. The program booklet for the 1968 festival was almost bouncy. The title, "Minds and Motivations" sketched on a page of Halloween orange, resembles flames swirling up to the top of the page. The dedication is a patchwork arrangement of titles from various works by the authors. Across from Mroz's letter to the University, selected quotes from replies to the festival invitations are scattered like publicity blurbs on a best-seller over a page dominated by a segment of Wright Morris's comment: "Such Enthusiasm Is Contagious." On another page, a quote from William Blake

## Breakfasting with Sophomores

When I was what you are, the world  
was every place I'd yet to go.  
Nothing near, now or here  
meant more than something anywhere  
tomorrow.

Today, the ratio's reversed.  
Back from anywhere, I watch  
the Indiana earth I walked,  
measure Indiana's level weathers  
and remember . . .

Where did twenty-five  
Decembers go?

North of action,  
east of indecision, south  
of possibility and west of hope,  
I stare into the now and then  
of all those years at once.

A sophomore who has my name jogs  
by in ski boots and an army-surplus  
jacket.

Netless tennis courts  
turn populous with players only  
I can recognize.

Oblivious,  
the campus pines still celebrate  
their rooted anniversaries.

A DC-7  
seams the zenith with a chalkmark  
wake, and clouds rush over  
lake, dome and stadium  
like bursts of smoke from field  
artillery . . .

No different in its bones,  
no greener, not a foot more hilly,  
Indiana's real for the acknowledging.  
I sit back, listening, observing,  
memorizing everything.

Two-decades-worth  
of meals and months and mileage  
consecrates this minute.

Even  
an eyelash swimming in my coffee  
seems important.

When I was half  
my age, I never would have seen it.

— Samuel Hazo



appears: "Mere Enthusiasm Is the All in All." Above the group picture of the committee are the words, "We Dared To Dream."

Enthusiasm is indeed an important quality of the festival and an important quality in the sophomores who produce it, but the quality of the enthusiasm seems to have toned down or been redirected over the years.

For each individual chairman, the festival begins with an ad in *The Observer* in late March or early April. Interested freshmen are asked to apply in the English office. Those interested in becoming chairmen fill out an additional sheet listing some of their reasons for seeking the position. There may be as many as 80 applicants, the usual number though ranging somewhere between 20 and 50, who then face the first series of interviews with past chairmen and committee members and faculty members closely allied with the festival.

By the final interview there are only four or five strong candidates left. These face questions like, What should a festival be? Why do we want to celebrate literature? Whom would you invite? What did you think of last year's festival? What would you want your committee to do?

Gary Zebrun, chairman of the '74 festival, has served on two of the selection committees. "Some of the qualities we look for in a candidate for chairman are enthusiasm, articulateness, flexibility—the chairman must be flexible enough to handle a group—and some knowledge of literature. But enthusiasm is most important."

Costello further defines this quality of enthusiasm, "The chairman needs an enthusiasm for the job because it is hard work and an enthusiasm for literature because he should be someone who really wants to help literature."

A good portion of the chairman's initial work is done in solitude. "The chairman may meet with the committee before the summer to get ideas," Gary explains, "but there can really be only one person writing to the authors to insure some control and continuity in the invitations and to guard against haphazardness." The chairman leaves campus for the summer with ideas and sug-



gestions from the committee and various faculty members, but must come to some decision on his or her own before sending out letters of invitation.

The first author whom Michelle Quinn, the chairman of the present festival, invited was May Sarton. She had read one of her books earlier and admired it; in fact, Sarton was one of the few living authors with whom Michelle was immediately familiar.

Her selection procedure differed somewhat from previous practice. "I bought a couple of anthologies Chris Mahon (chairman of the '75 festival) and Gary had recommended and began reading. It had been suggested that I read reviews but I wanted to read some of the works also. By the end of the summer I had sent out between 25 and 30 letters, which is a little slower than usual. I kept sending out letters through January."

The letter of invitation is significant since it is the only contact the chairman has initially with an author. Michelle spent much time composing her invitations. "It was important to me that I was writing to an author, and I wanted to say something to him or to her and not merely to be extending some kind of formal invitation."

She felt it essential to come to a

sense of the history of the festival and from that sense to formulate her hopes for the present festival. In her letters, she chose one adjective and noun to describe each author's works and to incorporate her sense of their art as an indication why she was inviting them particularly. "Even if authors said no to the festival, I had made a comment to them."

It is the energy and the excitement conveyed by these letters throughout the festivals that is partially responsible for the festival's success. Gary says, "The letter of invitation to the festival describes it, giving some of its aspirations since its beginning, explaining that it is not just one lecture, and emphasizing that the author is encouraged to stay as long as he can, hopefully the entire week. The enthusiasm of the invitation tempts a lot of the authors."

Michelle agrees that part of the charm of the invitation may stem from the naivete of the sophomores. "We don't know the proper way to send our invitations and our lack of sophistication probably shows through. The authors who say yes seem excited about the festival; those who say no have a sense of regret."

Once the first acceptances are received, the activities of the gen-

eral committees begin in earnest. The size of the SLF committee has fluctuated over the years: in 1968 there were 15 members; in 1974 (Gary's year), there were only nine. This year there are approximately 25 students working on the SLF.

There are a variety of details to attend to so that the festival may function smoothly. On campus for a few days, the artists visit classes, talk to groups of faculty and students, party, attend and give lectures. Prior to all this, travel arrangements must be ironed out, meetings with literature classes planned, meals arranged, books ordered, programs published, library display cases organized, books read and research done.

Once the authors arrive, student escorts or "baby-sitters" as they are sometimes called are assigned to each author. The escort steers him through the round of engagements and acts as a campus guide, making the author feel at home.

One of the strengths of the festival is its personal orientation. As Michelle sees it, the festival is a celebration of people. "Literature is not separate from what people are: it's a very good indication of what they are." Costello sees the festivity of the SLF as an integral part of the weeklong activity: "Call it a festival and make it *festive*. People use that word all the time. But the Notre Dame Sophomore Literary Festival

is *festive*. It's partyish, it's fun; it makes use of people as people."

Gerald Doyle and Maura Donohue worked on the SLF committee last year and are now involved with the Cultural Arts Commission which oversees the festival. "The committee doesn't think much about the budget," Maura says. "So it's up to us to watch the purse strings." The SLF committee has a financial subcommittee that pays immediate bills, but CAC watches overall expenditures. "The SLF is only one part of CAC. It has the same importance as any other CAC project," according to Maura.

Since the SLF makes no profit, it is often the first candidate for a cut when the CAC budget needs trimming. The festival receives its funds—roughly \$11,000 this year—from CAC, but the commission has no voice in the selection of authors.

This year CAC is largely in the hands of SLF veterans, such as Maura and Gerald. Thus, the festival has some staunch defendants. However, members of the commission also recognize a larger responsibility. Maura explains, "Since it is the students' money that we're using, and since we aren't getting any revenue back from the \$11,000 that we're spending, we'd like to present something that as many students as possible can share in."

Chris Mahon and the 1975 Sophomore Literary Festival Committee

tried to make the authors more accessible to the campus by sponsoring a large reception in LaFortune. It was poorly attended though and a similar reception is not planned this year. The expense of having a number of such receptions would be astronomical and so impractical. The parties which are held after the lectures are never closed and any who have an interest in the author are welcome.

The festival generally tries to get one or two "big names" to attract people to the lectures but, at the same time, a good number of the participants are known only to a small number. One of the major purposes of the festival, Michelle feels, "is to expose students to artists or authors whom they may not know but whose work is worthy of note. People may ask, 'May Sarton—who?' or 'Galway Kinnell—who?' but these are worth asking and worth answering." Matthias suggests that the festival, by bringing in people who are very good and not well-known, generates a pleasant sense of discovery in the community.

The SLF may actually have a responsibility to avoid more widely known figures. Matthias contends that "the University has the *obligation* to patronize the arts. We usually think in terms of returns the University gets, what the students get. Yet the arts have always required patronage and the major patron of

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This editorial by Michael Ryan appeared in the spring 1968 issue of *Juggler*. Ryan later was a participant in the 1975 SLF.

The Sophomore Literary Festival was very nice. The well-mannered but unpolished boys from Notre Dame were allowed to gape at Morris and Mailer (my God, Harry, did you hear what he said!), laugh at Vonnegut and Heller, and hear "the dean of American critics," that grand old man, Granville Hicks and his "lovely" wife introduced before every lecture. It was a carnival atmosphere, and, like a carnival, it was a show without substance.

Yet it was great for public relations. Notre Dame received much column space in the literary sections of the mass-media magazines and newspapers. The *Chicago Tribune* told of the brash Mailer making us blush and the *Saturday Review* described the students as neat, well-mannered, and innocuous. The latter even mentioned the *Juggler* (for which we are most grateful) as printing "conventional poems, stories, and essays," over against Hicks' description of the Literary Festival as a glimmering ray of hope in our troubled times. But now, the tents have been folded and removed and the dancing bears are gone, but the *Juggler* remains.

The one great incongruity amongst the spectacle was the words of Ralph Ellison, which pointed to a tradition in American literature, a tradition which is vitally linked to the history of the people as well as to the art itself. For some, the *Juggler* exists in this same relationship to Notre Dame. As long as there are people writing on this campus, the *Juggler* will provide an outlet for their work which links them to the aspect of the academic community who care not for public image but for personal relationship.

## BEYOND THE LAW

of

## MINDS AND MOTIVATIONS

lie the unexplored regions of the

**Field of Vision —**

a land where men can live in peace and  
harmony — a virtual

**Vale of Laughter**, where men  
can smile as

**Mother Night** shows the soul  
and very essence of today's

**Invisible Man —**

of you and me.

This is the land where there is no war

— **no Bombing in New Haven** — no  
need for hatred and bigotry.

This week, let's look beyond  
the **Literary Horizons** into a visionary  
society which could and should be ours.

To this ideal is the 1968 Sophomore  
National Literary Festival dedicated.

— SLFC, 1968

the arts these days is the University. Therefore, it is especially useful and good that people who are not so well-known be invited."

There is a reciprocal relationship in the festival according to Matthias. "Writing is a solitary task. It is essential for a writer to have a sense of audience and the direct criticisms and suggestions the SLF provides artists is very useful, especially for people who are not all hardened professionals." The festival has effected or literally been the subject of a number of authors' works; perhaps alumnus Samuel Hazo's poem, "Breakfasting with Sophomores," is the most overt example.

"The writers are energized by the festival," Matthias says. Writers of "celebrity status" may no longer be crucial to the success of the festival. They actually may be detrimental to the festival. Matthias feels both Tom Wolfe and Lawrence Ferlinghetti "played to the audience" when they were here. Ferlinghetti, particularly, stood in contrast to Robert Bly. "We should have more Blys and fewer Ferlinghettis. The festival itself is the celebrity."

Costello agrees that the reputation of the festival is firmly established. "The quality of its history is quite a calling card for the festival and helps to bring more authors to campus. Ever since the '68 festival, word spread among authors by word of mouth." Doris Lessing told James Baldwin that it was all right to come, even though she has never attended.

