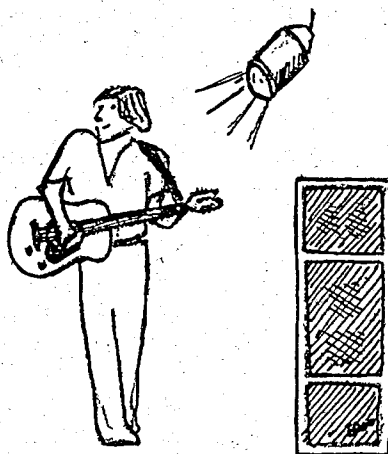


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# SCHOLASTIC

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OCTOBER 19, 1979

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by Steve Hilbert

I have to get this paper done by tomorrow morning.

*Why?*

Well, the professor doesn't accept late papers, and I have to get a good grade in the class.

*Why?*

Well, I guess so that I can graduate high in my class and go on to law school.

*Why?*

So I can go out in the world and make money and succeed.

*Why?*

Well, isn't that what you're supposed to do?

*I don't know, is it?*

Well, my father did and now he has a nice house and a Mercedes-Benz.

*Oh, I see. Is that important?*

You're confusing me.

I think it would be safe to say that the average Notre Dame student has never severely lacked for physical comfort. I also think that each student has some idea of how to attain that comfort, and that is to some extent the reason why he's here. I, however, want to ask if he knows why he strives to achieve this goal. It seems that we are in an unusual position in that we have never lacked for anything material. It also seems that we are in a position to sit back and amaze about right and wrong, since we are not caught up in the great struggle to "give our children all those things we never had." We have. And to top it all off, we are receiving the "ultimate," the Notre Dame education.

*What is the Notre Dame education?*

It's what gives you the know-how and the proper status to get a really good job.

*But just last week weren't you taught that the essence of education is the transmission of values?*

Oh yeah, values, they're like morals and stuff. Those are things you hear about in church on Sunday. But those aren't what we learn in school. In school we learn to get things done on time, to get good grades, and how to play "Let's see how drunk we can get" on weekends. All we really have to do is create the illusion that we are learning (i.e., good grades) and to have as much fun as we can have along the way—right?

*Doesn't it seem like something is missing? Like morals perhaps?*

Well, aren't they automatic if you go to Notre Dame and attend church regularly?

*They don't have to be any more than that? Nothing truly personal?*

Well . . . I don't see any reason why I really need them, I still get my job if it appears that I have them. I think I might have them anyway, because I kind of know what is right and wrong. Like I know that you're not supposed to go to bed with a different girl every night because you could catch something. Plus, Mom said it was wrong. I'm supposed to treat girls like I would want my sister to be treated. I also know other things like you shouldn't murder anybody. That is one of the Ten Commandments. I learned them for a test in Sunday school. Besides, you would go to jail for at least five years for it.

*How far can you take this analogy of what is right and wrong? Don't you actually know for yourself?*

I guess I do, kind of.

*Think about it. Is it wrong to have an overabundance of material goods when you know that there are starving people in the world?*

Oh, yes, definitely.

*What about the beautiful house and the Mercedes-Benz? Do you really need them? Could you live more moderately and perhaps help out someone who is starving?*

But that's different, because I would have worked for that house and that Mercedes-Benz and I would deserve them.

*What do you mean, "deserve" them? Aren't there still starving people that desperately need some help? What do they deserve?*

I don't know. I could still give to Easter Seals and stuff, I usually do.

*How much?*

"At least five dollars every time they come around. Five dollars is a lot of money when you have to earn it yourself, you know.

*Why not more?*

You can't give away everything. I mean, it's un-American.

*What do you mean?*

Well, isn't the American Dream to go out, regardless of status, and make it in the world? And whatever you get, isn't it your "inalienable right" to keep it?

*Do you mean to hoard it? Isn't there something more admirable than the American Dream?*

No way, what are you, some kind of Communist or something?

*What about your duty to yourself?*

Well, I guess I come before my country, but you see America is for the individual. Everyone can go out and pursue his own happiness. So, I can take care of myself pretty well.

*Would you go to war?*

No way. I'd go to Canada.

*What about your country?*

Well, I just don't think that there is any such thing as winning wars anymore. All it would mean is my death.

*Would you die for something that you believe in?*

Yeah, I think so.

*Do you believe in America?*

You're damn right I do! . . . I see your point . . . but I still think America is great.

*Don't you ever tire of chasing after things all the time?*

Yeah, sometimes, but everybody is caught up in it, and if you stop to think about whether or not what you're doing is right, you'll get behind in the chase. I gotta win.

*Do you?*

Of course. What kind of fool question is that anyway? If you aren't trying to win all the time, then you won't achieve what you're supposed to.

*Are you supposed to achieve these things?*

Yeah, I guess it is a pretty hyped-up, screw-you world at times, but we all have to live in it, right? And you might as well take care of yourself because no one else is going to, right? Well, isn't that right?

(Silence)

I have to stop this now and get my paper done. It's due tomorrow. Maybe I should tell the prof what happened to me when I sat down to write this paper. He'd understand (he's a philosophy professor) but I'd probably still have to take the F. He doesn't accept late papers. After all, he's got to grade us all objectively and give us a mark. It's the system.

Kind of a shame, though. I'm finally philosophizing, and now I have to stop and get my philosophy paper done. Funny, huh? □

Steve Hilbert is a sophomore in the General Program. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.



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# BLACK STUDIES PROGRAM BLACK STUDENTS AFFAIRS

## Black Studies:

## Cloaked

in

## Confusion

by Chuck Wood

### "Black Studies Program."

Those who have seen these words on an office door on the third floor of O'Shaughnessy have probably wondered exactly what this phrase covers. Mr. Edward Blackwell, the Interim Director of the Black Studies Program and Director of Minority Student Affairs, can answer such confusion only by saying, "It does everything." Mr. Blackwell readily concedes that this definition does not help much. Such an answer is, he thinks as much a sign of the confusion that surrounds the program, as much as a sign one of its effectiveness.

The effectiveness of Black Studies is now being evaluated by a committee that was recently established by the Dean of the College of Arts and Letters. This committee will select a nominee for the position of permanent director and address the basic questions of what exactly is the nature of the Black Studies Program, what is its status in the College of Arts and Letters, and what the program should accomplish. These are the same questions that were asked when the program was initiated in 1970; the answers developed then could be used as the criteria for the evaluation to be done

by the committee. That these same questions are still being asked after nine years is indicative of the confusion alluded to by Mr. Blackwell.

The confusion is primarily a result of the different ways the program is viewed by different sectors of the faculty and Administration. Professor Joseph Scott, who was the director of the program from its founding until the spring of 1975, said that the students and faculty members who have supported the program are not at all confused about it. They feel that a Black Studies Program should enable students to become aware of the history, culture, and achievements of Black Americans. Such a program should also address such current issues as race relations, the state of urban life, and the continuing struggle for equality. These goals can be reached by establishing a strong, broad curriculum of courses in the program and by nurturing the development of research in the area of Afro-American studies.

Professor Scott explained that this was also the general nature of the proposals made by those who sought the establishment of such a program here and across the nation. More

specific proposals included the hiring of black faculty members, the creation of financial-aid packages suitable for minority students, and more aggressive recruitment of minority students.

The Administration acted on these specific proposals, and others, to the satisfaction of those involved. Many departments began to hire black professors, black visiting professors were brought in, lecture series on black issues were funded, the Black Cultural Arts Council was founded; the list goes on.

Still, Professor Scott chose to resign in 1975. He believed that the Administration was focusing too much on the specifics of the issue; those items which more correctly came under the title of "Black Student Affairs." The major reason for beginning the program was, as stated above, to foster academic and intellectual study, teaching, and research in the area of Black and other ethnic studies. After those first five years, Scott did not think the University sincerely intended to support this important aspect of the program's development. As he stated during a recent interview, "They did not want someone . . . who was going

to expand the program into a serious academic discipline but someone who would manage it."

Why is there an apparent lack of commitment to the idea of Black and ethnic studies as a valuable and pertinent academic discipline, especially at a University that speaks so often of broadening students' knowledge of humanity? Professor James B. Stewart, who became the second Director of Black Studies in the fall of 1975, sees the problem as grounded in the way these programs began. "At its outset," he stated, "Black Studies was seen primarily as a way to appease black and other supportive students. In many ways, this view still persists. This view is, perhaps, more prevalent here than at many other universities and colleges with similar programs." Stewart is familiar with the development of Black Studies on a national basis through his position on the Executive Board of the National Council for Black Studies.

Though he has not been content to be "merely a manager," Stewart has not been able to concentrate on nurturing the scholarly dimension of the program. He has been caught up in a vicious cycle in which the program must show itself to be important as an intellectually valuable area of study in order to acquire the commitment of financial and academic resources it first needs if it is to evolve into such a program.

In separate interviews, both Scott and Stewart agreed that the most acute sign of this cycle is the dilemma that the Director and Black Studies faculty members face when relating their departmental responsibilities to their work with the program. Scott's opinions on this matter are very strong. He feels that working with Black Studies, at the level required to help it mature adequately, often counts against these teachers. If they devote too

much time to Black Studies, the department in which they work may see them as being slack in their duties.

Stewart concurred, saying, "A teacher's major allegiance must be to his or her department." This is, in part, a matter of pride in one's work, but it is also a matter of survival. Thus, many teachers are not able to spend as much time in developing the program; there is not sufficient internal control of the courses that are cross-listed in the program. The fact that these courses *are* cross-listed is a manifestation of this problem, since the program cannot become a visible area of study. These are all reflections of the present "inhibitive" structure of the program. If there had been steps taken to restructure the program in light of these difficulties, it would have supported the rhetoric concerning a broad and pluralistic educational approach which is espoused by the University. All three directors, Scott, Stewart and Blackwell, agree on this point. In fact, Stewart decided to resign last year because he did not think a commitment to this restructuring was forthcoming. This is a striking parallel to the reasons Scott gave for resigning four years earlier.

Dean Isabel Charles, the Dean of the College of Arts and Letters, discussed these issues at length. She sincerely feels that the College and the University have given ample support to the program. She has, however, also recognized the dissatisfaction of the past directors and many of the faculty members and students involved in the issue. She is concerned with understanding their views; this is why she appointed a committee to investigate the problem as well as to designate a new permanent director. She pointed out, however, that what may be viewed as an attitudinal lack of

commitment is actually a result of the very practical issues of a limited budget and student support for the program.

"Notre Dame is not presently at the stage of budgeting new departments or radical changes in existing departments or programs," she observed. The fact that the program has been continued as a second major while many established major programs have been reduced to concentrations, like communications, or entirely eliminated, like education, quite possibly suggests the nature of the support for Black Studies. Charles also said that the "pressure" to create changes within budget constraints would have to come from a large cross section of the student body. "Of course, this may unfortunately be a 'chicken and egg' situation in which a large number of students may not be attracted to the program until it has a stronger structure and a less tentative appearance," Charles admitted.

