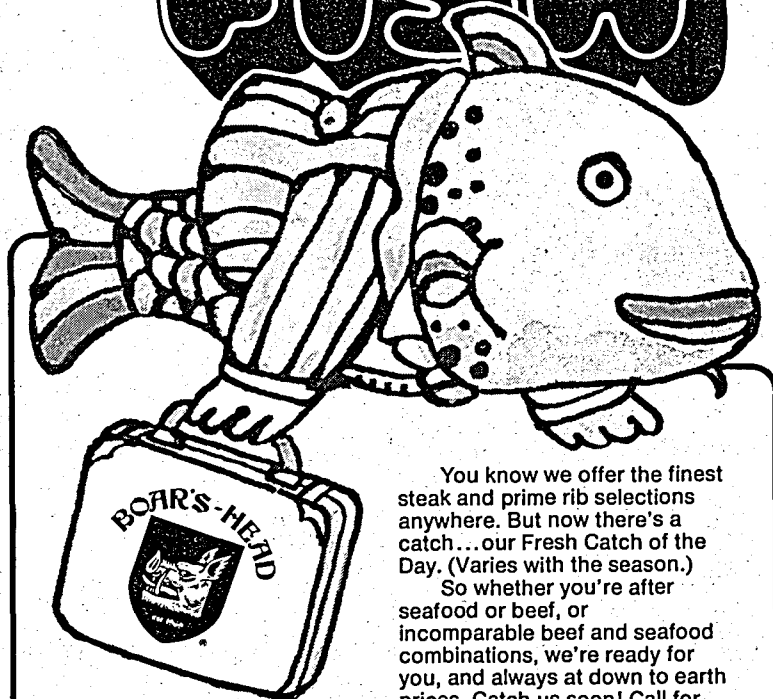




**scholastic**

November 3, 1978

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## The Apology

On October 6, 1978, SCHOLASTIC published an article entitled *Autumn Wonderland* by Philosophy Professor Joseph W. Evans. On October 9, Professor Evans expressed his displeasure and unhappiness at the editing of *Autumn Wonderland* in one of his classes.

SCHOLASTIC apologizes to Professor Evans for publishing what he felt was a compromised version of his contribution. It was never SCHOLASTIC's intention to publish a piece that would be offensive to its creator.

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### FEATURES

- |   |                                   |                                  |
|---|-----------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 4 | Make a Movie, Direct an Education | Mark Hommes<br>and Mike Haggerty |
| 5 | Letters                           | Tom Soma                         |
| 6 | Portrait of a Gallery             | Kim Gumz                         |
| 8 | Running in the Shadows            | Mike Kenahan                     |

### REGULARS

- |    |               |                                                             |
|----|---------------|-------------------------------------------------------------|
| 9  | Perspective   | Elizabeth Donovan                                           |
| 10 | Gallery       | Dan O'Connell<br>Jeff Anderson<br>Susie Meyers<br>Tom Aleto |
| 12 | Fiction       | John Maddog Muldoon                                         |
| 13 | Book Review   | Dave Satterfield                                            |
| 14 | The Last Word | Jake Morrissey                                              |

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## Make a Movie, Direct an Education

by  
Mark Hommes  
and  
Mike Haggerty



La Senora: "How . . . how dare you say that!"

La Empleada: "Would you have bothered to toss the child his ball if you hadn't been dressed as a maid?"

La Senora: "We're playing a game."

La Empleada: "When?"

La Senora: "Now."

La Empleada: "And before?"

La Senora: "Before?"

La Empleada: "Yes, when I was dressed as a maid. . ."

La Senora: "This is not a game. It is reality."

La Empleada: "Why?"

La Senora: "Because it is."

La Empleada: "A game . . . a game larger than cops and robbers. Some are called to be cops, others to be robbers."

From the back of the classroom the professor shouts, "Fenomenal!" and signals the camera man to stop filming. Is it an acting class? Well, not exactly. It is Spanish 215, and the professor is Dr. Albert H. LeMay. Spanish 215 is an innovative course which incorporates study of the Spanish language with videotaping and evaluation. During the course of the semester the student will make four television presentations: two textual analyses of literary texts, one creative skit, and one short, one-act play such as the scene just filmed.

Professor LeMay's use of the videotape as a learning tool began three semesters ago, born out of a creative desire to continually challenge students and himself to greater academic excellence. "Television is an effective tool," he explains, "as it individualizes instruction, drawing the student out and forcing him to perform. TV can be instrumental in identifying the student's abilities as

well as his weaknesses. It develops poise, confidence, and self-image."

Convinced that the most important academic learning occurs in the classroom, LeMay believes that "as scholars and teachers we are called to constantly review, re-evaluate and redefine our teaching approaches. We have a captive audience, but that doesn't mean we have to make prisoners of them. Learning and the development of the person are enhanced by creative teaching techniques."

The training of skills, however, is only part of what LeMay sees as the University's responsibility to the student. Another, perhaps more important aspect of the University's mission is the formation of a caring, concerned, and questioning student body. "Private universities," he notes, "because they are so homogeneous, tend to be cultural and social islands. The student body is largely unaware of the world outside the university campus. It is often difficult to see where and how students are learning about real life situations." LeMay attributes the neglect of this second aspect of the student's formation to the conflict between the University as a business enterprise and the University as an institution of higher learning. "The University is—or should be—first and foremost student-centered," he explains. "The faculty's role is to encourage the student's collaboration in the educational process, to direct the student and to stimulate intellectual growth. The administration must continually seek to employ imaginative ways to assist the students and faculty in promoting the quality of University life. But the administration is sometimes hampered in this role in that it must insure a sufficient income to

provide quality education. The greatest problem for the professor is to try to bring Notre Dame's business interests in line with the students' and faculty's goals."

LeMay compares this struggle between academic goals and business interests to the struggle between the spirit and the flesh. "We must elevate the spirit and the intellect," he insists. "We must work for quality in our lives." LeMay uses the word "quality" not in reference to creature comforts but rather to a humanitarian commitment to other people. "We must work collectively, as a community, to build a more equitable world—to help ourselves and future generations." He maintains that, "whether life is a dream or not, whether God exists or not, our mission is to do good."

