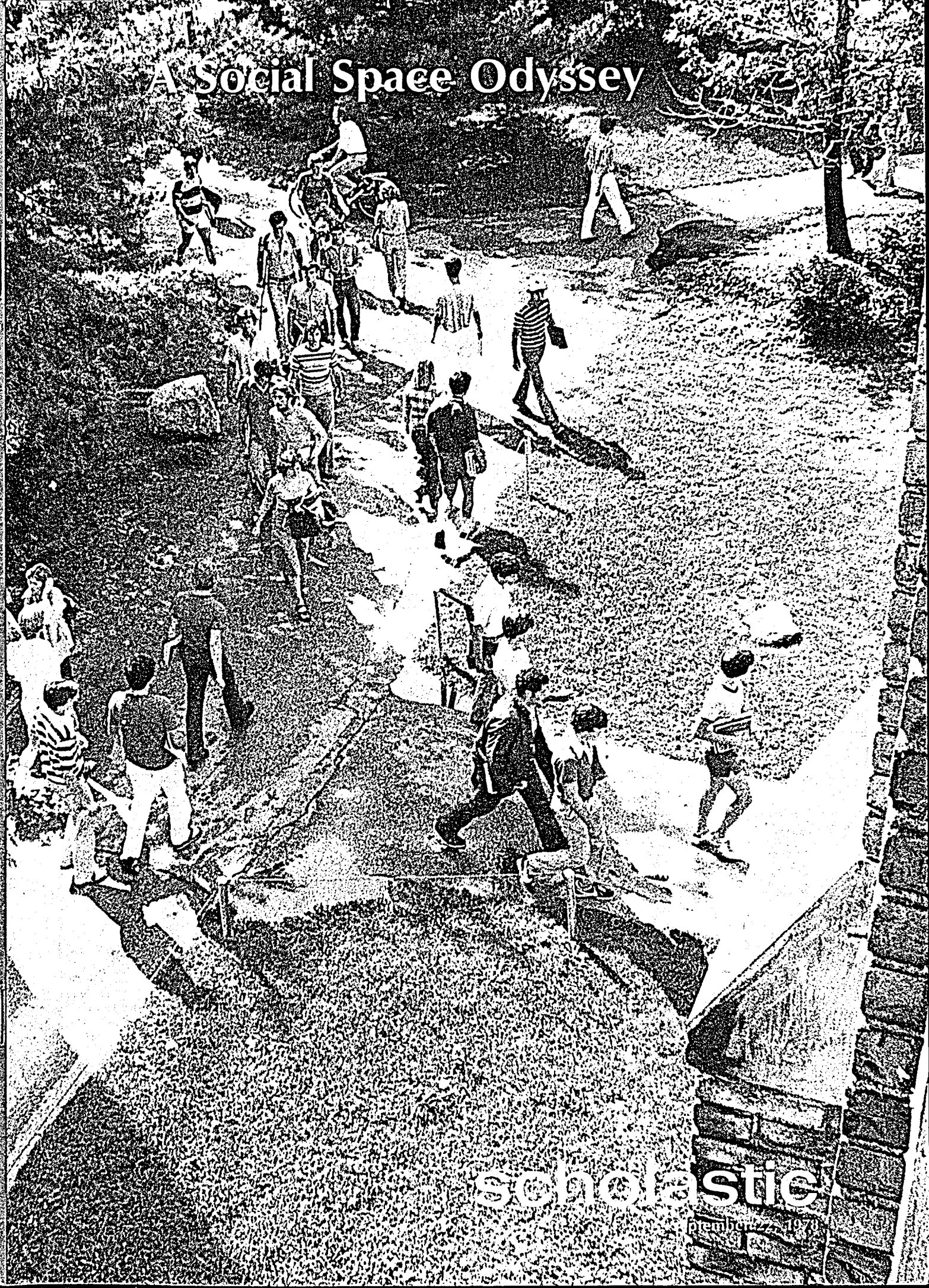


A Social Space Odyssey



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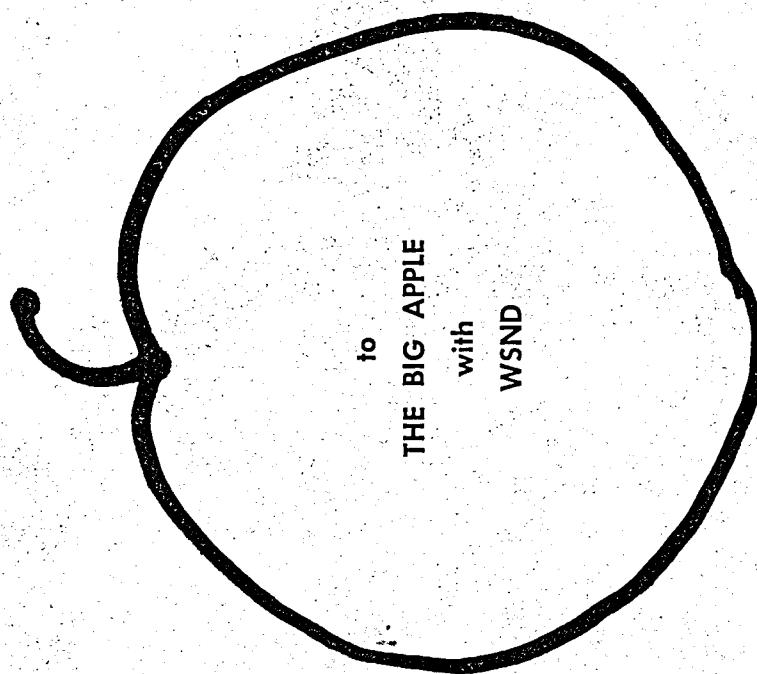
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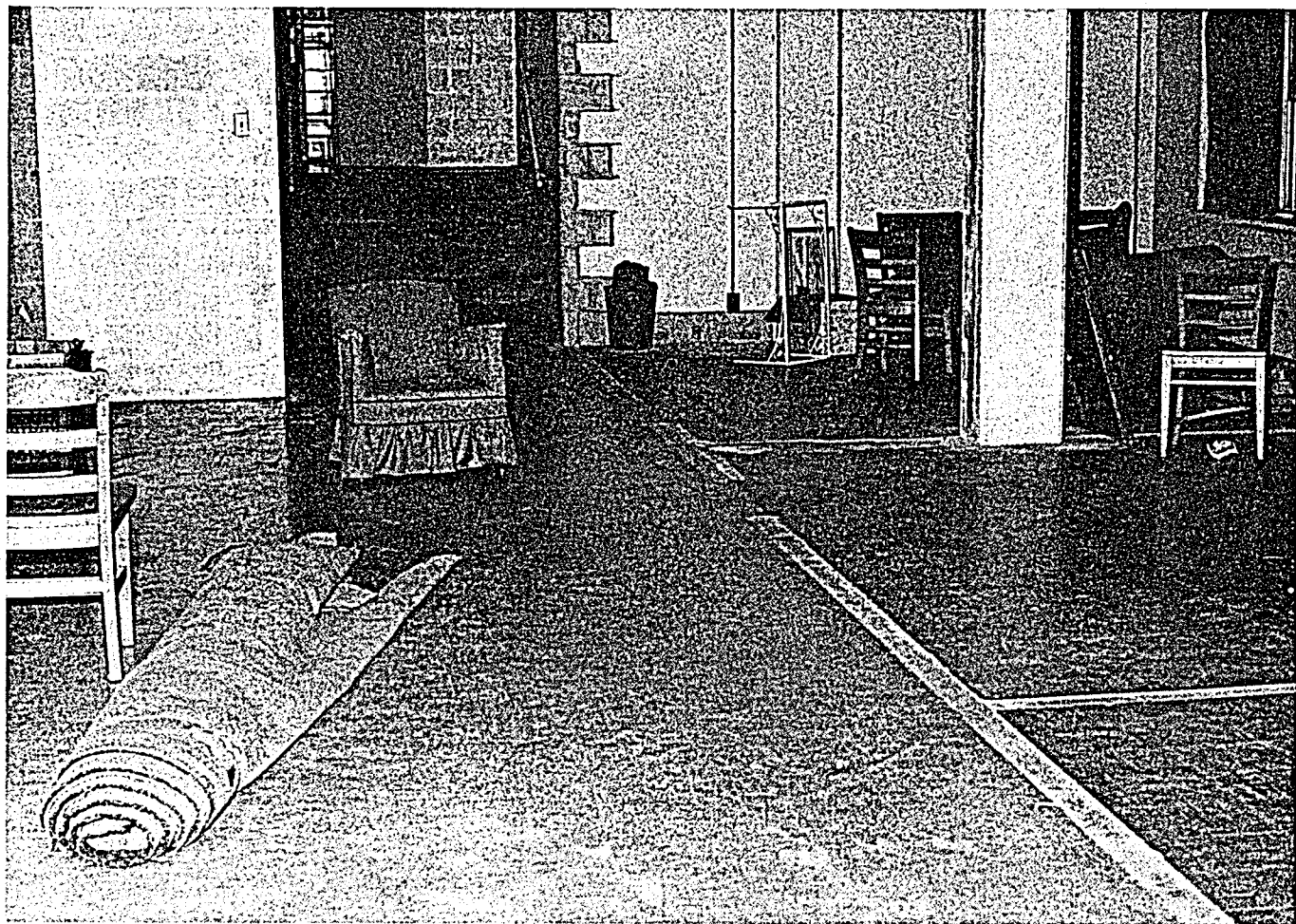
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1978: A Social Space Odyssey

by Elizabeth Donovan

Never miss lunch. If you do, the chances are good that you'll be ignorant of the issues of the day. Students bury their faces in the *Observer* and surface minutes later to pontificate on the "goings-on" at Notre Dame. Issues such as alcohol policies, unionization, and football scores have a way of cropping up at lunch. They fuel heated debates on the sanity of the student body and Administration. They inspire banners, rallies, ad hoc committees, emergency meetings. And issues are often forgotten by dinnertime.

Social space is one issue which has defied this short life span. Its perennial appearance makes it a favorite for lunchtime politickers, but not for Student Body presidents. Or Housing officials. Or the Administration. Or rectors.

The social space issue debuted early this year. The reason why this topic predictably reappears is because it is a problem which, in the

opinion of many, has not been solved, nor even been seriously considered. For several years there has been lots of talk about social space improvements, but until only recently, little progress was evident. Seniors, remember four years ago when Brother Just Paczesny proposed a restaurant in LaFortune? Delightful! But it has taken four years for proposal to become fact. "The restaurant will be open by January," says the confident student body vice-president, Mike Roohan. Time, money, planning, and patience are key ingredients to improved social space. Renovation proceeds slowly; complications are inevitable, motivation fizzles, funds dwindle. But the initial work this year is a start towards creating a better social environment for students.

In order to understand the issue, it is necessary to define "social space," for the term itself is elusive. Everyone has his own conception of

"space in which to be social." Some students envision a dazzling playground equipped with everything from bowling alleys to pubs. Indiana University in Bloomington has an elaborate Student Union. While the Union may pose certain health risks to forty-year-old male guests, it is a nice stomping ground for students. Other students are more realistic with their humble plea for just a TV room, a 24-hour lounge, or a kitchen minus roaches. John Reid, director of Student Activities, views social space as a place where students can get together and relax. Comfortably. Whether in a dorm or in LaFortune, students, being the social creatures that they are, need a place where academics are subordinate to socializing.

What does one do in social space? Relax, blow off steam, make spaghetti dinners, hold hands, drink coffee, argue, study for a government final after the Library has closed, ad

infinitum. Who cares anyway? The reasons vary, but the need universally exists.

Social space has not always been an issue. Andy McKenna, Student Body president, feels that the problem is a by-product of co-education. According to McKenna, the dormitories (which were all built before co-education) were designed to fulfill only two requirements: sleeping and studying. Before women were admitted to Notre Dame, the need for social space did not really exist. But the times and the needs have changed, and the dorms have assumed a new dimension—that of being a place to socialize with members of the opposite sex. The demand for more social space goes hand in hand, so to speak, with the advent of women at the University.

Social space has been a problem for many a Student Body administration and Trustee meeting. For example, in 1976 a proposal was submitted to the Student Life Council calling not only for more social space but also for an increase in the number of services offered to attract students to these centers. "People frequent buildings because of the variety of activities offered within. Renovations themselves do not attract people to a building." Among the more interesting were the proposals which called for student lounges in major classroom buildings, a night café in the South Dining Hall, and more activities, such as wine-tasting parties, in the ballroom of LaFortune. We waited; nothing really happened.

The social space issue has continually frustrated students, for amidst all the talk and plans, there seemed to be only superficial progress. Most students are here for only four years. They are impatient when changes stroll instead of stride. They are, justifiably, self-centered enough to want the best for their tenure at Notre Dame, not for next year's class. But when school began this fall, additional social space was becoming an apparent reality.

Last spring the Student Government proposed construction of more social space in five halls. These dormitories, Howard, Morrissey, Sorin, Fisher, and Pangborn, had an appalling lack of common rooms in which to hold meetings, entertain, etc. The initial cost estimates were

We, too, share the responsibility for a good social ambiance.

optimistically low; renovation proved to be much more expensive than planned. Nonetheless, the work in dormitories, as well as LaFortune, has begun.

