



Reflections on Death

also...the 1979 sullivan fiction award winner, page 13



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Photographs: Ken McAlpine, 3, 9, 30; Scholastic Archives, 22, Theresa Rebeck, 23, 24; Pete Romzic, 28; Publicity Photos, 18, 19.

Illustrations: Jim Hofman, 7, 20; Katie O'Meara, 11; Paul Monardo, 12, 14; Cecelia Mitchell, 29.

Front Cover: Ken McAlpine.

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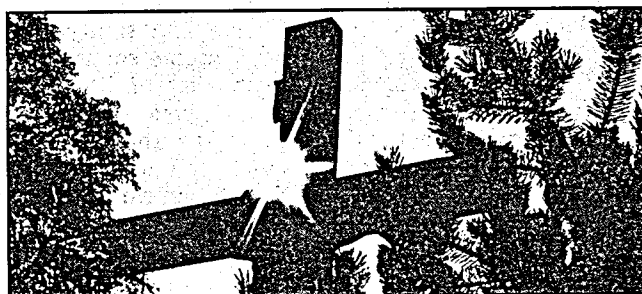
Vol. 121, No. 2, October 5, 1979
Notre Dame, Indiana

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The magazine is represented for national advertising by National Educational Advertising Services and CASS Student Advertising, Inc. Published fortnightly during the school year except during vacation and examination periods, *Scholastic* is printed at Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ind. 46556. The subscription rate is \$7.00 a year and back issues are available from *Scholastic*. Please address all manuscripts to *Scholastic*, Notre Dame, Ind. 46556. All unsolicited material becomes the property of *Scholastic*. copyright © 1979 *Scholastic* / all rights reserved / none of the contents may be reproduced without permission.

PERSPECTIVE

I'm not going to complain about inadequate drinking or beetle-brained Administrators. I'm not going to sniffle about sexual preferences or bankrupt social lives.

Because, frankly, I couldn't care less.

I mean, to hell with this mess we've had tossed in our laps; as far as I'm concerned, reality is either dead or very unsatisfactory, and there's no good reason to keep it. I can't think of one instance where reality has gotten anybody to anywhere worthwhile.

And, no, I haven't discovered some new way to mix chemicals. I'm proposing something much healthier, much fresher, and much cheaper: surrealism.

Yes! Surrealism! It's a technique, a state of mind, and a creed which can pick you up, dust you off, and plump you down in a significantly more interesting world.

I'm afraid it's the only reasonable attitude left. You've got to make your own reality, by God! Do it in any way you wish, though: paint your reality green. Wash your face in it. Fold it up, put it in your

pocket, and show it to policemen. No matter; it'll be yours and yours alone, and there won't be billions of people you'll have to share it with. You can stuff it in your closet, take it to the movies, or push it off tall buildings. It will all be up to you.

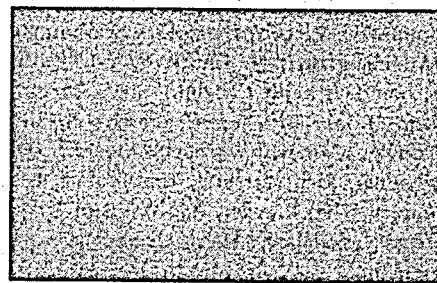
I know very well this idea isn't completely original, but it's just not getting the attention it deserves on this campus. When was the last time you heard a serious discussion of surrealism? (Surreal directives don't count — they're too one-sided.) I know a few people who have only a passing acquaintance with reality and they certainly seem to be smiling more than everyone else; so why hasn't there been more of an effort to bring absurdity to the masses? Why the cover-up?

But never mind; it's out in the open now and it's still not too late. I'm calling on you to reject reality and save your sanity. For your own sakes, become smart shoppers in the supermarket of life. Read some of those labels; don't buy the first world view that comes along. The avenues and alternatives are endless, and no one can plead ignorance—

even the freshmen have been here a month and so should be able to recognize the absurd.

It may be your last hope, so get out there and surrealize your potential! Let your shackled skulls free, let yourselves indulge; the world is your bean-bag. Improvise and ad-lib, invent and steal; go ahead and write your notes on a squirrel; become a Druid and mail long letters to *Scientific American*; go to bed at 8:30; eat your textbooks; collect lint — anything at all. But whatever you do, start now; tomorrow is probably too late.

Finally, as a small gesture of support, I'd like you to have part of this magazine. Here:



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February 9, 1968

In Retrospect:

OCTOBER 5, 1979

The Holocaust: A Lesson to Remember

by Pat Worklan

Last summer I visited Yad Vashem, a memorial/museum in Jerusalem dedicated to those six million Jews who had been exterminated as part of Hitler's "Final Solution." I was accompanied by three friends, two of whom had relatives that disappeared in concentration camps during World War II. That afternoon was an unnerving experience. Hitler's demonic plans had never seemed so real and terrifying.

My knowledge of the Holocaust prior to this experience had been based on teachings typical of parochial schools. In high school we saw the nighmarish film, "Night and Fog." I remember coming away with mixed feelings of disbelief and relief. Disbelief that man could commit such a crime against his fellowman. Relief that the Holocaust was over and safely stashed away in history books. But since my visit to Yad Vashem, I have realized how close the past remains and the intense anguish it still inflicts on many people. I know that it is impossible to ever *fully* comprehend the hideousness of the Holocaust, but I also believe that it is important to remember this event in a living way, as opposed to the dusty history book approach that we've all relied upon for so long.

The President's Commission on the Holocaust is attempting to do exactly this. President Carter established this commission on November 1, 1978. He directed the committee to

research ideas pertaining "to the establishment and maintenance of an appropriate memorial to those who perished in the Holocaust, to examine the feasibility for the creation and maintenance of the memorial through contributions by the American people, and to recommend appropriate ways for the nation to commemorate April 28 and 29, 1979, which the Congress has resolved shall be 'Days of Remembrance of Victims of the Holocaust.'"

The commission's members include historians, survivors of the Holocaust, Senators, Congressmen, and religious leaders of all denominations. Carter nominated Father Hesburgh to the commission, who in turn appointed Professor Donald Kommers to represent him. Kommers is the director of the Center for Human Rights at Notre Dame.

From July 20 through August 12, Kommers visited Holocaust memorial in Treblinka, the Warsaw Ghetto, Auschwitz, Birkenau, Jerusalem, Kiev and Tel Aviv. The trip physically and emotionally drained the commission's members, but the exhausting experience proved to be an invaluable one.

"One important purpose of our mission was to inspect existing memorials in Europe in the hope of finding models on which to pattern an appropriate memorial to the victims of the Holocaust in the United States," said Kommers in a recent

interview. Other goals of the commission included investigating Holocaust records in the archives of Poland, Russia, Denmark, and Israel, consulting government officials on their treatment of the Holocaust, and visiting certain locations in Eastern Europe, all of which would aid in deepening the commission's awareness of the Holocaust. "All of these monuments and museums are witnesses to the massive slaughter of the Jews and give us some interesting ideas on how to construct a memorial in the United States," Kommers stated. "I doubt that any specific recommendation will appear in the commission's report to the President. The exact nature and form of any such monument will in all probability be the work of some continuing body."

Some dissension arose within the committee over the question of whether the memorial should be dedicated solely to the Jews. What about the other Poles, Russians, Slavs, and Slovaks that suffered as a result of being labeled "subhuman" and treated accordingly by the Nazis? Should the Holocaust be treated as an experience unique to the Jews, or as a universal experience? Arguments such as these are part of the "particularity vs. universality" dispute. Kommers optimistically stated, "I think most [committee members] realize that if any such memorial is to secure congressional support, it

will have to memorialize all the victims of the Holocaust. Actually, I think it is perfectly possible—and desirable—to create a memorial that recognizes both the particularity and universality of the Holocaust.”

The President's Commission on the Holocaust will also propose the formation of a “Committee on Conscience.” This committee would meet at the National Memorial to the Holocaust on a regular basis, and receive any actual or potential reports of genocide. The main purpose of this commission would be to alert the national conscience in the event that any totally inhuman assault, such as the Holocaust, would ever recur. The plight of the “Boat People” is an example of the type of problem that this committee would try to handle.

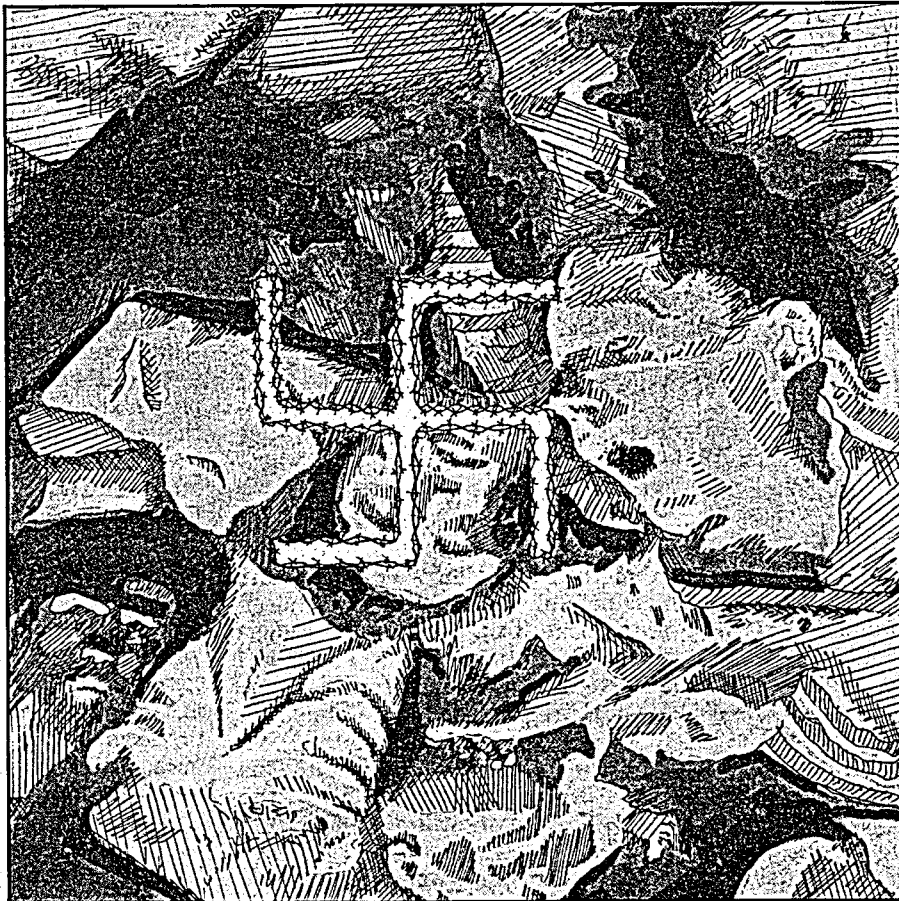
One recommendation that the President's Commission will present involves the prosecution of Nazi war criminals in America. While Kommers personally disagrees with this proposal, most of the members feel it is necessary to investigate further. Kommers believes that the prosecution of Nazi war criminals is primarily the responsibility of the West German government, not the United States. However, he does concede that deportation proceedings should occur, provided that the accused party gained American citizenship fraudulently.

These are just a few of the recommendations that Hesburgh and Kommers along with the rest of the commission presented to President Carter on September 27. Elie Wiesel, an Auschwitz survivor, essayist and

novelist, chaired the commission. I believe that he best summed up their main goal in the following words:

We do not have this commission simply to remember, but to warn. Last time it was the killing of the Jews, then the attempt to annihilate humanity itself. Between the two came the sin of indifference. Today when we hear the word “holocaust” it is preceded by the word “nuclear.” If there is to be no new holocaust, first we have to look backward and learn. We hope this mission is a beginning. For if we forget, the next time indifference will no longer be a sin. It will be a judgment. □

Pat Worklan is a junior history major at St. Mary's. This is her first contribution.



Death, A Year Later

by Marcia McBrien

It took me a year after the fact to cry for Uncle Norman. Not that I didn't have tears to shed the afternoon I called home, some three days after the beginning of sophomore year, to find that he had collapsed and died on a tennis court that morning. But there was a gap somewhere, a space which could not be walked through, but merely around. No catharsis, no extended sobbing, none of the usual emblems of grief. The extent of my involvement in the funeral was a Mass card and a candle at the Grotto; by family dictate, I didn't go home. Maybe that's why it didn't sink in. There's some passage in *Gone With the Wind* in which a near-hysterical Scarlett O'Hara is led away from her father's grave by a friend, so that she might not hear the clods of earth falling on his coffin.

Burial is a very final thing, and even belief in an afterlife can wear thin on the edge of a grave. As I said before, I was spared all this, and in the few times I touched home base between football season and semester finals, it still didn't really sink in that Uncle Norm had not, in fact, simply gone off on some over-extended tennis tourney, to return any day.

Then came the summer, and the Wilson racquet waiting in my closet was not mine, but one of his. The more we talked about it at home, about the afternoon it happened, about the funeral, about him, I began to see how much I'd been shielded from his death by the two hundred miles away from home. My little brother cried whenever his name was mentioned; my grandmother cried whether it was or not. My father, probably hiding the deepest scar of all of us, said very little about losing the older brother he worshipped as a small boy and admired as a man. When the tears finally

did come, it was because I'd finally caught up with the funeral, or rather that it caught up with me. The worst of it is knowing that he's not coming back, that if the more outlandish theories of the next world are true, he might very well be translated into the energy of God or the Spirit of the Cosmos when we next meet, which I don't like at all. The best we can do until then is to remember, to go on talking about him, to "keep his memory green." To think of him every time the Wilson sweeps in my hand toward the ball (also, with none of his expertise behind it). To write it down from a year later, after the worst sorrow and before the forgetting.

