

scholastic

December 8, 1978

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Glee Club
Christmas Concert



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Notre Dame, Indiana



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Coalition for the Hungry

We see them most every night on our way to dinner. Standing in front of the dining halls, in all kinds of weather, they hold a bleach bottle with a side cut out, reminiscent of a beggar from a Dickens' novel. These people are members of the Notre Dame-Saint Mary's World Hunger Coalition.

The World Hunger Coalition (WHC) is a group of approximately 70 students on campus at Notre Dame and Saint Mary's. They organize and participate in WHC activities such as money collection, fasting, Fasters' Mass and vegetarian meals. Another 450 students participate in the activities. The collectors are in front of the dining halls Sunday through Thursday nights. Money is not directly solicited; the collectors' presence is a gentle reminder of the hungry peo-

ple who do not have a dining hall. Wednesday dinner is the fasting meal, and the Fasters' Mass is held during this mealtime in Walsh Chapel. Money is given to the WHC by the Food Service, which contributes a set amount for each meal donated by a student.

The Notre Dame-Saint Mary's Hunger coalition was started several years ago by two students as a gesture to remind people of the hunger problems around the world. Both students traveled extensively to gain firsthand experience of the problems, and returned to begin collecting money on campus. Initially, the two were alone in the program, but through their efforts, WHC has grown to its present size.

The basic goal of the World Hunger Coalition is to raise student awareness of the hunger problems



John Denver: Singer with a Cause

On November 3, John Denver presented a large portion of the Notre Dame-Saint Mary's community with two hours of his distinctive music and sparkling personality. There is, however, a side of this personality which his audience did not see. In recent months Denver has become increasingly concerned with the problem of world hunger. On the afternoon before the concert he discussed his appointment to the two-year Presidential Food Commission and the growing worldwide concern over the problem of hunger.

Denver first explained the purpose of the Commission on Food and the role of the United States in the world-hunger problem. "We want to put together a comprehensive United States food policy in terms of the United States and in terms of the world." Although this is the first Presidential Commission he has served on, Denver is

not blind to the problems that arise in commissions. "The norm is that commissions don't work," he explains. "They end up being study groups at best. This problem doesn't need to be studied anymore. We need to take the information already available and formulate a policy, doing everything in our power to see that what comes out of our group is implemented."

Denver insists that the solution to the problem is within our grasp. "The truth is, right now the planet produces more than twice enough food to feed the entire population of the world, and that within that framework, 20 million people still starve to death each year." Denver points out that "you find out that it is something that can really be handled but it's not being handled because of forces in the world—if you will, political groups or, if you will, corporations; they all have something to do with that

by Anthony Walton

that exist around the world. The WHC offers ND-SMC students an opportunity to positively respond. The ideals are realistic in that members do not think that they have the end-all solution to world-hunger problems; instead they are trying to help in a small, yet significant, way.

Collecting money is not the primary focus of the Coalition. This activity serves as a sideline in which the students can respond to the immediate need for action. Money collected is placed in a special account at a local credit union that gives high-risk loans to needy members. This way the money is, in effect, used twice, since collections are turned over to hunger organizations only once a year. Last year, \$18,000 was collected and distributed to, among others, The Oxford Famine Relief Group (OXFAM) and

the Justice and Peace Center in South Bend. The WHC also contributes money to Bread for the World, a citizens' lobby group on hunger. So, the money is used locally as aid to needy families, and abroad as relief for famine and as a stimulus for development of self-dependence in problem areas.

Among the other activities sponsored by the WHC this year was the recent Nestle workshop-dialogue. Both sides of the Nestle controversy were presented, and there was opportunity for dialogue between the panel and the public.

Through activities such as this and their other functions, the Notre Dame-Saint Mary's World Hunger Coalition is well on its way to fulfilling its goals. □

by Phillip Johnson

part of what needs to be done. Part of what the Commission is going to do is center attention on these things in a way that will expand the consciousness of the people at large and get them involved so that some leadership will come from the people in regard to what are our priorities—what do we want, how do we want our government to represent us. I think that we are no longer willing to wait to be told. Leadership, although it is necessary, is only a part of the role of those people who represent us in government."

Denver believes that the Third World has to take an active role in any plan that is to be formulated to solve the problem of world hunger. "It's of primary importance that we don't go tell them what to do; instead, we should offer our ideas and at the same time allow them to present some of their ideas to us. I think there is a lot

that we can learn from Third World nations. There are a lot of things that we can learn from (their) cities and farms that really work effectively—that we've grown beyond in our technological expertise. In the world we're coming into, maybe advanced technology isn't the only answer . . . they may be closer to some of the answers than we are; they're the ones who are living in (hunger) most specifically."

As a final note, Denver believes that the problems of world hunger must be faced now. "We can no longer hide from hunger . . . these problems have to be faced and the degree that we are able to handle them or address ourselves to them has to do with the quality of the life that you are going to be able to enjoy." □

Phillip Johnson is Scholastic's Photography Editor. This is his first "written" contribution.



A Matter of Policy

by Dave Gill

"The University's endowment is a source of income other than raising student fees or other campus income, such as the Bookstore or the Huddle," remarked Fr. Richard Zang, investment officer for Notre Dame, "and the purpose of the endowment is to provide current income while maintaining its purchasing power."

Notre Dame's endowment, which contains \$114 million, comes under the supervision of an investment committee, set up by the Board of Trustees. The committee chooses four investment advisory companies, companies whose work consists solely of managing and investing their clients' money. The clients can stipulate where the money may or may not go, such as prohibiting investments in an alcohol manufacturer or in the armaments industry. The advisory companies report at the quarterly meetings of the Board of Trustees, where they give financial decisions and predictions, and where Zang gives each company a performance rating, based on the success or failure of the companies' investments.

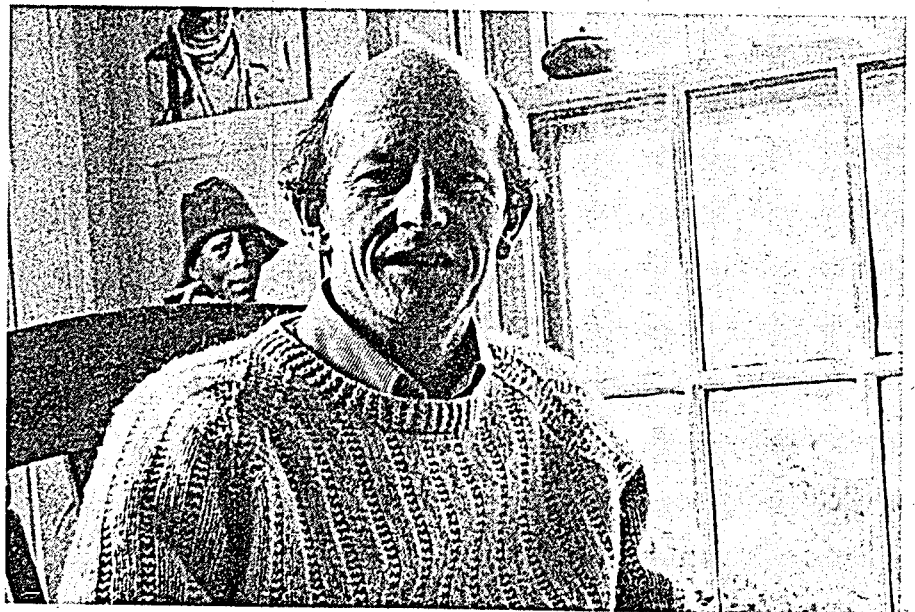
For the past five years, a Board subcommittee has studied the University's investment policy with regard to South Africa. In October of this year, the Trustees released a policy statement, formed from the subcommittee's recommendations, concerning Notre Dame's shareholder responsibility in South Africa. The statement became necessary because of South Africa's continued adherence to its official apartheid policy, that of racial segregation and discrimination to promote and maintain white ascendancy. Other major universities in the

United States, such as Harvard, Chicago, Yale, and Columbia, have also re-evaluated their investment policies in South Africa.

The statement contains four parts: shareholder petitions, stock divestiture, bank investments, and implementation of the University policy. Shareholders' petitions for withdrawal of a company from South Africa would occur if the company did not adopt or adhere to "principles that provide improved opportunities and employment practices for nonwhites." Included in these principles are the Sullivan principles, drawn up by Rev. Leon Sullivan, a Detroit Baptist minister and board member of General Motors. The principles act as a guideline for employment conduct and contain regulations such as nonsegregation of races in all eating, comfort, and work facilities within the factory, equal pay for equal work, and equal

and fair employment practices. Zang noted that "over 100 of the 350 American corporations in South Africa have adopted the Sullivan principles."

Peter Walshe, professor of Economics and International Relations and Director of African Studies, believes, however, that the Sullivan principles are weak. "The principles try to get rid of the color bar in the plant, but in no way do they challenge the apartheid policies of the government outside the plant," he remarked. "Once a black worker steps out of the plant, he receives no benefit from the principles." Walshe continued, "The fundamentals of the apartheid policies, which are to provide black labor for white gain, are not challenged. The South African cabinet, a major proponent behind apartheid, approved the Sullivan principles when the members realized the principles would not



Professor Peter Walshe



Fr. Richard Zang, Notre Dame Investment Officer

threaten the society's status quo."

The Board's policy statement is, according to Walshe, only a base. "At the very least," he insisted, "the policy needs the Sullivan principles, plus negotiations with black labor unions, which, in South Africa, are legal but unrecognized by the government or corporations. Secondly," Walshe continued, "the corporations must insist on married housing for employees, who now must live in male housing, separated from their wives and children."

The policy statement calls for the divestiture of stock "only under very limited circumstances." Zang stated that selling the University's stock would hurt more than help. "Major companies respond to their shareholders' opinions and if the University divested its stock," he said, "it could only picket outside the shareholders' meetings instead of having an active voice inside." Zang reasoned, "Both a pull-out by the corporations and divestiture could have a detrimental effect on South Africa. The loss of capital, technology, and jobs could injure the economy. While universities and religious institutions own a relatively small percentage of outstanding

corporate stock, their ability to bring about socially responsible change has been demonstrated."

"There would be difficulties in disinvestment," admitted Walshe, "because blacks would suffer first and most. However," he continued, "the major black nationalist leaders and the Christian Institute, an ecumenical body in South Africa, are in favor of divestiture and a moratorium on further investment, which would only fuel the apartheid fires." Walshe explained that the black leaders, who have suffered for over 50 years under a minority government, are willing to suffer a little more for a redistribution of political and economic power.

The third part of the statement deals with bank investments and loans. The University would not invest in banks that make or renew loans to the South African government, which would constitute a direct support of apartheid policies. This also includes banks that "refuse to disclose whether or not they are doing so."

Implementation of the statement's policies would entail informing the managements of portfolio companies of the policy and reviewing the

progress of the portfolio companies in their adherence to it. "The first step is to influence companies to make commitments to racial progress and equal opportunity," explained Zang. "The second step for investors is to check up on the companies to see that they are fulfilling their promises."

Walshe noted that enforcement and vigilance would be difficult for two reasons. "There is legislation in South Africa that requires any corporation to produce whatever the government wants if the government asks for it, so the corporations are, in the end, at the mercy of the government," he commented. "New legislation was passed last month," Walshe added, "making it illegal to pass on racial progress information. New York offices can relate the information, but the new law makes both vigilance and enforcement of the policy that much more difficult."