The festival has a national, if not international, reputation. Matthias notes, "Many people only know this place exists because they've heard of the Sophomore Literary Festival." He questions the validity of keeping it a sophomore-run festival. "I favor putting the organization in more mature hands; possibly, though not exclusively, seniors'. Sophomores have a certain naivete and lack a wide exposure to literature. The festival is to some degree 'sophomoric.' Yet I hesitate in suggesting a change—all the past festivals have been successful."

As Gerald Doyle points out, the SLF is the only project under CAC that by its very nature changes hands completely each year. An "apprenticeship" system develops in



the various other CAC programs, so newcomers can learn the details of operation before they assume leadership positions.

Such inexperience, while at times increasing the fun of working on the SLF and making it more open to all types of students than other programs; also makes for problems. The time that the chairman has in which to learn all the details of the workings of the committee is considerably shortened by the annual turnover in personnel.

The faculty tends to let the sophomores do as they wish. "The festival is entirely up to the students," Costello says. "My title of 'advisor' is not official. I was never 'assigned' to the festival. I was just interested and happened to know some of the chairmen who asked if I'd help out." He has no control over the festival, but when the chairman runs out of names, he serves as a "loaning library." "If I felt the festival were really at stake, I would argue."

This reliance on the sophomore chairman may have its advantages, but it can be disconcerting. "You only get advice. Sometimes you wish someone would tell you what is best," Michelle says. Often the chairman feels sharp pangs of worry. "Every time there's the panicky moment when you realize you don't have a festival," Costello says, "not enough people have said yes, four people have cancelled, that this year there will be no festival. And the poor chairman says: 'I have broken the tradition.' Suddenly, it's impossible."

Usually the festival that happens is not the one that the chairman planned. The first year, 1968, Peter DeVries was unable to come due to illness. Last year, Tennessee Williams failed to show at the last minute. As Gary says, "Part of the festival is spontaneity—whatever happens, happens." Costello agrees. "Good chairmen will finally let the festival happen; it might not be what they had in mind, but they must let it go; be there to help it along, but let it go."

Despite his reservation, Matthias is an enthusiastic supporter of the festival. "The festival is pedagogically useful; socially, a unique occasion—it is festive and good fun. It is a time of intimate discussions, and an opportunity for students to meet

teachers informally." Costello underlines the social aspect of the festival. "The parties contribute to the festival, maintain its spirit. There are great parties, home parties, by faculty couples where all mix, graduates, undergraduates, faculty, authors—a marvelous mix." Matthias adds: "Once the festival is under way, it never stops. The week is completely given over to the celebration of literature. One goes from one lecture to the next, to class with the authors, to a party, to a reception, to a symposium." "There is a sense of celebration," Gary says. "The idea of festival depends on continuity."

The SLF has developed from its early beginnings in Rossie's Faulkner seminar and Mroz's flashy, national festival. There has been an

enormous variety, depending on which particular authors accept the committee's invitation. In the last few years the festival has begun to attract international literary figures: Joseph Brodsky last year, Jorge Luis Borges this year. It may begin to expand to other art forms; Michelle sent invitations to actors, singers and directors. Yet Costello would advocate not moving too far afield from literature unless a conscious decision is made to change the festival from a literary to an arts festival. One danger in such a move would be a tendency to spread the festival too thin. "The festival must have a focus or it will lack shape," says Matthias. "When all has cohered there is a sense of structure. The festival becomes an art form in itself."

## TEN YEARS OF FESTIVAL SPEAKERS:

### 1968

Norman Mailer  
Kurt Vonnegut  
Joseph Heller  
Wright Morris  
Ralph Ellison  
Granville Hicks  
William Buckley

### 1969

George Plimpton  
Peter DeVries  
John Knowles  
John Barth  
Sidney Carroll  
LeRoi Jones

### 1970

Gary Snyder  
Nathaniel Tarn  
Anselm Hollo  
Tom Wolfe  
Ishmael Reed

### 1971

Richard Gilman  
John Hawkes  
Leonard Michaels  
Tony Bill  
Tom Stoppard  
Israel Horowitz  
Charles Gordone

### 1972

Charles Newman  
Jerzy Kosinski  
Diane Wakowski  
Robert Coover  
Robert Duncan  
William H. Gass  
John A. Williams  
Jay Neuguboren  
Allen Ginsberg

### 1973

Gwendolyn Brooks  
Chaim Potok  
John Ashbery  
Kenneth Rexroth  
Stanley Elkin  
Jerome Rothenberg  
Arthur Miller

### 1974

Stephen Spender  
John Hollander  
Robert Creeley  
Michael McClure  
Samuel Hazo  
Bruce Jay Freedman  
Jason Miller  
Joyce Carol Oates  
Isaac Singer

### 1975

Joseph Brodsky  
James Purdy  
James Farrell  
John Logan & son  
Michael Ryan  
Tillie Olsen  
Robert Bly  
Lawrence Ferlinghetti

### 1976

Jorge Luis Borges  
May Sarton  
Louis Simpson  
Robert Hass  
Robert Penn Warren  
John Gardner  
Galway Kinnell

# Broken Dreams, Dances & Bus Rides

by Kathy McElroy

Cinema '76 is more than another salute to the Bicentennial.

Laureen Goers, co-chairperson of Cinema '76 with Sean Coleman, describes the potential of the series as "an opportunity for students to see significant examples of cinema, which they otherwise might miss."

But, undoubtedly, there will be a few in the audience who just plain enjoy seeing Marlene Dietrich playing another version of the *femme fatale*, or who hope to catch one more glance of Dustin Hoffman walking the streets of New York City.

The eleven films being shown this semester are broad in scope, including selections from the categories of contemporary, early American and foreign film. The series will conclude with a five-film movie festival entitled "Man in the City: Confronting the American Dream," featuring the works of filmmakers over the past 40 years attempting to portray man's search for storybook endings.

The first film of the semester was Bernardo Bertolucci's *Last Tango in Paris*, starring Marlon Brando with Maria Schneider in what Pauline Kael describes as "the most powerfully erotic movie ever made." Also adding the contemporary attraction to the series is Fellini's *Amarcord*, winner of the 1974 Academy Award for best foreign film. The humor in Fellini's film is in the situation, not the lines, so even the subtitles can't wreck this beautifully moving visual perception of boyhood in Italy during the 1930's.

Orson Welles has a difficult time matching his production of *Citizen Kane*, but *The Magnificent Ambersons* combines sophisticated sound and camera techniques to produce a

moving drama. Made in 1942 and starring Joseph Cotton, it tells a tragic story of unfulfilled love, while in the background, the 19th-century aristocracy bows to the rising American industrialists.

Also in the early American film genre is *The Devil Is a Woman*, acclaimed by critics as Joseph von Sternberg's most beautiful film. Once a vamp, always a vamp, Marlene Dietrich as Concha Perez, plays her last starring role in this von Sternberg film. "With the dice loaded so that I could not win," says the director in his autobiography, "I paid a final tribute to the lady I had seen lean against the wings of a Berlin stage. . . ."

*Jules and Jim*, starring Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner and Henri Serre, is Francois Truffaut's statement on what he describes as "the impossibility of living *à trois*." Truffaut marks his film with tech-

nical genius while allowing it to vibrate with intense human emotion.

*Freaks*, directed by Tod Browning, is a remarkably progressive movie made in 1932. Banned in Britain for 30 years because of its unconventional subject matter, the film raises disquieting questions in a provocative study of human existence.

The film festival in early April will begin with Charlie Chaplin's *City Lights*. Fearing that the addition of sound might destroy the universal character he had created, Chaplin gambled by making this film silent after the introduction of talkies. The result is a touching drama of the tramp's encounters with a blind flower girl who believes him to be an illustrious millionaire.

William Wyler's *Dead End* combines the skillful photography of Gregg Toland with the beginnings



of the Bogart myth to produce a comment on the detrimental effects of a hostile city environment. After making the big time, Bogart returns to the slums of his youth where he contributes to the corruption of a group of youths who were later to become the famous Dead End Kids.

Leonard Bernstein's music is featured in the Academy Award-winning film version of *West Side Story*. Natalie Wood and Richard Beymer star in the Robert Wise-Jerome Robbins six-million-dollar production of this classic "girl meets boy" drama.

Arthur Penn's surrealist *Mickey One* stars Warren Beatty as a paranoid who is running from unidentified gangsters in the streets of Chicago.

*Midnight Cowboy*, starring Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight, concludes the series with its classic portrayal of a brutally offensive New York

City. John Schlesinger's work reaches a climax with Joe Buck's realization that there are a lot of "midnight cowboys" on 42nd Street.

#### CINEMA '76 — SPRING SEMESTER

February	3-4	FREAKS
	24-25	JULES AND JIM
March	23-24	THE DEVIL IS A WOMAN
	30-31	THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS
April	4	CITY LIGHTS
	5	DEAD END
	6	WEST SIDE STORY
	7	MICKY ONE
	9	MIDNIGHT COWBOY
	21-22	AMARCORD

## SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL

# "All the World's a Film"

by Kathy McElroy

"Shakespeare's plays, as everyone but Charles Lamb has recognized," says Professor Paul Rathburn of the English Department, "were written to be performed—seen and listened to by audiences, rather than contemplated by individuals in silent study."

Professor Rathburn is attempting a repeat performance this spring with the showing of the Shakespeare Film Festival. He has a difficult act to follow—two years ago total attendance was estimated at 13,050 viewers, and that was with Monday night football as competition.

Dr. Rathburn will offer the series in conjunction with his course on the works of William Shakespeare. Mike O'Connor, Student Union film coordinator, arranged for the scheduling of the films which the English Department will sponsor.

There are obvious advantages to incorporating the films into the curriculum. Rathburn sees the film series as not only a cultural event but also as a potential campus-wide educational opportunity.

"For those who are able to attend all the films, the series becomes an

extension of the classroom, in which one can see close to one-third of Shakespeare's works in one semester."

Rathburn offers several reasons in support of the validity of screen adaptations of the Master's works. When Shakespeare's plays were first performed at the Globe theater there were no act divisions, no "curtain lines." The structure of the stage itself provided for seating on three sides, and allowed a closeness to the audience, often lacking in 20th-century stage construction.

Today there is an increased possibility of losing power and emotion, via the orchestra pit. The impression given is of the players acting against a one-dimensional painted scene. Film has the advantage of being able to bring the viewer closer to the scene, so that as Hamlet holds Yorick's skull, for example, one can feel an intimacy with the character, and expression is not sacrificed.

There are other reasons why the series should not be missed: Paul Scofield, Laurence Olivier, Richard Burton, Nicol Williamson, Cyril Cusack, Michael York, Irene Worth

and Diana Riggs are several. Rathburn points out that this is more than an impressive list of some of the world's greatest actors; it includes many of the authentically great Shakespearean actors known for the quality of seriousness they bring to the acting tradition.

The 10-film series will feature selections from the traditional categories of history, comedy and tragedy. Yesterday's opening featured the Olivier *Richard III*. Later in the series *Henry V*, acclaimed by many as the greatest Shakespeare film, will be shown as another example of the history plays. Directed and produced by Laurence Olivier, it combines the artistic creation of Elizabethan mood with innovative cinematic techniques.

