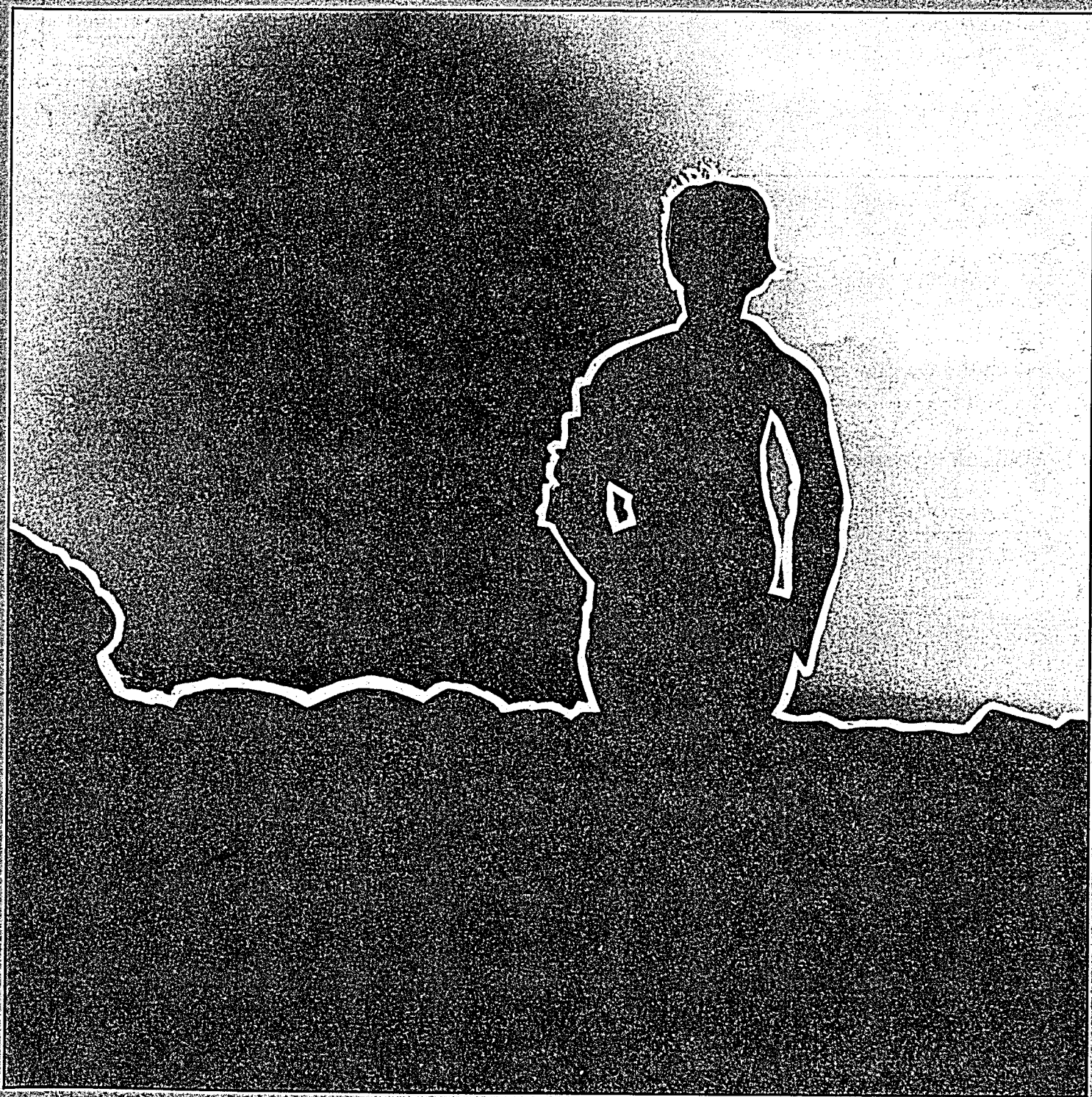


[15 min.]

September 14, 1979

# SCHOLASTIC



Ever wonder what's happening back home? Well, believe it or not, there are people back home who would like to know how life is treating you. Let them in on the ideas, events, and people that are Notre Dame. Give them a subscription to Scholastic and they can see for themselves what is at the heart of Notre Dame life.

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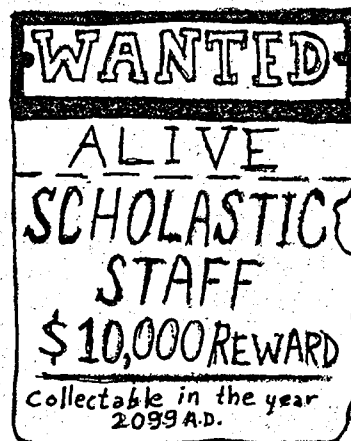
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### HEY HOMBRES!

We've got a rough and tumble gang at "the hole in the wall." But we need a few more riders to pull off a couple of big jobs. Interested?

Come up to "the hole in the wall" (Scholastic office, 3rd floor LaFortune Center) on Wednesday, September 19. Help Butch and Sundance and the rest of us plan our next move. Bring some ammo. Guns and horses provided.



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# SCHOLASTIC

Vol. 121, No. 1, September 14, 1979  
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# Crossing the Road

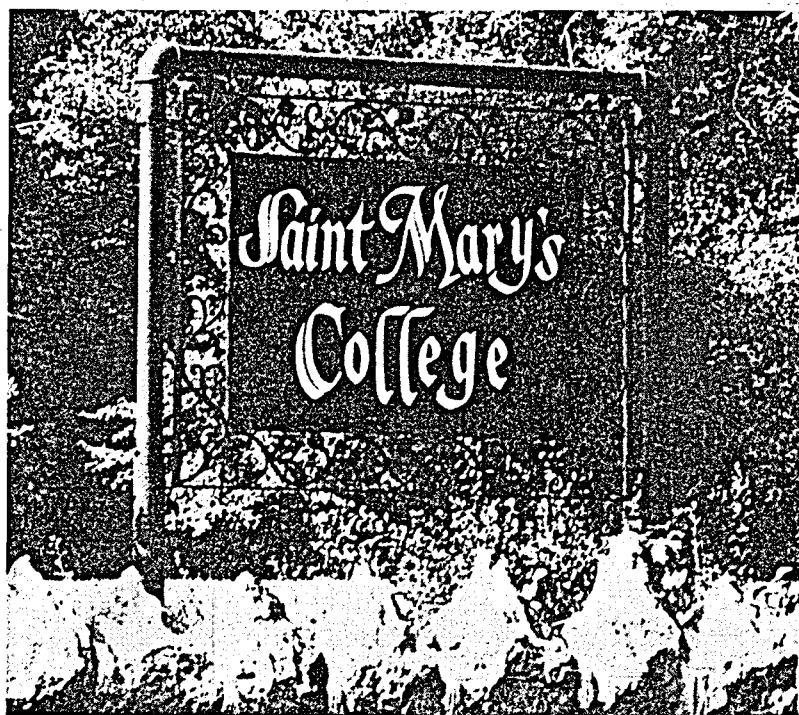
by Kari Meyer

St. Mary's, a Catholic liberal arts college for women. A unique enrollment of some 1,820 women from the top 15% of their high school graduating classes. Women from 46 states and 18 foreign countries. Women with different backgrounds and multitalents. Women who come to St. Mary's to learn, grow and understand in a warm family atmosphere. St. Mary's offers an opportunity for women to govern themselves and perfect their athletic, musical, dramatic and artistic talents.

St. Mary's is also often referred to as "the girls' school across the road from Notre Dame." True, St. Mary's is a girls' school and is located across the road from Notre Dame, but the two schools are more closely related than that. Since 1965, St. Mary's and Notre Dame have enjoyed a co-exchange program which allows the students of both campuses to participate in classes being offered on either campus. This opportunity has drawn the two schools and the students much closer. Besides the academic coexchange, St. Mary's and Notre Dame also work together on various athletic clubs, the *Observer*, WSND and many other social and fund-raising activities. Cooperation between the campuses is increasingly becoming more evident.

Another opportunity for the two campuses has come about this year. The Notre Dame *Scholastic* is now officially opening its doors to St. Mary's participation. St. Mary's women have subscribed to the Notre Dame *Scholastic* for years, yet they have refrained from submitting articles, art and advice. The *Scholastic* welcomes and needs the talents of the St. Mary's students. St. Mary's is asked to become involved in a bi-weekly magazine that prints culture, fiction, sports, art, current events, reviews and opinions. A magazine for both campuses *needs* both campuses.

For more information call:  
Kari Meyer  
SMC Editor  
Ph. 284-4686



## In Retrospect . . .

Reprinted from a 1921 *Scholastic* Magazine:

"One often reads that the absence of co-education at Notre Dame is supplied by the co-existence of an institution a half-mile away that affords ample opportunity for romance. The fact that five hundred of "the winsome daughters of Eve" go blithely about their work with no visible connection with the two thousand men but a stone's throw away is, in our opinion, the height of irrationality.

"Mixed marriages have been repeatedly condemned by the Church; Catholic young men are urged to marry Catholic young women. Why, then, do the authorities permit Notre Dame men to go down to South Bend and pick up any sort of riff-raff from the streets and forbid them under pain of expulsion to become acquainted with a group of Catholic girls that are the cream of the earth?

"It is a well-known truth that the girls themselves chafe under the stringent regulations now in vogue and that enrollment is not as great as it would be under more liberal rules. When these girls are no longer amenable to the iron discipline of their school, they are 'wilder' than ever before. This *vis inertiae* is like a rubber band in which the recoil is almost as great as the original tension."

—A. Thiemann



# Perspective

by Theresa Rebeck

I have always found the tale of Pandora and her mysterious box to be an enticing one, one which has had a tendency to stick with me since the first time I heard it as a child. Long after the details concerning Rumpelstiltskin and Sleeping Beauty have folded into an ambiguous blur, I can still picture a little blonde girl incessantly returning to peer at a huge, ominous chest, constantly wondering about it, and finally allowing her curiosity to get the better of her. She hesitantly approaches it and, apprehensive but determined, yanks open the lid. All hell breaks loose.

I used to take great pleasure in conjuring up images of the grotesquely evil things which flew out of Pandora's box, but recently a friend informed me that somewhere along the line I hadn't gotten the facts concerning Pandora quite right. In the original version of the story, set down by the Greeks centuries ago, the box did not contain the evil spirits of the world, but rather, the good spirits. When Pandora opens the box, all the good spirits are released; they are dispersed into the air, diluted, fragmented, lost to mankind. At the last moment, Pandora realizes what is happening and she slams the lid shut, but the only virtue she can save for mankind to draw upon is Hope.

My newly acquired knowledge concerning what actually happened to Pandora had only strengthened a long-held conviction that the Greeks were really on the ball. The story of Pandora reflects the belief that humanity may always have to look at itself with dismay, wondering at the absence of kindness, wisdom, or compassion, but that man can also have hope. In the face of an awareness that he has thrown his virtues to the wind, man retains the capacity to hope for a better day and a more just society. So said the Greeks.

I would like to believe that the Greeks' allegorical account of man's fate still holds some truth for us. Certainly we can admit to the effects

of a lost goodness; not a day goes by that some new injustice, some new example of man's inhumanity to man, comes to our attention. Children taunt each other, friends betray each other, man acts out of greed, lust, and a thirst for power, disregarding the effects his actions might have on his fellow man. There is scattered goodness—occasionally, one may meet a friend who shines with an unselfish concern for others, a person who has apparently had one of Pandora's loosened spirits settle itself quite comfortably within—but it is obvious that most of these spirits are much more content to wander the realms of the upper stratosphere, never coming in contact with the miserable creatures below. But we still cling to Hope, don't we? Or has someone crept back to that carefully guarded chest and loosed the one virtue that Pandora managed to preserve for us?

Every day it seems more and more like this last treasured virtue has become one of the others, lost to mankind, appearing only in the form of an occasional movement for social justice or an attempt to establish peace between warring nations. Hope is seen when the student body of a large university votes to boycott a company which is engaged in immoral business practices, or when the president of an Arabian nation tries to establish peace between his country and Israel. But somehow, it looks like these few instances are not examples of a worldwide sentiment; rather, they are the exceptions to the rule.

This summer, a friend who had recently graduated stopped by to visit and tell me, "No one's interested in anything but making money and survival." President Carter calls for national unity and people sneer, insisting that his plea is just another campaign ploy. Students and children are slaughtered in Uganda, and no one says much more than, "That's terrible, but what do you expect?" Anyone who has the strength to hope for a better world

is stupid, and anyone who desires to act on that hope is worse than stupid; that person is just plain foolish.

Hope has become an increasingly rare phenomenon. Many people simply do not know what hope is; their lives have never offered them room for hope. But many people purposely let it slip from their lives. I suppose I am most dismayed by the lack of hope I see in my fellow students. It has become stylish to be a cynic, a pessimist. It is socially unacceptable to express radical or idealistic views. Why? It's going to be our world in ten or fifteen years, so why shouldn't we believe we can make it over?

Being hopeful doesn't mean sitting back and thinking that things might be different "someday," it means looking at a situation, knowing it can be changed, and accepting part of the responsibility for changing it. That is not an easy or a popular thing to do, but hope demands such things. I'm not saying that every person who hopes for peace in the Middle East has to fly over to Israel and introduce himself to Menachem Begin as the second Henry Kissinger. That situation was Anwar Sadat's, not yours, not mine. I, for one, don't quite know what life is going to demand of me yet, but I hope I can face it the way he did, with hope and strength. An old cliché tells us that where there's life, there's hope. Hope for what, I don't know. Hope that life is worth living, maybe.

Hope may sometimes be futile, but it is necessary. It may be distorted—driving a man or woman to greedily strive for wealth or fame in the quest, the hope for "happiness"—but it is still necessary. Hope enables us to look at our failures and deficiencies and retain dignity; perhaps we will be better people tomorrow. When we have hope we have the beginnings of strength and courage, so if hope does make us foolish, perhaps it doesn't matter. I think I'd rather be a fool than a quitter. □

# Dr. Joseph Evans...

Walking past the statue of Moses one Sunday, I found myself involved in a deeply painful reminiscence of Notre Dame. There was a certain teacher that had passed over from this world to the next. His name was Joe Evans. He had the classic appearance of a true philosopher. He was a tall man who wore a slightly baggy suit, had a head of gray frizzing hair, and a gait slightly impaired by a limb characteristically his own. He was most renowned for his wonderful gift of remembering persons' names. Indeed this ability was phenomenal, perhaps (if you will allow me this possibility) supernatural—a special grace.