Walshe also believes that one policy statement is not adequate. "The situation in South Africa is fluid and changing," he said. "There should be constant revision by the Board of Trustees in consultation with students and faculty." □

by Theresa Rebeck

The housing office has a problem. There are too many students.

Everyone knows about this problem by now; it's been one of the most hotly debated issues on campus this semester. The juniors are especially concerned because Ed Price, the Director of Housing, has made it clear that chances are good that his problem will become their problem. The threat of being lotteried off campus is hanging above every junior's head, and they are not very excited about the prospect.

Why are the juniors making such a fuss? After all, lots of students live off campus and seem to come through the ordeal without too many permanent scars. Some of them—lots of them—even seem to enjoy it. So what's the big deal? Well, many juniors feel that the advantages to off-campus living are simply not worth the drawbacks. Transportation is a problem, especially in the middle of the perpetual blizzard they call "winter" here. Security is a problem, perhaps not as bad as many people believe, but a problem nonetheless. Also, because social life at Notre Dame is centered around dorm living, moving off campus obviously separates the student from the community in essential ways.

Basically, forcing students off campus separates them from their community against their will. Such a move contradicts the ideal of a supportive Catholic community that has been espoused in the Notre Dame propaganda we've all seen since senior year in high school. Such a separation could encumber the students in their quest for knowledge. Somehow, it seems a little self-

defeating to see the Administration of our University pushing to implement a policy which will hurt the academic careers of the students.

Ed Price has no other answer, however. He points out that the numbers are explicit: as things stand now, there simply are not enough beds for next year's students. Someone has to go, and the most likely group to do away with is next year's seniors. It's an unfortunate situation, but there simply is no other solution.

Not so, says the CLC. A special committee was appointed early in the semester to study the situation. They recently completed their study and, according to Mary Ryan, one of the committee's members, their research indicates that a lottery is not necessarily called for. "At this time there are other alternatives that could be followed up," she explains. While none of these alternatives will solve the problem overnight, when accepted as a whole, they add up to a substantial improvement of the situation. The CLC suggests that RA's be chosen from the juniors within each hall. The CLC suggests that perhaps some dorms are not using available space as efficiently as possible (citing as examples the basement of Lewis and the unused dining hall at Holy Cross) and that the Administration should have this space re-evaluated and revamped so that it may accommodate more students. The CLC also suggests that the Administration ought to begin looking into the housing problem from a long-range perspective and that it make off-campus living more attractive, safe and convenient for the students. The CLC

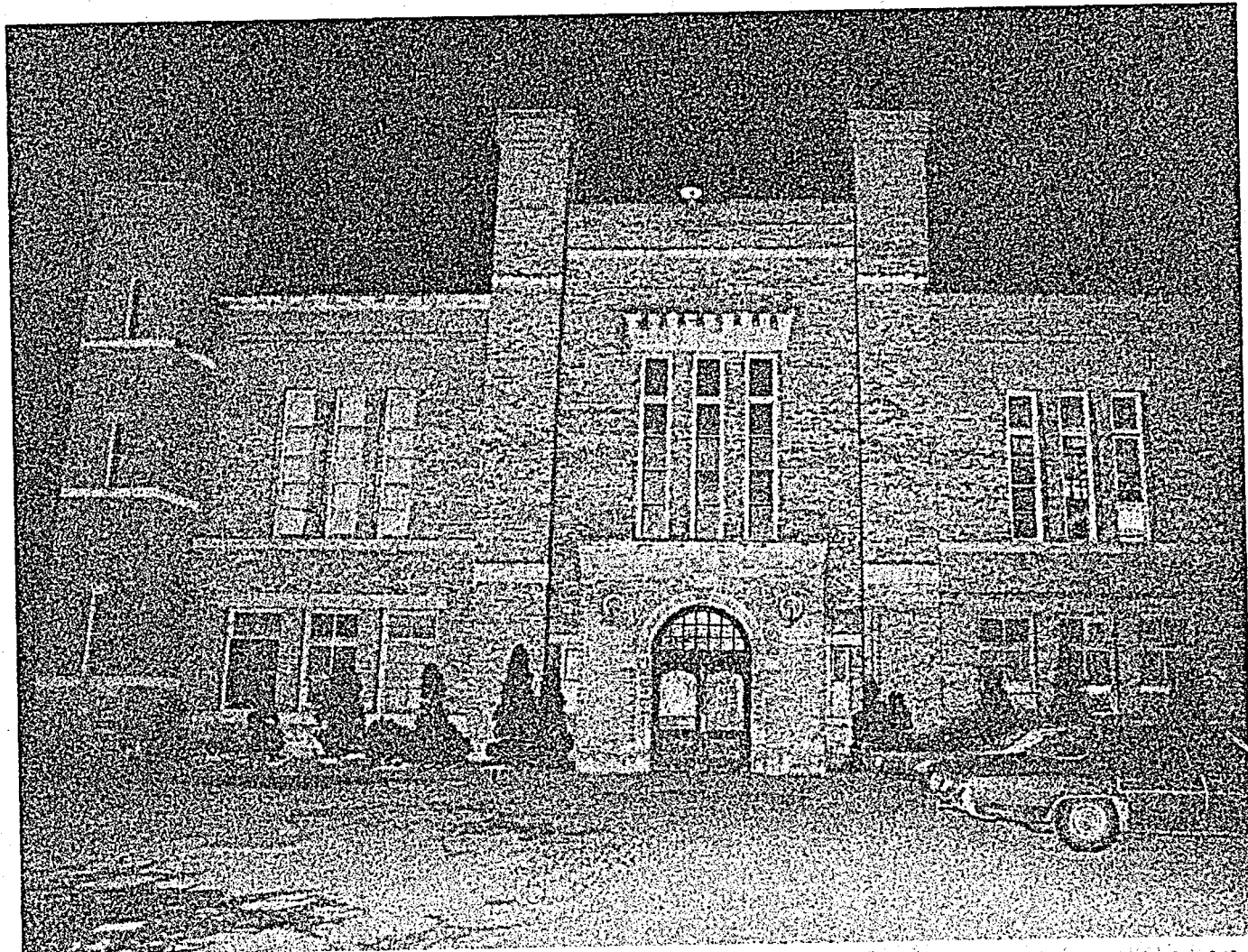
even goes so far as to hint that perhaps enrollment figures should be rolled back for a few years until this whole mess is figured out. If the CLC's simple, common-sense approach to the whole problem is implemented, there should be no need for a lottery.

It all comes down to one basic question: who is going to bear the brunt of this problem? If the Administration follows up on the CLC's proposed alternatives, they are faced with the heartache of reexamining and revamping existing dorm space on campus—no small task. However, if they decide to toss off the problem with a lottery, they will be imposing a massive set of worries upon students who are really no more than innocent bystanders. After all, it is not the students' fault that admissions and housing numbers don't match up properly. It's not the students' fault that living off campus has become increasingly impractical over the years. No, this situation is the result of poor planning on the part of University administrators. So how is the Administration going to resolve the consequences of this poor planning?

The Administration cannot, in all good conscience, lottery students off campus. Transferring the brunt of a series of administrative oversights to the students is totally unjust. Other alternatives to a lottery are available; they must be examined and implemented as completely as possible. *In loco parentis* works two ways. If the Administration wants to exercise a parent's right to regulate our lives, it must also assume a parent's obligation to care for its children. □

Where Passion and Precision Have Been One

by T. Peter O'Brien



*How should the world be luckier if
this house,
Where passion and precision have
been one
Time out of mind, become too
ruinous
To breed the lidless eye that loves
the sun?*

—W. B. Yeats

For many people, the University of Notre Dame is "that school somewhere in the Midwest where they play a lot of football." The football achievements here outshine the academic ones. During the past twenty years there has been a move to create a strong University program which will encourage the mind, and not just the body. This move needs to be ever more encouraged, for it

is ever more difficult to realize; it incorporates the academic life of the students, and perhaps more importantly, the intellectual life of the students.

The Business School has planted its roots at the University, and because of constant and conscientious care, is beginning to flower. The School of Science is thriving, as is Engineering. The Arts and Letters School, precisely because of its sometimes elusive nature, needs to be ever more carefully nourished. The University has engendered growth in the liberal and fine arts: it must now support, reassure, and enliven the program. The new art gallery, presently under construction, is testimony to the University's interest in the work of established

artists and masters. The work of the present student body, however, must also be encouraged.

The Old Fieldhouse symbolizes for many students and faculty the spirit of the fine arts: the energy, the enthusiasm, the spontaneity. The building has its problems. The roof leaks. The plumbing, such as it exists, is deplorable. Year by year, the brickwork becomes weaker and aesthetically less pleasing. And yet, and yet, the building means something. Its voice sometimes falters, but is clear nonetheless: there must be a place for the fine arts on this campus. Not until the roots of the finer arts have gripped tenaciously the dirt of this campus should there even be a consideration to rip down the Fieldhouse. Yet if

things go according to plan, the building will be demolished within two years. Right now construction is going on behind the Engineering building. When that new building is completed, the Chemical Engineering department will move in, and the Art Department will take over the Chemical Engineering's old building.

In 1968 there was talk of ripping down the Old Fieldhouse. In 1969 the "Save the Fieldhouse Campaign" materialized. Professor Donald Costello of the English department was one of the people involved with the campaign. In his words, it was a "nonconfrontational" campaign, marked by a "festive" evening in the Fieldhouse, when students, faculty, and faculty wives got together to talk about what could be done to save the building. In the late 60's, the Fieldhouse was a symbol for the burgeoning interest in the arts; its informal atmosphere spawned a new vitality in the arts, according to Costello. "Surrounded by all that great art," the group which met that evening did not want to see the building demolished. They sent a small delegation to Fr. Hesburgh, who soon returned to talk with the group. When asked by Costello how long he would give them to raise money for some immediate repairs, Hesburgh said six months. The group raised the money. The lease on the Fieldhouse was extended.

Since then, the Fieldhouse has been ignored by the Administration. It has fallen into disrepair, and it is no wonder: buildings must be constantly maintained. Nine years ago the Fieldhouse could have been repaired or restored. Now, some say the Fieldhouse restoration is doubtful. Fr. Hesburgh has won by de-

fault: by his lack of support, the building has deteriorated; by not making a decision about the Fieldhouse and allowing the building to fall into ruin, he has tacitly stated the building shall not stand.

Fr. Flanigan, head of the Art department, stressed that the problem has gone from an "eyesore to an economic" one. The Administration believes that there is now no chance to remodel or restore the building, and Fr. Flanigan sees the move from the Fieldhouse to the Chemical Engineering building as a positive one: "The University has been generous to the Art Department," he stated. When O'Shaughnessy Hall first opened in 1953, the entire Art Department consisted of one hallway on the first floor, and one pottery room in the basement. Other groups on campus would have liked the Fieldhouse, stated Flanigan. The Art Department was fortunate to get it. Yet his words were mixed with regret: "Nothing we move into will be as great as that." We would have had one of the premier spaces for fine art in the country had something been done eight years ago, he stated.