The Russian version of *Twelfth Night*, praised for its impressively orchestrated production, will be the first comedy shown. Further into the series, the Shakespeare purist will feel at home with Peter Hall's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—there are actually less than a dozen lines of the play omitted. Peter Hall, leading director of the Royal

Hamlet, Macbeth,  
and much, much more.



Shakespeare Company, succeeds in preserving the verbal quality of the work, but is criticized for his somewhat less impressive visual projection.

Zeffirelli's *The Taming of the Shrew* is both a crowd pleaser and a male chauvinist's delight. Hollis Alpert in *Saturday Review* says, "Elizabeth Taylor has held nothing back in attacking the role with blazing fury and in her final moments, when she is at last the tamed wife . . . she is magnificent. . . . All the possibilities of humor have been exploited. . . ."

Tragedy begins with Polanski's *Macbeth* in which the director exploits highly inventive cinematic genius to create a supernatural which is disturbingly believable.

*Romeo and Juliet* comes to the screen in an explosion of splendor and grace when Rudolf Nureyev joins the Royal Ballet and the Orchestra of the Royal Opera House at Convent Garden. This film of the contemporary ballet includes a synopsis before each act and offers a new appreciation for a classic love story. (Guys, trade in your cleats for toe shoes.)

*Othello*, featuring a superb portrayal of Desdemona by Maggie

Smith, will be followed by Olivier's *Hamlet*. Olivier's performance and direction of what he describes as "the tragedy of a man who could not make up his mind," make this film an international classic.

What better way to conclude the tragedies than with Paul Scofield as *King Lear*? Judith Crist describes Peter Brooks elucidating film as "drama of the highest order — and a film for even non-Shakespeareans. . . ."

Each director, as the artist of the final product, brings to the original work a unique flavor. Much of the

criticism aimed at film adaptations of Shakespeare's works originates in a concern for the license and freedom directors often exercise. For every director who is as rigidly loyal to the text as Hall, there is a Zeffirelli, who is willing to sacrifice competition for craft. Dr. Rathburn stresses that in such productions it is the spirit of the play, the essence of Shakespeare's work which is captured.

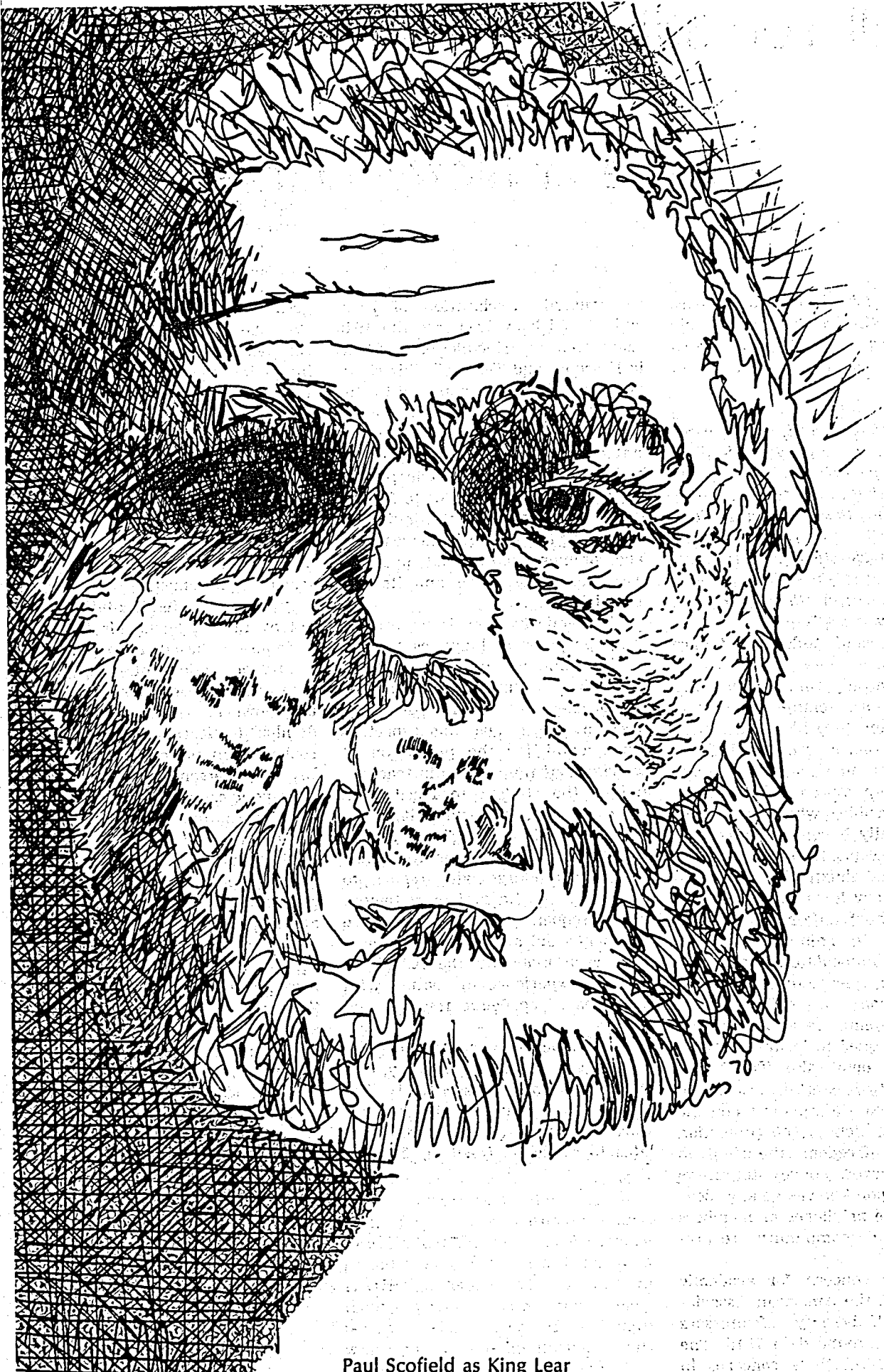
In offering a criterion for evaluating the final work, Rathburn suggests, "The true test of a Shakespeare film is: has the filmmaker used cinematic techniques which successfully translate Shakespeare's verbal imagery into screen imagery?"

To argue that a film overlooks certain details of the original written version is as senseless as to complain that a movie does not duplicate exactly a novel. Rathburn notes, however, that while very few novels have become truly great films, the possibility for a play translating into an impressive film is greater.

At a time when the expense of the engagement of an acting company places this alternative beyond the range of feasibility, film provides a significant cultural and educational experience. So, alas, there is hope for those of us who waited in line in vain on registration day to enroll in Dr. Rathburn's highly popular course. Film — "it's the next best thing to being there."

#### SHAKESPEARE FILM FESTIVAL

February	5	RICHARD III
	9	TWELFTH NIGHT
	23	OTHELLO
March	1	A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM
	25	ROMEO AND JULIET
	29	MACBETH
April	1	HAMLET
	12	KING LEAR
	26	HENRY V
May	2	THE TAMING OF THE SHREW



Paul Scofield as King Lear



# Will You Still Love Me When I'm 64?

## or

# Tenure at Notre Dame

by Sheila Kearns

*This is the first in a series of two articles. Collective bargaining will be examined in the second, which will appear in the next issue of Scholastic.*

*"Tenure is a reward, a sort of job security, given for good service."*

*"The people who get tenure are the ones that the administration likes, the ones that don't cause them any trouble."*

*"I don't understand why teachers should have tenure when it isn't found necessary in other professions—like in business."*

—views of students on tenure

About the only time students are concerned with tenure is when a teacher, whom they like, is denied it and his contract is terminated. Then, they may become angry and frustrated with a system which seems incomprehensible, which seems to operate totally beyond their control and which seems to be another example of administrative injustice. They are angry for a while and may talk about how unfair the decision was, but their main awareness is only of the immediate effect of the decision, the absence of a particular individual from the faculty.

Academic tenure is not a simplistic measure designed to insure job security for its own sake. The *Notre Dame Faculty Manual* defines tenure as a permanence of appointment, the purpose of which is the protection of academic freedom, the right to receive, discover, convey to others and to act upon knowledge and ideas by which the privileges of members of an academic community are protected.

It was in concern for academic freedom that the American Association of University Professors (AAUP) was founded in 1915. The AAUP expressed these concerns in

its original "Declaration of Principles" which evolved into the 1940 "Statement of Principles on Academic Freedom and Tenure." This statement was jointly formulated by the AAUP and the Association of American Colleges and was made in the stated belief that: "Institutions of higher education are conducted for the common good and not to further the interest of either the individual teacher or the institution as a whole. The common good depends upon the free search for truth and its free exposition.

"Academic freedom is essential to these purposes and applies to both teaching and research. Freedom of research is fundamental to the advancement of truth. Academic freedom in its teaching aspect is fundamental for the protection of the rights of the teacher in teaching and of the student to freedom in learning. It carries with it duties correlative with rights."

The statement goes on to outline specific procedures with regard to the workings of a system of tenure. In subsequent years, interpretive comments and additional statements have been made by the AAUP in light of experience in dealing with questions of academic freedom and tenure.

Though academic tenure involves much more than job security, the element of financial security is important and tenure is directed toward such security insofar as it relates to academic freedom. It is of

great importance that all possible steps be taken to prevent financial considerations and job security from impinging upon academic pursuits. Tenure assures the teacher that his professional findings or utterances will not be limited or directed by possible pressures from either an institutional administration or forces outside of the institution which might otherwise cost him his position. In turn, this also assures students and the public that the teacher's statements are influenced only by his professional judgement, not by fear of losing his job.

Tenure is based on, and intended to protect, the ideal of academic freedom. Any particular system of tenure, however, is designed by an individual institution with a system of real procedures and specific policies. In its statements, the AAUP outlines policies, as guidelines, concerning tenure and academic freedom, but the way in which an individual institution follows these guidelines is a matter which it decides and implements in its own way. There is a separation between the concept of academic tenure and its application, or at least the application is not necessarily or always in line with the concept. The actual workings of a system of tenure must be observed to determine to what extent any individual institution embraces the ideals of academic freedom protected by such a system.

The question is, then, how the system of tenure works at Notre Dame. Who gets promoted—when and why? Who is or is not granted tenure—when and why? What are the specific procedures set forth in the

*Faculty Manual* and how are individuals dealt with according to these procedures? These questions can be answered most directly by looking at what happens to persons placed on the University faculty.

Appointment to the regular faculty may be at the rank of Instructor, Assistant Professor, Associate Professor or Professor, though time spent at the rank of Instructor does not count toward tenure. Suppose a person is appointed to the faculty at the rank of Assistant Professor. The requirements for the position, as stated in the *Faculty Manual*, are that the person should possess a doctor's degree or its equivalent and that, "He should have demonstrated teaching ability, promise as a scholar, interest in students and a genuine spirit of study necessary to keep his courses continually revised and to assure his growth in knowledge and maturity."

As is usual, this person is appointed for a contract period of three years. The *Faculty Manual* states that during this time the person's rank and salary will be reviewed each year. This review, however, is only formalized when a faculty member comes before his department's Committee on Appointments and Promotion for consideration. This usually only occurs at the end of contract periods when decisions are made as to whether or not a contract should be renewed. In the years that fall between these formal reviews, the review procedure is up to each individual department chairman.