At the present time, the Dean and all interested parties are waiting to see what recommendations come from the Black Studies Committee. Mr. Blackwell cited the critical questions as being:

1. Does the University want a Black Studies Program that is strong, innovative, and capable of fostering valuable research in ethnic studies?
2. If yes, is the University willing to provide the institutional and financial resources necessary?

Blackwell added that such full development hinges on the person selected as the permanent Director and his ability to act on the existing problems and needs. The importance of this aspect of the committee's duties was highlighted by Stewart in his letter of resignation submitted to the Provost in July. He asserted, "The process by which the University chooses to appoint . . . a perma-

nent Director of the Black Studies Program will provide a clear indication . . . of the University's stance *vis à vis* Black Studies."

The process, as explained by Dean Charles, involves two steps. Because of the present structure, a place for a candidate must be found within one of the departments of the College. The selection of a new Director is, therefore, contingent upon the ability to find someone most able to help the program grow *and* to fill an opening as a full-time teacher. While this situation itself may be necessary, it will put the new director in the same dilemma as the past directors and faculty members have always experienced. Scott states, "The contract is with one department, not two." While some departments do take into account the needs of Black Studies, many have "little or no concern or ability for evaluating efforts and duties to Black Studies. This can put those of us involved in the program at a less competitive level in relation to other faculty in our respective departments. This is most severe at times of tenure evaluation."

Scott was not himself applying this observation directly to the prospects for the new Director, for perhaps the committee will recommend that this ambiguity be cleared up for the Director, if not for all the faculty involved in the program. Perhaps the University will adopt such a recommendation. Whether this or similar recommendations are made and acted upon, Blackwell is hopeful that there will be improvements in the form of a clearer understanding of the program's relationship to the College of Arts and Letters and its departments and the program's ability to foster serious research and publication in Black Studies scholarship. He feels that, at this point, anything outside of stagnation would be an improvement.

When asked about the future of the program, Dean Charles stated that she prefers to wait and see what proposals the Committee on Black Studies submits before she is too specific about the future. Her caution reflects her interest in not damaging the potential for constructive proposals and change. The program is a valuable part of the College in Charles' eyes; she also alluded to the difficulty, however, of imposing upon students by telling them what is or is not valuable. So, her hope is that the program's future structure will enable the students to judge it more thoroughly.

Scott wonders if the Administration and the College will be ready to fully support the development of the program to the state described by Dean Charles. Obviously, he hopes they will, but based on past experience, he can do little more but wish that the program will be supported in becoming "more viable, more visual, and more vital."

Finally, Stewart thinks that real improvement may occur, but he doubts that it will be in the immediate future. He will not be here to see what happens firsthand; he leaves the University at the end of this academic year to become Director of Black Studies at a state university in the East. He thinks improvement here will continue to be slow because, as he states, "The program here still has to catch up with most such programs at other institutions that have effectively passed the survival test."

"Black Studies Program."

Even now, these are more than just words on a door for those who give their support to the idea and value of Black Studies, as well as ethnic studies in general. It remains to be seen whether these words will be given sufficient support to mean much more to a larger number of people throughout this university. □

# IN THE HEART OF THE ATOM

by Phyllis Washington

Despite the rumors that Notre Dame students generally hear about the Radiation Research Building, atomic bombs are not being made there, radiation does not leak from the brick walls, and there are not thirty-four underground floors. One asks, what is going on there? Researchers are studying the effects of radiation on all kinds of matter, ranging from living organisms to metals. They study these reactions in the attempt to come up with the energy sources for the future.

Sounds simple, huh! Guess again. One glimpse at the elaborate electronic equipment that the researchers use to test the materials would impress anyone. The Radiation Research Lab here at Notre Dame is noted for having some of the most sophisticated facilities in the world for radiation research. Some of the radiation facilities include six Cobalt-60 sources, which are radioactive isotopes of cobalt. These sources are used for gamma radiation studies. One of the Cobalt-60 sources is a cobalt cave. This cave is enclosed by walls four and a half feet thick and sheets of Plexiglas for observation windows. The radiation level inside the cave is very high, so high, in fact, that no one can enter the cave. A control panel outside of the cave allows researchers to control the experiments. In addition to the cobalt sources, the lab also owns six lasers which are used as radiation sources.

Other instruments used for experiments are electron accelerators, among which are a Linac, a linear accelerator, and the Van de Graaff accelerators, spectrometers, spectrophotometers, and a number of other useful experimental facilities. One of the accelerators is painted to look like a football. Dr. Schuler, the director of the Radiation Research Lab, says that it is the "biggest football on campus." It measures ten feet long and it is autographed by the current tri-captains of the football team. Two of the four Van de Graaff accelerators here on campus are located in the Radiation Research Lab. The other two belong to the physics department which was a "pioneer" in the 1930's in the development of the early accelerators. Notre Dame has more Van de Graaff accelerators than any other laboratory in the country.

During our recent interview, Dr. Schuler and I visited one of the labs where an experiment to oxidize  $\text{Ni}^{+2}$  to  $\text{Ni}^{+3}$  was in process. " $\text{Ni}^{+3}$  is a very unstable oxidize-stated nickel," he said. First making sure that the

radiation source was turned off, which in this case happened to be the Linac, Dr. Schuler opened the heavy iron door to the experimentation room, pushed away the iron gates, and assured me that it was perfectly safe to go in. He pointed out a few of the instruments and explained the experiment. Then, we left the room and he closed both doors so that we could watch the researchers perform the experiment. Bolts of energy at about a billionth of a second bombarded the chemical sample. Two men recorded the results of the experiment by using electronic devices with information fed into them by computer. The computer actually carried out the experiment and analyzed the data from it. A curve appeared on the computer screen showing the results with each point on the curve representing two-tenths of a microsecond. "That was a relatively slow experiment," Dr. Schuler remarked. "The lab has been very important for looking at events that occur in very short times. We have special facilities here for examining chemical reactions for times in the order of a billionth of a second."

The lab is perfectly safe to work in provided that the people using the facilities take the necessary precautions. The instruments are not hazardous, but flashing red lights mounted outside the labs where the experiments are being performed indicate when the machines are on. The lab also uses an interlock system as a safeguard. For example, in the room where the oxidation experiment took place, an extremely loud alarm goes off when the iron doors and gates are closed in order to warn anyone that may still be inside. Then, the flashing light goes on. The machine can only be turned off from an outside control panel. If someone were to open the door while the machine was on, it would automatically turn itself off.

Monitoring badges are also worn when people working with radiation sources are conducting experiments. The film badges detect the presence of radiation since it cannot be seen, smelled or felt. A shadow appearing on the badge would indicate a dangerous level of radiation.

There are all types of people working in the Radiation Research Lab. About ninety to one hundred people make up the total staff there, and slightly over half of those are research associates and assistants from various parts of the world, as well as many parts of the United States. There are also fifteen Notre





Dame graduate students working there. Many of the researchers are on short appointments for a year or two from places such as Chile, Israel, Portugal, Poland, Taiwan, Scotland, Japan, Nationalist China, Argentina, India and Paris, with degrees in physical chemistry, organic chemistry, biochemistry, physics and electrical engineering.

Specialists are also needed to run the glass shop, where all kinds of glass tools are made including special utensils for specific experiments. The lab also has mechanical and electrical shops as well as drafting and photographic facilities.

The data center, another area of the lab, is internationally known for its collection, storage, evaluation and distribution of radiation chemistry data. The center was established as part of the National Standard Reference Data System (NSRDS) and

is jointly funded by the National Bureau of Standards and the Department of Energy. "The data center," Dr. Schuler commented, "is the principle operation of its type in the country. We have very elaborate computerized systems within the labs, processing the data as it comes off the experiment."

Although Notre Dame operates and staffs the Radiation Research Lab, it is a government-funded operation. The lab has been operating on a budget of over one million dollars a year from the Department of Energy, formerly the Atomic Energy Commission, since October of 1977. The \$2.2 million building was originally built on the campus in 1963, mainly because of the work that had been done in radiation chemistry here since 1949. But, the actual radiation chemistry department was founded in the late 1940s,

after the war, to find out more about radiation by studying the effects of it on all types of matter. It began in the basement of the old chemistry building. When it became larger, it was moved to Nieuwland Hall. But as the department expanded, it needed more room. The Atomic Energy Commission took the responsibility of building a larger facility on campus in 1963, not as a reward to Notre Dame, but as a move to establish a center where growth and knowledge of radiation chemistry could be furthered. Notre Dame was the first university in America to provide formal training in the area of radiation chemistry and when the building was put up, it held the reputation for being the biggest center in the world for research. Today, with the help of the Department of Energy, it remains the largest center of its type in the world. □

# "Why Me?"

by Joe Carmarda

Finally, the paper was finished. It was ten o'clock and I decided to read my psychology in the comfort of my room. Normally, I would have remained downstairs and listened to the stereo while I read; but that luxury disappeared about two months earlier, in the middle of the night. And since I was sick and tired of listening to Billy Joel on FM, I decided I would get more accomplished in silence. I had just read the first paragraph when I heard the front door creak open and the wind chimes above it start clanging. "Hmm, who could that be?"

"Who's there?" I boomed as I trotted down the stairs expecting to meet two friends. As I moved down the stairs and the overhang no longer obstructed my view of the living room, I could see a figure scampering out the door. While still on the landing, two steps from the floor, I encountered another figure about three feet from the door. Before I could react, the figure reached into the pocket of his knee-length coat and produced a small, silver, toy-like gun. He aimed, I ducked, he fired. It all happened so quickly, in less than three seconds. While the shot rang I clutched my throat and watched the man bolt out the door. Not quite sure exactly what had just happened and not feeling any intense pain, I, with the aid of adrenaline, flew up ten stairs. My housemate, Rick, and his girlfriend, Patti, met me at the top of the stairs. They begged me to remove my hands from my neck to see what, if anything, the noise had been.

"Joe, you have a hole in your neck," Rick said almost calmly. While Patti insisted that I not panic and tried to make me comfortable on the floor, Rick, in a shocked frenzy called the 911 number. With-

in five minutes the police were there. First there were two, then five, then twenty. The paramedics arrived next.

By this time it began to hurt and painkiller was out of the question until my condition stabilized, so they said. The questions started coming: "Who was it?" "What did he look like?" "What kind of gun was it?" "Who was it?" "Who was it?" "Who was it?" I just wanted to fall asleep and wake up to realize that it was all a terrible nightmare. I couldn't close my eyes for fear of never reopening them. As long as I remained conscious I knew I was alive. On the way to the hospital I asked God's forgiveness and asked for all the help he could give me.

Being in the emergency room was just like a scene out of "Emergency One." Everything was sterile, white and stainless steel, and there were lots of people running around getting things. Given a strong painkiller, I became very relaxed. It was then that one of the nurses told me that there was a contingent of students who would like to see me. Wow, I thought, I forgot about everyone, all of my friends, my family. I was feeling relatively good then but they must have been in a panic. I was told that Dean Roemer had called my parents and explained to them what had happened. Within the next two hours I reassured everyone I was fine, extremely lucky, but nevertheless I had convinced myself I would be out of the hospital in time to finish finals.

