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February 16, 1979



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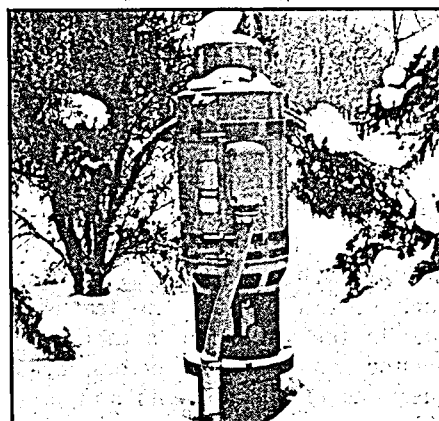


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FEATURES

- | | | |
|----|---------------------------|----------------|
| 4 | Mightier Than the Sword | Jan Pilarski |
| 6 | Monday Night Movies | John Bondaruk |
| 8 | Traditions and Priorities | Bernie Valenti |
| 19 | Festival with a Function | Anthony Walton |
| 20 | Scholastic Paranoia | Tom Balcerek |
| 24 | Students Take the Stage | Theresa Rebeck |

FICTION

- | | | |
|----|------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 7 | Prose Poems: A Quartet | Steve Podry |
| 10 | Child's Play | Lisa Hartenberger |
| 13 | "So What, Mamasita?" | Joe Carey |
| 22 | Poetry | Augie Jennewein
Doug Kreitzberg |
| 27 | The Guardian | Jay Coleman |

REGULARS

- | | | |
|----|---------------|----------------|
| 16 | Gallery | Jim Hofman |
| 30 | The Last Word | Jake Morrissey |

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Mightier Than the Sword

by Jan Pilarski



Forget the image of the "typical" writing student as someone immersed in the realm of literature, and the myth of the technical student as communicating only via formulas. Writing at Notre Dame is not an exclusive domain of English majors, aspiring magazine editors, or *Observer* staffers. A striking feature of the University's writing program is the variety of students involved.

On the whole, writing students escape characterization. Although writing courses draw heavily from the College of Arts and Letters, many classes include science, business and engineering students interested in polishing their prose or trying their hand at creative writing. The reasons for taking a writing course are as different as the students enrolled. Pre-med senior Bob Cleary explained why he is taking a fiction-writing course: "I feel that I have a latent ability to write . . . science puts a clamp on the imagination, and this class is an outlet for me." An accounting major regarded his writing class as a change of pace from his business curriculum and a way to improve his writing. A history major and veteran of three creative-writing courses wanted to continue the writing he had begun in high school and expose his writing to the evaluation of experienced writers. Clearly, the students of writing at Notre Dame are a diverse group.

Professor James Robinson of the English Department noted that interest in writing courses has in-

creased greatly over the past two or three years. Writing is an important skill and a vital means of communication; realizing this, many students take writing courses for practical reasons. Others enroll out of starvation for creative effort or because they are interested in careers which emphasize writing. Robinson cited another benefit of writing: "There is a need on the student's part to explore and develop himself in relation to the world. Writing helps the student deal with and define who he is."

The English Department has expanded its offerings over the past few years in order to meet the increased demand for writing classes. This semester, courses on the introductory level include Poetry Writing, Writing Essays, three sections of Fiction Writing, and four sections of Nonfiction Prose Writing. Fiction Writing and Prose Writing are offered on the advanced level. In addition, the American Studies Department teaches a Writing for Publication class.

Writing classes of both the creative and nonfiction variety are taught by the workshop method. No text is used except the writings of the students themselves, which are Xeroxed and distributed in advance. Each class is generally devoted to the writing of one or two students. The format involves presentation of a student's writing and class evaluation of that student's work. According to writing professor Dolores Frese, "the study of writing is not properly transferred in didactic

modes . . . the writing workshop aims to create a receptive community of writers willing to critique each other's work." The teacher's role in the workshop is that of a mentor who explains errors, asks questions of the students and provides support; the students act as tough but good-natured critics of one another's work.

Nonfiction and creative writing both stem from the urge to express oneself in a concrete fashion. Although nonfiction deals with hard-and-fast realities, it too can be considered creative because it is the embodiment of an individual's ideas. However, the key difference between nonfiction and creative writing is the frame of mind into which the writer must enter before beginning to write. How do Professors Brzenk, Frese, and Gernes, teachers of creative writing, seek to nurture the creativity of their students?

Professor Brzenk's introductory fiction-writing classes are composed both of students who have written before and those without experience. The challenge of this situation is to establish a rapport between writers of both types. He begins the course by assigning short exercises such as dialogues or character sketches which are designed to get students to think in a fictional frame of mind. One of his main objectives is to steer students away from stereotyped notions of the short story. Brzenk's role in the workshop is that of a catalyst, provoking discussion and interaction between the students. The feedback and critical comment

provided by the workshop are essential ingredients in promoting the creativity of his students.

Professor Frese, also a teacher of fiction writing, believes that there is no "right" or prescribed way to write fiction. "Fiction is as varied as the external contours of a person," said Frese. She makes her students do a lot of writing so that they will become comfortable in handling language. Can anyone be taught to write fiction? Frese remarked that "it's a mode of being to respond with fictional frames. Most of us enter this mode by being readers. However, anyone with a developing imagination and the desire has the capacity to write fiction. It is vital that the writer take himself seriously." Frese's advanced students face "ruthless requirements." They must develop a fictional game plan and work at a coherent project during the course of the semester.

A key objective of Professor Gernes' poetry-writing course is to help students discover and develop their talents. She maintained, "I don't aim to produce fifteen professional poets. It is most important that students realize their ability."

skill required in law.

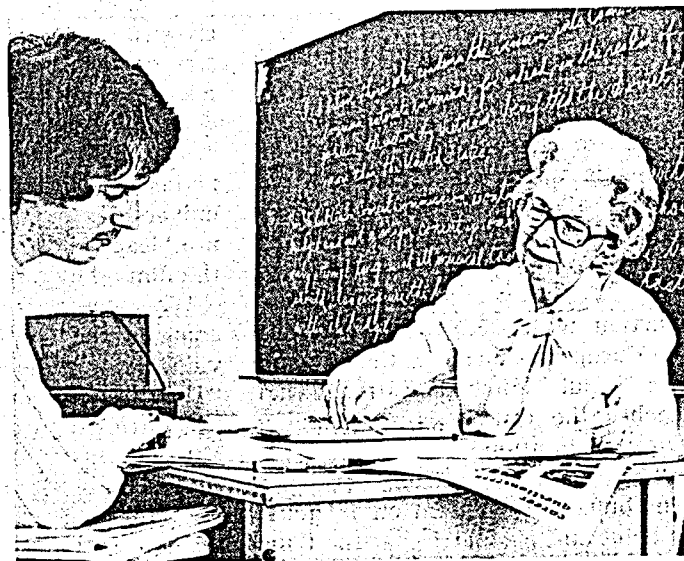
Gernes never suggests topics for her students. Her exercises are aimed at helping students discover what's important to them. The thrust of the course is devoted to helping the student "develop his poetic voice." A technique known as "automatic writing" is an initial source of poetic material. She suggests a word and within a specified time period her students write whatever they feel is associated with the given word. This practice helps the student analyze the way his mind operates. Other exercises familiarize the student with poetic devices such as meter, rhyme, and sound.

Nonfiction writing is the fastest growing dimension of Notre Dame's writing program, probably because of the heavy stress employers and educators place on writing well. Professor Soens' "Nonfiction Prose Writing" course teaches "survival writing" to students interested in honing their skills to prepare for careers that require writing. The semester's work involves completion of a long project of publishable quality, interspersed with shorter assignments. Writing is taught by an "assembly

interested in improving. Christman remarked, "the students in this course are ready to write in the real world as part of their career. They aim to apply what they've learned in writing to their field." The goal of the course is to write a publishable article. Past students have had their writing printed in periodicals such as *Indiana Business and Industry*, *Michiana Magazine*, *the Indianapolis Star*, and *the Notre Dame Magazine*.

Christman believes that writing is "a tremendously vital part of the liberal arts curriculum." Language is exploited in our society "and it is crucial that the student develop facility and clarity in writing."

"Writing Essays" and "Advanced Prose Writing" are offerings taught by Professor Robinson. Although the essay can assume different forms, Robinson does not impose any set form on his students. "It is important to place the burden of creativity on the student. The student should pull ideas out of himself and write from his own experience," he commented. The Essay Writing course is aimed at helping the student feel self-confident about his writing. Robinson regards this class as not



An aspiring student seeks advice from Prof. Sonia Gernes Prof. Elizabeth Christman offers professional insight

Gernes believes that poetry is a way of perceiving the world other than the strictly rational. "It develops what Ernest Sandeen refers to as the 'intuitive hemisphere' of one's mind, and spurs the student to think in a different way," she observed. Gernes related the example of a pre-law student who enrolled in her course because he felt that poetry writing forced one to use words precisely, a

line" method in which material is shaped systematically into an organized prose piece. Many students of business, science, and engineering are enrolled in this course.

Professor Christman of the American Studies Department teaches the popular "Writing for Publication" course. The majority of the students enrolled are American Studies majors who already write well but are

merely a writing course, but as an "experience leading the student to awareness of self and the world."

The key word in characterizing the University's writing program is *variety*. The backgrounds of students enrolled, the reasons they choose to write, and the courses available are helping to establish a lively community of writers here at Notre Dame. □

MONDAY NIGHT MOVIES

by John Bondaruk

Recently, a touch of class returned to Notre Dame. A new film series is upon us: Monday Night Movies at Washington Hall. Thirteen major foreign films are being offered to the public now through April 30. They are shown in conjunction with SPDR's "Aspects of the European Cinema of the 60's and 70's." But Mitchell Lifton, who teaches the course, is encouraging everyone to attend.

The series is not for hard-core film buffs only, as Lifton is quick to point out. He states that the films have been some of the most popular and widely accepted in Europe. Contrary to the belief that foreign films are esoteric works aimed at a select audience, these have been highly popular with everyone. Although the titles may appear unfamiliar, Lifton hopes that students will not be intimidated by them.

He certainly doesn't want to scare anyone off, and for good reasons. Not long ago, Notre Dame regularly screened some of the finest films

Schedule	
Jan. 22	Day For Night, Francois Truffault
Jan. 29	Pierrot Le Fou, Jean-Luc Goddard
Feb. 5	Shame, Ingmar Bergman
Feb. 12	Belle De Jour, Luis Bunuel
Feb. 19	If . . . , Lindsay Anderson
Feb. 26	Red Desert, Michelangelo Antonioni
Mar. 5	Identification Marks: None, Jerzy Skolomowski
Mar. 12	WR: Mysteries of the Organism, Dusan Makaveijch
Mar. 26	Stroszek, Werner Herzog
Apr. 2	The Spider's Strategy, Bernardo Bertoloucci
Apr. 9	The Salamander, Alain Tanner
Apr. 23	Providence, Alain Renais
Apr. 30	Let Joy Reign Supreme, Bernard Tavernier

available. One of its film series had received national acclaim. These were gradually dropped, however, when the Student Union gained full control of film programming.

Miles Coiner, a notorious professor of cinema at Notre Dame, explains bitterly that the foreign films were removed because they did not "pull in the cash." Those on the film board evidently decided that money was more important than having worthwhile films. Coiner found this decision appalling. Even though a foreign film might "break even" at the box office, it was canned in favor of a movie that would attract the crowds. Coiner feels it was the desire of those on the film board to make money and to "look good" doing so which accounted for the death of the foreign film. He explains that it is unfortunate other universities in Michigan or Indiana are "leaps ahead" of Notre Dame in the films they offer regularly.

When we consider what the cinemas in the South Bend area provide, the problem is magnified. "They receive only a few of the 'standard Hollywood product,'" says Mitchell Lifton. Because of this, Notre Dame is partly responsible for offering a wider range of films to the community.

But things are changing. This semester, the Administration granted the Speech and Drama Department the right to screen films in Washington Hall. In previous years, the films shown in conjunction with cinema classes could only be seen at Saint Mary's—they were refused booking on the Notre Dame campus. But supposedly, this is only the first step towards a large-scale improvement of the film situation at Notre Dame.

SPDR's curriculum is presently being revised to accommodate "a serious and comprehensive film program." Lifton, a former Hollywood producer and the new head of the Department, plans to begin classes in film production and to expand present film-study classes. It is even rumored that the name of the Department will be changed to include film studies. Prof. Lifton hopes that the proposed curriculum changes will make students more aware of the ways in which they are influenced and manipulated by films. Believing that motion pictures constitute "the principal communicative vessel of the twentieth century," he feels it is ludicrous to ignore the medium.

And yet, that is what many of us are doing.

Monday Night Movies at Washington Hall are simply the first step in a series of changes. The films are pertinent and enjoyable; many of them happen to be comedies. If you've had only limited exposure to foreign cinemas, you will be getting a chance to see directors like Ingmar Bergman, Bernardo Bertoloucci, and Alain Renais in action. Or, perhaps you'd like to see performances by Jean-Paul Belmondo or Catherine Deneuve. Of course, you'll still be able to catch Clint Eastwood at the Engineering Auditorium. But you might try stopping by Washington Hall on a Monday night.

You'll be pleasantly surprised. □

John Bondaruk is a senior English major from Boston, Massachusetts. This is his first written contribution

I. *Student in Room*

He came in and sat down, stretching his legs, then crossing them at the ankles. He looked at the socks his extended legs revealed, and since his feet had begun to itch, he also wriggled his toes. Casually, then, he shut and held shut one eye with his finger.

After a moment, his eye left the contented feet and followed ahead of them the lines of the floor, and then vertically the lines of the wall. It was strictly a right-angle game the eye played.

When the one opened eye met the ceiling where the ceiling met the wall, it travelled across to another wall at his left. There it found a series of windows with half-drawn shades. And the 9 a.m. sun shone through the shades, illuminating one in particular, enough to warrant a longer than usual gaze.

But inevitably a blink was called for, which interrupted his stare. His eye had grown tired, and he had grown tired. He made his eye travel down to where a miniature rope, the tassel of the shade, was attached. But focusing there proved dull, so the eye began its way down the rope, attempting to follow the twisting strands.

And then abruptly it stopped. Out of apparently extra shade tassel someone had tied a rather perfect hangman's noose. It occurred to him that he might be in the wrong room.

III. *You're Old*

Suddenly you're old, right? You've been pre-occupied with recollections all day as if you were a child exploring your parent's attic—except, you are old. Your rocking chair is like a slow pendulum. Your yawn is the silent hourly toll.

You have a feeling something's going to happen: is this a real feeling or a recollection? All day long you've been expecting someone to knock at your door. You don't know who that person could be.

It's getting late. Right now there's some lightning on the horizon. It will rain very soon. It will rain terrifically.

But you're expecting something else. The storm will be its background. When at a long distance lightning has sucked away all the electrical power, your old age will be the candlelight flickering, and the shadows.

Whenever whoever it is comes, you will offer him red wine in a green glass on a white tablecloth, and he will refuse it.

You will sip the wine alone then. He will sit across from you and wait.