Ideally, there should be an evaluation of each faculty member's performance by his department chairman every year, and an encounter between the two regarding the findings of such an evaluation. Such an evaluation is of great importance to a faculty member in that it may

give him an idea of areas in which he is deficient and may improve his performance, or may serve as a source of positive reinforcement for his performance. Some chairmen do conduct this type of review but not all do so, as it is up to each department chairman's discretion to determine the particular method of review.

At the end of the second or the third year of the contract period, a decision must be made whether or not to renew a person's contract. If the contract is to be terminated, then the person involved must be given 12 months' notice of such termination. If it is renewed, the contract extends for an additional three-year period at the same rank, according to the procedures for promotions as outlined by the *Faculty Manual*: "The formal procedures for determining the recommendation for appointment or promotion are initiated by the Chairman of the Department in consultation with his Department Committee on Appointments and Promotions. After such consultations, the Chairman of the Department submits a written recommendation to the Dean of the College. After any necessary consultation with the Departmental Committee, the Dean makes appropriate recommendations to the Provost, who after consultation with the Associate and Assistant Provosts, the Vice President for Advanced Studies and the Deans, then submits recommendations to the President . . . The procedure for reappointment is the same as for appointment."

The person considered in this example has had his contract renewed for an additional three-year period, but may not remain at this rank of Assistant Professor without tenure for more than seven years of service. In the same respect, persons at the rank of Associate Professor or Professor will not be retained for more than four years without tenure. This limited time is a probationary period which is in accordance with AAUP guidelines with regard to tenure policies. The probationary period needs to be of a length which allows the institution a sufficient amount of time to evaluate a

faculty member's performance, but not so long that it is detrimental to the faculty.

The procedures for deciding whether or not to grant tenure are the same as those for appointment and promotion. Evaluation of a faculty member, as stated for tenure, is, among other considerations, based on the criteria for appointment to the rank of Associate Professor, as outlined by the *Faculty Manual*: "He should have demonstrated outstanding teaching ability as evidenced by his growth in knowledge and maturity, his salutary influence on his students and his standing among his colleagues. Notable achievement in scholarship, as shown by significant publication, by meaningful contribution to public service, will ordinarily be required for this rank." Granting of tenure to an Assistant Professor, though, does not necessarily imply promotion to the rank of Associate Professor.

Other considerations also enter into tenure decisions. Staff-planning on a departmental and University-wide basis, bringing in the question of tenure ratios, the ratio of tenured to nontenured faculty members is of real concern. Notre Dame operates under such a ratio which allows for no more than one half to two thirds of the faculty to be tenured. The necessity of such an enforced ratio is argued by the fact that higher numbers of tenured faculty members may be detrimental to a department or to the University as a whole. Financial resources can only go so far, and once a faculty is overstaffed

with tenured members, the expansion of faculty that would be needed to bring in "new life" may simply not be financially possible. It has been suggested that if decisions are made wisely, a formal ratio is not necessary and will work itself out, but even so, any decision must take into account the effect which it will have on the overall situation of the department or the institution.

Staff planning which projects beyond a year-to-year basis must take into consideration the limited number of positions. When this number is limited, the importance of getting the best-qualified person for the position is increased all the more. In effect, the decision not to grant tenure to a particular individual is not necessarily based on that individual's failure in performance as a faculty member but may also take into consideration whether or not the tenured position may be filled by someone else better qualified.

The faculty member who has been taken as an example here is granted tenure, which, considering the criteria of judgment and other factors involved, is no small accomplishment. Tenure is a permanence of appointment and is granted by the University only in writing, in a contract or letter of appointment. This appointment continues until retirement, which normally occurs at age 65. This person is eligible for promotion to the rank of Associate Professor or Professor and his rank and salary are reviewed periodically; formally when he comes before the Department Committee on Appointments and Promotions for consideration for promotion.

Some argue that academic tenure, by assuring permanence of appointment, encourages a mediocrity of performance. A professor, assured of employment, may not continue to be diligent in the performance of his duty. Tenure makes it exceedingly difficult for an institution to rid itself of "deadwood" on the faculty. The decision to grant tenure is made with the assumption that the person will continue to perform in a manner consistent with previous

performance. In some cases, though, this assumption may not be realized. Another faculty member, for example, once granted tenure, becomes lax in preparation for his courses, and pursues no significant scholarly activity, making little or no serious effort at publication. He is secure in his position and is not concerned about further promotion or recognition. The problem is that though his efforts as a faculty member have ceased to be of exceptional quality, they are not exceptionally poor enough to warrant dismissal.

The fact is that such a case is quite possible; the reasons for its coming about may or may not be the direct result of granting tenure. The failure is not necessarily in the system of tenure itself but may be in the application of that system. No judgment is foolproof. Tenure decisions may be wrong. A judgment of a person may have been valid at one time while it is now no longer supportable. Yet the quality of such decisions is of vast importance, not only with regard to individuals involved, but even more so for the good of the University as a whole. Every effort to make them foolproof must be made.

It has been implied that the difficulties, or perhaps safeguards, involved in the dismissal of a tenured faculty member are great indeed. The action is a serious one, the grounds for which are well defined. A tenured faculty member may be dismissed only for serious cause except in a case where the faculty member's academic division is discontinued or in circumstances of extreme financial exigency to the University. The *faculty manual* states that: "The University must reserve the right to terminate the services of any member of the faculty for serious cause. Dismissal

for serious cause is defined as dismissal for one of the following reasons: dishonesty, professional incompetence or continued neglect of academic duties, regulations or responsibilities, conviction of a felony, or disregard for the Catholic character of this institution, or causing notorious and public scandal."

In discussing the degree to which tenure may encourage mediocrity in faculty, the person taken as example would not qualify for dismissal because, though his behavior is unfortunate, it is not of a nature which would show him to be professionally incompetent. An example that would constitute serious cause is that of a professor who has falsified research in order to be published and gain scholarly acclaim, hoping that his falsification would not be discovered. If his act is discovered, he is not only subject to dismissal but his actions may have legal repercussions.

The procedures for establishing serious cause for dismissal are specifically set forth in the *faculty manual*. Before the formal charges for the dismissal of a faculty member are brought, however, the Provost appoints two members of the Academic Council to try to deal with the matter in private. It is only when this attempt fails that the formal procedures are brought to bear. These procedures are very stringent and give the faculty member adequate opportunity to confront his accusers and present his own defense with benefit of counsel.

The procedures followed by the University in such cases are in accord with guidelines outlined in AAUP policies and statements. The stringency with which serious cause must be shown is essential to the protection of academic freedom. The dismissal of a tenured faculty member is a matter which need be dealt with very carefully, not only to protect the rights of the individual involved, but also to safeguard the academic freedom which tenure is designed to insure.

There is also the case of the non-tenured faculty member whose contract is not renewed at the end of a contract period when it is decided that a person would not be granted tenure. Nonrenewal may occur at

other times, but it is mandatory when tenure is denied at the end of the specified probationary period. If the faculty member believes that the decision not to grant tenure, and not to renew his contract for more than one year, is a violation of his academic freedom, then there are clearly defined procedures which he may initiate to appeal the decision.

Until now, there has been no way that a faculty member, who was denied tenure and whose contract was not renewed, could obtain a formal statement of the reasons for nonrenewal of his contract. Just recently, the Academic Council, at the recommendation of the Faculty Senate, approved a revision of the *faculty manual* which would require a statement of reasons in cases of negative decisions on reappointment, promotion or tenure. Approval by the Board of Trustees will be required before the change is finalized. It was specified, however, that this policy is entirely for informational purposes. It does not give the faculty member right of any kind to a reconsideration of the decision or to a contestation of the reasons. The faculty member concerned in such a negative decision may request, from his department chairman, the reasons for the decision.

The AAUP recommends the giving of a statement of reasons as consideration necessary to any normal human and professional relationship. The statement need not constitute a justification of the negative decision, showing the weaknesses of the faculty member which precipitated the decision—such a statement would not accomplish its purpose, that of contributing to the good of professional relationships—but the statement of reasons may be effective in giving a report of considerations involved in the judgment, not as justifications, but as a consideration of respect to the faculty member involved.

This policy also involves a question of whether or not the concept is in line with the application. Such a question cannot be answered until the policy begins to be administered.

The application of the concepts involved in the giving of reasons affords possibilities for being an added force in serving the values of fairness and respect. This may be true, though, only to the extent that this application is in line with the concepts on which it is based. Allowing the giving of reasons to become a form of justifying negative decisions and defending them moves more toward creating an adversary relationship than toward fostering mutual respect. It is the value of this mutual respect by all persons concerned that will hold the policy's application in line with the concepts on which it is based.

The policies on procedures which have been discussed are most certainly aimed at the protection of individual faculty members' interests, but they are aimed also at the protection of the interests of the University. This interest does not simply constitute the financial well-being of the University or the ease of administrative operations. The good of all these should be only the good of the education offered at the University. The final and most important goal then is in the good of the students. Questions of tenure, how it is administered, hiring and firing policies of the University, the relationship between administration and faculty—all affect the quality of the student's education.

Students do have a voice in faculty decisions which are specifically designed to take into consideration students' evaluation of faculty. This is the purpose of the course evaluations conducted each semester. A discussion of the effectiveness of course evaluations will not even be attempted here, but the considerations of the possibilities which they have for effectiveness is a necessary one.

A course evaluation is the primary means of measuring or evaluating teaching effectiveness which is considered in decisions on appointment and promotions. A faculty member's classes may be observed on occasion but this cannot give an accurate pic-

ture of a person's teaching effectiveness. The course evaluation, though some may question its accuracy, is one of the most accurate ways in which teaching effectiveness may be assessed: It is where the students have some sort of say in determining the quality of their education, if they choose to recognize it and use it to its full advantage. Every departmental committee on appointments and promotions is obliged to study and take into account all course evaluations of each teacher under consideration.

Academic freedom, as it is protected by tenure, need be the concern of the entire University community, faculty and administration, as well as students. It is a mutual concern which requires the open communication of all parties involved. Decisions regarding appointments and promotion are not solely in the administrative realm. Faculty and students participate in these decisions in vital and necessary roles. A university, through its administration, is concerned with the quality of higher education and how that quality is reflected in its institutional workings. A faculty is concerned with its rights and privileges, but these are also grounded in a concern for the quality of education. It is the students upon whom this has the most direct effect. And therefore, their concern—our concern—for the quality of education should equal or surpass the concern of administration and faculty.

The question of tenure—the question of the quality of education—is indeed a mutual concern of all members of the University requiring open communications with all parties involved.

# Perspective

*Sr. Jean Lenz has been the rector of Farley since 1973. She also teaches in the theology department.*

For some reason I have been promising myself almost all my adult life that I will write a book. In so many ways it's a rather delightful curious yearning and I recognize it most when I hear myself say after some type of incredible event, to whomever is within earshot, "Would that make a good chapter!" Or, "Catch it for a footnote." Or, "There goes an epilogue—get it in print."