There may be a more philosophical reason, theological as well, for Joe's remarkable memory. He was a personalist—a follower of Catholic thought that centers around the infinite worth of the human person, including the eternal soul. In the biblical mode, this eternal aspect of the soul is in some way contained in the name of the person addressed. Therefore, every time Joe addressed a person by his name he was making a reference which he desired to "open out into eternity." He wanted to address our souls as eternal beings.

Why take an entire paragraph over a gift of remembering names? I want to give a personal glimpse. Maybe if you look and "see" you will understand. It could begin an eternity of "seeing." Why is this man's approach to eternity important? Whatever college we come from in this University, we share one experience in common—the experience of death. The following is my own experience of Joe Evans' death.

It was Friday shortly after noon. I phoned a friend. "Tom? What is new recently on campus?"

"Well, they took the Maritain Center away from Joe Evans."

"What?!!! You're kidding." I sat stunned. "That is ridiculous. He built that place. Why?"

"Well, they say he was not keeping the files in very good shape, and also the access to materials was being limited."

Not good enough reasons, thought I. That was his whole life. Why

would they do that to him? Hanging up the phone, I was in a state of bewilderment. Why do that? I had to see him. They probably thought he was getting too old. My thoughts ran for a moment or two. I wonder how he feels? I must see him sometime soon. All day on Friday Joe Evans popped into my thoughts. My mind was filled with mixed emotions of anger, frustration and sadness. Why fire such a wise man from his position? I was angry and sad for Joe, yet I heard nothing about his death. When school began I thought it would be on my list of things to do—talk to Joe.

The next day I was up very early when I received a phone call from another friend. In the midst of our conversation he was interrupted by a voice speaking across the room, "Dan, tell Gus that Joe Evans died." Dan relayed the sad news.

I blurted out, "Yes. Yes, I heard."

"Oh you have?"

"Well, no I haven't but I heard it just now across the room. I was thinking about Joe yesterday." My speech was choked with emotion. I sighed, "Why?"

"Oh Gus, he was an old man. You know we all have to go sometime."

"I wanted to talk to him."

Laughing at the other end my friend said, "Well it's too late for that." We spoke for a few more minutes as I remained dazed. Joe dead. It had been just over twenty-four hours since I had heard that he had lost his position as head of the Maritain Center. Hanging up the phone I paced through the house, deeply grieved. Why now? How could it be? Only yesterday, thoughts of him had crossed my mind a few times. Poor Joe. I wept for Joe Evans' death. I loved him very much. With anger, grief, and love, I reminisced about the last time that I had seen Joe.

It was a beautiful day in June and I was showing my sister the campus. There in the distance was the unmistakable form of Joe Evans. "Holy," I said proudly, "no one should come to Notre Dame without meeting this man."

"Who is he?"

# Memories of a True Philosopher

"His name is Joe Evans and he is a very holy philosopher here on campus."

Stopping Joe, I introduced him to my sister. "Professor Evans, this is Holly who is taking summer school here." He conversed with her. I had forgotten to tell him that she was my sister. He noted the resemblance; he noticed many things others did not. I said to him that I needed a book on the philosophy of social action. When he suggested two books by Maritain, *The Person and the Common Good* and *The Peasant of the Garonne*. I knew these suggestions would be helpful, yet my sister was being left out of the conversation. I even went so far as to apologize to Joe for my sister's lack of knowledge of Roman Catholic philosophy.

Joe smiled back at her and said in his typical fashion, "But Gus, she studies other things."

After exchanging pleasantries and talking about what a beautiful day it was, Joe excused himself and limped back to the library. As he started back I said to my sister, "Isn't he something?"

"Yes," she agreed. "What an amazing Christian man."

We silently walked on to the bookstore. And that was the last time that I saw Joe Evans. He greeted my sister three times after that meeting—of course remembering her name.

Filled with these reminiscences about Joe I wept. Quickly I sat down at the kitchen table and scrawled out a note that read: "Holly, please pray for Joe Evans. I just heard about his death." I then took a walk. That night I prayed for Joe Evans.

The next morning I walked down toward the library after saying my morning prayers, and looked at the statue of Moses where oftentimes Joe Evans sat enjoying the campus. Seeing the statue, I recalled a story he told me. One day before Farley was a women's dorm, Joe and a friend were walking across the quads between the library and the tower dorms. He observed some Farleyites as they played Frisbee in the sun, and said: "See the Farleyites play on the field." His colleague



watched for a moment and then turned inquiringly to his professor. Joe continued, "In the same way the Holy Spirit *plays* on the world."

This contemplation on the love of God and His playfulness, often so lacking in our modern age, brimmed over in Joe's spirit, to reflect in the words he spoke and deeds he did. To me this is true Christianity; the very act of being and celebrating in the presence of God enlightened his relationships and strengthened his resolve to know, to do and to grow into the Good. Philosophy for Joe was more than a one-dimensional reality of making syllogisms on paper, and it was not the two-dimensional reality it is for some who write philosophy, think philosophy and write more philosophy. For Joe Evans, philosophy was a three-dimensional life. All dimensions had to be brought into his being. Not satisfied with the life of paper and mind, Joe Evans lived those things he knew to be good and true.

That Sunday, my family and I went to Mass. The homilist spoke of the struggle between institutional realities and the realities of our personal conversion to faith. The priest mentioned how he left the academic world and went to parish work because of the superficialities of academic life, because publish or perish had become a model of the academic world in which he was living. He spoke of the institution grinding on, and grinding on. He said that this grinding of the institution had the capacity to debilitate and dehumanize men. The only man I could think of as he spoke was Joe Evans. How utterly opposite most institutional men he was, though he himself was an institution. He had none of those qualities which corrupt institutions. He was not inflamed by desire for power or prestige or fame. Rather he enjoyed spending as much of his time as he could with students, whether it be explaining philosophy to them or sharing in poetic, theological, philosophical or religious acts with them. To him it did not matter if

one was discussing the weather or some deep philosophical principle. Each word had infinite value, each statement had eternal significance. He lived every moment in the light of that eternity which we have spoken of before, the eternity he entered into some days ago.

The manner in which he passed into eternity is significant. Joe died and about ten days later his body was found. For ten days no one knew that Joe Evans had died. His quiet, unassuming way of life had become a quiet, unassuming way of death. People's initial reaction to Joe's death was "and they didn't find him for ten days?!!" But if one reflects on his way of life, even upon the playfulness of his spirit, he sees a gentle irony in the fact that Joe left for heaven ten days before anyone knew he had died. He was child-like and playful even to the end of his earthly life.

Just before his death, he had gone to Montreal to visit his sister. Taking a tour of a famous monastery outside the city, he came upon a monk's bare room which had only a small bed and a place to pray. Looking around the room, Joe acted as if he were in a palace and said to his sister, "This would do just fine, this is everything I need. It is actually very nice." Life in a monastery may well have suited Joe fine. Yet he brought those aspects of monasticism into his teaching. It seems to me that many persons of our age, including certain philosophers when they walk into a poor place where a monk lives, would either be shocked, scandalized, put off or even say something to the effect of, "Well, this is sure a waste of time." But when Joe, approximately a week before his death, saw the place where a monk lived, he treated it as his own home.

Just before his funeral, I went through my notes from his class, and found his often-used quote from St. John of the Cross: "In the evening of this life, we will not be judged on how much we know but rather how much we have loved."

Then I remembered the time Joe came into our class the day after Pope John Paul I died. Joe had some thoughts on man's mortality, three small sayings. He carefully wrote them out on the blackboard and slowly read them to the class.

1. Ask not for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for all of us.
2. Remember man that you are dust and unto dust you shall return.
3. *Vita mutatur non tollitur* — Life is changed, it is not taken away.

He smiled, his eyes gleaming in the sun of the day as well as the enlightenment of his insight. Walking across the room he quietly said, "Three very basic thoughts." Looking up at them one last time, he erased them and continued teaching his class, Basic Concepts of Political Philosophy.

I stood near the place where his vault lay in the cemetery, not yet covered with earth, two hours after the funeral was over. I considered death whole and came away from that place with a peace which I had never experienced in a cemetery before. The peace in that place did not come from Joe and it did not come from me. It was the assurance of Hope, that same Christian Hope founded upon the Resurrection of Christ which had united Joe's vision of life and philosophy, and which even the strong shocks of death, love, grief, anger, and weariness could not quench in me.

*Gus Zuehlke is a senior theology major from Appleton, Wisconsin. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.*





Dr. Joseph W. Evans was born in Dublin, Canada, on December 19, 1921. He received his bachelor's degree in philosophy from the University of Western Ontario in 1942 and received a master's degree in philosophy in 1947 from Assumption College in Windsor, Ontario.

Evans, an associate professor of philosophy, joined the faculty at Notre Dame in 1950. He received a doctoral degree for his thesis entitled "The Development of Thomistic Principles in Jacques Maritain's Notion of Society." In 1953-54, Evans held a Ford Foundation Faculty Fellowship at Yale University.

In 1958, Evans founded Notre Dame's Jacques Maritain Center. The Maritain Center was established to encourage study and research on Maritain manuscripts donated in 1961. Maritain, a French neo-Thomist philosopher, was considered the

Church's foremost thinker at the time of his death in 1973. Evans served as the director of the center until August 1, 1979 and was to remain on the faculty to do research on Maritain.

Evans edited and contributed to *Jacques Maritain, The Man and His Achievements*, an evaluation by thirteen scholars published in 1969. In 1972, Evans edited a special edition of *New Scholasticism* devoted to Maritain on his 90th birthday as well as translating other Maritain works.

Also in 1969, Evans was the University's first recipient of the Rev. Charles E. Sheedy Award for excellence in teaching. The award's purpose was to encourage the exploration of humanistic values in the classroom.

Evans died of natural causes on August 24. □

—Don Schmid

## Books: Of Bogies, Birds, and Big Choices



### Fungus The Bogeyman

by Raymond Briggs

Random House / 41 pages / \$4.95

Reviewed by Tim Tedrick

Have you ever noticed that when someone comes up with a good original story or idea, there are immediately nine or ten lesser imitators that pop up? Such is the case with Robert Briggs' *Fungus the Bogeyman*,

(Random House, \$4.95) a book that starts with a basically good idea and then botches it.

*Fungus* takes its cue from Tolkien's trilogy and B. Kliban's (*Whack Your Porcupine*) bizarre illustrations; it is a case study of everyone's favorite creeper, the bogeyman. The book chronicles a day in the life of your "average" bogeyman; it starts with his rising from bed and ends with his return. We are told about all his activities for that day, the animals he encounters, and any other possible event that could hap-

pen in a basic bogeyday—Briggs leaves no area overlooked.

The problem with *Fungus* isn't the idea—it's really quite original—the problem is that it never catches fire and takes off (though in Great Britain it's selling amazingly well). Just when something hysterical is being set up, the idea falls flat. It's as if Briggs is afraid to carry *Fungus* to its logical (or illogical) extreme. By keeping the character restrained, Briggs cuts *Fungus* short, and it ends up being like *Mad* magazine for middlebrows.

# Jailbird

by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. / Delacorte Press / 246 pages / \$9.95

Reviewed by Rich Marcello

Kilgore Trout is back. Yes, the hero of *Breakfast of Champions* is once again under the protection of Kurt Vonnegut's pen. Mr. Trout simply could not make it on the outside. It seems that very few good people can these days.

And so with this in mind, Mr. Vonnegut begins his ninth novel, *Jailbird*. In a time when it seems as if our culture is being dominated by aspirations of wealth and success, Kurt Vonnegut has slapped us in the face with a novel that is just plain humanizing. In fact, it is so full of genuine compassion for mankind, that many might dismiss it as being corny. I hope not—it may well be worth the time of even the most devout nihilist.

It is the story of Walter F. Starbuck, career public servant and old man, who has led a life of positive adjustment to continually lowering expectations. These adjustments started when he was a "young communist at Harvard" and ended with his living a "quiet life of desperation." In between, he serves time for his involvement in the Watergate conspiracy, loses a wife, loses a former lover, produces an ungrateful son, ruins a man's life, obtains a "doctor of mixology" degree in order to tend bar, and becomes a corporate head in the RAMJAC corporation. All of these are concrete events in his life and are typically Vonnegutish. Whether or not he can justify or be proud of them is of no consequence to him—they are history. But by his own admission, he most dislikes his own utter lack of commitment:

The book does have its moments, however, such as when Fungus has his daily contact with humans (the encounter with the vicar in the cemetery is really funny) and the scene in which Fungus goes to drown his sorrows in a local bogey-bar is crazy in its own grotesque sort of way. Both of these scenes are written at full tilt and come off quite well.

The rest of the book does not do as well. Where it should be raucous, *Fungus* is merely sophomoric, and possible bellylaughs are reduced to infrequent snickers. Perhaps Briggs

The most embarrassing thing to me about this autobiography, surely, is its unbroken chain of proofs that I was never a serious man. I have been in a lot of trouble over the years, but that was all accidental. Never have I risked my life, or even my comfort, in the service of mankind. Shame on me.

Reflected in our shame-filled hero is an image that strikes us as being brilliantly perceptive and sadly, perhaps, true. For there are indeed many today who are not willing to give up an ounce of their comfort to serve mankind. This seems to be the thesis statement upon which Vonnegut's jail is built. Vonnegut appears to recognize a common denominator in human behavior; Starbuck is much like you and me. He has gone the route of obtaining as much as he could for comfort's sake, and of learning exactly enough to make his life bearable—no more, no less. He knows right and wrong, but he hasn't the courage or desire to act upon his convictions. Upon closer inspection, it is evident that Starbuck is not happy. In fact, he is miserable.

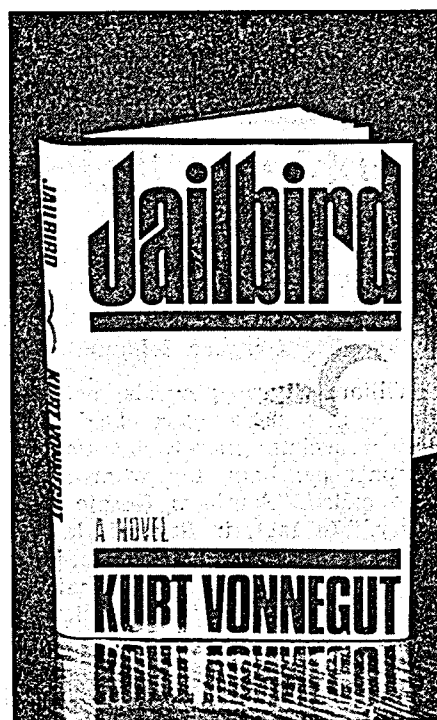
Vonnegut is too fresh a writer to intone the tired mantra, "riches do not make you happy." His is an urgent plea for people to inspect their own life-styles and examine the impact that they are having upon their own lives. Vonnegut, as idealistic as it may sound, implies that there is nothing worth living for but a loving understanding between people. Obviously, we have a long way to go before we can live up to his expectations.