Let us, then, be up and doing. Dr. James Brogle of the Psychological Services Center feels that the initial progress is a step in the right direction. He views the social space issue as a call to create an informal environment which is conducive to the emotional health of students. In the constellation of meanings which surround the phrase "well-rounded education," Dr. Brogle feels the social growth of an individual balances the scale with the academic development, and both are necessary to nurture the well-adjusted student. A TV room in Sorin or a pizza joint in LaFortune does not alone constitute an ideal environment in which to clone happy, healthy students. But more social space will give rise to a more relaxed, comfortable student life.

A university truly committed to offering a "well-rounded" education must encourage a good social, as well as academic and spiritual, atmosphere. Much of the lunchtime banter concerns this responsibility. Interestingly, the blame for bad conditions in existing social space usu-

ally is fixed upon "the Administration," "the Trustees," fuzzy figures in unknown places. They do not, however, leave paper bags and orange peels on the floor of LaFortune, nor are they responsible for cleaning up spilled spaghetti sauce in Lyons' kitchen. "We enjoy the comfort of opinion without the discomfort of thought." This seems appropriate to describe some students who leisurely criticize the University without thinking of their stake in maintaining clean and enjoyable social space. An "attitudinal change," a phrase coined by Mike Roohan for this occasion, is necessary if we really want more time and money put into more social space construction. We, too, share the responsibility for a good social ambiance.

Space is a hot topic at lunch these days. Andy McKenna feels that the number-one priority for his administration is "residentiality." Social space is part of this issue, but there are also many tangents; for example, overcrowding. The following articles concern the many aspects of "space," or in some cases, lack of space. Some of the articles relate directly to the social space problem, some indirectly. They all pertain to what Dr. Brogle calls "the creation of a good and enjoyable living environment."

LA FORTUNE: FICTION BECOMES FACT

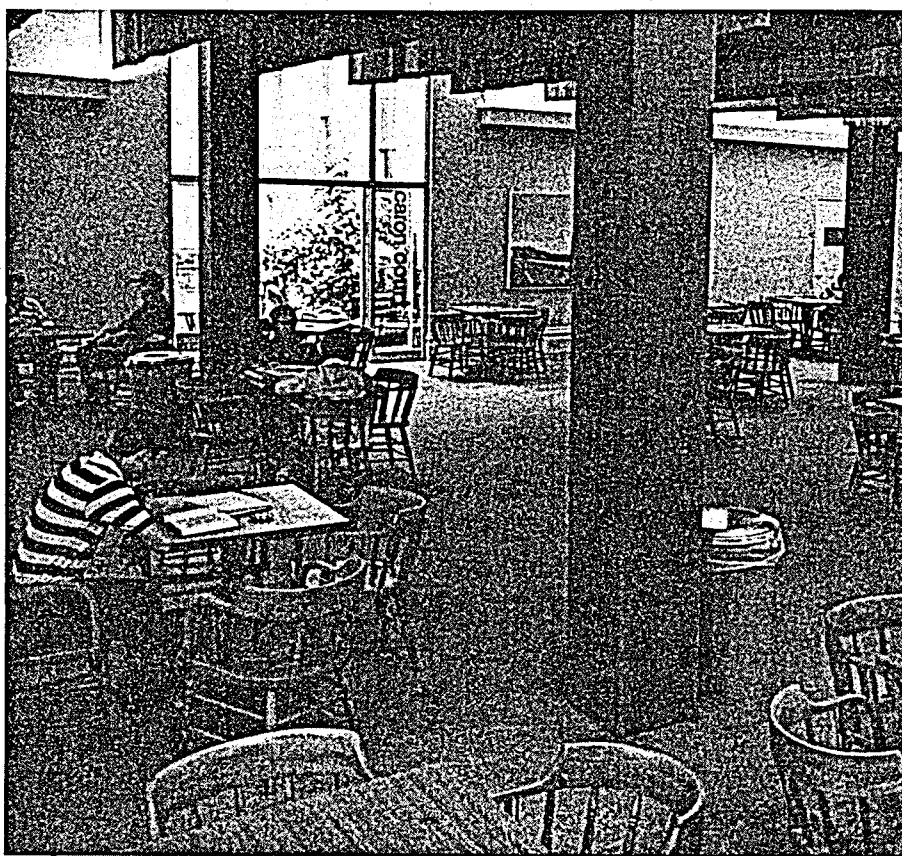
by Paul Peralta

For as long as this writer has attended Notre Dame, promises of LaFortune Student Center renovation and expansion have emitted from the august confines of the Golden Dome. Our student government has perennially canvassed for opinions and submitted resulting suggestions to the administration in an effort to initiate action. Apparently, this bureaucratic ballet has finally resulted in the present renovation of the student center.

According to Brother Kieran Ryan, C.S.C., Assistant Vice-President of Business Affairs, present plans call for the installation of a fast-food-type restaurant at the north end of the Huddle. The south end, the present dining area, is to be converted into a convenience shopping area where students may purchase necessary goods heretofore unavailable at the bookstore. The first floor of LaFortune will be furnished with wooden tables and chairs and will serve as the dining area. Lounge furniture from the first floor area will be moved to the ballroom. Brother Ryan hopes this type of remodeling will make LaFortune a true student center.

Previous to these plans, LaFortune's most recent renovation came in 1975 when several fifth year architecture students drew up remodeling plans for the lounge area and the Huddle. Completed renovations included refurbishing of the first floor lounge, the installation of new staircases, the relocation of student government and publication offices, and the painting of the building's interior.

Despite these changes, however, the now-defunct Committee on Undergraduate Life recommended the need for a "neutral space" on campus, "areas where students can go and be free from the academic pressure of the classroom and the social pressure of the conventional date." The Committee went on to state that it was "a delusion to consider the present building (LaFortune) as one that serves the student's



needs."

In February, 1976, the Student Life Council (SLC) concurred by recommending LaFortune expansion. Among proposals submitted was the idea of a sound system in the main lobby, a television room, and a restaurant-pub establishment. Efforts by the SLC resulted in the establishment of a Deli in the Nazz which, by coincidence or not, opened the first of April.

SLC proposals were not met by deaf administration ears as then Vice-President of Student Affairs, Brother Just Paczesny, C.S.C. revealed plans in early March for Huddle renovation. Estimated to cost close to \$300,000, plans included a Baskin-Robbins-like ice-cream parlor and a "Barnaby's-type restaurant" which was to be located as an extension over the pool room. Brother Paczesny hoped for a fall, 1976 completion time. As he stated, "I have a positive feeling we will be able to get done on the schedule that

we anticipate."

This flurry of administration/student government activity was climaxed by a statement from University President Father Theodore Hesburgh. In an *Observer* article dated February 13, 1976, he stated that he would welcome a "great bierstube" in the Rathskeller if the Indiana drinking age were lowered and if such a locale were conducive to casual social drinking as opposed to the typical student bar where excessive drinking is not uncommon.

Father Hesburgh's statement raised the hopes of students for an on-campus pub, and instantly bestowed LaFortune status as a potential center for student socialization. Unfortunately, however, neither the lowering of the drinking age nor the student pub concept materialized. Indeed, for one reason or another, talk of renovating LaFortune ceased and Brother Paczesny's projected completion date was not reached.

It was not until early 1977 that

action was initiated by the student government. Sensing the need for readdressing the issue, the Mike Gassman administration sought out student input on the matter in the form of a survey. The student survey gave form to an eight-point renovation plan submitted by SBP Gassman to Brother Paczesny. Paczesny promised to circulate the plan among administration officials. The Gassman plan included everything from bowling lanes to a banking facility. For the sake of pragmatism, no target date was set for renovation completion.

After apparently overcoming financial obstacles, LaFortune renovation is close to becoming a reality. The combined efforts of administration and student government have served to produce results.

A question remains, however. Is the physical change alone enough to transform LaFortune into a campus center for students? Director of Student Activities John Reid offers an interesting answer to this.

Reid feels that LaFortune has social space but that it is inadequately used. Defining social space as "a place for people to gather comfortably in small groups," Reid acknowledges the merits of the present renovation but adds that the most important ingredient, activities, is and will be needed to draw students to LaFortune. Citing the success of Darby's and the Nazz, Reid suggests that weekly activities coordinated by Student Union would add much to LaFortune's social meeting potential.

For all intents and purposes, the solution to LaFortune's inadequate usage has been presented: first, in the form of physical renovation and second, in the form of a "concept renovation." It would seem that student responsibility falls on the latter, for if there is continual apathy to efforts by students and administration alike, it is doubtful that any degree of success can be achieved. Reid's proposal is an open invitation to making LaFortune a genuine student center. Whether we accept or reject may well indicate our concern with the problem of campus social space.

Paul Peralta is a senior government major. This is his second year on the Scholastic staff.

Rich Dorm, Poor Dorm

by Bob Southard
and Lisa Hartenberger

Father Riehle snorted. "I see this proposal as being a hastily thrown together, ill-conceived attempt at solving the problem." The rector of Pangborn is speaking of the proposal, prepared by Student Government last spring, which deals with the "social space" problems of five South Quad dorms. The proposed renovations are as yet unfinished, and this incompleteness has generated confusion, surprise, and resignation among the halls affected.

Last March, in their report, the Student Government addressed the need for social space renovation in Fisher, Howard, Morrissey, Pangborn, and Sorin. Joe Gill, Executive Coordinator in the Bender administration and author of the proposal, said that the report "was meant to be a beginning, not a solution. We just wanted to get the space in the halls." Given this goal, the report stated that "in each of these halls, the rector and hall staff conducted an extensive study to determine the best possible locations in which to construct the proposed social areas. . . ." A document was then drawn up, consisting of brief recommendations for each hall, and was then submitted to the May meeting of the Board of Trustees for approval. The Trustees accepted the proposal and handed it back to the Office of Student Affairs for implementation.

There is some question of whether any "extensive" study, as implied by the report, was indeed conducted. Some of the rectors feel very strongly the planning was not at all extensive, and in fact, "slipshod." Father Riehle states emphatically, "I was not consulted. If my hall president was, it was done casually." Father Brenner, rector of Fisher,

also commented on the lack of consultation. He cites as an example the fact that he was given only forty-eight hours to draw up a plan for his hall. He submitted a "crude pencil sketch" and also requested professional construction assistance. That was the last he heard of the project until he returned this fall to confusion in his basement, he noted.

Not all of the halls, though, felt left out of the planning. Father Gorski, rector of Howard, described his participation in the process as complete. Howard's glass-walled lounge would indeed satisfy anyone; certainly the other rectors would have been pleased to receive comparable treatment. Howard, however, was the only dormitory to submit a detailed set of blueprints. Gorski had a graduate architecture student draw up a plan which was easily translated into action. The other halls' planning lacked this sense of direction.

The language of the proposal addressed to the Board of Trustees imparted a sense of responsible research which apparently did not take place. Student Government is, however, limited in its scope and expertise, and a complete technical report would not be within its capabilities. The Office of Student Affairs was aware of this undertaking and should have insisted on truly extensive consultation.

Another weak point in the report is its cost estimation. In such a proposal, great care should be taken in arriving at the costs submitted to the Trustees. Student Government put a price tag of \$6,100 on the improvements—currently, the project is budgeted at \$38,000. The Student Government's figures were

"extrapolated from a contractor's estimate of work to be done in Sorin Hall," Rick Pinkowski, assistant to Joe Gill on the project, explained. "It's possible our numbers were low, but not that far off for what we had proposed." Gill agrees. "For what we had in mind, our estimates were close." He emphasized the "bare bones" nature of the proposal, and felt some of the construction which took place was extravagant. The proposal was not meant to include furniture, fixtures, or decorations. Apparently, the proposal was radically altered after it left Student Government's hands, which accounts for the major part of the cost discrepancy. Some responsibility for the disparity between estimated costs and the actual construction fees should be placed somewhere in the Administration. If the Office of Student Affairs envisioned such a grandiose improvement project, the \$6,100 proposal should not have been submitted to the Trustees.

Finally, after the planning was completed and the cost estimates determined, additional difficulties occurred in the actual implementation of the project. The main problem seems to lie in the fact that no technical information supported the Student Government's basically conceptual proposal. With the exception of Howard, no blueprints or supporting documents ever reached the Maintenance Department. Maintenance received a copy of the student proposal which is vague, at best, regarding construction details. Combined with the deplorable lack of detailed plans, the summer recess left Maintenance with insufficient guidance. Maintenance seems to have made the best of a bad situation. Brother Joe McTaggart, Fisher's Assistant Rector, who was here over the summer said, "In my dealings with Maintenance, they were very willing to help."

It would have been possible for all the halls to have been completed if there had been some sort of cohesive plan. As it was, Howard was the only hall that furnished Maintenance with a strategy that could be readily converted into action. The other rectors were not aware such technical information was required from them; Father Brenner, as previously stated, wrote a letter to Student Affairs specifically requesting profes-

sional assistance for Fisher. His plea apparently fell on deaf ears.

The sensitive and difficult problem of the creation of social space has been mishandled in this project. The incompleteness of the improvements is only a superficial complaint. The renovations will be finished. But there should be no need for McTaggart to characterize his encounter with the system as "damn frustrating," a sentiment shared by many of those involved.