Chapter headings came fast while I was making my way through seven years of high school teaching. There was a team of fellow faculty members that fantasized through a whole series of essays with me, but not a word was put to paper. Till this day when we meet we still verbally articulate some of those tales as though we read them somewhere the night before. With all apologies to literary scholars, I do believe that's "oral tradition" of a sort.

Quite unbeknown to me, this somewhat subtle desire for publication got packed in with all that I am and own three years ago when I came to Notre Dame. I distinctly remember standing on the front steps of Farley Hall where I was destined to turn the title "Rector" into some kind of real living, and rather flippantly remarking, "I'm sure there'll be a few choice chapters, footnotes and a bulging bibliography in this hallowed hall." And then life got under way. I found myself surrounded by a host of folks who joined me in picking at my promise to publish with their rhythmic query, "What's the latest chapter?" or their offer of details, "Listen to this local color morsel—has great footnote potential!" Sometimes the conversations got so concrete that I thought for sure there must be galley proofs someplace in those papers on my desk.

The desire to capture this place in print gets so strong at times that I think out loud with a burst of energy and conviction, "I will turn the whole book out tonight." Then in terribly realistic reflections I say knowingly and quietly to myself, "Could any-

one ever capture the unending life of this place in between periods?" But lots of moments are spent in the middle of those extremes and so to date there is a heap of oral tradition that has been gathered and garnished through the spoken word into memories waiting for an author to tuck them behind a book title.

As I think of how to keep this publishing promise to myself, I'm beginning to believe that to have a title is at least to have a start at getting that oral tradition into a fascinating sequence of theme and tale. And there is hardly a dearth of titles.



On a variety of occasions I find myself saying a series of words and then muttering surreptitiously or announcing with great gusto—"Now there's a book title!" One of the first titles that ever crossed my lips came as the result of making choices from a buffet luncheon table. As it happened I was at a meeting and discovered a Jesuit friend who said, "Jean, how I wish we had some minutes so I could hear about life at Notre Dame." As he said that we stepped before the Jell-O salads and I pointed to one saying, "For lack of time let me simply say that life at ND is like that seven-layered Jell-O there." We laughed some, but for days those words kept ringing in my head. There were moments when the

by Sr. Jean Lenz, O.S.F.

title—Seven-Layered Jell-O—flashed through my brain in all kinds of print—serif, sans serif, italics, and colors. And the Jell-O image went on. There are layers of life at this place, colorful and vivid. There are certainly days when things are a bit shaky, everything from class lectures and assignments to friendships and romances. Or there are days when life is really rather bouncy, like Jell-O can get. When the "heat's on" it's amazing how a great amount of reality melts into oblivion. Then when topics and people cool off, life shapes up again—Jell-O-like. It's a fun title for all its serious implications.

After President Ford's visit to campus last year, the most recent former editor of *Scholastic* stopped by and said, "You know that Jell-O image we got going, well, someplace in that book you have to say that the Jell-O mix was filled with a great helping of tutti-frutti cocktail mix the day the President came to campus!" Layered, shaky, bouncy, stiff, melting, colorful, vivid, nutritious, served up by the best of chefs, enjoyed by the hungry and the tasting connoisseurs, a favorite dish advertised around the world—that's life at Notre Dame—I mean, seven-layered Jell-O.

During my very first days on campus in August '73, I was making a request for some hall equipment. In the process the man at the desk looked at me and remarked quite seriously, "A woman rector at Farley—you've got to be a scandal in this place." I knew he meant it, and I tried to realize I was not an easy newcomer for him and others in the midst of all the male tradition this place has known. But as I criss-crossed the campus back to Farley I could feel some very definite large crumbs of anger inside me and I found myself threatening—I don't know whom—to write a book entitled, "Bearing the Burden of the Maleness of Notre Dame." I mentioned this to some Farleyites who offered their own stories of similar situations. Then and there they decided I could only be editor of that book and maybe get to write the



first chapter. They would supply the rest. Just the other day a few of us were talking about "that book" and agreed that at this point in time the full report would have much to say about some of the very positive aspects of "the burden" that has touched our lives deeply. (We really should write that book to get all this said!)

I never cease to be amazed at how book titles keep falling out of sentences. Not long ago in a conversation with hall staff personnel I found myself saying, "You know, if you let it happen, you could get picked real around here." Picked real. Someone near me repeated the words and looked at me surprised. I looked surprised, too. I had never heard myself say that word combination before, and suddenly there was a book jacket going through my mind in subliminal advertising fashion with big letters—PICKED REAL. I tried to articulate what was behind the phrase. It isn't that people are making a case out of your life exactly; it's just that in the everydayness of things around here, students, fellow faculty, staff, and friends are always there asking in a very obvious or subtle way the target questions, and they expect an honest answer. Who are you, really? Why did you come here? Do you really believe that? Why did you laugh? Why don't you go there? You really like him or her or them or it, don't you? How come I got that grade? Are you really happy? Can you forgive me? How come life makes so much sense some days?

And through it all I've discovered all kinds of real answers to things I had never questioned so carefully or deeply before. People scratched the surface of my words and actions, and in a sense picked their way through my living experience. So often I did the same with them. In the course of it all, I threw away some of my old insights, deepened others, caught sight of some exciting new ones. All in all, if I ever wrote "Picked Real," it would be a chain of chapters attempting to capture some of the most meaningful moments of my three years here.

Before I ever landed at Farley I must confess that I had some serious doubts about whether I would last in that rector position until Christmas. I couldn't begin to imagine

what it would mean to share life with 250 young, bright, articulate university women. Among other things, it has turned into an awesome and precious ministry. And when it comes to spinning out titles, it's that word "ministry" that conjures up a list of them, the first of which could name both book and opening chapter with the words, "The Ministry of Hollering." A series of chapter headings jump onto paper almost immediately waiting to be fleshed out with related examples and words: The Ministry of Letting Others Minister; The Ministry of Being With Those In Love; The Ministry of Being in the Right Place at the Right Time; The Ministry of Wine and Cheese Parties; The Ministry of Wondering and Waiting. . . ; The Ministry of Being Ministered To. And the list goes on. But there's no doubt about which essay goes first. It has to be "The Ministry of Hollering." I just can't believe how much I have come to believe in it, and the clever and various ways it happens, and how many people support it, and how much confusion gets dispelled because of it, and how much community yearns for it, and how much peaceful sleep it makes possible. Hollering has been elicited from me at all the main doors of Farley on various occasions, as well as in halls, rooms, and in one-to-one whispers, all of which has taught me that hollering comes in a variety of decibel levels. To holler effectively has got to be an art. In some ways I just can't ever imagine not writing "The Ministry of Hollering." It gnaws at my pencil.

And so the titles go on tumbling out of sentences and all kinds of living experiences. Two book titles that would surely help organize the month of May tales are "Life in a Holding Pattern" or "Elephant in a Pink Parachute." Last May there were moments when I literally felt as though I were manning the control tower at O'Hare International, clearing runways of a sort, and landing planes stacked high on "hold." All of which is to say that I found myself in the midst of a whirlwind of people all with places to get to. There were students trying to study, cram and pass final exams, pack their gear for home, rise from a measles bed, bid farewells and get on their way for the summer. There

were others trying to graduate with all the trimmings, welcome their families and friends to campus, get to every party, reminisce until they couldn't think, and go through the last hoop of ND's parting ceremonies. And then there were maids and their supervisors and an entourage of maintenance personnel trying to assist with all the comings and goings by getting rooms emptied and cleaned, beds changed, blankets and pillows counted, and furniture shoved and sorted. Somehow the runways got cleared and the planes got landed and I was certain I had an edge on "Life in a Holding Pattern." It's funny, but through it all you really do think you're going to make it—somehow. Last May that simple intuitive supportive message even broke through in one of my dreams. At some unconscious level I was watching a huge elephant walk off the edge of a cliff only to be caught up so carefully by a lovely pink parachute which lowered him gently into the sea. He swam to the shoreline, shook himself off, and went on his way. About then I awoke. I understand from a recent lecture that elephants in dreams are often the symbol of one's backbone and strength. Mine had to be the perfect dream reserved for rectors in May! While I have to give a bit more thought to "Elephant in a Pink Parachute," I don't have a doubt in me that it's not a terribly fitting title for a series of rector reflections.

Since my days began at ND with special attachment to Farley, I've suspected more than ever that I'm never ever going to escape that curious delightful yearning to get a book to the publishers. By now too much Notre Dame life has been added to all the other life that has happened to me. How could anyone not want to write a book after all this? Regardless, I know there will be days when I'll really try to snuff the yearning out of my heart for a wave of reasons. But then there will be someone, there always is, who will step out of nowhere and say something like, "Tell us an ND story." It's those simple words falling out of simple sentences that just keep jumping onto book jackets again and again.

And I continue to make myself a promise.



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## Gallery

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Living in California is great, but getting from here to there is a trip.

I ride Amtrak—you can see the land.

But the best scene of all is home. This is my California—sand, waves, rocks, trees, wind, salt, air. . . .

—E.-L. Jardstrom  
senior Accountancy major





## TWO MEN WHO TAUGHT:

### Willis Dwight Nutting

by Michael J. Crowe

*Michael J. Crowe is a professor in the General Program and was a student of Dr. Nutting, who died on December 6, 1975.*

When Professor Willis Nutting died on December 6, 1975, the University of Notre Dame lost one of its most beloved teachers. The welcome invitation from *Scholastic* to write of him came to me, I assume, as someone who was his General Program colleague for 14 years and his department chairman for six. I was also his student for 20 years, for since 1955 when I first took one of his courses, he has seemed to me the wisest, the best, and the happiest man I have ever known. The following sketch of his life would be written differently by the many others who knew and loved him; I hope they will find in it something of the Willis they cherish.

Born in Iowa in 1900, the son of a biology professor, his undergraduate degree was in history at the University of Iowa. But his chief intellectual concern of those years was something else, which, as he wrote, he studied in "the best way to learn

—privately, in defiance of prescribed courses of study, and in opposition to what teachers are trying to cram down your throat." This study was Christianity, the joys of which he had first experienced as a boy in an all-Black church in Antigua, West Indies, where he had gone with his father on a biological expedition.

A Rhodes scholarship took him to Oxford for theological studies which in turn led to his ordination into the Anglican priesthood. After ministries in Greece and the West Indies, he accepted a congregation in Colorado where his efforts to help four dismissed Anglican seminarians to attain a better view of his Church led him to forsake that Church for Roman Catholicism.

Doctoral studies in philosophy came next, pursued at the State University of Iowa under the well-known logical positivist, Herbert Feigl. Believing that Feigl was his finest teacher and simultaneously that Feigl's ideas were fundamentally wrong, Willis published his first book, *How Firm a Foundation?*, as an attack upon those ideas.