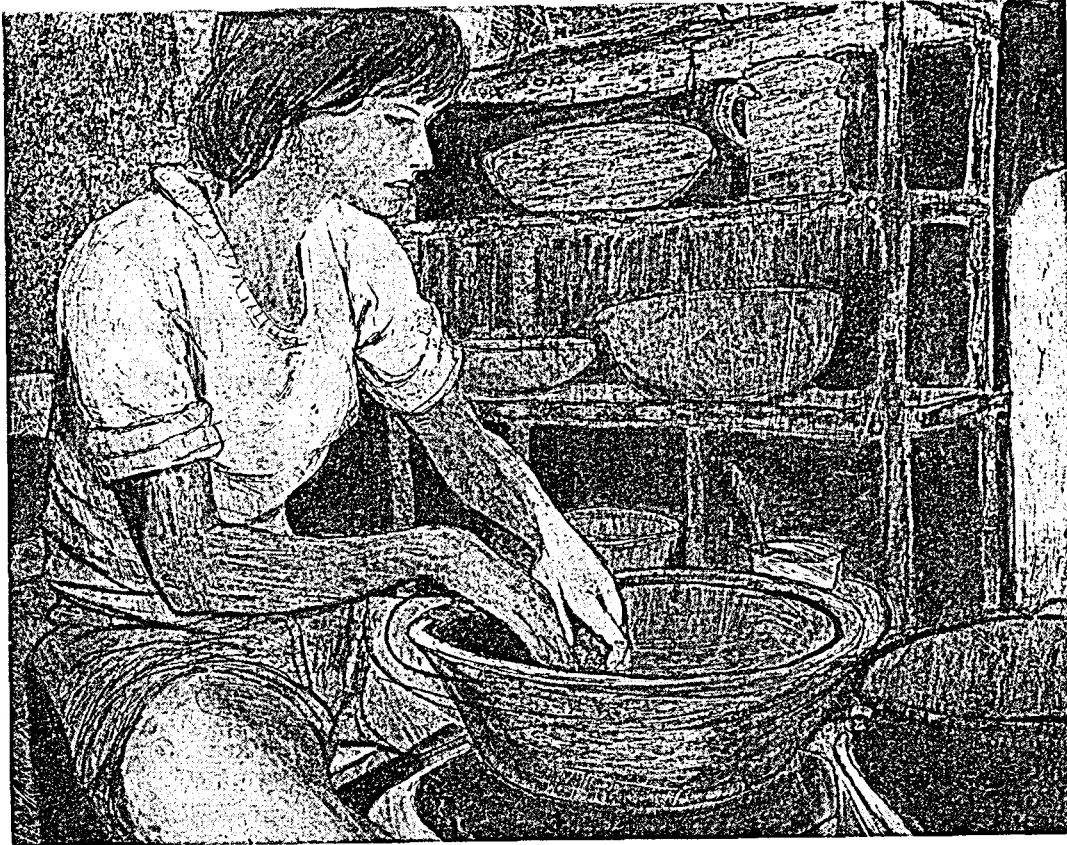
The Administration has made up its mind. Not all architects have. Flanigan noted that some architects believe they can save the Fieldhouse, some say they cannot. Professor Esmée Bellalta of the architecture department said there have been studies done each year by students in an attempt to save the building, or to revitalize the land whereon the building now rests. The importance of that land is obvious: it lies between the Church/Dome buildings and the Memorial Library. Bellalta believes the space could become a "catalyst" for the area, a place where something common oc-

curs. If the building were to stand, it must be made more accessible. One study suggests keeping the sturdy cast iron/steel frame and making the building transparent, in a sense, recycling it, having part of it as a greenhouse, perhaps part of it an indoor meeting place or plaza, and allowing for free passage through the building. The area could become an arts center, rather than what it is now in the minds of many people — an eyesore.

Another plan has been to save the western façade, an architectural achievement of some note, and either keep it as an archway, or as the backdrop for an outdoor theatre. The façade could also be placed on rollers (a task not as expensive as it seems) and moved to what is now the north side of the Fieldhouse. If the Fieldhouse is ripped down, the north quad is no longer a quad. The façade could be that fourth side which was ripped down.

If the Fieldhouse is torn down, there will certainly be a psychological rebound. The building has 75,000 square feet, and its ceiling is not restrictive to even very large sculpture work. The new facility to which the Art Department would move is 50,000 square feet. Projects which could only be built in the Fieldhouse (such as the thirty-foot boat built several years ago) could never get past the paperwork stage in the new facility. One of the advantages of the Fieldhouse is that it is available twenty-four hours a day, an availability the new facility would most likely not be able to duplicate.

Space, and more space. The Fieldhouse offers the Notre Dame art students something desired in any creative undertaking. Flanigan stated visiting artists say we have



"potentially one of the best art spaces in the country." They say, "preserve it." Flanigan mentioned many other schools that have nothing approximating the space in the Fieldhouse. Such space could not be economically constructed today. Room to create, to explore, is so inextricably a part of the artistic process.

Notre Dame has finally begun to establish a reputation for fine art. Each summer, owing to the enthusiasm of Notre Dame ceramicist William Kremer, the University holds a ceramic workshop. The program is just now achieving some respect for the University's Art Department. To assume the enthusiasm and spirit of the workshop could be transferred from the spacious Field-

house to the more hermetic Chemical Engineering building may be too presumptuous.

If there is to be a change for the Art Department, that change should be a positive one. The Art Department's move must be an improvement on the present situation. To regress from the state now achieved would be ludicrous.

If the Fieldhouse is to be demolished, what is to go in its place: a parking lot, a grass field, a promenade? The students and faculty should certainly have the right to know the plans. The Administration need not and should not have a group of students and faculty on each of its research boards, but it should be willing to let the students and faculty know what decisions it

has come to. The students and faculty should be allowed responsible communication with the Administration. A nonvisible decision-making board fosters little maturity.

The University finds itself at an educational crossroad. The sports and sciences have always been encouraged. In recent years the Business Department and Engineering Department have become more significant. Now is the time when the intellectual, critical, and artistic life of the students needs not only to be encouraged, but nourished with commitment. □

T. Peter O'Brien, a senior English major, is the student assistant for the Committee on Academic Progress. He spent last year in Ireland.

Senior Fellow:

A Quest for a Guest

by Paul Peralta

To say that Notre Dame has a few traditions would be like saying the Vatican has a few priests. Let's face it, this place wrote the book on traditions. They range from Officer Tim McCarthy's weekly traffic puns to the 10:45 a.m. Sunday Mass bells. As typical creatures of habit, we follow traditions. We rarely question why they exist, or why we honor them.

Certain groups have certain traditions and the senior class is a good example of this. They've been through hell, high water, and more finals than anybody else. They are the ones who sport the collegiate battle scars. It is only natural that the senior class enjoy their own traditions such as the Death March, Senior Week, and Senior Fellow.

Senior Fellow, in particular, is viewed in some circles as an all-encompassing embodiment of the so-called "class spirit." It is the only unifying representative figure with which the class can identify. Or is it?

At the risk of sounding like Tom Snyder, we are driven to ask "Why a Senior Fellow at all?" Megapragmatists argue that in any type of selection process for an honorary title, there will always be a substantial number of people who are adamantly indifferent. Thus, any hope for a representative figure is nil at best. Why, then, should anyone even bother?

The answer to this evolved through, you guessed it, tradition. The concept of Senior Fellow derived from what was originally known as

the Patriot of the Year Award (see *Scholastic* Vol. 117, No. 9, Feb. 20, 1976). Inaugurated in 1945, the Patriot of the Year Award was bestowed upon "an outstanding American" and conferred annually on Washington's birthday. The first recipient was FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover. The subsequent list of recipients was impressive and included such notables as Bishop Fulton Sheen, John Glenn, Sen. John F. Kennedy, Vice President Richard Nixon, and Bob Hope.

In time, however, the premise for Patriot of the Year was changed. The year 1969 marked the birth of the modern Senior Fellow concept at Notre Dame. Following the model of Yale University's Club Fellowship, the Senior Fellow was designed to be just that—a fellow, someone who would be part of the class for a few days. In a March 7, 1969, editorial, the *Observer* commended the new concept as one which "surpasses that of the fortunately defunct anachronistic Patriot of the Year Award. In past years, Seniors voted from among several nominees for their choice, although their first choice was often not the eventual winner. Whoever would come here on Washington's Birthday was invited to be the Patriot." Sound familiar?

In any event, then-Senior Fellow Committee Co-Chairman Chuck Sheedy attempted to justify the new format by stating: "The person nominated should be one who can contribute to the intellectual or social life at ND through vital discussion and by his presence on campus. The

emphasis is not on the Fellow being a patriot, but someone who can offer ND something."

With this criteria, the Senior Fellow Committee chose as the first Fellow Senator Eugene McCarthy. The selection was immensely popular with the class and student body as a whole. Three thousand students packed Stepan Center to listen to Sen. McCarthy's address.

Almost a decade has since passed and yet the reasons for electing a Senior Fellow have changed very little. Present Senior Fellow Co-Chairman Tom Mielenhausen reiterates the need for a figure to personify the senior class spirit: "We need the experience of a Senior Class Fellow. Our whole idea is to have someone whom we can get some words from . . . some message from the person whom we as a class chose to embody what we see as our characteristics and qualities."

The "characteristics and qualities" Mielenhausen refers to are the criteria used to select the Senior Fellow. They state that the Senior Fellow must 1) demonstrate personal qualities of unselfishness and fellowship, 2) have made a significant contribution to society, 3) be outstanding in his or her vocation, and 4) typify the spirit of the Class of '79.

Within these guidelines, the present Senior Fellow Committee, comprised of twelve interested seniors, set out to narrow down a list of more than two hundred candidates nominated earlier this year. The chore of screening nominees was facilitated somewhat with the usual amount of



Gary Fair and Tom Mielenhausen

joke candidates such as Adolf Hitler, Donald Duck, and Idi Amin Dada. According to Mielenhausen, the not-so-well-known nominees were researched as much as possible to see if they met the required criteria. In the final analysis, the committee decided if the requirements were met and, as a result, they came up with an initial list of twenty-five nominees. But what about arbitrariness? Is selection a matter of committee opinion as to who's a valid candidate and who's not?

Committee member Tim Cisar stated that "in a sense, selection of the final nominee list is arbitrary because the committee must evaluate their (the nominees') respective merits as we see them. At the same time it's not arbitrary because the guidelines are followed as closely as possible." Mielenhausen added that the possibility of arbitrariness is diminished simply by the way the committee was put together. "We put the word out at the beginning of the year for all those interested in working on Senior Fellow. What we got was a group of interested people who volunteered to work and who were *not* hand-picked." In short, there was apparently no previous

similarity of opinion within the committee. But even with such safeguards, weren't there some worthy candidates who just didn't make it because of oversight or lack of substantial voter support?

Mielenhausen and Co-Chairman Gary Fair held a Senior Fellow Forum to insure against any such omission. States Mielenhausen: "The idea was to get feedback from interested seniors who might have felt their candidates were slighted. If their merits were brought to light, then their names would be added to the list." The forum resulted in an additional five names to the existing list of twenty-five nominees.

The Class of '79 now has thirty candidates from which to choose a Senior Fellow. Ironically, the selection procedure at this point resembles the system so severely criticized before in that the nominee receiving the most votes may not be the eventual winner. As before, the key is availability.