There has been a serious lack of communication and concrete planning throughout the project. Rectors

The Office of Student Affairs could have avoided much of the confusion in Maintenance by following through with the Business Office and obtaining professional estimates and blueprints for all the halls involved. Brother Ed Luther, rector of Morrissey, questioned the effectiveness of the original proposal in meeting the needs of Morrissey residents. Just "getting the space in," without furniture, light fixtures, ceiling tile, and ventilation does seem somewhat impractical. Due to the end-of-the-year shuffle or internal administrative transitions, the project did not re-



did not describe their plans to qualified personnel, only inexperienced students. Student Government advanced a somewhat misleading proposal. After approving the proposal, the Board of Trustees took the matter from Student Government's control and returned it to the Office of Student Affairs. Student Affairs handed the proposal, as it stood, to Maintenance. Maintenance could not carry out the proposal without the necessary blueprints and technical information.

ceive the direction and careful leadership it merited.

At Notre Dame, there is not a more crucial issue than the effective utilization of social space. The delicate nature of the problem demands truly thorough planning and careful coordination. Not the superficial treatment received.

Bob Southard and Lisa Hartenberger, both Scholastic editorial board members, are Copy Editor and Layout Editor, respectively.

Affirmative Action: Women's Housing

by Elizabeth Weber

Notre Dame will begin breaking ground again soon with the announcement of plans for a new undergraduate women's dorm, according to Sister John Miriam Jones S.C., Assistant Provost. The prospects for a new dorm became a reality this summer when a donor for the project was located.

The new dormitory will allow the University to increase the current student enrollment from about 6,800 to about 7,200. According to Sister John the increased student population will consist of women, and the present number of males will remain the same. This decision was authorized by the Board of Trustees last year, and at that time the trustees also gave their approval for the university to seek a donor for the new dormitory.

Sister John indicated that the donor's name will remain anonymous at this time since negotiations are still under way on the amount of the donation. "We are going to do it in the near future. We have had some contact with the architects about plans and cost, but nothing has been definitely decided yet," she said.

There is no location set for the facility yet, but there is a possibility that the new building will resemble Grace and Flanner halls. If this style is chosen, the area between those two dorms and the Memorial Library would be a likely spot for construction. "A lot of people are against a tower, but it is an advantage since we already have the architectural plans for that type of building," Sister John commented.

Plans for the new dorm were announced by Sister John in a letter this summer to members of the Women's Advisory Board. She stressed in the letter that although plans were vague, suggestions for the use of social space would be appreciated. Sister John said she had received many suggestions over the summer and would be going over and discussing them with the architects in the next few weeks.

The new dormitory was one of the goals set by the Campaign for Notre Dame, the \$130 million development drive by the University. In materials distributed at the beginning of the campaign, the amount designated for the the dorm was \$4 million, and it is assumed that the benefaction will be at least that amount and very likely higher.

No construction timetable will be established until all details are

"We have had some contact
with the architects
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but nothing has been
definitely decided yet."

Stressing that dorms will definitely be the answer to the growing concern over lack of social space at ND, Sister John said that she would like to see the new dorm designed in a way that would facilitate better social interaction. "We definitely are not going to build a new student center in the immediate future, so we must work with our available dorm space," she said.

settled and confirmation on the amount of the gift has been received, but the new women's dorm will definitely be a reality in the near future.

Elizabeth Weber is a senior American Studies major. This is her first contribution to Scholastic.

Home of the Brave

by Dave Gill

"All on campus regulations, except for parietals, will apply to off campus living as well."

—du Lac 1978-79

Well, maybe. Luckily for Notre Dame students living off-campus this semester, no university administration official has chosen to enforce the aforementioned clause. On the other hand, maybe the administration has been lucky. No matter, though, because both parties adopt the policy of live and let live, and everyone involved leads a much happier and more peaceful life.

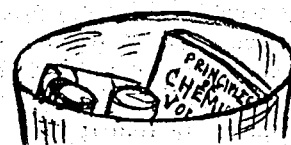
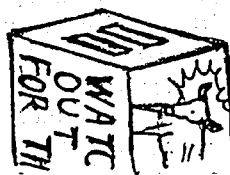
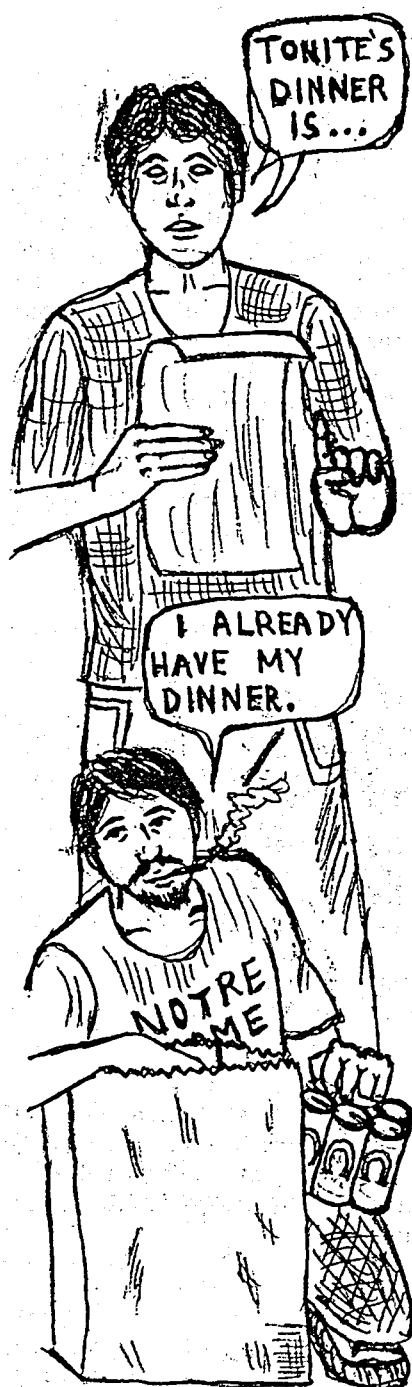
The student's life is easier and more tranquil, specifically because the great weight of *in loco parentis* has been lifted from his chest. The only people an off-campus student has to answer to are God, the police, his neighbors, his landlord, and his housemates, not necessarily in that order. He enjoys a freedom, a responsibility, that, for the first time, makes him feel like he lives away from home but still enjoys the intimacy of a home.

What is off-campus living? Off-campus living consists of doing dinner dishes for six; living in a rented house or apartment means cleaning bedrooms, bathrooms, and living rooms; off-campus signifies all the work Mom used to do. Of course, off-campus also means the luxury of coming to the breakfast table in a bathrobe; it's walking out the back door and falling into a car; it's leaving campus and all of the accompanying pressures behind every day.

When a student chooses to move out from under the protective, and many times stifling, wing of the University, he comes to grips with the real world, more so than he ever did while living in a dorm room. While on campus, the major responsibility a student faces is remembering to change his bedsheets twice a month. After a student makes the decision to leave campus housing, a thousand new, and sometimes frightening, responsibilities appear. Paying rent, fixing a leaky faucet, taking out the trash, going shopping, and paying the paper boy (or girl) all combine to complicate his life that much more.

A learning process takes place that no professor or book can ever teach. A student realizes that life consists of more than going to class, going to the dining hall, and going to football games. Priorities change and classes no longer hold the top notch on the list. Surviving takes precedence over book learning.

Of course, most students, whether they live on campus or off, in a single or a quad, in a dorm or the CCE, realize that life entails more than Emil's chemistry class. Living off-campus simply drives home the point that life can, and often is, a pain in the posterior.



Jeff Young

Off-campus living has its hassles, e.g., trying to think of something for dinner that everyone likes, at least a little. But the good part about it is going to bed in one's own bedroom, eating in the kitchen, and drinking the after-meal coffee in the living room. A house or apartment lacks the claustrophobic feeling that comes with squeezing two people into a 15-by 15-foot room and telling those two people to sleep there, study there, listen to music there, entertain there—to *live* there.

Everyone doesn't want to live off-campus; everyone can't live off, which is good, or class attendance rolls may take a drastic drop. This article merely attempts to point out what living off-campus can mean, speaking with the total experience of three very confusing, but also very satisfying weeks on St. Louis Blvd. with five other males.

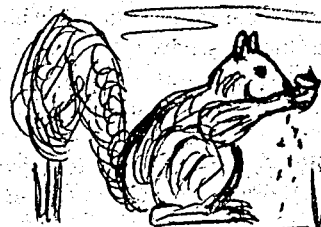
Maybe some advice should be rendered to those who have pondered the idea of moving off-campus at some point in the future. Know the people who will be living together and know them well, or hostilities concerning labor division or study hours may occur. Again, from personal experience, pure communism really does work, at least on a scale of six. Everything is shared, from who cooks to who shops, from clothes to albums, from food to booze. Even the dog believes in communism; she leaves presents in every room, without regard to location.

The off-campus life-style does not resemble heaven in any way, shape, or form. After two or three years of dorm residence, however, it could be the only thing that aids in keeping one's sanity intact. In order to eat, one doesn't have to stand in a

line for 15 minutes; in order to sleep or study, one does not have to yell at a hyperactive freshman to turn his stereo down; in order to live, one does not have to walk around campus to keep from climbing the walls. The house on St. Louis does not have cockroaches, although crickets, a few mice, and one bat have made recent appearances.

As in all things, one can find good and bad in off-campus living. Moving off may mean one likes to have keg parties or may mean that one has grown tired of having the University watch over him to keep him on the straight and narrow. Whatever off-campus means, it comes highly recommended by those who have experienced it.

Dave Gill is a senior from Huntington, IN. He was last seen on all fours scrubbing a kitchen floor on St. Louis Blvd.



Sardine Semester

by Patrick Joyce

South Bend, Ind. (API) A revolutionary new idea in interior decorating has just been developed by officials at a prestigious Midwestern university. Conceived in joint co-operation by the University of Notre Dame's Housing and Admissions Offices, this new look is now being sported by all of the more fashionable dorms on campus. Indeed, the overcrowding fad has begun at ND, and the crowded look is "in" for this fall. The ingenuity of the innovation is self-evident, if only because of the novelty of its prime ingredient: people. Yes, this year more and more students are decorating their rooms *with* their roommates—in the purely literal sense.

The consequences of the overcrowding situation on campus are many, and they extend well out of the dormitory and into classrooms, dining halls, and athletic events. Taking a shower? First take a number. Waiting for an elevator? Better bring a bodyguard. Going to dinner? Better pack a lunch. The new look has truly arrived and with it the "grim and white-faced" visages of disappointed freshmen and disbelieving parents.

Freshmen are, of course, both the cause of this year's big squeeze as well as those most affected by its consequences. In Flanner and Grace, study rooms have been converted to impromptu quads complete with bunk beds, carpeted floors, and see-through doors. In Farley, 16 girls have been relegated to the basement amidst sundry pipes, insects, and underlying feelings of resentment. In Lewis, it has been decided that a woman's place is in the kitchenette, at least temporarily. In other dorms across campus, quads have been converted to six-man suites, doubles to triples, and R.A. singles to doubles. And so on top of all the usual freshman difficulties and adjustments, one other has been added: the distinct lack of "personal space."



Although almost all ND students realize the seriousness of the dormitory overcrowding, only those directly affected can speak on the subject with firsthand authority. In talking with freshmen now living in makeshift rooms or with inadequate facilities, the attitudes prevalent were as various as the individuals interviewed and the rooms assigned to them. Some students were noticeably perturbed at the lack of adequate facilities. Comments such as "We paid to live down here" and "They should give us discounts" contrasted strongly with sentiments such as "Well, I'm stuck here so I'll try to make the best of it." In short, the attitudes reflect not so much the gravity of the situation as the differing abilities of students to adjust to circumstances beyond their control. As no two students are exactly alike, all may react in different ways to the same problems. Some may find

their rooms cozy while others find them stuffy. Some are abhorred by the lack of privacy while others may thrive on a close communion with others. In short, although students may adapt to their problems in differing ways, all will eventually learn to cope with an unpleasant situation to the best of their abilities—hopefully without feelings of regret or remorse.

No matter what the causes of overcrowding, the consequences remain. In admitting a larger number of freshmen to the University this fall, two basic benefits have been incurred. First of all, more students have been included in the educational community and this will obviously benefit both the students and the University as each contributes valuable input. This leads to the even more obvious advantage of an augmented pool of revenue from the tuition that flows from these students. However, in light of the consequences that affect all students—and especially the overcrowded freshmen—perhaps the University should examine its actions to avoid any future mistakes. The unpleasant effects may outweigh the benefits and some students may feel cheated as they pay a great sum of money to receive an increasingly smaller slice of the "pie." Whatever the cause and whoever is at fault, whether it be upperclassmen who remain on campus or freshmen who are accepted at too great a rate, the malady must be cured before it grows out of hand. If not, then we can possibly look forward to the absurdity of the day when students will be forced to live with professors residing on campus. Then perhaps would a lucky student be heard to exclaim "Well, he may not be tenured, but he does have a stereo!"

Patrick Joyce is a senior from New York. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.

The night begins with several people pretending that they are sleepy cats awakening from a deep slumber, stretching noiselessly in exaggerated motion. It continues as they grab chairs and run around barefoot, grumbling in heavy Texan drawls. Then they start playing checkers that aren't there and drinking beer that is wherever the checkers are.

This is not a typical night, hope-

to portray the mostly funny but often sad life stories of "the neatest girl" and "the neatest boy" from Bradleyville High in Bradleyville, Texas.