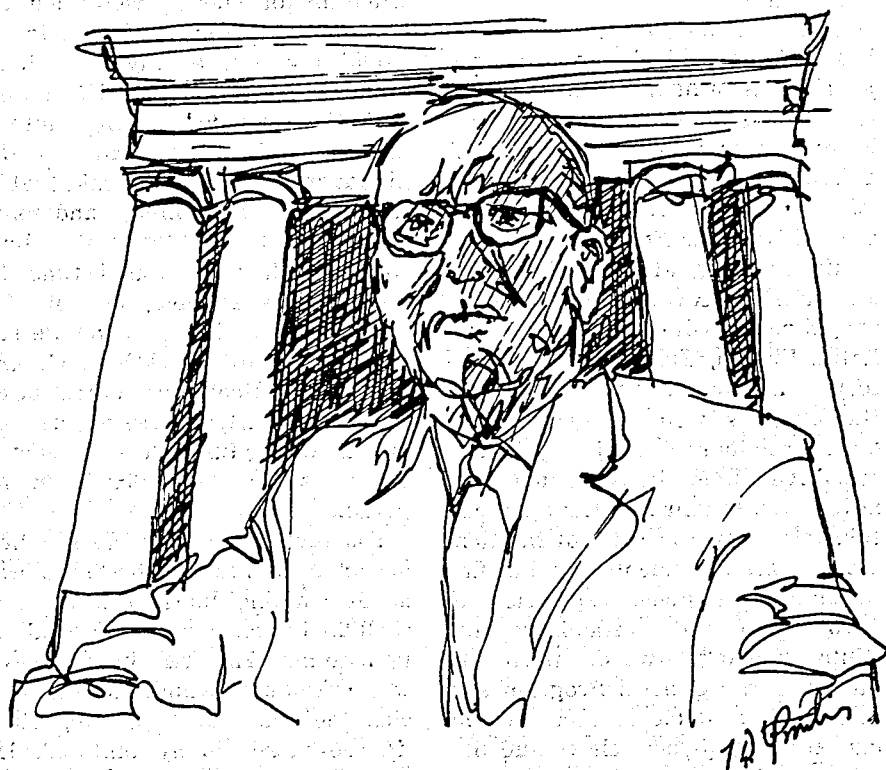
After teaching for a few years at St. Teresa's College in Winona,

Willis, then married to Eileen Barry, joined Notre Dame's History Department in 1936. During the 1940's, he published his *Reclamation of Independence* wherein he urged a return to the land, to part-time farming as a means to independence. The ideas in this book, influential on Eugene McCarthy and others, were embodied in his life for he had made his Juniper Road home into a small farm, stocked with bees, chickens, goats, a cow and hogs ("named 'Reginald'—for who wouldn't mind slaughtering a hog named 'Reginald'?").

Long an advocate of liberal learning, Willis contributed to the creation in 1950 of Notre Dame's General Program of Liberal Studies, the faculty of which he soon joined and in which he taught until his death. Those of us whom he taught in those pre-Vatican II days will recall his espousal of a scriptural, liturgical, pluralistic and ecumenical Catholicism, even in the face of opposition. In 1959 he published *Schools and the Means of Education*, a study of precollegiate education.

This was followed in 1967 by *The*  
(continued on page 24)

## AN APPRECIATION



Paul C. Bartholomew

by John J. Kennedy

*John J. Kennedy, a professor of government and international studies, was a 24-year colleague of Dr. Bartholomew who died in late December.*

Paul Bartholomew spent 50 years at Notre Dame. He came as a freshman in September 1925, and he was professor emeritus of government and international studies when he died in December 1975. For the large part of the time between those two dates he was a solidly established teacher at Notre Dame. Many other universities sought him, and he served as visiting professor in places as near as Northwestern University, as distant as the National University of Ireland, as well as at several other universities. Notre Dame, however, was where he always returned, and it is not much of an exaggeration to call his association with this University a lifelong affair.

To say anything exact and at the same time fitting about a lifelong relationship between a man and a university is a challenge. It may also involve a presumption that is pardonable only because the man is a long-cherished friend. Yet, as long

as institutions and individuals continue to win our esteem and stimulate our affection, occasions will arise when we will want to say something exact and hope that it may be fitting.

Many generations of Notre Dame students have acclaimed Paul Bartholomew as a gifted teacher. He demanded much of his students, and it was appropriate for him to do so because he gave them so very much of himself. What Paul gave them was not limited to the classroom setting. He was constantly available to his students for advice and help. He took the lead in creating extra-curricular activities that would complement the classroom. Notable among these was the Mock Presidential Nominating Convention which continues to flourish at Notre Dame. In the 1950's, graduate studies in the Department of Political Science (now Government and International Studies) began to expand, and Paul's activities and responsibilities increased accordingly. He began to direct a number of graduate students in dissertation research for Ph.D. degrees. To the end of his life he was a dedicated teacher at both

graduate and undergraduate levels. Paul's research and publication record is extensive and steady over a long period of time, with a rich variety ranging from his annual review of Supreme Court cases to the widely heralded study of the Indiana Third Congressional District.

All these matters are in the realm of achievement. Paul accomplished much. We honor him for doing so. We mourn the loss that his death brings. The loss is obviously greater than what the record of achievement, however meritorious, can indicate. For the total reality of the person is always much more than just the record.

With Paul, a large part of the reality must be his lifelong commitment to Notre Dame. A commitment by a man to an institution has many aspects. It involves an appeal to what is noble in human nature, but it need not entirely suppress what is ambitious. It imposes duty, but it does not leave vanity altogether out of account. It usually promises rewards and, at least occasionally, it produces tensions. The man thus committed may be a winner one day

(continued on page 24)



## Dr. Nutting

(continued from page 22)

*Free City*, wherein he proposed major changes in higher education. For many years students were attracted by his dream of a "Christ College," a dream that may not yet be lost for many still share it, and others can discover it in his *Free City*.

His teaching, always stimulating and informal, covered a broad range. Only a person who had taught Greek, Latin, French, English, biology, history, philosophy, psychology and theology, as well as many great books seminars, could say, when asked if he knew Russian, that "I've never even taught it." The appreciation felt by two decades of his General Program students for his fine teaching was given expression in 1970 when they established the Willis Nutting Award, given annually to the General Program student who contributes most to the education of his/her fellow students.

Some of the stories that make up the Willis legend suggest the sort of man he was. For example, some years ago he arose every morning at 5 a.m. for a month to milk a sick neighbor's cow. This was seen by many as one of his numerous acts of charity; his reason, seriously meant, was, "I like to milk cows." Many will recall his annual May bird hikes, wherein he introduced students who had gathered behind Lyons at 5:30 a.m. to the ornithological offerings of this campus. His colleagues will recall his comments in a faculty seminar on the existential theologian Paul Tillich who wrote so movingly of the "angst" that besets man as he "stares into the abyss of life." Willis' remark, that he felt no "angst" and, upon staring into the abyss, found it "cheery," led some of us, 30 to 40 years younger, to assure him that

when he got older he would feel the appropriate "angst." He said he would try but, at my last check, hadn't managed it yet. His leisure activities included peering into a microscope, singing, farming and—his favorite—loafing. He said that he liked to "set and think," and sometimes "just to set." Some of us have wondered how he found time for loafing; for example, in fall 1975 after his second retirement, he still found time to co-teach a General Program seminar, two courses at St. Mary's, a fourth course at the Forever Learning Institute and be active on an almost daily basis in his parish.

His favorite books were by three authors. James Corbett's stories about stalking lions with a single shell in his rifle were a special delight to him. His great hero however was Cervantes' Knight of La Mancha, the noble Don Quixote, whose life he more closely imitated. His most cherished book was the subject of his favorite course, the Scripture course he gave for nearly two decades.

As an auditor in that course during the last year he taught it, I can suggest with some confidence that the thought (and message for us) of this diverse, brilliant and wise man may best be summed up in one word, so central in that course. The word is "repent," by which he meant and suggested that the New Testament meant, "re-pensare," to "re-think" one's life and thereby attain a new perspective. That new perspective to which he always invited, but never pressed, his colleagues and his students, was Christianity, a Christianity characterized more by the Beatitudes of the New Testament than the commandments of the Old Testament, more by freedom than

structure, more by love than legalities. He was many things, but he was above all a Christian.

Willis Nutting is gone. Many of us strove to learn, and now cherish, his words. A few even learned the music. Among those nearby are Prof. Julian Pleasants, described by Willis as "the most brilliant man I have known," and his oldest child, Teresa Marcy, a teacher at St. Mary's. No one, however, knows the music better than his beloved wife, Eileen, whom he described as "the best person I have ever known" and about whom he commented: "Everything in my life has been greater in expectation than reality—except my marriage."

Some frank admissions must be made before this essay ends for by many standards his life cannot be described as successful. Willis Nutting was neither wealthy nor highly honored; his contribution to published scholarship was small, and he retired from this University as an associate professor. Some viewed his ideas as simply foolish; others saw them as utopian or quixotic. One person, knowing him only by reputation, asked me in 1970, while a group of students were running a "Nutting for President" campaign, who this "Young Turk" was. He was surprised to learn that Willis was a 70-year-old Turk. But many of us, including some of his students who had driven through a snowstorm from as far away as Detroit to attend his funeral, felt that his pastor, Father Ken Maley, C.S.C., did not depart excessively far from the truth when in his funeral homily he said: "In the instructions for the new funeral rite we are asked not to give a eulogy at a funeral, but rather to center in on Christ. With Willis, however, the two are the same."

## Dr. Bartholomew

(continued from page 23)

and a mere survivor the next. For the institution too will make its demands, and may require sacrifice even as it creates the circumstances where talents may flourish and the larger purposes of life may be served.

Paul was involved with some of these aspects. I know for certain only of those that he chose to mention over the years. He was a reserved man and did not readily dis-

cuss personal matters. I imagine, however, that like most of us who teach in universities he saw some of his hopes fulfilled and others disappointed. But the measure of his greatness is not in mere wins and losses. Rather, it was in the strength and steadiness of his commitment. For me, a colleague during 24 of Paul's 50 years at Notre Dame, this commitment is Paul's true and enduring contribution to the excellence of the University. The fitting recognition of what he gave could never

be expressed in fulsome eulogy after his death, or before it in the kind of glittering testimonials that are occasionally broadcast on university campuses. Rather, a real recognition of Paul's contribution is in the ongoing life of Notre Dame itself. There are 50 years of Paul Bartholomew's life in this University. They constitute a generous endowment. That generosity makes Notre Dame a richer and better place.

## Triptych

by Fred Graver

*Fred Graver is a senior American Studies major.*

It was embarrassing to see my grandfather when he watched us argue. The words of anger would flare up, filling the air around him while he chose to stare at one or the other of us, unknowing and unseeing through eyeglasses thick and smudged.

He was in a daze a great part of the time. Not because he was senile, though he did go that route soon enough, but because for the first few months he lived with us it was common practice to knock him around with a few manhattans every afternoon.

After those first few months, we learned our lesson with that roundabout anesthesia. The manhattans got a bit strong one Sunday, when the relatives were visiting, and we found him in the shower, his suit drenched to the skin, pulling at the door he imagined on the other end of the faucet.

As we led him into the bedroom, each one of us, I believe, saw a bit too much into his eyes, which had been made clear by the rush of water onto his glasses.

The manhattans were consequently made much weaker. In the afternoons, they were prepared for his benefit, not ours.

I wasn't there, on the day that they finally had to take him to the hospital, where he would spend the next five months in and out of himself, finally putting an end to it. My sister told me, a few months after the funeral, of how my father came home and broke into tears.