"We must encourage students to learn about life off the island, so as not to be isolationists. We should be a people who dare to reach out, search and explore new worlds." Having traveled extensively through Latin America, Western Europe and the Eastern Bloc countries, LeMay is disturbed by the American tendency to disregard other cultures. "We at Notre Dame are so isolated in our comforts that we fail to see the urgency of desperate situations such as the poverty of life in the developing countries. We should work to create a new, more aggressive policy of education and action on behalf of Third World peoples."

"This school's philosophy does indeed stand for a moral commitment, though at times it may seem to be purely rhetorical, purely cosmetic." Our mission is to be aware of issues on a moral basis and, as a community, deal with questions of justice and peace."



LeMay's sense of involvement is reflected in his active participation in campus and community affairs. Convinced that students should be the primary concern of faculty and administrators, LeMay actively searches to work with committees that are student-oriented. A former member of the Campus Life Council, LeMay is currently chairman of the Standing Committee on Student Affairs in the Faculty Senate and a member of the LAPEL Advisory Board. Sensitive to the needs of the South Bend community, he also works with VALE, a South Bend task force on Value Assessment of Latino Education. "Participation in campus and community affairs is essential," LeMay explains. "Unless we are involved, we have no right to criticize, we lose our right to be critical."

In conjunction with his other commitments, LeMay is a serious scholar. When questioned about his research, he pointed out his interest in twentieth-century Spanish literature and his active role in professional organizations such as the American Association of Teachers of Spanish and Portuguese and the Modern Language Association.

LeMay's conception of the role of the University professor explains only in part his involvement with students; quite simply, he enjoys being with them. While he is demanding in his expectations of his students, LeMay states, "Notre Dame students are workhorses. When properly challenged, they respond with interest and high performance."

LeMay is committed to scholarly excellence for its own sake. He strives to draw out and develop the full potential of each student, so as to send forth not only compassionate but scholastically competent individuals who are capable of effecting significant change in our world. As LeMay reiterated, "Whether life is a dream or not, whether God exists or not, our mission is to do good."

*Mark Hommes, a senior Government Major, is a past president of CILA and now serves as president of Amnesty International. Mike Haggerty is a senior Psychology and Spanish Major who has studied in Mexico and Peru under the Sophomore Year Abroad Program and LAPEL.*

## Letters

by Tom Soma

Dear Tom,

How are you doing, I'm doing just great. How are things at Norter Dame? I was thinking that you were lowly so I wrote a letter. You now what. I was the only one who new how to spell Wednesday and Sister said I was the best in Math and spelling.

I went horseback riding last week. I drew a picture of us horseback riding. I wish you could of come with us. I wish you could come home for My Birthday too, but you can't unless we celebrate it on Sunday because my Birthdays on Monday.

I have a boy I'm going out with his name is Mark he's real cute and handsome everyone likes him but he likes me. Say hello to Sue for me. I now I'm righting sloppy like mom but I'm in a hurry. Well good-bye for now. God bless you.

Love,  
Nancy

Dear Nancy,

Dear Nancy. Oh my God. I don't know what to say. Does the name Holden Caulfield ring a bell? How could it—you're only nine. It's just that I feel a little bit like Holden Caulfield right now, and even though you don't know what that means, I'm the one that's falling off the edge of that field of rye and there's nobody down there to catch me.

Things at Norter Dame are scary, Nance. I'm a Senior now, and that's what they tell me happens. You get scared because you have to go out into the real world, whatever that is. Well, I've never been scared before. I was walking to dinner tonight and I saw my shadow and you know what? It gave me the chills. You were right when you were thinking I was lonely. I have friends all around me and I'm still lonely. It's a terrible feeling, loneliness, and I don't understand it.

I wish I could have gone horseback riding with you. I wish I could come home for your birthday too, but I couldn't and I can't. I have to be here. I have to do well and graduate and get into a good law school so I can be a good lawyer and do good things for a whole lot of people. But until then, I'll have to be missing your birthdays. You're growing up on me so fast I can't believe it. God, where does the time go?

I'll say hello to Sue for you the next time we talk on the phone. Sue's away at another school now and I won't be seeing her for a while. I really miss her a lot, Nancy. I hope I don't lose her. I guess that thought hurts more than all the rest of them combined. But I can't think like that or I'll go crazy.

Well, I better say goodbye for now, Nancy. I've gotta get going. God bless you, too. And oh yes—please don't hurry any more, Nancy. You're too young to be hurrying. Life goes by too fast as it is.

Love,  
Tom

Dear Nancy,

Thanks a lot for the real nice letter you sent me. I sure do enjoy hearing from you. Everything at Notre Dame is going real well. I'm doing fine in all my classes and having a lot of fun. I'm glad you're doing so well in school, too.

The picture of you horseback riding was very nice. I put it up on my bulletin board. I wish I could have come with you. It looks like I won't be able to get home for your birthday either, but I'll call you on the phone and mail your present.

It's nice that you have a boyfriend. When are you going to get married? That's only a joke! I'll say hello to Sue for you the next time we talk on the phone. She's doing real well at school in St. Louis now. Don't worry about the sloppy writing—it looked fine to me. Say hi to everyone at home, OK? Bye for now and God bless you.