If anyone harbors any illusions of a director who must organize all this chaos as a stuffy character sitting languidly in a canvas chair periodically yelling "stage right" while sticking a pencil in the back of his

At practices she paces the lobby where the actors rehearse, periodically breaking in to shoot questions as to what the students feel about their characters. She walks from one side of the room to the other, suggesting poses, inflections of lines, and subtle movements that bring the play to life. "Good. That line's perfect. Yeah, keep going," she practically screams every once in a while

Lu Ann Who?

by Marcy Weigle

fully anyway, for any typical student; yet it's a familiar scene as a rehearsal night for the members of the ND-SMC Theatre Group as they prepare for the first major production of the four to be presented this year: *Lu Ann Hampton Laverty Oberlander* by Preston Jones. Rehearsals like these encompass activities from the "loosening-up" exercises headed by assistant director Lisa Turco, a Saint Mary's senior, to the drilling, redrilling, and improvisation of lines on the part of the cast members and director. Each rehearsal strengthens the cooperative effort that exists between the Notre Dame and Saint Mary's students and faculty as they strive to bring a touch of class to the campuses through theatre productions.

If the title of the play, *Lu Ann Hampton Laverty Oberlander*, doesn't pique your interest, the short production blurb released by the Speech and Drama Department should: "The neatest girl was a cheerleader (apparently with more sweaters in her closet than Jimmy Carter has blue jeans). The neatest boy was a basketball player, kind of shy, and not very bright. But cute, so cute." And if that doesn't bring to heart everything that was ever Bobby Deerfield in you, nothing will.

And with that, eleven cast members, approximately forty backstage crew members, a director and assistant director, and a five-member bluegrass country-style band cooperatively strive to tell the story of *Lu Ann Hampton*. Together they work

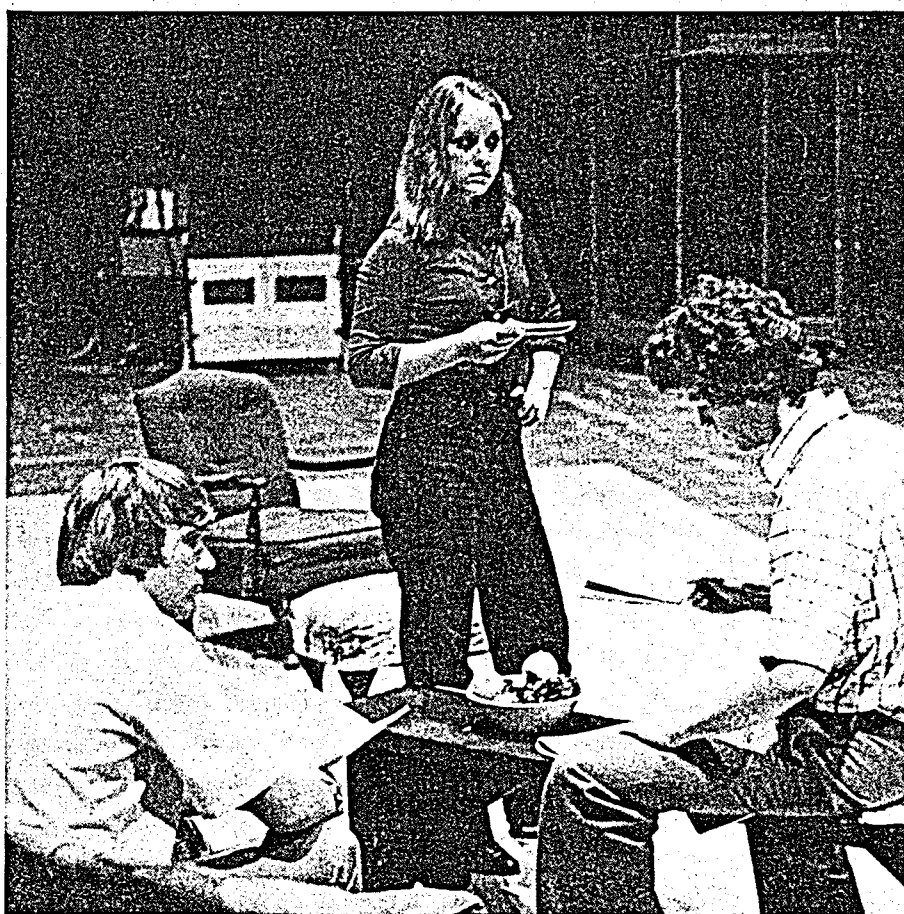
ear, they will be happily shattered by the director of *Lu Ann Hampton*: Julie Jensen.

Jensen is Assistant Professor of Speech and Drama, beginning her second year at Notre Dame-Saint Mary's. If the word intense is too artistic for anyone to handle, perhaps a more fitting description is dynamic.

and rehearsal continues.

Jensen's enthusiasm as director carries over to the students cast in the play. Of eleven cast members, five are freshmen and six upperclassmen, of whom four are Speech and Drama majors.

The lead part of *Lu Ann* is played by Chrissy Foy, a Saint Mary's freshman from Indianapolis. Chrissy,



Michael Gibbons, Chris Foy, Shawn Maguire



Julie Jensen

when describing her character, Lu Ann, delves right into an animated dissertation of "the neatest cheerleader," breaking into a Southern drawl that makes some Texans sound absolutely Bostonian.

Mark Amenta, a senior Speech and Drama major who has directed two student plays and who will be the first student in the history of the ND-SMC Theatre to direct a major production this fall, epitomizes the student's enthusiasm for hard work and a good time. At the same time, he dispels the common image of the actor's delusions of grandeur. "If I told my mom about the part I have (Milo, the town nerd, in Mark's own description) as a graduating Speech and Drama major, she'd tell me to switch to Engineering . . . quickly."

But, no matter what part they play, the students in *Lu Ann Hampton* all share a great enthusiasm and

desire for nothing less than perfection on stage. This determination will ultimately work to make the play successful for them and interesting to the audience.

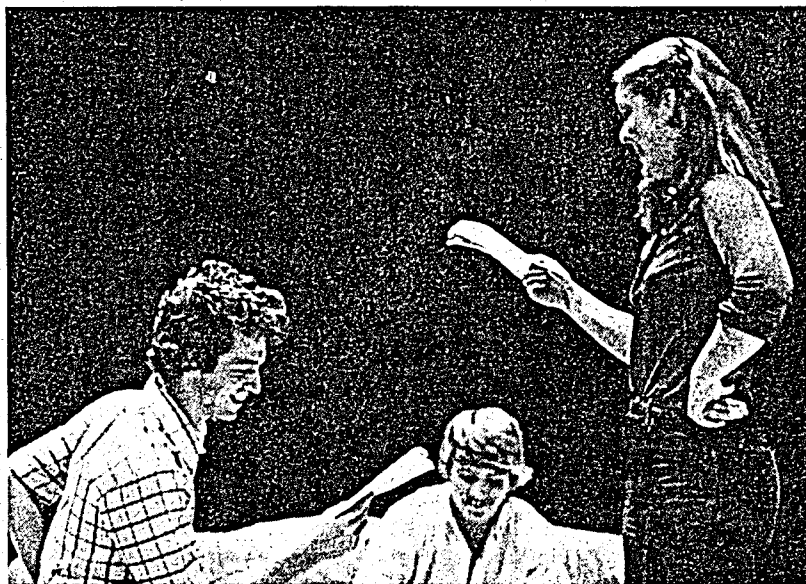
All in all, from the time that the announcement posters for tryouts are hung on the walls of O'Shaughnessy until the time of the perfected production, *Lu Ann Hampton* involves a lot of hard work. It encompasses strenuous rehearsals every night and late night hours of scene practices. It means working in the barren lobby of O'Laughlin because of limited stage facilities and the constant drilling, redrilling and rehearsing of lines. Not least of all, it means practicing being sleepy, stretching, awakening cats which can be a very emotional, if not downright heartrending experience.

Yet with all this, the attitude of

the ND-SMC Theatre Group is best summed up by the adept commentary of Shawn Maguire, a sophomore who plays Lu Ann's brother: "It's fun. It's worth every minute."

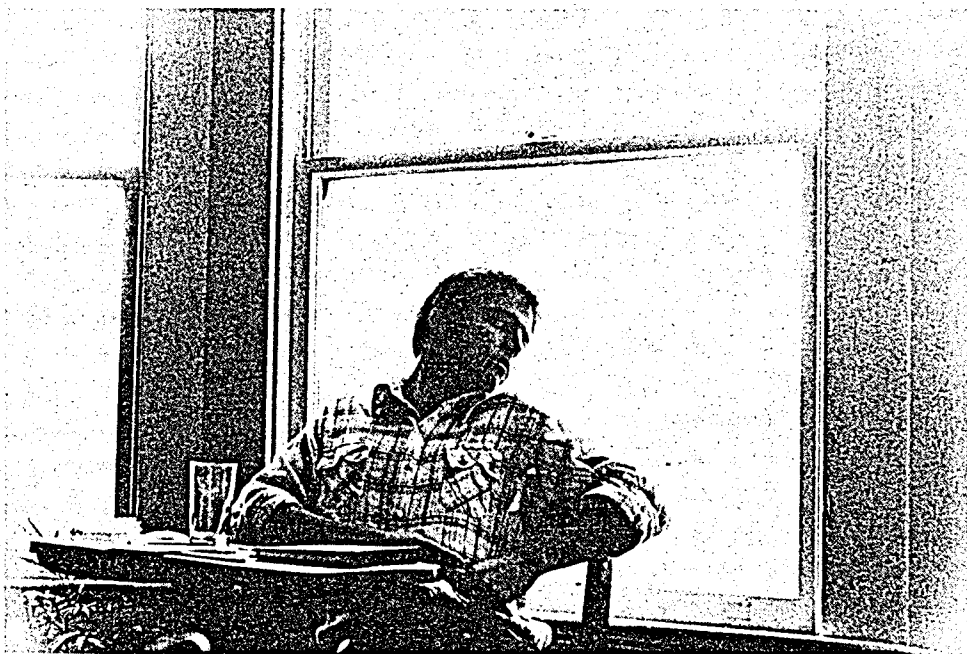
And if the play is anything like the rehearsals, anybody in his right mind, and even anybody not in his right mind, would benefit greatly from seeing *Lu Ann Hampton Laverty Oberlander* when it opens on October 7 and runs until October 14 in the theatre in the round at O'Laughlin Auditorium. After all, it'll be fun . . . and worth every minute.

Marcy Weigle is a junior government major from Sea Isle City, N.J.



Shawn Maguire, Michael Gibbons, Chris Foy

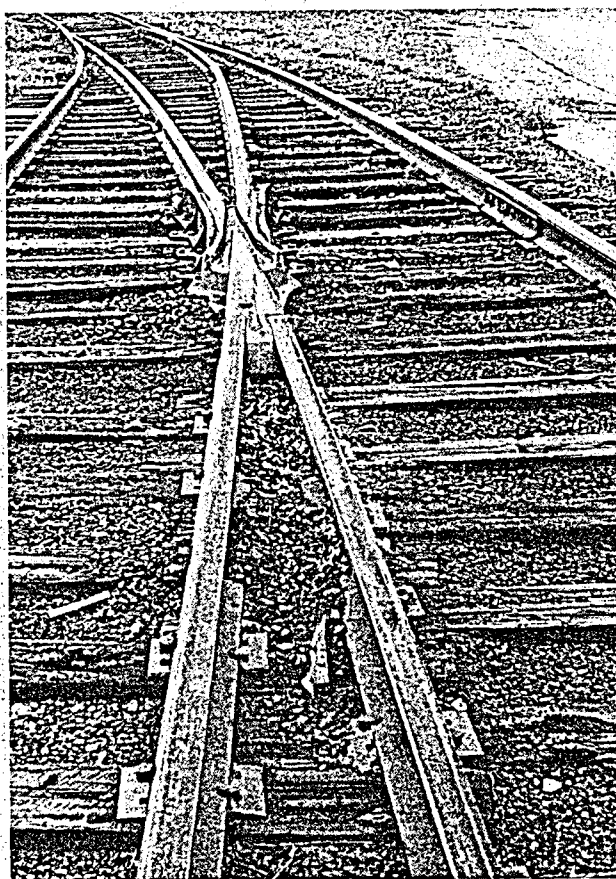
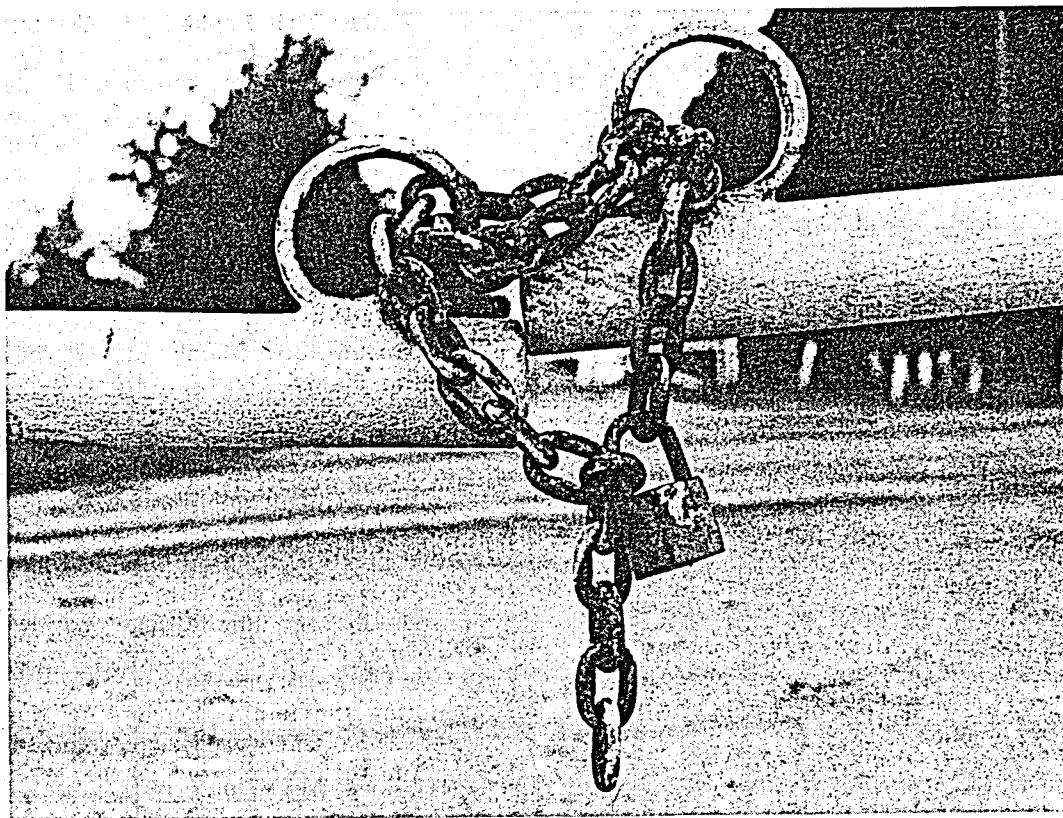
Theresa Rebeck