Late in the novel we are introduced to Mary Kathleen O'Loony (a Domish name if ever there was one). She too has convictions. But unlike Walter Starbuck, she has led a life of commitment to what she believes—basically, "The Sermon on

was afraid he would offend some ethnic bogey group and get a nasty letter from the Bogey Anti-Defamation League or something.

When Briggs finishes his next book, maybe the text will be up to the marvelous illustrations found in *Fungus*. Briggs would like to think that there is more to his work than meets the eye. Unfortunately, there really isn't. □

Tim Tedrick is a regular contributor to Scholastic.



the Mount." Her ideas also weigh heavy with idealism: the masses should own everything equally, share the wealth and thus eliminate poverty, greed and destruction. Her valiant attempt to attain this high degree of humanity is well planned, but ultimately fails—the point being that no one can do it on his own.

As a matter of style: yes, there is the much-savored prologue that Vonnegut lovers all know and love. Just a sampling of the contents:

John Figler is a law-abiding, high-school student. He says in his letter that he has read almost everything of mine and is now prepared to state the single idea that lies at the core of my work so far. The words are this: "Love may fail, but courtesy will prevail."

This seems true to me—and complete. So I am now in the abashed condition, five days after my sixty-sixth birthday, of realizing that I needn't have bothered to write several books. A seven-word telegram would have done the job.

Seriously.

Vonnegut could not be more wrong. His is a witty, perceptive and much needed novel.

I ask you to read it. And so on. □

Rich Marcello, a fifth-year student from Uniondale, New York, This is his first contribution to Scholastic.

# Sophie's Choice

by William Styron

Random House / \$12.95 / 515 pages

Reviewed by Gregory Solman

William Styron's novels, need it even be said, have not received their critical acclaim merely because of Styron's penchant for what some have called "Southern Gothic verbosity." In fact, in Styron's latest, *Sophie's Choice*, he may indeed be cutting larger social swaths than he did in his previous best-sellers—which weren't exactly benign in their own right.

But that doesn't and shouldn't preclude you from enjoying the novel just for language's sake. If ever there has been an author who so aptly presents the case against Evelyn Wood and her speed-reading demons, it is undoubtedly Styron, who has once again shown that prolix prose is alive and well and living within his sex-starved body.

It often takes Styron a good day to pen a page; but such attention to one's trade is not without its reward, for it is through this strenuous and meticulous attention to form and content that Styron won the Pulitzer prize for *The Confessions of Nat Turner*, and the Prix de Rome for *Lie Down in Darkness*. More importantly, it allows Styron to transcend his counterparts in writing decidedly poetic novels. For Styron, a mere suntan is described like this:

"Sharecropper white, with pink elbows and chaffed knees, I felt wan and desiccated amid these bodies so richly and sleekly dark, so Mediterranean, glistening like dolphins beneath their Coppertone. How I envied the pigmentation that could cause one's torso to develop this mellow hue of stained walnut."

Simple admiration of a woman's upper torso suddenly becomes sensually drenched:

"Truly she was my childhood love, Miriam Bookbinder come to fruition with all adult hormones in perfect orchestration. Her breasts were made for banquet. The cleavage between them, a mythical fissure which I had never seen before at such close range, gave forth a faint film of dew. I wanted to bury my nose in that damp Jewish bosom and make strangled sounds of discovery and joy."

It is Sophie Zawistowski, however, that is the lady with "all the right prominences, curves, continuities and symmetries." And, of course, she makes *the choice* (upon which I will not elaborate, not wanting to spoil the surprise). It, the choice, is revealed painstakingly to the narrator. What you *should* know about Sophie is that she is a sufferer of Auschwitz, where she was imprisoned for twenty months during World War II. She desperately clings to a man, Nathan, who regularly treats her as if she is, in his own words, "carcinoma of the fucking brain." And, due to insecurities and neuroses brought about by the war, she unremittingly loves him despite this. Sophie was—as much as anyone upon whose buried bodies Sandburg's

on the other hand, capable of spewing forth a kind of demoniac possession that would suitably shock Linda Blair.

The narrator, Stingo—derivative of the original Stinky ("Among my other disheveled qualities was apparently an inattention to personal hygiene")—is, as it becomes painfully obvious, none other than Styron himself, in his younger and poorer days of being "exiled to Flatbush." Styron in no way tries to hide this; he even concretizes what you suspect all along through fleeting references to his narrator's "budding novel" regarding Nat Turner, who will later, of course, become Styron's most famous subject.

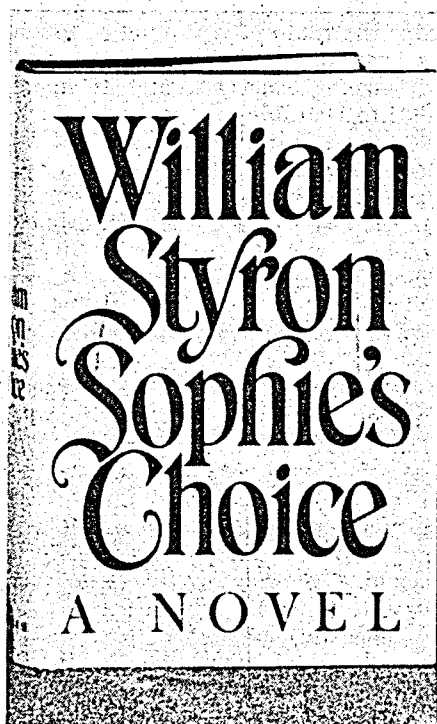
Stingo is a tremendously sensitive and sensual person; a virgin at 22, he is preoccupied with relieving himself of that label. Styron is very explicit—almost to the point of being obscene—in his description of Stingo's sexual genesis. Stingo is also filled with idealism and pride in the South from which he came. More than anything else, he is in love with Sophie, and she, in love with Nathan.

*Sophie's Choice* revolves around the love triangle of these three misbegotten souls and the slow unveiling of Sophie's gruesome odyssey. The issues are many, the answers, few; the novel itself, fascinating.

In his use of the narrative form, Styron is superlative; he is as apt at evoking a sense of Brooklyn and Coney Island as he is the utter horror that was Auschwitz. But in other places, Styron's verbosity does not work . . . it is too perfect. In some of the heated dialogues between Nathan and Stingo, one wonders if it would be possible to prepare such perfect parries and barbs if given a half hour to contemplate replies. Yet, we are expected to believe that everyone in the novel has the spontaneous gift of gab of, say, an Oxford-educated Don Rickles.

Whether or not *Sophie's Choice* will gather another Pulitzer or a Prix de Rome is unimportant. In an era of "literary hype" where too many artists reap commercial success through sweat and blood only to rest upon their laurels in following years, Styron has disappointed few of his many fans with his latest novel. □

—Greg Solman is this year's Culture Editor.



grass now grows—a victim of Naziism.

Nathan Landau pretends to be a biochemical researcher for a drug company. A supposed Harvard alumnus, he is always on the verge of some great breakthrough which inevitably doesn't pan out. Later in the novel, we find that Nathan is a "duke of deception," that he is indeed a chimera. Nathan is in fact a man from a wealthy family with a history of mental problems who now, through a drug-induced murkiness, lapses in and out of paranoid schizophrenia. On the one hand, he is capable of exuding enough compassion to save Sophie's life (which he does, and for which Sophie is until her death ingratiating herself) and,

## 1979 COLLEGE FOOTBALL PREVIEW

# Scholastic's Top Ten

by Anthony Walton

It's that time of year again. Time for all of the expert and not-so-expert pigskin prognosticators to make their predictions about the upcoming college football season. Here is the 1979 edition of the Scholastic Top Ten. There are some familiar teams, and there are some teams which may come as a surprise to many college football fans. This is due to the leveling off in collegiate sports that has occurred since the NCAA imposed the 30/95 scholarship rule. More good players are available since the top powerhouses can't stockpile. A Mark Herrmann who might have gone to Notre Dame and sat on the bench for a while, now goes to Purdue and plays immediately. This has occurred across the country and will be even more evident in future years. Teams that could make major breakthroughs are Purdue, Florida State, Missouri, and Southern Methodist.

Without any further ado, the 1979 Scholastic Top Ten:

### 1. Southern California

The Trojans are ready to defend their national championship. USC has only to fill a few spots and start rolling.

On offense, the Trojans feature QB Paul McDonald (115 of 203, 19 TD's), RB Charles White (1859 yards, 15 TD's), WR Kevin Williams (17 catches, 10 TD's), and OL's Brad Budde (6-5, 260) and Anthony Munoz (6-7, 280). Budde and Munoz are virtually certain All-Americans, and White figures heavily in the Heisman chase.

Defensively, the Trojans don't have as many names, but the LB's, featuring Dennis Johnson, are especially strong, and there is the best frosh class in the country to provide depth.

USC should end up national champs, but it will not be easy. Road games at Texas Tech and Notre Dame could be rough. But there is not much beyond that to keep USC from another Rose Bowl date, probably with Purdue.

### 2. Texas

The Longhorns are loaded. They are deeper than Southern Cal (39 of first 44 return) but have a very tough schedule and a large question mark at QB.

The offense has possibly the best all-around performer in the country, in FL Johnny "Lam" Jones, and he is ably supported by RB A.J. "Jam" Jones, and a strong offensive line. Donnie Little looks like the QB, and while he is a good runner, he is unproven as a passer.

The defense could be impenetrable. LB Lance Taylor, DT Steve McMichael, and DB Johnnie Johnson are just a few of the many stars. The defense only allowed 11 points per game last year, and the word is that they will be even better.

Texas has a killer schedule (Oklahoma, SWC), but if they stay healthy and a QB is found, the Longhorns could be waiting if USC falters.

### SCHOLASTIC TOP TEN 1979 COLLEGE FOOTBALL

1. Southern California
2. Texas
3. Alabama
4. Purdue
5. Oklahoma
6. Penn State
7. Notre Dame
8. Michigan State
9. Florida State
10. Southern Methodist

### ALL-AMERICA

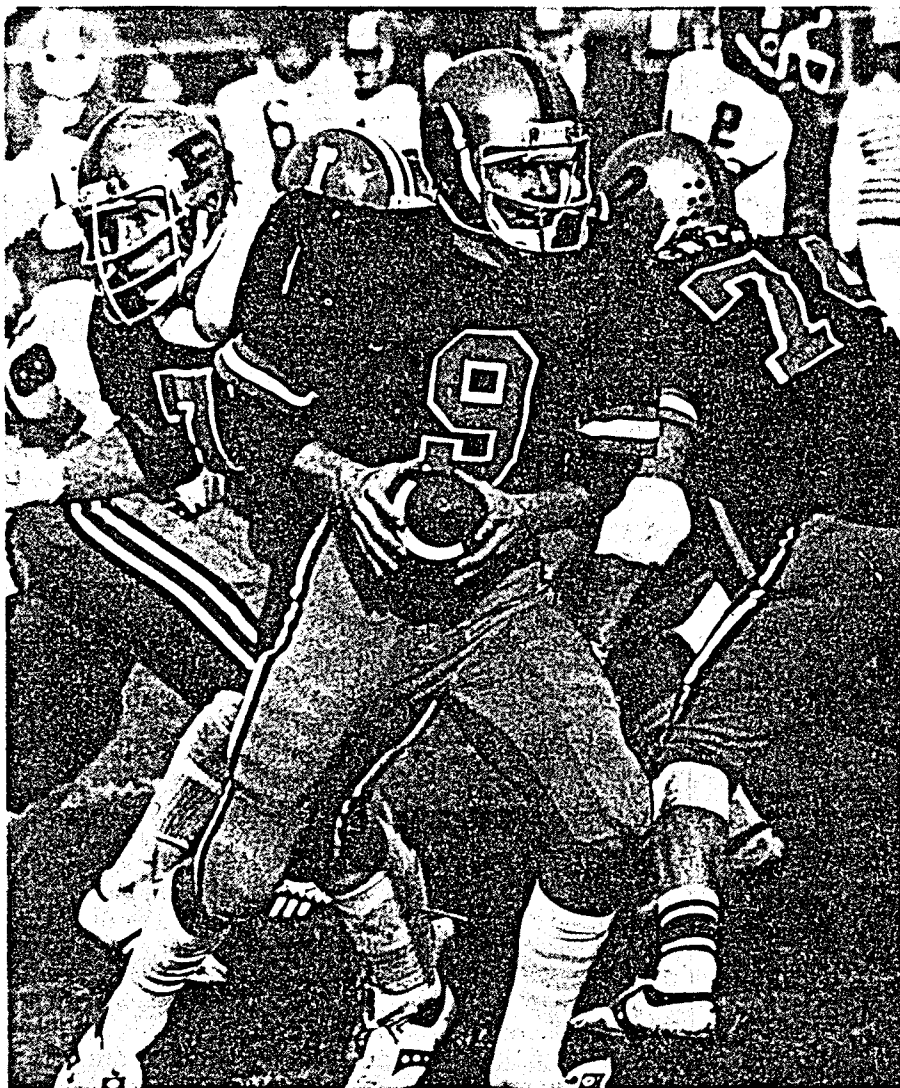
#### Offense

QB—Mark Herrmann, Purdue  
RB—Charles White, USC  
RB—Billy Sims, Oklahoma  
RB—Vagas Ferguson, Notre Dame  
FL—Johnny "Lam" Jones, Texas  
WR—Emanuel Tolbert, SMU  
TE—Mark Brammer, Michigan State  
OL—Anthony Munoz, USC  
OL—Tim Foley, Notre Dame  
C—Jim Richter, North Carolina St.  
OL—Ray Snell, Wisconsin  
OL—Brad Budde, USC

#### Defense

MLB—Lance Taylor, Texas  
LB—Ron Simpkins, Michigan  
LB—Scot Brantley, Florida  
DE—Keena Turner, Purdue  
DE—Hugh Green, Pittsburgh  
DT—Bruce Clark, Penn State  
DT—Steve McMichael, Texas  
SS—Ken Easley, UCLA  
WS—Johnny Johnson, Texas  
CB—Don McNeal, Alabama  
CB—Dave Wayner, Notre Dame





Purdue is led by QB Mark Herrmann

### 3. Alabama

Roll, Tide! Has it ever been any different? Alabama has the players, the coaching, and most importantly, the schedule to make a serious run at the national title.