Letters are sent to each of the thirty nominees inquiring as to their availability (i.e., ability to come to ND during senior festivities in the spring) and his/her willingness to waive an appearance fee. Replies

from these letters give the committee an indication of who can be considered and who cannot. Because the Senior Fellow Committee Budget is limited to providing only transportation and accommodation costs, the most popular nominees are sometimes ruled out. A classic example of economics dominating over democracy.

This was the case last year as the Class of '78 "chose" Senator Richard Lugar, when in fact one of the most popular nominees was Steve Martin. Lugar was quite low on the list of preferences but he was also the "most available." As a consequence, only a handful of seniors attended his speech at Senior Bar.

In this year's balloting, a name most likely to appear as a forerunner is that of John Belushi. There are those who question such a personality's fulfillment of the four criteria for Fellow. After all, who can justify his claim to "qualities of unselfishness and fellowship"? Apparently, substantial senior class support was enough to justify those qualities. In this sense, there is a certain degree of representativeness.

Mielenhausen concedes, "If Belushi gets the most votes, it may be possible that some people take the voting seriously and judge him to be the best choice. The Senior Fellow Committee can't second-guess these people. We have to respect everyone's opinion."

The system for choosing Senior Fellow, although often lacking any representative semblance, is also hampered by financial limitations. To change the procedure to honorary bestowal *in absentia* would destroy the concept of a Fellow. What could possibly be done to salvage the value of Senior Fellow?

There's no clear-cut answer to this, but a step in the right direction might be for the class to give careful consideration to the nominees. That way, the award could take on more meaning. As it stands now, there is unquestionably some indifference in the voting.

Another answer might be to have the Senior Fellow Committee Budget enlarged. The chances for a "true" choice actually accepting the award would be greater. Until such changes come about, however, the obligation is with the class; they make Senior Fellow as meaningful as they want him to be. □

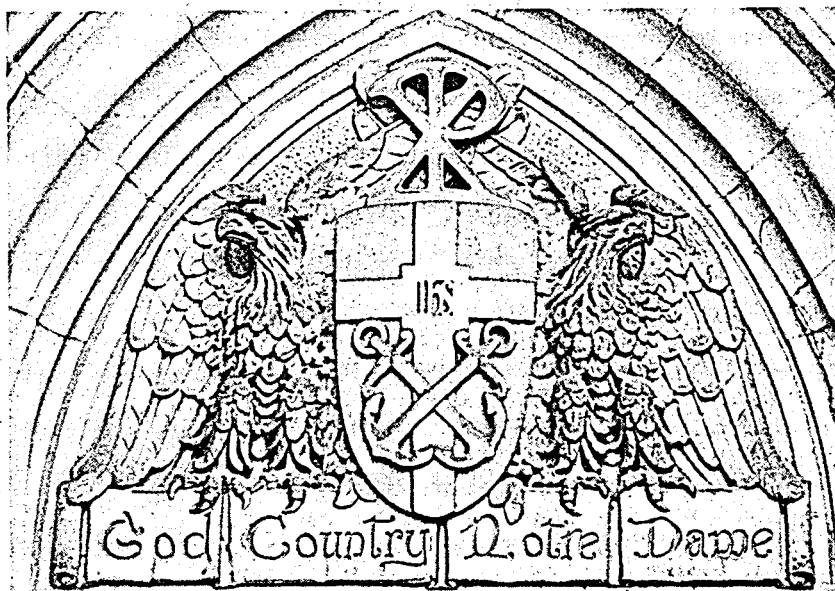
FACES AND FACADES

by Kevin Pritchett





Illustration by Michelle Gerard



On the Existence

In this age of commercialism, skepticism, and general unconcern for matters of which we have no true need, it has come to my attention that some people do not believe in Santa Claus. Yes, Santa Claus. You know, the robust, white-bearded, jolly fellow that abides at the North Pole and makes an annual visit on Christmas Eve to all the homes, delivering precious gifts and good tidings. Yes, *that* Santa Claus. I find it ridiculous that people are losing their faith in this once well-accepted and very kind old man. So, in keeping with the academic atmosphere of Notre Dame du Lac, I would like to pose a few arguments that prove, ontologically, cosmologically, teleologically, morphologically and totally illogically, the existence of Santa Clause.

First, the basics:

1) On Christmas Eve, there exists in many homes a Christmas tree, around which nothing is present.

2) Most, if not all, families retire to bed early on Christmas Eve with visions of toys, turkey and Dallas vs. Los Angeles dancing in their heads.

3) Often, milk and cookies are left sitting on the kitchen table before the family retires.

4) When the family awakens the next morning, brightly colored gifts occupy the previously barren area beneath the tree.

5) The glass of milk is empty and the cookies are gone.

6) There are no doors swinging open, no lights left on, and no food or beer gone from the refrigerator, so one knows that his/her relatives did not stop by.

7) Therefore, someone had to deliver these Christmas presents and no one imaginable is this generous. Except for Santa Claus. Upon examination, one will find the same pattern of activity has occurred not only throughout the neighborhood, but throughout the whole land. This is more than a conspiracy; it is a movement instituted by some strange cult or clan. Odds are, this welcome event is the work of the infamous Santa Claus and his band of merry elves. Yes, elves!

If that argument was not persuasive enough, or if anyone questions its validity, sit tight, there's more. When we deal in matters of extreme importance, it is more than necessary to be thorough. So ontologically speaking:

1) It is conceivable that God is the greatest being.

2) It is also conceivable that Howard Hughes was the richest person alive at one time.

3) Many people claim that Santa Claus is the most generous and jolliest person, so, for simplicity's sake, we shall say that it is conceivable that Santa Claus is the nicest person ever.



of Santa Claus



by Dave Satterfield

4) And something can be thought to exist that cannot be thought not to exist. Hence, if that-than-which-a-nicer-cannot-be-thought can be thought not to exist, then that-than-which-a-nicer-cannot-be-thought is not the same as that-than-which-a-nicer-cannot-be-thought, which is undeniably absurd. Something-than-which-a-nicer-cannot-be-thought exists so truly then, that it cannot be even thought not to exist. So, Santa lives!

If that one did not work, you may be a lost cause, or you may have gotten lost in the last clause, but regardless, Santa Claus exists. Even the Ebenezer Scrooges of the world have made me come to that conclusion. Recently, I asked some well-read and knowledgeable nonbelievers about the red-suited fellows who inhabit the shopping malls in December. "Are they not Santa Claus?" I asked. Whereupon, I was told, "No, those guys are fakes." Thus, it became evident that there actually does exist a Santa Claus because if these men were fakes, they must be faking or imitating something. And that something must be Santa Claus. Thus, we derive the real from the imitation. Santa Claus exists.

If you question the logic of the argumentation thus far, do not be disappointed, because we are faced with the same problem. It is a very difficult task to prove the existence

of a man as beautiful as Santa Claus. Hell, Descartes had trouble proving he himself existed. But where, then, did this notion of Santa Claus begin? And isn't it silly to try to nourish the myth, to try to keep it alive, especially in today's commercial world? Where does one look for answers?

As for myself, I looked around and found the answers were right in front of me. I saw my parents working long hours to put four sons through college and keeping three younger children happy, all the while caring for each other. I saw students working at Logan Center, students helping other students in difficult situations. I saw professors giving solid advice and best friends buying beer and typing papers for each other. I saw priests and ministers offering guidance to people of their community. I had heard of administrators that actually cared for the needs and desires of their students. I saw people trying to make Jesus Christ's birth special to all people, not just themselves. I saw people in love and people who cared and people who gave. *That* is where I found Santa Claus. And I am totally convinced that, yes, Notre Dame, there is a Santa Claus. Let's do our best to keep him alive. For everyone.

Book Review

by Elizabeth Donovan and Kathy Ryan

The Non-Runner's Book, by Vic Ziegel and Lewis Goldberg. 114 pages, \$2.95. Macmillan Publishing Co., Inc., 1978.

Question: On a brisk winter morning would you rather:

A) leap from bed, don your ever-ready running suit, and sprint around the lakes, or

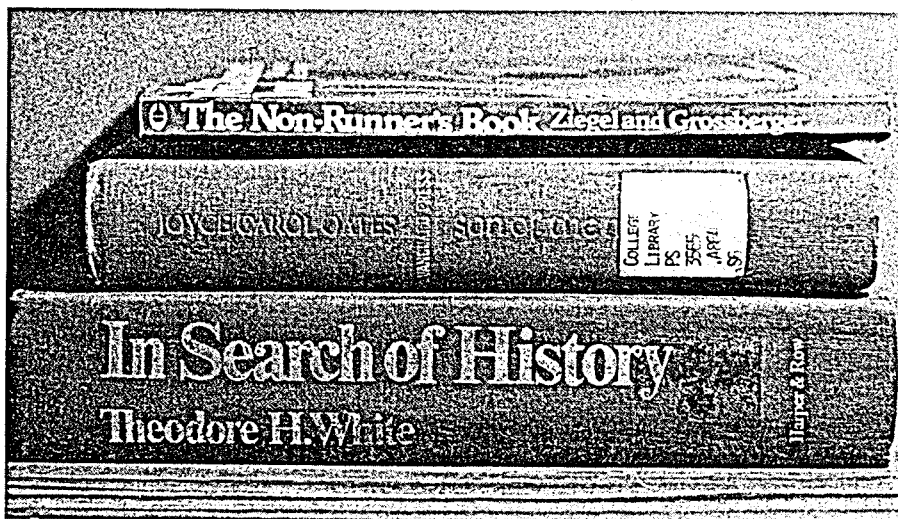
B) crawl from bed, have a doughnut, and crawl right back under the sheets?

If B is your answer, *The Non-Runner's Book* is for you. America is currently plagued by an epidemic of running fever. Intimidating words like "shinsplints," "carbo-loading," and "Adidas" have crept into the vernacular, making the non-runner self-conscious of his sedentary yet pleasant ways. *The Non-Runner's Book* "offers advice and reassurance for the millions of Americans who want to know 'Is it all right if I don't run?'"

Non-running, according to the authors, is a sport gradually mastered through a non-vigorous program which includes "weight training" and "groan exercises." Diet is ever so important: special rules ("Keep a flashlight by your refrigerator") guarantee success for the non-runner. Non-running is also a philosophy, a way of life leading to an increased awareness of the total being—"I sit, therefore, I am." The confirmed non-runner prefers napping to jogging, reading to speeding. "Theirs is the spirit of the glacier. Baby ducks are not frightened by their passing. They are non-runners."

While delivering a quick one-two to the jogging craze, the book also lays bare the silliness of all fads embraced so quickly and so seriously by Americans. Zen Buddhism, yogurt diets, and coping-with-stress analysts are sitting ducks for the authors.

The Non-Runner's Book is well written and highly entertaining, a good read after a heavy meal. For anyone who can't understand your



aversion to twilight jogging, this book would be the ideal Christmas present. Non-run to your nearest bookstore. Better yet, phone in the order.

—Elizabeth Donovan

In Search of History, A Personal Adventure, by Theodore H. White, New York, Harper & Row, \$12.95, 561 pages.