I finally dozed off and woke up to find myself flat on my back in the intensive care unit. The pain in my throat was outrageous. As I tried to scream for a shot of pain medicine, I realized that I could not produce any sound above an almost inaudi-

ble whisper. Just as panic was setting in a nurse entered my room and reassured me that I would be O.K. Another shot of morphine and the pain subsided once again. My mind and eyes were wandering and I began to check out my new quarters. Pretty wild, I thought, look at all those electronics! I felt wires attached everywhere, and before I fell asleep I felt confident that if nothing else I had the advantage of the best technology available.

Upon waking up some eight hours later, I was greeted by a group of doctors, nurses and interns. They seemed concerned with the swelling in my neck. X-rays and blood tests were taken, and before I could relax I realized I couldn't breathe. When one of my monitors signaled this to the nurses they had me signing a form within moments, and soon I was lying face up in the operating room.

A tracheotomy was performed and a  $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch-in-diameter tube was inserted into my trachea and the other end was attached to an oxygen pump which enabled me to breathe.

Much of the initial trauma ended when my mom arrived and greeted me with a smile that only a mother could give. All of a sudden I was her little boy again, and there was nothing the two of us couldn't overcome. She was there every day for five and a half weeks, sometimes sixteen hours a day. My friends also rose to the occasion, taking care of my mother and insisting on getting me anything and everything I needed.

As time went on, the staph infection that the bullet wound had caused subsided. The efforts of the doctors, nurses and countless hospital staff members paid off. My prayers and those of family and friends were realized. I was released from the hospital smiling and forty-five pounds lighter to recover in Fort Lauderdale for two months. When I returned home I was fat and suntanned.

Now, some ten months after my "accident" I still ask, "Why me?" After being brutally attacked in your own home, it's easy to become very philosophical about life and even bitter about some aspects of life. Time has mellowed the bitterness away but not the reality of what happened. Although the incident now seems like the nightmare I had hoped it would be, the realities are still all too real. Every time I go out to enjoy the social life at Notre Dame, I end up going through

the same neighborhood, still unchanged, a hub of crime.

I can't believe students can feel secure there. Apparently, though, the benefits outweigh the alternatives. Because of the housing and social structure at Notre Dame, only off-campus living enables a student to do as he pleases without the threat of being fined or forced from his home for an infraction of a Du-Lac bylaw. Rules for the residential hall student are agreed upon before the student signs his contract, and he is made aware of quiet hours and party procedures. This seems fair enough, because if a student doesn't agree or can't seem to follow these rules, he can always move off campus. But what kind of alternative is that when he has to choose between living an individual life-style or being secure?

The crime statistics for the student neighborhood off campus are overwhelming. Break-ins and rip-offs are as common to an off-campus student as blowing off classes. The reason is very simple: students, because of their income status, are forced to live in a low-rent district. Low-rent districts also attract those individuals who would rather steal a stereo than buy one, or steal a stereo and sell it to support their habit.

Ironically, the solution is just as simple. Many other schools also experience a problem of accommodating off-campus students. They simply and safely solve their problem by providing university-subsidized housing areas where students live among students, in either apartment complexes or in blocks where the university has purchased the homes and resold them to landlords who rent only to students. Theoretically, this is not ideal because any affiliation with the university infringes upon the feeling of independence that a student gains when finding and renting his own house completely on his own. It is, though, a much better alternative than being shot because you forgot to lock your door while you were at home.

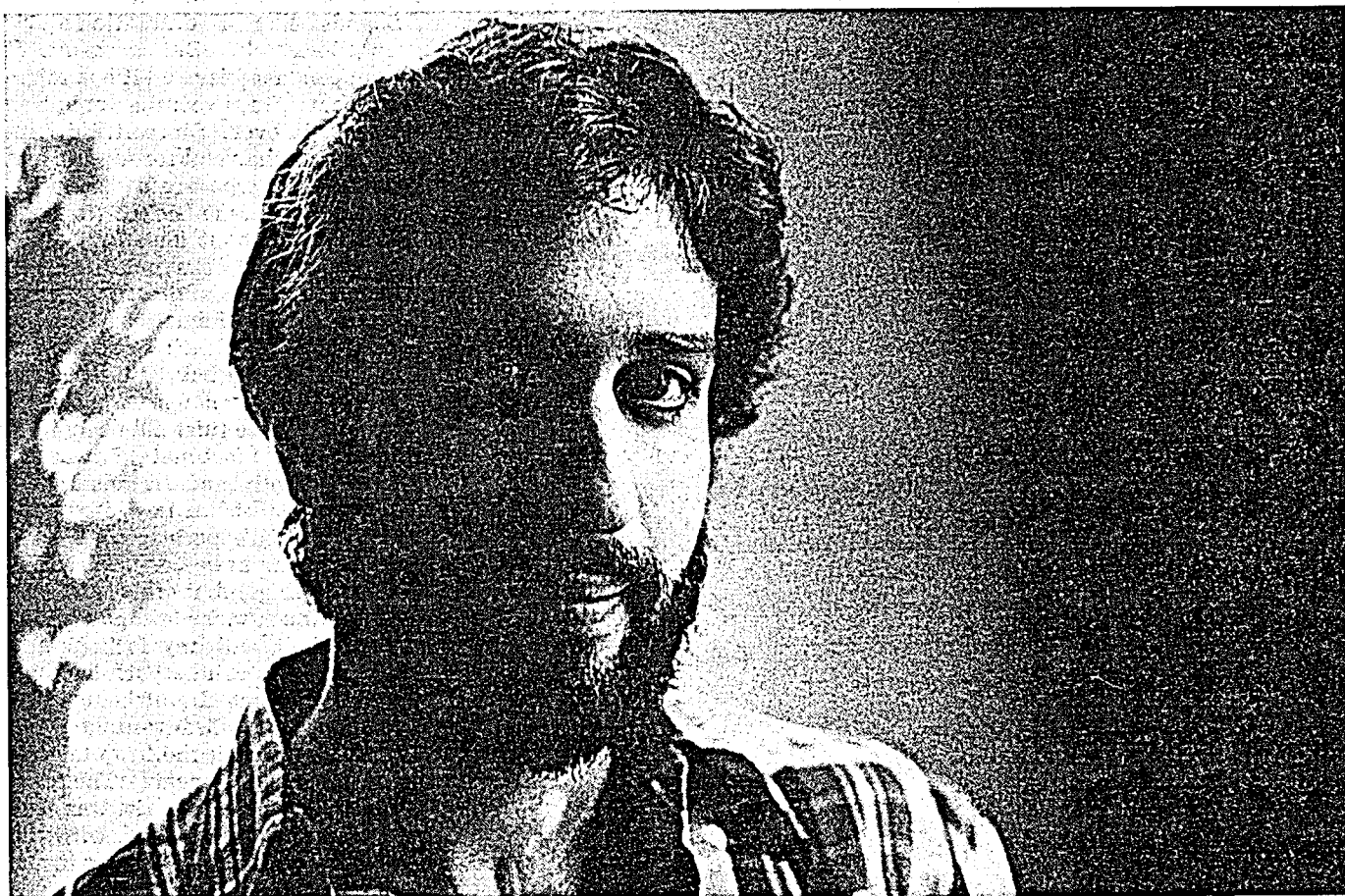
Father Hesburgh, while visiting me in the hospital, expressed to my friends and me that there is a definite problem in South Bend and that there should be a solution. The solution he suggested was stricter gun control. This, I suppose, could be accomplished through lobbying and the implementation of effective legislation. It would seem, though, easier, more efficient, and swifter to treat the problem as a university problem rather than as a national problem. Father Hesburgh is a fantastic university president. He was

obviously concerned when he visited me. With his ability and the University's power, however, the off-campus student should be provided with adequate security.

After the incident, the University further expressed its concern by providing my mother with a feeling of responsibility for my well-being. The University set up meetings with students and administrators, acted as a liaison with the county legal office and provided my mother with a place to stay for three weeks. We always felt that the school was there to help. Throughout my convalescence and throughout the summer I was kept informed of University happenings. When I returned to school, Dean Waddick aided me in completing my schedule.

Now that I'm back in school again, I am anticipating graduation. The real world will be fun and hopefully safer than my last taste of it. On October 15, the offender was brought to trial. If he is convicted, he will spend two to four years in jail. I won't start rambling about justice. The courts work in strange ways. I am just thankful that I'm still alive to write about it. □

*Joe Camarda is a senior Economics major, now living in Sorin. He will graduate in December.*



# The Journey Back

by Libby Kennedy

June 1, 1978—

It was ten minutes to five on a Thursday afternoon. I had to be at work, bartending, at 5:00 and my younger brother was trying his best to get me there on time through the rush hour traffic. He pulled in the turn lane and waited for the traffic on Coliseum Drive to let up a bit. It did for a second and he gunned our new Chevette across the street. But a second wasn't long enough. A pickup truck was just feet away from us when we were only halfway across.

5 weeks later—

July 4, 1978

Something was wrong, but I didn't quite know what. I was in a bed, unable to get up, and people kept coming in and asking me how I was. Nurses and doctors seemed to be omnipresent; constantly taking my temperature, giving me pills, etc. I remember, vaguely, being in a wheelchair and being taken to a room where I had to walk between parallel bars. I couldn't do it. I didn't understand where I was or why I was there. So I would just go to sleep, thinking that if I could, I would like to wake in my own bed at home, and find this had just been a bad dream.

Three days later, I was allowed to go home and my journey back to 21-year-old sanity began.

Sounds like a dramatic movie script, doesn't it? But it wasn't. It did happen last year and it has taken these past fifteen months for me to realize it is over. Since it did happen, I am so thankful for my life and all the people who are a part of it. The accident made me realize who really cared about me and (they always say it in books and it is true) how precious life and all it encompasses is. It is a shame that I had to be that close to death to really appreciate all that I have. Life is short and I was lucky enough to be given the chance to see this. I'll never stop realizing how fortunate I was to have the family and friends I had. (Do you get the idea now of the intensity of this experience?) I have never been one to be very expressive of my feelings, but this accident made me much more open, and a lot less inhibited, with my feelings and thoughts. This can be both bad and good, but the benefits of being open far outweigh the disadvantages.

I got home from the hospital and my recuperation began. The first thing that needed work was the physical side of the injury, with the mental injury slowly mending in the months to come. Although I had a



broken pelvis, punctured lung, and numerous other injuries, the main one was the cut I received on the entire right side of my head, which exposed and bruised the brain. (Can you imagine going through life telling people you had, at one time, severe brain damage? Well, that's another story.)

Because of the broken pelvis and paralysis on my left side, I could not walk by myself until the end of August. The doctors said that it was doubtful I would ever walk normally again, but my family and I had other ideas. Even with my messed-up mind, I knew something was wrong when I realized I couldn't stand up to get something unless someone was in the room to help me. That got to be very frustrating, so I did my physical therapy exercises every day to try to gain some semblance of normality. It was a slow process but each day I would be able to do something, however slight, that I couldn't do the day before. It can be funny now, when I think of how excited I was to learn to sneeze, cough, and do all the other little everyday things I had always taken for granted.

But because of the brain injury, I never fully realized that this wasn't the way I had always been. (Thank heaven for small favors!) I was still progressing mentally, but I felt the frustration of a child who can't do what he wants.