There's a picture (now encased in a photo album somewhere) that I have of Uncle Norm, taken the night before he died, when he and my parents went "out on the town" together for the last time. He looks good, really good, with a light tan and without the twenty pounds that he picked up the winter before. My mother sent me the picture about two weeks after he died, and I kept it tacked up on my bulletin board from then until May. The damndest part of it all is that it never bothered me to have it up there in broad daylight, like an open wound. I even got a kick out of noticing that Uncle Norm bore a startling resemblance to Humphrey Bogart, something I'd never seen before. Even with his photo in front of me every day, the fact of his death still didn't sink in.

Intellectually, I dealt with it; predictably enough, I went through the process of trying to find a meaning for his death, found none, and concluded that death, being death, didn't need to have a meaning. I was too caught up in this miasma of pseudo-profound thought to think of the man himself. There wasn't anyone

here who could remember with me.

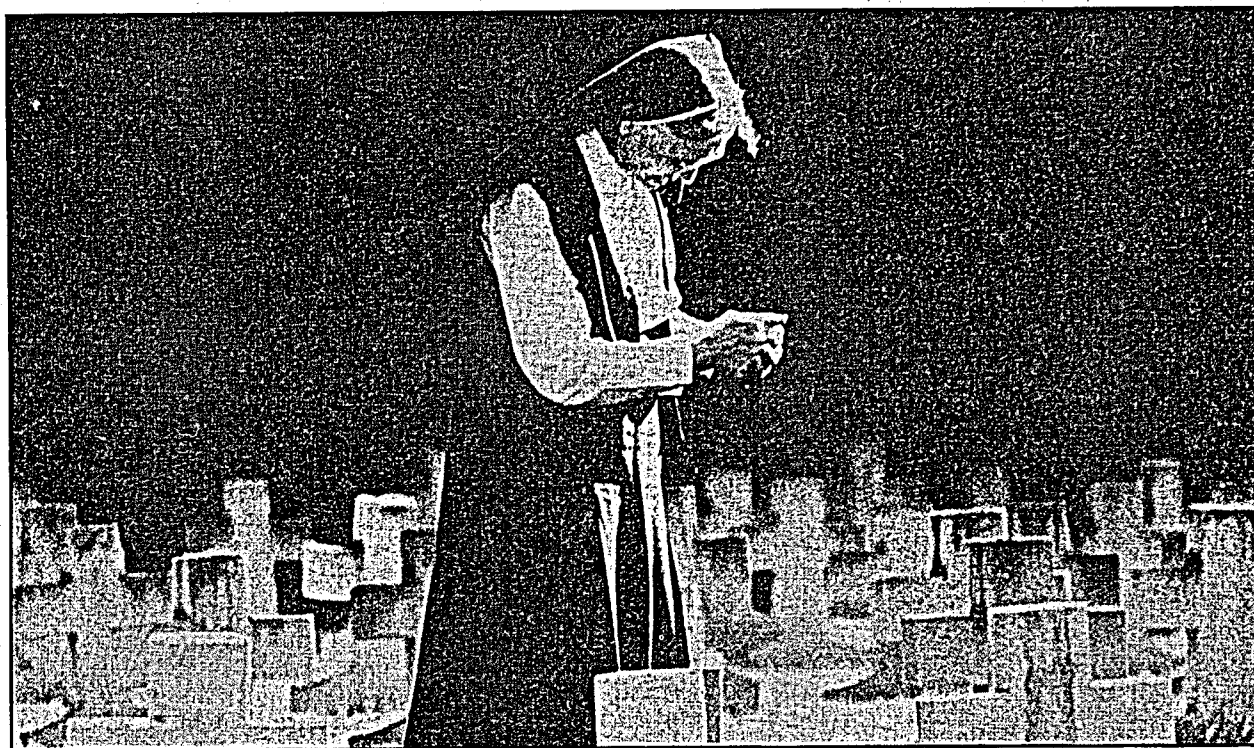
The one redeeming feature of funeral homes, commercially maudlin as they are, is that they get everyone together, amid the plastic palms and grim floral arrangements to look at and talk about the deceased. Not that I particularly wanted my last sight of my uncle to be one with his jaws wired shut and his body inflated with formaldehyde; but, the contact with the fact of his death might have shattered my emotional insulation. As it was, I had to wait until this summer before the situation came home to me; it wasn't a particularly painful interval, but it did leave me wondering what kind of monster I was, not to mourn my favorite uncle with any tears or lamentation.

Separation, despite all this, did have its advantages. The Uncle Norm I remember is the Humphrey Bogart look-alike of the photo taken the night before he died, not an alien corpse hidden away under six feet of earth, faceless and voiceless. He is still the same figure of mythic proportions, maybe a little more mythic now since the telling and retelling of stories about him goes on without him to sit by and occasionally remark, "Nice, but it's bullshit."

He was, very briefly, a good-looking, verbal, impatient Irishman, and the terror of the Indian Village Tennis Club. He drank Manhattans, smoked cigars, and swore with an easy and unattainable grace; he hated bores, snobs and Ethel Merman (not necessarily in that order). He didn't give a damn about status symbols or what people thought of him, or what a damn about status symbols or what people thought of him, or what they thought of him after he said what he thought of them, which he did often and without embarrassment. Best of all, he laughed loud and hard, and in all the right places, at all of my jokes, whether they were good or not.

Maybe it is too late to hear the earth strike the coffin; for me, that's just as well. I like my picture of him, minus funeral home aura, less the unrecognizability of corpses. Just as, perhaps, he liked going out in the middle of his last volley, sans arthritis, sans old age, sans hospital bed.

Death, a year later, and a eulogy, a year late, Uncle Norm, but still too soon for the people who saw you into the ground last September. I hope you like it. Usually I don't share this stuff with just anybody, but you're different. I know I can depend on you to laugh in all the right places. □



A Question Of Fate

by Anthony Walton

Over the summer I found myself wondering about who would die during the break; which students would be missing when the fall semester began. That may seem a bit morbid, but it seems that every summer three to four students die. I wondered if someone I knew would be among that group. It could have been my roommate, a close friend, or a casual acquaintance.

As it turned out, I knew only one of the students that died, and that was only a vague acquaintance. But the deaths still touched me in a strange sort of personal way. These were young people who were expecting, and had every right to, a long and full life. Then suddenly, without any warning, life was over, they were gone. If what we believe about the afterlife is true, they are now with God. But where does that leave us? If the person was close to us we can only cry, then look at the sky and hope that it has to do with something we don't understand. If the person was not close to us, upon hearing the news we may be saddened, if only for a fleeting moment, think of the tragedy, then move on. In the back of my mind, though, there remains a nagging question of "fairness," of why some-

one would lose his life before having the chance to fully live it.

For me personally, the "fairness" of a specific death can be somewhat articulated. Depending on the circumstances, whenever I find myself searching for an "explanation," I find myself saying something like, "He was 85, he lived a long, full life," or "He was only 35, he had a family, why?" As death is inevitable, I find it easier to accept it among elderly people, for it is the final step in the symmetry of life. I am saddened by the death of a grandparent, for example, but it does not evoke in me the feeling of bewildered groping, the almost angry feeling that someone has been "robbed," a feeling I get when I hear of a young death. Amidst this emotion I have tried to find "reasons," and can sometimes find some semblance of an explanation, but not always.

This is perhaps best exemplified by two of the deaths that the Notre Dame community experienced last summer. Catherine Guthery died in a motorcycle accident. When I heard this news I was upset, but as I thought about it, I found that for myself, I reached a reasonable, though tenuous, understanding as to why it had to happen. It

seemed very unfair that she be denied her future, but somehow her dying in a motorcycle accident "explained" it for me. To die in such an accident seems to be purely in the hands of fate, as it is something that occurs when we are living our everyday lives doing things that we always do and cannot live without. Every day we go swimming, drive our cars, ride our motorcycles, activities that we could die doing. We don't anticipate the danger because these kinds of activities are indigenous to life. Drinking from a water fountain could cause us to contract a fatal disease. There is really nothing that we can do about these things, short of locking ourselves in a room and never coming out. To die by pure accident, going about our normal affairs, is something that is to me a part of life, and though it is hard, very hard to accept, I can kind of understand it. It is at least a straw to grasp at.

There was another death over the summer that, no matter what I do, I cannot seem to find any reason or explanation for. Wallace Daniels was shot to death outside a disco in Kansas City. From what details I can gather about the shooting, he was in the right place, at the right time,

doing the right thing. Sitting in his car, momentarily discussing possibilities for an after-date snack or some other such topic, bang! A shot was fired, shattering the windshield, fatally wounding Daniels. It was apparently a motiveless crime. It appears that the assailant was intending "only" to rob, not to kill, and somehow, the reason not even known to the assailant, the gun went off, and in every sense of the word, Wallace Daniels was "wasted." An accident, yes, but then again very definitely *not* an accident.

I cannot pinpoint what it is that so thoroughly disorients me about a death such as this. It has something to do with the needlessness of it. To die in a car accident, though also needless, is somewhat more understandable, for me at least. The closest I can come to defining the despair is that it has to do mostly with human intent or carelessness. I think it is because of the malice involved, the purposeful intent to deprive someone else of his human rights. A car accident, although it may be caused by carelessness, is not something that anyone intended to happen. Though the man that shot Wallace Daniels did not intend to kill him, he did intend to rob him, and in error, ultimately robbed him of his most precious possession.

Obviously this raises all sorts of questions, none of which have real answers. In the end, as all death has the same result, we tend not to be concerned with how the person died, but more with the fact that he is dead. To me, death is something that is inevitable, and it is also inevitable that some of us will die before our expected time. That is something that comes with life. The fact that all people do not regard life in a way that is beneficial to all is also a part of life; it has been since Cain. Yet that does not make it any easier to handle a senseless murder.

It seems useless to me to sit around after the fact of a car accident and wonder why the driver didn't drive 35 or 25 instead of 30, or why he didn't "take the other way." "Fate" had those two cars traveling along convergent paths. "It was meant to be." Only God or some other such force could have changed the outcome. It seems to be an altogether different, and much crueler "fate" that your life may someday lie in the hands of another human.

For me, the question of life or death is one that I want God to answer. Perhaps God did answer for Wallace Daniels. I hope so. □

Death Be Not Loud

by Christopher Antonio Stewart

"I don't want to achieve immortality through my work. I want to achieve immortality through not dying."—Woody Allen

Watching a sunset can teach you much about the act of dying. The extraordinary brilliance, the full lustre of color—be is orange, red, purple, or pink—makes me wonder why the best part of any show is always at the end. Of course, this is not to diminish the beauty of sunrise, that awesome moment when mankind's awareness of that idea, rebirth, emerges with such pristine clarity. But sunrise is another time, another essay. Right now, the issue is the sunset over Pangborn, which is where I gaze from my penthouse in Fisher. An Air Force jet streaks eastwardly, leaving its white tail behind to distract me from the sultry orange sunset blazing triumphantly, almost defiantly, like a gorgeous woman flaunting her meteoric beauty, a beauty that dissipates the moment it reaches its apogee. Sunset, beauty—instants in the second of life, in the year of eternity. Rare. Fleeting. Soon, the sunset over Pangborn vanishes into nocturnal nothingness.

The sun is a good symbol for life. We take particular note of it only on special occasions: sunrise, sunset, eclipse. Just like life, except in life we can change the names of the events, call them birth, death, marriage. As Christians, we accompany these events with religious initiation rites. We call them sacraments, holy events which hopefully insure us safe transport to our justly deserved abode in the next existence.

The sun, as life, is a rather mundane part of our existence, something we take much for granted. I mean, it's a rare occurrence when you hear someone say, "Hey, did you see how gorgeous the sun was today at 3 p.m.?" or "Let's go to the beach today. Weatherman says noontime sun is gonna be too terrific for words."

People who go around saying things like that are soon transported, rapidly, to very quiet places nestled in the verdant countryside. They're usually escorted by men whose job it is to secure a firmly fitting jacket around the person in question, so that he hurts no one, least of all himself. (Pardon the sexist language. Women are not immune to these experiences.)

After all, the sun is so *ordinary*, so *commonplace*, no big deal. No reason to get excited, Mr. Dylan once said, in a song made famous by Mr. Hendrix. Just like life, remember?

Life at high noon, or early evening, is also taken for granted. Most of us are in the spring of life, late teens or early twenties. The morningtide of existence. The entire day awaits our savoring, enjoyment, celebration and participation. All of the variegated ecstasies, sweet splendors and joys that are destined to come to us in our springtime will be lucidly remembered in our days of autumn, those declining days of retirement, golf-playing, backaches, grandparenting, and melancholy.

Ah, bliss, give me a kiss. Youth is so sweet, so full of feeling and activity, so enlivened by the efflorescence of dreams, hopes, personalities, minds, and right friendship. So idealistic, so romantic, so lacking common sense, so utterly naive. In-

nocent optimism in the face of ubiquitous terror, contingency, death.

The only real failure of the sun as a symbol of life is that it does not die. Imagine this scenario.

"Hey, did you hear, someone killed the sun. 'Sombitch kidnapped it for ransom, but nobody paid any attention. They all thought it was some public relations gimmick by the Department of Energy. The 'nappers snuffed it."