The extremely self-conscious and indulgent opening must be overlooked: Theodore White needs to explain to his readers and to himself why *In Search of History* is not *The Making of the President 1976*. From the war correspondent in China during the Second World War, to the global reporter for the *Boston Globe*, then Harry Luce's *Time* magazine, then Henry Wallace's *New Republic*, to the Pulitzer Prize winner of 1960 for the first installment in the series *The Making of the President*, the protagonist of the narrative's search has displayed too much continuity for the reversal which constitutes the newest book. Before reflection, explanation. After years on the campaign trail, White reconsiders purposes and achievements in the chronicle of American history which he has constructed, and in the advent of one more, similarly observed, similarly constructed chronicle, he readjusts his aims:

The thought crept in: it was probably more useful to go back than to go on. It was just faintly possible he might learn more from what he has left out of his forty years of reporting than to go on and add more observation.

In Search of History then becomes, not more, or mere, observation, but the anecdotes, opinions, intuitions and convictions left unsaid throughout White's years of reporting. In the same lucid style, the same appealing prose which "reports" the events of the eras he served, White exposes the "diaries of a swift journey" which carried him from Jewish South Boston via the Chinese mainland to the editorial twenty-ninth floor of the Time-Life Building. Along the route, there are political personalities, sketched with color and precision: Douglas MacArthur ("He paced and roared and pointed and pounded and stabbed with his cigar."), Mao Tse-tung ("... those who play with fire ought to be careful. . ."), Chiang Kai-shek ("His success is in utilizing all the contradictions in his country to his own ends."), and Chou En-lai ("... he won my affection completely. . ."). No less fascinating is the implicit literary history, and its cast of characters, among them the two editors of the age, Harry Luce of *Time* ("He made instant history of the mosaic fragments of his choice.") and Henry

Wallace of *The New Republic* ("He was a self-intoxicated man with but two subjects of conversation: botanical genetics and himself"). In the dramatic search for history, White captures the play of politics and media in his informed professionalism.

The narrative is interestingly varied: it encompasses linguistic discussions on the translation of "liberty" and "democracy" into literal and colloquial Chinese, obvious ideological bitterness about the American attitude toward the Chinese, and a somewhat moving, if not melodramatic, apology for White's own colored idealism about the Camelot Kennedy years. White's reversal in subject combines cultural, personal, historical and political fibers connecting the America of his years as witness; he refused to write one more *Making of the President* for better reasons than this espousal, however. The motive and the lesson of *In Search of History* is, finally, a historical one, and it admits of the changes which happen in history and in historical perspective. For White, the election of 1976 narrates a new kind of history, where his perspective is inappropriate. Before approaching that new perspective, the "break in narratives," White seeks to expose his credentials. *In Search of History*, then, becomes a stylish and fascinating resumé.

Son of the Morning, by Joyce Carol Oates, New York, Vanguard Press, 382 pages, \$10.00.

The opening of *Son of the Morning* cannot be overlooked. The prayerful and penitential impulse of the passage is guised in language which is flagrant, vain and irresponsible. Oates seeks to communicate an obvious religious impulse, in character and in artist: the publisher's translation is a narrative "rise and fall of a modern Lucifer." The novel chronicles in cliché the birth (conception by rape) of a male child, Nathaniel, to an ignorant young Southern girl. The "story" traces, ever so loosely, the "seven revelations of extraordinary magnitude" made to Nathaniel, growing evangelist. The circumstances and accounts become less and less reasonable as the religious impulse becomes lost, both by character and by writer, in language and imag-

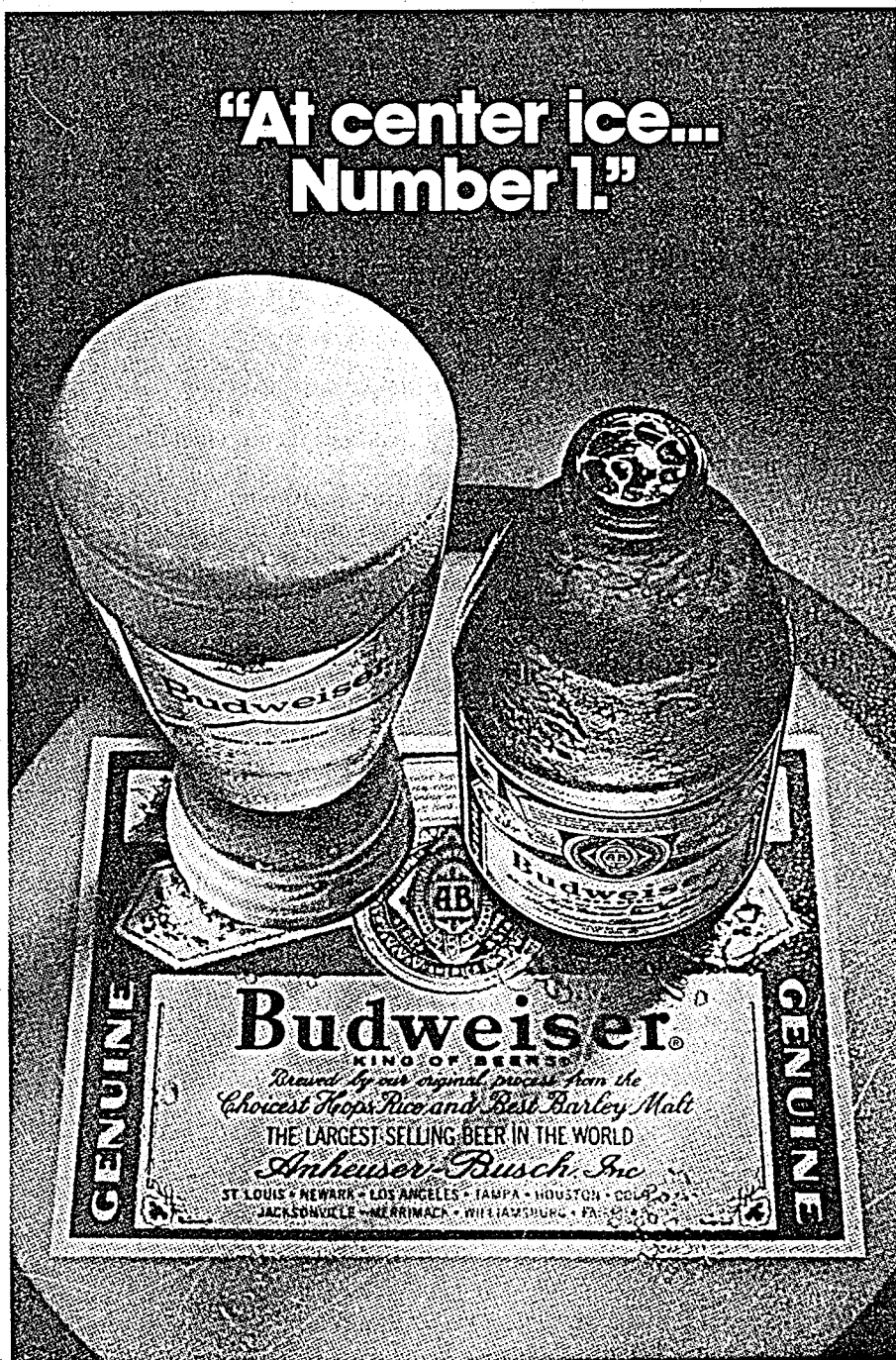
ery which is both dense and vague.

Son of the Morning is not tragedy, but insofar as it represents the failures of the talented artist and the abuse of a rich imaginative situation, it is pathos. The crime committed by Oates begs conviction on two counts. There is a real situation here, a potentially fine novel, given the religious experience at issue, certainly an experience of our time. In addition, there are powerful stylistic tools employed, tools with potential, tools like narration independent of sequential time, lapses into metaphor and poetic prose, allusion and reference to meaningful Biblical influence. But both situation and style are per-

verted. The lapses are poeticized, not poetic. The portrait of the evangelist is neither sympathetic nor antagonistic. Indeed, little effort is made to represent character or situation; Oates exploits both, doing a disservice to an imaginative concept and to her own artistry.

Ezra Pound always applied style as the test of sincerity. The languid, elusive, uncontrolled prose/poetry of *Son in the Morning* suggests an unrefined sense of subject. Oates' decision on matters of religious experience is still unclear; her talents of illumination become powers of illusion. □

—Kathy Ryan



Some friends and I were driving around town a few weeks ago when all of a sudden I had a munchie attack for Mexican food. Then I'm not sure what happened; the next thing I remember is waking up at the Hacienda feasting on their Nachos Fiesta. For those of you who don't know what that is, imagine a plate of crisp corn chips topped with the Hacienda's special sauce, beef, refried beans, tomatoes, mountains of melted cheese, jalapeno peppers, sour cream, and good ol' guacamole! Oh baby, was it ever good!

I was here at Notre Dame just a few days before I realized that eating off campus is both a break from the dining hall and an adventure. It soon became second nature to stop at Dainty Maid whenever I was downtown, or to head for Tiffany's while shopping at Scottsdale Mall. Then this year, while contemplating where to eat during October Break (I'm one of the few people who like



and frog's legs \$6.25). The decor is completely done in green and white and gives the restaurant a unique atmosphere.

For those of you who really like chicken, The Skillet at McKinley and Ironwood is well worth the visit. Open for dinner Tuesday through Saturday and from 11 a.m. to 3:30 p.m. on Sunday, this warm and cozy family restaurant is renowned for its "broasted" chicken. All items can be prepared for carryout and the prices are reasonable, only \$2.99 for a chicken dinner including potato, cole slaw, cranberry-apple relish, roll, and after-dinner mints.

If you're a meat and potatoes person, head for the Thunderbird Restaurant on East McKinley. Dinners range from \$4-\$8 and include soup, salad, and choice of potato. The servings are hearty and there's even a salad bar for all you veggie fans. Although the atmosphere isn't spectacular, you're guaranteed to get a

You Deserve a Steak Today

by Molly McLaughlin

to stay here that week), I decided to explore South Bend's and Mishawaka's inexpensive restaurants. My findings have not only given me a nice winter padding on my waistline, but have also shown me the large variety of colorful and inexpensive restaurants the area offers.

If such natural delights as alfalfa sprouts, sunflower seeds, and herbal teas tickle your palate, then the Cornucopia, in the River Bend Plaza, is the place for you. Open from 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. Monday through Saturday, this reasonably priced natural foods restaurant serves an array of tasty omelettes, salads, sandwiches, and beverages. Homemade desserts include such "naturals" as coconut carob chip cake and buttermilk-glazed pineapple carrot cake. It's a pleasant place for lunch or a light dinner.

Also in the downtown area on West Washington is the Soup 'R Sandwich, a clean little cafeteria offering a basic breakfast and lunch menu. Although reasonably priced, the restaurant lacks a cozy comfortable atmosphere. Up towards campus, next to the Memorial Hospital, is the DeLuxe Sandwich Shop. This three-booth homey restaurant opened

in 1942 and boasts along with its breakfast menu (including bagels), an assortment of inexpensive sandwiches. Although the place is tiny, it has a lot of character and the prices couldn't be better; only 45¢ for a grilled cheese.

If you're on a budget and want to fill up, try the Come & Dine, an Amish restaurant on East Jefferson in Mishawaka. For \$2.95 you can help yourself to the buffet lunch, including two soups, two meat dishes, vegetables, over thirty selections at the salad bar (with such goodies as melon balls, crocks of cheese, and toffee-coated peanuts), homemade bread with apple butter, and pudding for dessert. A stream running through the restaurant adds to the relaxing country atmosphere. Dinner starts at four and includes the buffet, steak, and seafood.