After two weeks, when I got out of intensive care, the doctor said it was questionable whether I would get much of my mind back. (I had an excellent doctor, by the way. Head of Neurosurgery at Bowman Gray School of Medicine. Not bad, eh?) They said I would have to start thinking as a child and slowly proceed to the age I am now, but that I could start with the mentality of any age. (I like to think I'm back now, but my family still questions that!) When I first began talking, I was around ten years old. I would just ramble on about friends, kids I hadn't seen in years, so whoever was with me would know how old I was. Since we had lived in different states, whoever was with me would ask where I was and they could tell how much I had progressed. I did this for two weeks, talking to anyone who would listen to me. I had everyone who came near me at Baptist Hospital knowing everything (and I mean everything!) I did from the time I was ten years old. It was worse than "This is Your Life" because I literally left nothing out, good or bad. I had no inhibitions. As an example, a nurse once tied me

to my bed. I violently bit her on the hand, drawing blood. As a result, she quit her job. I was a model patient.

It wasn't until a month after I was home when I started to realize that some things should not be said in front of my parents. My older brother and sisters would just look at me, shake their heads, and say "Just wait." Now I know what they meant. I think I was a bit too loose with my tongue. I have no more secrets of the past 21 years.

It was in October, after two months at home that things began to click and I realized that something was seriously wrong by my being there, doing nothing. The doctor said then that it would probably be another six months before I could handle being in a "college atmosphere," so why didn't I just take it easy, and go the following year. But once I knew what happened, and realized there was the chance that I could improve, I was determined to come back in December. So I did my exercises and practiced sounding normal and somewhat intelligent again. The end of November I went into the hospital again for six hours of psychological testing. Two weeks later, I got a letter from my doctor saying I could come back to school conditionally. That was all I needed. I came back for what would have been my second semester of my senior year, but I got through it, and improved greatly in the process. I did have a few handicaps; there were the obvious physical ones, such as, a limp and double vision, and the not-so-obvious, such as the complete numbness of the right side of my body and a very poor memory. The one "handicap" that most kids here couldn't quite handle (for obvious reasons) was the medication I was required to take for over a year. The stipulation with these pills was that I could drink no alcohol while taking them. For some reason, it took a while for people to realize that I was having a good time even if I wasn't having a beer. The inability to drink was such a minor drawback after all that happened.

I've got glasses now, I'm off the medication, my memory is improving, and I can live with everything else. This all took just a little over a year and I really can't end this until I tell what the main reason was for, as the doctors say, "my miraculous comeback."

That reason has to be the people who were with me throughout this whole ordeal. I don't think I can say enough about my family at this point. My parents and six brothers

and sisters put aside all their activities and devoted a good portion of their summer sitting at the hospital with me and then helping me get around and adjust when I got home. There was no question in their minds with what had to be done. One of the family needed their support greatly, so everything was put aside to devote all their attention to that one person. Who, at the time, was me. I can't say enough about each person and his patience, especially, in caring for me. I could go on and on about the time and love that was there for me when I needed it so badly, but I really can't put it into words.

I can't say enough about my friends, either. The day after my accident, my parents called three of my friends throughout the country. By the end of the summer and throughout the fall, I heard from more friends than I ever could have imagined. It was unbelievable, the number of people who thought enough just to write and say they were thinking of me. Most didn't know the extent of my injuries but still offered any help that was needed. People I had not seen in years sent their love and concern. It's just too bad that it took such an accident to make me realize how fortunate I was in knowing that people cared about me. But it did happen and I couldn't help but learn so much by it.

There were some things that did not turn out for the better, but they were taken in stride, with the good things outweighing them. Such as, there were some people, at home and at school, who really couldn't handle me in any other way than how I was before the accident. They were nervous and really couldn't be around me until I had straightened up a bit. I understood this but I still couldn't accept it. (I couldn't be all good!) I gained so many more friends and learned much about those who stayed by me.

Now, here I am, back at school for my final semester in college. Yes, a lot has happened these past fifteen months, events that I would never want anyone to go through, but I can't help but feel that good has come from it. I appreciate my family, my friends, and my life, much more than I thought possible. And that appreciation doesn't lessen; it just grows as time goes by. □

*Libby Kennedy is a senior English major at St. Mary's. She will graduate with a B.A. degree in December.*



# Film: Apocalypse Now and Brian, Then



The movie is finished. And, yes, the man and his millions are now parted, maybe never to be reunited, even in eternity. Such is the melodramatic intensity that *APOCALYPSE NOW* has brought with its arrival on the screen.

Francis Ford Coppola's 31-million-dollar Vietnam War epic took four years in the making and gathered so much attention along the way, that never before has the release of a movie been so eagerly anticipated. Was the wait worth it? Well, the movie is better than most of the year's blockbusters: *Moonraker*, *The In-Laws*, *Alien* and *Dracula* just to name a few. But in the final analysis, it falls short of being a great movie.

The problem is this: Mr. Coppola promised us a movie about the atrocities of Vietnam through which

various scenes and especially the ending are supposed to transcend the "Vietnam issue" and give us a universal statement on morality. However, what we have received is a conglomeration of visually stunning scenes from which there is great difficulty in drawing moral conclusions. The difficulty arises because, though the scenes are powerful, the characters are not. Not a single character in the movie has any depth. This is especially true of Marlon Brando's character Kurtz . . . ah, but I am getting ahead of myself, first a little background.

*APOCALYPSE NOW* is loosely based on Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, which is a story of 19th-century colonialism in Africa. It tells of a narrator's journey up a river to find an ivory trader named Kurtz, who succumbs to the tempta-

tion to play God to primitive natives. In the movie's original form the narrator and Kurtz were to be played by the same actor.

The reason is this: the narrator eventually realizes that he is just as capable of moral savagery as Kurtz. In the words of Conrad's narrator:

There was nothing either above him or below him. He had kicked himself loose of the earth . . . his soul was mad. Being alone in the wilderness, it had looked into itself, and by heavens! I tell you, it had gone mad. I had—for my sins, I suppose—to go through the ordeal of looking into myself. No eloquence could have been so withering to one's belief in mankind as his final burst of sincerity. . . . I saw the inconceivable

## Monty Python's LIFE OF BRIAN

Ahem.

This is my theory which I am about to relate. . . .

Way back in time, among the flotsam and jetsam of the petulant prophets, and amid the people who did feast upon the lambs and the sloths and carp and anchovies and orangutans and breakfast cereals and fruit bats, and huge, enormous impressive bags of pretzels, and blanchmanges and small, brown spots of industrial resin—possibly creosote—and vast bowls full of pus; in that land of many Spanish Inquisitions and cheesemakers and Bruce's, there lived a man called Brian. . . .

Brian. Brian Cohen, the reluctant

pseudo-messiah of Monty Python's latest film endeavor "Life of Brian," who's only rule is "Why don't you all just work things out for yourselves?"

It's not bad advice, really. The case against Monty Python, though, has been argued thusly: "But they don't seem to have any reverence for anything." Well, that may or may not be true. It may just be that they feel that their jobs as comedians are simply to make people laugh. Which they generally do. Sometimes hysterically.

Their latest film saga is not as funny as their masterpiece "Monty Python and the Holy Grail," but then, theirs is hybrid comedy to begin with, and even the cockney crazies' worst would still rank considerably higher than Hollywood's

best.

The movie attempts to find a "bright side of life" in a day when all was seemingly dark; when stonings, mass crucifixions, and throwing people to the lions were the entertainment events of the day. Historians have said that during the life of Christ, over thirty other "messiahs" were being proclaimed (the quotation marks are for them, not Him). With life as such, it's little wonder people were turning to religion . . . but the question remains why would anybody turn to Brian?

A fair question, and one that I'm not certain I'm prepared to answer. But in any event, the Catholic hierarchy (and other religious groups) don't want you to find out.

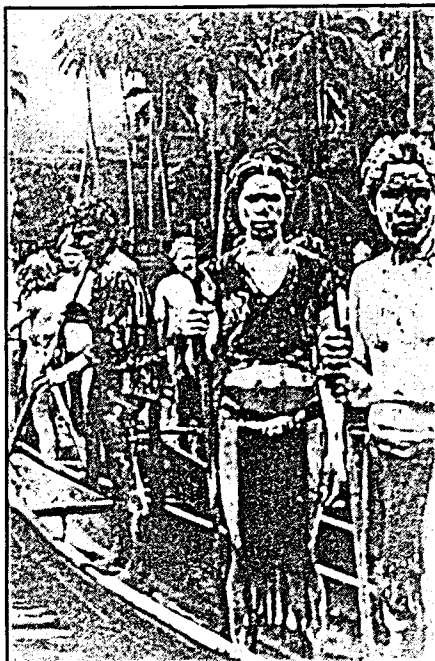
The Bishops (who traditionally have not looked on the bright side

mystery of a soul that knew no faith and no fear, yet struggling blindly with itself.

And so with *Heart of Darkness* as a basis, Coppola and Vietnam Hawk John Milius set out to adapt the story. They turned Kurtz into a renegade Green Beret colonel who operated as a God to native headhunters out of an Angkor Wat-style temple against guerrillas. The narrator (who is named Captain Willard by Coppola) is a special services officer who is commissioned to travel up the river to "terminate Kurtz with extreme prejudice."

*APOCALYPSE NOW*, like Conrad's novel, is supposed to be a journey towards some kind of understanding of primeval passion. Conrad explains to us from the beginning that Kurtz is some kind of extension of the narrator and it is this that makes the story work so well. But the film fails to establish any connection whatsoever between Kurtz and Captain Willard, and because of this it seems to move in an arbitrary fashion through those visually stunning scenes to an arbitrary end.

If Coppola had made five or six shorts out of scenes in the movie, they all would have been masterpieces. For example, in the movie's most powerful scene, we are introduced to Lieutenant Colonel Kilgore (Robert Duvall), who is a flamboyant air cavalry colonel who leads his chopper against a Viet Cong-controlled village at the mouth of the river. He has two reasons for doing this. First, Captain Willard's patrol boat needs access to the river. Second, the waves that hit the beach



by the village are six feet high and Lieutenant Kilgore is a surfing nut.

He attacks the village in amazing fashion. He has a loudspeaker system hooked up in his chopper, and he plays a piece from Wagner during the attack in order to psyche his men up. Once the choppers land, he orders a few of his men to "hit the surf" (now remember the battle is still going on). So here are these guys surfing while everyone else is getting their brains blown out. And then, just when you think things have calmed down, a group of fighter planes napalm the village. Mr. Duvall's wild colonel reply is, "I love the smell of napalm in the morning . . . the smell of gasoline smells like victory." This scene is probably worth the admission to the

movie. But, remember, it is a very independent scene as it stands, and the mere combination of many great scenes does not make a movie great.

The part of the movie that is the most problematic is the ending. This is mostly due to Brando's interpretation of Kurtz. Brando arrived for filming in the jungle 80 pounds overweight. In order to camouflage this, he requested that his scenes be filmed in the dark. Thus, his presence is reduced to a voice which certainly is not his strong point. His mad scenes are mumbled, lisped and just downright uninteresting. The key to the end of the movie is that Brando is not any crazier or more godlike than Duvall's swash-buckling air cavalry colonel and fanatical surfer, who sacrifices men's lives for absurd reasons like surfing.