Back on offense are RB's Major Ogilvie (580 yds.), Steve Whitman, and Billy Jackson. The QB will be Steadman Shealy, who played a lot last year. The OL returns everyone.

Defensively, E. J. Junior, Gary DeNiro and Wayne Hamilton are all excellent DE's, and the rest of the line is experienced. LB and DB could be problems, but with the players that the Tide have on reserve, replacements should be found. Sugar Bowl hero, Don McNeal, is back at CB, and he should provide the cohesive force needed.

Alabama has the best schedule (best meaning softest) of any of the Top Ten teams. In all likelihood, the Tide will not be tested until New Year's Day, when they could be in a position to win it all.

### 4. Purdue

Purdue? Aren't they in the Big Ten? What about Michigan and Ohio State? Well, Michigan and Ohio State are still around, but they are going to have to make room for the new kid on the block.

Purdue is simply loaded. On offense there is Mark Herrmann, All-America QB. Herrmann passed for 1,904 yds. and 14 TD's on 152 of 274 completions. The other ten starters are back also, most notably RB John Macon and OL Steve McKenzie. Added to this cast is Jim Smith, generally considered the best high school RB in the country.

For all of the offense, however, it is the defense which really sparkles. DE Keena Turner, MG Ken Loushin, DT Marcus Jackson, LB Kevin Motts, and DB Wayne Smith are the standouts on a unit that allowed only 2.8 yards per rush and 11 points per game.

Purdue appears to be finally ready to end the dominance of Michigan

and Ohio State in the Big Ten. The schedule is rugged (UCLA, Notre Dame, Big Ten), but the Boilermakers should be ready. Look for one heck of a Rose Bowl when they play USC.

### 5. Oklahoma

The Sooners are no strangers to the Top Ten. No team has a better record over the last ten years. This year should be no different.

Offensively, the man is Billy Sims. Returning Heisman Trophy Winner, Sims will be bidding to become only the second player ever to repeat. Last year he rushed for 1,762 yards, 20 TD's, and had an incredible 7.6 yards per carry average. Only four other starters are back, but there are quality replacements on hand: RB David Overstreet and C Paul Tabor are standouts. J. C. Watts shapes up as the QB.

Defensively, DE Bruce Taton, LB George Cumby, and FS Darrol Ray will bolster another strong Oklahoma defense. As with the offense, the names won't be familiar, but the quality will be high.

Oklahoma will have another good team. Several stars have to be replaced, but that has never been a problem for the Sooners in the past and shouldn't be one now. The schedule is favorable, with only Texas looming as a threat early. By the time Nebraska visits Norman, this will be another tough Sooner outfit.

### 6. Penn State

Another mainstay of the Top Ten, Penn State had the national championship wrapped up last year, only to falter in the Sugar Bowl. The Nittany Lions will be in the thick of the chase again this year.

Offensively, 5 starters return, with QB being the only area of major concern. RB is strong, with Matt Suhey and Booker Moore, and deep threat Tom Donovan returns at FL. Three OL positions must be filled, but that should be no problem.

The defense features DT's Bruce Clark and Matt Millen, as good a pair as there is anywhere. The secondary was weakened greatly when All-America Pete Harris flunked out of school. But, like most perennial Top Ten powers, adequate replacements are available.

Penn State has a relatively soft schedule, with only Texas A&M, Nebraska, and Pittsburgh posing any serious threats. Look for another 9-2 year with a major bowl appearance.

## 7. Notre Dame

The Fighting Irish are this year's mystery team. They don't have as many big names as usual, but the talent is there, and the players should be hungry.

They face a killer schedule (Michigan, Purdue, Michigan State, USC, and Tennessee), and early losses could hurt. If, however, the team jells early and wins at least 2 out of the first three, the Irish could challenge for the national title and give Southern Cal its stiffest test.

For more on Notre Dame, see page 18.

## 8. Michigan State

The Spartans suffered heavily from graduation, but many fine players remain, and there are good replacements for those departed.

Offensively, QB Eddie Smith and FL Kirk Gibson are gone, but virtually everyone else returns. WR Eugene Byrd and TE Mark Brammer are stars, and RB's Steve Smith, Derek Hughes, and Bruce Reeves all can move. Together last year they gained 1519 yards at the TB spot. FB's Lonnie Middleton and Andy Schramm are strong also. Four starters return on the OL. QB is the only question mark, with Bert Vaughn looking most likely. Another possibility is freshman Jon English.

Defensively, MSU returns 8 starters, most notably LB Dan Bass and MG Bernard Hay. The few open spots will be ably filled. Punter Ray Stachowicz is a big plus as his 43.1-yard average attests.

Michigan State will challenge seriously for the Big Ten title. In many other years, they would be the favorite. MSU faces Purdue Oct. 20 in a game which should decide the Big Ten title. Look for a bowl appearance and a possible championship, should Purdue falter.

## 9. Florida State

Coach Bobby Bowden has rescued this program from the junk pile. Just five years ago the Seminoles were the laughingstock of the collegiate ranks. Now they are ready to challenge for national recognition and honors.

Offensively, the Seminoles are led by their one-two QB punch of Jimmy Jordan and Wally Woodham. The two are virtually interchangeable, and over the last three years have passed for nearly 6000 combined yards. Last year Jordan was 108 for 199, 1,427 yds., and Woodham was 98 for 169, 1,322 yds. RBs Homes Johnson and Mark Lyles gained 817 and 641 yards, respectively. The top

seven receivers return, as do four of the five offensive linemen.

Defensively 10 starters return, most notably MG Ron Simmons. There is good depth and much experience.

Obviously FSU has a lot of firepower. This may be the best offense in the country. The defense, while not containing as many stars, is more than adequate. The defense could conceivably give up 25 points a game, and the Seminoles would still win because of the offense. The "D" is better than that, however—much better. What we have here is a dark horse, a team that could win it all if the others should fall. The schedule is favorable with Arizona State, Miami, and Florida the major tests. Look for 11-0, 10-1, or 9-2 at the very worst. Bobby Bowden has brought the Seminoles all the way back.

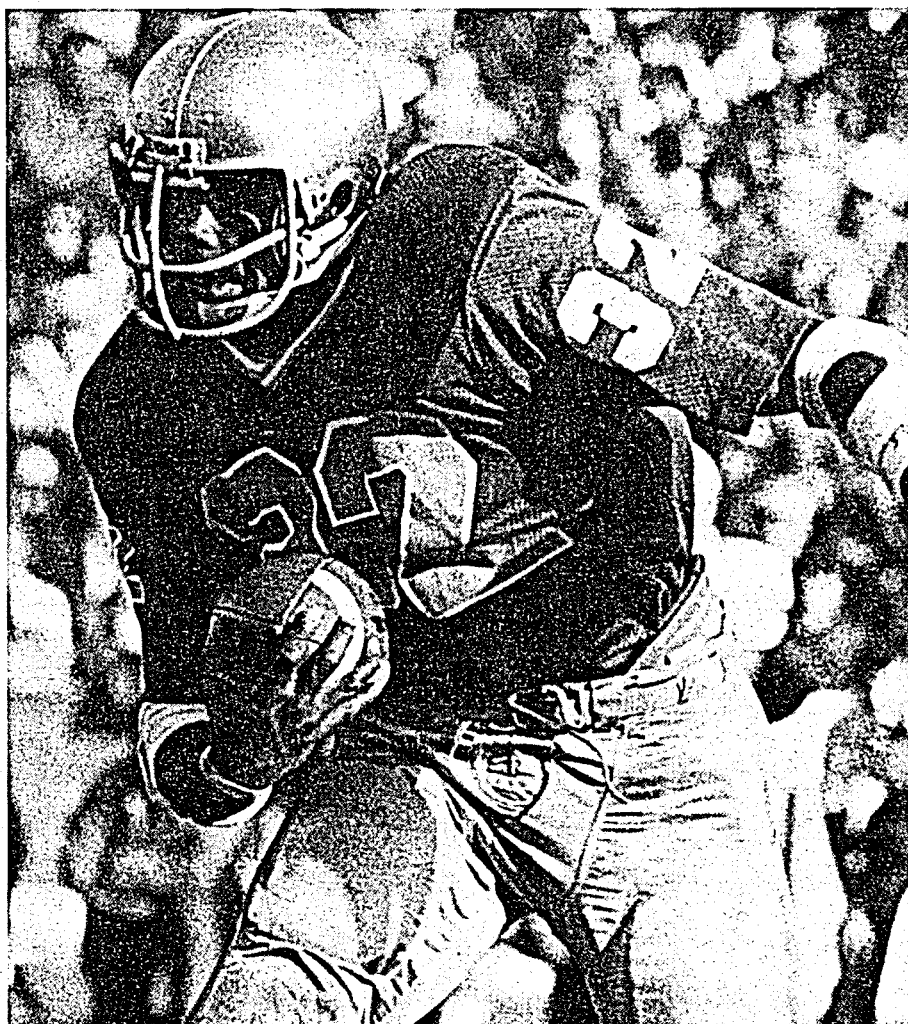
## 10. Southern Methodist

SMU is my surprise pick. The Mustangs raised a lot of eyebrows last year with their high-powered offense, and have added a superb class of freshmen to the team.

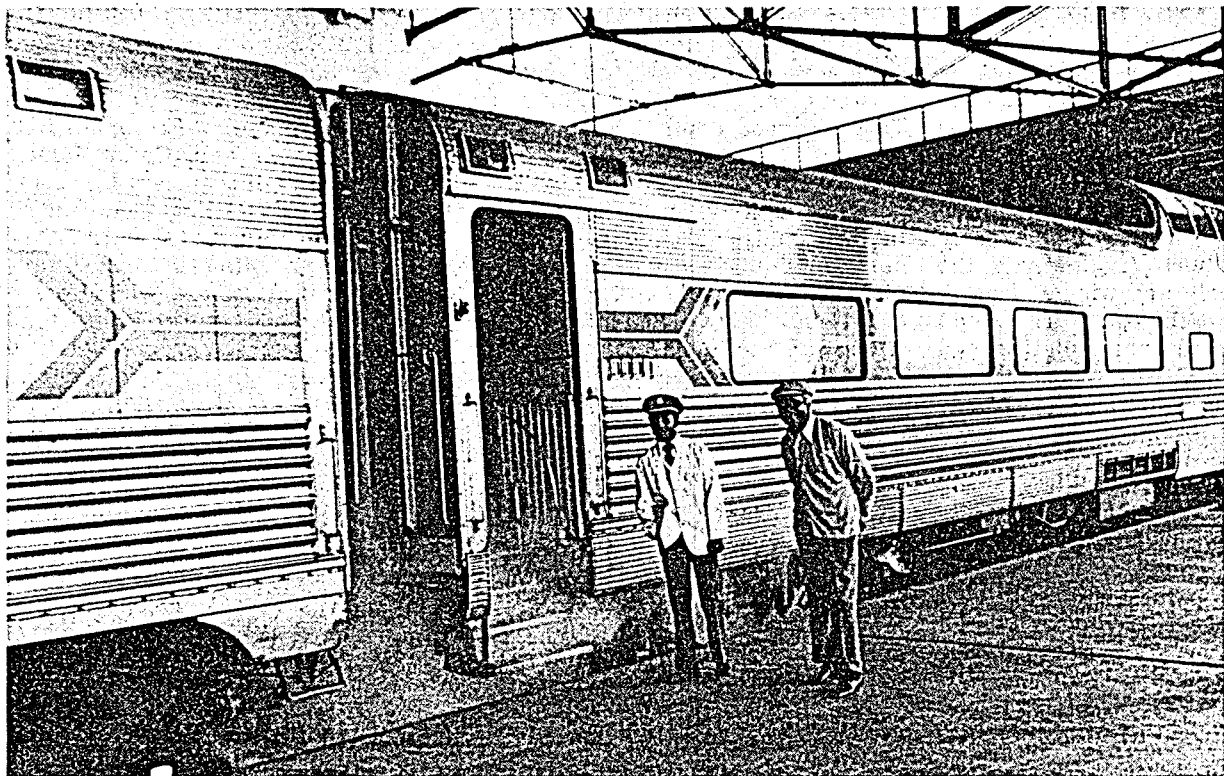
Offensively, SMU is led by QB Mike Ford. Ford, who last year was 224 of 389 for 3,007 yards and 17 TD's, won't have to pass as much this year because of Freshman RBs Eric Dickerson and Craig James, Texas' best high schoolers last year. All-America WR Emanuel Tolbert (62 catches) returns, as does FL Anthony Smith. Mitchell Bennett, another heralded recruit, will also see time. The line returns 4 starters, and TE Robert Fisher is a vet.