Love,  
Tom

*Tom Soma is an R.A. in Morrissey.*

# Portrait of a Gallery

by Kim Gumz



You might as well intone nasally from atop a soapbox, "Visit your art gallery, you naughty Domer you," and then go on to deliver a lengthy harangue on the pitfalls of attending a major university with a soon-to-be major art museum without ever setting foot in said place. The students here seem to be forever chastised for one thing or another: we're either too rowdy or too pacifist, too serious or hopelessly immature. We're frequently accused of becoming Notre Dame-locked, becoming so involved in this "community-in-itself," that affairs of the nation, the state, and particularly South Bend are virtually ignored except for occasional trips to the Mall, or going to the movies or the bars. This would reasonably lead one to suspect that students are totally immersed in the campus as a place to eat, sleep, study, and have some fun. But this also does not mean that Total Notre Dame Involvement means Total Notre Dame Knowing. There are many experiences and things to do and places to go on this campus which are ignored; one of these places is the Notre Dame Art Gallery. In a way, the near-sightedness we're accused of somehow manages to glance over the Gallery, a place which the outside world does not. As the plans for the new addition to the Gallery are completed, and ground is broken, the awareness of the high quality of the collection at the Gallery by art au-

thorities is increasing and the reputation grows. But, if you were awake as you read that last sentence, a key phrase should have jumped out at you, one which you either consciously or unconsciously took to mean "not me"—that's art authority, and that's not what you have to be to enjoy the art collection here at Notre Dame. Visiting the Gallery is a painless, fifteen-minute escape from the confines of quad living.

Historically, it is known that a small collection of paintings was present when the University was founded, although it is suspected that none of the paintings were particularly important works of art. This suspicion arises from the fact that when a fire in 1879 wiped out the small collection, the one painting which was saved was one of the special paintings in the collection and was thought to be a Van Dyck. It wasn't—thus leading one to think that maybe what we had wasn't so great back then.

However, by 1917, a collection had been built up again, "a collection of twenty-five canvases by notable painters, fourteen original drawings, and three pieces of bronze." Who these "notable painters" might have been, we will never know, because in that year the first major art purchase by the University was made, increasing the collection by one hundred and thirty-six paintings. These paintings, however, were not differ-

entiated from the original forty-two at the time.

By 1925 the collection consisted of some two hundred and twenty-four works, and was kept in four rooms of the library, which were called the Wightman Memorial Art Gallery. By 1934, over three hundred pieces were part of the collection, and finally in 1952, the collection had become large enough and important enough to require special attention. Plans were made to include a special wing for an art gallery in the new building of the College of Arts and Letters, O'Shaughnessy Hall.

The gallery which was built was essentially just that: an exhibition hall consisting of one long, large gallery, with smaller rooms off to the sides. This format permitted showings of the small University permanent collections as well as the traveling and special University showings in the larger rooms. But in the twenty-six years that the Gallery has existed, the collection has grown by such tremendous numbers that many fine pieces, which deserved to have a continuous display, had to be kept in the vaults below, with only periodic showings.

The problem was solved in 1976 with the 2-million-dollar endowment from the late Fred B. Snite of Chicago, along with various other endowments. Construction on this two-story Snite Museum of Art should

begin soon, with foundations being laid over the winter, and a tentative move-in date of spring 1980. By the time of completion, the exhibition space will have been quadrupled, and the collection, which has since grown to over 7000 pieces, will have more of the display space it needs. What this will involve, according to a University press release describing the construction plans, will be a museum "containing more than 52,000 square feet . . . (the museum) will include an 8400-square-foot gallery for the Art of the Americas, four galleries measuring 3000 square feet for the University's collection of Ancient and Medieval Art, Renaissance through 17th Century, 18th and 19th Centuries, and 20th Century. Also included will be a museum library, a drawing, graphics, and photography exhibition, storage, and study area, and a space for the decorative arts. A 325-seat auditorium for the fine and performing arts will be suitable for art lectures, chamber music, poetry recital, small theatrical productions and films."

Well . . . that's all fine and dandy, of course, for all the artsy types who drift notoriously around the campus, much to the amusement of knowing (and *practical*) undergrads. It's also great for the alumni who come back—looks real good, makes 'em proud of Our Lady, and it impresses conventioners who come here, and hopefully wealthy conventioners are seduced by our beauty and good taste into giving their mas-

sive life savings to the Campaign for Notre Dame; but the fact remains that a large segment of society is not benefiting from what the University owns, and it ain't South Bend, kids.

What the University of Notre Dame has now is a nice gallery; small, with good shows on a regular basis, easy to get through with a good look-see in a matter of fifteen to thirty minutes. What we will soon have is a major college art *museum*. The key word here is "museum": now pieces from the permanent collection of the University will be displayed continuously, as well as rotating shows of University pieces and traveling art shows. With this arrangement, according to Stephen Spiro, curator of the Notre Dame Gallery, a student will be able to examine various types of art, contrast them against other periods of art if they wish, or against similar pieces on loan from other museums, and will then be able to gain a much better understanding of a single work or of an entire period.

However, what Spiro and Charles Geoffrion, Publicity Director for the Gallery, are both concerned about is the apparent lack of interest on the part of the students, who do not come into the Gallery unless a rare show interests them, or a class requires that they go. Both men feel that this is ultimately a self-defeating action for the student, as well as something which would actually seem uncharacteristic. By and large, the average Notre Dame student, as we have

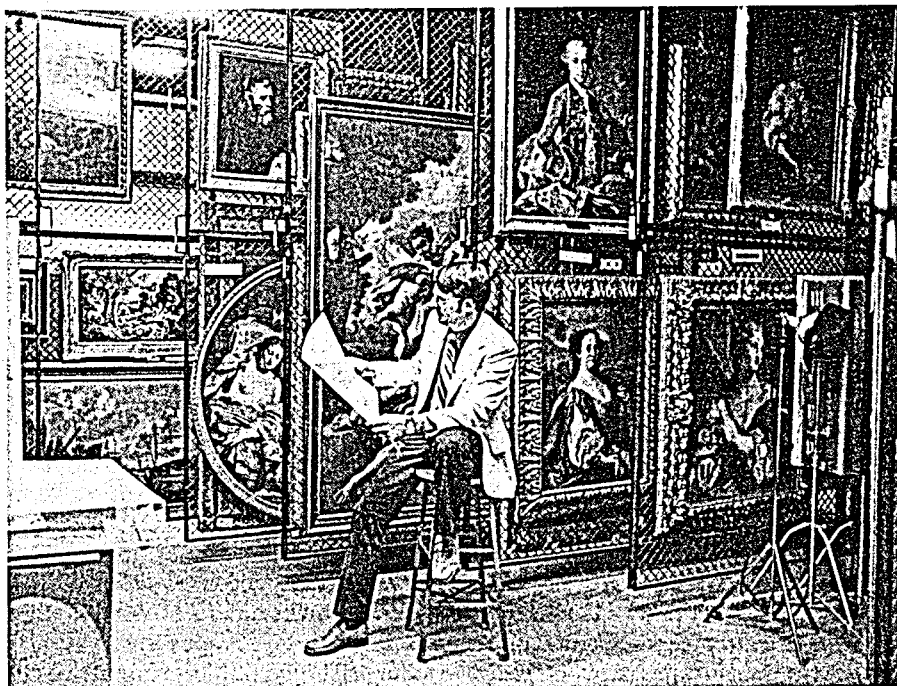
heard continuously, is upper middle class, indicating a life-style which should have introduced him to the fine points of life, and one of those being an appreciation of art. But this does not seem to be so. Notre Dame students, for the most part, lack any great understanding of art, and many are quite ignorant of it. Classes such as Art Traditions are popular because they fill the University Fine Arts requirement, but are often not taken until late in one's college career, with the students entering with no prior knowledge of art appreciation.