Prose Poems:

A Quartet

by Steve Podry

II. *A Book Seen Before*

It looks like a book I've seen before and every moment forward is a season back. It has the yellow smell of eternal silence like mold from the Dark Ages. And it turns in my hand like a piece of armor.

Inside the cover is a name I once knew—a name I used to wear like the clothes of an impossible memory. The year "1899" hangs underneath the swirls of the signature like a medieval postage stamp. And every moment forward is a season back.

I put the book down for a spell in a cloud of dust, and suddenly it is misplaced once more in the endless throat of Time. Now I'm tired. Every moment forward is a season back. (I lean my hand on a nearby mirror: a tidal wave in Pompeii!)

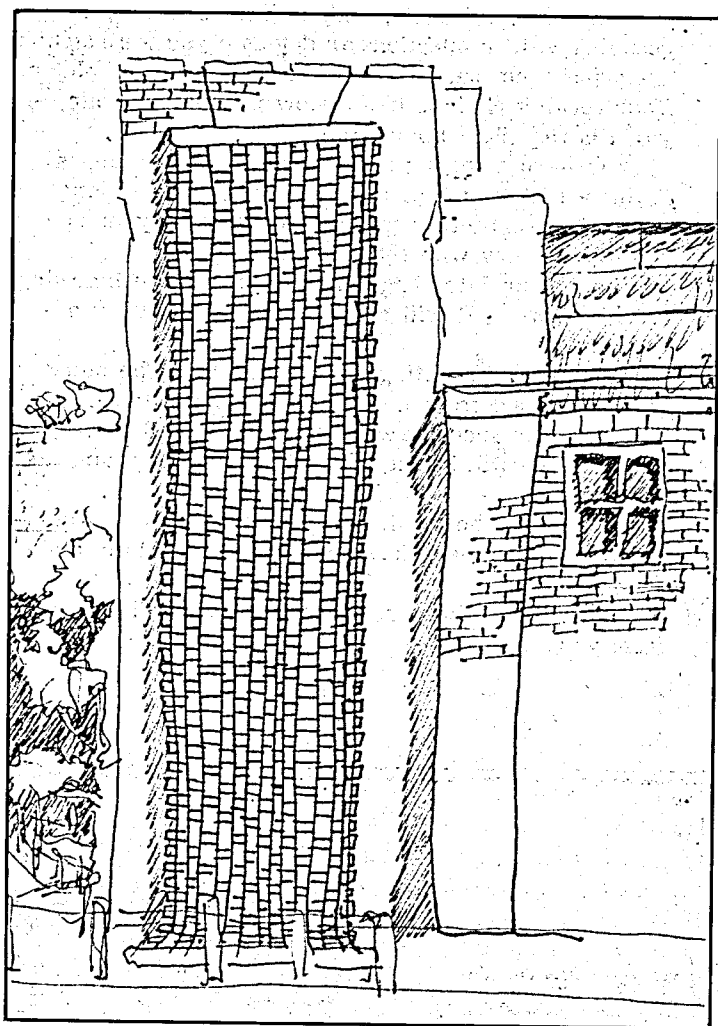
IV. *Thimble*

The sunset waned across the lake, and a wind arose. Birds left the trees one or two at a time at first—the rest following more or less at once, with great flapping. They quibbled and complained.

But Thimble slept. The wind slowly blew his hair into place, covering the bald spot like a hinged lid. His hands were folded over his navel; he was peaceful. His was the peace of evaporating puddles. Tiny waves lapped at his feet.

The wind persisted and fingers of shifting sand began to creep across Thimble's chessboard in between the pieces. A leaf scraped across the sand striking a pawn, felling it. The leaf brushed up against Thimble's body and stopped.

Other leaves began accumulating there too, and sand crept into Thimble's cuffs and into his shoes. The pawn was rolling little semicircles into the sand, back and forth.



Traditions and Priorities

by Bernie Valenti

Traditions are a large part of Notre Dame and her mystique; traditions help make Notre Dame what she is, progressive yet inexorably linked to the past. One of the buildings still standing from the time when traditions were born will soon be gone. The Old Fieldhouse, one of our links, is slated for destruction.

Former site of many a Notre Dame event, the Fieldhouse is the present home of the Art Department. If all goes according to schedule, it will be demolished in two years. When the present construction on the addition to the Engineering building is completed, the Chemical Engineering Department will move into it, vacating their present building. Renovation will start on the old Chemical Engineering building and soon after the Art Department will be relocated there.

"It's definitely for the best," stated Father James Flanigan, Chairman

of the Art department. "The Chemical Engineering building is a very usable building." According to Flanigan, the actual square footage utilized in the Fieldhouse is roughly the same as that available in the CE building, and the move will offer many advantages. Work areas will be clean (a major problem with the Fieldhouse is its dirt floor), heating, lighting, and water problems will be solved, and the move will offer the chance for the entire Art Department to be located under one roof as the offices in O'Shaughnessy will be relocated also. Flanigan regrets the loss of the Fieldhouse facility but said that the Art Department's use of it has always been a temporary one. Yet it provided space for the Department to expand. "Since we started using the Fieldhouse ten years ago, our enrollment has doubled . . . we never would've grown without the Fieldhouse," said Flan-

igan. But lack of funds and interest has taken its toll over the years. The building has been deemed beyond repair by the Administration, and no work will be done on it other than minimum maintenance. Though there have been suggestions made of ways to save it, the possibility of such projects being used is nearly nonexistent.

Professor Douglas Kinsey, who has taught at Notre Dame for 10 years, stated that from the beginning the faculty and students have done much of the necessary work maintaining the building and that many of the faculty members "have to put in extra time just to keep things going." Kinsey will be glad to be rid of all the problems which are a part of the Fieldhouse but will feel the loss greatly. "We really missed the chance to have an exceptional facility." Kinsey believes that the decision to demolish the

Fieldhouse was made ten years ago and because the Administration has refused to put money into the building since then, restoration now would be very expensive if not impossible. The Administration's position has even been seen by some as a conscious, deliberate effort to bring down the Fieldhouse. "I don't think the Art Department has been overlooked," said Flanigan, "... there was no conscious effort." Flanigan said that the main problem was a lack of money. Father Edmund Joyce, Executive Vice-President of the University, concurred. "At some point in the future we hope to have a large endowment (for the arts), but right now we don't have many funds for this purpose." Joyce cited the construction of the new Art Gallery as evidence of the University's support of the arts and views the offer of the CE building as proof of the Administration's interest.

In actuality, the future Art Gallery will have little to do with the Art Department except for a basement classroom. Though all departments feel put upon by the Administration, some of the disgruntled feelings in the Art Department are perhaps not unfounded. A common complaint is that the staff is too

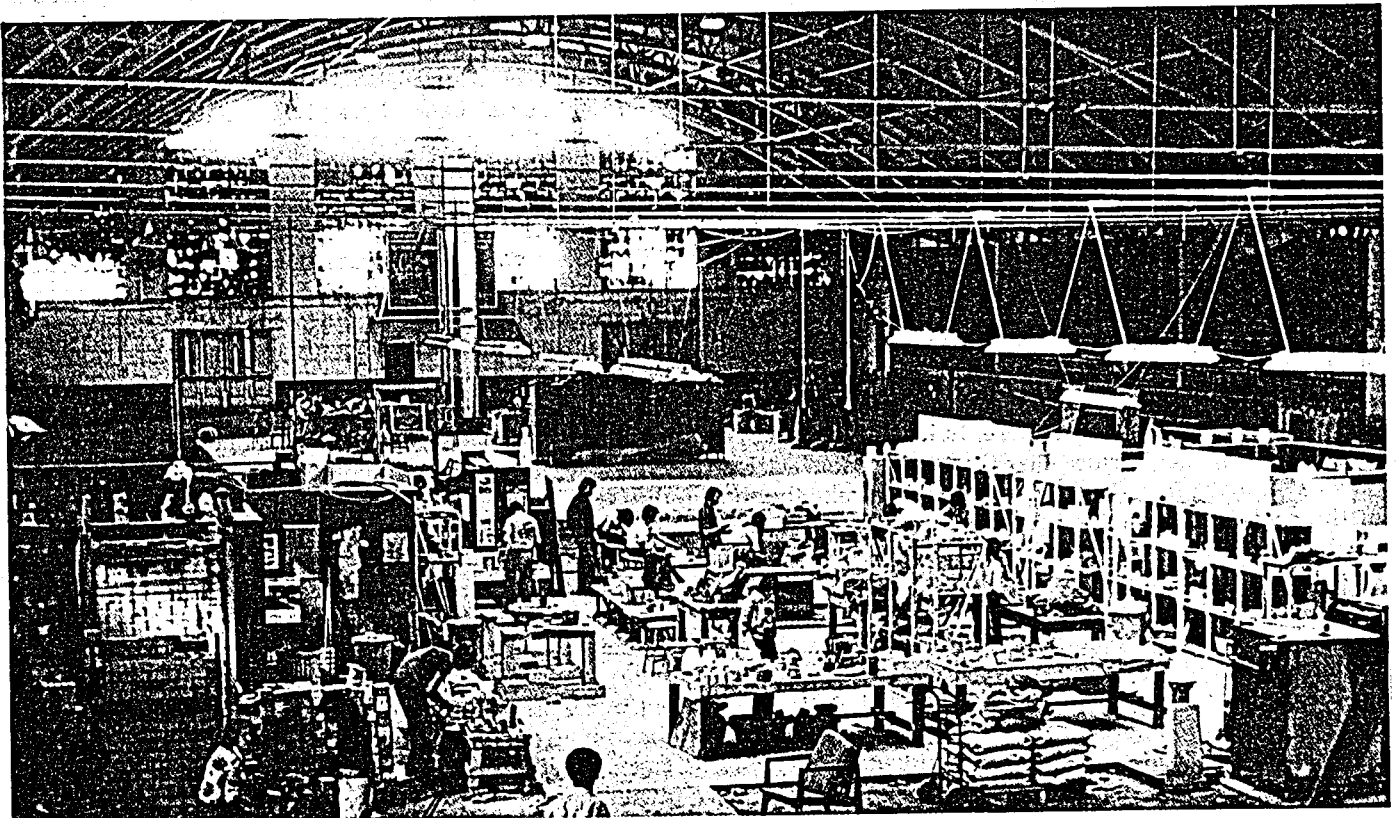
small. In the time that the enrollment in art classes doubled, only one faculty position has been added. It is also claimed that art professors' salaries do not match those of other professors, though Flanigan stated that their salaries are close to the average of the College of Arts and Letters.

Is the Art Department ignored by the Administration or looked upon as a decorative feature of a "liberal education?" The popularity of art electives attests to the fact that the Department cannot be ignored. The Department has become a viable, contributing member of the University and has been recognized as doing important work by other schools. The move to accommodate it legitimately is belated, but welcomed. Does the decision to demolish the Fieldhouse evidence a conspiracy? Probably not, but the way in which the Administration held back announcing decision which probably were made long before they became common knowledge shows a disregard for the people who will live with those decisions. Most of the faculty and students have resigned themselves to the fact that the Fieldhouse will fall. Is there a chance to save it? It is very doubtful, but no one can say what

might happen before the cranes are brought in. Besides the lack of money, there has been more and more lack of interest on all sides, especially among the student body. The apathy of the seventies toward protest and demonstration continues on at Notre Dame, but if the students help mount a large-scale show of support, the situation could possibly change. It seems the Administration has never intended to save the Fieldhouse but perhaps it is merely an expensive cause, not a lost one.

Joe Carey, a senior English major, resides in the Fieldhouse and despite the problems and inconveniences he's had, he still loves the place. "It's been fun living here," is how he put it, and that is a feeling shared with nearly all who have been associated with the building. Perhaps Professor Kinsey said it best: "There's a kind of elegance here that I don't think people will see again... it has to do with heritage, a period of time which represented quality." □

Bernie Valenti, a senior English major, is Production Manager for the Scholastic. This is his first contribution.



CHILD'S PLAY

by Lisa Hartenberger

Lloyd stepped onto his wooden back porch and let the kitchen screen door slam behind him. He creaked down the grey, worn steps into the narrow yard, trailing his hand along the peeling bannister. He sat himself on the bottom step, propped each foot in turn on top of his upright knees, and tied, sideways, the rawhide laces in his heavy work boots. He placed each foot on the ground, and lifting his hunting cap, ran his heavily veined hand over the top of his thinning grey hair. Replacing the cap, he put both hands on his Levi-clad knees and pushed himself up. He took a few steps into the feeble sunlight and said loudly into the yard, "Hey Scout, come."

The frantic scrabbling of nails on wood followed, from the direction of the doghouse down by the fence against the alley. Scout poked his head out first, then wriggled the shaggy length of his body into the sun. Clear of the doghouse, Scout shook himself and trotted obediently toward Lloyd with his long plume of a tail swaying behind.

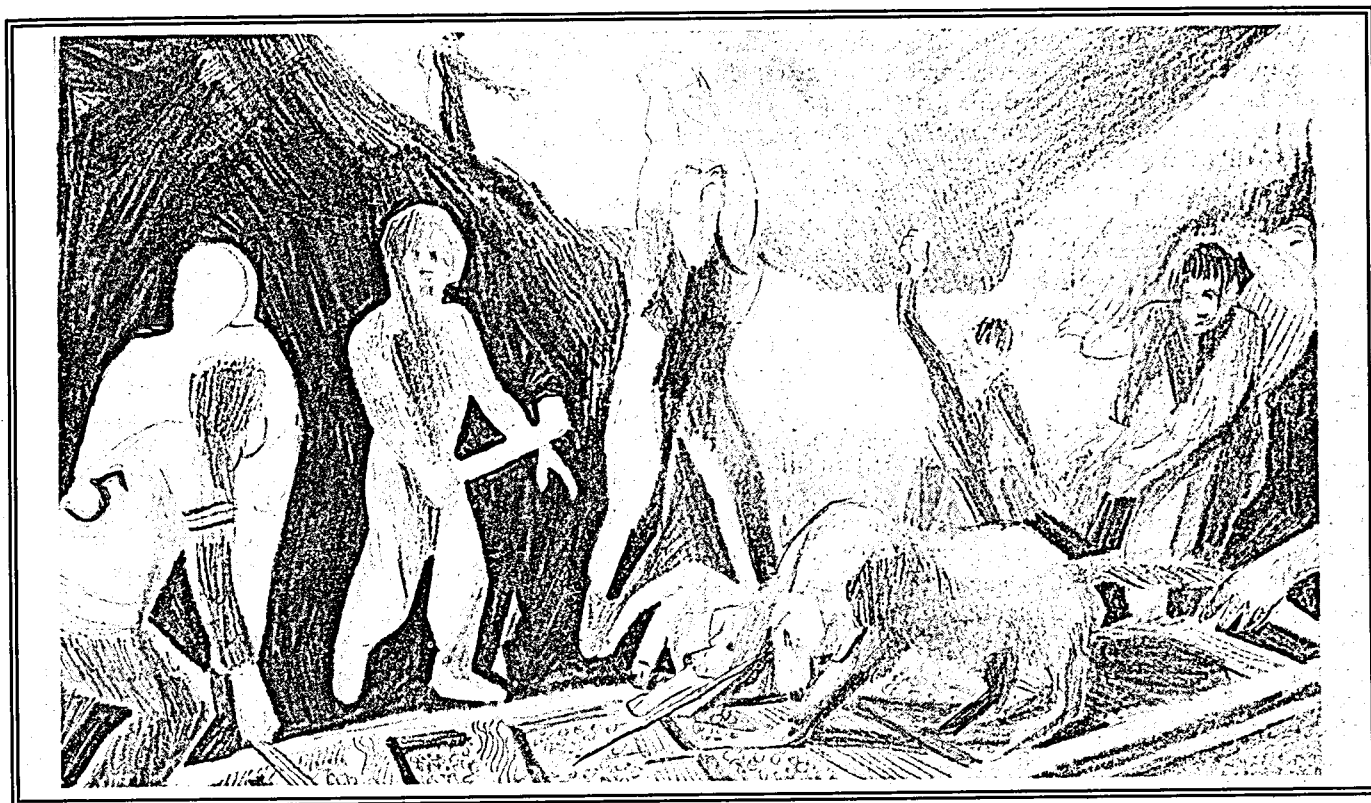
"Gaining a little weight there, huh old boy." Lloyd patted the big dog's sides heartily as the dog settled down at Lloyd's feet. Lloyd bent down to stroke the top of the dog's head. Staring into the dog's face, he looked at the smear of cataracts in Scout's eye. He squatted down, balancing on his heels and embraced the dog. He buried his face in the warm furry neck and Scout laid his nose on Lloyd's shoulder. They did not move, sitting in the weak sunlight for a few seconds.