"Goddam. There goes my tan."

A very unlikely event.

The sun, like the Son, is eternal in its design. Rise and fall. Day in and day out. Epoch after epoch. Incessant. The universal insomniac, if you pardon the anthropomorphism.

People die, sometimes in the dawn of life, at noon, and early evening, just before sunset. I'm not quite sure why this happens, why accidents befall men, still, in our age of technological hubris and moon-walking sophistication. I must confess that these moribund intrusions into my consciousness unsettle me; irritate me. To be perfectly frank, they humble me.

To a certain extent, I subscribe to the proposition set forth by Robert Lifton, a Harvard theorist who has done extensive research with survivors of disasters and man-made atrocities, like Hiroshima and Nagasaki. He coined the expression "sur-

vivor's guilt" as a way of describing the anxiety of those left behind.

Survivors sometimes have a hard time figuring out why they lived, when so many died. Or why it happened to a loved one, and not them instead. Things like that.

Death makes me wonder, especially about that Holy Androgynous One, the Verity of Verities, God.

Death also makes me think about the Church, and its efficaciousness in consoling those left behind. It tries.

Then I wonder some more, in between term papers, football games, love affairs gone awry, and the ceaseless stream of thought, ever protean, wondering: why?

Last year a young woman from St. Mary's College died in a car crash. Her death enraged me; the seeming incongruity, the utter gratuity of it.

Her death also revived me. It did for me what all the pious drivel and insipid intellectualism about the Resurrection never could. Until her death, the Resurrection was a non-event, a cosmic miscarriage, a psychological fixation of little old ladies who attend daily Mass and maintain active memberships in the local chapter of the St. Vincent de Paul Society.

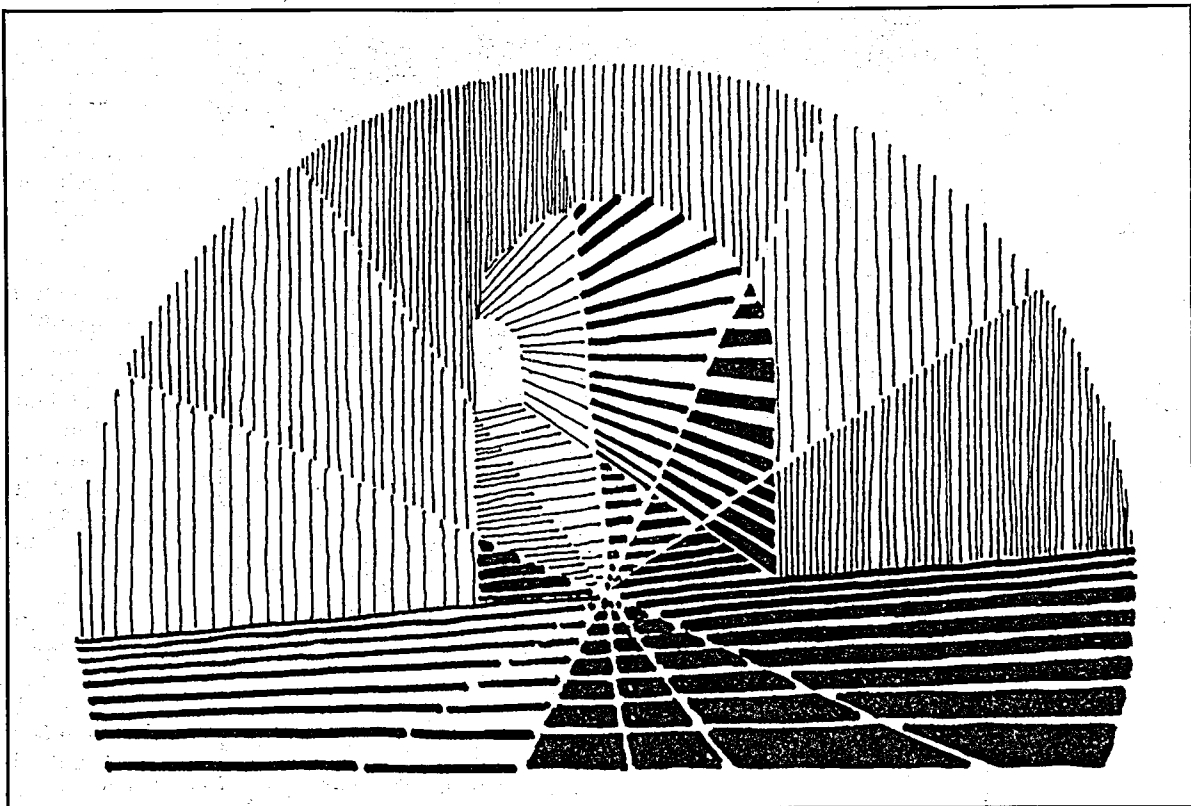
Not only did this girl's death affect me, it forever banished my own

grand illusions of immortality. As a result of her death, I wrote an article for *The Observer*, which some thoughtful soul mailed to the young girl's mother. Her mother wrote me a very touching letter in return, expressing her gratitude for my writing about her daughter. The mother and I remain in touch, exchanging letters from time to time. She tells me about her suffering, which is intense, and her faith, which is obstinate and greater than the temptation to despair.

I love that woman. She's a whole lot stronger than I think I'd be had I been a mother who lost her baby in the noontime of life.

In the past year, there have been other deaths, as bizarre and inexplicable, as mind-searing and soul-rending, as that of the young woman from St. Mary's. Deaths that really challenge me; deaths that make me wonder. These are a few of them.

Last summer, when I was home in New York, there was the infamous "laughing murder." A fifteen-year-old boy, whose father was a graduate of Notre Dame, was shot to death in front of Columbia University by another youngster. Why? Hugh McEvoy, an honor student who wanted to be a priest, was laughing with his friend as he strolled down the street. The murderer-to-be took offense, and silenced the laughter with a bullet.



This past spring, Charles Frankel met death in a similarly Kafkaesque fashion. He was an accomplished man: professor of philosophy at Columbia, the head of a humanistic institute, who for a while managed the State Department's cultural programs abroad. He wrote for the *New York Times Magazine*, and other erudite publications. He was a much-loved teacher by the students at Columbia, so much so that even during the riotous and divisive Sixties, he was constantly ranked among their favorite pedagogues.

Unaware of his credentials, some unphilosophical members of Brooklyn's ghettos plundered his home in May. Not content with their booty, their malevolence spilled over into reality. The subsequent carnage in posh Bedford Hills, New York, left Frankel, his wife, and two neighbors dead. They were slaughtered for the simple reason of being in the wrong place at the wrong time. *Their own homes.*

Not even Plato came to his defense.

Wally Daniels, a ND sophomore-to-be, and member of the swimming team, died under equally absurd circumstances this summer. He was shot in the head as he sat in his car with his girlfriend outside a disco in Miriam, Kansas, not far from his home in nearby Kansas City, Missouri. Someone told me the gun accidentally discharged, that the killer had only intended robbery.

Robbery, indeed.

I'm told he was quite a fine diver. He was also only 19 years old. Springtime.

There's also Vito LaLoggia, a Grace Hall resident who died in a drowning accident this summer. Catherine Guthery, a Farley Hall resident, a motorcycle accident victim. And a dear friend of many in the Notre Dame community, Joe Evans, the man with the impeccable memory. Gone before I ever had the chance to thank him for his many

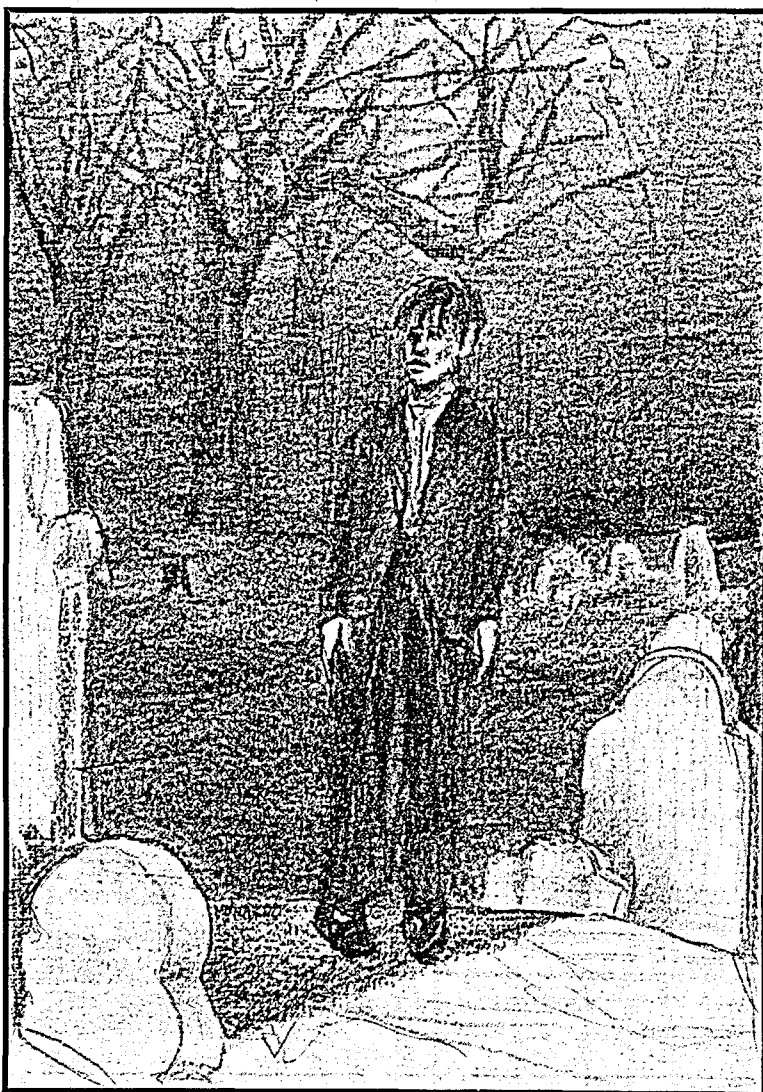
kindnesses, his simple beauty, his unobtrusive humility, and all the other virtues he exemplified so well in his dignified life as a Christian philosopher at du Lac.

Last but not least, there was Don Miller, one of Notre Dame's immortal Four Horsemen. He died this summer at the ripe old age of 77. Eveningtime . . . when legends are supposed to die.

Miller's death, out of all the aforementioned, was the only one that I can fathom, and come to some rational terms with.

For the others, and I believe Woody Allen would agree, the sun had not yet set. □

The author dedicates this piece to Mrs. Loretta Cerabona, and all people who notice the sun, whenever it shines.



She bent down to tie her white shoelace. The red pull string on her hooded sweatshirt dangled and bounced over her stiff fingers. Having completed the knot, she straightened and hitched up the grey baggy sweatpants she had found in her dad's drawer. She started her series of waist-twists and toe-touches to loosen up for her jog, running through the routine efficiently and without thought. She alternated lunging three times on each side to stretch out the upper leg while stabbing the gold-flecked air with an imaginary foil. Planting her hands against the side of the house, she let her back sag, holding her heels on the ground. She felt the grainy brick on her palms and the pull in her calves for a total of eighteen counts.

She took off down the edge of her yard toward the black tar road behind the house. Keeping her eyes down, she watched her Adidas Country tennis shoes work over the browning lawn. When she reached the scrubby tree row which shielded the house from the road, she plowed through the dry snapping branches and weeds to scramble up the slight incline of the ditch wall at the road. As she crossed to the opposite side to run against oncoming traffic, she kicked loose a small stone which rattled across in front of her. The day's last sunshafts flicked in and out the tree line as she jogged down the road.

She padded along, rolling the cool evening air against her teeth and lips as she breathed in and out of her mouth. Her breathing grew rhythmic, and she brought her attention to the lush of colors and light. "Wet springs and dry falls for beautiful autumns." She formed each word with exacting precision inside her head. She called up the scene of the yellow kitchen curtains and her dad, across the table, wrapping his mouth, teeth and tongue around the words, "wet-springs-and-dry-falls . . ." She remembered picking at the yellow plastic tablecloth with her fork. "Wet springs and dry falls," she said aloud. She smiled at the small breathy words as they hung in her ears before evaporating. She continued to run the words over in her mind, mixing them through her breathing until she reached the three-way stop sign. She checked briefly for traffic and jogged straight ahead.

A red truck filled with Mexicans and lawnmowers approached her. She stepped down onto the shoulder. The truck did not move over, but speeded up. She jumped down into the ditch as the truck whizzed by, throwing up dust and gravel into her face. The man on the passenger side leaned out his window and yelled something. The three men in the back end with the gardening tools laughed and tossed out their own shouts. Their features blurred as the truck passed. Her mind shaped the word, "Assholes," and clamped onto it as she blinked rapidly to clear a bit of dust from her eye. She dropped her eyes and watched her feet against the black road. The truck and shouts faded. She raised her head again as she approached the familiar break in the trees alongside the road. A battered park district pickup had been pulled off the shoulder into the dusty weeds just ahead. Leaving the road, she ran on the rutted dry brown path through the strip of trees into the park.