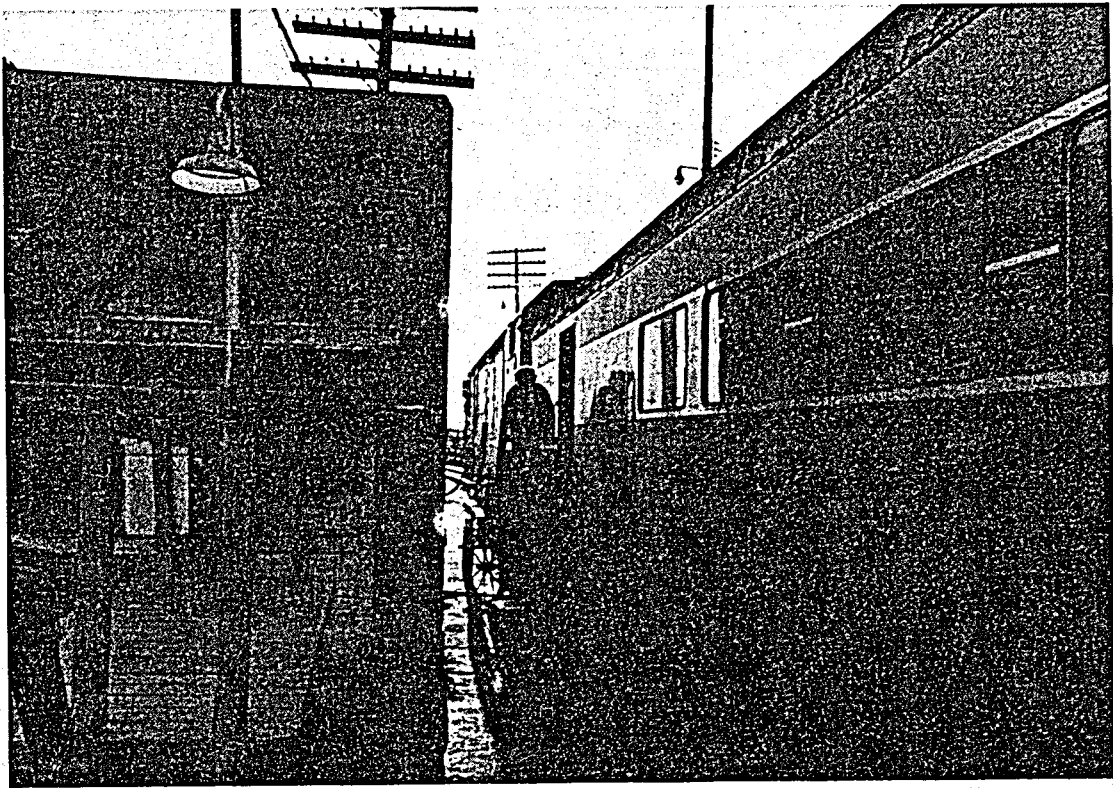
Defensively, things are not as bright. Five starters return, most notably DT Harvey Armstrong and LB Byron Hunt. LB and DB will be strong, and if the defensive line comes around, the unit will be solid.

SMU is in a position to become a major power in college football. Coach Ron Meyer has done a fantastic job recruiting, and another outstanding frosh class will put the Mustangs over the hump. The schedule is rugged, but SMU should be well-equipped, especially if Dickerson and James live up to expectations. Look for a 9-2 or 8-3 record with a bowl bid. This is the team of the future. □



Notre Dame All-America Vagas Ferguson



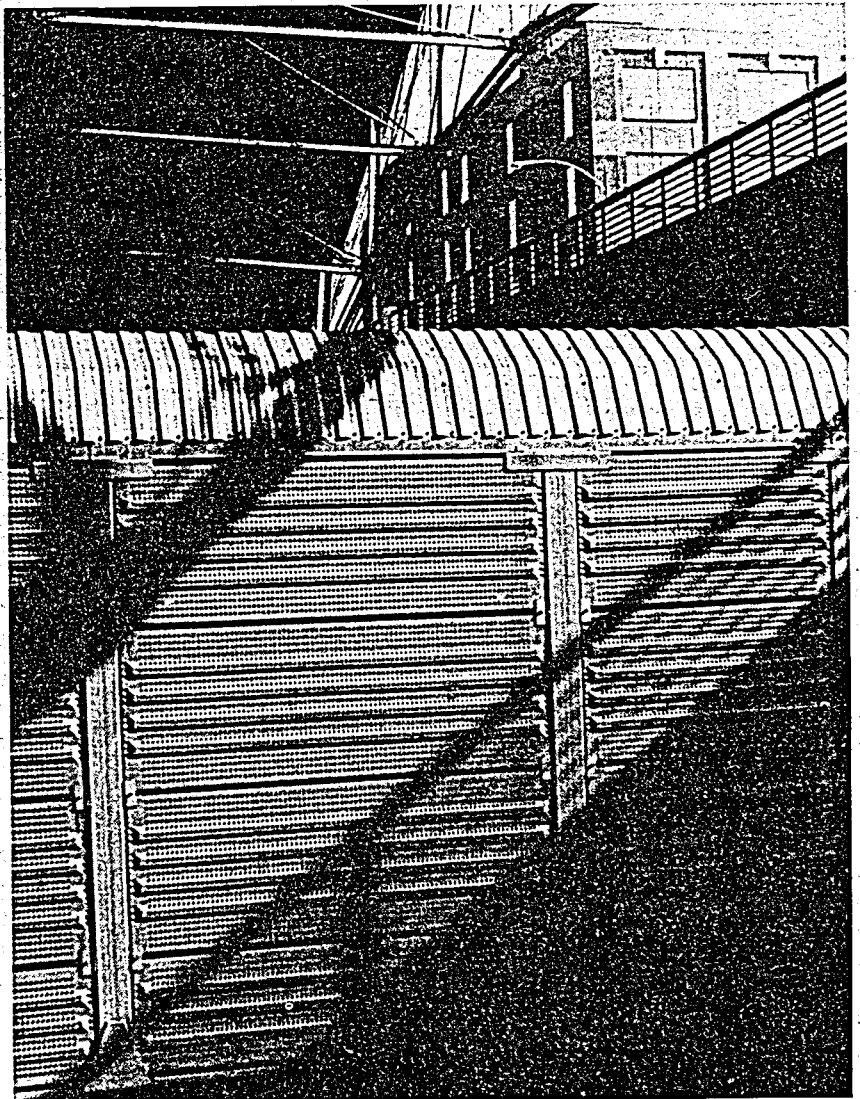


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## Gallery

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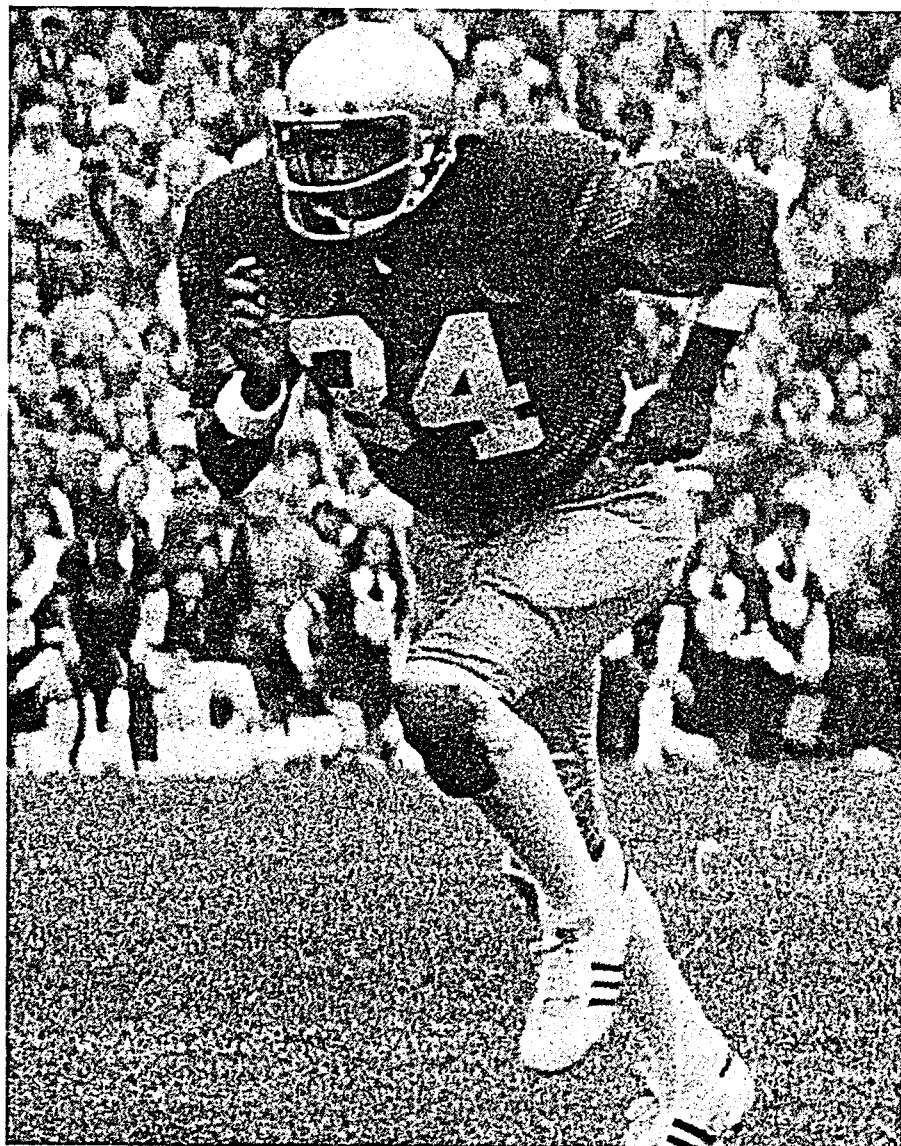


SEPTEMBER 14, 1979



# Conversation with the Coach

by Tom Westphal



*Dave Waymer, All-American in action*

Can the Fighting Irish clinch a third National Championship before the Seventies bid us fond farewell? The preseason pollsters certainly don't think so with the Irish rated anywhere from #9 to not at all, but hope still shines bright under the Golden Dome as last-minute preparations for the opener at Michigan are under way.

Unfortunately, preseason practice this fall has been severely hampered by injury and illness. Coach Dan Devine spoke of the trials and tribulations the team has experienced: "We only had six days of two-a-day practices and only three with pads. That's the fewest number any of us coaches have ever experienced. Plus, we didn't have the recovery from injuries that I had hoped. We've simply had too many people missing practice."

Injuries to key performers such as Mark Czaja, Scott Zettek, Dave Mitchell, and Ted Horansky prompted Coach Devine to comment, "We're going to have to rely a great deal this year on freshmen and sophomores. Consequently, I have gone from being overly optimistic—which everybody accuses me of this year—to being cautiously optimistic."

Although mishaps have befallen some of the Irish gridders, in scanning the probable offensive and defensive lineups, one cannot help but be impressed with the combination of proven talent and untapped potential on the 1979 squad. The offense returns five starters from a 9-3 1978 season, with the remaining positions all to be filled by past lettermen, so





inexperience should not significantly affect the Green Machine.

Rusty Lisch presently leads in the running for the quarterback position but talented underclassmen Tim Koegel, Greg Knafelc and Mike Courey are ready to perform also. "In recent years a couple of good Georgia and Texas teams used five or six quarterbacks," noted Devine. "We have four quarterbacks and probably before the season's over, we'll use all four of them!"

"All-American" status is the next goal for star running back Vagas Ferguson, after breaking the Notre Dame single-season rushing record last year. "In the backfield, Vagas has looked real good," praised Devine. "The only disappointment there is that David Mitchell, the forecasted fullback, will miss his senior year after his fourth operation." Valuable backup help will be provided by Jim Stone and Bernie Adell, both of whom have excelled in preseason play.

"Tri-captain Tim Foley (another All-America candidate) and Rob Martinovich will start at tackles with John Scully at center," according to the Irish mentor, "and Dan Masztak has the edge at tight end." The guard position is the only question mark with injuries to Tim Huffman and Ted Horansky. Senior John Leon will likely get the starting nod along with Huffman. Third-year men Dave Condeni and Pete Holohan will

try to pick up the slack at wide receiver caused by Kris Haines' departure to the pro ranks. Freshman Tony Hunter and returning letterman Ty Dickerson should see considerable action as well.

Preseason injuries have plagued the defensive line, but as the season opener approaches, recoveries have speeded up and the Irish defense looks as formidable as ever. John Hanker and Joe Gramke are the only certain starters on the front wall, with Jay Case's availability being a big factor in the Michigan game, according to Coach Devine. The condition of defensive ends Mark Czaja and Scott Zettek is questionable for the '79 season. Vying for starting slots on the line are junior Don Kidd, sophomore Pat Kramer and Tom Bock and freshmen Jeff Lueken, Bob Clasby and Barry Young.

"Bobby Leopold, Bob Crable, and Mike Whittington are the probable linebackers," stated Coach Devine. Leopold, a three-year monogram winner, began fall practice as the strong safety but with the return of Steve Cichy to the lineup (after recurring back trouble), returns to his more familiar linebacking position. Coach Devine commented on Cichy's return: "It's a pleasant surprise to have Steve back at strong safety. He hasn't practiced much yet but he looks good."

Multitalented Dave Waymer is the

cornerstone of the '79 defense. "All-American" honors appear imminent for the senior tri-captain, who will be joined at cornerback by sophomore John Krimm. Veteran Tom Gibbons, who started most of last year, returns to his free safety spot alongside Cichy.

Chuck Male and Joe Unis give Notre Dame a solid one-two punch in the kicking department.

September will be quite a test for the Irish gridders. After tomorrow's opening encounter with the Wolverines from Michigan, two more Big Ten powers loom on the horizon. "Michigan is the best defensive team in the nation and Purdue second," noted Devine. "Michigan, Purdue and Michigan State were all in the Top Ten of both the AP and UPI preseason polls."

Losses to Missouri and Michigan last September spoiled any National Championship hopes that the Irish might have entertained. This year, though, things may well be different. "It's always important to get off to a good start," insisted Devine. "I think last year's start will serve as quite an incentive for our players."

The three opening games against Big Ten foes could well make or break the Irish season. Student support is vital at Ann Arbor and Lafayette. With some solid play and a little Irish luck, Notre Dame just might prove all the experts wrong. □

# "Babycakes"

by John "Maddog" Muldoon

The sun penetrated the foam of clouds that had greyed the sky all day and said good-bye to him, forever, from its 6:37 p.m. position. He pulled the thermometer out of his mouth. 100.3°F. He watched the sun set and sat thinking. Thinking of Death. Thinking of Chris.

\*

It was the kind of dreary, drizzly April day that everyone on the downtown campus says, Doesn't this weather suck!, instead of, God, I've got three tests this week. He had said, This means we'll have a terrific May, instead of, I'm done with tests 'til finals.

\*

Chris had a pimple on the side of her face. She was gorgeous. It was about halfway between her ear and her chin. It wasn't a big, red, pus-y one though, only small and pink and would go away in a day and a half, if it didn't start to itch and she scratched it. But the thing was she had all this make-up junk all over it, not Clearasil or anything, but like make-up is really anti-Chris. Anyway the thing was kind of cute. Made her more human. Not a goddess.

\*

"I cannot come. I cannot come to the banquet. Don't trouble me now. I have married a cow. I have bought me a wife. I have fields and commitments, that cost a pretty sum. So please excuse me now. I cannot come."

Sorry. I'm dying of a terrible fever. 100.7°F. Have a good time though. Without me. I cannot come.

\*

—Fitz.  
—Hey Chris. What's up?  
—Nothing. Terrible day, isn't it?  
—Oh, I don't know. May oughta be real nice.  
—What have you been up to?  
—Nothing. Missing you.  
—oh yeah...  
... like the Plague

—I hate you.