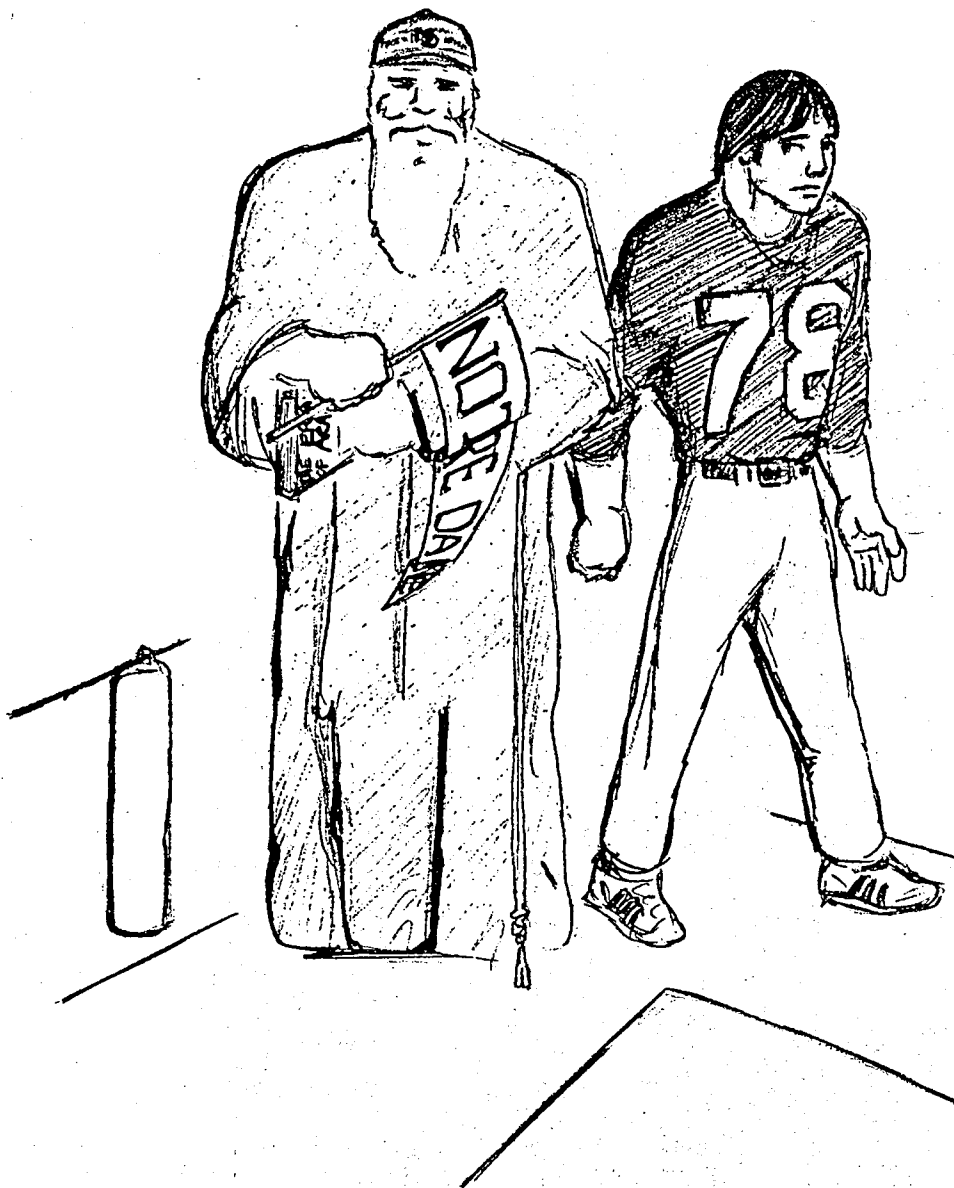


Gallery





Jeff Huhta



Paradise Revisited

by Greg Solman
and Tim Gulstone

Father Sorin implored the Creator once more. "Please," he asked the Almighty, "Let me return to Earth for but a few hours, to see again the University which I have founded so very long ago."

The Creator heaved a timeworn sigh, and Sorin was transfixed. Instantly, he stood back on Earth on the outskirts of the University. It was the Friday night before the Michigan-Notre Dame game. This is his diary:

Friday Night, September 22, 1978:

When I arrived back on Earth, I saw great and wondrous things; for all over, excepting deep black slashes of smooth rock, the trees that I had planted were now large and lush, and only beginning to tinge with the colors of fall.

It is good that I have returned during the fall, I thought, for the students will just have returned from their homes—it is the most serene of the seasons.

On the way to Sorin College, I espied large, brightly colored horseless carriages, within which were people, staring out from behind panes of glass.

All seemed headed in the same direction, so I proceeded by foot toward that direction, stopping along the way only to pick up small, cylindrical, metallic objects that had evidently been discarded along the road.

I can venture no explanation of these, but upon closer examination, I could discern some German writing—a language, unfortunately, to which I was unaccustomed.

By the time I had proceeded several hundred feet, I had collected too many of these objects to carry along, so I, too, discarded them along the road.

Then, lo and behold, came a wondrous sight before me . . . for there was a small, dark building with many youth trying to enter through the door. A huge placard was above that read "Corby's." Eureka! How pleasant, I thought, it will be good to see old Father Corby once again!

I squeezed through the door, apparently invisible to all gathered there. I was pleased that Father Corby still had such wonderful Mass attendance.

As I became immersed in that crowd, I did discern that there was no Mass going on, but instead, some

SCHOLASTIC

social gathering. A foamy ale was being distributed to all.

I approached one of the youths and asked him of it. He stared blankly ahead and said nothing. And then, he retched, and I, not being of strong stomach, sought the door. It was evident that Father Corby was not here.

Presently, I came upon the school grounds and was amazed at the expansion my campus had undergone. I entered the largest of the buildings, that which had a stone mural of Christ on the outside. It was obviously a sacred place, for no one was there, save for many books and keepers.

Finally, I chanced upon a youth on an upper floor, reading a book of chemistry. I asked him a question, but he simply muttered a strange pagan rite, "Tri-nitro-toluene; gotta getta fourroh." I left quickly, he being an uninteresting subject to study.

I then went inside that golden domed building. I heard the banging of heating pipes and smelled the musty smell. The floors were worn and the stairs dangerous. How nice that nothing has changed since last I was here.

Presently, I followed the flow of the crowd to a strange, shiny building. It must have been struck by lightning many times, I thought, seeing as how the roof was dented in various and sundry places.

Inside, what a ruckus was occurring! A band was playing a fast melody, and the thousands of people gathered there listened, entranced.

At length, this song grew tiresome, and I wished to hear it no longer. Finally, someone tried to speak, yet the crowd most rudely interrupted with shouts of joy and handclapping. No sooner would one speaker tire of this rudeness, and another attempt to speak, then would the band and impertinent crowd do the same.

I did not blame the crowd for its restlessness, for it was of extreme heat, and the subject of the speakers quite repetitious. I kept hearing of "beating" and "killing" and of "fields," and what would transpire on them, and so I assumed that some hunting expedition was being organized. I didn't realize that "Wolver-

ines" had become such prized game!

I left, at length, when that same song became too tiresome, and I did get struck squarely on the forehead by a flying roll of soft white cloth.

Saturday, September 23, 1978

I was most pleased to see so many parents and alumni of Notre Dame come to the school this morning to visit with the youth. Such large-scale visiting shows tremendous concern on their part.

As I wandered about the grounds, I chanced upon a general store on campus, and indeed, upon entering I could see that it had become a lucrative venture to please the adults who visited. Everywhere there stood older people buying many items all engraved with "Notre Dame" and, strangely enough, all of similar color patterns. I ventured on.

On the road to the school, many brightly colored chariots were attempting to move. At one place, a long-armed machine blocked the road periodically, letting some chariots pass, and turning others back to whence they came. I watched for a very long time and discovered a pattern to this activity. Evidently, those chariots whose glass panes were marked with small green squares were denied entrance. All others were allowed through.

I followed the flow of the crowd to a huge brick coliseum, where it seemed that all had gathered. Entrance to this vast coliseum seemed, at best, difficult.

There, outside the walls, there was much bartering of money for small pictures of large, evidently holy grails, with different numbers on each. Once acquiring these portraits, however, each person watched seemingly unperturbed as strangely uniformed men demanded each to surrender them, only to tear them in halves.

Once inside, I became immediately angered at having to sit in such close proximity with others, while before me lay a seemingly empty field. I became further perturbed when the band with such limited repertoire appeared upon the field,

apparently having followed us here. After gaining entrance, they marched in a most lightheaded fashion toward the middle of the field. They then proceeded to play that same song. Strangely enough, all seemed cheered by its playing.

Upon looking about me, I saw that perhaps I should have saved those small metallic cylinders that I had encountered in such profusion on the way to Father Corby's; for a large number of those around me seemed to covet these objects greatly.

Soon, all attention was turned toward the field. There, to a tumult quite indescribable, ran large-shouldered, golden-helmeted men.

What transpired then is beyond my capability to explain. It appears that the men clad in green and gold coveted a brown leather object. With it, the green-clad youth would run and play for many minutes until they had run out of room at the end of the field. Then, growing weary of the game, they would kick the ball to other men, dressed in maize and blue, who would hold the object for a brief time and then kick it back, probably angered at the green-clad for not allowing them even half of the field in which to play.

At the end, everyone assembled there was smiling and greatly cheered.

My time had expired, and as I rose to return to Heaven, the echoes of that same song trailed behind me, filling the air.

Despite the incessancy with which this tune had been played that day, I found myself becoming, somehow, much endeared to it.

I resolved then to further study this activity in the future. . .

Greg Solman is a junior American Studies major from Caribou, Maine, while Tim Gulstone is a junior English major from DeKalb, Illinois. This celestial insight is their first joint contribution to Scholastic.



"A profile, by common understanding, is due someone currently important. The interview is our way of understanding his fame. It is not wisdom that we try to understand; it is exceptionality—in the case of a writer, his reputation as a writer, his hold on our imagination, means that for us he is like no one else. The interview becomes a way of getting the writer to document this exceptionality himself."

—Alfred Kazin

Alfred Kazin talks easily, not quite eagerly, this scorching Friday, following a few of our leads, abandoning most of them and inventing some of his own.

"Mr. Kazin, what questions do you hate to be asked?"

"Why don't you try me and find out?" he countered, looking inscrutable, even in blue cotton shirt sleeves.

Kazin is the sole ordering principle in his fifth-floor Memorial Library office. He sits behind a cluttered desk amidst a confusion of paper, but the office assembles itself splendidly around him. Now and then, he gazes out the window as he talks,

New York Jew

by Kathy Ryan and Jerry Perez

taking in what are to us familiar sights: the Administration Building, Washington Hall. (Of campus architecture, he comments, "I have such a fascination with anything nineteenth century.") We can tell that he is still trying to orient himself as a Jew teaching American literature at a Catholic university. As a visiting lecturer in the English department, Kazin is just getting settled, already acquiring a feeling for the surroundings. "The statue of Mary on the dome faces south, in case you get lost," we tell him, trying to be helpful.

"I take it you've read the book," he judges from our questions. "The book" here is his third and most recent autobiographical novel, *New York Jew*. We respond affirmatively, nodding and smirking like well-prepared students who, having read *The Brothers Karamazov*, know who Father Paissy is.

"Then there really is no need for an interview," he smiles pleasantly, the eyes narrowing to carrot-sticks.

Let us make one thing clear: it is not that Alfred Kazin coddles a writer's temperament like some of his explosive contemporaries. It is simply that he prefers asking questions to answering them. We forget that he is no longer "on native grounds" and that he, too, wants to know some things.

"Can't we just talk?" he asks us. So the three of us talk.