In effect, Duvall's character is the only interesting one in a movie filled with emotional zombies. Martin Sheen's Captain Willard, the audience's point of view reactor to all the violence during the movie, has nowhere to go dramatically or psychologically. And let's not even talk about Brando's 1.5-million-dollar travesty.

And so there is absolutely no human development or interaction, no growth or enlightenment in *APOCALYPSE NOW*. It's as if someone had spent \$31 million to film a circus. But even with all of its flaws, it is still better than most movies. You should probably see it.

You might even find that it's all it's cracked up to be. I wish I had.

—Rich Marcello

of life) you should be forewarned, condemned the movie (they've been desperately trying to keep their hands in the condemning business since the end of the infamous "forbidden books list" era). I gather that most of the Bishops who saw the movie (if, indeed, any of them really did) were probably embarrassed at having to hold back their laughter in much the same way that Pilate's guards, in one of the movie's funnier scenes, had to suppress theirs.

Upon thoughtful reflection, Pythonesque humor might seem overly infatuated with surface discrepancies in people (you know, lisps, stuttering, hairlips, nose picking, mental retardation, etc.). But, then, who says that any kind of comedy is supposed to inspire thoughtful re-

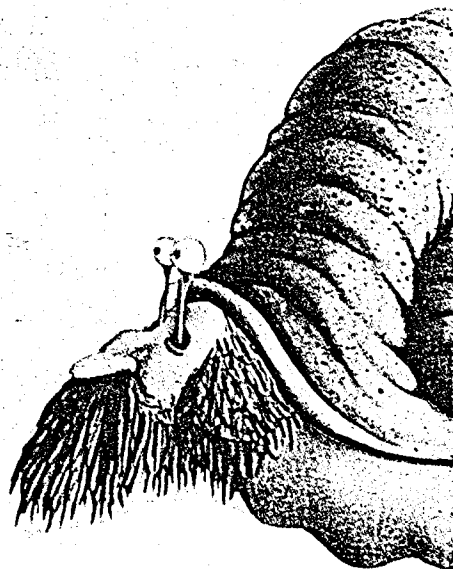
flection?

In all, "Life of Brian" is a very funny movie. In it, the Monty Python clan lynches the standard conventions of the "biblical epic" film genre in their usual crazy, ingenious, sometimes very silly, way. Believe me, Pontius Pilate never had it so rough.

It is also, I might add, slightly irreverent, and if you are grotesquely insulted by the rather casual use of the more numinous objects of worship, I would suggest you see *Apocalypse Now* instead. Assuredly, most people will not be insulted or demythologized by this film. You might not even grow hair on your palms.

Besides, I always was a sucker for a movie with a happy ending. □

—Gregory Solman





by  
*Eileen O'Meara*







# Books: Of Cruel Shoes, Cruel Fathers



Reviewed by Mark Rust

by Steve Martin / G. P. Putnam's Sons / 125 pages / \$6.95.

Steve Martin's most recent (and only) book to date, *Cruel Shoes* (Putnam's, \$6.95), appeared early this summer: it is a thin volume of short shorts, lavishly bound and singularly unfunny. What Mr. Martin does so well in person and on television plays weak in the written medium, and this suggests two very valuable lessons to the reader who, otherwise, might rightfully feel cheated out of six dollars and ninety-five cents.

The first of these lessons — and perhaps the least important — reflects on the nature of Mr. Martin's comedy; it is visual rather than cerebral. The incongruous gags and ludicrous mimicry titillate on sight but, when written, inspire no more than a perplexed interest. Where a group such as Monty Python uses visual absurdity to simply reinforce their satire, Mr. Martin relies entirely on the visual. He talks about "My Uncle's Metaphysics," or "The Gift of the Magi Indian Giver" and

we do not laugh; had he been wearing an arrow through his head, the opposite might have been the case.

In Monty Python we don't laugh at the visual jokes solely because they are visual; they are funny because they are satire. A courageous knight may slay, limb by gory, blood-spurting limb, a medieval man-monster in Monty Python. But the humor derives from a sense of satire in which such Old-English literary characters as Grendel in *Beowulf* are called to mind and such heroic qualities as perseverance in battle are called in for ridicule. In Monty Python, the topic is the subject; with Mr. Martin, the topic is the prop.

Props and artifice do not belong in the world of the written word, and we immediately recognize it as fraudulent. This may be the source of the reader's nagging feeling of discomfort as he plods through the 125 pages. The word is a sacred thing, and nonsense written for the sake of nonsense, bound and marketed in the same way valid literary efforts are shared with the public, must be exposed and placed in its proper category: drivel. God spoke light. Homer enshrined heroic deeds

with his pen. Chaucer colored the Western world's memory of medieval times with his tales. Martin drives.

And this is the second lesson. Words are not meant to be used injudiciously. There is something about reading this book in hard-back that emphasizes this lesson.

Included in my plans for an ideal life is a scenario that goes something like this: I wake up at the crack of whenever I feel like it, become gradually cognizant of the sun pouring into my immediate surroundings (a large suite in a posh hotel), devour a room-serviced breakfast of eggs Benedict and fresh strawberries, relax with coffee, cigarette and morning paper, and then, eventually, pull myself up to a massive oak desk, choose carefully one finely sharpened pencil from among the many arranged upright in their marble holder, and place its tip squarely to the first line of the virginal legal pad, upon which I write meaningless drivel that is sure to sell, reinforcing my expensive hotel habit. All of this I shall do, provided I don't fall back asleep.

Is that normal?





Reviewed by Greg Solman

by Geoffrey Wolff/Random House  
\$275 pages/\$12.95

There is but a single prerequisite for utmost interest in Geoffrey Wolff's latest book, *The Duke of Deception*; at one time, at least, one need only to have loved a parent.

Wolff, successful novelist and book critic, has done something vogue in a unique way. He has searched his own American "roots" and found, to his dismay and confusion, that beneath the bitter, ornate green and rich, fertile topsoil, there lay below roots that were decayed and rotten.

Wolff's father was a confidence man, and the lies his father told him were grandiose indeed. Duke Wolff, when in the right mood, talked of his rather genteel education at Groton and Yale and the Sorbonne's *Ecole D'Aeronautiques* (which, of course, doesn't exist); then, not to be outdone by anyone at one of the posh country clubs to which he belonged (and joined by virtue of borrowed money), there were also war stories. The Duke had many times parachuted behind enemy lines during World War II. He had been a test pilot and, in service to her majesty the queen, had been a fighter pilot

for the RAF.

"A pretty history for an American clubman," Wolff reflects. "Its fault is that it was not true."

In reality, Duke Wolff, had he not been in many ways so loveable, would certainly have been detestable. He was a man constantly in debt, and forever moving to stay ahead of his creditors. He wrote false resumé's and faked and lucked his way into sometimes very responsible jobs. He was in many ways a remarkably good father, but mostly always a bad husband. What the Duke was escaping—aside from himself—has very much to do with the relationship he had with his father, The Doctor:

*How hard it must have been to grow up under the measuring gaze of that father! from the beginning, my father heard talk about the best of this, the best of that: the best neighborhood, school, automobile, minds, family. And if Jews with educations and without accents were better than Jews with accents and without educations, couldn't it follow that best of all was to be no Jew at all?*

It's a complex world, the one between fathers and their sons. In much the same way that Bergman examined mother/daughter relations in "Autumn Sonata," Wolff, too, has sifted through the strange psychological menopause that occurs when all of us find that our parents are

not deities . . . when each of us demythologizes his own ties between parent and child.

Wolff's criticisms of his father seem acceptable to us because he seems somehow remarkably detached and honest when writing about him. Wolff is not preachy or didactic; he neither confirms nor condemns, forgives nor forgets, admires nor admonishes in any rigid sense. There are even shades of remorse in his having left his father in Europe alone for the last years of his life, and the biography/autobiography may even be seen as cathartic for Wolff. "I had felt betrayed by my father, and I wanted to betray him," he recalls.

But, above all, Wolff is gentle because he probably can't help seeing some "Dukishness" in himself:

*Then she left me "forever," as she said. I stood on the Ponte Vecchio at three in the morning and contemplated suicide. The following morning I skipped out on my bill at the Excelsior, took the sleeper to Paris, met some American Pals and had a devil of a time. Then, I spent the spring holidays with them in Spain for six weeks, following the bulls, of course, telling the Smith College Junior-Year Abroaders we were older than we were, which the girls pretended to believe.*

Like father, like son? ☐

## Music: From Zappa's Studio . . .

*Joe's Garage*, the fourth Frank Zappa album of 1979, also figures to be the most commercially successful. The album, part one of a projected three-part rock opera, succeeds because it integrates the different genres of Zappa's work better than anything else he has done so far. Avant-garde musician, pointed social critic, crude comic, Zappa has produced a body of work ranging from comedy music, hard rock and 1950's music to modern jazz and classical music. All of these genres (with the exception of classical music) can be found living cut-to-cut in surprising harmony.

*Joe's Garage* is a parable warning of unscrupulous governments who, in an attempt to win votes, will trample upon any rights of the citizens; in this case, they have declared music to be the root of all evil, and outlawed it. Joe, the leader of a garage band, commits the crime of playing music. Then, almost as if to

prove the politicians right, Zappa goes at length into the sleazier side of the music business in the songs "Crew Slut," "Wet T-Shirt Nite," and the immortal "Why Does It Hurt When I Pee?" Of particular interest to our community is a number called "Catholic Girls," Zappa's follow-up to *Sheik Yerbouti's* "Jewish Princess"; Zappa suggests that Catholic girls learn more than their catechisms at CYO functions. The song's thrust is lame, however, for "Jewish Princess" is a vicious characterization of a specific type, whereas it is obvious that a group as large as "Catholic women" defies characterization.

The music that holds all of the satire together is a tasty blend of jazz, blues, and rock, with Zappa's inventive guitar work showcased throughout. While it retains the complexity, strange time changes and bizarre instrumentation that Zappa is famous for, it is nevertheless more

accessible and melodic than usual. Whether it is deserving or not, these two qualities should help, along with the song titles, to push this album over the top and into the collections of non-Zappa cultists. ☐

—John Thornton

### Scholastic Music Survey

Like an old familiar song, Scholastic Music Survey continues on. Consult the last issue of *Scholastic* for instructions on how you can vote.

Here's a little incentive for all of you insane coho lip-types out there.

At this point in the standings, *disco* is winning. ☐

# I HAVE A FEELING WE'RE NOT IN KANSAS ANYMORE

BY TOM CLARK

"Hey Man, what gives?" It was Jim, Urbanski's foreman.

"Not much. How're you doing, guy?"

"Hey man, I'm cool as usual. But what's eatin' you, dude? Old lady giving you a hassle?"

"Yeah. She had another one of her damn dreams last night. This time she dreamed I'd take a fall from the 35th so she made me promise her I'd ask to work the ground crew this morning."