Besides these restaurants noted primarily for lunches, South Bend has some fantastic places to eat dinner. Among these places is the Mint Julep on East Washington. The biscuits and cornbread are made fresh daily as are the coleslaw and potato salad. The dinner menu, along with a salad bar, includes such delectables as seafood crêpes (\$8.95)

good meal.

Lee's BBQ on South Bend Avenue, one block east of Eddy, has become *the* haven for barbecue lovers. The most popular item is the barbecued beef although the two-room restaurant also serves barbecued chicken, pork, seafood and, of course, foaming pitchers. An average dinner costs about \$4, and there's "always more than you can eat," says Tom Beverly, a Lee's regular. So if barbecue is your idea of a good meal, head on down.

Something else I realized over October Break was that South Bend's ethnic restaurants are just waiting to be discovered. They offer not only great food but a cultural experience. The China Garden on South Michigan offers an extensive selection of northern Chinese and Cantonese food. This one-room casual restaurant is, according to Emil T. Hofman, "one of the best inexpensive restaurants in town." The China Garden is open for lunch and dinner Monday through Saturday; dinners average about \$5.

If dishes such as sauerbraten, knackwurst, hot potato salad, and German chocolate cake invite you to refill your stein, then the Hans Haus

on South Michigan is for you. This German restaurant has a variety of reasonably priced lunches and dinners, some under \$3. American-style beef, pork, and seafood are also served. With flowers on every table, paintings on the walls, hanging plants, and display cases of hand-painted ceramics, you'll be convinced the food isn't the only nice thing about this restaurant.

For anyone looking for a real Hungarian treat, try the Budapest Night. Located on Prairie Avenue, this one-room music-filled restaurant has not only reasonable prices and daily specials, running under \$4, but some of the best fresh homemade desserts ever. Made daily by the Hungarian-born owners Albert and Helen Kovacs, such goodies include a zserbo, a six-layer torte. Alternated between layer after layer of butter dough, a filling mixture of chopped apricots, nuts and sugar is topped with chocolate and waiting to be eaten. Other desserts include piskota, (a vanilla cake with apricot cream and English walnuts), and apricot squares. Open for dinner Tuesday through Saturday, the restaurant serves, besides Hungarian specialties, beef and seafood.

About forty minutes southeast of South Bend in a town called Napanee, lies a historic and nostalgic place called Amish Acres. For \$6.50 you can feast on countless helpings of thick bean soup, homemade bread, cabbage salad, green beans, noodles, mashed potatoes soaking in butter, sage stuffing, cider-baked ham, roast turkey, and crocks of sweet yellow butter and thick apple butter. To top it off, if there's still room, are tins of pies, such as apple, cherry, pumpkin, mincemeat, and rhubarb, along with vanilla date pudding. Amish Acres is the place everyone should go at least once. My only advice is to go when really hungry.

The South Bend area has a large number of authentic Italian restaurants, the oldest being Sunny Italy Café on Niles Avenue. Serving reasonably priced Italian specialties along with some American dinners, the family owned-and-operated cafe with its red-checked tablecloths, fresh flowers, and Italian music, creates a cozy and inviting place to dine.

The Villa Capri, on Ironwood at the intersection of Edison, is another

fine Italian restaurant. Dinners, including such entrees as fettuccine and chicken cacciatore along with American and seafood courses, range from \$4-\$8. There is also a salad bar and a variety of Italian coffees are served. This candlelit restaurant, with its wrought-iron tables and chairs, is open Monday through Saturday 11 a.m. to 11:30 p.m.

Anastasio's on South Main is one of South Bend's more prestigious dining spots. Open for lunch and dinner Monday through Saturday, this restaurant has, in addition to its house specialties, pasta and classic entrées, a salad bar, hot hors d'oeuvres and house gourmet buffet. Dinners average around \$8.00. Anastasio's brick floors, red tablecloths, plants, statues, pictures, photographs, fireplaces, and running stream complete with bridge, create a truly romantic atmosphere, great for a date. After 11 at night, sandwiches (\$2.00) and pizza (\$3.50), made with either a thin or thick crust and imported cheese, can be ordered. It's definitely a place worth saving up for.

Other high class restaurants such as the Albert Pick and the Quality Inn offer Sunday brunches worth biting into. A champagne brunch at the Ice House costs \$5.95 and offers a buffet of roast beef, salisbury steak, sausage, bacon, eggs, fresh melon salad, bagels, muffins, coffee cake, and, of course, champagne. It's a nice place for when the folks are here and Dad's paying.

But don't think you have to wait until your parents visit to get a good

deal; numerous restaurants serve daily specials. One of my favorites is the Golden Bear Wednesday night pancake special. Although I've had tastier pancakes, it's fun to go and 95¢ is always a good deal for a dinner. Shakey's Pizza Parlors offer an all-you-can-eat special (\$2.40) of fried chicken, spaghetti, pizza, fried potatoes, and salad during lunchtime Monday through Friday and for dinner Monday through Wednesday. This is a great inexpensive way to eat out.

Bill Knapp's on Highway 31 has \$2.95 specials Monday through Thursday which include besides the entrée, a choice of two accompaniments and fantastic buttered biscuits served with honey. Also on 31 is Bennitt's Buffet serving a variety of salads, vegetables, and meats. This smorgasbord offers a good price (\$3.65) although the atmosphere reminds me of the dining hall.

Even though I realize there are so many restaurants I haven't even mentioned, those in Michigan and numerous others, I hope I have at least introduced you to one new place. South Bend and Mishawaka really do have good places to eat. So the next time you have a case of the Saga slumps, a few extra dollars, or the urge to discover the unknown, go try a new restaurant, it's fun! □

Molly McLaughlin is a junior American Studies major from Santa Barbara, Ca. If all her future articles are this much fun to research, we think she'll be a frequent contributor to Scholastic.



$$h^2 \neq 1_1^2 + 1_2^2$$

the room smelled of prepared fish
and weepy boxes
and moist tabletop.

I thought all this a year before,
now it made no sense;
the way the ceiling
pressed my breasts.

I couldn't see
the place the triangle pointed to
or the dry red plane
that nourished it.
I knew this was no place
for a grey enamel doorknob,
but kept my eyes moving to the left.

there,
two brown biscuits,
still warm, breathless
squeezed through a floorboard;
incapable of witnessing
the meeting of wall and floor,
that no geometer's compass could measure.

it is grey
and all your gloves
dry in the oven.
you must wear child's socks
over the hands,
and think of five fine ladies,
their hair in knots,
dressed in cream flannels;
buried to the waist
in aqua sand
on Kukatah Desert.
they smell of mink coat linings
and pearl-gray broadcloth upholstery.
a whole erotic circus,
to trace along the jawline.

Ordeal by Roses

I opened the drawer on your breakfast;
bran milky bran clumped on a spoon
in a tupperware bowl.

I opened the door on your afternoon collaborations,
you were backed in the brick mosaic lawn.
gardenhose lengths wrapped your body.

Your shaven head crossed with black brows,
your eyes falling-flat blue.

Tracing my slow circle in your face,
you smiled. pain-stemmed lips
and your teeth kazooed "ordeal by roses."

Well! this isn't the first time you've tried to make me
guilty.

I sat on round, flat steps,
smelt rose in the wells of molars;
And followed paintbrush fiber legs of ants
in their trail of chemical secretions.

palm series

1. a palm tree
with a paper bag
over its head
on the window.
2. a palm tree
wrapped in Miami Herald's
art and leisure section
near the divan.
3. a palm tree
bowling ball bagged
in a closet.
4. a palm tree
in a gym bag
with sneaky leaves.
5. a palm tree
in a box
with white string, blue tape, and wet postage.
6. a palm tree
in a wastepaper basket.

who does your interior decorating,
here in Florida?

Piano Heart

lucia plays background music
glass bow scrapes a stringy piano heart.
she smashes perfumed keys
with black felt scraps.
"this is music?"
everyone leaves the theater.

lucia plays in the fading box,
her home of ivory clapboard.
my teeth are cold castanets to accompany her.
notes scale ledges of throat skin,
tumbleweedy hair bursts on a brown forehead;
her leotard clothing a five stave stomach.

lucia removes a licorice slipper,
padding note to note;
drawing-black line along circular mazes.
a two meter jog from piano on end stops short.
she bends to my applauding thumb.

Summer Static

"hey handsome,
ain't you sumpthin'?
can't you see the relationship wasn't
meant to be snowfall?"

examining sp^3 hybrid orbitals of our love,
red plastic snap-togethers
configurations
i don't understand.

but let us measure the radii of our atoms,
and briefly consider electron behavior;
due principally to electrostatic interaction.

"hey handsome,
let us consider the situation of our electrons.
measuring output,
when they make the jump."

you must be my optical isomer,
maintaining opposite rotations
of the plane of polarized light.

Chris Simony is a second-semester senior at St. Mary's College. She is from Pittsburgh, Pa.

Fiction

by Melinda Bell

It was very cold. She sat isolated among thousands of gray rocks, the sea thrashing to a mist before her. The wind tousled her hair as she stared into the misty grey nothingness. She felt nothing. She did not shiver. She did not see. She was looking but nothing was there. She couldn't even cry anymore. There was no more sorrow—only emptiness.

Things always seemed better in the morning. But she could not move. She drifted back into herself.

It was her first time at a bar and she felt quite uneasy with the mass of strangers milling about. She seemed to be in everyone's way yet no one paid any attention to her. Suddenly a young man sat talking to her. She felt uneasy. He asked her if she'd like to take a walk. She thought it sounded like a line, but decided that's probably why she was there in the first place, so she went.

They walked along the deserted path. She started leading the way. He followed. She sat down. He sat down. Nothing was said. She got up and moved farther along the road. He didn't move. Finally he followed and said he had to get back. He'd walk her home. She never saw him again.

The wind was calming and the thrashing waves became but a rhythm by which her heart seemed to beat. She was conscious of the blood rushing through her body. She tried to stop it, but it came at every beat of a wave on the rocks.

It was a lavish affair—wine, dine and dancing by candlelight. Four of them were sharing a hotel room. Two men, a woman and her. As the lights were turned low, she ended up with one of the men. She tried to keep her girlish-like attitude simply holding his hand. As everyone drifted off into sleep she lay awake staring at the pattern in the ceiling. Suddenly the other man began screaming in his sleep. She spent the night walking the halls.

The sun was slipping from grey sky to the calm sea. The water barely moved along its banks. Her blood slowed to its pace. She saw nothing. She felt nothing.

It was only in ignorance. God loved her—said so many times and in so many ways. The charismatic groups, the meetings, the singing, the Amen. On the way home in the car he held her hand. He convinced her. He was the one who said God loved her. He must know. He talked her onto the couch to insult her. It was in ignorance. He left her morally intact—a crippled child against the world. He took God with him when he left.

The night sky performed a velvety blue function behind the silent twinkling stars. The moon glowed over the still sea. Little ripples made the man in the moon dance to the silence. She did not see.

The movie. The boy she had just met. He held her hand. She shared that bit of her life. He said it was the alcohol. He had wished her no hard feelings. Hard feelings? Of course not. It was just holding hands.