Jog at Evening's Fall

by Lisa Hartenberger

She broke into the wide field. Filled with the deepening blue air and sun-stroked reds and oranges, she pumped her legs and arms harder, harder, deep into the field. Gasping for breath, she slowed her pace as she finished the length of the park, and allowed her breath to slacken into a soft in-out harmony. She rounded out the corner and the autumn wind slapped a bright red mark onto her right cheek. She headed toward the slide and merry-go-round along the back edge of the field. The empty pink and blue horses bobbed up and down on their rusty springs in the wind. The swings, wooden and peeling, squealed on their chains. She jogged, straining her calves, through a sandbox rigidly defined by lengths of black railroad ties. She neared the silver batting cage marking out the other back corner of the field. As she cut behind it, she noticed the wind blowing hard against her as she started up the length of the field. The early evening shadows spilled across the dying grass, and the wind blew in through her sweatshirt's zipper to her chest. Her nose ran and her ears felt red and hot. She let her head hang and watched her feet carry her along the browning grasses.

A buzzing sound to her left and ahead pulled her head up. Close to the road and near the middle of the field's front edge, she could see a man with a chain saw. She immediately recalled the forest green truck parked along the road, past the tree row. She idly wondered what he could be doing; fragments from another day flowed in response to the half-question. Her dad, standing in the muddy puddles near the folded-out back end of the station wagon, watched the chain saw he held sputter, then quit. "Fire hazard," he said in the whining silence as he tossed the machine in the car. "Have to empty the saw." He banged the back end shut.

The memory fell back and she focused on the man again. He faced her direction. She could see he had orange hair, cut very close to his head in a butch, so that it spiked straight out. He wore a red and black plaid jacket, unbuttoned and open, exposing a well-muscled chest clad in a tight black tee shirt. He wore stained jeans and gridded work boots. He stood just inside the tree shadows stretching across the field. He held the running yellow chain saw just below his waist, in front of him.

As she drew nearer, she saw the man was grinning at her. His mouth stretched tight across his smooth face, and pulled his eyes to dark slits. His teeth gleamed yellow. She noticed how numb her legs felt, how the wind slowed her pace. The once-bright leaves seemed cold, dead, in the fading light. The black tree trunks blocked out the sky and cast long dark shadows out across her and the man, binding her to him. She didn't want to look out to the man anymore, but she could not stop. She tried a pleasant smile, but her mouth hesitated and trembled. His face did not change. She dragged her eyes down to his reddened chapped hands and the vibrating machine he held below his waist. The wind whipped her hair into her face and her eyes watered at the sting. She wrenched her face from him,



and pulled her legs out in front of her, hard. The wind pushed her back, sitting firmly on her chest.

He stood deeper in the shadows now, as the sun settled down further into the thickening sky and the light faded fast. He arched his back and started to pull the tip of the whirring chain saw first to the sky and then down to his feet, and then up again, first leisurely, then furiously. His eyes, dark gleaming slashes in his face, never moved off her. Her breath came hard and sharp as she strained to get away, leave the field. She passed him and her back felt naked and open. The chain saw roared, reverberated, pounded behind her eyes. She ripped through the tree row, unable to force her quivering legs to run along the front edge of the field, back to the path on which she had entered. The hulking shape of the truck loomed up, blocking her path. She ran past it with her blood pounding under her throbbing skin.

The road crept deep into the dusk before her. The nearest streetlight glowed steadily way down the black tree-lined road, brushing at the encroaching cobwebs of night shadows and mists. To her left, black wispy clouds scudded across the weak splotchy pink left behind by the setting sun. She ran desperately with her eyes streaming towards the light, but soon she slowed,

trembling. She listened to her sobbing breath subside into soft moaning jerks, and then settle into chordless staccatos. Her legs lost all sense of individual motion and moved her mechanically toward the light.

"Phone." The verb poured into her mind, like liquid gelatin into the mold of the telephone in the kitchen. Yellow, the telephone hung on the wall next to the laundry room, above the desk crammed with phone directories and cookbooks. Settling into the consistency of a sticky putty, the thin runny thought congealed and smeared over the hushed twilight. Confused images of her mother's face with a half-formed, "What . . ." on the lips, her dad standing in the hall with his tie loosened, the six o'clock news babbling mindlessly into the family room dark, heat from the ovens, the smells of meatloaf and onions meshed, melded, melted like syrup over the peak of the freshly forged notion to tell, to call someone. She added with meticulous detail the telephone's tactile tangents of plastic wires and metal springs to the mental scenario of telephoning. The delineation tore away at the membranous trails of indecision and gave birth to the shining unblurred resolution to call the police.

She drew into the cold bleak light circle from the street lamp. The greenish chilled light spewed down from a grey sweeping height of concrete. An insidious slinking coil of whispers stirred deep within her thoughts at the light and crept alongside the glittering resolve occupying the forefront of her mind. (What happened?) she could not stop herself from asking. The question swelled into (what/did/he/do?). She felt her desire to make the phone call tremble and crack. She asked again (What-did-he-really-do?). She practiced, in her mind, saying into the yellow mouthpiece to the faceless silence, "Well, he just stood there and smiled." The response came to her. (Well, lady, what's your problem then?) The once-firm resolve tottered and

crumbled to a powdery dust, leaving her mind cold and empty.

The cool stillness of the evening swept over her, drying her sweat, whitewashing the red broken lines in her eyes. She heard a dog barking somewhere off the road. Her skin felt stiff, crusty. As she reached the three-way stop, she automatically checked for cars, and continued on. The entrance to her subdivision appeared and her legs carried her off the black-tarred road and toward the house. Arriving at the driveway, she stopped and walked slowly to the garage. She turned the key to open the electric door. The opening door kicked on a harsh yellow light in the garage, making her squeeze her eyes in a squint. She grabbed the doorknob to the laundry room and pushed against the door with her hip. As she entered, she reached out with her hand and pushed the switch by the door to close the garage. Shutting the dark-stained door behind her, she walked into the warm yellow kitchen and passed the telephone. Her mom stood at the sink. "Dinner in fifteen minutes," her mom volunteered. "We're having meatloaf." She nodded at her mother's words. She took off her running shoes and holding them in her left hand, she crossed, sock-footed, out of the kitchen and into the tiled hall. Her dad stood there, peering into the darkened family room at the six o'clock news. Absently playing with his tie, he said without looking at her, "Hi hon." She said, "Hi." She walked past him to the carpeted stairs leading to the bedrooms. She walked into her room, dropped her shoes, and turned on the light. She opened her drawers. She selected some clean underwear, jeans, and a tee shirt. Turning the light off, she walked out of her room. She walked down the shag-carpeted hall, and turned into the yellow bathroom. She flicked on the light. She put down her clothes on the closed toilet seat and opened a cabinet to select a clean fluffy towel. She closed the bathroom door against the unlighted hall and locked it. □

BEER

Beer and Poetry

Beer and poetry go well together
One to ease, one to please
Expanding mind and belly
Contrapositively

Hyperbole, a belch
Simile, a mug
Read about the inner world
And chug-a-lug

Blow off the frothy head
For Willie and Montague
Keats should have owned a brewery
He should have got married too
—Tom Balcerek

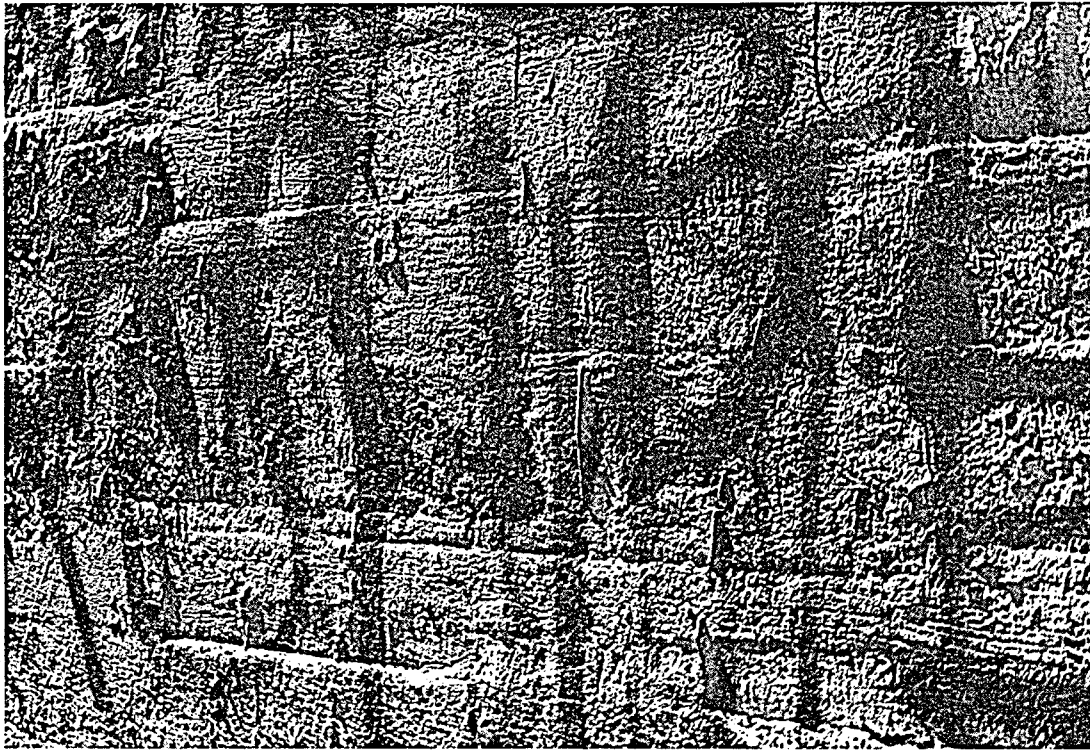
EVE

En una vispera quieta de verano

Si acaso contemplo nada
en el cielo vacío,
si acaso soy noche por un momento,
y si acaso cairá tu estrella y tallerá un creciente
de luz de día,
haré un deseo
(esperando que tú, también, consigas lo tuyo).

On a Quiet, Summer's Eve

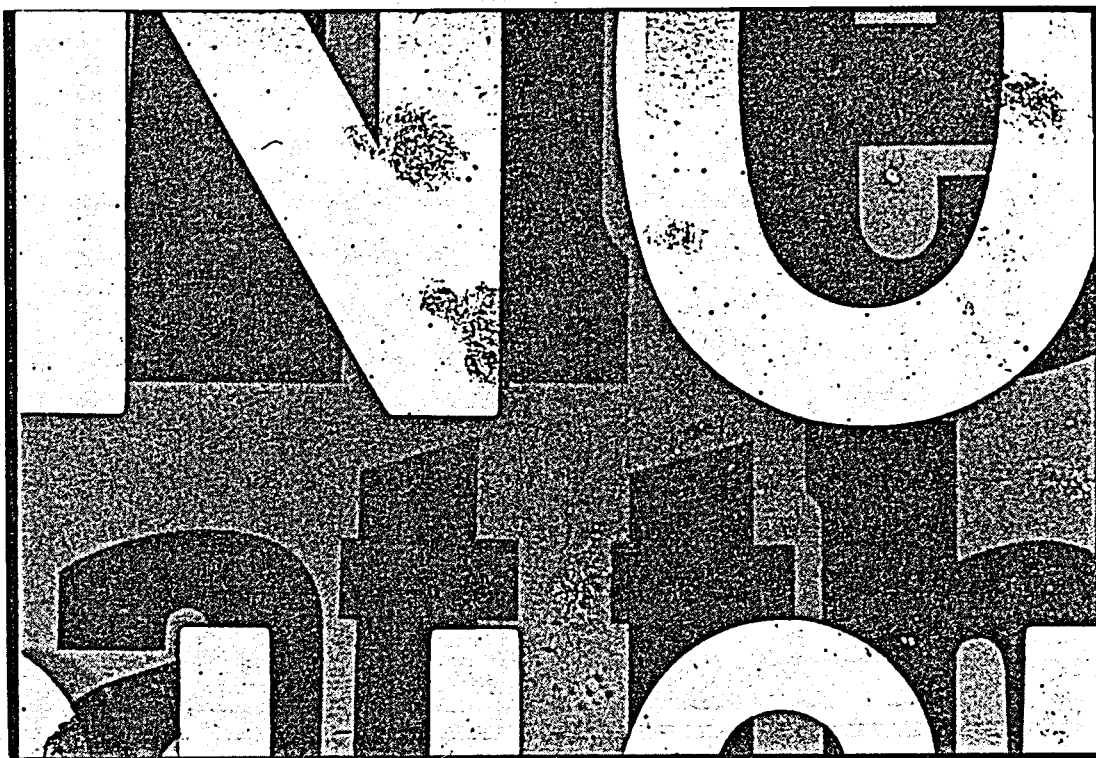
If I should gaze at nothing
in the empty sky,
if I should be night for a moment,
and if your star should fall and carve a crescent
of day light,
I will make a wish
(hoping you, too, will get yours).
—Michael Diaz