Lloyd straightened up and said, "Well, let's go!" Scout danced around Lloyd's legs, then dashed to the fence gate. As Lloyd strolled over, he pulled some gloves out of the pocket of his corduroy coat and put them on.

He lifted the latch and let the dog run through. Scout ran over to the rusty Bonneville in the driveway, where he pranced at the back door of the passenger side, flailing his tail. "All right, all right," Lloyd laughed as he opened the car door for Scout. As he walked around the back of the car, he rumbled through his pocket for the keys. He whistled a few bars of the Charlie Parker ballad, "Don't Blame Me," as he unlocked the door, started the car, and backed out of the driveway.

Lloyd occasionally checked on Scout in the rearview mirror as they drove along. Scout seemed to be peacefully enjoying the spinning expanses of watery blue sky above the jumbled streets, amid the warehouses and factories running parallel to the railroad tracks. The sidewalks sprouted crabgrass and glass littered the dark blocks of crowded houses. Lloyd maneuvered the car through the maze created by concrete viaducts crossing and recrossing the street. He pulled into the parking lot of the factory. The factory lay at the base of the railroad track incline, camouflaged by piles of crumbling junk and browning weeds. The lot held few cars, just those of janitors and other odd-job men. Lloyd parked the car, letting it sprawl across two spaces. Scout jumped into the front seat to set out Lloyd's door.

Lloyd walked to the battered metal door close to the trash bin, while Scout followed behind, snuffling like a puppy at the blowing trash. Lloyd took a well-used leather leash from his pocket. He fastened it to Scout's collar and secured the dog to a scruffy tree near the entrance. Scout placidly laid down on his stomach in the tiny dust square of sparse grass surrounding the tree. Lloyd went inside, leaving the dog to nap in the dwindling sunlight.



Lloyd set about the Saturday chores. His thoughts drifted in and out around the hours of broken glass panes and leaking toilets. After finishing the day's assignments, he shrugged into his jacket, then put on his cap.

"See you, Charlie," he tossed out into the emptiness.

"You going now?" a voice returned out of the dark.

Lloyd pictured Charlie's face, sweating and intent on oiling some machinery or checking out a faulty electrical connection. Charlie had started the job same time as Lloyd had, sometime after the Korean War. Lloyd answered the cheerful voice, "Yeah, it's six. You coming?"

"In about twenty minutes. I'm in the middle of something."

"All right, fine. Just lock up then, O.K.?"

"O.K., sure. See you later, Lloyd."

"Yeah, see you." Lloyd turned and walked out the door. He stepped out into the twilight. The building slid a long dark shadow across the asphalt parking lot. A styrofoam cup scratched along the pavement. Lloyd looked to the little bare tree where he had left Scout sleeping. Only shadows from the building rested there. Lloyd quickly started over to the tree. No sign of the leash. Reaching the spot, he looked around the silent lot, puzzled.

A ragged squeal tore the hush, followed by another, then another. Silence. Lloyd felt his insides huddle closer. Piteous moans began to rent the quiet dusk. Lloyd half-ran, half-shuffled in the direction of the agonized wails. His boots twisted and ground on the loose rock as he climbed up the gravelly incline, scrabbling through the weeds, stumbling over heaps of litter

and rusting metal bits. As he came up over the top of the incline to the tracks, he saw his dog.

Six boys, the oldest about thirteen, circled his dog. They had tied him to the tracks and chained him to another dog, a yellowish scarred mongrel. Scout cowered and moaned as the kids threw rocks and hit him with broken lengths of two-by-fours. The rocks landed on Scout's head with sickening cracks and bounced off, clattering on the wooden ties. "My God, my God," Lloyd whispered. His stomach twisted. The biggest kid picked up a dirty metal rod and rapped Scout hard on the nose.

Lloyd screamed hoarsely. All six kids jerked. One of them began to run, scrambling and sliding down the steep incline, toward the street. The others bolted as Lloyd sprinted over to the dogs. As he pounded after the boys, scattering them in all directions, he passed his dog. Scout tried to stagger up to meet Lloyd, but had to sink back onto the tracks. His tongue hung out and dripped black, heavy blood onto the ties. Anger flushed through Lloyd, and he ran, ran hard after the boys.

Lloyd followed the smallest kid for about a block. His heart contracted deep and viciously, his breath came to him in sharp gasps. He gave one last effort to lift his legs harder, faster, and caught the boy by the wrist. Lloyd lifted his arm to hit the boy, to hurt him.

"Mister, I didn't do it, don't hurt me, I didn't do it," the boy whined. Lloyd lowered his arm. About nine, the boy wore dirty cords and a torn windbreaker. His nose was running. "I didn't do it, mister."

Lloyd tightened his grip and hissed into the boy's face, "I saw you." He dragged the boy back with him to the dogs, his breath pointed and erratic. The boy

kicked and bit, but Lloyd could not feel anything. As they approached the tracks and the dogs, the other five boys reappeared, holding boards and rocks in their hands. They circled Lloyd and his prisoner.

"I'm going to kill you, motherfucker," the biggest boy shouted. "I'm going to kill you."

Scout whimpered into the still. Lloyd screamed, "You're all going to jail, you hear, you're going to go to jail." His legs trembled. His words, weak and thin, quivered against the twilight hush.

"Fuck you." The biggest boy brandished his board. The others stood slightly more together, apart from the biggest boy. The kid Lloyd held by the wrist was crying.

Lloyd bent slowly down to the dogs, never taking his eyes off the kid with the board. His fingers faltered on the knot tied into the leash, but he forced himself to concentrate on working the creaking leather loose. Scout whined feebly. Lloyd whispered, "It's O.K., old Scout. It will be all right." The other dog made no sounds, but shook uncontrollably, in huge wracking waves. The knot gave way, and Lloyd's shaking fingers grasped the freed end. He started to head back to the factory, towing the two dogs and yanking the kid he had caught. The five kids trailed him, shouting. One of them threw a rock. It smacked Lloyd on the shoulder, in the back. Then many stones, heavy, struck Lloyd and the dogs, but he did not turn around or stop, continuing purposefully on.

He could see the lot. Charlie was walking out the door and toward his beaten car. "CHARLIE," he screamed. Charlie turned sharply. "CHARLIE," he screamed again, sobbing. Charlie started to run to him. The boys fled silently, dissipating into the dusky alleys and narrow streets. "Call the police, Charlie. Call the police," Lloyd shouted. Charlie sprang back to the building, fumbled with his keys at the door, then finally opened it.

Lloyd bent to let the dogs off the leash, still holding the boy. The whites of Scout's eyes had turned bright red and blood oozed from crushed, ripped spots on his head and ribs.

"It's a game, mister," the boy whined, gazing at the dogs.

Lloyd pulled his face from his dog and stared at the boy. "What?" His voice sounded faint and fuzzy in his ears. "What?"

"We try to make the two dogs fight. It's a game," the boy volunteered defensively, wiping his nose with his sleeve. "It's just a game we play sometimes."

"Christ," Lloyd breathed. "Oh Christ."

The boy wiped his running nose with the back of his hand again. Charlie walked up to Lloyd, stood there quietly for some time. A police car pulled into the lot. Two policemen got out. Charlie gently eased Lloyd's fingers from the boy's wrist and sat Lloyd on the pavement. One policeman walked the boy to the car, the other drew Charlie aside. Lloyd reached out to his dog, softly ruffled the dark matted head. The dog lifted his tail once, and let it fall, exhausted. Great tears crept soundlessly down into the wrinkles in Lloyd's face as he continued to stroke the clotted fur. □

"So what
NANA?
Scout?"

by Joe Carey

He squeezed a grapefruit in his right hand and watched the seeds squirt out in the sluice of juice, some flipping vibrantly to the stiff ground, others nestling playfully in the small cracked webbing between his thumb and forefinger. He hadn't meant to abuse the piece of fruit, but before his release earlier that week, the man in the soleless black shoes behind the desk with matching ivory drawer handles (Buddha-shaped) had warned him of a dangerous chemical reaction that could occur if he were to touch this vile, acidic pulp known as *Citrus paradisi* again. The man had gestured his freckled right hand emphatically with this warning, thrashing his patient's face with the words "... and don't forget to wear gloves at breakfast, stick to cantaloupe, and watch for pomelo residue on cafeteria spoons." These words had angered him, and now, holding this grapefruit, he felt mean.

He knew the consequences. A sombrero salesman from Guadalupe had seen him fall from the sacred bridge of St. Croix into shallow waters moments after finishing a peaceful Mango-root twist, a common drink of the Caribbean which contained lethal doses of sliced grapefruit. The salesman was familiar with this libation's effect on tourists over six feet and responded with practiced brilliance, pulling the man out of the mystic waters with a tree branch, which caused a small gash on the man's neck, just below the chin. He laid the man in the sun, legs facing east, one arm upright, the other at his side, covered him with sombreros and began to take notes on the man's condition. (After the man's recovery, the notes were bought and translated, and then cast in bronze. As the cast dried, the rescued man,

now just under six feet, rubbed the scar under his chin, found a place in the awninged shade, and began to read.)

"... Ten minutes of puffy eyelids. Rhythmic snuffles. Mentionings of swirling sawdust at two-minute intervals. Drooling excessive. One festive sombrero lost to saliva. Humming of Miles Davis tune, 'So What?' Right hand improvising Coltrane riffs. Somewhat catchy rendition. Other natives hear music, come running. Some piggyback. All naked. Some bald. Intense clapping. Being jostled. (Notes become illegible for a while.) Ritualistic dancing. Teeth glowing brightly in sunlight. Frenzied knife twirling. Two blessed sombreros for bishop's gardeners slashed. Man saved is up, eyes closed. Heavy breathing. Eyebrows white. Natives flee, leaving knives behind. Man grunts in octaves. Knife in right hand. Attacks earth, ripping up clods. Attempts to perform ancient Kiplamino yoga ritual.¹ (Notes become frantic, regress into dialects not cipherable with present linguistic techniques.) Rite completed. Natives return for knives, camouflaged as grains

¹ Subsequent research has revealed this rite to be part of the Antivaldlewan bushman's (small rivulet community in the northern wilds of New Zealand) yearly fecundity festival, which involves the swallowing, whole, of small clods of earth that had been fertile enough that year to produce the bent, leafy shades of the Biacca plant. This cellulose structure was, after harvest, pounded out to make turnquash, a narcotic of sorts that was frequently rolled into little balls by village farmers after long days in the field. It was placed in the curve of the ear and within five hours, was absorbed through the stirrup into the bloodstream. There it reacted directly upon the pituitary gland, causing a fantastic rapidity of body growth, which in turn tripled the production of sexual hormones and left the natives with curiously overdeveloped reproductive paraphernalia. The bushwomen enjoy creating a pulpy mixture of the turnquash which is smeared three nights running over their entire bodies. Over the years, this action has had the effect of reducing the normal pattern of ovary production from 12-14 times a year, to once every five days. Researchers were astounded by the enormous village birthrate, finding that pregnancy lasted only two months, and that the miscarriage rate was nil because birth was instantaneous. This necessitated establishing the post of *Bunhra-rihik* (the fast one) as catcher of these new-borns, to assure the mothers of safe birth. As it was a tiring job, it usually fell to the younger, unmarried men of the village.

Curiously, despite this tremendous fetal activity (one novice researcher's glasses were broken by a *Haklido-wupo* (surprise child) as he was measuring the woman's pregnant girth) the population of the village was found to be remarkably stable. Researchers determined this to be due to the occurrence of a birth defect, *Ikdo*, in which children were born with three thumbs on their left hand. Consequently, with their mothers off in the fields, the child, attempting to simulate his mother's breast, would asphyxiate. The three-thumb death was accepted as mystical, and mention of it was taboo. The number three was also absent from the bushman's numerical tables, and language. Whenever the word "three" would come up, the participants in a "three" had to exchange a squirrel, kiss its tail, and then go to the public water hole to wash and eat. As a result, each village member had a fair quantity of *Eichhornchen*. (The man with the most squirrels was usually the doctor or priest, as they "three-d" more often than the average bushman.) Phillips, Max: *The Curious Bushman: Introvert or Mystic?* London/Chicago. Dakota Press, Inc. 1972. Pp. 33-35.

of sand. Man rescued is oblivious, concerns himself with replacing borrowed dirt.² Water offered from skin. Accepted. Drinks all, demands more. Eyes still closed. Destroys three laborers' sombreros. Tears apart skin with teeth, buries in earth. Pats down with both inside and outside of thighs. Sombreros retrieved. Bill extended. Cost: 35 U.S.A. dollars—crisp ones and fives. Bill torn up. Last straw. See you in court, American rooster excretion!! Obscene gesture made twice. Man rescued oblivious again. Doctors come, wrap man in light gauze. Tighter, I shout. Gone. On their shoulders. Light jog. Rhythmic. Doctors in lead keep cadence. Man rescued frees fingers from gauze and drums Coltrane riffs on doctor's head. . . ." (Notes end.)

He looked at the grapefruit, and then at his thumbs. They were so fine and round. He was a proud thumb-owner. He stuck them in a small hole in his pants leg, just above the kneecap and wiggled them for a few minutes. Soon the hole was large enough to pass the bent grapefruit rind through, and he did so with the practiced skill of an orangoutan catching gently lobbed peanuts on his eyelids. He began to feel a tremor in his right hand, and noticed his shoes were beginning to swell. He liked the smell of expanding leather, although he wasn't sure that his shoes were made of this material. Nonetheless, he decided that they would be leather for a while, and he snorted his shoes contentedly, alternating nostrils every few seconds. Grapefruit juice oozed onto his imagined leather-clad toes and broke his nostril concentration. He cursed and turned southwest to sweep the horizon for his hallucination, which he knew would be brought on by the frontal lobe chemical reaction. It was not there yet. Perhaps the seed size of the fruit had something to do with this delay.