A seagull landed in the moonlight and walked around her, seeming to want to say something but not knowing what to say. She didn't move. She didn't see. He flew away.

A pot to boil spaghetti in. She gave it to him with a fake smile. A romantic dinner for four. Two women, a man and him. She closed the door behind him with that smile stuck to her lips by hot tar. She didn't cry. She went for a walk. She didn't feel. She almost wanted to be angry but couldn't. She walked to the beach. She found a place isolated among the thousands of gray rocks.

The stars twinkled above her. The universe was at a cheery point in its existence. The sun was peeking its red sails into the dawn. But she could not see.

Suddenly she rose and walked to the still water. She took off her shoes. Then she began to slowly, methodically remove her clothes. She walked into the icy water without feeling the cold. □

Melinda Bell is a junior in the College of Arts and Letters from Gibsonburg, Ohio.

Ten years ago it was easy to pick the team to beat in college basketball—it was always UCLA first, and the rest nowhere. Now, it is a different story. It's been three years since the Bruins returned to Westwood with the national championship and UCLA is only one of many favorites to claim this year's crown. The era of one-team domination is over and this means no undefeated teams, many upsets, a few dark horses, like UNC-Charlotte and Cal State-Fullerton, and exciting basketball all around the country. These are the likely favorites to vie for the crown next March in Salt Lake City:

Go West, Young Men

by Jim Trausch

DUKE — This year, as usual, a team from North Carolina will rule the Atlantic Coast Conference. But it will not be North Carolina or North Carolina State, it'll be the Blue Devils of Duke. Coach Bill Foster returns the solid core of his quintet which was runner-up to the Wildcats of Kentucky in St. Louis,

and, with that kind of returning support, it is easy to see why Duke fans are optimistic.

Foster's front line is awesome and young. 6'11" junior Mike Giminski is strong enough to battle any big man in the country and has the touch of a surgeon. 6'8" Gene Banks, only a sophomore, was exciting and quick last year and—even more bad news for Duke opponents — he will be improved. Kenny Dennard is often overshadowed by his two All-American frontcourt mates but he is a steady player. If teams concentrate on Giminski and Banks, Dennard will pick up the slack.

Running the team out on the floor is Jim Spanarkel, the best guard in the country. He contributes by scoring (20 points per game), rebounding (he is 6'5"), assists (five per game), and he will usually get assigned to the opposing team's high scorer. The other guard spot is held down ably by John Harrell or Bob Bender.

The only thing that stands in Duke's way to Salt Lake City is lack of depth and the conference they play in; the toughest in the country. But with this team it seems likely that the Blue Devils will be going west at year's end to claim the prize that barely eluded them last year. This year they might just grasp it.

MICHIGAN STATE — Last year Big Ten Rookie of the Year Earvin "Magic" Johnson led State to the Big Ten crown and into the NCAA tournament. They advanced to the regional final before a tough loss to eventual champion Kentucky knocked them out of the picture. This year promises to be even better.

Head Coach Jud Heathcote returns all five starters from last year's club and one of them is, of course, Johnson. Johnson is joined by Greg Kelsner in the backcourt, and they run the fast break to perfection. They finished one-two in most of the Spartan offensive categories last year. Joining them are sophomore Jay Vincent, and juniors Terry Donnelly and Ron Charles. Together they form an imposing starting five. The bench is young, featuring sophomore shooter Mike Brkovic, freshmen Gerald Busby and Rob Gonzales.

Michigan State breezed to a conference title last year but that was

against a Phil Hubbard-less Michigan. This year they will face stiff competition from the Wolverines, Minnesota, and Indiana. They should make the tournament anyway — as conference champs, or as an at-large team. The tough Big Ten race ought to season this young team so that by late March "Magic" and his team will have their act together.

NOTRE DAME — Last year the Irish went further than they've ever been before — to the final four at St. Louis. Once there they lost heartbreakers to runner-up Duke and third-place finisher Arkansas, but came away with experience and



Bruce Flowers

a yen for a bigger share of this year's prize.

Richard "Digger" Phelps has the horses to do it. Center tandem Bill Laimbeer (6'11", 250 lbs.) and Bruce Flowers (6'9", 225 lbs) can effectively wear down any pivot man they face. Joining them in the frontcourt will be any combination

of Kelly Tripuka, one of the sensational freshmen of a year ago, Tracy Jackson, smooth shooting small forward, Orlando Woolridge, master of the dunk, or Gil Salinas, a stringbean sophomore. All four will revolve in and out of the lineup during the course of a game. It is this depth that makes Notre Dame click.

At guard, returning starter Rich Branning will be joined by Stan Wilcox, freshman Mike Mitchell, and 6'7" swingman Bill Hanzlik. Hanzlik, a defensive specialist who is remembered for shutting out Butch Lee last year, will have to come through for the Irish to insure the depth they want at guard, because

U.C.L.A. — UCLA, UCLA, UCLA, UCLA, UCLA, UCLA, UCLA — that's the way it was in the world of college basketball in the late sixties and early seventies. But the Alcindor-Walton-Wooden years are over, and the once unbeatable Bruins have found it tough sledding in recent times. In fact, in the last two years they have failed to: make it past the second game of the NCAA tournament, beat Notre Dame in *Pauley*, or land hometown high-schoolers like Greg Googin, Leonel Marquetti, and Maurice Williams. And, they now face a conference challenge from hated crosstown rival USC.

less than awesome. Gig Sims is great when he's rested but tires by game's end as he did against Arkansas last year. Forward Kiki Vandeweghe is an unstoppable offensive threat but cannot play defense. James Wilkes plays the good "D" but the offensive part of his game is weak. Also, a UCLA trademark, a strong bench, is missing.

The Bruins lack the outstanding depth and young stars needed to carry on the tradition. In an improving conference this might be their last gasp. They will want to go out in style. One more National Championship banner would hang nicely from the rafters of the House



The Irish huddle up for directions to Salt Lake City.

beyond Branning the guard position is inexperienced.

The road to the finals is not an easy one, however. The Irish face a murderous road schedule with the likes of UCLA, Villanova, Marquette, Kentucky, Maryland, DePaul, Michigan, and North Carolina State. The Irish should pull their usual share of upsets on the road, drop a few games over Christmas vacation, win their twenty games, and reach the final four. Once there, Phelps and his crew just might obtain the one honor that has eluded them so far—an NCAA championship.

But don't run out to buy flowers for the boys from Westwood; they are not dead yet. The Bruins still possess the talent to win it all. David Greenwood, at 6'9", will join a long line of Bruin Players of the Year at the season's end. He's the most exciting player in the college ranks. Ray Hamilton, Greenwood's teammate since grade school, is quick and an excellent shooter. Brad Holland, who two years ago came off the bench against Louisville to win the game, is finally going to get the starting job he deserves.

It's at the center and other forward position that the Bruins are

That Wooden Built.

KANSAS — What team, behind Kentucky, has the second most NCAA victories? UCLA? North Carolina? Notre Dame? No, surprisingly it's the Jayhawks of Kansas, and this year they should add twenty more wins to their victory column.

Ted Owens, coach of Kansas, has one of the biggest big men in the country in Paul Mokeski (7'1", 250 lbs.). Mokeski's problem is his inability to stay in games; last year he was in foul trouble in most. He will have to curb his overly aggressive tendencies if Kansas is to be a

contender. Mark Snow, a 6'10" freshman from La Mesa, California's Helix High (the same school that gave college basketball Bill Walton), will back up Mokeski if he gets in foul trouble.

At the forward spots, Kansas will have to hope for improvement out of John Crawford and Booty Neal, who combined for less than five points per game — forwards are not a Jayhawk forte.

It is at the guard spot that Kansas excels. Darnell Valentine led the team in scoring as a freshman and headed the Big-8 in steals and assists. Wil Fowler joins him at the other guard position. Owens might also play freshman Tony Guy and senior Brad Sanders with Valentine and Fowler, giving him a four-guard attack. That will enable him to spring his pressure defense on teams more consistently.

Kansas should win the Big-8 crown and advance to the tournament. There it will depend on how long Mokeski can stay in a game. The longer he plays the farther the Jayhawks will go.

NORTH CAROLINA STATE — Coach Norm Sloan thinks he has the talent to beat out Duke for the ACC title. No, Sloan does not also believe in Santa Claus and the Easter Bunny. His Wolfpack, coming off a 21-10 NIT finalist season, does have the ingredients to edge the Blue Devils.

Hawkeye Whitney, leading scorer of a year ago, heads this great bunch. Kendal Pinder, Art Jones, and Tony Warren will provide the firepower in the frontcourt. At center, Craig Watts and Glen Sudhop will alternate. Guard Kenny Matthews, one of the few run-and-gunners, heads the backcourt.

It will be interesting to watch how Sloan handles his match-ups with Duke. With all the tournaments the ACC plays, NC State could end up playing Duke four or five times during the regular season. By March he should have a strategy devised to beat them. A word of warning for Sloan however: do not concentrate on Duke alone because North Carolina, Wake Forest, Virginia, and Maryland are waiting for one slip. State could end up beating Duke while being sacked from below.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA —

When Trojan fans talk of Pac-10 and NCAA championships one cannot doubt the sagacity of such discussions. USC leads all colleges in NCAA championships, the bulk coming in baseball, track and field, and (as we all know) football. But when USC partisans talk of a basketball powerhouse, well, the listener usually begins to doubt their san-



David Greenwood, Bruins forward, lays one off the glass.

ity. Not this year. Bob Boyd's crew seems ready to challenge the boys from Westwood for this year's crown.

The Trojans boast four outstanding youngsters in their frontcourt. Sophomore center Cliff Robinson led the Pac-8 in scoring last year

at 18.4 points per game. Joining him are sophomore Purvis Miller and freshman sensations Leonel Marquetti and Maurice Williams, both from former UCLA pipeline Verbum Dei High School. In the backcourt is 5'10" playmaker Dean Jones, a junior college transfer, and Steve Smith. Don Carofino, second-team All-Pac-8, will provide depth at the guard position.

Last year USC beat Duke and New Mexico, but lost to Illinois. Inconsistency will once again be the word for the Trojans. They have a murderous non-conference schedule and two games with UCLA. Their record may not be great, but by the end of the year they will have gained experience and be one of the top ten teams in the country.

RHODE ISLAND — Rhode Island has all the ingredients to become this year's Cinderella team, à la Cal State Fullerton and North Carolina Charlotte. It's tucked away in our nation's tiniest state, does not receive the media attention that the big schools do, and, most importantly, it has a solid basketball team.

The architect at Rhode Island is Jack Kraft who came from Villanova, where he guided them to a second-place finish in 1971. Kraft's Rams will be led by Sylvester "Sly" Williams — a 6'7" forward with loads of talent and a shortage of motivation who, when he decided to play, averaged almost 20 points per game last year. If he can get "up" for all the games this year his production should increase. Irv Chatman, at 6'8", is a steady center. Add to this 6'5" forward John Nelson and freshmen Jimmy Wright, Roland Houston, Mick Johnson, Vic Bertaglio, and Kevin Whiting. And, if Gilson Dejesus can adjust to college basketball, Sly will have a solid core to play with.