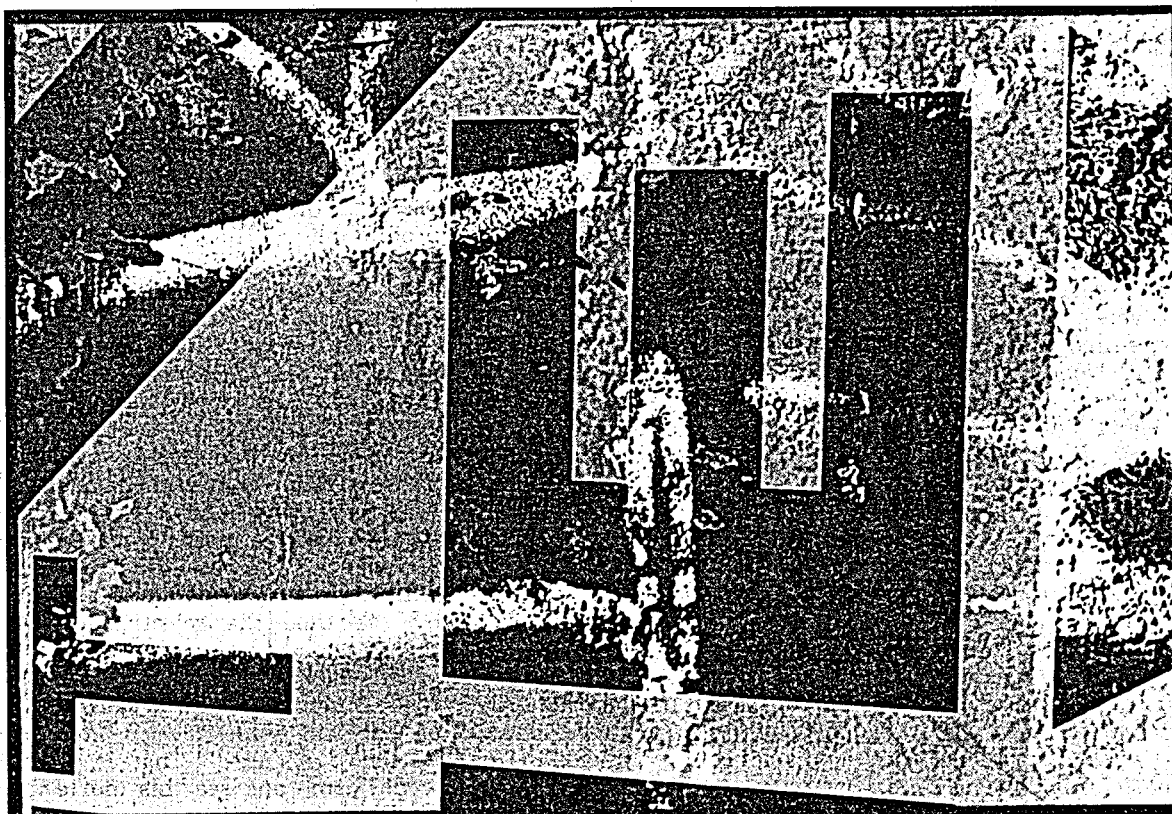
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FITO



ANN BRIDGET CLARKE



Film: We Are Not Amused



by Tim Tedrick

There is one thing a person can always expect when the Center for Experiential Learning and the Notre Dame Student Government sponsor a film series, and that is variety. This semester's Social Concerns Film Series was an enjoyable yet thoughtful mixture of commercial and non-commercial features; it ranged from entertaining Hollywood products to serious documentaries. Any series that would have both "Norma Rae" and "The Politics of Torture" included in the same schedule could be justifiably called diverse.

At about the same time, the Notre Dame Student Union also announced its roster of films. One word can describe the Student Union's selection: boring. Granted, the schedule has some sure-fire-we'll-make-a-jillion-dollars-type movies ("Heaven Can Wait," "Grease," "The Longest Yard"); it's also about as imaginative as a hospital meal tray. More and more, the Student Union's film list reads like last year's, last month's, or even last week's entertainment guide in any newspaper. They seem to have constricted their schedule almost exclusively to recently released motion pictures, so what was playing back in your home town last summer you can expect to see on next spring's film lineup.

And that's sad. Given the resources with which the movie commissioner has to work, Student Union could schedule a blockbuster lineup, with an adventuresome and interesting mixture of new and old, domestic and foreign, commercial and cult motion pictures. But with the exception of five films ("Casino Royale," "Harold and Maude," "Psycho," "The Mouse That Roared," "What's Up, Tiger Lily?"), Student Union consistently settles for mediocrity and "the sure thing."

My question to all of this is, "why?" Student Union gave a number of reasons, but none of them are easily believed. Their first excuse is money; they have to make money on every film. This reasoning can be quickly shot down. Student Union is funded by our student activities' fee; they don't have to sell stock, take out loans, or put up capital to start business. To be sure, it would be silly to show films that consistently lose money, but they don't have to run the series like a collegiate-level-junior-achievement project, either. They could even show a series of *free* films—those a person ordinarily wouldn't pay to see (vintage classics, documentaries, etc.) but would like to view without commercials—along with a diverse selection of revenue-making films. I'm sure that this would be successful if only given a

chance.

Another often-cited reason for the *status quo* is that foreign films and offbeat films don't succeed on the Notre Dame campus. I seriously don't know how this can be said; only two foreign movies were shown by the Student Union last *year* and that hardly qualifies as a large sampling. This fall's list contains *no* foreign and only two offbeat films ("Harold and Maude" and "Tiger Lily"). If this is their idea of "daring programming," they have a lot to learn.

Some constructive advice for the future: why doesn't this year's movie commissioner take some chances, if not with this semester's schedule, then with the spring semester's? There is no need to continue the legacy of ineptitude left by the two previous film commissioners. Student Union has in its hands both the most popular and the most persuasive art form on this campus—the film—and, with hope, maybe will discover this by the time the selection of the spring films comes about.

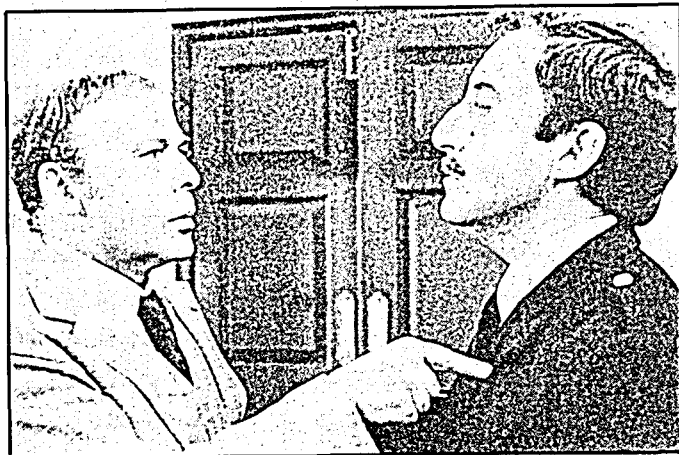
But then again, it's easy to take the attitude of a girl who sat in front of me and some friends at "The Battle of Algiers." That is, "Who would come and see this movie unless they had to?"

Well, believe me, I think you would be surprised.

IUSB Film Series

Sunday October 7	The Magic Flute
Friday October 12	Persona
Sunday October 14	A Tale of Two Cities
October 21-28	Alfred Hitchcock Film Festival
Sunday October 21	Spellbound
Wednesday October 24	Young and Innocent
Friday October 26	The Lady Vanquishes
Saturday October 27	Notorious
Sunday October 28	Dial M for Murder
Friday November 2	Antigone
Sunday November 11	Room Service
Sunday November 18	Singing in the Rain
Wednesday November 28	High Noon
Friday November 30	The Music Room
Sunday December 9	Blow-Up
Wednesday December 12	The Producers

All shows at 8:00 p.m.; \$1.00 admission; \$8.00, season pass.



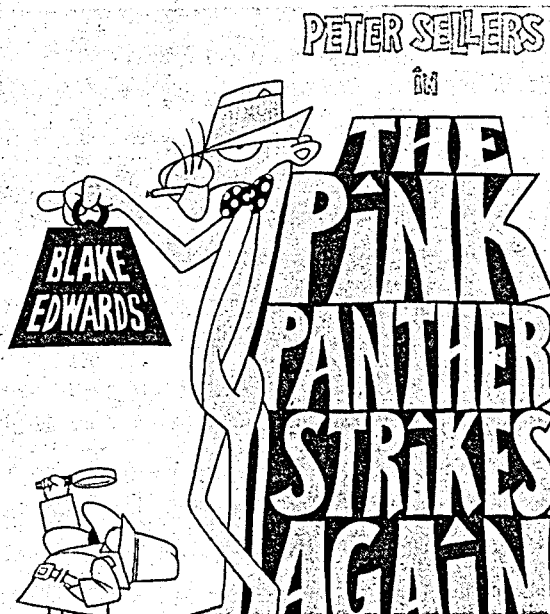
Speech and Drama Department Film Series

Monday October 8	Grand Illusion
Monday October 15	Mr. Hulot's Holiday
Monday November 12	Lola Montez
Monday November 19	Dodeska Ben
Monday November 26	His Girl Friday
Monday December 3	Tokly Story

All shows at 7:30, Washington Hall; \$1.00 admission; season pass available.

Student Union Film Series

October 10, 11	FM
October 12, 13	Heaven Can Wait
October 16, 17	Death Wish
Oct. 31, Nov. 1	Psycho
November 6	Casino Royale
November 7	The Mouse That Roared
November 8	The Magic Christian
November 10	The Return of the Pink Panther
November 11	The Pink Panther Strikes Again
November 14, 15	Paper Moon
November 29, 30	What's Up, Tiger Lily?
December 1, 2	Singing in the Rain
December 7, 8	Grease
December 12, 13	Midnight Express





Music: Dylan's Train Comes In

by Peter Cleary

Bob Dylan, long a waylaid vagabond searching for his musical home, is back on the track. In fact, he now appears more precisely on the mark than ever. *Slow Train Coming*, the latest Dylanesque pronouncement, is full of anger and affection, conflict and resolution. With this latest album he returns unto the mount from which he delivered "Blowin' in the Wind" and a host of others bemoaning the American condition.

Dylan's career is marked by a development and growth characteristic of any true artist. Early Dylan recordings revealed a sensitive, yet inexperienced musician. Guitar strapped over shoulder and harmonica locked around neck, Dylan at one time appeared a rather typical folksinger. Yet he was atypical in many ways. The man had a strong soul and a compassionate understanding of life. He toiled and grew up in a country racked by turmoil. And Dylan was an integral part of it. He has always been a man in touch with his world. More than anything, Dylan has always had an ear bent low to the heartland, listening for the stifled rumbling of the train that's finally come into the station. From these chaotic mid-60's came albums such as *Highway 61 Revisited* (1965) and *Blonde on Blonde* (1966), both considered to be among the more articulate messages of strife recorded on vinyl.

The late 1960's continued to stimulate Dylan. He responded with *John Wesley Harding* (1968) and *Nashville Skyline* (1969). Classics like "All Along the Watchtower" and "Lay Lady Lay" were added to the ever-growing list of "gospels according to Dylan." By this time, Dylan had become firmly entrenched as the "spokesman of the 60's." With each new song he sang, his disciples

learned and marched to a new anthem.

The "Me-decade" '70's were an obvious disappointment to Dylan, who became largely disaffected with his own work. Thus, these were lean years in terms of productive output. The discontent and revolution of the '60's were gone, and Dylan could not easily adjust to this. Except for *Blood on the Tracks* (1974), a tormenting love album, a bland America had wrought a bland Dylan. . . .

That is, until now. Evidently an extensive self-examination has brought about a major artistic re-awakening. The spilled blood has been cleaned off the tracks, and, although slow in coming, this has been one train worth the wait. With *Slow Train Coming*, Dylan once again has something urgent to sing about, and his voice carries it off brilliantly. All of the musicians are equally hungry, but never sloppy, as great attention has been paid to every detail. The total sound is sparse, yet biting, and above all sharply professional.

"Gotta Serve Somebody" is the opening track from the new offering. A song of crucial choices between opposing poles, it speaks of richness or poorness, winning or losing, goodness or badness, and eventually between the devil and the Lord.

"Precious Angel" is the most melodic tune aboard the train. It is both a personal love song and a beautiful tribute to all women, as Dylan begs the precious angel to end his blindness.

The complexity increases with "I Believe in You." It sings of separated friends, lovers, family; all objects of strong belief, similar to the belief in God. The message of the '80's is becoming clear — hope, belief, and love. "I Believe in You" rings of the subtle religious overtones that are woven throughout the entire work.

"Slow Train Coming," the title track from the album, may well be the most powerful and poignant American message of the decade. The visual imagery of trains and tracks is clearly patriotic, yet the poet rightly questions the state of the nation and its citizens. Energy crises, food shortages, and, most importantly, human dignity are all dealt with in a manner much wiser, more sensitive, and with

greater maturity than Dylan was previously capable of. Still, the pervasive sense of hope and faith remains in tainted form:

My baby went to Illinois
With some bad-talking boy she
could destroy
A real suicide case
But there was nothing I could do
to stop it.

With "When You Gonna Wake Up?" Dylan once again assesses America. The resounding personification urges the slumbering giant to "strengthen the things that remain. Dylan meets many social problems face to face, but with his strong belief in humankind, he prophesies that all can be saved.

The final highlight from this album is "When He Returns." Harnessing vocal strength from well within his soul, Dylan belts out this praise to the Lord, as if He were his closest friend. Bravely facing his eventual meeting with God, Dylan sounds truly at ease.

Dylan has matured and now is at the zenith of his career. His vocal control has become so complete that it is now his most expressive instrument; his guitar and harmonica work is more eloquent than ever. The arrangements and production complement the songs and their messages. Furthermore, Dylan's songwriting style, while remaining simple, has become paper sharp.

I don't care about economy
I don't care about astronomy
But it sure does bother me
To see my loved ones turning into
puppets.

Bob Dylan, a master poet-musician of our time, has issued his most definitive statement. *Slow Train Coming*, an album filled with faith in the nation that lives on the tracks, is the latest work of this authentic artist; it is undoubtedly his *tour de force*. □

Pete Cleary is a senior business major from Port Huron, Michigan. He is a staff music consultant.