He examined one closely, letting the sun flick its wet husk, before holding it up to his eye. There was an inscription near the base of the seed that read

Kumqua vita
diphthong elo,

followed by three periods, one semicolon, and two thin blond hairs, one a few millimeters longer than the other.

It seemed odd to receive such a correspondence on the verge of a sensory loss, or . . . was he already well into the illusionary state? Was it a warning? A celebration? Omen? Or a deletion of words from an idiot's glorious language twist? Why did these messages penetrate the fabric of his life? It made no sense to him, to be there, with juice running down his leg, wrapped in swollen leather and shrunken lobes. Once, though, the missive had come at the proper time, just after a shower in a relatively inexpensive pension outside the Alhambra. He had a towel around his neck and another between his teeth, to strengthen his chronically weak gums, a recessive trait he had once traced back to a great-uncle in Naperville, Illinois, whose lawn

² "For the bushman, the earth, being sacred, must not be injured, and, if used, must be replaced, and patted down firmly with the outside of the thigh." Jones, Ricardo: *The Earth as a Religious Tool*. Toronto. Baker, Holstrom & Phillips. 1955. Pp. 20.

he had dug up and filled with mounds of fresh coconuts, lightly covered with dirt, in anger over his poor genes. This uncle had discovered, though, that chewing month-old whale blubber acted as a healing solvent and relieved much of the upper gum pain. Unfortunately, as blubber prices had recently bulged due to wharf squabbles over the initial rights of officers to whale spouts (a traditional symbol of each catch made at sea), he could not afford such a remedy, and decided on chewing towels three times daily.

At the time of the message, while glancing from his balcony into a peculiar gypsy cave covered with moss, he had been about to brush his teeth, before realizing that the towel was in the way. Enraged at such blatant irony, he began smearing toothpaste on all white articles in his room. Fucking whales! He growled. He was about to attack the flushbox, which paintchips revealed to be white beneath its sickly green tint, but paused to observe the toothpaste as it began to glow in hyperhues of lavender and beige, assuming a dominant vibrancy in the washroom until the words became clear, spelling out a message identical to the current grapefruit communique, aside from the fact that there was only one blond hair, instead of the present two.

Suddenly, he looked at the seed again, and knew what had transpired, or was transpiring in this slightly warped hallucinatory squint of life. The hairs, of course. The leetle blonde strands. They were Clothilde's, his former wife, to whom he had proposed over an orange daiquiri and two pencil-thin cigar entrais. Clothilde had always smelled of pencil-thin cigar smoke. To him it was an aphrodisiac.

The first word of the message was not clear. Kumqua-. She wanted him to recall the shape of the alabaster ring with which he had sealed their engagement, or more specifically, the magnificent diamond in the shape of a kumquat. The memory tainted quickly. He spit outside of his left shoe and took a long steady piss. Bitch! His wife had irritated him on numerous occasions by substituting a "k" for a "c" in small, short messages as though she despised his choice of words or actions. She was even more violent and unfeeling in her reversal of consonant orders, slipping in italic r's and s's into his newspapers and oral dissertations until he couldn't communicate in daily life. Yet she had gone too far. Out of her control, the language kept twisting until the alphabet came between them, "separating them from each other by diphthongs"³ as she had cried a few months earlier as he removed her nightgown to watch the sharp sob of her breasts.

Diphthong. The second part of the message. Was she just dredging up the past to fill his illusion with a width of sadness? Was it just a list of numerically ordered reasons for her hatred of him? Was she nearby, a faun dancing on neatly piled copies of Negro chants and spirituals? Had she found a fatal vowel, or adverbial inversion that would cripple a sensory organ, or wickedly manipulate a gland? He dripped enthusiasm

in his quest. She wouldn't beat him this time. He was supreme!

For two years he had studied power linguistics at Berkeley with Reinhart Smith, renowned for his critical study on the gibberish of street corner waifs.⁴ Through his studies with Smith, whom he revered and exchanged fruit with twice yearly, he had become aware of the Japanese *suhiginaka* mental property, which allows one to make love to certain adverbial clauses, gerunds and passive tenses.⁵ Through this method, and intense concentration, words become physical entities which do the willer's bidding. Within a month he had cleaned up nearly half of all the gibberish gangs, through a devilish and sometimes cruel pattern of "word exposure." He forced them to participate in wild language orgies for the sake of disorientation, and then caused their final submission through contact with emotional and sexual verbi, proving his theory that these waifs were nothing more than word-abusive vowel-virgins, in search of stimulation for an archaic waif-lingo. With this success under his skin, he felt secure that he would be able to defend himself against his wife's verbal assaults.

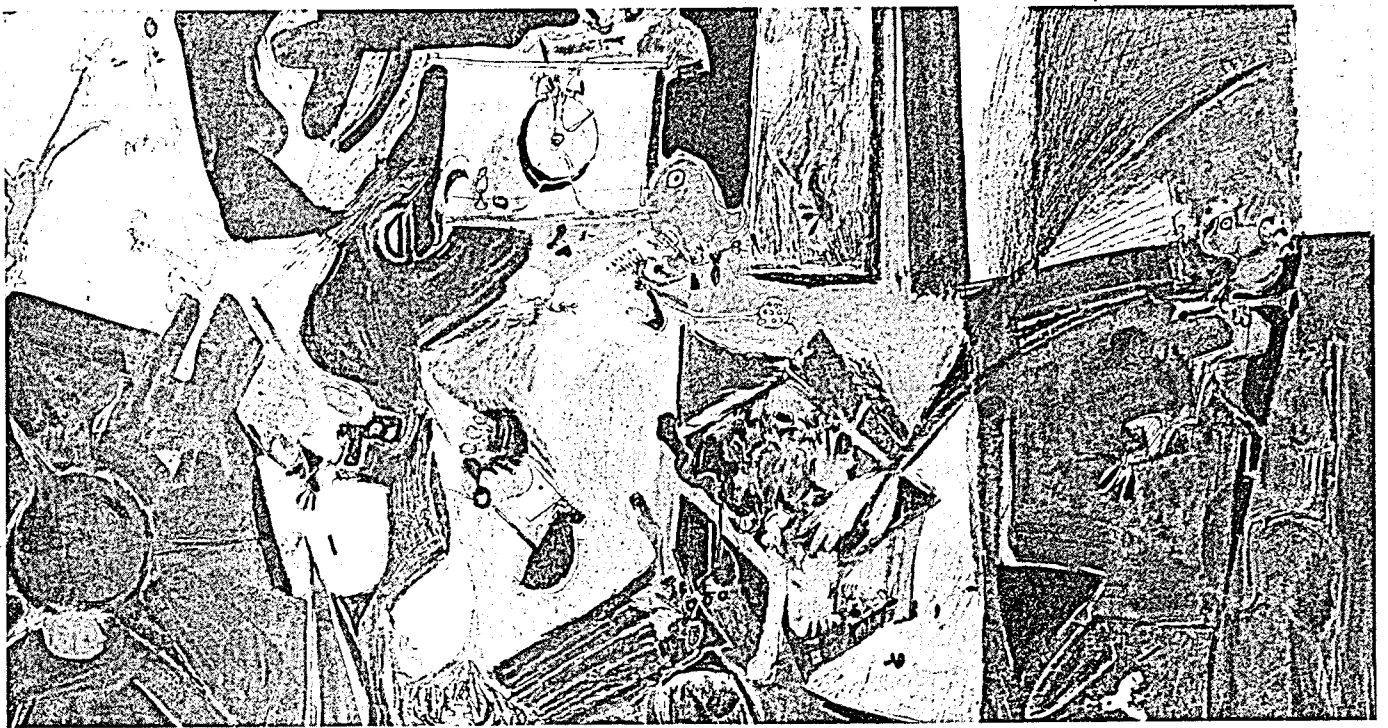
But the word "Vita"? He pondered this awhile, and then became increasingly frantic, for he felt the hallucination in his toes. Port to starboard. Lower the boom. Take me soon, *mamasita!* These three phrases ran concurrently through his head. Vita? The Vitanshis? Oh, my God! They had been their neighbors on the Riviera a few years back. Nick and Olanda. Obese, yet interesting, they had no meaning in the sentence, structure, unless . . . No! Christ No!! She had said it would never happen, but so much can transpire in a diphthong separation. She had sold her ring to Nick for cash. The Bitch! Nick had always had his eye on that finger of hers, always stroking it sensually at odd times while she sipped her tonic and gin through plastic straws the size of her nostrils.

Nick was a contractor who began a line of cement jewelry back in 1965. It was personally cast on the earlobe or finger, or other flesh, and became the accepted norm for a few months, making it fashionable to appear lopsided. It was not uncommon for a Parisian woman to be seen limping painfully along the Champs Elysees with her husband, or gigolo, crouched beside her in grotesque wince, under the weight of a ten-

⁴ "... with practice, these youths have developed a 'gibberish palate; capable of emitting voice modulations and sounds at a speed that had, in some recorded incidences, blinded stray dogs, or crippled unarmed peanut vendors. They have formed gangs which specialize in the perfection of gibberish slang, and who are now terrorizing small towns in the Midwest with their rolled R's and guttural tongue twists. They must be controlled, they must be punished!!" Smith, Reinhart. *The Sounds of the Street Corner Waif: Creativity or Menace?* Honolulu: Tani Publishing House. 1977. Pp. 96.

⁵ "Suhiginaka, the physical manifestation of words, can be used to relieve extreme cases of sexual deprivation, but then only under professional supervision, and with special care. Its side effects are still not known." Ihsoyika, Okihshot, *Vowels of the Mind*, translated by Warner Hickok. Amsterdam. Swets and Zeitlinger. 1962. P. 24.

³ "Language as the Root of Divorce." *Journal of Court Oddities*. 30 no. 3: 369-75. Spring 1969.



pound gravel-studded earring. Soon, however, mishaps caused more than a few public outbursts, which combined to form a deadly crowd attack on Nick's home. Nick poured cement on them from his roof, and successfully sloshed the insurrectionists. They hardened into a marvelous stucco of arms and legs. Nick took photos and headed for Egypt in a steam trunk when the government authorized an investigation, halted only by the Louvre and the Museum of Modern Art, both of which hailed Nick as the new structuralist, and lord of all that creates. Nick began to quarry alabaster among the pharaohs, and began his trade anew. He worshipped this new stone because, when licked, it reflected light in eight different directions.

So the ring was lost? Or was it just a periphery item of his increasing somnambulance? He thought about this, divided it into three parts, and then thought of each part separately, then again, as a whole, stretching the ideas out and pressing them tight. He wanted to wrap each thought in cellophane and stuff them neatly (along with three braided hairs from his wife's head) into a plastic box the shape of the Taj Mahal, in front of which he would place a tiny, wind-up figure of Art Van Damme, hammering away on a blue-striped accordion, motioning to a crowd of turbaned youths. Now Art would entice them to speak, to shout, and as he gesticulated, the sound grew louder and was now, almost, but not quite, audible. The youths removed their turbans and placed lit candles on their heads. The wax drooled down each skull and their chant waved toward the plastic temple in loaves. Elo, Elo, Elo, they groaned, slowly, as though to taste each letter.

Elo chants grasped his forehead and pummelled him to the ground. The dirt around him was soft, then granular and white. His feet were buried in sand, which was sipping them in quiet swirls. Were they still his? Were they still digits of his own devices? Would the leather protect them against the rub of the grain, or the chaff of his mind? Where was he being taken?

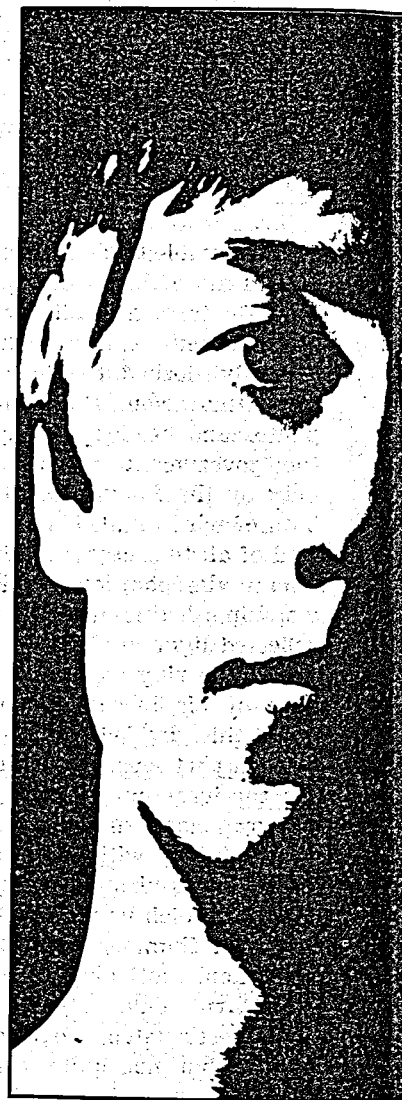
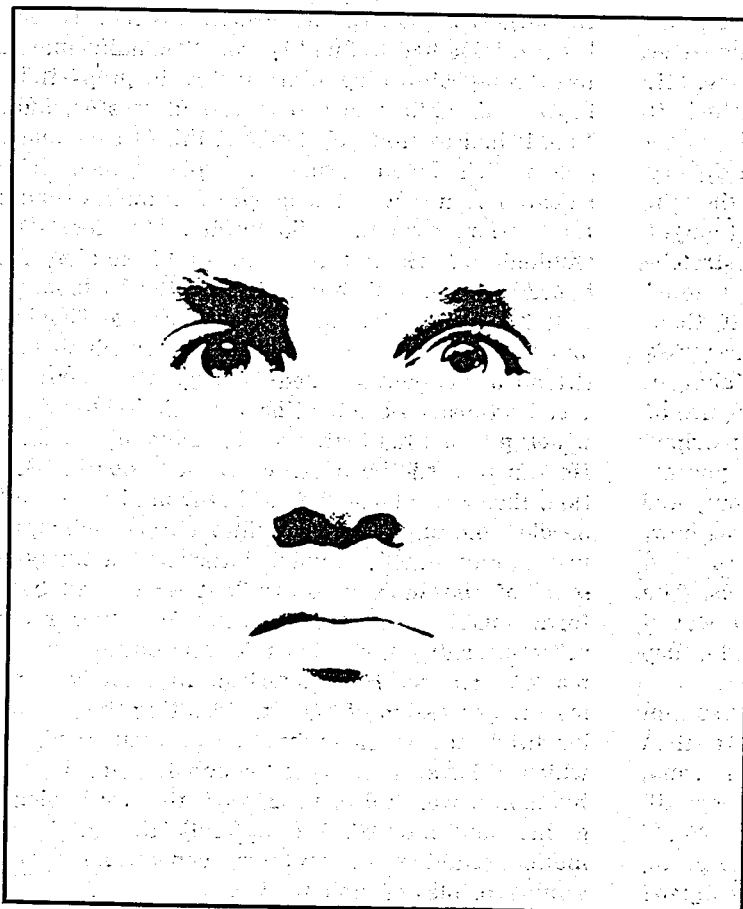
Who were these demons in his haid, the ones that licked his brain? Three large Saguaro cacti appeared in front of him, and beckoned toward his queries, giving them the power to move. He followed his Fragen toward the cacti on his knees, and listened to Art Van Damme push his motion along, stretching his mind between his accordion hands like yolk through a fork, unfolding the harmony until it blanketed his soul and chilled his teeth.