He had been drinking. It was the first and only time my sister had seen him like that. I, too, have only seen my father once after he had been drinking. I saw him after he had been out with an old friend, when he came home smiling and laughing. He goosed my mother as she bent over to check the meat which had been burning for five

hours in the oven. She immediately put him in the shower. (He, unlike my grandfather, took his clothes off. I saw my mother carry them disdainfully to the hamper.)

My sister saw him come home, after he had been drinking, and break into tears. That day, he had been with my aunt and uncle.

They drank because of what they had seen. They had seen their lives as children together, all of the remembered and all of the forgotten, turn grey and fade away before them. As my grandfather was led down the corridor, through the double swinging doors, they saw old age come trotting towards them like a horse across the desert. They watched as their hands lifted to wave the great horse away, to give a signal to the great fading grey. They saw all of that pass by their waving hands without missing a beat.

That afternoon, though none of them were drinkers, they "tied one on," as they say. Ferociously. With impact.

They went out on a search-and-destroy mission for whatever brain cells they could hold responsible for remembering the vision of their father led by the sleeve to the door of his room.

They would return home in the evening and trudge about their living room like the Galapagos turtle, old and witless. They would all, in their own way, break into tears over what they had seen and what they had done to themselves in trying to forget it.

After they had gotten good and drunk trying to wipe out all of their memories they came home and broke into tears, old and witless in front of children who, for all they could do, may as well have had on their eyes old, thick, smudged lenses.

I wasn't there on that day. I was somewhere far away, on the pretense of visiting a friend. This may be embarrassing to you, in the

sense that you are working through my narrative and may be getting a little self-conscious and all, but what mattered to me most on that day was avoiding the chance that I would have memories that I would want to, or need to, wipe out.

We were at an old farm, and I was standing on the ground watching my friends climbing a ladder on the side of a silo. From their perch, they could see miles of fields that had just been harvested. The day was bright and crisp and cold.

From the ground, I peered at my friends above. They hollered at me to join them, their voices carrying this way and that in the wind, so that they only reached me dimly. I approached the silo, gazing up at them. They told me not to look down. My hands grasped at a rung an arm's length above my head. After my feet took the first rung from the ground, my arm's length took me further. Soon, I began to stretch my arms apart, one hand above the other. The distance between my arms came more and more quickly; between my arms and my feet; between my feet and the ground. Sensing a rhythm, I closed my eyes so as not to see the ground below me.

The wind rushed around the silo. I looked up at my friends, who hung over the side to watch me, who called me up. The sky lit blue behind them. My hands grew weak as I rose. With perhaps half of the way behind me, my fingers refused to clutch the remaining rungs. My arms came together in front of my face. My feet would push no more. I wondered out loud if they would refuse to sustain me on my descent, as they had on my way up.

In the wind, I could hear old branches cracking from the trees.

Far away, my father watched as a pressed, starched nurse led my grandfather by the arm, by a sleeve which was enormous for that moment on his frail, shaking limb, into his room. They waved.

# Finesse with a Stick

by Judy Robb

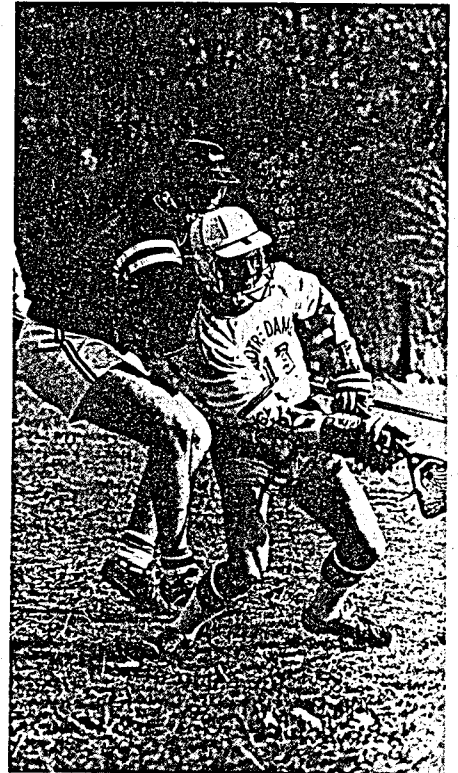
Lacrosse is a game where you stick it to your opponent—literally. Brandishing a long stick with a basket-type scoop at the end, the average lacrosse player is a threatening sight to behold. Add to this basic ensemble a small rubber ball which is passed along at a tremendous rate of speed, and it's not difficult to see why lacrosse attracts the reckless in mind as well as body.

This year's squad is headed by senior president Bob Thibodeau and co-captains John Fatti and Don Trabant. Entering its 11th year as a club sport at Notre Dame, the team consists of some 50 lacrosse enthusiasts, divided into two flights. Mr. Rich O'Leary, a former player at Cortland State, and Major Sandy Cochran, a professor in the military science department, handle the coaching duties for the Irish stickmen. The Irish, who came off a winning season last year, have an air of cautious optimism concerning the current season. "We have a lot of new players this year, and we haven't quite jelled as a unit yet," commented junior midfielder Jay Williams. Not only has the club lost a number of starters to graduation, but they must face a majority of

older amateur clubs or college teams with varsity status and funds to match.

One factor in the Irish's favor is their spirit, perhaps best exemplified by their sophomore female manager, P. J. Kane. As a veteran of the sport since grade school, she now assists the ND squad by timing home games and recording team statistics, as well as diligently attending practices and working out with the squad. "Lacrosse requires a great deal more finesse than a lot of people think," she explains. Sophomore goalie Jim Scarola agrees, "There's a tendency to think that it's a rough, barbaric sport because everybody wields a stick. Actually, it's a game requiring precise cross handling and maneuvering."

Although many players leave the game sporting quite a few black and blue marks, lacrosse is still comparatively injury-free. "Usually the worst that happens is that a player will get the wind knocked out of him," said attackman Bob Thibodeau. Granted, it is one of the most exciting sports on campus, and anyone who has observed the stickmen in action will readily attest that it is a breathtaking game to behold.



# Frozen Motion Fanaticism

by Bill Delaney

Each year at this time, Lefty Smith's Irish Icers face the unenviable task of combining weekend sweeps to carry them into the WCHA play-offs. The reason this effort is necessary is the fact that Notre Dame is normally battling an even won/lost record at the time.

This season is no exception. While Dantley and his basketball crew are scaling new heights in the ACC arena, Smith's men are freezing along with their small following in the fieldhouse. Faced with defections to the Olympic teams and

jumpings to the professional ranks, the WCHA is more balanced this year. Unfortunately, Notre Dame hasn't capitalized on this situation, despite many experts' feelings. At times this season, the Irish have been unstoppable, reminding many of the second-place WCHA finish in 1972. However, other appearances have made Notre Dame resemble Alumni Hall's "Super Whus" team—poor skating, wide shooting and an overall lack of awareness.

If you could label a key series of games (and in the WCHA, every

game is critical), the upcoming two weeks of competition will show if Notre Dame has what it takes to get into the play-offs. This is where you come in. Digger always seems to get his way in basketball; he has rousing student support game after game. If UCLA was won by the student body, then why can't we help Lefty with Michigan State and Michigan Tech? It's a cold place to watch a game, but it's much colder to the players who have no fans cheering or caring for them. Where have you gone, Irish Fanatics?



The Irish Dynamic Goaltending Duo



Left: John Peterson, Right: Len Moher

# Corn . . . Cornu . . . What?

## A Sauteed Scholastic Restaurant Review

*I am in the Third Circle of the torments.*

*Here to all time with neither pause nor change*

*The frozen rain of Hell descends in torrents.*

—Dante

There is an old adage which states that you are what you eat. For many Americans this little maxim reveals horrifying characteristics. "Hello, I'm a fatty, greasy pork chop." "Hi, I'm two skinny all-beef patties, special sauce, wilted lettuce, cheese, pickles, onions on a semistale sesame seed bun." "Bonjour, I'm sodium caseinate, dipotassium phosphate and red dye #2." Yes, in spite of the persistent admonitions of Gloria Swanson and the late Euell Gibbons, Americans continue to stuff themselves with "unhealthy" goodies. We are the gluttons of hell destroying and damning ourselves with our epicurean desires.

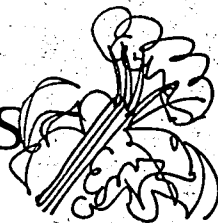
The old proverb may even be stretched to infer that you reflect the place where you dine. Again, for most Americans this idea has terrible consequences. We are Bozo clowns with size 22 shoes frolicking with Mayor McCheese. We are quick-order pizzerias harboring cardboard boxes. We are tasteless pseudo-connoisseurs in a world devoid of tradition and atmosphere. We are the depersonalized, automated restaurants which infest our land.

If this sounds like a sermon from a hunger coalition faction or a news release from the FDA, let me apologize, for it is neither, but rather, it is a restaurant "review." Plagued by indigestion and greasy fingers from eating hamburgers, cold tacos and finger-lickin' chicken, a few mem-

bers of the staff quested in quixotic fashion for a restaurant with a little class, a personal touch, with good, healthy food. We believe we have finally found such a place.

The *Cornucopia* is a natural foods restaurant located on Lincolnway West, in Mishawaka. It opened last year on August 15 under the proprietorship of Carol and Rob, a young couple from South Bend. Since then it has become a successful restaurant graced with a unique and beautiful atmosphere.

### SALADS



A great contributor to the style of the restaurant is Carol. Born and raised in South Bend, Carol attended Indiana University for a few years, and then journeyed to India where she lived in an *ashram* and became a weaver. She also studied yoga with the guru Muktananda. While studying yoga, Carol realized the values of being a vegetarian. "I came to see that what I ate truly affected my meditation. Vegetables have 'prana,' a life force, which meat lacks," she said. She also noted that being a vegetarian is rather economical in a time of high meat prices.

After living in India for two years Carol returned to South Bend. "When I returned I had a lot of energy and a desire to do something

useful for the community. We saw that there was no natural foods restaurant, so we decided to begin one," she recounted. After obtaining a few loans and preparing the restaurant, they were ready to open for business.

The place Carol and Rob have created is not the most elegant restaurant in the world, yet it has a very personal, warm touch. On the walls are sayings which relate to Carol's philosophy and original paintings which relate to Carol's life. Also, the restaurant is filled with beautiful plants which give the place a natural tone.

The restaurant is divided into two sections, one for smokers and one for nonsmokers. The nonsmokers' section also serves as a small banquet room. The relatively small size of both rooms gives the restaurant a homey touch. Melodies from such artists as Mozart, Bach, Joan Baez and Dave Brubeck enhance the comfort of the place.

A rather unique feature of the restaurant is the standing invitation for all customers to tour the kitchen. We accepted the invitation. The kitchen is small, quite efficient and clean. Being ecologically minded, Carol noted that, "We recycle everything which can be recycled. You'd be surprised how much we get at the end of a week." The Indian-garbed owner also noted that their garbage is even ecological—it's all organic.

The restaurant employs 25 people who work between 20 to 25 hours a week. When one employee was asked how she liked working at the restaurant she replied, "It's the best place I've ever worked. The people are great here." It was a comment with which we had to agree.