"Man, that is one weird broad."

"You're telling me? I tell her not to pay attention to those dreams, but she won't listen. She says they show her the future or something. I don't know how anyone can make so much of a stupid dream. It's just her damn imagination."

"Well, dude, you're in luck, anyway. Roberts isn't coming in today and they need someone to help on the ground crew this morning. I'll tell them to take you for today. That cool?"

"Yeah, that's great. It should shut up my wife, at least. Thanks a lot."

"Hey, it's cool, man. I gotta split, I'm due upstairs. Catch you later, dude."

"Okay. Thanks again guy."

"It's cool."

Urbanski didn't mind working on the ground as a change of pace, but as a daily assignment, it got boring. He would begin to miss the feeling of the steel beams under his feet, knowing they were all that stood between him and a 350-foot drop. It was exhilarating for him. It gave him a feeling of power to be so far above the crowd that it was impossible to pick out individuals. From up there, everyone was equally insignificant, just a speck on the pavement.

Working on the ground did have its advantages. For one thing, it gave his nerves a break. Working day after day up there could wear a guy down. For another, he enjoyed seeing the workers scrambling on the girders overhead. Just like human flies, he thought.

His morning on the ground went smoothly and uneventfully. It was at noon that his trouble began. He was sitting by the trailer eating his lunch while forty stories up, another worker was doing the same. Un-

fortunately for both of them, the worker on the fortieth knocked his lunch box over. He was out one meal, and, after describing a near-perfect arch and sailing end over end down forty floors, his chicken leg struck Urbanski squarely on the head, knocking him unconscious.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Hey Urbanski. Hey man, like, wake up." It was the voice of his foreman calling him. "Like you really took a lump on your lid, dude. Good thing you had your hard hat on." When he opened his eyes and focused, all he could see was a giant fly head wearing a hard hat. "Are you all right man?" He was amazed, he had never seen a fly talk before. But before he could become frightened, everything began to spin and he was sucked back into the whirlpool of darkness.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Hey Urbanski. Hey man, like, wake up." It was the voice of his foreman calling him. "Like you really took a lump on your lid, dude. Good thing you had your hard hat on." As he opened his eyes, he could see several of the men standing over him. "Are you all right man?" He nodded slowly and they helped prop him up against the side of the trailer. "We're getting the doctor."

"I'm okay, I think. I've just got one hell of a headache." He was beginning to remember the fly head he had seen.

"Hey man, what's the matter?"

"Huh . . . ? Oh, nothing. I was just remembering a dream I had while I was unconscious. I dreamed I woke up and Jim here looked like a huge fly."

"Well, I act like a fly sometimes, but I don't usually look like one." With that he started walking up the side of the trailer.

"Hey, cut that out. It's not funny." Then he began to sprout fly wings. All the men were turning into flies before his eyes. Their heads took on that hideous blue-green metallic sheen and their eyes bulged out in all their multifaceted horror. They started flying around him and the last thing he saw was one of them circling over his head, laughing hysterically.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Hey Urbanski. Hey man, like, wake up." It was the voice of his foreman calling him. "Like you really took a lump on your lid, dude. Good thing you had your hard hat on." He opened his eyes and looked around quickly to see several of the men standing over him. "Are you all right man?" He didn't respond and they helped prop him up against the side of the trailer. "We're getting a doctor."

"Good." He sat with his back to the trailer and his eyes shut tight.

"Hey man, something wrong with your eyes?"

"The light hurts them."

"That's cool."

He didn't open his eyes again until he was safely in the ambulance. At the hospital he was examined and admitted for tests. He spent most of the afternoon drifting in and out of sleep. He wasn't to be tested until the next day. During visiting hours that night his wife came in to see him.

"You look awfully pale dear."

"Yeah, I took a pretty good shot on the old bean."

"I told you to be careful. I just knew you were going to get hurt today."

"You and your damn dreams! I wish you'd just shut up about them."

"Well, I was right though. You did get hurt."

"You're always saying I'm going to get hurt. You were bound to be right eventually."

"I just wanted to warn you."

"I think you have a death wish for me. I've had it with you and your dreams!"

"Yeah? Well I've had it with you." She suddenly produced a chain saw from her purse.

"Hey, what are you doing?"

"Cutting you down to size." She started the motor and began to approach him.

"You're crazy! Help! Nurse!" He began frantically ringing the call button.

"It's about time you learned the power of dreams."

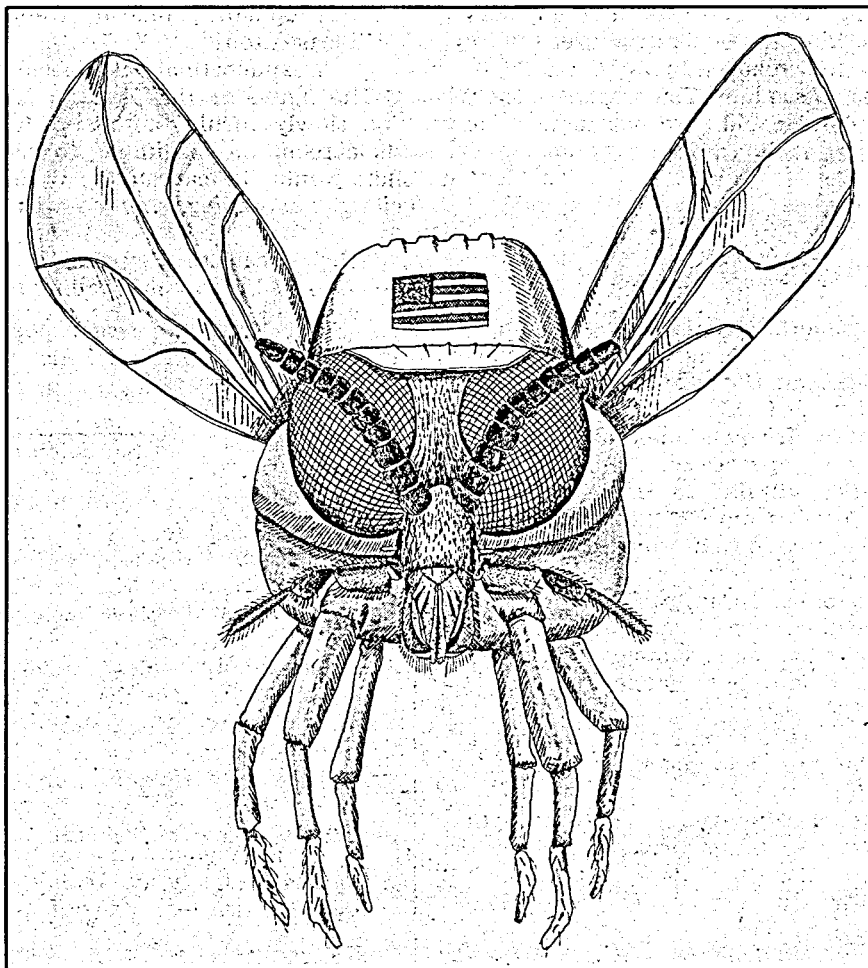
He was yelling at the top of his lungs, but no one heard. As the chain flashed in front of his face, everything went black and he was back again in the peaceful embrace of unconsciousness.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Hey Urbanski. Hey man, like, wake up." It was the voice of his foreman calling him. "Like you really took a lump on your lid, dude. Good thing you had your hard hat on."

As he opened his eyes he screamed. "Oh my God! It's starting over again! My God, no!"

"Hey, take it easy, Urbanski. We're getting you to a doctor."



"Stay away from me, all of you." He was backed up against the side of the trailer like a cornered animal. "Just stay back and don't move until the doctor gets here."

"Okay dude, it's cool. Take it easy."

When the ambulance arrived, they sedated him and took him to the hospital. He was examined and admitted for tests. He slept fitfully all day under the effects of the medication. Whenever he woke up he had attacks of extreme anxiety. After several days, he finally began to show signs of relaxing. Since there was nothing wrong with him physically, he was sent home for bed rest.

His mental condition indicated that he had had a nervous breakdown. His doctor recommended he take an extended vacation as soon as he was stable enough. He and his wife spent a month in Hawaii, and since it was for medical reasons it was partially paid for by his insurance. Upon their return, Urbanski was almost his old self. He was still a little edgy, but not nearly as bad as he had been immediately after the accident. He was finally okayed for a return to work.

The morning of his return, he seemed a little worse than he had been lately. He seemed especially concerned for some reason about seeing his old co-workers again. Naturally, he was restricted to low-stress jobs and he was not allowed to work in the superstructure. As time went on, he became more and more at ease, though he still suffered occasional mild attacks. Eventually, his boss called him in for a talk. He said that they were glad to have him back at work and they were glad he was doing better and was there any way he could return to working the superstructure.

"Well, sir, I'd have to be okayed by my doctor."

"Then by all means go see him. You see, we're short of hands up there and we could sure use someone of

your experience. That is, of course, if it's all right with your doctor."

He made the appointment and the next day he was standing in the psychiatrist's outer office.

"Come in, Robert, come in. How are you doing these days?"

"I feel fine sir."

"You no longer feel like Dorothy in the Land of Oz?"

"Pardon me?"

"No more attacks of anxiety? No more fear that the world will dissolve into a dream? Hm?"

"Not too much anymore, sir. You see, my boss wants me to return to working the girders. I think I'm ready and all I need is your okay."

"Well, Robert, I think you're fit. But before you go, I'd like to have a little talk with you."

"All right sir."

"First of all, you went through a very traumatic experience. To have all of your conceptions of reality shattered, not once, but three times, is something that not many people could even survive, let alone with their sanity. You were lucky, Robert, but you haven't gone through this without some psychological scarring. There will always be a fear within you now, though deep in your subconscious, that reality may not be . . . well, real. You will have this fear that at any moment the whole thing may break down and you will find it's been just another dream. This doesn't mean that your dorsal lombard will sclatulate dorfning upnik botfig schuple. . ."

"Stop it!"

". . . lupulata gamnosity tremula. . ."

"Please stop!"

". . . sapudortinal castigatus mordavid. . ."

The figure of the psychiatrist was melting before him, slowly turning into a puddle on the floor. The whole room was beginning to dissolve. His chair was sinking into the carpet, the walls were closing in, the ceiling was falling, and he was screaming endlessly.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Hey Urbanski. Hey man, like, wake up." It was the voice of his foreman calling him. . . .

—Tom Clark is a senior government major from Pittsburgh, Pa. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.

## In Retrospect:

On this, the eve of Southern California weekend, *In Retrospect* offers two pieces of nostalgia concerning past games. The first is from the 1926 pigskin preview. The Irish had not yet played USC in football:

"So ambitious have the Irish become that even cruel December holds something in store for them. The first week of that chilly period will find the Irish journeying to Los Angeles, where on December 6 they will clash with the University of Southern California, touted as the best on the coast. Many sport experts have already agreed that if Notre Dame and California win all their games previous to the December 6 clash, that contest will absolutely decide the national championship."

Proving, as always, that things change, and yet they stay the same. The Irish won, 13-12.