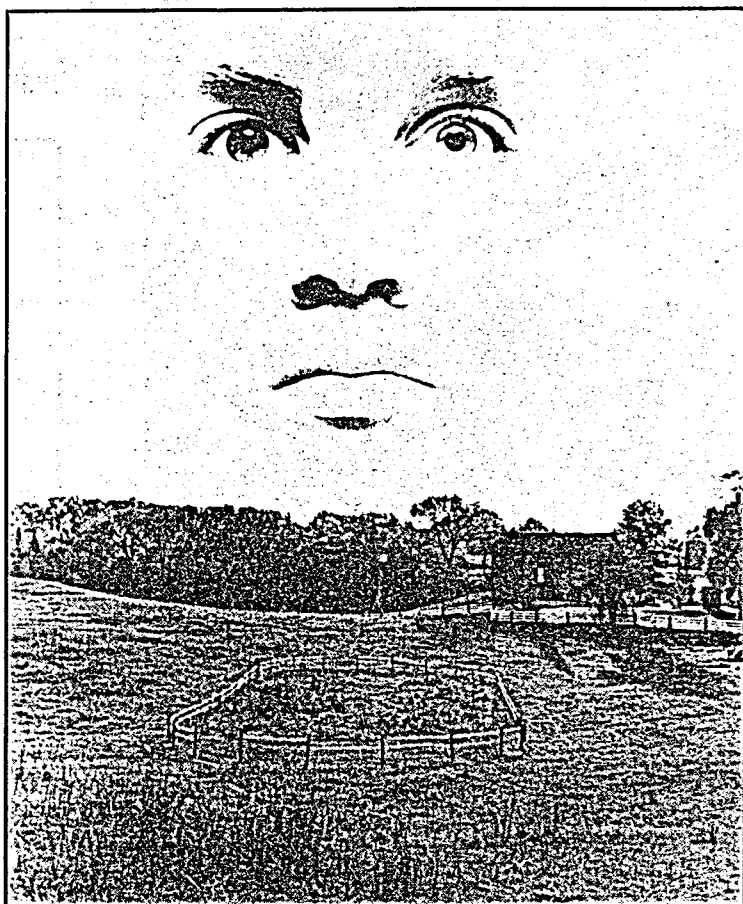
He reached out, touched a spine, and then punctured the largest Saguaro's middle with his fist. Where were his feet? He had to find his feet. The hallucination was too strong, absorbing him quickly in gulps that were beyond his ability to resist. It had to stop, didn't it? Yep, it had to stop. He laughed in 2/4 time and pulled out a rich mucus from the spiny green belly and smeared it all over his body. The mucus would stop the motion, curb the wild lurch of his footless form, wouldn't it? He felt the sand at his ankles, the turbaned chant at a distance, and saw the bushman's earth that he had swallowed. Everything was moving into another's mouth. He felt painfully swollen and overextended, his body seemed to verge on a burst, yet his face and arms were held back by the stiffening mucus, which pinched his features into knots of southern pine. He ran toward the other cacti, oblivious of all direction, threw what was left of his frontal lobes, onto the needles and sighed himself into hordes of magnificent transparent bubbles, which ricocheted a finely woven scarf of the sun's hues, while they drifted back and forth, unable to choose between the Saguaros for rest, reflecting softly the faded silk band on the cross-legged man's sombrero. He was writing in a notebook, recording the procession of hues, and beating the ground with his thigh as each new fraction of light appeared. He whispered grainy words to the bubbles, elo, elo, elo, until his mouth was full of sand, until the words blended together and blurred, leaving only the thigh, and its motion, swaying back and forth beneath a bright yellow sombrero, blessed and festive. □

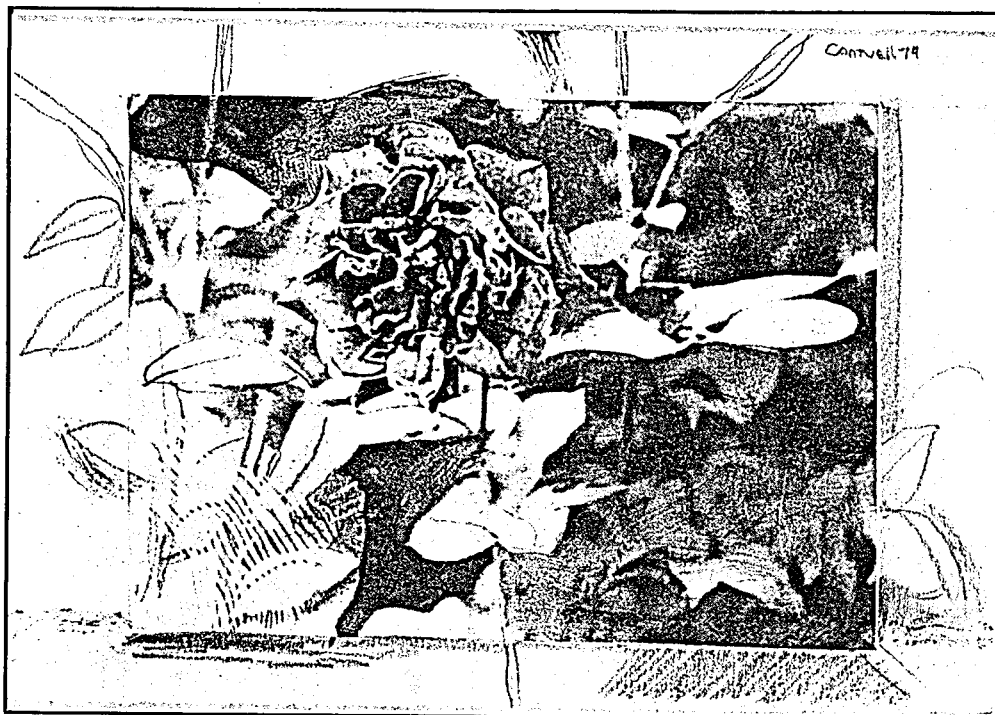
Gallery

by Jim Hofman

My Brother Tom





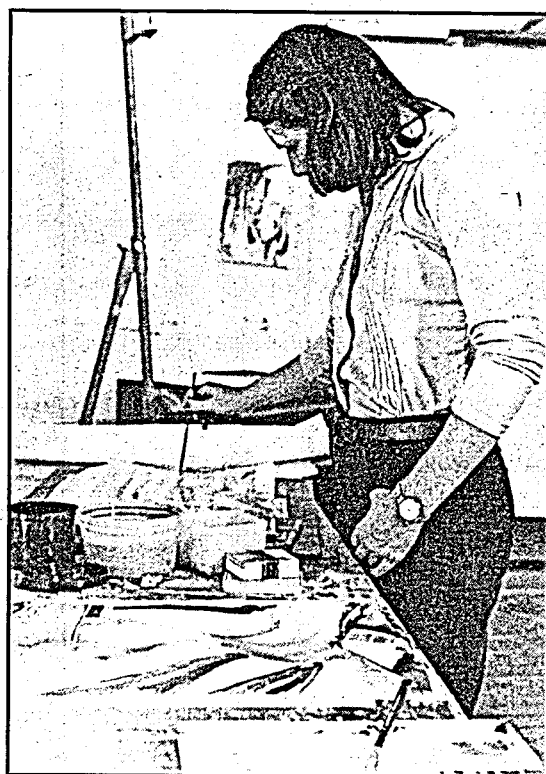


Mike
Cantwell

Gallery



Phil Whitmer





Co-chairpersons Dale Atkins and Kevin Green

Festival with a Function

by Anthony Walton

The Notre Dame Black Cultural Arts Festival opens on Sunday, February 25, with a gospel music program. The week of events will close out the following Saturday with a program by a national civil rights leader.

The festival is sponsored by the Notre Dame Black Cultural Arts Council, a student organization dedicated to the improvement of minority affairs at Notre Dame. The goal of the festival is "to provide an awareness of the black cultural experience, an understanding of various aspects of black life, and an awareness of the achievements and talents of black Americans."

This goal will be accomplished through a number of events. The Council has planned round-table discussions, guest performers and entertainers, seminars and workshops, guest speakers, and a display of the various talents of black students within the Notre Dame community.

The opening gospel music program is entitled "Gospel Soul On Sunday." It will involve several South Bend area churches and will be held at 7:00 p.m. in the Library Auditorium. On Monday, the 26th,

the Black Cultural Arts Festival will focus on black American women, and the day will be highlighted by a guest-speaking engagement with Wilma Rudolph, the first American woman to win three gold medals in one Olympiad. This function promises to be an interesting event, as Ms. Rudolph was the subject of the recent TV movie, *A Girl Named Wilma*. It will begin at 7:00 p.m. in the Library Auditorium.

On Tuesday, the main event will be a guest appearance by Vinie Burrows, a dramatist who has appeared on Broadway. Ms. Burrows will perform "Walk Together, Children," a one-woman show dealing with events in black history. It will begin at 7:30 p.m. in the Saint Mary's Little Theatre.

Politics, specifically the state of African revolution, will be the concern of Wednesday's round-table discussion in the Hayes-Healy Auditorium. It will feature three panelists, each with a different perspective of the African political experience. The discussion will begin at 7:00 p.m.

On Friday, March 2, there will be a variety show consisting of acts by black students from the Notre Dame

community. It will begin at 7:00 p.m. in the Library Auditorium. Ending the week's activities will be a speaking engagement with Benjamin Hooks, national civil rights leader and current national director of the NAACP. Mr. Hooks is known nationwide for his work in civil rights, and his appearance will provide an appropriate climax for the week's activities. His appearance is tentatively scheduled for 3:00 p.m. in the Library Auditorium.

A fashion show related to the festival will be held on Saturday, March 10, at 8:00 p.m. in the Monogram Room of the ACC. It will feature students as models, entertainers, and coordinators.

All events, with the exception of the fashion show, are free admission. Persons desiring more information are encouraged to call the 1979 festival co-chairpersons, Dale Atkins at 6886, or Kevin Green at 3498.

The 1979 Notre Dame Black Cultural Festival is truly a festival with a function. There will be something for everyone, something entertaining, something interesting, something provocative. All are encouraged to attend and enjoy. □

SCHOLASTIC PARANOIA

by Tom Balcerek

"May its life be long and snappy, may its wail be loud and lashing, may its kick be so strong that even the most chronic bolshevik will not dare to prevail against it."

This little piece of advocacy was offered up by the McClave Printing Company to the *Notre Dame Daily* on the auspicious occasion of its first issue dated May 20, 1923. The *Daily* added a little gusto of its own to the first issue stating that, "The weekly *Scholastic* is dead, killed by the staff of the *Daily*." Chronic bolshevik or not, the *Daily* folded the following year under the "gangrenous eye" of the administration. And as you know, the *Scholastic* has survived long enough to say "in your eye." Yet, we shall refrain from doing so. Any publication that has the guts to print this joke—

Prof.: Name the bones of the skull.

Tommy: I have them in my head but I can't think of them just now.

is worthy of the respect of all involved.

If this University seems haunted or even a bit perverse, it's for good reasons: because it is. Any priest in his right mind would have picked up and left after one blistering winter on this godforsaken prairie. But NOOOO—as John Belushi might say—he had to found a universityyyy! And this unlikely university is Notre Dame, its history rich with stories; most of them lost forever, some of them partially preserved on the yellowing pages of publications like the *Daily*. Actually, the *Daily* was a rather good newspaper even though it only came out three days a week.

Dandruff on those gorgeously tailored shoulders? Quick! get yourself a bottle of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic and stop that before your reputation is ruined. Worse still—have you lost a hair or two from each temple? Remember Uncle John's round and glistening pate, and be forewarned. "Vaseline" Hair Tonic is an invaluable aid in keeping the scalp in perfect condition. At the same time, it gives the niftiest, sleekest look to the head. At all drug stores and student barber shops. Every "Vaseline" product is recommended everywhere because of its absolute purity and effectiveness.

Vaseline
HAIR TONIC

Chesebrough Mfg. Co.
(consolidated)

Scholastic, Notre Dame's oldest student publication, finds itself at a strange vantage point. It was founded in 1867 and has the distinction today of being the most consistent and evocative chronicle of life at Notre Dame. Yet throughout its tenure it was challenged repeatedly by sporadic journalistic uprisings claiming a more authentic assessment of events and interests at Notre Dame. And, it appears that these endeavors were warranted. In Arthur J. Hope's book, "Notre Dame—100 Years," he describes *The Scholastic Year*, as it was then entitled, as "somewhat pompous and

florid." Further evidence of *Scholastic's* alleged dubious nature can be found in the parenthetical subtitle of *The Stub*, a short-lived 1910 student publication. Each issue was headed *The Stub* (still free from contamination with *Scholastic* and *The Midland Naturalist*). *The Stub* also mentioned the *Scholastic* in its articles referring to them once as "that dirty rag" and again as "our deceased contemporary." *The Stub's* motto: "We Protest," its policy: "Purity."

Notre Dame not only had *The Stub* at one time, it also had *The Squirt*. They, however, left the *Scholastic* alone preferring, instead, to dabble in the Ridiculous. It was published for a very short while during the year 1899 at "lucid intervals of the editors" one of whom was Shifty Mitt and his associate, one Thrifty Nitt. *The Squirt* was a zany collection of articles on everything from pillows to "a brief history of South Bend." This illustrious tabloid even had a woman's page within which helpful hints were given as to the art of letter writing. Preferred stationery colors are listed as: lavender, green, copper, yellow, heliotrope, Sweet William and Pansy. And as for fudge making—"Cut the fudges into small squares, about the size of a cabinet photograph. A pair of scissors will usually do for the cutting, but if scissors are not at hand a hatchet will do." And, of course, there was The Famous Squirt Band and roller skating on St. Joseph Lake as soon as the weather got warmer.

Not all of these fringe publications were oddball. Almost all of them, however, were a reaction to *Scholastic's* conservative stuffiness. Animosity towards the *Scholastic* surfaced again as late as 1955. In

the September 29 issue of *The Thursday Throwback* abuse was once again ladled out for the perennially misunderstood *Scholastic*. Completely out of context, the editor inserts, "We noticed with some dismay that the *Scholastic* came out last Friday. When we heard someone slip it under our door we rushed to the door and threw it open, but it was too late, he had escaped."

The *Throwback* was another fly-by-night student publication with high hopes. In its inaugural issue, editor-in-chief James Squire suggested that his newspaper would cause some controversy by poking at a few "false foundations." Squire

issue to drugs and everything! The most interesting publication to come out of that era, however, was the *Notre Dame Daily Striker*, a radical flyer that surfaced at the peak of campus unrest in May of 1970. *The Striker* concerned itself with informing the students about protest activities such as marches and sit-ins in and around the Notre Dame-St. Mary's community. It also reported on the relative success of these endeavors and featured anti-war commentary by various Notre Dame professors.