The situation leaned in the direction of true irony: we were interviewing the most accomplished of

interviewers. Throughout his autobiographical trilogy (*Starting Out in the Thirties*, *A Walker in the City*, *New York Jew*) Kazin emerges as the literary inquisitor of our times. The anecdote, the observation, the opinion expressed throughout these and other works result from asking the right questions, both of himself and of the "literary ids and egos" in his world. This man who had been on both sides of the dialogue, an expert in both, was now our challenge. Cavett and cliché were out of the question; we resolved to fight off convention in documenting one writer's exceptionality.

During his decades of critical endeavor, surely he had heard every question, constructed every appropriate answer. The "Great Man," we had decided, was no easy mark, but the wealth of information launched the challenge: imagine the image-maker. There had to be one new question to ask.

It was a question of particulars. Why Notre Dame? Why now?

While he has taught at such schools as Smith, Stanford, University of California, and City College of New York, Alfred Kazin confides that Notre Dame is his first teaching experience at a Catholic university. He admits to being here partly out of curiosity and partly because, in his words, "they made me an attractive offer." Apart from teaching an undergraduate "Major American Writers" seminar and the graduate-level "James Family," Kazin spends much of his time (specifically, his mornings) writing and researching a project tentatively titled *The American Procession*, a work which he refers to as "probably the most ambitious book of my life."

For Kazin, the daily transition between writing and teaching is a smooth one. He approves of the present university system, and sees it as appropriate for the writer as well as the student. In his essay

"The Writer and the University," he claims:

The presence of so many writers in the university is really a chapter in the still undescribed revolution of America since the war. But what needs finally to be said, on the writer's part, is that he is in the university because he wants to be there. It enables him to play a role—as moralist, as philosopher, as literary guide and teacher to his tribe . . .

Kazin understands the premise: for himself, as well as for any writer, in the decision to teach at a university, "his choice is made in the deepest freedom."

Kazin identifies the current project as the fruition of his interests and efforts throughout his career. *The American Procession* characterizes post-Civil War, pre-World War I America in the period of its greatest economic, social and literary advance. The Protestant ethic grows into the economic motivation of the nation at this time, while the implicit religious mission of growing America implants and nurtures the American myth. The imaginative obsession which emerges from this rapid social and economic advance draws the artist into confrontation with the notion of power.

For Kazin, the writers in this procession both respond to the intense new power which is "America" and become aware of their role as an organ of power within the developing complex. The writers who identify the centers of increasing influence in nineteenth-century America also come to understand the scope of their own power as leaders of opinion and public voices.

The voices of this period are familiar to Kazin; in a much earlier work, *A Walker in the City*, he tried to make clear his fascination with the time, and his imaginative commitment to the period:

. . . anything old, glazed, touched with dusk at the end of the nineteenth century . . . immediately set my mind dancing. The present was mean, the eighteenth century was too Anglo-Saxon, too far away. Between them, in the light of the steerage ships waiting to discharge my parents onto the

final shore, was the world of dusk, of rust, of iron, of gaslight, where, I thought, I would find my way to that fork in the road where all American lives cross.

This is Kazin's world as much as it is the world of Dreiser, of James, of Melville, of Dickinson, of Whitman. His work on these and other figures ranges from essays, to critical pieces 'to entire editions of their works. But they are more than old friends to Kazin, and they are far greater than their individual accomplishments, greater because they define for Kazin what America "wanted to be" then, and may still seek to be now.

The figures in Kazin's procession clarified the American religious mission, initiated by a literary society of Puritan writers in early America and, in a sense, carried on today in the intensely "Protestant" atmosphere of this nation's literature. Kazin comments on the singular American commitment to civil liberties, freedoms of expression and pursuit, which find their greatest challenge worldwide in the contemporary schema of growing centers of authority.

Power is still the issue, the writer responds. The organization of years of work and a realm of interests into the new volume is Kazin's attempt to locate the crossroads, the point at which America defined for itself a commitment.

Despite the recognition of a historical American challenge, there is a further, more personal concern in Kazin's work. The strength of Kazin's commitment to religion doesn't limit itself to the Jewish question, and it goes beyond purely intellectual inquiry. His questions about our Catholicism are those of a fascinated observer. They reveal an intense, personal interest. "What percentage of the students would you say still attend Sunday Mass?" he asks, supporting himself armrest to arm to

finger to cheek. "Do you go to church?" The tables are turned and Alfred Kazin begins to interview us.

Kazin's fascination with aspects of personality, his indiscriminating curiosity about individuals, and his awareness of background and influence are the tokens of a far subtler and more personal perception and pursuit. Kazin is not an animated social recorder; *New York Jew* is more than a view to "the literary world of contending egos," more than a sophisticated gossip sheet. In the same way, the volumes in the autobiography reach beyond the outlines of self-awareness and confession. Character fascination is too obtuse to describe Kazin's interest or talent. It is an altogether different impulse which evades the world of fiction, where figures are elaborately composed. The "difference" in talent transforms information and incident into a parade of verbal caricatures.

Kazin finished *New York Jew* in May, 1977 and Alfred Knopf published it earlier this year. The book received much critical acclaim and has been touted by at least one critic as "a book that will assume a conspicuous place in the documentation of the literary life of our times." Kazin is quick to point out, though, that "some people hated it." "I guess it just depends on whether or not you like the author," he comments matter-of-factly.

New York Jew is a highly charged chronicle of Manhattan literati (of which Kazin is one) as they struggle to establish and maintain literary identities against the backdrop of the Second World War, the unreality of the Holocaust, the brutality of the McCarthy era, and the pop-pastiche of the sixties.

In the *New York Review of Books*, Robert Towers says, "Kazin displays a rigorously pruned style and a complex awareness of the extent to which literary and personal strivings were conditioned by the eco-

conomic and political turbulence of the period he is writing about."

The book is a succession of carefully penned portraits of Kazin's contemporaries: Lionel Trilling and his hostile wife Diana, the blithe Paul Goodman, the up-and-coming writer Saul Bellow and the singular Edmund Wilson. While his characterization of Bellow is the most persistent, his sketch of Wilson (a critic whom Kazin "very much admired") is the most exquisite. He writes of his contemporaries novelistically rather than journalistically. *New York Jew* ends up being poetically disguised reality.

Kazin does, however, exhibit a tendency, as one critic put it, "to imbue everything with significance." Sex with a Greenwich village mistress becomes a deliciously pagan rite. Prefacing the book with a Fitzgerald quote, he presents the Brooklyn Bridge as the fine line between sanity and madness. Such passages, however, cannot detract

from either the book's panoramic magnitude or its consistent attention to subtlety, nuance and detail.

The critical impulse of the autobiographical writer involves more than the construction of a literary circus. It concerns the historical portrait, and Kazin is an impressive artist. Further, as the autobiography moves to the literary vertex, a distinction emerges between the writer of autobiography and the autobiographical artist. Kazin is a classic of the second case and says he wouldn't think of writing fiction. His imagination is never constrained by the environment of reality.

The romantic imagination idealizes the present; the historical view rarely has time for the contemporary. This man of historical presence, who can glance back 50 years into his own yesterday, and speak with assurance and conviction about the realities of that time, aggressively evaded any comment on the truly present. Though we asked his views

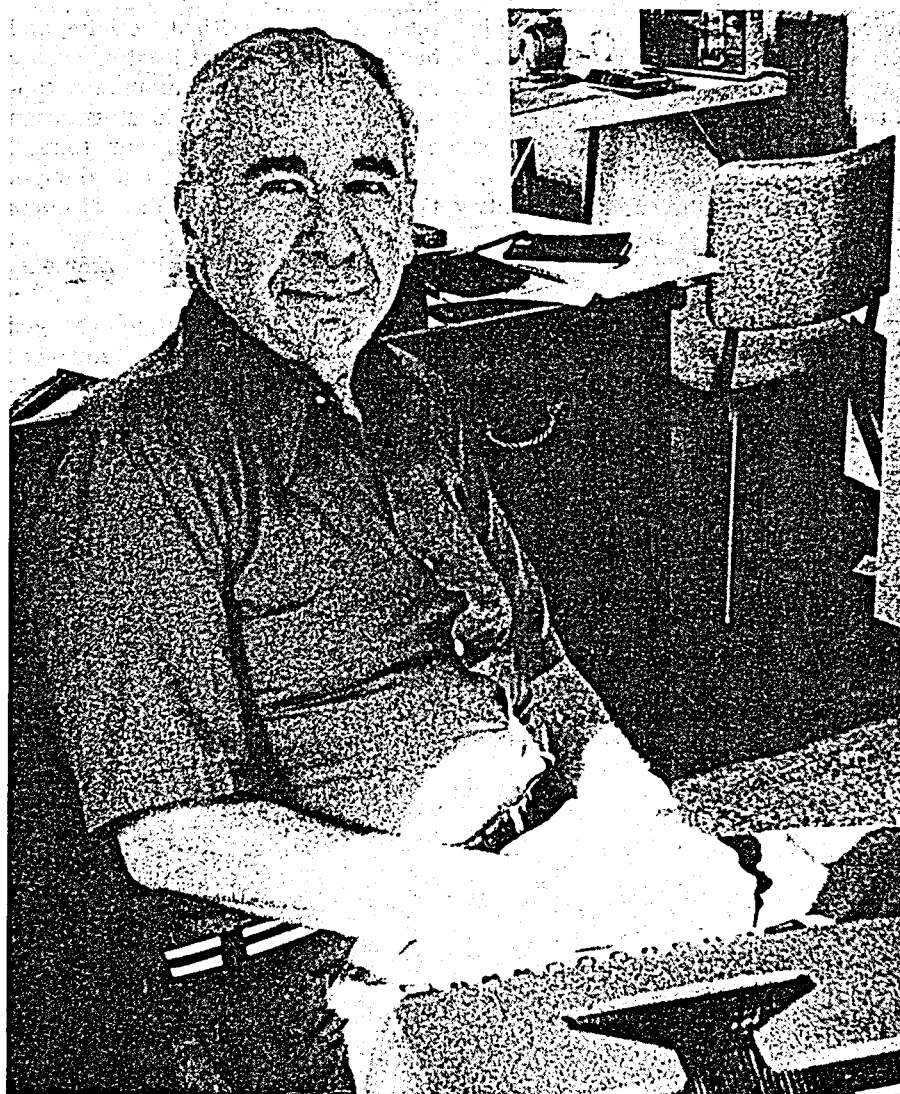
on certain very present figures, on his colleagues and critics, on the new crop of writers in from various fields, he refused to pass into the present. His greatest influence was John Keats; among autobiographers, he admires Augustine and Rousseau. He came no closer in time than his praise of Edmund Wilson; beyond him, there were "too many" and Kazin's views were too sketchy.

We wondered if there was something about the historical view, or about the accomplished man, which subordinated the present. Surely Kazin knew "his time," but was his age the '30's and '40's in this country, some Jewish past, or turn of century of America, land of Dreiser and Dickinson? In either case, America in 1978 had no identity for Kazin; his vague concern with the present made us wonder if the future was of any interest to the historian, to this historian.

But perhaps this is unfair; after all, we weren't conducting the interview at all. Though we asked the questions and made the attempt, he went precisely where he wanted to, with slightly less than intimidating professionalism. All that he said, he wanted to say. When we asked the "wrong" question, we got no answer. We were subtly led, by artist and teacher, through the fears in our own curiosity. We followed through the answerable questions, constructing an interview in Kazin's terms, better than any we might conduct.

He looked out the window of his office, and we still wondered what he was thinking. He asked the freshman question about the figure on the dome, and wondered aloud about our Catholicism. The interview was over; we had asked all the right questions. He had found two new "characters" in us, and we had met a center of power, an artistic power which is simply the unique personality. But every personality is unique, while not all follow the artistic impulse. He had the final word on that view, too, when he wrote that, for the artist, "his gift and his life are really versions of each other." His gift is the perception of personality, a literary talent whose imagination grasps the character which is real.

Both seniors, Kathy Ryan and Jerry Perez are in the College of Arts and Letters.



How I Spent My Summer with Pete Rose

by Tom Balcerek

*All the bush league batters
are left to die on the diamond.
In the stands the home crowd scatters
for the turnstiles.*

Neil Young

I never really liked the guy and I detested Aqua Velva. Pete Rose wanted to smell like a man because a man wants to smell like a man. But what does a man smell like basically? Had Aqua Velva somehow stumbled upon the olfactory essence of masculinity? "No," I thought, and my suspicions turned out to be well grounded. Aqua Velva did not smell like a man and consequently neither did Pete Rose. Ah, sweet mystery of life. . .

Anyway, that was all I knew of him aside from the facts that he was the pride of the Cincinnati Reds and had established himself as "Charlie Hustle." And I think that's why I didn't like him, for I too had been an incessant hustler at one time and exist now as his diametric opposite. The transition was a kind of slow fade which, at this time, I am not sure was for the better or worse. I believe it was Pete's lack of confusion that led to the eventual demise of our relationship.

Of course, I could shut ol' Hustlin' Pete right out of my life just like that. I stopped collecting baseball cards years ago and if he ever came on television I could simply turn him off. Or better yet, I could turn the volume all the way down and employ my cacophonous sportscaster's voice to make deliciously crass comments about his batting stance and/or haircut. I soon realized my lack of prudence in this affair and discontinued the practice as the subsequent remorse became unbearable. And if Pete Rose would send me a letter, I wouldn't even open it. I would tear it up.