But it doesn't have to be that way—enjoyment of art does not have to come out of art classes and lectures. Art is a sensual experience, a personal experience between the viewer and the art object. It helps to know who the artist was, what his best years were, why he painted in only lavender, and all the other innumerable details available about the artist, but that is only interesting as long as the viewer wants to know. A visit to the Gallery should be nothing more than a critical viewing of what one really just likes or dislikes, for whatever reasons. In a way, it could almost be a practical experience, as Charles Geoffrion points out. After all, in a few years, everyone here will have attained his wealth and stature, and when it comes time to display one's inestimable taste and discrimination, sad-eyed puppy dogs from K-Mart just don't cut it.

Nonetheless, the Notre Dame Art Gallery is currently running two fine shows: Edward Weston's "Gifts to His Sister," a display of 125 prints by this important photographer, as well as a showing of Robert Leader's "Marinescapes," recent paintings by one of Notre Dame's art professors. Other shows later in the semester will include the "Nature of Narrative," as well as a special show of the work of Hans Hoffman. In addition to these shows are various exhibitions of works owned by the University.

Take the time to stop in at the Gallery sometime soon, but do it with an open mind and open feelings. It's one of those easy emotional responses, and makes appreciating the finer things in life a natural Notre Dame phenomenon.

Kim Gumz is Scholastic's Business Manager.



You always hear about the talented athletes—from the high-priced pro who makes a cool million a year (not including candy bar dividends) to the often spoiled college All-American who gets everything handed to him on a silver platter (Pass the A-1 Sauce please). Sure, they may enjoy what they play because of the added fringe benefits, but do they really get anything out of the sport itself? And, would they be as dedicated and as enthusiastic toward the sport without the added toppings?

Rarely do you ever hear about the bench warmers, the fifth-string substitutes who'll never be stars—but—who like to play anyway because they actually enjoy the sport.

Mike O'Donnell is one of these athletes who doesn't get the headlines (he doesn't get a uniform or practice gear either), but he doesn't consider himself an "also-ran" type. Mike's sport is cross country, a grueling test of spirit and stamina for all its participants.

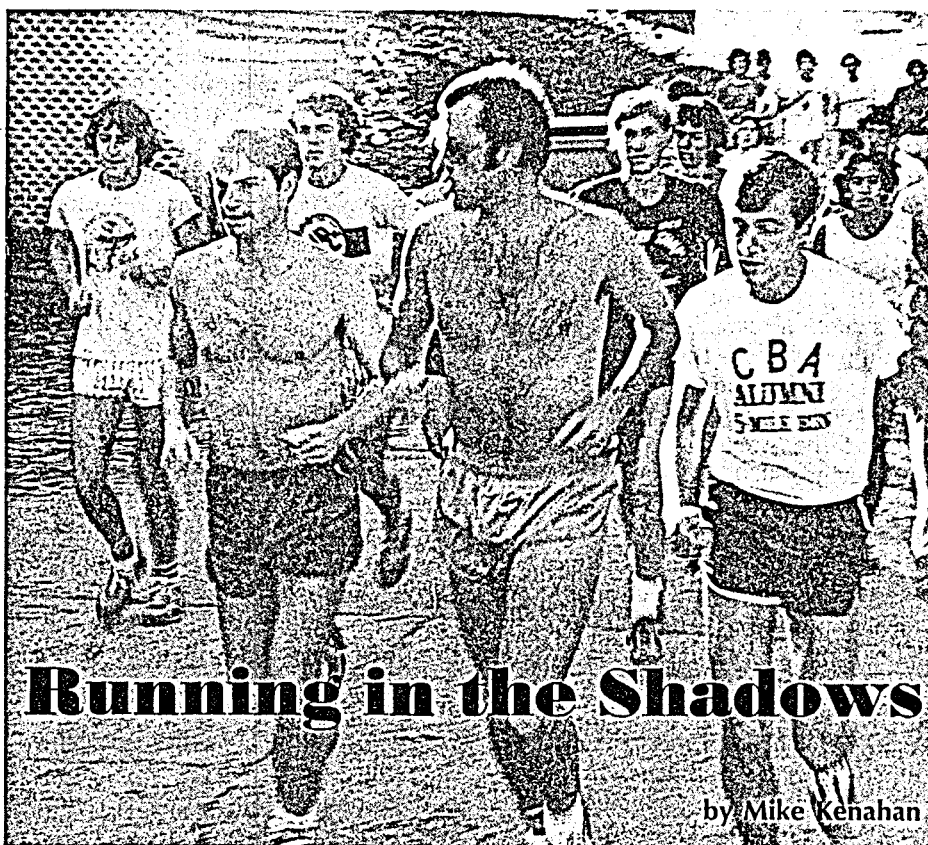
True, he is not one of the top Notre Dame runners, but he lets everyone know he's around just by his hard work. For Mike, there is no publicity or fanfare. He doesn't travel to away meets. He doesn't even have a varsity locker. There doesn't seem much for him to gain. But, oddly enough, he says he does get something out of it all.