Sketch by Jim Hofman.

introducing:

The Scholastic Music Survey

Ask not for whom the music polls, it polls for thee . . . and that's precisely why we at *Scholastic* are announcing with this issue the *Scholastic Music Survey*. It will be, to our knowledge, the largest, most extensive music poll ever undertaken at Notre Dame.

Theories abound on what kind of music Notre Dame and Saint Mary's students really like; now we'd like to find out for certain.

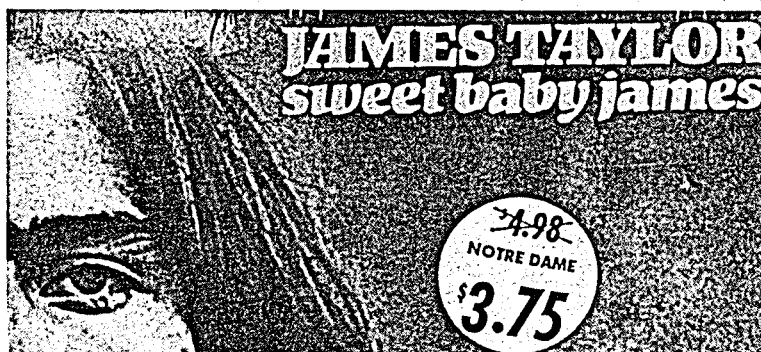
Please type or print your name, identification number, hall and year on a piece of paper and do the following: list your ten favorite songs of all time; list your ten favorite albums of all time; list the ten groups that you would most like to see in concert (yes, a Beatles reunion would be nice, but let's be reasonable); list your ten favorite overall artists or groups; list the best musical event you've seen in your years at Notre Dame (freshmen will have to fake it). Then answer these questions:

1 (Upperclassmen only) Do you feel that the concert schedule at Notre Dame has gotten *better* or *worse* since you've been here?

2 Name a musical area (pop, jazz, disco, soul, rock, etc.) in which you would like to see *more* reviews and features.

3 Name a musical area in which you would like to see *less* reviews and features.

Mail your results by on-campus mail (no postage necessary) to Scholastic Music Survey, *Scholastic* magazine, LaFortune Student Center. The results will be tabulated most of the semester, and will be published in a later *Scholastic*. ☐



One confrontation with Lance Davis is enough to smash every stereotype you ever might have held about professional actors.

Forget all of those visions of Laurence Olivier and Richard Burton; forget anything you ever heard about tall, stately, dark-haired men with fiery temperaments. Davis is decidedly short. He has a puckish face and a slight build, and his temperament is about as far from fiery as they get. He talks incessantly. In short, he seems perfectly suited to play Peter Pan or Lear's Fool but not much else.

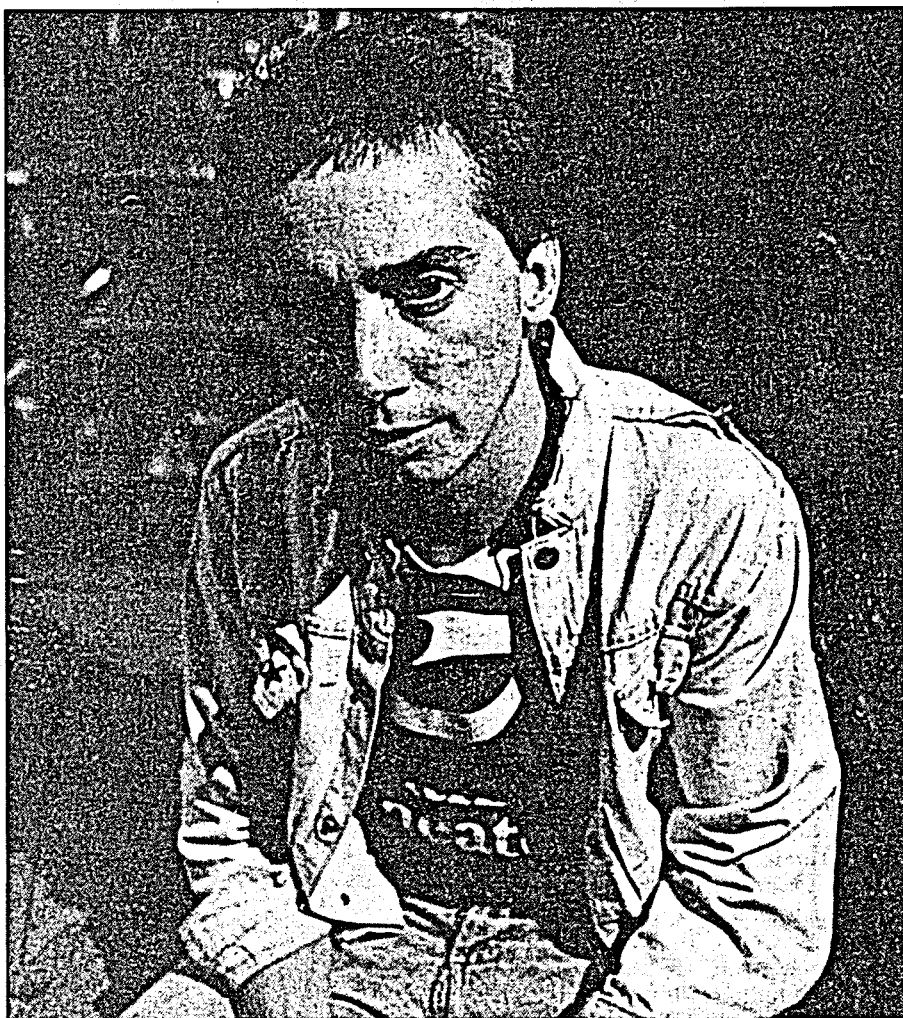
Five minutes of conversation with Davis will convince you that just as you were wrong thinking that professional actors usually look and act something like Richard Burton, you're also wrong if you think he's only suited to play Peter Pan. Davis has been a professional actor for ten years, and in those years he has felt equally at ease portraying psychotic old clergymen and French Kings as well as several whimsical sprites. His current role is that of Hamlet in the Notre Dame/St. Mary's production of the Shakespearian classic.

Davis comes to Notre Dame as a "guest performer," the first such in nine years. Since his graduation from Notre Dame in 1969, he has kept in contact with Dr. Reginald Bain, one of the stalwarts of the Speech and Drama Department for the past thirteen years. Bain had wanted to bring Davis in to work with the students for several years now, but it was difficult to find an appropriate time slot. Finally, after many schedule collisions, Davis and Bain agreed upon September-October 1979 as a suitable date, and the Notre Dame/St. Mary's community had a professional actor in its midst.

Davis is a confident, personable man who has an opinion on everything and loves to tell stories. He enjoys being with college students, and they enjoy having his attention. All of the students who have come in contact with him, whether through his work on *Hamlet* or his participation in some of the acting classes, appreciate his talent and casual willingness to share his knowledge and experience with them. Cathy Hurst, the senior Speech and Drama major who will be playing Ophelia, observes, "He's more than willing to help anyone in the cast. And he's

Interview with an Actor

by Theresa Rebeck



Lance Davis will portray Hamlet Oct. 5-13

living and breathing Hamlet these days."

The faculty members of the department are also glad to have Davis around. "Not only does he have a long and impressive list of credentials," observes Julie Jensen, Assistant Professor of Speech and Drama, "He's wonderfully original as a creative artist. He does not sit still; he's always trying a new thing. That's an inspiration for any artist to see, someone talented and creative, but who's never sitting back being sure."

A short discussion with Davis is almost all that's needed as proof that he is indeed a very gifted performer.

One doesn't even have to watch him on stage; in a mere ten minutes of casual conversation, Davis' commitment to his art makes itself evident.

Since he arrived in South Bend, he has virtually not parted with his copy of *Hamlet* once; he reads it constantly, over lunch in the pay cafeteria, at the bar in Corby's. He discusses the play continually—"I'm pretending right now that Shakespeare was a German playwright," he'll tell you. Then, after listening to every recording of every production he can find, after reading every piece of criticism concerning *Hamlet* he can lay his hands on, after trying to

play Hamlet six different ways, he and the show's director, Dr. Reginald Bain, will decide what Lance Davis' "melancholy Dane" is going to be like. Anyone who puts that much energy into acting needn't necessarily be good . . . but it certainly increases the likelihood.

A quick scan of his credentials also presents rather overwhelming evidence supporting the conclusion that Lance Davis ("Lance" is short for DeLancy, a family name) is either very talented or well-liked by God. He began his career in a high school in St. Louis, playing the psychiatrist in *Teahouse of the August Moon*. ("I must have been awful," he grins.) In 1965, Davis came to Notre Dame. As a freshman he had small parts in several Notre Dame productions, and he spent his sophomore year in Angers, France, taking part in the first Foreign Studies Program offered here. He came back to Notre Dame to find that while he was in France the Speech and Drama departments of Notre Dame and St. Mary's had merged and that a Dr. Reginald Bain had joined the faculty. Then, in the spring of his senior year, while he was waiting to be drafted, he auditioned for and won the McKnight Fellowship, a fellowship which allowed him to study in the graduate department of Speech and Drama at the University of Minnesota and the Guthrie Theatre in Minneapolis. In the summer of 1969, he went to Minneapolis to establish himself.

Davis studied at the university for nine months. In the summer of 1970, the artistic director of the Guthrie Theatre, Michael Langham, saw him playing an 80-year-old man in the melodrama *Lady of Lyons*. Langham asked him to come over to the Guthrie and play the part of a twelve-year-old boy in a play by Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn that fall.

Within a year and a half after his

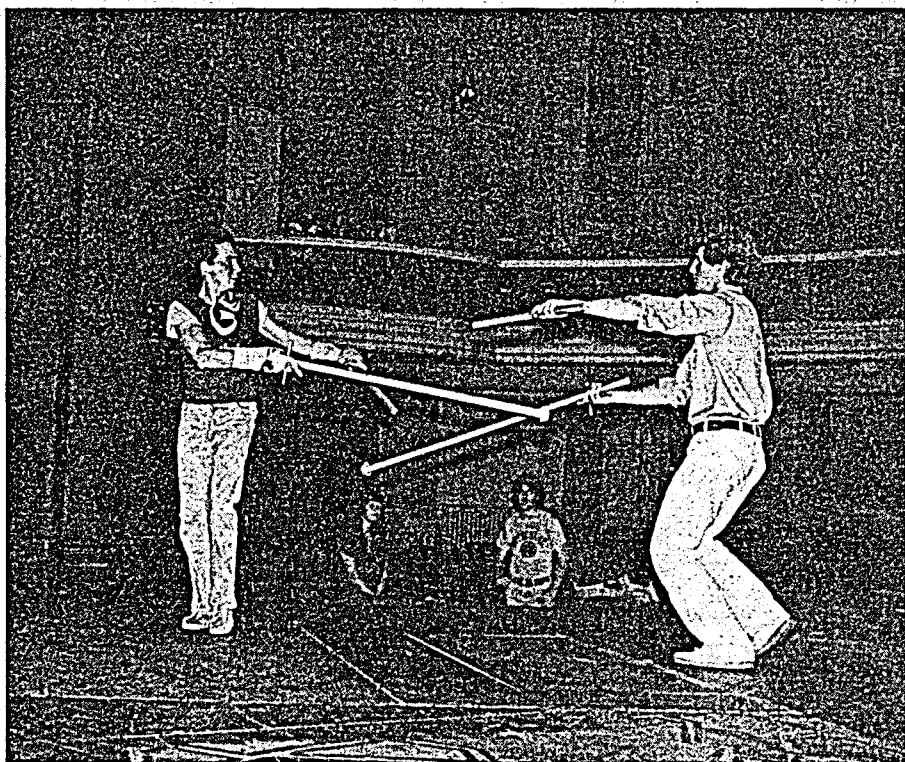
graduation from Notre Dame, Davis had broken into professional theatre; he got a high number in the draft lottery; he was dating a girl who, he says, looked like Cybil Shepard. "It was the best of all possible worlds," he smirks.

In the spring of that year, Davis went back to school, but he never completed the program and earned his MFA. "I had my Equity card. I thought that was pretty good proof that I could act," he explains. So he went back to the Guthrie, where he worked for five years before he took off to "pay his dues" in New York in February of 1975.

Davis explains his decision to leave the security of his position at the Guthrie with ease, as if it were the most natural thing to do at the time. "You can get into a very bourgeois

way of living up there, and some actors in the company had set up very nice lives in Minneapolis, had the wife, the 2.3 kids, the car. . . I didn't want to end up in the position of being 40 years old and having to leave to finally go test my wings in New York. I had been at the Guthrie five years, played great parts, worked with Michael Langham, worked with real geniuses . . . but you know when it's time to move on."

Davis says "moving on" is an inescapable part of the actor's lifestyle. "We're gypsies, we know it," he admits. He likes living his life this way, and for this reason, he has little interest in becoming a television actor, although he has been seen on television twice, once as a minor character in the pilot of *Beacon Hill* and once as Louis XVI in the mini-



Lance Davis and Tony Mockus rehearse a scene from Hamlet

series *The Adams Chronicles*. "I'm sure Dr. Parnell curled up in a ball and hid under the couch," he laughs, describing the aftermath of his portrayal of the French King. "My French accent is very atrocious. Unfortunately, I learned more mime than French while I was in Angers."