He lifted his finger to her cheek.

—So what's the story here Cheryl?

huh?

—Tiegs. You know. This new, in-Vogue scene. I mean don't worry about it. We all go through puberty.

—You're a jerk. I've had two tests this week and one now.

—I'm done with tests 'til finals.

—I hate you.

—You mad?

—If I was mad I'd call you a creep.

—I love you, too.

—I gotta go. I'll talk to ya. o.k. She smiled.

—Just don't call me a creep.

\*

—Fitz. What ya doing?

—Hey Al. Not much. What's new?

—Not a thing. Terrible day, huh.

—Ahhh May'll be nice though.

—Maybe. What's up.

—Well, last night went to bed early. Around 12:30. Got up. Went to all my classes. Even took some notes in Steven's class.

—You're kidding.

—Well not many. Then went and declared my major, got an advisor, made an appointment with him. Went to the bookstore, picked up a Pre-Law Handbook and even leafed through it on the way back. Pretty mature huh?

—What's your major?

—God, you want the whole freshman spiel too? o.k.: Mike Fitzpatrick, Chicago, Gonzaga Hall, English—it's the only thing I get A's in.

—Good choice then. Hey we're havin' a party tonight.

—Yea! What for, you had one last week.

—Yeah, well everyone lost their shit so bad, we figure if we go for it again maybe we'll get some of it back.

—Good idea.

—Hey, I gotta run. I've got the second of two tests today.

—I'm done with tests 'til finals.

—Figures. I'll see ya tonight. o.k.?

—Great. See ya then.

\*

The sun was sinking forever. The mercury was on an infinite rise. 101.4°F. 6:58 p.m. "Danana, Danana, Danana nana nana nana na whoop boom." The Dick Van Dyke Show. Two minutes early. No wonder he was always late for class. Oh well, didn't matter now. Oh, this one's great. Rob and Laura are throwing a dinner party for Rob's sponsor, the Brewsters, and Rob's old army buddy, Sol Pomeroy, comes to visit for the weekend and Sol's a pretty regular guy, being a mechanic and all and the Brewsters were real stuffy, being sponsors and all and the Petries want everything to go all right so they tell Sol that they hadn't planned on him and he made the number of guests uneven, so Sol misses the hint and invites his gum-chewing girlfriend Sheila who wears this dress covered with silver spangles, and Sol and Henry, Rob's sponsor, get in a fight over Henry's car and they step outside and Laura starts to whimper and Rob jumps around nervously and Sol fixes Henry's car and they all get along and everybody's happy and Rob and Laura sing "You, Wonderful You" at the end and the Brewsters go home happy and Sol Pomeroy goes to Connecticut to be a mechanic, creating one of the premier stock characters in American television history, gaining immortality in a mere half hour.

Chris was cool. They got along great, except that she still owes him 4½ orgasms. One night at a party, instead of playing bar dice for drinks they decided to throw dice for orgasms. Orgasm 98. It had been a long week. Anyways, he won and she lost and owed him 5 orgasms. He said he had a dream about her. She said it was worth an orgasm. He said it was only worth a half. She wasn't that good.

Oh, this is just great. They finally get a good movie on t.v. at a good time and he had to be dying. The luck of the Irish. What he really needed now was some lemonade and some oatmeal cookies. What could go better with "Bringing Up Baby" with Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant? Classic Movie. Classic Food. Him and Al used to watch old movies all the time. "Planet Zero," "Attack of the Giant Leeches" and all the other greats produced by RKO Studios. Nick Adams was their favorite star. He was great. They tried to buy stock in RKO Pictures. But it had died too. Lemonade, oatmeal cookies and Nick Adams—better than sex. Kate Hepburn was almost as good. In this one she seems to be your classic bitch personified, but she turns out to be . . . "something dreams are made of . . ."—God the fever must have really affected his brain for it to come up with a line like that. 102.1°F.

Cary Grant was climbing a dinosaur as he rummaged under his bed and through his drawers and put on his McCarthy's Kittens hockey shirt, His Button

103°F. A bell was ringing somewhere. Was it the t.v.? No, Lynn Burton, for Bert Weinman, his t.v. Ford man was selling '62 chevys. The ringing must be real. At the end of the bed. The press had found out already. Rrrriinn—Sorry, I'm dying. I have no further comment.

—Hi Fitz. What's up.

—Hello? Chris?? . . . Is that you???

—No it's Cheryl Tiegs. What's the idea?

—I'm dying

—Yeah, I heard. So, you going to Al's party tonight?

—Sorry. I cannot come. I'm dying. Have a good time though. Without me.

—C'mon, quit goofing around. I gotta take a shower and stuff. How 'bout pickin' me up in an hour?

—Sorry, I might be dead by then. Have a good time by yourself though.

—C'mon, I'm serious. I'm really rushin' around. I'll see ya in an hour. o.k.?

He knew she was smiling.

—Sorry. Even the o.k. can't work tonight. I'm dying. Don't send any flowers though, o.k.?

—You're a creep. O.k., have it your way. If I see you at the party I'll see ya, if I don't I won't and I won't care.

—Sorry

—CLICK

She was mad. He was dying. She would stop being mad. He wouldn't stop dying.

Feed a cold, starve a fever. Starve a cold, feed a



T-shirt from Lauderdale, a Chicago Bears' football jersey #51, Dick Butkus, a red jersey with #7 and "Fitz" on the back, a grey sweatshirt with bloodstains, a pair of long underwear, two pairs of unmatched sweat socks, a pair of sweat pants with a hole in the crotch and his fake velvet robe, in a vain attempt to sweat out the fever, 102.7°F, and wrapped two blankets around his sleeping bag, grabbed his economics book and climbed into bed.

fever. He was starving. Never again would he taste the intricacies of Uncle Leroy's ribs or tips, cooked in that famous secret sauce that he and Al had been trying to figure out for the last three months by eating there every Tuesday. One time there was the tiniest bit of an orange peel covered with sauce caked on to a tip and another time they both saw the tall, thin black guy carry two empty Open Pit boxes to the garbage. When they thought about it the sauce did taste kind of

orangy and did taste like Open Pit with maybe some brown sugar and some Tabasco and a few other things mixed in. They were going to experiment over the summer and set up their own place across the street, because Uncle Leroy raised the prices and him and Al were pissed. They were going to have fries and cole slaw and bread underneath the ribs and sell Nehi Orange soda, because it complements the sauce so well, and "If you want a lotta flavor. If you wanna lotta taste. It's Nehi Neeehhiii. . .", plus a bar to catch the happy hour crowd and it was going to be great and they were going to get some blacks to work in the kitchen to make it authentic and some whites to be busboys for social consciousness and they were going to get rich and be international playboys. Were. 103.6°F.

\*

Hold on. Huh? If the growth rate is lowered then . . . we have to . . . lower production, thus creating . . . ah, who cares. He'd be dead in the morning anyway. He threw the book across the room. It bounced off the wall and a couple of pages ripped. Dwyer would be pissed. It was Dwyer's book. He'd leave Dwyer \$5.95 in his will, but there was only three dollars and a quarter and a bunch of pennies, plus an authentic Irish pound and a few 5p, 10p, and 50p coins from Ireland that he brought back from his trip to Europe last summer, where he laid the groundwork for becoming an international playboy, which he would never be since he was dying even though he had an unrequited love in Dublin and the most beautiful girl he saw in Paris on a bus, but didn't talk to her, because he couldn't speak French, but he loved her anyway, and also a girl he met in Arizona, that still sends him a birthday card, and a girl from high school that goes to Boston College and a girl from Lake Geneva last summer that goes to school in Minnesota, and his almost cousin that he can still get it on with without fear of birth defects that goes to Purdue. But there was only one Chris and she made him almost forget the rest and she called him a creep. Oh well, that's pretty international for a guy who was dying and had never had a talk. 103.9°F.

\*

When he first saw her around he thought she was the classic bitch personified, you know, good-looking, but not that good-looking, pretty rich, got small law school guy on the line back home waiting for him to graduate into his old man's corrupt, corporate law firm and thinks the bars are disgusting and that any girl that would hang around in one must be some kind of slut to let herself be ogled and pawed at by a bunch of immature drunks and the only reason she was out was to keep her friends from always bugging her to come out and she was going to have a terrible time if it killed her; just the kind of girl you love to abuse. So when someone introduced her, he just said nice to meet you,

will you marry me, just to show her she wasn't such hot stuff and started to walk away and almost missed her say o.k. and smile, and something kept him talking to her and doing "fun abuse" and jokes and he started telling everyone that she was his fiancée and then before he knew it he blew his cool and asked her if she had a fiancé back home and she said she didn't and then he said then how come you're never out and she said she was, but that he had never noticed her and then he said that was because he thought she was the classic bitch complete with a fiancé in law school and thought that the bars were disgusting and she said well I'm not and he said I know that now, I guess I'm not perfect after all and she said I guess not the same way she said o.k. and then smiled and he knew he was hooked.

\*

Him and Al just kind of went out and hung around. He called him up and said what do you want to do tonight and he said I don't know what do you want to do and he said I don't know, anything going on and he said I don't know you know of anything and he said no I don't know it's a nice night though, ya wanna do something and he said yeah, ya wanna go downtown and hang around and he said sounds cool I'll pick you up in a half hour and he did and they cruised down Lake Shore Drive checking out the condos and the "forever open, clear, and free" lakefront and parked along next to Ogden School near Rush St. in a record seventeen minutes and twenty seconds and he said pretty good driving and he said yeah, hey, I brought the basketball, maybe we'll play later and he said yeah, good idea and they just walked around Rush St. for a while, went into a couple of places, had a couple of drinks, joked around with some of the bouncers of the strip joints, especially Joey who they called Uncle Filth and then they saw a couple of whores get busted and he said ya wanna shoot a few hoops for a while and he said o.k. and they walked over to Ogden and got the ball out of the car and put moves on each other for a while and he said ya wanna play a little one-on-one at the seven-footer and they started a game to twenty-one at the seven-foot basket and he beat him 22-20 have to win by two, with a slam dunk at the buzzer and they were both pretty tired and sat down against the fence until a wino started to take a leak upstream from them and he said why don't you go over to Burgerville and get a couple of double cheeseburgers and some fries and I'll get the car and we'll drive to North Av beach and munch out for a while and he said sounds cool and they got the burgers and parked the car at the North Av beach parking lot and sat down on the bow of the building that looks like a ship watching the lights of the Lake Shore Drive condos flicker and the long thin lights of the traffic and the colored neon lights of the advertisements and the red and green lights of the boats and

lighthouses with a warm breeze in their face and the smell of dead alewives in their nose and the taste of double cheeseburgers in their mouth and he just turned to him and said "Babycakes!"

\*

"Burn, Baby, Burn. . . . It's the Disco Inferno" Downstairs, the disco freaks were having another party. Disco. The fifties were cool. The sixties were revolutionary. But he had to live in the disco seventies. It was enough to make someone sick. He couldn't stand disco. He had enough trouble learning the Scarf dance and the Janitor without having to worry about being strangled in the Pretzel and wrapping his body up in polyester and shooting hair spray all over the ozone. It was tough living in a gay decade. "Burn that mother down. . ." 103.8°F. Friday Night Fever.

\*

Wow. Wild movie. Nothing like zany, madcap humor when a guy is dying. 104.1°F. Rrrriinnnggg Bells again. His time was coming.

—O.k. Grim Reaper I'm ready. pfffttt

He had always wanted to spit in the face of death. The receiver would have to do.

—Hey Fitz, what's up? We're havin' a party, we're havin' a blast. "Come to me. . . . You look like Come to me. . ."

—You always did have a good voice Al. Sorry. I cannot come. I'm dying of a terrible fever. Anyway you missed "Bringing up Baby."

—With Cary Grant and Kate Hepburn? Didja have lemonade and oatmeal cookies?

—I am sure. When I'm on my deathbed?

—Yeah, what's all this dying talk? Chris is really pissed. Tom keeps feeding her beers waiting for the rebound.

—Oh well. I'll be dead before she's drunk enough to go after him. Sorry. I'm too feverish to talk. This'll be my last lucid statement: Good-bye Al. You were a good friend.

—Yeah, well hope you're feeling better. See you tomorrow, o.k.?

—Eep Op Ork Ah-Ah

—You are sick. Take care. click

Wow. Wild conversation. Nothing like losing vocal control when a guy is dying. 104.5°F

\*

He was five and in kindergarten making turkeys and pilgrims a really neat way, by taking the red crayon and coloring a circle pressing really hard on a scrap and then rubbing that on the cheeks of the pilgrims to make them rosy, for Thanksgiving, when the principal, Mrs. O'Reilly came on the P.A. and told everyone to pray for the president who was shot in Texas, probably by cowboys, and everyone went home early and at home his mother said that the President was dead and that's why Garfield Goose wasn't on and

he thought it was a gyp and just watched a lot of people run around and he asked his mother what did dying mean and she told him something, but he never remembered it, but he did remember that it was cold and drizzly and grey outside as he watched John-John and Caroline crying.

\*

11:37 p.m. Even Johnny Carson was dying. 104.7°F. He turned off the light by his bed. The blue light of the t.v. mixed with the green light of the colored lamp and bathed him in an exotic euphoria. He was spinning. He was hot. Chris was mad. Tom was a douche. Al understood. Maybe. He closed his eyes. The light felt soft upon his lids. He would never see them again. He would never see anyone again. He thought of Chris. He could not see her, but it was nice to think about her. He breathed easier. He spoke to himself. Chris, I love you. He never said that before. He had never died before. The thought of death sent a shiver through his body and hurt his heart. His body became rigid. His fists clenched. A vein stuck out of his neck. His middle toe spasmed. His knee twitched. His conscious gave up. He was asleep. He held his breath. He died. He let it out. He curled up, tightly and began to sweat and sweat and sweat. . .

\* \*

He awoke slowly, amid dream-like images of death. He was not sure if he was awake or dead. He knew he had been dying. His teeth were clenched, he breathed in through his nose. A slight wind blew in through the window. The first breeze of spring burst inside his nose filling it with aromas: Mud oozing underfoot, grass awakening green, lilacs bursting throughout backyards and alleys, squealing girls with squished worms in their hair playing jump rope "Ching Chong Chinaman sitting on a fence, try to make a dollar out of forty-nine cents . . .", the boom of softballs, huge sixteen-inch Clinchers, blistering the palms of boys running faster and jumping higher in brand-new P. F. Flyers, mothers drinking coffee, with thick, buttered toast on back porches watching Phil Donahue, the "el" riding into the brilliant morning sun which transforms the West Side into a paradise, Garfield Park, a Garden of Eden, men in shirt sleeves, jackets over their shoulders, flirting with women in sundresses, instead of staring at the Tribune, on their way to work. He opened his eyes. It wasn't heaven. He was alive, again. Chris walked through the door.