Although the *Scholastic* is the oldest existing publication, running concurrently with all the other afore-

mentioned publications were very respectable and admired by the administration. But the students of this time were not without their quirks either. Described as "surreptitious publications" of that time were the *Olympic Gazette* (1864), the *Weekly Bee* (between 1860 and 1865) and the *Two-Penny Gazette* (?). Of these, one copy of the *Olympic Gazette* was salvaged and can be found in the Rare Book Room of the Memorial Library. The publication was supposedly "devoted to intellectual amusement" and it might be worth checking into considering that it was published on Mt. Olympus (Hercules, of course, was sports editor).



THE FAMOUS SQUIRT BAND.

offered the *Throwback* as a forum for "praise and scorn," promising that this first issue was surely not to be the last. But before you could say "A wop bop a lu bop a wop bam boom," the *Throwback* had bitten the proverbial dust and, according to available records, the first issue was the last.

Of course that was in the fifties and undoubtedly there were telephone booths to be stuffed and goldfish to be swallowed. One simply did not have the time for such frivolities as consciousness. But the late sixties and early seventies changed all that and everyone grooved, even the *Scholastic*. They devoted a whole

mentioned publications, it was not the first. *The Literary Gazette*, which was started sometime before 1860, holds that distinction. *The Gazette* was handwritten and read to the students. Another handwritten publication was *The Progress*, a fairly successful newspaper that ran from 1860 to 1863. It too was read to the students *en masse* at biweekly Saturday night gatherings. These readings were agreeably relieved by musical interludes by the band as the reading of *The Progress* soon came to be looked forward to as a sort of celebration. Apparently, times were hard.

Both of these pre-*Scholastic* pub-

The history of student publications at Notre Dame is strange. Today, *Scholastic* exists peacefully with two other fairly well established publications, *The Observer*, and the *Juggler*. This tripartite situation has served the University well in recent years but as printing costs go up, and the funds don't, one might wonder about the general complexion of the future (*The Stub* and *The Squirt* must surely have wondered). Hopefully, our literary traditions will last as long as some of the other traditions still hovering over this windswept prairie. But as Bob Dylan once said, "Now that the past is gone..." □

POEMS

by Augie Jennewein

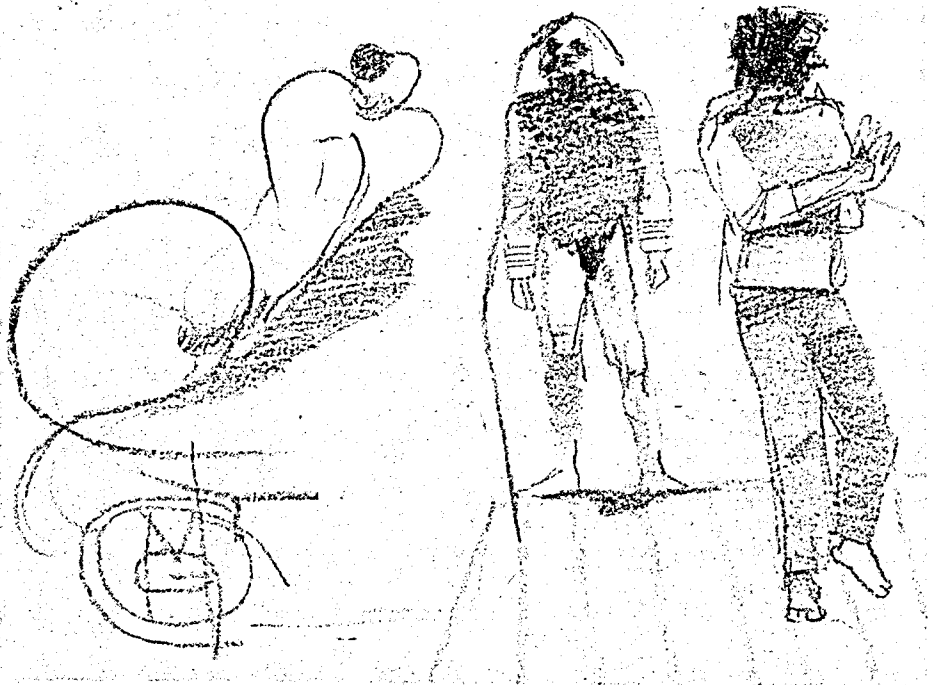
"tension"

i feel tensions,
of people around me.
i feel tensions,
inside me.
i feel now.

i have answers,
where others have only questions.
i have answers,
but no explanations.
i have answers,
which leave me tense.

i feel tensions,
of people around me.
i feel tensions,
inside me.
i feel now.

these feelings last,
till i am no more.
till i am no . . .



"suicide of feelings"

free to laugh
i cry
free to smile
i frown
free to talk
i choke
i'm a suicide of feelings

free to see
i'm blind
free to run
i fall
free to protest
i relinquish
i'm a suicide of feelings
no love in sight
nothing to set me right
i'll die

HAIKU

by Doug Kreitzberg

A rabbit stands still
to nibble a piece of grass.
Last stop before home.

The sun sinks slowly,
painting the sky in slow swirls—
Uncaptured beauty.

The noble spider.
Following ancient secrets,
weaves rays of light.

Lights of distant homes
flicker and fade as twilight
softly blows them out.

The tree stands proudly,
admiring itself in the
brook's glass surface.

"graveside manner"

find me someone
to dig up my grave.
he must be neat
he must be saved.
have him wear a yellow ribbon
in his hair.

while i sleep
let him dig.
if i should roll over
don't be scared,
i'm just passing on to the next
dream.

spade in, spade out
you're getting warm.
should you happen to crease my skin,
no harm.

now gently raise me out.
if i should wink,
don't be frightened,
it's my way of saying
thanks.

now make sure it's me,
no need to get the wrong one.
ask me my name,
if i don't respond
throw me back,
i'm not worth it

Students Take the Stage

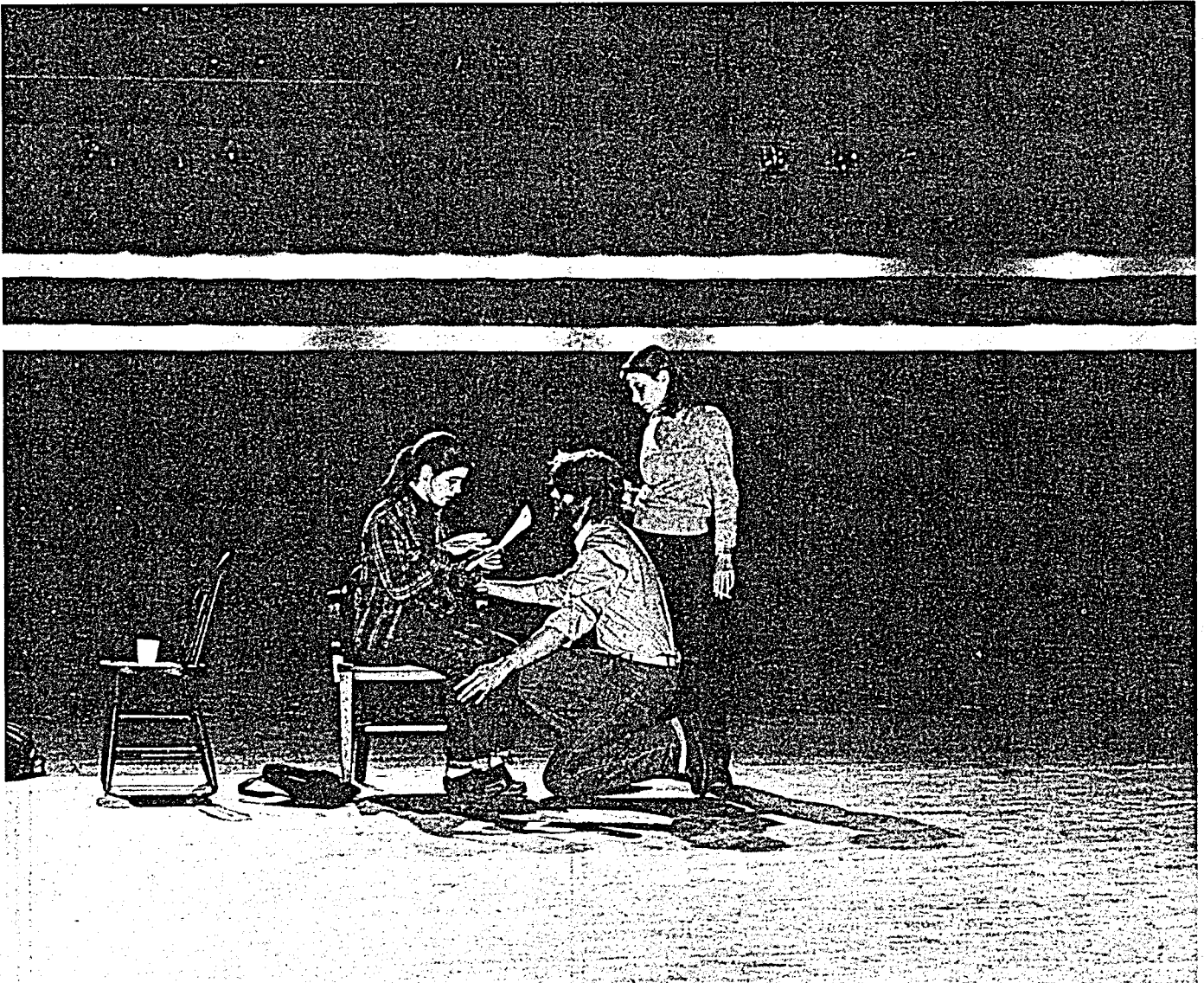
by Theresa Rebeck

The stage of O'Laughlin opens up wide and bare, set only with two chairs placed front and center and facing the back wall. An elegant young actress wearing a floor-length brown dress over her turtleneck and blue jeans is seated in the right-hand chair. As she bends over the

old denim jacket she is mending, another young actress skips over from off stage right. She is wearing a wrinkled cotton sailor's top and a thin pink petticoat over her blue jeans.

"Why have you made my dress so long, mother?" she wails.

The seated actress looks up with a familiar good-heavens-what-next sigh and explains to her "daughter" that it's about time she grew up. The youngster puts up a fuss and an argument ensues. Throughout the whole scene, a calm, bespectacled young man has been prowling about,



Patrick Fanning directs a scene from *Spring's Awakening*

observing carefully from different angles. He moves in and out silently as the argument continues, until mother finally gives in, kisses her daughter on the forehead and rises to examine her child's hem length. She bends over to pull at the skirt, and the whole garment comes off in her hands. Both actresses break into hysterical laughter.

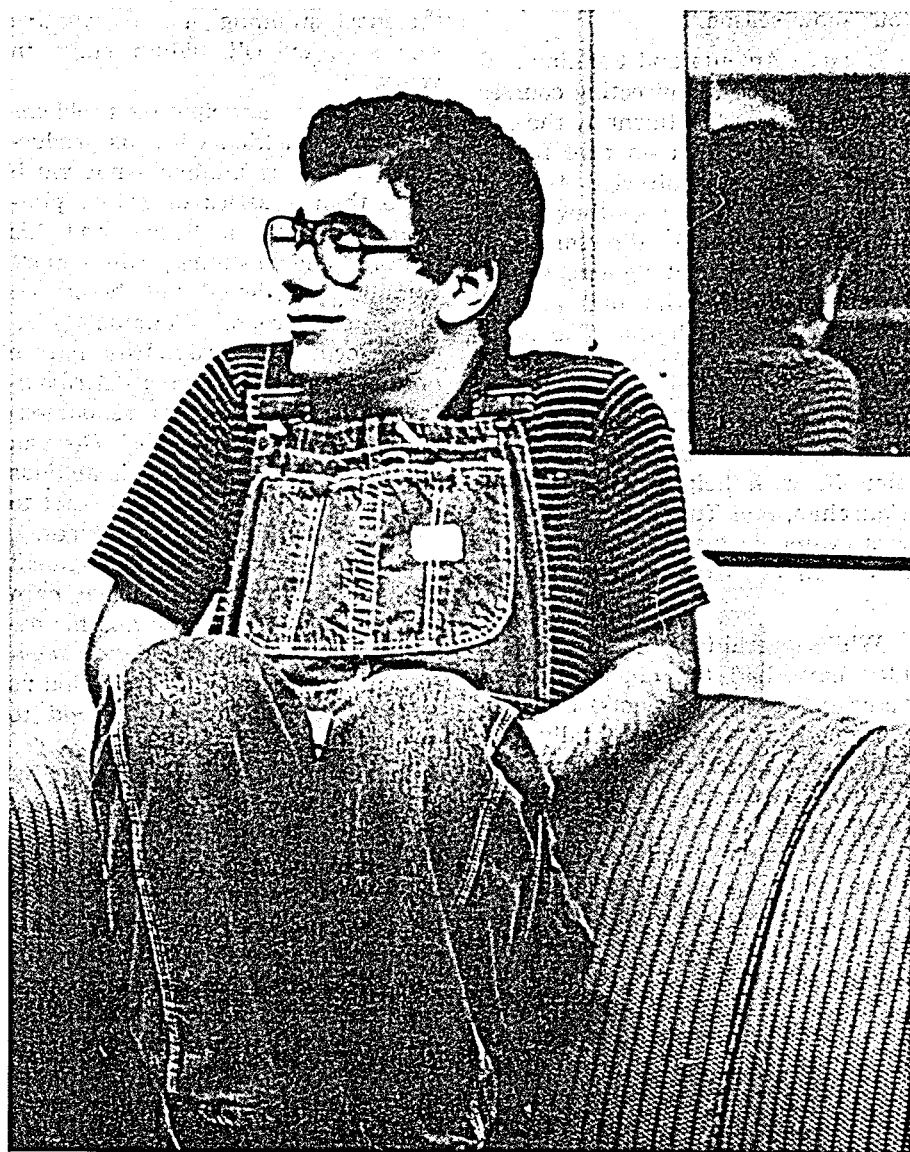
"Oh, well," the young man grins. "At least you made it through the kiss this time."

A relaxed, we'll-eventually-get-it-right atmosphere surrounds the entire rehearsal. The two actresses listen attentively to their director but do not hesitate to offer their own opinions on how the scene should be done. They evidently feel very comfortable with him, and there is no reason they shouldn't; he has been their friend and classmate for years.

Patrick Fanning, a senior Speech and Drama major, is the director of Frank Wedekind's *Spring's Awakening*, the third presentation of the 1978-79 ND-SMC Theatre major season. He is only the second student in the history of the department to have the opportunity to direct a major production. The first student to have this opportunity was Mark Amenta, another senior, who presented Edward Albee's *All Over* last December.

Amenta and Fanning are not the only students who have taken on major responsibilities within the department this year. Jim Houle, a senior who is specializing in stage design, designed the set, lights, and costumes for Amenta's production. Jim Casurella, also a senior, designed the set and lights for the first production of the year. *Lu Ann Hampton Laverty Oberlander*, and he's helping Fanning design the lighting for *Spring's Awakening*. Marie Birou designed the costumes for *Lu Ann*, and Dotty Hanrahan and Lisa Turco are designing the costumes for Fanning's production. This year, the students of the Speech and Drama department have taken over almost every creative role of the department's major season.