Mike, a junior Government major and a cadet in the Marine ROTC program, says he loves to run, especially in races. "I like running against people. I like the competition," he says with a quick, jumpy delivery. "Head-to-head competition has to be one of the greatest things in the world. I don't run for the notoriety."

Notoriety was never the prime motivational factor in Mike's decision to run distance. In high school, the Hazlet, New Jersey, native originally took up running because he felt he needed to get a varsity letter in a sport in order to be seriously considered for an appointment to West Point.

Mike never received his letter but he did begin to take to the sport. "In my senior year I was just beginning to like it, and during the summer before college I got to like running more and more."

By the time he arrived at Notre Dame, Mike was running eight to



## Running in the Shadows

by Mike Kenahan

ten miles a day and was obviously hooked on the sport. "I've learned to love running. You have to be in it because you love it."

Mike will be the first one to admit that he is a long way from making the varsity team, but he still finds "a source of pride" in his connection with the Irish track teams. "At Notre Dame I'm not competitive in the sense that I'm one of the top seven, but I'm always competing," he proudly asserts. "I never thought in my wildest dreams that I'd run for Notre Dame—it has been a tremendous experience."

The fact that reality is hard for Mike doesn't get him down. He knows there's a great need for improvement if he ever plans to run varsity at Notre Dame, and he strives each day to reach that goal. "I want to be a good runner, and I'm going to keep on running until I am. I just want to run and run well."

Joe Piane, Mike's cross country coach, is impressed with his attitude. "Mike is very dedicated. He realizes he hasn't yet reached his potential, that he has a long way to go, and he works very hard to improve himself. He's improved every year."

Piane states, in his soft-spoken manner, that he is happy to see anyone who likes to run come out for the team. He encourages anyone who

likes to run, like Mike, to stick with it even if they can't make the varsity. But Piane notes that he allows only the committed runners to work out with the team. "I wouldn't let Mike work with us if he didn't put out and work hard, and he knows the situation."

Running with the varsity team is no joy ride. In order to keep up with the big men, Mike logs anywhere from 80 to 85 miles per week, devoting 15 to 20 hours of his time to running. Besides the afternoon workouts with the team, he is also required to run five miles a day on his own—rain or shine.

Collegiate cross country races are five miles long. The top runners average a little over four and a half minutes for each mile. Recently, Mike ran his best time ever for cross country. In last month's Notre Dame Invitational he was timed at 26:29, bettering his previous best by 27 seconds. Typically, Mike was still unhappy. "I was disappointed; I wanted to run 25:50. Coach Piane says that for me to be a contribution to the team I have to be in the top 12. He wants me to hit 25:50 by the end of the year. That means I've got to cut 39 seconds off my time, which won't be too easy," Mike admits with an anxious grin.

Surprisingly, Mike doesn't have



any awkward feelings about his position on the team. He asserts that his teammates are "the best bunch of guys you'd want to meet. They're never condescending or patronizing toward me. The only time they would get upset with you is if you weren't doing the work."

Senior co-captain Steve Welch says that he admires Mike. "Mike O'Donnell works very hard. Sometimes he attempts to go beyond his limitations to keep up with the front runners and that takes some guts." Welch adds that Mike and the other non-varsity runners are a "big part of the team."

Welch, a Business major from Hannibal, Missouri, explains that "there are quite a few in Mike's position, who work very hard and do all the same work as everybody else, yet have to settle for self-satisfaction as their reward." The cross country co-captain concludes that "the benefits that Mike gets are not traveling and dressing for the big meets but, rather, his are interior benefits."



Mike O'Donnell

Mike agrees. "At the end of the season I can always look back and say, 'I've improved, done as well as I could and never let anybody down.' It's like what my dad tells the neighbors about me back home, 'He runs, he's no star, but at least he tries.'"

*Mike Kenahan, a senior American Studies major from Providence, Rhode Island, is this year's Sports Editor of Scholastic.*

## Perspective

by Elizabeth Donovan

"There's no reason for it, it's just our policy." How many times have you run into this brick wall of bureaucracy? During my four years here I've tangled with Andy Frains and cashiers and maids, and I've decided that no one really knows why things are the way they are. Policy exists for policy's sake. Citing policy is the easiest way out; it defies explanation for the word itself crashes down with a final and authoritative blow. Don't fight it. That's life in the big city, they say. Maybe ours is not to question why, but yet I wonder. . . .

Why after four years of Arts and Letters courses am I urged by the Placement Bureau not to "turn your nose up at selling insurance"? It happened on Arts and Letters Career Night in September. We were there, loaded with idealism and ideas of teaching, writing, government and social work. We were met head-on by Leland Steel, IBM, and Sears Roebuck. Luckily, most of us have more steel than Leland. We could not be coaxed to "join IBM's family of 300,000." We left the meeting uncharmed by big business and unchanged in our plans. Do they tell chemical engineering students to consider selling insurance? Doubtful. Why tell us?

There's another little matter that's been bothering me lately. Yes, I know it's trivial, but . . . Why does the University invest money in companies doing business in South Africa? How odd that a university on one hand profits from underdeveloped countries, then turns around and sponsors a "Third World Awareness Week." One week awareness, fifty-one weeks exploitation. Concern for Third World countries is fashionable; it's distressing to see Notre Dame fall so far behind the times.