—I heard you were sick. I'm sorry. o.k. She smiled

He suppressed the urge to say, "love is never having to say . . ."

He must have recovered. He wanted to say a lot.

Instead he just turned to her and said, "Babycakes!"

yea!

□



# A PLAYBOY'S VIEW ON SEXUAL TABOO

by Christopher Stewart

There are many subjects in our society which are categorized as taboo. Things like death, financial income, personal friendship with Richard Nixon, mental illness, simultaneous friendship with two or more redheads, suicide, and belief in the Cubs' capacity for winning the pennant are just a few. But there is a subject so obfuscated by taboo that, despite its so-called recent "revolution," it remains a repository for antiquated myths and pious injunctions of the most disparaging sort. I'm referring, *au naturel*, to sex.

Before we begin, a bit of credential flashing is in order. The author is a renowned radical authority on the sexual liberation movement. He recently penned the hotly debated underground treatise, *Sexual Self-Transcendence*, a soon-to-be-above-ground publication. Domers can purchase their copies at Flanner Food Sales.

As outspoken proponent of creative libidinal emancipation, the author is the founder of the Notre Dame chapter of SEX—Students for Experiential Xstasy. During his tenure as president of the club, he has devised many ingeniously innovative techniques to deal with this most insidious of taboos.

This article will deal with the matter of sexual taboo as it has affected the author's development. Although this topic is explored with amiable candor, the author forewarns all purse-lipped puritans, pugnacious prima donnas, and other sexist existential cripples to remember the historical time-setting of this artistic endeavor: America, the late 20th century, and Notre Dame, that bastion of Catholic liberalism.

Would you consider suicide over a lost sheep? This is no ordinary sheep. It is not similar to the sheep mentioned by Jesus, the one whereby he left the other 99 in search of the lost one. No, this sheep drove Gene Wilder to the brink of suicide in Woody Allen's classic, *Everything You Ever Wanted to Know About Sex But Were Afraid to Ask*.

Wilder, a wealthy psychiatrist, fell in love with this sheep. The feckless sheep eventually left him and returned to its original lover, a Yugoslavian shepherd who initially brought the sheep to America for analysis under Wilder.

At the end of the film, Wilder sat on the stoop of an arsoned building in Manhattan's dingy Bowery district, a penultimate portrait of resigned despair. The camera zooms in.

"It is finished," and he drinks a bottle of Woolite.

We know why Wilder killed himself. He violated one of society's taboos; bestiality. Taboos as behavioral prohibitions imposed as social custom, generally for protective reasons. Matters taboo are rooted in the prevailing moral and social dictums of a culture.

Sexual taboos are chock-full of titillating falsies; errrr, falsehoods. The myth surrounding sexual taboos is that we need them for a moral, lawful, and cohesive society. But I say, bah humbug. Foo on taboo.

## THE METAPHYSICS OF SEX

*Sex is sovereign to saint and sinner  
One's a loser, and the other a winner.*

*Sex has been greatly debated by teacher....*

## TEACHER MAN

*Darwin said it took some time  
Before sex reached its evolutionary prime*

*But since it's taken so very long  
We've forgotten if it's right or wrong*

*... And preacher.*

## PREACHER MAN

Preacher man says "Where's your shame?  
Sex will make you blind and lame  
Pray to God to make you pure  
And never knock on a harlot's door."

Sex refers to the division between living organisms, male and female. Technically, sex is the total of the functional, structural and behavioral characteristic of humans which often results in the reproduction of the species. The highlight of the sexual encounter is the orgasm.

Orgasm is when the world fades away. Orgasm is comparable to death. Sex is a lot like death, only temporary. When I think of heaven, it's an eternal orgasm, endlessly ejaculating energy etched in ecstasy.

Another significant aspect of sex is pleasure (but don't tell your parish priest). When properly utilized, sex is the most delightful sensual experience a human being may enjoy, this side of a win over USC. Being somewhat experienced at the game (sex, not football), methinks there is too much ado about sexual taboo.

Sex is many things to many people. It is war and peace (piece). It is love and lust. It is performed for fun, frolic, friendship, freedom, and fantasy. Sex is also fear, fag-gots, frenzied, fiendish, foolish and forced.

It is great entertainment (peep shows, theatre, bathroom walls), great exercise (heart, tummy, hips), and certifiably more gratifying than jogging. Sex is amazingly versatile.

Sex: the portable pleasure palace; performed in bathtubs, bobsleds, bedrooms and beaches; backseats, bungalows, brothels, and ball parks, naturally. Then what's all the fuss?

If taboos were trees, I'd say T-I-M-B-E-R!

## ADOLESCENT BLUES

So what's a poor boy to do  
When the thing he needs is called taboo?

"Why not ask your poppa?" said Clyde

"You CRAZY, turkey! He'll tan my hide."

My daddy never said much about sex. He was the strong, silent type. You know, the macho man; an Irish Catholic with godlike features who indubitably indulged in occasional surreptitious verbal sessions of a prurient nature with his peers. But, when it came to his own children, he went into the classic Helen Keller routine; deaf and dumb, with cat-tracts on the conscience.

When I returned home from a summer European tour in '71, Dad noticed my longer hair. I loved my locks. In his characteristically brusque style, Dad said succinctly:

"Get a haircut. You look like a queer."

That was the extent of our lifetime sexual communication.

My mother "trusted" me.

"My son, my son, be a good boy. Always remember the girl you date has a momma like me (not true, ma, some were orphans) who loves her little girl. Treat her with respect, the way you'd want someone to treat your sister."

Jesus Christ, ma. What a thing to say, especially to an aspiring semi-stud like me.

## HIGH SCHOOL LAMENT

Here I am, 16 and sweaty

17 and ready

18 and yearnin'

19 and learnin'

"Treat her like your sister."

I wish I never had sisters. Like menopausal mothers and doting fathers, they made me feel guilty for being relentlessly randy and constantly in need of cold showers. Oh, Madonna! The chances and opportunities I blew. Maria, Marcia and Mary Ann: come back! You won't get fooled again!

That was the extent of my formal sex education in the home. You might deduce that sex was vaguely taboo in my family.

As a youngster, I never liked girls. I detested them. Sports were my god.



However, close encounters of the sexual kind gradually whittled away my defenses, until passion usurped the throne from sports on my devotional mantelpiece, thus becoming my new idol. Flesh, as the adage goes, conquered spirit.

#### 1st Encounter: Awareness

Susan: 12 years old: 1967

She cornered me in a garage, smiled beguilingly, and made an obscene puckering gesture with her lips. First she demanded, then asked, then pleaded. Exasperated, she begged.

Susan: "Kiss me, kiss me. Just once. Please?"

Me: "Are you nuts? Let me outta here."

Susan: "Oh, please. Just a quickie. It won't hurt. I promise."

Me: "Get thee behind me, Susan!"

#### 2nd Encounter: Kissing

Alice: 13 years old: 1968

Alice was a 'ditty hoe,' the kind of girl many boys liked, for all the right reasons: she was very attractive, very personable, very fast and very dumb. She lived across the street from nearby Franklin Park, which is where the boys congregated during summer evenings to play the nocturnal games that bodacious boys play.

During our evening basketball games, Alice would often emerge from her boudoir window with certain promontory features of mesmerizing quality. When one of the more lascivious members of our unholy coterie screamed "Take it off, Alice," meaning her nightie, she proved to be extremely accommodating. Thus, a merry time was guaranteed for all during the very hot summers of '67 and '68.

Alice was the first girl I ever kissed. It was a clandestine affair, consummated behind her garage on April 4, 1968. That same night marked the assassination of Martin

Luther King. I think that may've been an omen. My friend Peanuts, a tough-talking street kid, accompanied me.

Peanuts: "Kiss her. Go 'wan, give her a big one where it counts."

Me: "On the (gulp) lips?"

Peanuts: "Where else, assface? On the elbow? Don't worry, you won't get germs. Help him, Alice, he's Catholic and a little shy."

Alice: "Come 'mere, big boy. (Actually, I was rather small) You're in good hands with Alice."

Me: (after a heart-palpitating, knee-weakening embrace of 25-30 seconds) "Thank you."

Peanuts: (in his best Bogey) "See kid, stick close to me and you'll go far. Next time go for some tit."

#### 3rd Encounter: Dating

Debbie: 15 years old: 1970

My first official date. She had the biggest breasts (38") in school. We called 'em "knockers" in those pre-feminist days. God, they were huge, practically a national resource in themselves. Most remarkable of all—she was only a freshman!

Our date consisted of a stroll to nearby Blue Mountain State Park. I was scared to death. We sat in the woods for 3½ hours, babbling moronically and getting devoured by what seemed like legions of mosquitoes. I didn't come this far to have the blood sucked out of me.

Me: "May I kiss you?"

Debbie: "Please do. I've been waiting so long" (very dramatic).

Both: Sound of lips kissing, heavy breathing, random grunts of pleasure, interspersed by slaps on strategic anatomical zones.

Our second date ended the affair. On a dark beach in Rye, New York, I attempted to avail myself of one of her natural resources. She moved my hand.

"Bye bye love, bye bye happiness  
Hello loneliness, I think I'm  
gonna cry

Bye bye my love, goodbye."

(Everly Brothers)

#### 4th Encounter: Initiation

Laurie: 16 years old: 1971

In a dorm at the University of London, I dispossessed myself of that weighty interior commodity called virginity. Laurie was my official European heartthrob.

Laurie: "Should we or shouldn't we?"

Me: "But of course, ma chere. Queen Victoria wouldn't have it any other way."

During our subsequent engagement, the dorm rector knocked on my door, scaring us half to death. The door, fortuitously, was locked. Paralyzed with fear, we didn't make a sound. He never knew. Both of us dressed quickly. Minus the coup de grace, I wonder: was that the real thing?

There have been others. Since taboo obviated any cogent dialogue from transpiring between parents, teachers, religious personnel and myself, I was forced to create my own methodology on sexual behavior. It came in handy. I call it the "learn as you grow-pe" technique. (Kits and instruction booklets are available for those interested in transposing sexual awkwardness into sexual prowess.)

These experiences prove that any person can make it (figuratively and literally) despite preponderant sexual taboos. Of course, one pays a price for these amorous interludes. I lost all reverence for sports, school, scouts (my scoutmaster warned me I would), and the sacred. Sex does that to a guy. No wonder religious orders insist on vows of celibacy for their members. Otherwise, nobody would celebrate Sunday morning Mass. The priests would all be recuperating from Saturday Night Fever.

There has been one sexual taboo that underwent drastic revision over the past three decades. I'm speaking, of course, about premarital sex—fornication to the prelates, promiscuity to the prudes, paradisaal play to the participants.

*Tracing the radical changes over the past quarter century, now it appears that premarital sex is gettin' it on without pain of matrimony.*

The foolish fifties were fearful.

1954: The Candy Store

Betty: "If you want 'that,' we have to get married."

Bob: "Here's the ring. Can I get a sneak preview?"

The frantic sixties were freer.

1966: Berkeley

Janis: "I want you. Now."

Jimi: "Hey, groove child, are you in S.D.S.?"

Janis: "Naturally."

Jimi: "Let's get it on."

Janis: "Far out, man."

The fragmented seventies are fast.

1979: Cinnebar's Disco

Mary: "Do you wanna get funky with me, big boy?"

Joseph: "Sho' 'nuff, you sexy thang. Let's boogie first, then I'll ring your bell."

*One obvious consequence of the demolition of premarital sex taboo is the decimation of the population of virgins. If the deflowering of 'celiboes' continues at the alarming rate indicated by present trends, virgins will join the bald eagle as one of America's most endangered species. Within five years, celebrity status is assured for those who have forever held their peace, intact.*

1984: Notre Dame: CBS Special Report: Morals in Amerika

Walter Cronkite: "Roxanne, out of an undergraduate population of 7,500 you remain Notre Dame's lone celiboe. Where do you get your remarkable endurance?"

Roxanne: "Fr. Iceberg is my spiritual director."

WC: "That's the way it is."

As I've grown and changed, I've realized that all taboos are poor substitutes for intelligent discourse on whatever the forbidden topic happens to be. If human beings are to

achieve any level of authentic intimacy, be it sexual, emotional, psychological, spiritual, intellectual, racial, political, or cultural, then there must be an open forum where discussion, debate, and learning can originate in an atmosphere free of the stupendous provincialism, bigotry, ignorance and superstition that taboo engenders.

I discovered myself by first confronting my own ignorance—of the world, of others, of my own soul. I've achieved a broader awareness of myself through education, human relationships, art, experience, faith, suffering, work, and now chiefly through maturity.

That maturity makes clear the fact that I came into this world dependent upon people in positions of authority to inform me of matters crucial to my sexual well-being. These people have failed.

What is it that we're all so terribly frightened of? Our feelings? Our bodies? Ourselves? Didn't God, in his graciousness, give *these* to us, in addition to our minds, our dreams, and our holy books?

Parents, priests, peers, professors, pimps and profiteers have altered me. They've forced me to redefine, reconsider and recreate my awareness of sexuality. Since no one ever attempted to provide the necessary integrating tools (facts, understanding, direction, method of implementation) to translate my sexuality into a coherent, meaningful reality, I have done it for myself. Although the path has been an arduous one, I have attained a level of rapport between reason and passion. Now, I am free to broach the matter with anyone.

Freedom means dialogue with enthusiasm instead of condescending self-righteousness; openness instead of duplicity.

If families won't discuss it; if the church still squirms and pontificates over it; if the schools are too incompetent or sterile to teach about it; if peers are too unconsciously re-

pressed or terrified of it; then where shall a healthy, virile, single Irish/Italian Catholic turn (in a school with an appalling 3:1 ratio, men to women, in the best chauvinistic style) to satisfy the raging volcano within?

To *Playboy*, naturally.

#### DIONYSIAN DENOUEMENT

Like each day this story must end  
And so I declare sex is a friend  
Taboo! Taboo! Your song is a dirge  
Celebrate! Rejoice! When two  
people merge.