Davis shakes his head when he discusses these two escapades, both of which he considered complete failures. "They didn't put their money into the writing," he explains. "Americans try to sink all of their 'bucks' into having real crayfish at the banquet scene, but they don't put any money in the writing. That's where the British beat us around the hand every time; they spend a lot more time and care on their scripts. Americans just try to outproduce."

So, although he has taken part in such projects and acted in commercials, Davis tries to stay away from television. "I don't have a television face. My training is in the stage. And for television, you have to be safe, cute, tricky. You can get into some very bad habits."

Davis is not one to let himself get into bad habits; it seems that he rarely sits still long enough to develop them. While in New York he moved from project to project, often leaving the city for long periods to do shows in other areas of the country. He came to Notre Dame just after finishing a production of Nigel Wilson's *Class Enemy*, in which he played a punk rocker, and he will leave two or three days after the close of *Hamlet* to go back to New York and then to Denver, Colorado, to work with a repertoire theatre which will open there in November. Davis is a gypsy in the fullest sense of the word.

"I don't want to become a New York actor," he explains. "I don't want to become a TV actor, I don't want those limitations. There are so

many traps you can fall into. I just want to make my own way, and hopefully when I'm dead and gone, and a bunch of young actors are sitting around wondering what they're going to do, my name will come up, and somebody will say, 'yeah, I like the way he did it. . .'"

Although he is glad to be back at Notre Dame for a while, Davis admits that he is dismayed by the structure and concerns of the Speech and Drama Department as they stand now, and, indeed, the structure and concerns of the whole University. He points out that the theatre students have had little practical training in areas such as voice or movement, and he questions the emphasis on intellectual knowledge and theory he finds within the Liberal Arts Program here.

He draws the analogy, "It seems to me that if you're training someone to be a chemical engineer, you give him everything he needs to become a chemical engineer . . . unless you just expect him to write about chemical engineering. You have to give these kids who are studying the arts the tools, the possibilities, and you have to respect what they're doing. Or else, if you don't want that, fine, if you don't want the artistic mentality and temperament present on campus, then fine: say so. But if not, then you have to get these kids ready."

"I've met a lot of people who intellectually know a lot about the theatre, but when it comes to production, they're still living in the library. Now, that has to be done; any person who's in the theatre or the arts has to accumulate all of that, but there's a time when you have to stand up there and paint, and the techniques have to be there."

Lance Davis has been a dynamic presence on the Notre Dame campus for the past month. He is not a half-

way person, and he is appalled when he encounters any such attitudes in the people he meets. "If you're going to be an economist, then fine, be an economist," he tells them. "But don't study economics while I'm up there on the stage. Go into the next room. And I promise I won't act in your economics class."

Above all else, Davis is an artist; he takes his work very, very seriously. "An artist has to do what he does," he explains. "If he could do anything else, he would. Artists, painters, writers—they're working out their lives. Their lives are not separate from what they do, they're answering their basic life questions by what they do. But I'll tell anyone who's thinking about being an artist—if you can do anything else and lead a full and happy life, then for God's sake, do it."

Davis admits that he's been very lucky, that he's never had to do anything besides act to survive. "Sometimes, though, I have huge stretches when I have to swallow that pride and say, 'Excuse me, but could you lend me a couple hundred? . . . I'll get it back to you, I've got a job coming up in February'. . . You know, at age 32, you sort of think . . . Is this a mature way of approaching one's life? But you find that that's what you do."

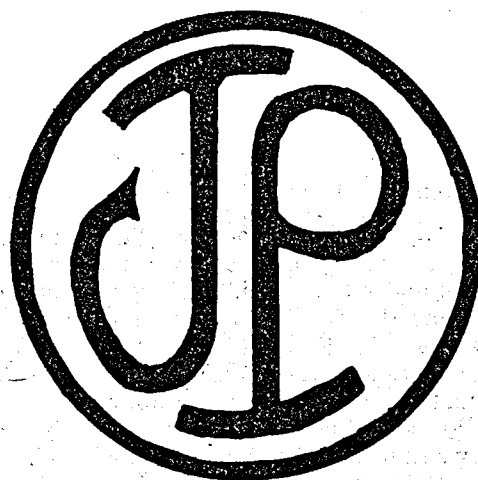
Davis' return visit to Notre Dame has been brief, but those who had the chance to meet him, talk to him, or work with him, found it undeniably valuable. He leaves an interesting impression on everyone; an impression of someone who has chosen a set of values and committed his life to them.

This coming week, the Notre Dame/St. Mary's community will have a chance to witness the quality of theatre such commitment produces. □

Juniper Press:

A Special

Class



by Jim Sommers

An alternative to the pen-twiddling, daydream doldrums of frequently fruitless lecture sessions is Juniper Press, a productive student publishing company operating out of Professor Elizabeth Christman's unique American Studies course now in its fourth year, 462 Book Publishing. Securing a quality manuscript, reaching a contractual arrangement with the author, applying skillful editorship along with designing, producing, advertising, and marketing the polished product entail the major functions of all publishing companies, including Juniper Press; the hopeful result is the goal of any business—a profit.

Yet in explaining the philosophy behind the three-credit book-publishing course, Professor Christman is quick to point out that "making a profit is not the primary goal. We might learn a lot by not making a profit. The goal of the course is that each student become a part of a publishing company and learn what is involved in publishing a book." Although assigned writings, readings, quizzes, and field trips are requisite, the main class activity gravitates around the success of Juniper Press. "I like the idea of learning by trying it out," says Christman, a former literary agent for Harold-Ober Associates in Manhattan.

In light of Christman's perspective, the knowledge imbibed by undergraduates from the course is resourceful in three ways:

1) "Publishing of some sort is a very possible career." Several of Juniper Press are active in the publishing business; some are employed by publishing companies such as Andrew-McMeel, Viking Press, and Bantam Books.

2) Activity in Juniper Press provides its members with a taste of "experience in any business. It involves people trying to do a job together." All of Juniper Press's departments desire the output of a quality product and thus need efficient interdepartmental coordination and clear understanding of personnel problems—a key to any successful business.

3) "The publishing business is closer to the life of the scholarly." Scholarly careers such as teaching or writing often involve knowledge of the publishing process.

The course's popularity is such that the class usually closes out immediately to seniors, although a handful of juniors are members of this year's Juniper Press. An internship with the Notre Dame Press is another channel for eligible students who have taken or who are presently enrolled in the course.

Although Juniper Press is designed as a learning experience in the publishing business, the company has raked in a profit on every literary work it has published. Each Juniper Press member buys a \$35 company share, then the company tries to recover the initial investments hopefully accompanied by a profit. In past years, Juniper Press opted to retain a portion of the earnings while students regained their \$35 plus a dividend. Last year's company turned out a gross profit of 50%, and a net profit of 30% on Dolores W. Frese's work, *Virgins and Martyrs*.

This year's company also plans to make Juniper Press a profitable enterprise. "In reality, we are very much a professionally oriented business," notes Juniper Press president,

Leo Latz. An enthusiastic editorial staff headed by Mike Shields, editor-in-chief and managing editor, Jim Minutolo, prepares for production of the chosen manuscript. Production manager Mary Palumbo and staff are responsible for the production of the manuscript in paperback form. Various departments handle advertising, distribution, sales, and finances, all with the same intent of making the finished product a marketing success.

The literary piece chosen for publication this year is Ralph McInerny's *Abecedary: An Antic Alphabet*, a collection of imaginative verse patterned in a cleverly devised alphabetical framework. *Abecedary* displays a number of curious themes, all colored with McInerny's own quick, delightful wit. McInerny has published eleven or twelve novels, and several scholarly works, and he currently directs Notre Dame's Medieval Institute.

Juniper Press views *Abecedary* as a potential success and intends to market the book shortly after the fall semester break. Affirming the attitude of the company, president Latz stated, "We are very excited about our new book business because it is a fresh idea. We have a quality product, and we are going to aggressively market it." Indeed, Juniper Press is part of a special class that is in a class of its own. □

Jim Sommers is a junior American Studies major. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.

PERSPECTIVE

by Tom Westphal

The plight of the unsung athlete. A subject which concerns all too few. Sure, everybody knows who all the football and basketball players are. Maybe even some of the hockey players if you're a zealous fan. But how many of you can say that you even know who the leading scorer on the lacrosse team was last year, or if the tennis team had a winning season?

No, the unwritten rule of Notre Dame sports is: We pay you to come here—you perform so we earn money—you get your name in print. Quasi-celebrity status is taken for granted by most of the players in the revenue sports. Before I go on, let me make myself perfectly clear (as a former Whittier gridder often insisted) by saying that football, basketball and hockey players definitely deserve the mounds of publicity heaped upon them. They work long, hard hours in hopes of achieving national prominence for themselves, their school, and their peers. My contention is simply that athletes participating in other "minor" sports and clubs should be appreciated, respected and applauded for their efforts and performances as well.

People fail to realize that *almost* all sports at Notre Dame require a sense of dedication even ND athletes seldom previously needed. Just because a sport cannot stand financially independent does not mean it doesn't involve its fair share of work.

Wrestling, cross-country, baseball,

soccer, track, tennis—the list goes on and on. In each of these sports, to even represent Notre Dame requires an athlete to have spent countless hours refining his abilities. In almost all sports, Notre Dame fields teams that are highly ranked in the Midwest, if not the whole country. One interesting feature of most Irish squads is the noticeable lack of scholarship players. Despite the decided dearth of financial assistance to these so-called "minor" sports, they consistently come up with superior performances. Be it with skiing, crew or fencing, the Irish will inevitably end their seasons with more notches on the right side of the ledger.

This winning tradition of Notre Dame athletics can be traced to the natural talents of the performers on the teams and, significantly, to the continual efforts of the members to improve on their own raw material.

And mind you, it's not easy to keep trudging out to that practice field every day with the limited fanfare that goes with one's position. Some sports, such as fencing and track, involve practice virtually nine months of the year. But how many

people attend "minor" sporting events such as these? A fencing acquaintance dryly commented that there are usually more fencers than spectators at his meets.

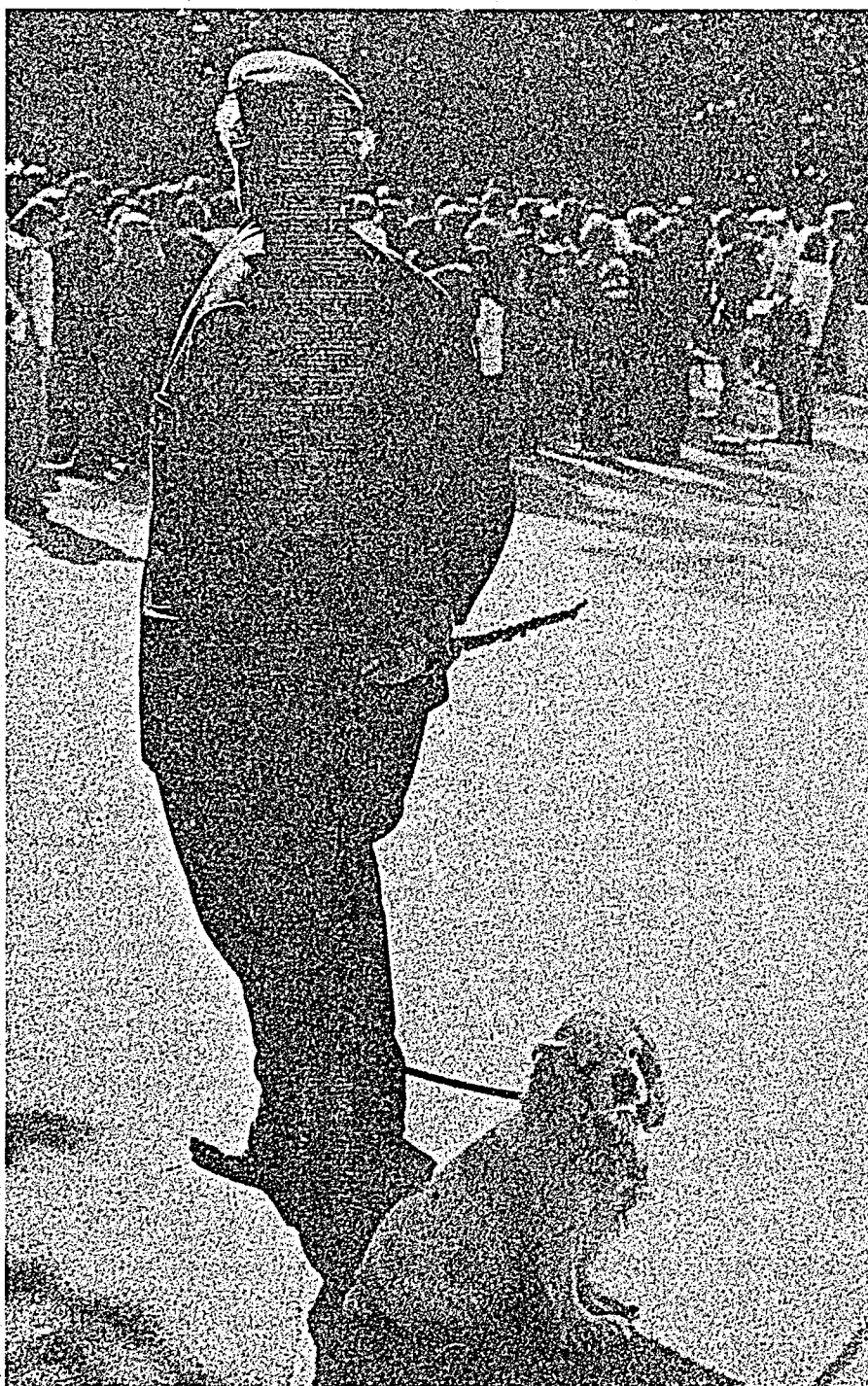
From my own personal experience as a varsity tennis player, I can argue the unpublicized case of the minor sport participant. One practices endless hours with the goals of self-improvement and hopeful contribution to the team's success, knowing full well that very few will even know of one's existence on the squad.