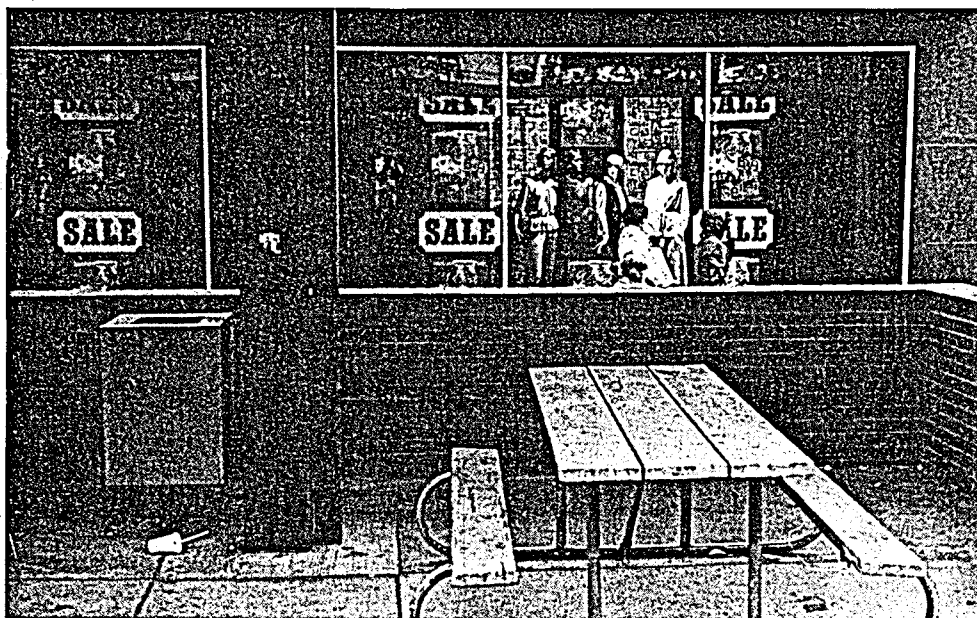
Justice begins at home. So let's not allow ourselves to look like fools: explain the policy which, on game weekends, forces students to move their cars from D-2 to the quagmire that is Green Field. Students have paid for the right to park their cars in the paved lots. Would it be unjust to demand a rebate for giving up what is rightfully ours?

Now I don't mean to be picky, and I know that mistakes sometimes happen, but why do the doors in O'Shaughnessy open *into* the hallway, and consequently into the faces of the unwary? Many a time have I worn home a cup of coffee that had moved with lightning speed from hand to shirt as someone opened a door. There's got to be a reason behind this one. I can't believe it was planned this way. . . .

Being a full-blooded Irishman, I cannot really claim expertise in the field of Italian cuisine. But there are a few things that I do know. By definition, spaghetti is long, thin, and famous for being the only food you can legitimately play with to get on your fork. The dining halls have destroyed the fun of spaghetti; they've cut it up into small, manageable, boring, bite sizes. Why this perversion? Perhaps cutting our food is the final fulfillment of the "in loco parentis" policy.

Maybe I've had unreasonably bad luck, but as each new semester begins, I always wonder why every book I need is a brand-new, revised, updated, and more expensive version of a book used just last semester. Some may say that theories change as knowledge increases, thus the need for a new edition of a certain book. But do the facts change enough to justify buying a new text *each* semester? Why not stick with an older textbook which has depreciated in cost but not in value? Financial independence is not a fact of life for most ND students. It's maddening to have to buy a new text for each course. It's even more maddening when you buy a new book, use it for one semester, then try to sell it only to discover that it, too, is out of date. Who needs a Math 104 book for their permanent library?

Little mysteries make life sweet; "policy" is the king of all mysteries. I do have one final question, one which is shared by all dining hall patrons, one which has puzzled me for a long time. Roseanne Rosanna Danna, the unabashed voice of America's thoughts, echoed my sentiments exactly when she pleaded to know "Why can't they make a hamburger without toenails?" Policy?



*Dan O'Connell*

## Gallery



*Jeff Anderson*



*Susie Meyers*

**Jeff, Susie, Dan, and Tom's photographs were done as assignments for Photography I, an introductory photography course offered by the Art Department.**