God above, tell us thy plan  
For the act 'tween woman and man  
If thou remain silent, my plan  
will be  
To have fun now, not posthumously.

*Christopher Antonio Stewart is a senior, majors in human existence, furtively resembles Bruce Springsteen when he sweats, and has a penchant for nasal intonations, when ecstatic, a la Al Pacino.*



Music

## Rock and Roll Politician

by Tom Balcerek

*Would you let this man kiss your baby?*

By process of elimination Neil Young has become the ambassador of rock and roll. As one of the few surviving artists of the counter-culture Young can say, "The king is gone but he's not forgotten. This is the story of Johnny Rotten," and get away with it.

I'm imagining a bonfire in Memphis. No harm really, Neil's only here to remind us that Johnny Rotten's vomit is just as disgusting as Elvis' pelvis used to be. Besides, no one really cares.

Something's wrong somewhere, but Neil just can't seem to put his finger on it; that's what the album is about. I guess the problem is death. Young alludes to it enough in his new album, "Rust Never Sleeps," that it becomes a backdrop for the entire album. Because there's not much to be said about death itself, Neil Young sings about life in the context of death. His metaphor for this relationship is the ever-present "rust" that corrodes us as we get older.

Specifically, Young is concerned with the rusty demise of old rock stars, namely himself. When you're a star there's only two things you can do, burn out or fade away. Young suggests that "It's better to burn out than to fade away" and the crowd cheers. The logic is simple: it's better to go out in a flash of glory than to let the rust destroy you slowly. All the burn-outs agree that, ultimately, Neil Young is right.

"Rust Never Sleeps" is a diverse album about life, death and fighting the rust. Side one, which ends with

a "Comes a Time" leftover called "Sail Away," is entirely acoustic while side two is entirely electric. In this way Neil Young's dual nature becomes manifest and reiterates what Young's fans have known for years: that Neil Young excels at both hard rock and folk music. The physical separation of the two styles also gives "Rust Never Sleeps" a schizophrenic feel which serves the album well.

In a conscious attempt to take us from a somewhat "down home" approach to the problem of rust to the eventual dissipation of energy (the burning out) Young eases us into "Rust Never Sleeps" with the haunting folk song "My My Hey Hey" and boots us out with "Hey Hey My My" . . . a heavy-metal version of "My My Hey Hey." The first song is subtitled "Out of the Blue" and the last song is subtitled "Into the Black." Thus, it becomes evident that "Rust Never Sleeps" is a "statement" album.

What Young is trying to say may be summed up in the line "There's more to the picture than meets the eye." This line is found in both "My My Hey Hey" and "Hey Hey My My." It also serves as the kicker in the advertisement of the movie Rust Never Sleeps. Neil Young's multimedia bombardment with this suggestion is, somehow, significant; significant, at least, to Young himself. For many years Neil Young has been singing about the demise of man's sensitivity to the subtleties of life and his lack of appreciation of nature. With death impending

(into the black), the life of modern man is a joke, for in the words of Jackson Browne: "Nothing survives . . . but the way we live our lives."

On side two of "Rust Never Sleeps" Neil Young becomes a punk rocker. Blaring guitars and strained vocals characterize the frustration of what's left of primitive man in a technological society. The allusion to Johnny Rotten as heir apparent to the rock and roll world is both a comment on the state of modern society and a nod of approval from the "old man." Neil Young sees punk rock as the best solution to the stagnation that follows the "revolution" of the late sixties and early seventies. The "solution" this time implies destruction and Neil Young is ready to accept the consequences (we all know what happened to Sid Vicious). No more peace and love until we get things straight.

So, from the same man who gave us "Heart of Gold" a while back, we get:

Hard to believe that love is free  
now

Welfare mothers make better  
lovers

Out on the street with the whole  
family now

Welfare mothers make better  
lovers . . .

DEE VORR CEEE!

What is harder to believe is that "Rust Never Sleeps" is doing well on the record charts. Last time I checked it was number five right behind Earth, Wind and Fire. This is



Neil Young's second album to break the top ten in the last two years, a feat he hasn't accomplished since "Harvest" in 1972. Obviously Neil Young has not burned out or faded away. In fact, he is "stayin' alive" surprisingly well. Who would think that the quintessential burn-out of the sixties would last long enough to give big brother advice to punk rockers?

Besides all the hype and faddishness of the rock industry, Neil Young has survived because he is a true artist. His affinity for punk rock is an artistic statement. But where will it lead him now that Patti Smith has shaved her armpits and Sid Vicious is dead? Side one of "Rust Never Sleeps" makes it obvious that if Neil Young does burn

out as a punker he can always go back to folk and do just as well. Side one is almost pretty with a touch of the bizarre. The lyrics are poetic and sometimes too dense with imagery. But all the cuts are clean musically and distinct in feeling.

"Ride My Llama" is perhaps the best song on side one because it is the least serious (statement albums can become a bore). "Pocahontas" is also interesting. Imagine Neil Young, Marlon Brando and Pocahontas sitting around the fire. Furthermore, only Neil Young could begin a song with the word (line) "Aurora borealis."

"Sail Away" is the prettiest song on the album with lilting harmonies by Nicolette Larson. In this song Neil wears his heart on his shirt-

sleeve by suggesting that none of his problems really matter as long as he can "sail away" with his lady. On the other hand we have the epic "Thrasher" which speaks out against the comforts of conventional life. Young speaks of his friends becoming "poisoned with protection." Once again, death is the antagonist and rust is the poison.

As a whole, the album amounts to nothing. The numbers cancel each other out and questions are left unanswered. We are left with "It's better to burn out than to fade away." Only the sarcastic refrain "My my hey hey" offers hope. The album is null, nil . . . Neil! □

—Tom Balcerrek

# Bowie Enters the Eighties

by Tom Krueger

Few have ever accused David Bowie of stagnating. Through his career, Bowie has been full of surprises and some incredible music. In various incarnations he has been art rock pioneer, neo-Dylan, no-frills guitarist, ultimate rock hero, an ominous, musical Orwell, detached observer, and synthesizer technocrat. With his latest album "Lodger" the musical chameleon has once again changed color. Bowie has made a complete reversal from the sophisticated synthesized music and dadaist lyrics of "Heroes." "Lodger" may be his best album lyrically, as he portrays the somewhat jaded, yet sensitive, world traveller.

I'm just a travelling man  
Maybe it's just a trick of the mind  
And somewhere there's a morning sky  
Bluer than her eyes  
Somewhere there's an ocean  
Innocent and wild

And best of all, for the first time in a while, BOWIE ROCKS!

Brian Eno, whose innovative synthesizer work shaped "Heroes" and "Low," is much more in the background, although his unique stylings provide a crucial bridge with the last two studio LPs. The rest of the band is red-hot. Guitarist Adrian Belew and Carlos Alomar, bassist George Murray and standout drummer Dennis Davis drive the songs, often threatening to explode and steal the show. Bowie's keyboards and the unfortunately confined leads of Belew and Alomar provide virtuoso but spare melody lines. These are filled in by dense, effective backing vocals plus some offbeat tone colorings with instruments ranging from drums to mandolins.

Most importantly, Bowie hasn't sung or played this well since the glory days of "Ziggy Stardust." "Look Back in Anger" may well be the most passionate performance he's ever recorded; long known as a *poseur*, he really seems to mean it here.

"Move On," a sort of thinking man's travelogue, opens with multi-

tracked vocals over a heavy, nearly disco beat, when suddenly Belew's guitar takes over in an otherworldly chorus, sending the whole thing into orbit. Challenged to perform well or be lost in the shuffle, Bowie kicks his lead into high gear, resulting in a tight, tough production; one of the better performances of the year. Don't take this to mean you'll hear it as a single. Bowie is again exploring new territories.

"Lodger" seems to be his entrance to the eighties. Melodies are vague and shifting, yet catchy. Textures are varied and often slightly eastern. "Yassassin" for instance, can only be described as Arabian reggae. If this is what the eighties will sound like (and Bowie has an uncanny knack for anticipating and starting musical trends), the next decade's music should be much better than the majority of what I've heard in this one. Like another reviewer once said about a different artist: "I've seen rock 'n' roll future. . . ."

## Agreed: "Knuke The Knack"

What do you get when you mix a pinch of Beatles, a dash of childishly suggestive sexual allusions, a tablespoon of 60's British pop, and two cups of media hype? Combine all of these ingredients, shake sloppily, and *shazam!*, you get The Knack (no pun intended).

The Knack. Album gold in four weeks. Firmly entrenched No. 1 album *and* single ("My Sharona"). Upon first glance, the Knack appears to be heralding some new invasion of British pop (coupled with other "New Wave" groups), but in reality The Knack is nothing more than four L.A. session musicians with a very well orchestrated PR job behind them.

Granted, "Get The Knack" has some catchy tunes, most notably the monster hit "My Sharona." Also "Frustrated," "She's So Selfish," and "Good Girls Don't" feature

"naughty" lyrics which will appeal to certain teen-age mentalities. But, like most other cheap imitations of good things, this music does not hold up very long.

"Get The Knack" is very Beatlesque. Starting with the visuals (album jacket, haircuts, white shirts, black slacks and ties), continuing into the songs, vocals, and instrumentation, The Knack resembles quite closely the image of a 60's British pop group. Which would be fine if it weren't about 15 years late for the British Invasion.

Musically, the album has a high spot. "My Sharona" has one of the catchiest beats I have heard in a long time. If you listen to a lot of AM radio, you might find yourself drumming this out either in your sleep or at other inopportune times.

But, it's downhill from there. "Maybe Tonight" alludes to some of

the slower Beatles and Kinks songs. After several listenings, the songs begin to run together, with the only distinguishing features being the "suggestive" catch phrases. "Good girls don't, but I do," "She's a rich bitch . . .", etc.

Really.

The Knack has become the latest group to achieve astounding success with their debut album. This late 70's phenomenon has also given us Boston, Foreigner, and The Cars. The problem with The Knack is that they are essentially nothing more than mid-60's British pop clones, and they don't play the music all that well. It will be interesting to watch the future of this group, but for now, if you want to hear the real Knack, listen to Herman's Hermits, early Kinks, Beatles, and Paul Revere and the Raiders. It's always better the first time around. □

Anthony Walton

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## Stanley Clarke and Jazz! "Who's Who"

The world of jazz-rock fusion has produced some of the finest musicians in either jazz and rock circles today. The fusion phenomenon has rejuvenated the world of jazz; and fusion, or crossover, albums can now sell in the millions as evidenced by the recent efforts of George Benson, Chuck Mangione, and Weather Report.

Some of the finest talents from fusion as well as from more traditional jazz circles come together and perform on Stanley Clarke's new album "I Wanna Play for You" (Nemperor). Considered by most to be the best bass player in the world today, former Return to Forever co-founder Clarke gives the listener tasty live versions of some of his best songs as well as ten new studio releases.

The studio recording's cast of performers reads like a jazz-world "Who's Who." Playing on various cuts are artists such as George Duke on keyboards, Jeff Beck on guitar, Tom Scott and Stan Getz on sax, Freddie Hubbard on trumpet, Steve Gadd on drums, and still others too numerous to mention. Add to this the excellent bass work of Clarke, be it on the acoustic, electric, or the piccolo bass, the synthesizer work and some excellent and mellow jazz vocals by Clarke, and one has an impressive fusion album.

The studio songs range from the acoustic, smoky bass sound of "Blues for Mingus," a tribute to the late jazz band great, Charles Mingus, to the progressive, haunting sounds of "Strange Weather." The only disappointing song on the album is "Ja-

maican Boy," a reggae-type jazz song featuring Jeff Beck on guitar. The song sounds disturbingly like "School Days" with a reggae beat. The musicians vary from song to song as Clarke, his own producer, picks the musicians to fit the song.

Featured as live songs on this double album are "Rock 'N' Roll Jelly," "School Days," "Quiet Afternoon," and "More Hot Fun." Using his regular musicians, Clarke's songs are well done and his superb bass works well with the sizzling guitar of Ray Gomez.

"I Wanna Play for You" is definitely a solid album from an important and talented musician in the jazz-rock fusion movement. It is recommended to rock and jazz lovers alike.

Lee Smolen

SCHOLASTIC



# The Last Word

by Dave Satterfield

We had talked on the matter for quite some time.

He was my age, a fairly intelligent student who possessed an outrageously silly sense of humor. But despite the childish restlessness that rains and shines in summer, he was occasionally serious. Dead serious. He was a liberal-minded undergrad with an opportunity to make an enormous amount of money working at the construction site of a nuclear power plant. But he felt that big labor was the cause of many of our nation's economic problems. And he knew that nukes possessed massive quantities of potential danger.

He took the job. He said he needed the money.

Over the course of the next twenty years, most of our generation will lose its innocence. Some people will rid themselves of it while others will be forced to lose it. And once lost, it will be extremely difficult to recover. This innocence has nothing to do with sex or first-degree murder or original sin. It has to do with attitudes, values and ethics—the things we are taught to cherish and obey for our common good.

But soon, we may be corporate executives making decisions to maximize profits while stepping on the toes of many "underprivileged" people. We may be politicians sending kids to Vietnams or wiretapping campaign headquarters. We may be allowing nuclear power-plant disasters to go foolishly unchecked. We may be allowing extravagant defense budgets for wasteful defense systems to be adopted. But we will be secure and we will be making our fifty or one hundred thousand dollars a year.

And while we do this, there will be young people who will warn us that by our actions we will be accelerating entropy and committing mass suicide. For the most part, we will ignore them.

Why? I'm not sure. I imagine money plays an important role in this transition. We will have families to clothe and feed and educate. And we will want a life of leisure: two cars, air conditioners, automatic dishwashers and blow dryers. Money is necessary for these things and the means by which we attain that money may not concern us as much as the actual attainment of it.

But at the moment, we are here, at a Catholic institution of higher learning, reading Plato and Paul Samuelson and marveling at Einstein. And we have the leisure time to seriously question our nation's present and future. We have the opportunity to be innocents. I think we should utilize that opportunity. Some will call us foolish, some will call us worthless and some will say that we all smoke pot and sleep together. Regardless of what they say, we are needed. Now, as always, we need the innocents to keep the others in check, to keep our nation aware of morality and ethics. And we must speak loudly to be heard.

He finished the summer job and made enough money to pay for his schooling. He said that he had no regrets but he still held that unions and nukes are dangerous. He wanted badly to retain his innocence. But he thought that maybe he had sold out.

I told him, "Maybe it's inevitable."

□





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