The Rams are members of the ECAC which, like Rodney Dangerfield, gets no respect. In fact, it's been a long time since a team from this section of the country, outside of Providence College, seriously challenged for an NCAA title. The Rams might change all that. Last year they came within four seconds of eliminating Duke; this year they should be in the tournament again. If Sly Williams can get hot they'll win a few games. □

INTERIORS

by Tim Tedrick

Poor Woody Allen: As one of America's foremost directing talents, he seems to feel that he isn't taken "seriously" enough, so he has decided to make his first "serious" film. (Does this mean no one took *Annie Hall* seriously? I think not.) The end product of this frustration is *Interiors*. It's a big risk, it took guts, and it may well clear new ground for him. But it is Woody wearing his Ingmar Bergman heart on his sleeve and, at times, the heart is a bit enlarged—it's almost as if Mr. Allen had set out to make someone else's movie without a real grasp of the material firsthand.

The characters include Renata (Diane Keaton), a beautiful, intense, successful poet with thoughts of death; Flynn (Kristin Griffith), a television actress who is talented but too beautiful to be considered for anything other than Farrah Fawcett-Majors-type roles; and Joey (Marybeth Hurt), who is as sweet and intense as Renata but who feels unfulfilled and has the need to be (which she seems to say interminably) "creative."

Joey makes life rough for Michael (Sam Waterston), the political scientist she lives with, by complaining about her inability to create. Renata, in turn, feels guilt for her husband, Frederick (Richard Jordan), since she is the successful poet and he is the frustrated novelist, reduced to teaching in a college and reviewing books in the *New York Times Book Review*.

Finally, we come to the parents: Eve (Geraldine Page), an interior decorator who is as fragile as the interiors which she creates; Arthur (E. G. Marshall), her soft-spoken, mild-mannered husband who shatters this pastel world with his matter-of-fact announcement at breakfast one morning that he is starting a "trial separation" from his wife. And finally, there is Pearl (Maureen Stapleton), the most humane character in the movie who acts on her

heart's feelings. Pearl is a bit gauche (she wears the most colorful clothing in the film) and is not particularly bright. Her commonness, however, is a needed contrast to the mannered stiffness of the family.

The problem with *Interiors* isn't the heaviness, it's just that the heaviness doesn't always work. Is this perhaps Woody Allen's idea (or fantasy) of the WASP domestic scene, of native American affluence gone awry? (Although a full-blooded WASP on my father's side of the family, none of the discussions around our dinner table ever resembled *any* I saw in *Interiors*.) This is where Allen tries hardest and succeeds least in imitating his master, Bergman. Bergman never tried to identify the terrors of a certain segment of society; his fear was of how modern society had become sterile and homogenized.

Still, there are promising virtues and some true beauties in *Interiors*. One is the visual beauty of the film. It is a true art film. Only two movies in recent American cinema have the beauty which *Interiors* has: Robert Altman's *Women* and Terence Malick's *Days of Heaven*. Allen has chosen, very meticulously, certain costumes, color schemes, and airtight compositions. He is predisposed to the most neutral shades, which, coupled with Gordon Willis' cinematography, make this a feast for the eyes.

But best of all is Woody's direction of the actors. The cast gives fine, sensitive performances. The standouts are Page and Hurt. Geraldine Page is marvelous — sporadically kind, demanding in *extremis*, pathetic in her loneliness, frantic in her anger. Hurt is truly appealing as the daughter who hates her mother and, thus, goes out of her way to convince herself she doesn't. She is also understandable as the non-artist trying to express artistic feelings. Waterston has a role which doesn't make any great demands on

him, but he avoids the clumsiness which is inherent in the part. Stapleton is terrific as Pearl, the coarse new stepmother. She is played with heart and never played dumb — Marshall is fine as the desperate husband, but his desperation is different from his wife's since his at least has a purpose. Griffith is fine too as the youngest daughter, though her role is a relatively small one.

The two characters who suffer are Jordan and Keaton. Jordan is as cliché as they come, portraying the hard-drinking, tough-talking unsuccessful novelist. He's been in the Hollywood stable of stereotypes since movies began to talk. The most difficult role by far is Keaton's. How does one act when one is a successful poet? Not combing your hair, having rumpled clothes and still looking great? The task seems impossible and Keaton does what she can with what's given. But going on the dialogue that Allen has written for her — analytic jargon — it is conceivable that she is anything but a successful poet.

All in all, *Interiors* is a film that Woody Allen had to make. I can think of no other filmmaker of late who has taken such a perilous step. In these days of the saccharine fluff which Hollywood cranks out, *Interiors* is quite refreshing. *Interiors* is not a success as a whole, in and of itself, but it helps us understand Woody and what he is up to. It shows how close Woody is to all those great nuts in his earlier films — only this time there are no laughs to distract or confuse us. To see *Interiors* is to perceive Woody Allen, from the third person, with both the viewer and Allen watching Allen unfold on the screen. Go see it. □

Tim Tedrick, a junior American Studies Major, has long had an interest in film. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.

Review

Neil Young *Comes a Time*



"In the field of opportunity it's plowing time again."

Neil Young's new album *Comes A Time* is a pleasant surprise. The surprise part, however, is standard; every new Neil Young album is a surprise. It is the pleasantness that makes this album different. Moreover, *Comes A Time* is simply a good album: instrumentally, vocally and technically sound.

The only thing that is not sound on the album is, of course, Young himself. He does, however, seem a bit safer. Putting his atavistic tendencies aside, Young expounds his primal vision lyrically on the album's first song "Goin' Back." Here he evokes images of man in the state of nature and sees his situation of "having nowhere to stay" as somewhat desirable. It is evident from the start that Young is dabbling once again in paradox, stating the endeavor most succinctly with the line: "These rocks I'm climbing now have already left the ground."

But, as always, there is a certain amount of self-parody in Neil Young's albums. *Comes A Time* is no exception. In "Field of Opportunity," he wryly pleads, "Let me bore you with this story how my lover let me down," and goes on to superbly violate the whole romantic tone of the album with "Motorcycle Mama," a tight, bottled-up jam which is the best example to date

of Young's increasing predilection to sing about crude love and sleazy women. This song also contains lyrics that carry on the tradition of Young's never-ending search for the ultimate tacky pun. He comes close as the motorcycle mama (Nicolette Larson) sings, "I'm here to deliver, I hope you can be my male."

For the most part, however, the album is replete with Young's unique style of existential romanticism expressed provocatively via his deceptively simple lyrics. Nicolette Larson, besides her stint as motorcycle mama, provides crisp harmony vocals that both offset and uplift Young's vulnerable lead. Yet, the album is not without diversity. In "Human Highway," an agnostic gospel song, we are treated to a nostalgic Buffalo Springfieldsque strum-along while "Peace of Mind" offers a hypnotic dirge-like melody.

The title cut, "Come A Time" is perhaps the most commercial song on the album, whereas "Already One" is the most personal, yet they are both good, appealing music. It appears that Neil has struck the same type of balance between music as a personal statement, and music as commercial entertainment that he did with his last commercially successful album, *Harvest*. And in many ways, *Comes A Time* can be

seen as the long-lost follow-up to that album.

If it is, it is not just that. "Look Out For My Love," a slightly surrealistic little ditty about love in another realm is evidence of Neil's growth and a culmination of many of his themes and techniques. Nevertheless, it is surprisingly unlike anything he has ever done. He sings of thoughtful resignation, a burning heart and an open mind before warning: "Look out for my love, it's in your neighborhood. I know things are gonna change, but I can't say bad or good." The song degenerates to even more cryptic lyrics accompanied by the sensual eeriness of a muted rhythm guitar and a piercing electric off in the distance somewhere begging for full expression. This could be the banner song for a new "subtle revolution" based on the powerful nature of love and its irrational consequences.

All revolutions aside, *Comes A Time* is a fine album, fine in the true sense of the word in that it is an album crafted by Neil Young for your listening pleasure. □

—Tom Balcerak

The Last Word

by
Jake
Morrissey

I do not know why she made such a strong impression on me. I met her only once, a long, long time ago, back when I looked at knees in elevators and Santa Claus was still a semireality. Even now, years later, someone will say something or move a hand a certain way and my mind will turn back to her.

Her name was Anna, but the fact of her name eluded me for several years. I always called "Antanna," mimicking the tone and inflection on the one word that my grandmother used.

She was the oldest person I had ever seen. She rarely left her half of a dirty, mildewed two-family house that looked as if she had lived there forever. She probably had for all I knew. Her ashen grey hair was rarely combed and it was difficult to determine where her grey hair stopped and her wrinkled grey face began. Dressing in old, shapeless clothes, I had no idea if she was fat or thin—the clothes she wore were so loose-fitting that they hid her figure. Ugly slippers and dirty socks completed her wardrobe. She smelled old.

I can remember sitting, fearfully, on an uncomfortable brown-colored chair in this woman's dank, hollow living room she called a parlor—the first person I ever knew who used such a word. Everything in the room was the faded brown that overcomes when age is a reality. Walls, floors, even the light that filtered through the yellowed curtains were tainted with the same brown tinge.

But it was the statuary that frightened me more than anything else. Around the room, in corners, above doorways, in paint-cracked niches were papier-mâché figures of St. Joseph, St. Anne and the Virgin Mary. To my eyes, such things were seen only in church, that strangely ritualistic entity that my parents dragged me to every Sunday. The statues wore faces of melancholy. I could not look at them.

Conversation with Aunt Anna was extremely difficult for two reasons: one was her soft, cracking, cackling voice that cut the silence, the other was her frequent lapses into French. She was my mother's father's aunt, my great-great aunt—what I considered a terribly distant relationship. My grandmother spoke (and still speaks) both French and English, and was able to communicate, if not easily, at least passably with this grey lady. At that time I had only a dim view that I spoke a language and it had a name, let alone that it might not be the one the rest of the world used, so I listened to those

strange tongue exercises with a mixture of fascination and fear.

Anna seemed to view me as little more than something my grandmother towed along with her when she went visiting, like a pocketbook or an umbrella. But she did offer me some candy at my grandmother's prodding. The candy was hard and stale, as if she had bought it years ago for a special occasion that never took place. I took one piece, careful to say "thank you," and sat back to wait for my grandmother to end her visit. We left a little while later, with promises to return soon. We never kept the promises.

Her name, separated now into two words, popped up occasionally during my adolescence. In my early teens I think she fell ill and had to be hospitalized in another town, which my grandparents visited once a month. But Anna neither knew nor cared. Her mind had gone as grey as the face that fronted it. She was not a frequent topic of conversation; she was there, but not noticed.

I realize now that I really knew nothing about her, which probably is nothing unusual for this generation that blandly accepts everything. There is no sense of wonder, of going beyond the façade to truly know a person. We of the Pepsi generation have little time or patience with the essentials that cannot be found in the supermarket.

I do not know if Anna was ever married or if she had any children. What she was as a young woman never was, and probably never will be, known to me. Her life, unless it is dramatized, fictionalized or glorified by television, will remain a mystery for this child of the media. Her life was in a time without artificial sweetener, paper plates, or frozen concentrated orange breakfast beverage. Anna came from a time when life was less plastic, less packaged, less ready-to-spread. Now I will see a faded Madonna statue or a figure of St. Anne and I will think of her and her life and wonder.

Merry Christmas, Anna.

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