Another unique feature of the place is the customers. One would tend to think that only young nature freaks would go here; however, we learned that a great many of the customers are elderly. "We get a lot of elderly people because many of them are on diets and they need to know exactly what they are eating. Here they know," Carol explained. She also noted that it is only recently that college students have begun to come. In all, it is a place for all ages and types who enjoy natural foods.

The owners truly believe that the food you eat affects your physical and mental well-being; therefore they attempt to supply fresh, nutritious food. They obtain their foods from the Rainbow Grocery, a co-op with which Rob is associated. The co-op, located on E. Howard, distributes natural foods at the lowest prices available. Much of the goods is hand-chosen from suppliers, therefore offering fresh, quality merchandise. The co-op also offers information services on the cost and

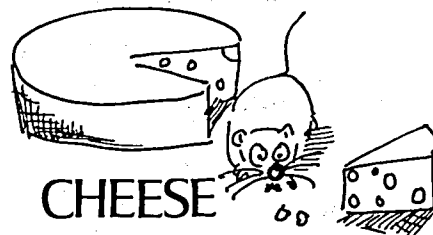
quality of natural foods as well as tips on how to use and prepare natural foods.

"We get all our foods fresh, and then we use our own recipes to develop our menu," Carol said. Most of the items on the menu were tested firsthand in Carol's kitchen. As their menu states, "Inspiration and improvisations lend a constant variety to our daily specials." The homestyle touch has truly paid off for the restaurant.

Each dinner begins with a slice of homemade bread, such as whole wheat, pumpernickel, or molasses and honey bread. Next a salad is served, such as a delicious Caesar salad or a Grecian salad which is topped with a beautiful homemade dressing.

The main entrees include such items as stuffed eggplant (\$3.95) and malfatti (\$3.95) which is an excellent Italian dish of blended spinach, bread crumbs, parsley and Parmesan cheese, spiced, sauteed and baked in mushrooms and tomato sauce. There are also such exotic

treats as Persian apricot-stuffed zucchini and Armenian stuffed tomatoes.

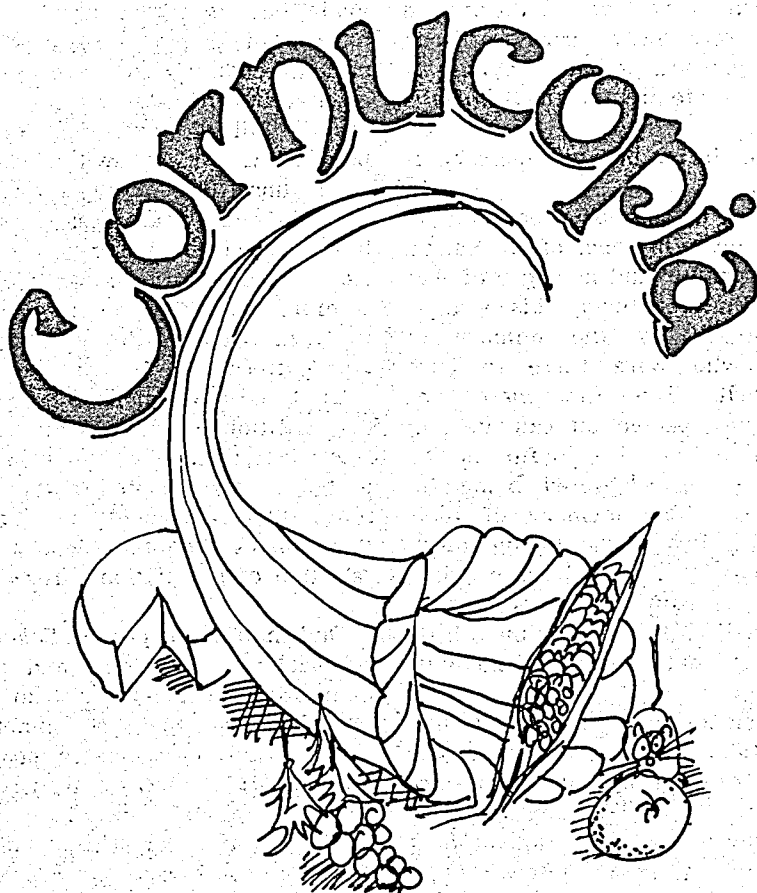


The *Cornucopia* also offers excellent side dishes such as a tasty meatless chili, beet-cabbage borscht and sweet and sour vegetable soup. A luncheon menu offers great sandwiches, such as the *Cornucopia*, an open-faced sandwich of whole grain bread, guacamole, mushrooms, alfalfa sprouts and scallions topped with melted cheese.

For dessert, the *Cornucopia* offers buttermilk-glazed pineapple carrot cake which is extremely rich and tasteful, and ambrosia, a light homemade yogurt and fresh fruit dish which is excellent. A number of other exotic desserts are also offered.

If you believe that you are what you eat, the *Cornucopia* is quite a fresh break from the alternatives offered by most American restaurants. A *Cornucopia* customer can walk proudly up to a friend and say "Hi, I'm an Israeli felafel with spicy garbanzo beans," or "Hello, I'm a nutritious Egyptian Michoteta with feta cheese dressing," or (if you really want to impress him), "Hello Sweetie, I'm a Mayan Princess with an incredible pair of tomatoes and guacamole." Ah, the list of healthy, tasty things you can be is endless.

However, the real advantage of the *Cornucopia* is that maybe you can become like the restaurant itself: unique, warm, tasteful, and personal. It is a great restaurant run by great people, but remember—if you are one of the gluttons of hell who feed on rich meats and nutritionless tidbits, the *Cornucopia* only serves natural, healthy foods.



# The Last Word



by Sally Stanton

I worked one summer in the stationery section of a moderate-sized department store. It is not one of my fondest memories: for one thing, there were too many college graduates ringing registers near me for my soul's peace. I have managed to erase most of the details of that summer from my mind; only about two remain: the formula for the Maryland sales tax (4¢ on the dollar) and the picture on the front of one of the two retirement cards we carried.

Retirement cards didn't seem to be in great demand those days; the few we had tended to get a little dog-eared before someone finally bought them and took them out of my life. Their "spines"—if cards have spines like books—were well broken, so the covers flopped lethargically when opened. The particular line of cards I remember featured a distinguished, but well-worn gentleman at ease in an overstuffed chair, pipe in hand, slippers on feet, a peaceful smile on his face. (There may have been a basset hound or similar canine resting its head in the gentleman's lap, eyes gazing soulfully up at his master's pipe, but I can't be certain. And I suppose anyone who had a lady executive friend retiring went elsewhere for cards.) Mercifully, I'd forgotten what the message was on

the inside—such epistles are usually inordinately saccharine.

By this time you are probably wondering why I am blathering on about retirement cards. "Good golly," you are probably saying, "it must be a late night at the *Scholastic* office."

I fear it is: but my message is serious.

A week or so ago I went to a reception given in honor of Mr. Sanna, master printer and manager of Ave Maria Press, retiring this year. I was struck by the number of people who were there to wish him well. The atmosphere was sad—many people on campus will miss him—yet also joyful as the people there celebrated being together and the memory of their years together. I was trying to understand why I, who am not retiring, felt any kinship with this party—and I realized it reminded me a little of the graduation parties I have attended.

Retirement may be a bit like graduation. Senior year is surely a time of retiring, by second semester one begins to feel on the way out. The time has come to plan for next year when you'll be elsewhere, to choose new RA's, select new *Scholastic* editors, to begin the rituals of separation.

Yet graduation is, interestingly

enough, also called "commencement." One does not retire into a black hole, never to be heard of again, but into a new society, a new pattern of living. It is a sad occasion: endings are rarely happy events; but it is also a joyful occasion, full of beginnings, of new possibilities. This newness may be a bit unsettling at first—one gets used to the same faces at coffee breaks or to marking years with exams and vacations. Without the comfort of habit, one may be initially disoriented. But eventually a new pattern will emerge.

That reception marked a moment of transition.

Perhaps, then, I should have suggested to my customers who could not find a retirement card to suit their tastes that they look to our selection of graduation cards.

\* \* \*

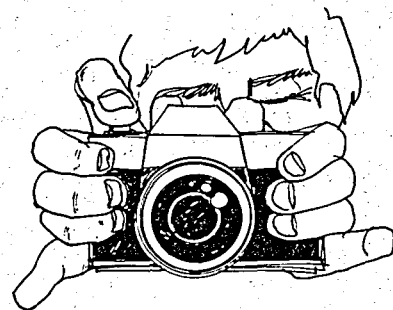
On behalf of the present *Scholastic* editorial board and staff and of the many *Scholastic* editors who have preceded me in this sometimes harried and unreasonable position, I thank Mr. Sanna for his years of patience and assistance in working with this particular student publication and wish him a happy, prosperous and peaceful "commencement." Although we are happy to be together with the fine people who will take his place, we will miss him.



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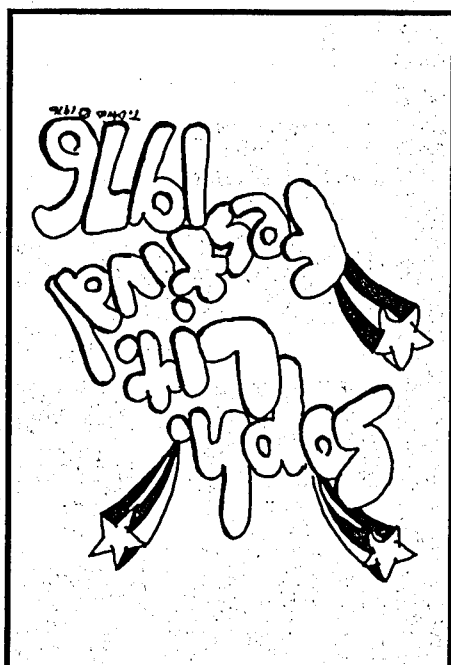
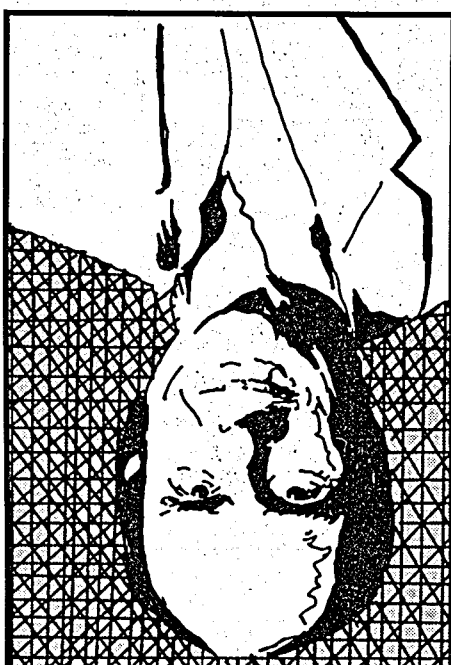


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# SCHOLASTIC

Vol. 117, No. 8 Feb. 6, 1976



**John  
Gardner**

**Monday, Feb. 16**

**Galway  
Kinnell**

**Saturday, Feb. 21**

**Robert  
Hass**

**Friday, Feb. 20**

**Jorge Luis  
Borges**

**Sunday, Feb. 15**