This summer, however, Pete Rose had unexpectedly re-emerged in my life. I was working my summer job at the glass factory as an apprentice under the head blower (yes, they still blow glass) when a worker from the conveyor line cruised by with a full smile and a bit of news that would almost change my life.

"23, Chicken Leg," bubbled the canvas-clad worker. "Rose is hot."

Chicken Leg looked up from a half-blown cookie jar with a countenance of aloof interest. "Is that right?" he said. After handing me the apparatus he plugged himself into a conversation that I don't think he was quite ready for. Sure, he was a baseball fan, but he did not indulge in the fanaticism of his friend who was presently bobbing up and down on his tiptoes and digging frantically into his pockets. I noticed silicon specks on Chicken Leg's lips and watched them sparkle in the factory light as he talked. It was Pete Rose I avoided.

"He's goin' all the way," beamed the worker. "He's gonna pass Stan Musial soon and then it's Ty Cobb."

"Are you sure of that now, Billy?" replied Chicken Leg in mock challenge.

"Pete Rose is the greatest ballplayer of all time, and he's a hell of a man."

I cringe.

"Yeah, he ain't young no more," continued Billy, "but that's all the more reason he's gonna do it. You watch, he's gonna break that hit streak record."

"Who's got it now?" inquired Chicken Leg.

"DiMaggio—56 games—1941."

"DiMaggio," I thought, "Marilyn Monroe—Mr. Coffee—DiMaggio." Immediately I threw my mind into neutral and got back to work. Glass-blowing requires complete concentration but I could still hear them on the periphery of my consciousness. Chicken Leg was concerned now.

"He's got a ways to go before 56, Billy. I wouldn't get my hopes on up there too high."

"You watch 'n see," reminded Billy as he departed. "You watch 'n see." Chicken Leg resumed responsibility for the cookie jar as Billy's voice shouted from a distance, "Hey, what was the lottery number?"

"2—8—9," chopped Chicken Leg, as he wiped the sparkles from his lips.

"Ah, shit!" cried Billy, waving an acknowledgement of the fact. Chicken Leg looked over at me and smiled.

I worked a double shift that night; the overtime pay was good. But as the night wore on, I couldn't get Pete Rose out of my mind—he was tenacious there too. Between the hot glass and the mental turmoil I fell into an uncanny delirium and by the end of the night was plagued by absurd mental images. Although sleep came easily when I returned home, it too presented me with bizarre ramblings. I had a strange dream in which I found myself before a man in a Cincinnati Reds uniform, however it wasn't Pete Rose. To me he appeared to be some kind of sage, full of wisdom, and I was there for guidance. He was drinking milk and eating an American flag.

"Be a fan, son," he advised, as he plucked a star from the blue and popped it into his mouth. "Be a goddam fan."

I remember nodding in a trance-like state. "That's all there is," he said, "any way you look at it." He tore off a red stripe, sprinkled a little salt down its length, ripped it into halves and offered one to me. I was abhorred at the idea of eating the flag.

"No!" I shouted.

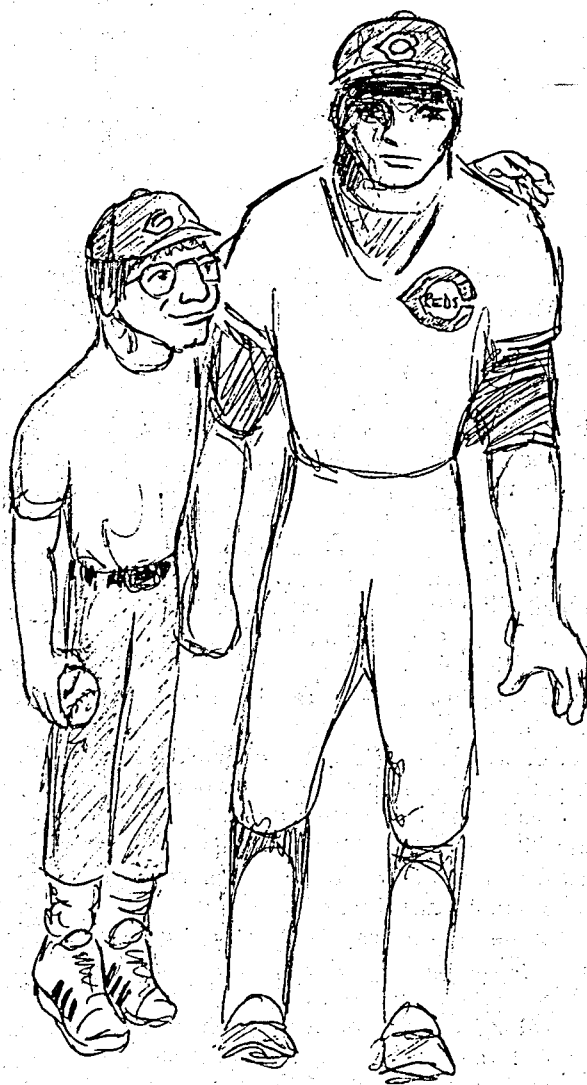
"Suit yourself," he replied. At once I found myself clad in flag material; red and white trousers and a blue star-ridden shirt with striped cuffs. I screamed in fear as the sage laughed hideously. "Oh come now," he chuckled. "Just take it off and I'll eat it for you." That's when I awoke.

The July afternoons were enveloped in a distinct haze that hid the sun and turned the sky a cruel white. I was working the midnight shift and doing just a bit too much sleeping during the day. All the days of summer seemed to swirl into one long montage of varying degrees of light and darkness and I found myself bored in a somewhat strange manner. It was an infinite boredom that embraced both the ridiculous and the sublime. "Happy resignation," I thought, "the factory life!" I tried to do some reading from time to time but found my brain exquisitely numb to any such endeavor. I was just "there" and it felt fine.

Meanwhile, Pete was slicing his way through the record books and had just passed Tommy Holmes' mark of 37 consecutive games set in 1945. By this time Pete Rose was omnipresent. His name was splashed across the front pages of sports sections in every newspaper. There were specials on TV and interviews before every game. Pete Rose was on his way to immortality.

I felt something welling up inside of me, but I couldn't explain it. An affinity for Pete Rose was growing—yet it wasn't for the man himself, it was for the event. In all of modernity, nothing was happening but Pete Rose; nothing that was both measurable and immediately significant anyway. And I thought, "Hey, why not be a fan? Why not support fellow man in his struggle against gravity? Why not indulge in the glory of Our Time?" Then I remembered the dream and the embarrassment I had felt at even having it. This spurred a curious disgust in me, one that would not allow me to be complacent. The central question rose to the forefront: "Why always 'why'? Why not 'why not'?"

Why not?



I was unloading pink flamingos from the conveyor when I saw Chicken Leg approaching from the corner of my eye, and as he came within speaking distance I felt myself trembling while words began to spew forth from my mouth. "What did Pete Rose do tonight?" I asked. The words slid out like nude babies on oily plastic.

"Two for three, sport," he reported walking briskly past.

For a moment I phased out. I put my hand over the mouth that uttered the frightful question and felt a sad passion over the loss of control. Something was happening here, something beyond me. In confusion I blurted, "What was the number?" He didn't hear me. Now desperate, I hollered again, "What was the lottery number?" But just as I yelled, the grinder shut down and my strained voice laid naked in the ears of at least ten fellow workers. Herbie Sangula, who was sweeping the floor in my station, looked up in disgust.

"One, one, eight," he answered. "Take it easy," he advised.

The following day I went out and bought a Cincinnati Reds ball cap. I had to settle for a cheap imitation from the five-and-dime store, but in the long run it was worth it. I wore it to work every day and even got into a fight over it. I remember it well because it was the same day that Pete tied Wee Willie Keeler for second on the all-time list at 44 consecutive games. I was numb with excitement, for after Rose passed Keeler, there was no one to pass but DiMaggio. Anyway, this guy from maintenance walked up to me and said simply, "You're an idiot." He then proceeded to knock my hat onto the floor. "You know the Dodgers are going to win it all," he continued. I made a comment about his mother and all hell broke loose.

Chicken Leg had to break it up, but not before I sustained three bumps on the head and a bloody lip. They sent me home that night with blood on my hat, but I wouldn't let it spoil my day because it was Pete's day too. I had a couple beers and went to bed thinking of Pete Rose, Willie Keeler, and the triumph that was to come the following day. I said a prayer for both of them.

That night I felt a cold touch on the back of my neck, and my first waking sense was that of smell; the room was filled with a musty odor. When I looked up I saw a man at my bedside. I opened my mouth to scream, but no sound was emitted. With a wave of his hand I became calm once more. Slowly my eyes surveyed him, and as he raised a baseball bat into swinging position I suddenly recognized him as . . .

"That's right," he said, "Wee Willie Keeler here. I was just over to see Pete, did you know he sleeps in the fetal position?" I didn't know what to say, he looked real enough and his uniform was right out of the 1890's. "Don't be afraid," he suggested. "A young punk like you should have lots of courage."

"Yes, sir," I managed. "Why are you here?"

"I'm going to the Reds game tomorrow, I haven't been to a game since 1938." A flash of apprehension must have crossed my eyes. "He's not going to do it," he informed me, head down taking a full cut with his bat. I jumped back in fear. "I tried to talk with him tonight, but he wouldn't listen, he wouldn't even

acknowledge me." Willie sat down on the edge of my bed, removed one of his cleated shoes, and started massaging his left foot slowly. "Damned bullheaded—"

"Mr. Keeler—"

"Call me Boontra, that's my nickname in the other world."

"Boontra," I said, "I don't think it's quite fair somehow that you would come back now at the advent of another man's defeat." My own words surprised me.

"There is one thing you must know, son: I've been with him always." He stood up, leaned forward on his bat, looked me straight in the eyes, and said, "You know, it's not whether you win or lose, or even *how* you play the game, it's simply that you *must* play the game."

"What?" I asked incredulously.

"Oh, and don't forget the rules," he added as his form began to fade.

"But . . ." I protested.

"You will understand soon, and so will Pete . . . one day." All that was left now was his voice. "Hey, the lottery number is two fifteen, play it big, it's my wife's birthday."

I sat staring at a cold bowl of chili in the kitchen while voices from the living room reverberated wildly throughout the house. Everyone was watching the Reds game in the living room. Pete Rose was 0 for 3, and Howard Cosell had been calling him "Petey" all day. I didn't know what to think. My father came into the kitchen with an empty bowl of popcorn and placed it in the sink. "Rose is up this inning, aren't you going to watch?"

"I'll be in," I said.

I put the chili out on the back porch for the dog and watched him gulp it down with fervor. I was about to leave when he threw up all over a novel I was reading. Now I had to decide between dog vomit and Pete Rose. The choice was obvious; I trashed the novel and headed for the television. When I got there, Rose was at bat, and the count was 1 and 2. It was the ninth inning, and it didn't look good. I watched the final swing and the look on Pete's face. The streak was over.

"What a way to go," I thought. Staring blankly at the tube I experienced two beer commercials, another for muscular dystrophy, and one for mascara. Suddenly before my eyes was Pete Rose. Howard Cosell had nabbed him after the game.

"How do you feel, Pete?" he asked.

"I'm pissed," answered Pete.

Just then I noticed a message floating silently by on a fortune cookie slip at the bottom of the television screen. "Today's winning lottery number is 2-1-5," it said. My family and I danced gleefully around the living room. I had just won \$30,000.

—Tom Balcerek is this year's Fiction Editor. He hails from Mt. Pleasant, Pennsylvania.



Coach Kelly and team members

A Diamond in the Rough

by Bill Scholl

There is a sport played and enjoyed by literally millions of Americans. It captivates both young and old, both male and female. Many begin playing this sport early and continue to participate in it as a player or a fan for many years. This sport is played at Notre Dame, not in front of 55,000 spectators, but rather in front of about 55 spectators. It is played by about 40 dedicated athletes. The players are not named Montana, Heavens, Tripucka, or Branning. Instead, they are named Pullano, Caruso, Bobinski, and Ladd. This sport is called baseball.

Baseball is not a common topic of conversation in the Notre Dame dining halls, particularly during a week following a football defeat. However, according to Irish coach Tom Kelly, there is a high amount of interest on campus, at least as far as playing the game is concerned. "Obviously, a lot of kids want to play baseball because we have between 100 and 150 students try out every year," says Kelly.

Beginning his fourth season at the helm of Notre Dame's baseball team, Kelly feels the program is at

a turning point. "Last season we lost 14 ball games by three runs or less. If we can put those games in the win column this season, we could really turn things around," says Kelly.

Assistant coach Ray Lentych feels that one of the keys to turning around last season's 12-25-1 record is to play a much more sound game fundamentally. "We just kept finding ways to lose the close games," says Lentych. "For example, in one game the tying run got on base because of interference being called on one of our guys. In another game, the tying run got on because of a walk. It was little things like those that kept costing us ball games."

Turning Notre Dame's baseball fortunes around would seem to be a difficult task when one considers the fact that baseball is limited to one scholarship per year that is usually divided among three or four players. "Sure, it would be nice to be able to give more scholarships," says Kelly, "but we just don't have them to give."