In past years, there have been occasional opportunities for students to take on some creative responsibility, but these opportunities were rare; the faculty of the department



Mark Amenta, director of *All Over*

are contracted to direct or design in the major season, as well as teach, and they have traditionally held the positions which are going to the students this year. The students' opportunities to direct or design were restricted to Second Scene productions, projects for directing classes, or summer theatre shows.

Last year, Jim Casurella became the first student to do any designing on a major show when he designed the lights for *A Comedy of Errors*. Casurella explains that the opportunity opened up for him because David Weber, the technical director for the department, had too much work to do. Casurella says that Weber's "whole philosophy, outlook, whatever—with everything he has done, at every place he's ever been . . . the students had always done these things." Casurella also points out that Weber was also the first

technical director whose contract did not require that he design the set and lights for every major production. Weber wanted to concentrate on the set, so Casurella designed the lights. This fall, he designed the lights and set for *Lu Ann*, creating a thrust stage overlooked by a dimly lit collection of country-western musicians whom he placed in a strange, scrim-surrounded enclosure.

Mark Amenta describes the "student takeover" as almost a necessity for the department this year. "There was so much work to be done in restructuring the Speech and Drama Department . . . that they were only going to do two, maybe three at the most, major productions. Somebody suggested that would be a really poor idea, why not utilize the student talent that we have in different areas of production? Have them do one or two shows and have a regular

four-show season."

Because Amenta and Fanning had both completed the directing courses offered by the department by the end of their junior year—a rare feat—and had already directed two or three "minor" shows, they were chosen to direct. As director, each appointed his own designers. Amenta chose Houle, who had already designed several shows (*The Madman and the Nun*, *Treasure Island*, *You Can't Take It With You*, *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown*) and Fanning decided to design his show himself, with help from Casurella, Hanrahan, and Turco. Each student was evaluated by a faculty advisor before they took on their appointments.

While several members of the faculty have had the official title of "advisor" to the students, their involvement in the two totally student-run productions, *All Over* and *Spring's Awakening*, has been minimal. Both Amenta and Fanning agree that the faculty have been there when they needed them but have generally kept a respectful distance, making sure that they don't impose unwanted advice on the students. According to Amenta, this unsolicited advice did arise occasionally: "We got a lot of grief all the way through—justly so, probably—because I don't think they thought we could do it. I mean, even get by." No one working on the production was very fazed by any faculty disapproval, however. "When you're working on a production and someone steps in somehow . . . it's like a locomotive train just rolling forward. When someone puts in his hand to stop you, he's just going to get knocked out of the way. And we started doing that after a while."

The faculty hesitated most over Houle's set design and production. Problems arose throughout the process of constructing the set, a massive, cavernous series of platforms draped in felt. Not enough people showed up to work, the felt didn't come in, they went almost \$2000 over budget; for a while many people believed that disaster was imminent. With the help of department students and faculty, friends, neighbors, and whomever else they could find, they finished in time for opening night and produced one of

the most stunning and imaginative sets seen on O'Laughlin stage in years.

Fanning is anticipating problems of a different kind with his production. His set is minimal—not much more than a series of raised platforms for the audience—and his lighting and costumes, while more complicated, should not become a major catastrophe. Fanning's concerns focus more around the nature of the play itself. *Spring's Awakening* deals with the first sexual experiences of a group of German adolescents, and Fanning is anxious to see how his audience will react to some rather controversial scenes.

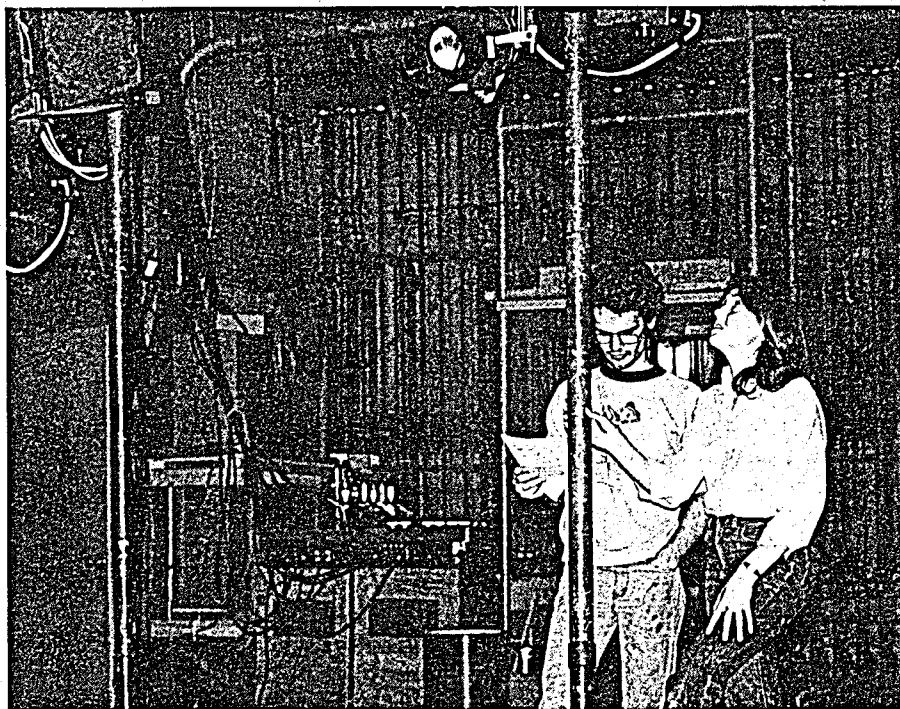
Fanning says that the department chairman, Mitchell Lifton, has been particularly open to him and his decisions regarding *Spring's Awakening*. "Lifton's pretty much behind us 100%," he explains. "He's said to me, 'You just tell me what you're going to do and why you're going to do it that way, so I can understand and defend you if the heat comes.'"

Most of the students in the department hope that the opportunity to be active as designers or directors will remain open. There is, however, some question about the qualifications of the students who could move into major creative roles in the next few years. Casurella points out that there are several costumers and technicians who could become im-

portant designers in the department, such as Dotty Hanrahan, Mark Harris, and Ann Dumas. (Dumas is technical director of Fanning's production.) All agree, however, that there are no students coming up in the ranks who would be qualified to direct in the major season.

The reason for this stems from the present structure of departmental requirements. Most theatre majors take a directing course, but not until their senior year, so by the time they are qualified enough to be considered as a director for the major season, they have graduated. Amenta explains that with the restructuring of the curriculum, the opportunity to study directing will be available to students in their junior year, so that they could graduate to direct a major production if the opportunity presented itself. Still, the department will not feel the full impact of these curriculum changes for several years.

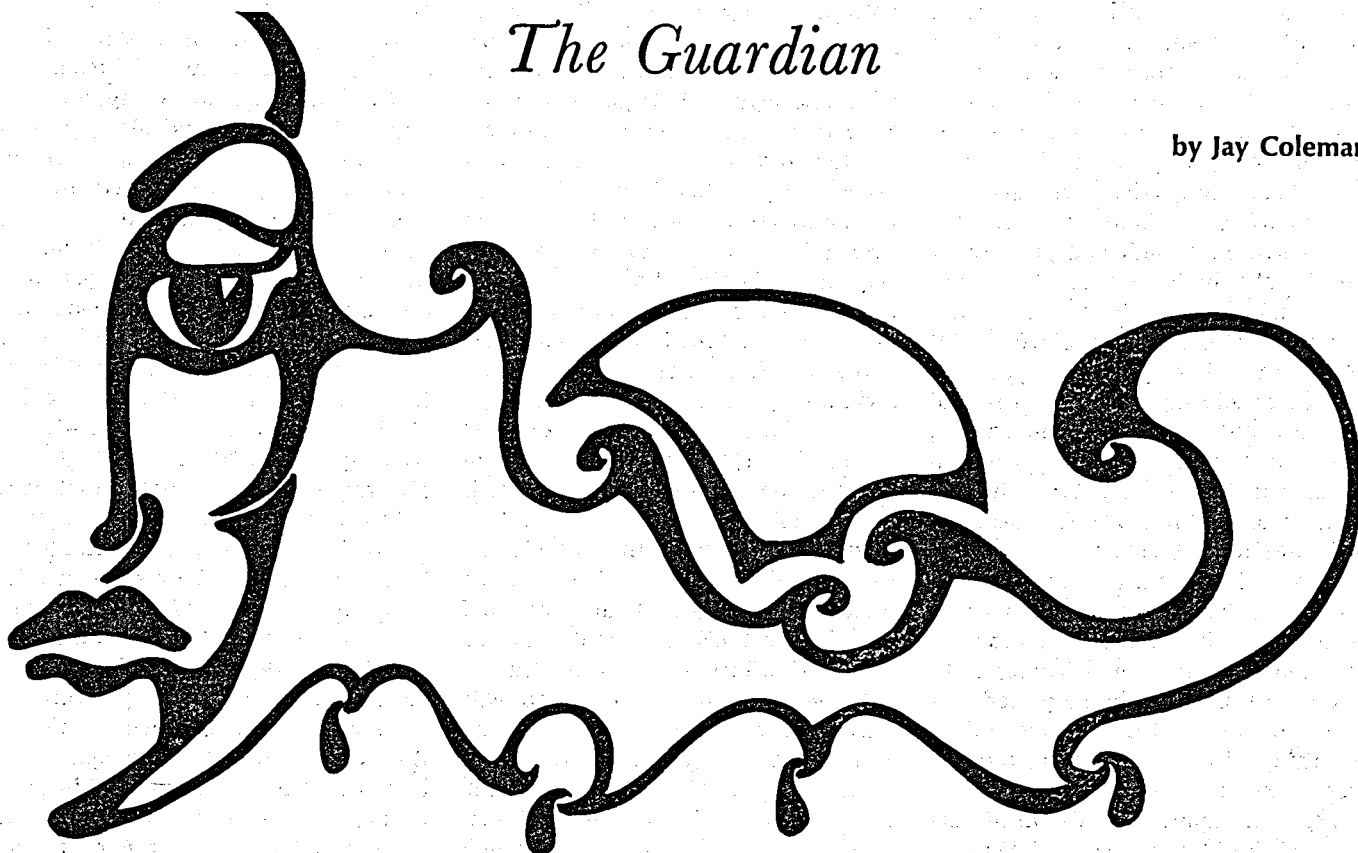
Everyone seems to agree that the student takeover has worked well for all involved. The faculty of the department is less overworked, and the students are gaining the practical experience they need before graduating. "This should not be thought of as a big concession," stated one student. "Really, it's just kind of natural for us to be doing this." □



Jim Casurella and Ann Dumas

The Guardian

by Jay Coleman



Because no battle is ever won he said. They are not even fought. The field only reveals to man his own folly and despair, and victory is illusion of philosophers and fools.

—William Faulkner

Sunday, the second of June, dawned hot, much too hot for that early in the day. It had become oppressive by ten and had not relented since. Nonetheless, it was a typically beautiful day on Moonstone Beach in the Township of Scarborough, sunny but not humid, and the beach was packed. Radios blared the music of Fleetwood Mac, and an airplane flew over the sea, towing a banner that proclaimed "25¢ DRAFTS AT THE OUTRIGGER ALL NITE." Jason Simmons sat back in his chair and reflected on life.

For Jason, the day had begun early. Up at eight, he had run three miles on the beach and swam a mile. He did not have to rake the beach this particular morning, so he lay down in the shack that served as headquarters for all the Township lifeguards and read the *New York*

Times of the previous Thursday. Ted Turner was causing an uproar in Newport, and Billy Martin was rumored to have lost his job as manager of the Yankees. Before Jason could read further, McHugh sauntered in, another college-aged guard like Simmons, but possessed of a tendency to pursue good times relentlessly. His bloodshot eyes and weary demeanor on this particular morning confirmed his reputation and prompted the inevitable response from Jason—"You bloody hedonist!" Jason didn't drink much, didn't do much of anything. Except think. Jason thought a lot, about everything. And that was what he would do all summer long.

The busiest day of the year was the Fourth of July, and by then Jason had thought for over a month. He and McHugh were paired together in the morning, and as usual their conversation ran the gamut from sex to sports—and back again. They always seemed to end up talking about sex. But over the course of many idle conversations, they had learned a great deal about each other. Jason had learned of McHugh's greatest fear—being confronted with a corpse, as a result of his own incompetence or negligence.

"I mean, there's a big difference between saving someone in a class, a simulation, and pulling someone out of the *ocean* for Chrissake . . . but if I screwed up, I know what I'd do. If a corpse ever washed up on *my* beach, I'd just put it back out to sea with the tide, and then it would wash up on some other poor bastard's beach!" Jason had laughed good-naturedly at McHugh's plan, not wanting to pursue the matter. He had pulled a few out, but felt that McHugh would fail someday. If you thought you would fail, you would. If you thought you would win, you would fail also, but it would take longer. Nobody was a winner. A winner was just someone who hadn't lost yet.

Jason's remembrance of that particular conversation was interrupted when a fat, middle-aged woman in a bikini came up to the chair and asked if her son—a very good swimmer, she had taught him herself—could swim offshore to her husband's boat by the channel buoy. Jason had said no politely and returned his gaze to the sea. The woman persisted however, and Jason rather brusquely had inquired if she was at all capable of reading the sign on the back of the chair. McHugh noticed this,

but understood, for he had learned some things about Jason too. He had learned that Jason was a hard-ass and proud of it. And one day he had come to suspect that Jason was also a cynic, and pretty proud of that too.

A young and naive teen-aged girl had approached them and started a conversation. "Don't you just love it here?" she had thrilled. "The sun, the sand, the people, the . . . the seagulls! Oh, it must be wonderful to watch the seagulls every day, to feel as absolutely free and beautiful as they do!" McHugh had smiled, and asked if she had read Richard Bach, but she had not. When she had left, Jason had noted that: "Seagulls shit on shiny objects."

Jason did not think that he was a cynic; he thought that he was a philosopher. But the more he thought, the more cynical he became, until the only thing that he respected was the sea. He loved the sea more than anything else in the world, but for very special reasons.