In 1929, a *Scholastic* writer romanticized about a scene we were all later to see in the movie "Knute Rockne: All-American":

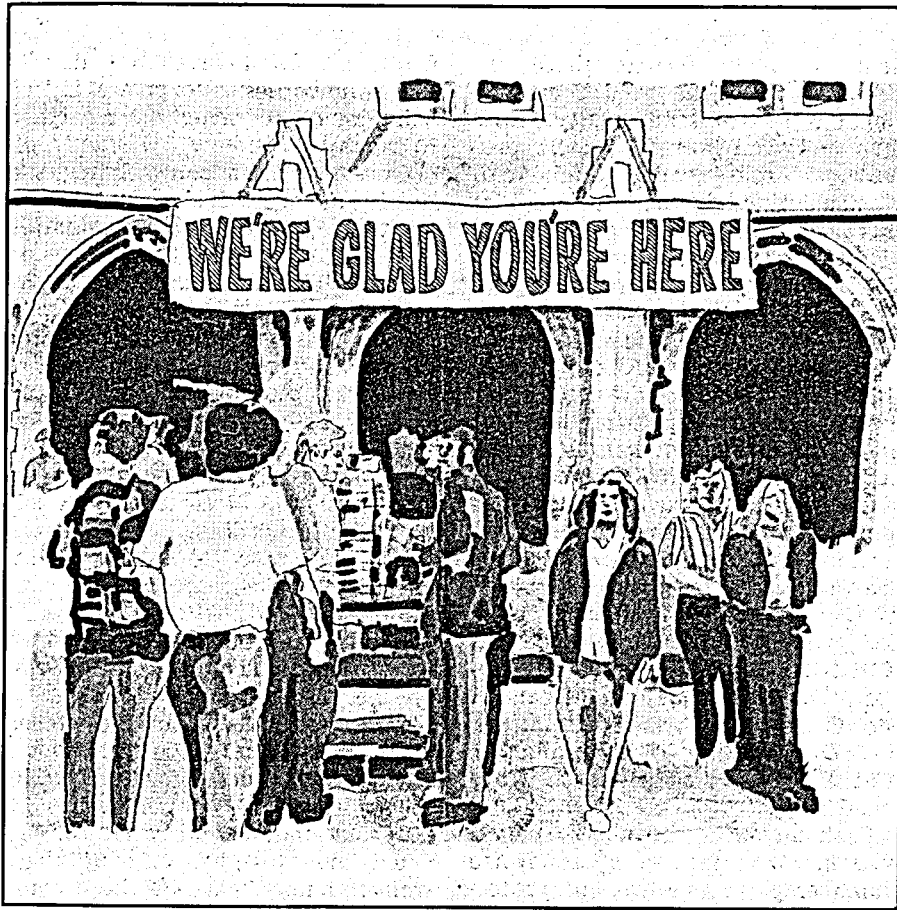
"What Coach Knute Rockne, who had been brought in on a wheel-cot, looking wan and tired, said to his loyal band of warriors we do not know, but he must have inspired them with just a few words which sprung from his heart and soul."

Evidently, one thing that has changed is sports-writing. Or has it?

For Suz...

As I lie on the bed  
gazing tiredly at a  
red tack pinching into  
the wall, my index  
finger conjures you:  
describes the gentle curve  
of your nose,  
the muted softness of your cheek  
fine, delicate tracery  
like lit spider silk  
which sadly fails to  
make flesh your presence  
and falls slowly, darkening  
onto the bed like old cord

—John Thornton



*Women at ND*

# Seven Years of Struggle

by Cathy Wisniewski

"You go to Notre Dame? Are you sure you don't mean St. Mary's?"

Undergraduate women of Notre Dame have been sparring with these questions for over seven years. Since women were first admitted as regular undergraduates in September of 1972, Notre Dame has undergone a metamorphosis; a transformation that most feel has been one of particular importance in view of the changing role of women in society. And, as society has struggled with a changing view of women, so has Notre Dame. In the past seven years, women undergraduates and faculty have changed from a novelty on campus to an integral part of student life at Notre Dame.

In the late 1960's and early 1970's, the men of Notre Dame pushed hard for coeducation. College students during this time in our nation's history were very vocal with their opinions. Numerous articles and editorials appeared in *The Observer* pressing for an end to the all-male Notre Dame tradition. Men wanted women to be a part of the Notre Dame experience and they were not to be dissuaded.

The Administration finally began to take active steps into the possibility of coeducation in late 1970 and early 1971. Coeducation

at Notre Dame first began as a plan to merge St. Mary's and Notre Dame. The Administration commissioned Drs. Lewis B. Mayhew and Rosemary Park to "... examine the relationship between the University of Notre Dame and St. Mary's and, in their judgment, to recommend what they thought was best for the two institutions." The report came out in January of 1971 and among its most important recommendations were the following: (1) St. Mary's College should become St. Mary's College in the University of Notre Dame, (2) there should be a sharing in the members of the Board of Trustees and (3) most departments should be merged.

Student opinion of the Park-Mayhew report was generally negative. The Student Body President in office at the time, Dave Krashna, summed up general student opinion when he said he was surprised that Park and Mayhew "... had the nerve to do absolutely nothing in their report."

Consequently, various student proposals emerged; one of the more interesting was one by a student from Stanford Hall. It consisted of "co-exchange residency." This proposal set forth the idea that Stanford Hall be converted to a woman's residency hall for SMC students and that the north wing of Regina Hall

on SMC campus be made into a men's residence hall for Notre Dame students.

In March of 1971, the Trustees of both institutions met in Palm Springs, Florida, to discuss the nature of coeducation. Their recommendation was the unification of the two schools and, in most cases, a total merger.

Problems arose soon after the decision. Professors worried about the effect on their courses through merger of departments. They were also concerned about their own professional status in the new department. The financial differences between the two schools was a major difficulty; how to calculate room, board, tuition, student activity fees, laundry, etc. One of the most notable differences between the two schools was in regard to the rules and regulations. It appeared obvious that major changes would be involved and solutions to these problems seemed hard to come by.

As students generally know today, the merger between the two schools did not materialize. St. Mary's and Notre Dame remained independent institutions, each with their individual identities. Notre Dame, however, was now steering for a new dimension to the identity—women.

An Advisory Committee for Co-



education was formed in 1972 and was asked to report on the introduction of coeducation to Notre Dame. This report became known as the Malits Report, named after Sister Elena Malits, C.S.C., who chaired the Committee. There were three major concerns of the Malits Committee: counseling and administration, orientation, and residence halls. The Malits Committee made various recommendations to the University in preparation for women coming to Notre Dame.

There were 125 women in that first class in September of 1972. According to Sr. John Miriam Jones, Assistant Provost, the first few months were quite an experience. Sr. John recounts reports of women students being singled out in class and asked for "the woman's view" on topics not requiring such a view. In an effort to include women in class, sometimes faculty members singled women out; at this time, Notre Dame women did not want to be singled out as novelties or freaks. It was enough to be one of 125 women in a population of 6,000 men. They wanted to become students of Notre Dame, not a woman among men at Notre Dame.

Women were definitely a novelty on campus. Television, newspaper and magazine reporters flocked to the campus seeking a woman's view on how it felt to be a part of a formerly all-male institution. Sr. John feels that as a result of all this exposure and special attention, the women became somewhat resentful. Women, she said, in an effort to become less noticeable and more "a part of Notre Dame," became aggressive and began to talk and act more like "the guys." Women wanted so much to be a normal part of Notre Dame life that they simply gave up some of the desirable characteristics Notre Dame wanted and needed from them.

Since that fateful first semester of women on campus, giant steps have been taken to normalize student life. After the Malits Report in 1972, the first formal report on the current status of coeducation at Notre Dame was published in 1977. The report from the Committee to Evaluate Coeducation consisted of surveys, findings and recommendations, all of which concerned the well-being of both men and women at Notre Dame.

With the advent of women stu-

dents at Notre Dame, there appeared an obvious need for additional women on the faculty. Both men and women need female professional role models and with women present in the student body, this need became quite evident.

Both the Malits Committee and the Evaluation Committee felt there was, and still is, a pressing need for more women in professional positions at Notre Dame. As of this fall, there are 99 women on the faculty at Notre Dame, approximately 12% of the total faculty. This is a slow, but significant increase since 1972.

One area of improvement is in the number of women in the Administration. As of this September, there are four women administrators. They are Sr. John Miriam Jones, S.C., Assistant Provost, Dr. M. Katherine Tillman, Assistant Provost, Dr. Isabel Charles, Dean of the College of Arts and Letters, and Dr. Kathleen Weigert, Assistant Dean of the College of Arts and Letters.

Such advances are not so pervasive in other faculty areas. Notre Dame employs one woman professor, nine associate professors, and 43 assistant professors. The remaining faculty consists of Instructors, Library Faculty, Professional Specialists and women in Special Research.

There are a number of difficulties in finding qualified women, bringing them to Notre Dame and keeping them here. Finding the right woman for a specific position is, at best, a difficult problem. The availability of qualified women to teach in the areas of engineering and business, for example, is extremely low. This is primarily due to the tremendous opportunities available for women in these areas immediately following graduation from college. Women do not generally pursue higher education because of these immediately lucrative job openings. Consequently, the availability of women with Ph.D's in business and engineering is quite low.

Secondly, the women must be able to relocate to the South Bend area. Often this conflicts with family considerations such as in a marriage or with children. Many times a woman must let a career opportunity slip by for other priorities she has set for herself.

For these reasons, filling a position with a woman can be quite dif-

ficult. Sr. John says that despite these difficulties, efforts are indeed being made to bring more women to faculty positions.

Once a woman comes here as a faculty member, there are other difficulties involved. The Evaluation Committee surveyed the women on the faculty and found that many suffered some "... sense of isolation, frustration, even anger. Some feel a lack of male support for themselves as persons and as professionals. There are male colleagues who seem neither to take them seriously as professional equals nor to appreciate the vicissitudes of their positions. Accordingly, a number of women expressed a sense of insecurity about their professional situation."

Tenure has lately become somewhat of a problem as well. Presently, there are six tenured women at Notre Dame. Last year five women were among those faculty members who were considered for tenure. The tenure committee decided, through a system that is somewhat complicated, not to give any of these women tenure. One of the women refused tenure had already started a discriminatory action suit against the University; she added "retali-



*Sr. John Miriam Jones, S.C.*

ation" after having been refused tenure. Whether the women were denied tenure as a result of discrimination or due to their lack of qualifications, the courts will ultimately decide.

It should be emphasized that women on the faculty find many positive experiences among their male colleagues and students. The report said that women faculty find satisfaction in "... their unique contribution to 'normalizing' this traditionally male University."

Normalizing the University has been, and still is, a tremendous task. One way of accomplishing this task has been to admit more women undergraduates since 1972. The University now has a quota of 400 women which it admits every year. Since this quota was established, the number of women at Notre Dame has been fairly constant.

This norm, much to the satisfaction of students and faculty is about to be changed. Beginning with the completion of the two new dorms, 500 more women will be added to the University enrollment over a four-year period.

Where these women will be housed has been a concern to both men and women. If only one of the dorms is complete by year's end, then women will definitely be housed in the new dorms. These women will be incoming freshmen, transfer students, and women who elect to move out of their present dorms.