*Tom Aleto*

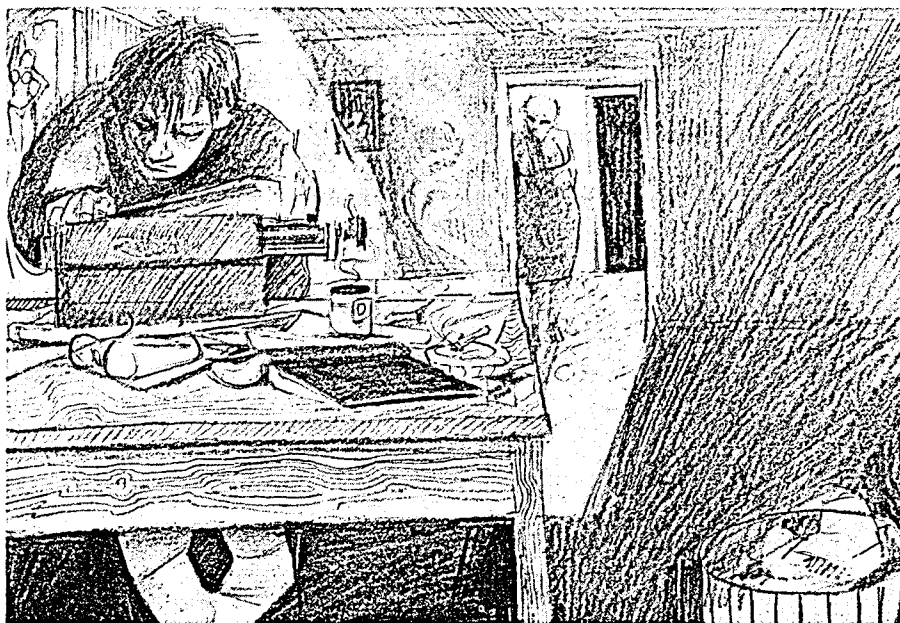
# Sentence: 73/34

by John Maddog Muldoon

A boy approximately seven and three-quarter years old was sitting on the curb in front of his apartment building with the pre-Bozo Circus sun warming his shoulder blades and sending an occasional chill up and down his back underneath his torn Cubs Power T-shirt that smelled like his father when he came home from work at dinnertime when Andy Griffith was on, because he had to dig through his father's shirts and boxer shorts to find it in the hamper and sneak it out of the apartment before his mother saw him because he had worn the shirt for three days in a row and his mother said that people would start thinking that he was so poor, he only had one shirt, but he didn't care because the Cubs won four in a row and besides he only had two cents in his pocket from the Coke bottle he took back to Mike's Liquor Store and Mike said that it was a real neat shirt and he told Mike he was going to wear it until the Cubs lost and Mike said hell that won't be long and laughed and he just said see you later and when he stepped outside it was so hot it was like the air hitting him, so he went and sat on the curb and was watching ants going in and out of the cracks and remembered the time Brian O'Malley made him eat an ant when he was about five and it really didn't taste like much except that it was salty and real gross like the part of the scab he had just picked off his arm and was chewing, when Mary Ellen who he was mad at all week because when he was on vacation the week before in the Wisconsin Dells which were really cool because it was just like the wild West with cowboys and Indians and stagecoaches and bad guys and tons of horses, especially since him and Mary Ellen used to play cowboys and Indians all the time, but since there was no one to play with while he was gone, she started playing with Danny Mitchell in his tree house that his brother built in their backyard and they started their own stupid little club called the Monkees and sang that stupid song on that stupid t.v. show "here we come, walking down the street" and had secret passwords and secret handshakes and stupid everythings, so when he came back with real Indian moccasins and a headdress and an almost real, rubber tomahawk and a sheriff's badge to go with her great cowgirl outfit, he didn't know what was going on and Danny just laughed and called him stupid for not knowing the secret password and told him to go play Indians with the little kids, because they were stupid just like him and he got so mad his stomach felt like it was in his throat and choking him and he said yeah and pushed Danny and Danny said yeah and pushed him back and because the new moccasins were so slippery, he slipped and fell on his back and Danny laughed and said he was so stupid he couldn't even stand up and even Mary Ellen laughed and he just got up and walked down the alley and he was so mad he stopped by McDonald's garage that smelled and was full of flies because they didn't have tops for their garbage cans

and threw the badge into the yard full of dandelions and real tall grass so she could never find it in a million years and his eyes got real hot and his nose got real wet and gooey and he had to keep sniffing up and then he thought he was going to cry and he ran home because he didn't want anyone to see him and when he got home it kept getting harder and harder to keep sniffing up and he started choking on all the snots and his eyes kept hurting more and more and no matter how he tried to hold his breath they kept getting wetter and he didn't want his mother to see him crying because he was getting too old to come running home crying to mom, so he opened the door of the shed on his back porch and curled up on the floor between the cushions of the porch furniture and the barbecuer and kept saying, I am not stupid, I am not stupid, but it didn't stop the tears and he just laid there and let the water roll out from his eyes and down his nose and mix with the snots and sneak into the corners of his mouth and taste salty like ants and he tried to wipe it away with his arms, but they got all sweaty and covered with sawdust and blue paint chips and they got into his eyes and nose and made him cry more and start to sneeze so he just stayed there and cried and thought of all the fun him and Mary Ellen used to have until he stopped and took a few deep breaths and his eyes felt real cool and his chest sort of ticked a little and made him hiccup and sent a few chills down his back, but it didn't matter anymore, Danny and Mary Ellen could have their stupid club and he wiped himself off, went inside, put on his Cubs Power T-shirt and watched them beat the Reds 4-3 and he pretended that he was Bobby Murcer and hit a game-winning home run and Danny and Mary Ellen came up to him for an autograph and he would say don't be so stupid and just walk away and never talk to them again, no matter what, until Mary Ellen came walking down the block, wearing her red cowboy hat and said hi, whatcha doin' and he said oh nothing just picking a scab and staring at ants and she said well do you want to play and he said well what do you want to do, I don't have a backyard with a tree or a big brother to build a tree house and I don't know any secret passwords or the words to that stupid Monkee song and she looked real sad and he just started to smile, but stopped and kept chewing a piece of his scab and she just sat down next to him and stared at the ants and after a while he said why don't you go over to Danny's isn't there a secret meeting or something and she said oh Danny's a big jerk, all he does is boss you around and he only does what he wants to, not like you, I hate him and he started to smile again, but stopped and started to pick at the scab again, but it started to bleed and he finally couldn't stop smiling anymore and he jumped up and said o.k. then, c'mon, let's go to McDonald's yard, I lost something there.





## Book Review

# Garp

by Dave Satterfield

*The World According to Garp*, by John Irving, published by Dutton, 437 pages, \$10.95.

Born to the first true American feminist and fathered by a wounded, incoherent and nearly bulletless World War II tail-gunner, T. S. Garp grows up an average American writer who never quite writes his masterpiece and never quite attains any sense of happiness in his short and explosive life. But the tales he creates and participates in are sure-fire material to make *The World According to Garp* the pick of the fiction crop in 1978.

Imagination. Therein lies the trademark of John Irving's work. Never before have I read a book filled with such imaginatively characterized people and such strange and absurd situations. But Irving shows an ability to transform all of the absurdity into a clear picture of a harsh reality often found in current society. At the book's end, I was convinced that reality is even more bizarre and unpredictable than Irving or Garp could possibly create.

The novel is the saga of one man and the illustrious cast of characters that stumble in and out of his fated life. Garp, mothered and raised by Jenny Fields, who becomes the first real feminist after publishing a very popular and anti-male autobiography entitled, *A Sexual Suspect*, must carry the burden of her book on his back throughout all of his life.

During his active and literary life, Garp encounters every type of person imaginable, either through his own work or through actual experi-

ences. Prep school deans, prostitutes, wrestling coaches and their daughters, baby-sitters, dogs, and students are all a part of Garp's world. One of the most interesting characters is a transvestite named Roberta Muldoon, formerly Robert Muldoon, a tight end for the Philadelphia Eagles. One of Garp's closest friends, Roberta, in a moment of seriousness, admits to Garp, "I didn't know what shitheads men were until I became a woman." Later in the book, Garp is forced to dress as a woman so he can hear his mother speak at a feminists' rally where his mother meets her death at the bullet of a crazed male. Garp is not so much amazed at the killing or at the fact that his identity is eventually revealed as he is at the fact that someone attempts to seduce him.