The home tennis matches were certainly not attended by numerous hordes of followers. Parents and friends were occasional spectators but often *you alone* must cheer for yourself. Winning for the glory of old Notre Dame vanished early as a cognizant concept.

This commentary should not be construed as a plea for pity for the minor sports. It is, however, an attempt to avail the Notre Dame community of the dedication of a good number of its own members who rarely receive mention for their deeds. I suggest that the reader appreciate not only the star football or basketball player but also the performers on lesser-known teams or clubs who often put in as much, if not more, effort than the big-leaguers. One more thing. Try to catch a "minor" sport or two in action this year. I think you'll like it. □

The Playboy of the Western Church

by Fr. Robert Griffin, C.S.C.



I smoke a stylish brand of unfiltered cigarettes. I drink double Manhattans on the rocks, with a twist of lemon substituting for the hackneyed cherry. In New York, after the theater or ballet, I have supper with show people at Sardi's; it impresses them as classy when the liqueur I order is a green chartreuse. I know languages well enough to ask about *legumes* instead of vegetables in a French restaurant, or to recognize the German equivalent of *soup du jour*. I am at home with Auden, familiar with the galleries where Picassos hang, and recognize the Mahler symphony in *Death in Venice* without benefit of reading the screen credits. I've always thought it nice to be considered sophisticated: to know the difference between Beaujolais and the house wine, or to dismiss the *pate maison* as merely meat loaf. I've never really wanted, despite St. Paul, to seem unspotted by the world.

One would scarcely need to be the playboy of the Western church to feel embarrassed by the gift—from the dearest girl in all the world, the faithful Jeannie—of a teddy bear; not just a regular old faithful brown teddy bear, mind you, but a musical teddy bear, whose insides tinkled with the tune of the "Teddy Bears' Picnic."

"It's too cute," I thought. "Toots Shor would laugh at me."

As I complained to a friend: "It probably makes me the only priest at Notre Dame to have his own teddy bear."

"Probably the only priest," he said, not at all helpfully, "to have his own musical teddy bear, anyway."

"I'm being punished," I said, "probably by atheists who hate me. Jeannie and I do a children's show on radio: our theme song is the 'Teddy Bears' Picnic.' Now I'm being punished by a teddy bear who sits on the corner of my bed at night, tinkling silliness about picnic time for teddy bears."

"Maybe," my friend said, "you can get the tune switched to 'Ave Maria'?"

My mother always says, if she doesn't want me to do something: "I bet Bishop Sheen doesn't do that," or, "I bet you wouldn't catch Father Hesburgh wearing those."

I'll bet Hesburgh and Sheen don't get teddy bears for their birthday, because people respect them too much, but how can I explain that to Jeannie?

Obviously the best thing to do with an unwanted teddy bear is to send it to live in an orphanage. The prob-

lem is that Jeannie, the world's dearest girl, believes in teddy bears. When someone speaks critically of the crimes of Nixon, for example, she will explain things by saying: "He never had a teddy bear." I don't know whether Nixon had a teddy bear, or not; but Jeannie says he never did; therefore, nothing that he did bad can be held against him. In Jeannie's mind, a teddy bear is the last unsundered symbol of innocence we hang onto from childhood. When we give up our fidelity to teddy bears, the amnesia of adulthood settles like a veil over the sweetest times we have ever known. The warm, comfortable domesticity of a stuffed animal keeps the cruel beasts away, Jeannie says; and old age itself is as kindly as a tabby cat if we can meet it while clutching the worn paws of our favorite teddy.

How can I surrender the last symbol of innocence, and still keep Jeannie's faith in me as her favorite cleric?

Darby O'Gill, I thought, will help. That cocker spaniel will never tolerate a teddy bear on the premises. Why, Darby gets jealous of church mice. When I presented the bear to the beastie, he sniffed at it as though he wondered if it had brought a lunch. Then, sizing the bear up as though assuring himself it would not insist on sharing his water dish, Darby yawned, stretched, and went back to reading Nietzsche. If I play the silly tune, I thought, Darby will destroy the damn thing with his teeth, and I will be rid of it forever. I wound up the mechanism for the music, singing the words myself so that Darby would feel doubly injured.

When you go down to the woods today, you're in for a big surprise;

*When you go down to the woods today, you better go in disguise
For every bear that ever there was
Will gather there for certain because . . .*

Darby lifted his head, and trotted over. He rubbed his nose against the bear's tummy, to find out where the music was coming from.

*Today's the day the teddy bears
have their picnic.*

At this point, the tune ends, and begins over, and I expected *Gottterdammerung*. But Darby O'Gill, giving me a look as though to ask: "Is that all there is?" lost interest in the toy, and apparently, interest in me for



having the toy.

"What kind of a dog are you?" I asked him, "if you can't keep my world safe from teddy bears?"

The next day when I came into the room, Darby had taken the teddy bear down from the bed, and was guarding it, while fast asleep, holding it between his front paws. A love affair had begun, and there was no need for me to make further introductions.

So, for a while now, the teddy bear has been an embarrassment to me, sharing an adjoining pillow, because Darby won't let me lock it in the bathroom. I keep leaving the window open, hoping thieves will break in and steal it. I think: if I should get desperately ill in the night, and a priest comes in to anoint me, I'll play it cool. I'll say: "Did you bring that teddy bear with you? I wonder where it came from?" Or, I'll say: "Father Flannigan of Boystown kept a teddy bear on his bed. He said that Spencer Tracy told him that a bear on your pillow keeps the wolf away from the door."

Actually, I don't know if Spencer Tracy and Father Flannigan ever discussed teddy bears. But a priest on a sick call would hardly bother to check sources. If he did, they should take away his oils, and make him a historian.

At the moment, it feels natural to have the teddy bear in my room. Sometimes, you know when the things you have don't like each other. You come in suddenly, and you sense that fighting has been going on: the chair has been scuffling with the table; the table just took a kick at the rug. Everything I own likes teddy: the statues, the pictures, the whales, the unicorns. Teddy

seems so at home, I almost feel as though I were borrowing room from him. It's as though he were a presiding spirit, a household deity, making everything else feel exactly in place in the space that it occupies.

He even makes me feel at home. I find him to be a very peaceful bear, very comforting to look at with the red ribbon around his neck. I don't need him, of course; he's a great embarrassment, and I could never explain him to Jimmy Breslin. But this morning, he rolled off his pillow, onto my side of the bed. When I woke up, I was hugging him.

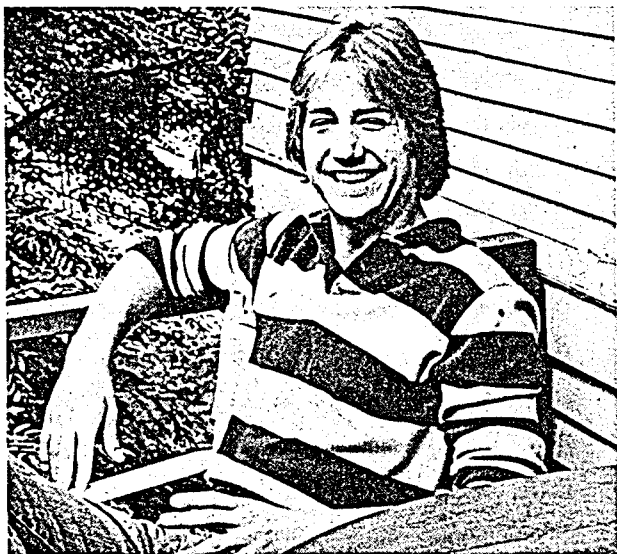
I would have hated myself for hugging him, and would have flung him across the room, except that briefly, at the end of my night's sleep, I dreamed it was Christmas morning, and I was five years old. My father was waking me up, and asking if I was going to sleep all day, or would I come down and look at the tree?

It was a nice dream to have, and I thought of Toots Shor, Richard Nixon and Jimmy Breslin, and wondered if they all had teddy bears; and if they did, whether all our teddy bears would ever meet at the same picnic.

Nevertheless, for a playboy of the Western church, a teddy bear is still an embarrassment.

It would look too cute, bringing your teddy bear with you when you drink your double Manhattans on the rocks. It's going to take more than nice dreams to convince me that I need a near relative of Pooh-bear to help me on a journey into the past where the bleached bones of childhood lie waiting in the sunshine of innocence. □

THE LAST WORD



by Dave Satterfield

Last spring, I overheard two students discussing their course selections for this semester. The discussion dragged through talk of finance, accounting, marketing, management, computers, electronics, genetics, fluids, solids and a score of other courses, bringing tears to my unprofessional eyes. I continued listening when, at last, they reached the spacious, fresh land of electives. Oh, but this was not just the bland land of electives; they had reached that most hallowed land of Recommended University Electives. Anxious to hear which electives would be chosen, I was appalled when they both agreed to register for an "easy A" course. They seemed to have no regard for the content of the course. They knew it was an "easy A."

I understand that this method of elective-choosing is quite common among students. If this is so, I think that the University ought to offer some more interesting and unique "easy A" electives. There should be one chapter in the course selection book devoted to these "easy A" courses, making the registration process simpler than it presently is. But, the courses must be *unique*. They must offer the student a certain amount of misdirection and confusion. And, of course, to maintain interest, a certain amount of humor must be injected into each course. Here is a small sampling which I believe might intrigue the brainy, bored bachelors and bachelorettes of business and bionics.

PHILOSOPHY 486: *Contemporary Moral and Ethical Problems*

An insightful and modern approach to today's moral and ethical problems through seminar discussions.

Texts: *The National Enquirer* and a soon-to-be-released book, *A Collection of Ann Landers' Best*

Co-Professors: Rona Barrett and Rex Reed

PHILOSOPHY 101: *Conflict Resolution via René Descartes*

Using Cartesian methods, we will come to know whatever we wish to know—in one semester.

Requirement: Faith

Professor: Madelyn Murray O'Hair

ENGLISH 410: *Shakespeare or Bacon?*

This course will attempt to solve the mystery: Was

Shakespeare really Francis Bacon or was Francis Bacon only himself or was he Shakespeare and is *Hamlet* merely a nickname for Bacon's only child?

Requirement: Again, faith

Professor: Duffy or Rathburn, or Rathburn or Duffy HUMANITIES 317: *A Study in Oration and Humility*

A multi-media experience, this class studies the successful linkage of oratory genius with the virtue of humility. We will study the methods of two modern masters, Howard Cosell and Muhammad Ali.

Requirement: Earplugs, if desired

Professor: John Lennon

HUMANITIES 169: *Love and the Early Greeks*

An extensive, objective study of the Greek notion of ideal love and its modern-day implications.

Texts: Plato's *Symposium* and the Dade County Law Books

Co-Professors: Truman Capote and Anita Bryant

PSYCHOLOGY 123: *Alcohol: The Problem at Notre Dame*

This class will meet once a week on the Green Field and discuss such pertinent social problems as: How can Goose's sell such lousy beer at Happy Hour and get away with it? How much does Corby's management pay the St. Joe County Health Inspector? Are the words Irish and Alcohol synonymous?

Requirements: 21 I.D.

Professors: Ed McMahon and Dean Martin

FINE ARTS 312: *Contemporary Music 1974-1979*

This course will study modern music, evaluate its worth and attempt to answer such questions as: Is Punk Rock appropriate for the guitar Mass? Can disco save the Mideast? Is Andy Gibb actually a reincarnation of Beethoven?

Requirements: Again, earplugs, if desired

Co-Professors: Johnny Rotten and The Bee Gees

GOVERNMENT 315: *Justice at Notre Dame: A Model for All*

An objective look at Notre Dame's judicial system.

Texts: Machiavelli's *The Prince* and *The Collected Memoirs of Josef Stalin*

Co-Professors: Dean Roemer, Father Van Wolvlear and Trixie, a well-trained seeing-eye dog

ENGLISH 499: *A Glance at the Classics*

This course will do as it states; glance at the classics of literature. Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, Dostoyevsky's *Crime and Punishment*, Cervantes' *Don Quixote*, Melville's *Moby Dick*, *The Unabridged Anthology of American Fiction Since 1850*, and many more masterpieces will be covered.

Texts: *The 1979 Illustrated Edition of "Cliff Notes Skims the Big Ones"*

Professor: Any Arts and Letters student

PRE-PROFESSIONAL 101: *The Esophagus*

This introductory pre-med course is an elective, but is commonly known as a "must" for all serious pre-medders. Potential M.D.'s will analyze the esophagus and determine areas where incision proves most effective.

Requirements: No need or desire for friendship

Professor: Lizzie Borden

As I said, these courses are just a sample. If we're going to waste our time with "easy A" courses, why not enjoy it? So if you have any suggestions for courses of this type, feel free to send them to *Scholastic*. We'll know what to do with them. □



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Coffee and Donuts
A place for the book-weary to
relax over a cup or two

WANTED

Students interested in government and public affairs. Students who would like a voice in determining public policy decisions. Interviews will be held to discuss graduate studies at the

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