Infinitely spatial to his finite perception, it did indeed seem the source of all things. The only "evil" the sea performed was on men who didn't belong there in the first place. Jason thought it good that the sea attempt to claim those pretentious enough to try and conquer it—and not because it insured his job. Man was finite,

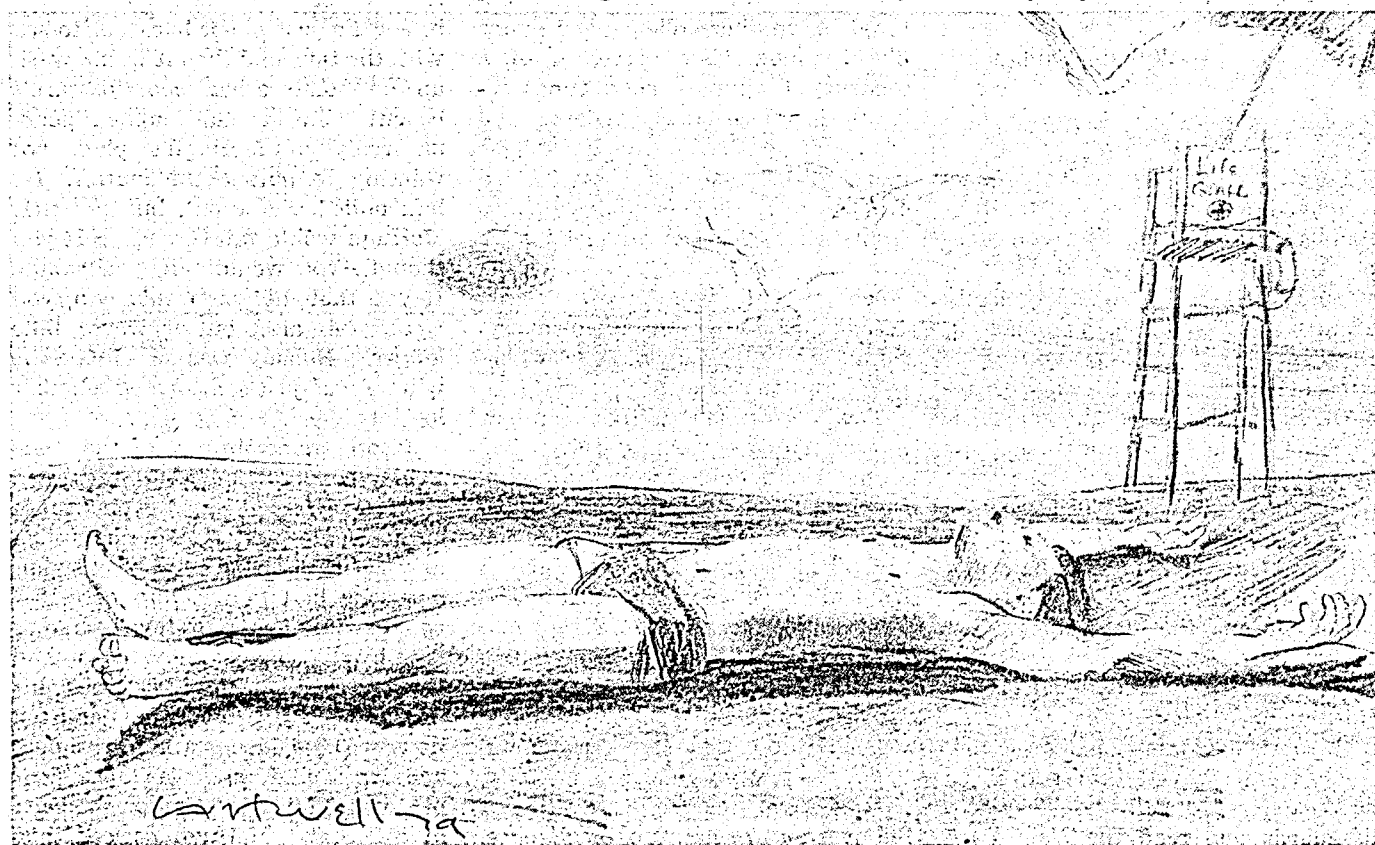
both physically and mentally, and his proper place was to marvel at nature and not to possess it. Those who ventured beyond their place deserved to perish, and Jason sometimes regretted acting as their savior, and especially as their confessor. For power was a narcotic, and those who overdosed should suffer the consequences. Yet all those that he had pulled out maintained that it hadn't been necessary for him to do so, that actually they were very strong swimmers and. . .

That was why Jason disliked Richard Bach, for Bach had prostituted the sea and tried to make it a part of himself. And as he sat next to McHugh in the hot sun on the Fourth of July at Moonstone Beach he thought about that, and about how McHugh should not be afraid of failure, as it was inevitable. Life went on no matter who was wrong or right. Contemplative, he stared idly out to sea, momentarily letting the lull of the waves and the romanticism of his job distract him from his responsibilities. McHugh soon nudged him, pointing out a girl that he had "nailed" two weeks ago. "That one over there, in the yellow. I met her at Thurston's, see, and. . ." "Which one, the fat one or the ugly one?" Jason liked to tease McHugh, and McHugh liked to be teased. They

got along well.

The day wore on, and the shifts changed twice around. Jason and McHugh talked of drowning, and McHugh said that a psychology professor had once told him that man, in drowning, seeks to return to the womb. "Psychologists are idiots, the biggest fools of them all," Jason exploded. "They just put fancy names on things all of us know about ourselves anyway. You can learn more about yourself by reading and thinking than by listening to a fool!" McHugh was amused, as he always was by Jason's vehement gospels and inquired as to what a fool was. "Everyone is a fool," Jason snapped. "Why?" "Ask Adam." "I can't ask him. He's dead." "That's because he never lived." "But if all of us are fools, then what makes us different?" "A very few of us are philosophers," Jason said, by us meaning men in general. "Then what's the difference between a philosopher and a fool?" "A philosopher," intoned Jason, "is wise, and knows that he is a fool; but a fool is ignorant, and thinks that he is wise." "Oh," said McHugh.

Soon after, the First Selectman of the whole Township walked by in his suit, flashing his Chamber of Commerce smile. The Fourth of July was the only day he bothered to come to



Moonstone Beach. The First Selectman was a politician, and Jason did not like politicians. A politician was a fool who was proud of his ignorance and like to demonstrate it. The First Selectman came over and shook their hands, saying how nice it was to be in Scarborough at this time of year. When he left, Jason made up a poem. It sounded nice, so he said it out loud:

Staid and steady ruled the prince,
Basking in his ignorance.

"Excellent stuff, Bard," was McHugh's appraisal.

At day's end they began to pack their equipment into the jeep that came by every day for that purpose. Ring buoys and torpedo tubes were tossed in, along with empty containers of Coke and Sea and Ski and zinc oxide. As Jason was placing the First Aid kit and radio on the front seat, a little boy came by and asked why a red cross was on them, and on all their other stuff. "They crucified Florence Nightingale on a red cross," Jason told him. "Who was Florence Nightingale?" "A fool." "What's crucify mean?" "To make fun of." "Hey, Jason," McHugh giggled. "Stop crucifying the kid." But the child had lost interest and had walked away.

The jeep left also, as had most of the people on the beach. It was past five, and only a man remained, tall and skinny and clad in Bermuda shorts and a blue windbreaker. He was shuffling along in the surf and was obviously not going to go swimming, but Jason watched him anyway. The man walked under the receding orange sun off into the distance, like most beach strollers with no destination, making footprints in the wet sand that were immediately erased by the breaking waves. The sea could send its waves forever, but the man could only walk until dinnertime. Jason thought that very profound, but McHugh was impatiently calling, so he left too.

A few weeks later was the first casualty of the season. A sailor had gone out in rough sea and had not returned. He came in with the next tide, and Jason was there with the others, waiting. Seagulls hovered overhead as they recovered the body. There was a Saint Christopher medal on the corpse. Jason turned to McHugh and explained: "They say Christopher is not a saint anymore."

September, and the summer had grown old. In the fall the sea becomes choppy, and whitecaps appear more frequently, speckling the water like stars on a black night. Such was the sea on this day, and only a fool would find it warm and inviting. Dark and bleak, overcast with ominous skies, the very day gave the impression of having been created by the Maker for something altogether different from what Jason was doing. McHugh had left for school, and Jason was the only guard on duty. He sat high in his chair, bundled up in a sweater and a red windbreaker, lord of a family of five splashing delicately in the surf. It was brisk out, and he soon grew tired of sitting and stood on the beach, jumping up and down vigorously to increase his circulation. The family soon left, to be replaced by two teen-aged couples, toting frisbees and a cooler. They weren't supposed to be drinking beer on the beach, but Jason neglected to inform them, rationalizing that they were doing no harm and that nobody would know the better. They were happy, and Jason thought that justified enough.

Nobody was swimming, and nobody would, so he busied himself with winterizing the beach. While he scraped bleached-out paint off the chair, he reminisced about the summer. Nine had been pulled out: three drunks, a "sailor from Newport," an epileptic, two adolescent girls, a scuba diver, and a child—eight fools in all. Jason did not think the child a fool, for innocence permits many vices, including ignorance. Two more had died and become philosophers, for wisdom—and in death they had achieved the ultimate wisdom—entails despondency. One had been the sailor protected by Christopher; the other a very sad and despairing old woman who many thought swam to her suicide. If that were true, thought Jason, then she had probably spent her final years as a philosopher. Not much else of note had happened—McHugh had done well, but he had many more summers left in which to fail.

Jason soon tired of philosophy and returned to reality. He shifted his gaze from the endless expanse—it always reminded him of the author he had read who saw the sea's horizon as the perfect line, the one

that had inspired Euclid long ago—to the people on Moonstone Beach in Scarborough Township. The teens were tossing the frisbees between them, laughing as they dived in the sand trying to catch them. They were his peers, but seemed strangely distant to Jason. The summer had been long, and a weary Jason was glad that it was over.

Some newcomers—a young man, his wife, and their small child—were sitting happily on the sand watching the endless motion of the sea. Jason returned to his chore, taking the white and red "WINTER BEACH—NO LIFEGUARD ON DUTY" signs out of the shack that served as headquarters for all the Township lifeguards and carrying them to the fences on the seaward side of the dunes. He was busy chipping rust off them when he heard the screams.

By the time he reached the surf the young man was unconscious. "He . . . he was stung by a yellow-jacket and he's allergic to them and doesn't have his pills," stammered the wife, but Jason did not hear. He was pounding the man's chest and breathing life into his lungs. He sent one of the teens to the phone to call for help.

The man died within two minutes. It could have happened to anyone. He had not tried to conquer the cold and foreboding sea; he had merely lain on the beach, been stung on the beach, and died on the beach. He was not a fool; he was a Father. His wife was crying, and his small son was still playing in the sand, playfully sprinkling it onto his father's corpse.

When the ambulance arrived, Jason walked over to tell them they were not needed. From far away the body looked like a piece of driftwood, but Jason did not think that profound. He was sick of fighting his contingency; he accepted it and promptly forgot it. He had grown old before his time and did not like it. It was no fun being a philosopher and he would wait until he died to become one. Now he would be young and play the game and be happy. He was glad that the man had died on his beach and not on someone else's. Moonstone Beach at Scarborough Township would never be the same for him again, and it seemed appropriate. The end of summer, the end of philosophy, the end of story. □



The Last Word

by Jake Morrissey

By now anyone within shooting, drinking, or spitting distance of the University of Notre Dame du Lac has been apprised of that continuing saga known far and wide as "parietals" and is probably so sick of hearing about it that he or she is contemplating shooting, drinking, or spitting anyone or anything. So what is this column about? If you guessed nuclear proliferation you are farther gone than even I thought you were. But wait, there is a catch. I am not about to waste space debating the relative merits of these rules and regulations. I am, rather, much more interested in how the issue sprang up. For it seems to me that a rather amazing phenomenon is occurring: the Notre Dame student body has gone populist.

Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary, in its infinite wisdom, explains that the word "populist" is "a believer in the rights, wisdom, or virtues of the common people." The word, it continues, was used primarily to distinguish a political party formed in the late nineteenth century to represent agrarian interests, whose staunchest supporters were the farmers of (you guessed it) the Middle West.

Now it is *really* suspending reality to say that the students of Notre Dame, in their infinite wisdom, are "the common people." "Common" is not a phrase that is normally associated with northern Chicago suburbs and two-car garages. But taken in a Notre Dame context, "populist" becomes a viable description of the current parietals debate. For it was not an official arm of the student government that instituted a well-executed uprising. Neither was it a force in the administration for the loosening of legislated morality and institution of morality. But that is another story.

What it is, though, is a grass-roots response by students who feel that change is more than necessary; it is vital to the growth of both the student and the University. The students in Carroll Hall seemed to be responding to a growing concern among students that there must be change. What is equally interesting is the almost universal disagreement in the halls as to how the situation should be improved. There are halls that are advocating the complete abolition of parietals, as well as halls that are pushing for the right of the individual dormitories to make their own policy on visitation rights. And, yes, there are halls that think it is a great joke, preferring to sit back and say with utter confidence that what these students are doing is stupid since nothing will change anyway.

That is both negative and wrong. The fact that there is a genuine interest, among the student body about a particular issue (one that is potentially emotionally charged one), is an indication that there are some changes looming under the watchful eyes of our Virgin. No one knows how long it or how insistent the student body's populism is, but the fact that it exists, however, is an indication that we are more involved, intelligent, and worthwhile than our mommies and daddies under *in loco parentis* think we are. □

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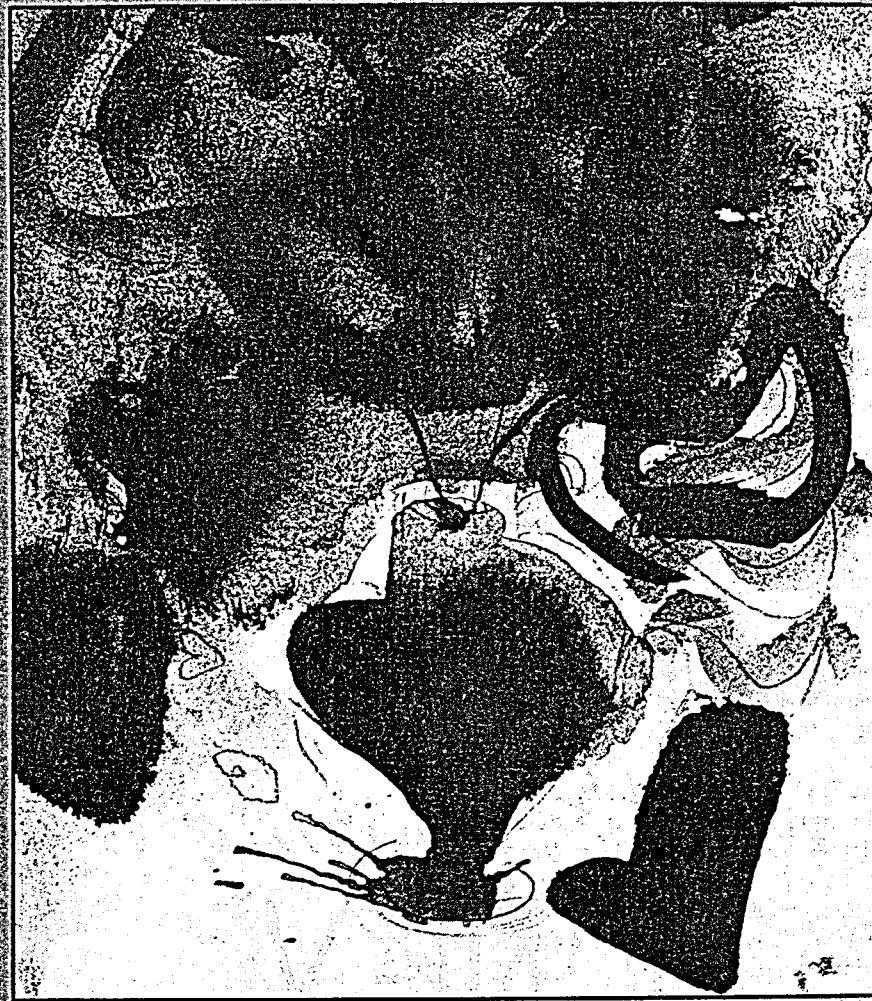
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