In turn, Irving creates a magically imaginative world in Garp's literary works. These works are spiced with gypsies, perverts, detectives, hotel inspectors, unicycling bears and even a man who walks on his hands. (Incidentally, the hand-walker dies while riding down an escalator when his tie gets caught in the crack at the bottom of the ride. Death by strangulation. And no one will get off the escalator so they rhythmically take one step up and back to avoid stepping on the dead man.) It is episodes like these when it becomes difficult to separate the real world of Garp from his literary world. The escalator episode is so tragic yet comic, illustrating Irving's uncanny ability to bind such imaginative absurdity with real tragedy and create reality. Garp creates a forceful, grip-

ping and actually chilling tale involving a dog and a cat for the sole purpose of teaching his children not to tease each other or run in the streets. The power of the tale is astonishing.

On the jacket of Garp's third novel, oddly entitled, "The World According to Bensenhaver," the publisher writes, "this is the story of a man who is so fearful of bad things happening to his loved ones that he creates an atmosphere of such tension that bad things are almost certain to occur. And they do." This is Garp's world; he is fighting to no avail and he knows it.

Irving has created a marvelously imaginative and original novel that deals head-on with issues such as marriage, families, feminists, and most apparently, sexual roles and death. This novel is a soap opera saturated with heavy-duty detergent and enough humor to keep the reader laughing through much of the tragedy, evidenced in full by the Ellen Jamesians, a society of women who attempt to befriend Garp's mother. Ellen James was an eleven-year-old girl who was raped; her abductors cut out her tongue so she couldn't tell anyone who they were. Little did the bozos know, eleven-year-old girls can write. So a society of women formed, cut out their tongues and adopted Ellen James as their idol, much to Ellen's disfavor.

It is difficult to determine where Irving aims, or even what he reaches in *The World According to Garp*, but in attempting to discover what it is, I thoroughly enjoyed every moment.

# The Last Word

by Jake Morrissey

It has been a little over two months since this year's *Scholastic* editorial board has taken charge of Notre Dame's oldest publication, and with the jobs have come certain realizations concerning the state of American journalism and its obligations.

The more astute observer, for example, might have noticed that *Scholastic* this year is a different magazine than it has been in past years. There are more pieces of student fiction, more reviews and editorials that have not appeared as frequently in recent years. This can be traced to the fact that each year brings with it a new *Scholastic* editorial board and staff which attempts to respond to different needs in its readership, most notably the students of Notre Dame and St. Mary's.

Responding to these different needs is the goal of all publications. Each magazine, each newspaper, attempts to publish a well-written, imaginatively designed entity. There have been successes and there have been failures in this constant striving for something better, something more interesting.

These successes and failures are gauged by the response which publications receive from its readers, be they alumni and students, as in *Scholastic's* case, or people from all strata of society, as in the large national news magazines and newspapers. Criticism, both positive and negative, is extremely important to a publication and its staff because it acts as a signal of what should be continued and what should be scrapped for something different. It is not an easy job.

An obvious area in which publications are constantly trying to improve is writing. Most editors realize that there are almost unlimited resources that can be tapped, to the mutual gratification of both parties. The news reporter, feature or edito-



rial writer, or short fiction writer should all be encouraged and steered as the publication quests for this journalistic nirvana.

What is written, however, is just as important as the mode in which it is presented. It is my firm belief that a newspaper or magazine has a duty to print the truth, be it the facts in a news story or the feelings of a reviewer, fiction writer or editorial writer. This stance could pose more than its share of discomfort to staffs because it demands to be taken seriously, it cries out to be carefully considered. It is a fundamental principle that each news reporter, each editor, each essayist, must decide for himself or herself where he or she stands in relation to this idea. It is a concept that startles and questions, but after having thought it out to his or her satisfaction, he or she is a better reporter and writer for it.

Because of this quest for truth, publications such as *Scholastic* must remain aloof from outside forces. It

is responsible to neither the administration, nor the faculty nor outside special interests to print a word of what they "ask." A publication must print what it feels to be the best writing, photography and artwork, not because someone has "requested" it, but because it is the best. "Best" does not mean the prettiest picture or the cutest story, but a feeling that moves its reader or viewer. The "best" photographs, for example, are not always of little children. It is the printing of this variety and diversity that helps to give a publication its scope and quality; it printed is *not* to improve the image of the editorial board. A publication must not be afraid to print something for fear of incurring someone's wrath, nor should it be afraid of editing or deleting altogether a piece. These procedures may not be a way of winning friends and influencing people, but those are the risks that must be taken if one is to produce a magazine of quality.

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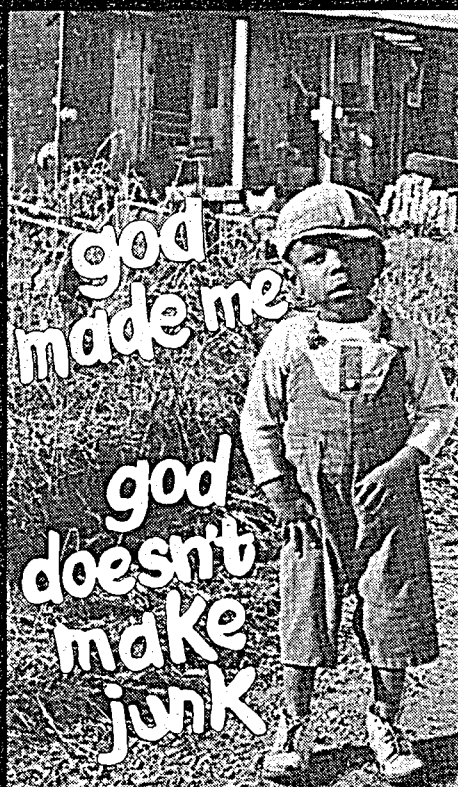
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