But Kelly, who piloted Penn St.-Altoona to a winning percentage of .805 over two seasons, is not one to

make excuses for Notre Dame's poor record last season. "I'm tired of hearing people say that Notre Dame will never be good because they don't get enough money or they don't have enough good weather. Notre Dame has been in the NCAA tournament in the past and getting there again is not an impossibility."

"Turning the corner" is one of the goals both Kelly and Lentych would like to accomplish during the 14-game fall schedule and the 40-50 game spring season. Hitting is one of the keys to improving upon last season's dismal showing. Last season the Irish batted only .232 as a team while their opponents hit a solid .271. Only shortstop Rick Pullano and catcher Jim Montagano boasted averages over .300, hitting .356 and .314, respectively. Second baseman Tom Caruso was next at .237. "If we're going to win more, we're going to have to hit more," says Kelly. Lentych agrees. "I definitely think our hitting will improve this season which will in turn greatly improve our record."

One of the main strengths of this year's Irish nine will be the solid infield play of Pullano, Caruso, and

third baseman Mark Simendinger. Pullano begins his second year as captain and returns to his shortstop position where he has started every game since his freshman year when he hit .329. As a sophomore he posted a .340 batting average and improved that last season to a team leading .356. "Rick gets better every year," says Kelly, "and we'll be counting on his bat heavily this season."

The Irish are also solid behind the plate with sophomore Jim Montagano returning to split the catching chores with junior Dan Voellinger. Montagano hit .314 last year and tied Simendinger for team leadership in home runs with two. "We're very pleased with our catching," says Kelly. "In fact, we didn't even look for a catcher when we were recruiting."

In the outfield Kelly's Irish are short on experience. The only returning starter is junior Greg Rodems who hit only .178 last season. The only other outfielder with any varsity experience is sophomore Mike Jamieson. Jamieson played well during last year's spring trip but broke his hand in the third game and was sidelined for the remainder of the season. He bounced back to hit .420 in the Detroit Summer League and Kelly hopes he will continue his hot hitting when the Irish take the

field.

Pitching is a main concern with every team and this year's Fighting Irish are no exception. Kelly must find replacements for Don Wolfe, Joe Karpowicz, and Pete Zabroski, all lost to graduation. Senior Mike Bobinski, fifth-year student Mike Ladd, and sophomores Mike Deasey and Bob Bartlett will be counted on heavily for most of the hurling chores. "We lost some starters," says Ladd, "but I think with Deasey, Bartlett, and Bobinski returning we have the basis for a solid pitching staff. We will be doing some experimenting in the bull pen, because we don't have much experience among our relievers. But we do have some good-looking freshmen who should see some action this year."

The action is already beginning for Kelly's squad with a 14-game fall schedule which Kelly says "will be very crucial to us. It gives us a chance to see the newer players in actual game conditions."

Although winning games is always a top priority, the coaches view the fall schedule as a chance to look at their team rather than an opportunity to win ball games. "We have to look at the new guys during the fall schedule," says Lentych, "because we don't get outside in the spring until our trip south and by then we have to be playing to win."

Winning games has been the major problem with the baseball program in the last few years but if Pullano has anything to say about it, things are going to change. "Right now, I am very optimistic," says Pullano. "Last season our hitting was ridiculously poor but I think it will improve. We're young but I think we have experience at some key positions and this will help us."

Intangibles are something that can never be predicted or foreseen but Pullano thinks the intangibles will be the real key to Notre Dame's success. Pullano feels that the Irish must make up in hustle and desire what they lack in raw talent.

"Let's be realistic," says Pullano. "We are not an extremely talented team, we don't have a lot of power, and we don't have great speed. So we have to build character. We have to play as a team, we have to hustle, we have to be dedicated to the game, and we have to develop a winning attitude."

Developing a winning attitude is the most important of all the intangibles, according to Pullano. "It's easy to become accustomed to losing and I think that's what we've done the past few years. We haven't felt like winners so we didn't play like winners. This year we have to develop a winning attitude. We can't get down on ourselves and we can't give up."

After all is said and done winning is what counts in collegiate athletics and that is the goal of this year's Fighting Irish baseball team. "Obviously, the goal of any team is to get an NCAA tournament bid," says Kelly, "but we would really have to put it all together in order to do that."

A more realistic goal may be that of Captain Pullano. He feels that playing .500 baseball would be an accomplishment. "Sure I'd like to get an NCAA bid and if everything comes together we might do it. But more realistically, I would like to finish one of my four seasons at Notre Dame over .500. This may sound derogatory but we play a very tough schedule and .500 would be a realistic goal to shoot for."

Bill Scholl, Scholastic's sandlot sage, is a senior American Studies major from South Bend. This is his first contribution.



Coach Kelly

by Theresa Rebeck

Okay, so Dean Roemer came out with a controversial and dictatorial "alcohol directive" the week before the first football game. Student response was predictable: general outrage, emergency meetings of the different branches of student government, letters to the editor, a few suicides, earthquakes, and tidal waves. All of this was effective to an extent; the student body once again has let the administration know that we definitely do not like being pushed around. By this point, however, the furor is dying down. Everyone's learning to adapt (the evil weed will get you there faster, and it's not even fattening) and old Peggy Lee tunes are running through our heads, "Is that all there is? . . ."

Is that all there is? Probably not. Anyone who's read the directive carefully can tell you that in spite of all the brouhaha over the stadium prohibitions, the majority of the directive deals with drinking on campus. And if Roemer intends to carry out the threats made in the directive, more adjustments will have to evolve.

In the directive, Roemer "insists" that Rectors, Assistant Rectors and Resident Assistants enforce alcohol regulations in and around their respective dorms. What does this mean? In the past, these administrators have taken a tolerant stance at best toward in-hall drinking and partying. Does Roemer mean for them to crack down upon section

parties and the like even more? Or is he simply warning us that Big Brother is watching and we had better at least start toning the drinking down?

It is still too early to know exactly how strictly the directive is going to be enforced. If Roemer meant his statement to be nothing more than a warning against excessive alcoholism, then his wording was bad but his purpose was admirable. Notre Dame does have the reputation of a "drinking" school, and by now everyone is pretty much aware that alcohol abuse is a problem here. It's time we learned how to keep the drinking relatively "responsible."

Let's be realistic, however. Dean Roemer was probably not just making idle threats. In the past, he has always ruled with an iron fist. If he says that he wants something, he means he'll get it. His new goal is a relatively alcohol-free campus, and the directive is only a first step.

I, for one, am getting tired of all this. I am tired of the administrative attitude which holds that the only way to deal with us is to beat us into submission and then lock us in our rooms. I am tired of being told that I am an adult and treated as a child. I am tired of having my morals and ideals dictated to me.

Why couldn't Roemer simply have brought the problem to our attention through an open letter to the community? Why didn't he call to-

gether the hall presidents and other student body representatives to ask for their help in combating alcoholism on campus? Each hall has a judicial board and student government has a judicial branch; we have the judicial mechanism necessary to handle the problem if the problem were ours to handle. Unfortunately, the administration decided long ago that we are not responsible enough to take control of our lives during our stay at Notre Dame.

The general attitude held by the administration seems to be that this collection of 18 to 22-year-old men and women, mostly from upper-middle-class, strictly Catholic backgrounds is not mature enough to tell the difference between right and wrong, so they have to decide for us. This attitude is reflected in policies such as strictly enforced parietals, the sex code, and now, the alcohol directive. This attitude is defended with the statement, "Notre Dame is a Catholic University, and its regulations must reflect Catholic ideals."

To those who use this defense, I would like to ask, who do you think you're kidding? There is more to Catholicism than virginity and sobriety. If the administration is concerned about Notre Dame's reputation as a Catholic institution, I suggest they work on instilling within us a sense of respect for ourselves and our fellow man, brotherly love, Christian selflessness, and faith in

ourselves, each other, and God. These values are strangely absent from the campus of "America's foremost Catholic University." Instead of these relatively basic Christian ideals I find ruthless ambition, narrow-mindedness, hypocrisy, materialism, a lack of self-respect, and fear—fear of ourselves, each other, fear of failure, fear of the opposite sex. But we're all virgins and sober, by God.

Another common defense for the administration's rather dictatorial stance is, "You act like children, so we treat you like children." The answer to this kind of logic is simple: no, you treat us like children, so we act like children. Any psychology major can tell you that when you treat an animal with kindness it responds favorably. Why shouldn't that apply to human beings? Maybe if we were treated as responsible young adults, we'd act like responsible young adults. It's worth a try—treating us as children who need baby-sitters has only turned us into frustrated half-people.

I suggest that the administration turn the responsibility for our lives over to us. If we can't do away with things like parietals and the sex code completely, (this is, after all, a Catholic institution. . . .) we can at least loosen up the rules a little and let the hall J-boards and student government decide upon the penalties for those who break them. I suggest that the administration just

try letting the students govern themselves a little bit.

For the students, I have an even more radical suggestion (don't laugh, this is really more sensible than it sounds): let's behave ourselves so well they won't know what hit them. Let's never start food fights, let's never start riots on the quads, let's never throw up all over the halls. Let's all be little angels (relatively speaking, of course). We proved that we could do it at the Missouri game—most of the "irresponsible" drinking was contained within the alumni sections—and it wasn't all that difficult. I'm not saying don't drink or get high or party at all, just keep it reasonable. If you have to get totally ripped some night, don't do it in the room across the hall from the rector. And if your girlfriend or boyfriend ends up staying in your room until three or four in the morning (for whatever reason) take her/him/it out the back hall, and don't giggle all the way down the stairs.

What I'm suggesting is radical, but we need something radical. Let's kill them with kindness. If we start acting as if we had minds, maybe they'll start treating us as if we had minds. It's time to break this vicious "We treat you like children because you act like children/But we act like children because you treat us like children/Yes, but you're acting like . . ." circle wide open.

When Pope Paul VI died this summer, a lot of the old Irish ladies who rode in my cab and whom I had gotten to know, kidded me, saying, "I wonder if they'll elect that Father Hesburgh as the new pope." I just sort of laughed it off, but as I returned this semester and had a new edition of *du Lac* pushed under my door, I started to think what might have happened if Father Hesburgh was elected pope and had the kind of control over the entire Catholic Church as he does over the University of Notre Dame du Lac. Here are a few of those reflections.

—Father Hesburgh, in his papal address, stated that since the society of a religious community is voluntary, one does not have to be a Catholic, and since the Catholic community is to be a place where Christian ideals will be realized, the Church hierarchy must represent the paradox of faith and impose stringent demands on one's behavior and social constructiveness. And, as Pope, Father Hesburgh has set up the office of Papal Inquisition, and has appointed Cardinal Wormer as its commander. All Church rules and regulations come under the jurisdiction of Cardinal Wormer.

—In Washington, after hearing his close friend, Pope Ted I, give his papal address, President Jimmy

community. The proper context for these visitation rights is that visiting hours for the opposite sex are not to begin before 11 a.m. on any day and not to extend beyond two a.m. on Friday and Saturday nights and midnight on other nights. However, visitation may begin at 10 a.m. on bingo days or on any other days when the Church will make money.

—The office of the Papal Inquisition presented these regulations to the Catholic Church: 1) Any directive of this office has the force of a Divine Commandment. 2) All Catholics must carry an official I.D. and present it when requested by a Church official. 3) The Church has the right to transfer a Catholic's residence. 4) The throwing of food is a serious offense to the Catholic Church. 5) A false alarm is a serious offense to the Catholic Church. 6) This office can deal with a serious offense to the Church only by excommunication and final damnation.

—In response to mass criticism of Cardinal Wormer's sixth regulation, the Papal Inquisition today released a long list of disciplinary procedures. These regulations are much too long and complicated to even try to deal with here. However, Pope Ted I cleared

If Rome Were Home

by John Maddog Muldoon

Carter, in an attempt to raise sagging trust in his administration, has set up the American Inquisition with a Major Hochsteder at the helm. The major will have complete control over the laws and regulations of the country in accordance with the President. Carter justified this move by stating that the United States is a voluntary society and no one is forced to live here if they do not wish to comply with the rules.

—Pope Ted announced today that since God is the Father of us all, and that the Pope is the rock of God's Church, he is implementing the policy of *in loco parentis*. This new policy justifies any of his decisions or those of Cardinal Wormer, as the Pope is the guardian of the Catholic Community. However, Pope Ted I also exonerated himself from any responsibility (liability) that this new policy places on him.

—Pope Ted I announced today that interaction between men and women contributes to their education and helps form genuine friendships. Therefore, he is allowing Catholic men and women (no age was specified) limited visitation rights. In the proper context, visitation can facilitate personal and social development and enhance the quality of life in our

matters up quite quickly for confused members of the Church by explaining that the Pope has final say on all disciplinary problems, that his decisions are final and the Cardinal Wormer is "his man."

—In another directive from the Papal Inquisition, Cardinal Wormer explained that there was a serious alcohol abuse problem in the Catholic Church. Therefore, he has banned Catholics from possessing kegs of beer for private or party use and especially at social events where the name of the Catholic Church could be besmirched. Cases of beer in quarts, however, are acceptable if used privately and discreetly. Hard liquor was not discussed, but the Cardinal did urge priests to limit wine consumption to 6 oz. per day.

—When asked why he had not been to the Vatican for the past three months, Pope Ted I explained that he "had more important world problems to solve than to worry about his Catholic sheep."

—LONG LIVE POPE JOHN PAUL I.

John Maddog Muldoon is a part-time cabbie in the jungles of Chicago. He resides in Grace Hall.

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