If both new dorms are complete, however, plans include moving the men housed in one of the towers to the dorms, and women will be housed in the vacated tower. There are no plans to transfer students out of their present dorms unless it is of the nature so described.

The move to admit more women is of great significance to Notre Dame student life. Women will become more prevalent on campus, a more accurate reflection of the ratio in society. The gradual change is beneficial for the University in that alteration in academic and social life can be made without too much difficulty.

Progress has definitely been made in terms of accommodating campus life to the addition of women. A gynecologist is now available to the women of both Notre Dame and St. Mary's on a part-time basis. Cam-

pus Ministry now includes two women, Ms. Sally Luna and Sr. Jane Pitz, among its staff.

Lighting across campus has been drastically improved in many dangerous areas, thanks to the "flash-light walks" of Sr. John and security. There are still areas where more light is certainly needed, but safety has improved since 1972.

In addition to these small, yet significant, changes, there have been a number of academic changes as well. Course offerings now include "Women in Medicine," "Women in the Bible" and many dance classes. These classes are open to both men and women and seem to reflect the need for students to see how women have directly and indirectly been involved in vitally important areas.

Women's Athletics has increased astronomically, mainly thanks to the hard work and determination of the students and their advisors. The sports page of *The Observer* now includes many noteworthy items concerning women's sports whereas in the early semesters of coeducation, men's sports totally dominated the sport section.

Various committees of women have been founded since 1972, only to disband as their functions became unnecessary. Today one committee remains: The Women's Advisory Council. Made up of representatives from different parts of Notre Dame life, these women meet regularly to advise Sr. John on matters that concern the women of Notre Dame. She also receives input from them regarding decisions she must make.

One of the most significant changes in the role of women at Notre Dame is perhaps the least obvious. In the first few years of coeducation, there was always the "First Girl Admitted to ROTC" or the "First Woman Named to Dean's Post." Women were, again, singled out on the basis of their sex. Last year, Rosemary Mills became Editor-in-Chief of *The Observer*. She became the first Notre Dame woman to hold such a position. She was competent, qualified and obviously willing to hold such a position. With a minimum of fanfare, Rosemary Mills assumed a prominence in Notre Dame student life. Hopefully, a sign for our times.

The improvements at Notre Dame since the arrival of women have

been significant. Many problems, however, still remain. The social space available for student interaction remains a myth. We need a career-counseling program available to both men and women. We need to be aware of the many compromises involved when both partners in a relationship have a professional career.

It appears that the immediate needs of women have been fundamentally satisfied. What remains is the improvement in areas of interaction between men and women: attitudes, expectations and stereotypes. This is true for women as well as men. Women at Notre Dame have obviously normalized a previously unrealistic example of student life. Coeducation reflects societal living; one cannot help but benefit from such an experience. At Notre Dame, men and women can work together side by side in the laboratory, struggle together over philosophy problems and let loose together at a pep rally or dorm party. We see each other as equals and can enter society knowing each other as equals. We women of Notre Dame no longer feel so consistently defensive as did the women of 1972; we do not have to prove ourselves worthy of Notre Dame. Perhaps most importantly, men and women grow here together. Coeducation has come a long way at Notre Dame and has brought Notre Dame a long way. Let's not stop here. □

*Cathy Wisniewski, a junior biology major, would like to especially thank Sr. John Miriam who helped tremendously with the article. The women of Notre Dame all owe her a great deal.*

# Ice-Cold Optimism

by Brian Beglane

When you watch Notre Dame hockey coach Lefty Smith lead his team through practice, you can always be sure to catch him smiling or joking with the players. A quick one-liner or a joke about a missed pass—something to keep things light.

This season, however, Smith doesn't need to crack any jokes to keep smiling at practice. All he has to do is look down the lineup, and Smith has plenty of reason to smile.

Sixteen of the top 20 skaters, including eight of the nine leading scorers, from last season's 18-19-1 club, return. That young squad finished fifth in the Western Collegiate Hockey Association with a 17-14-1 record. Eight seniors and

juniors combine with a host of sophomores to form the core of this season's club. The going may have gotten a little rough last year with so many young skaters, but the experience gained should pay ripe dividends for Smith.

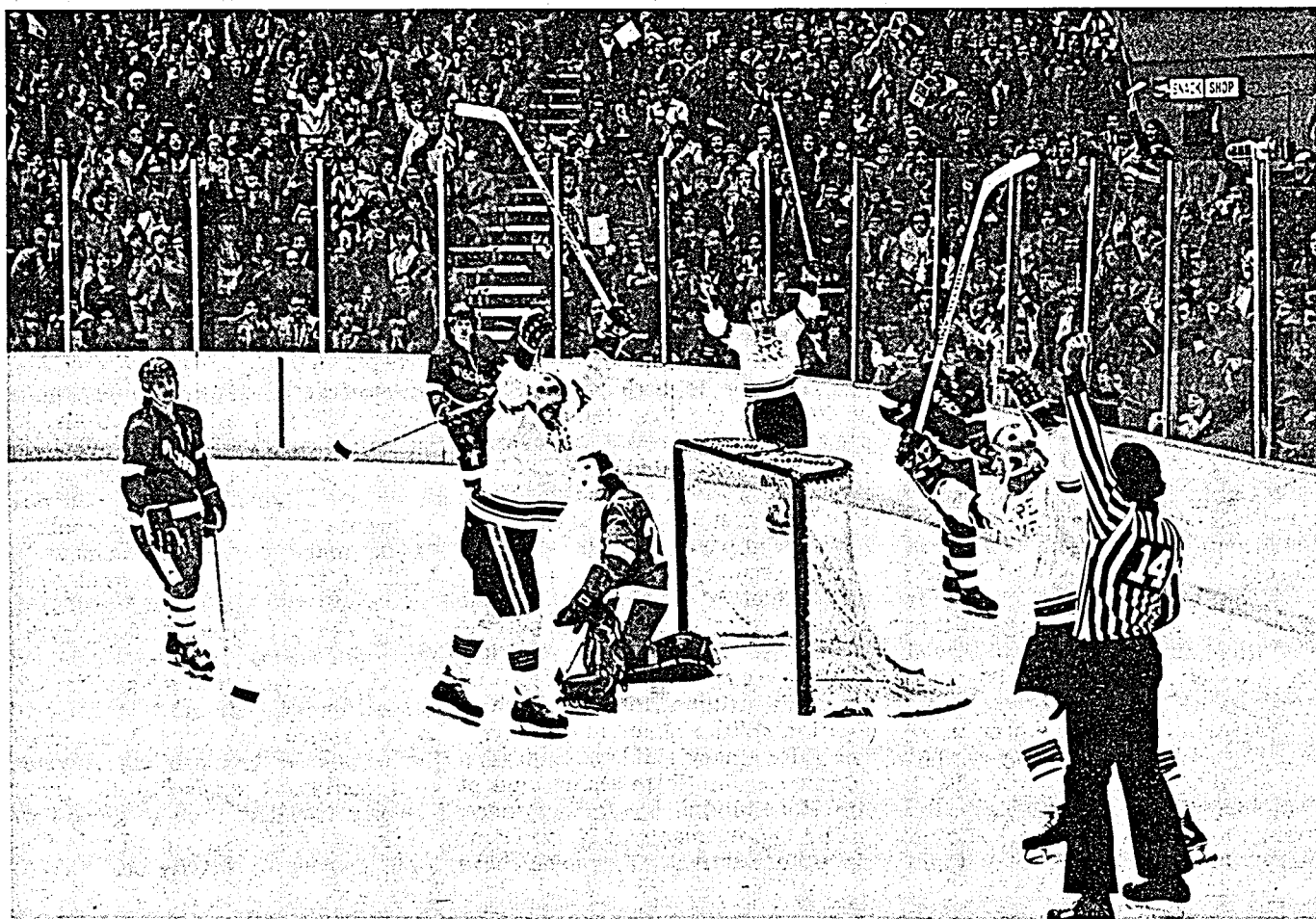
"As we look to this season, we don't face the question marks we did last year," says Smith, entering his 12th year at the Notre Dame helm. "Last season we had to start from scratch at many positions, but this year we have many players returning and know who can do what.

"Overall, we have excellent speed—our best ever—good size and good strength. We should have more depth on offense with a more effective fourth line. The WCHA is a

very competitive league, though, and the task we have before us is by no means an easy one.

"But let's face it. We had a pretty good year last season and return eight of our top nine scorers from that club. Improvement will be the key. Our people must play to their full potential, and we have to avoid the injury jinx. If we do that, we feel it is realistic for us to challenge for the top. We are very optimistic and look forward to this season."

Half of the goaltending situation is set. Freshman netminders seemed to set a trend in the WCHA last year, and Notre Dame goalie Dave Laurion ranked among the best all season. The scrappy, 5-7 native of International Falls, Minn., finished sixth



among league goaltenders last season with a 4.395 goals against average while posting an overall mark of 4.77. In the process he saw the third highest amount of playing time by an Irish goalie, starting 29 games and appearing in 32.

"We worked the daylights out of Dave last year," says Smith. "He came through in outstanding fashion, though, and I really don't know where we would have been without him. He is a very quick stand-up goaltender and we look to him for continued improvement. We hope to be able to spell him this year and keep him well rested."

The main reason Smith hopes to be able to relieve Laurion is the arrival of freshman Bob McNamara, a 5-10 goalie out of Toronto. McNamara, son of former Toronto Maple Leafs' goalie Gerry McNamara, is considered one of the best netminders ever to come out of the Toronto area. With his quick reflexes and knowledge of the game, McNamara will be looked upon to share the goaltending burden.

One of the strongest positions for the Irish this year could be on the blue line. No one graduated from the defensive corps, and with John Cox stepping in to replace Don Lucia midway through the season, Smith actually will have seven experienced defensemen to call upon.

John Friedmann ranks as the only senior on the defensive corps this campaign. The 6-1, 200-pound native of St. Paul, Minn., comes off his best year, scoring 22 points, and will be looked upon for continued improvement. He was voted most improved player last year by his teammates.

The probable partner with Friedmann once again will be junior Don Lucia. Lucia was forced to sit out the second half of last season due to academic difficulties and appeared in only 15 games. With his return the Irish will have one of their most reliable defensive tandems restored.

The most recognized of the Irish defensemen is junior Jeff Brown-schidle, brother of NHL defenseman Jack and a veteran of international competition. The 6-2, 200-pound native of East Amherst, N.Y., merited honorable mention on the Denver Post all-WCHA squad last year and also was voted outstanding defenseman by his teammates.

Scott Cameron rounds out the group of junior defensemen. The 6-2, 205-pound stalwart blue-liner saw action in 33 games last year and accumulated 83 minutes in penalties, something he hopes to cut down on this season.

John Schmidt and Jim Brown saw action in 38 and 37 games, respectively, last year as freshmen and were teamed together most of the season. Schmidt led all Irish blue-liners in scoring with 26 points, while Brown ranked fourth with 12.

John Cox, Paul Gagnon and Greg Kania round out the Notre Dame defensive corps. Gagnon, a junior, and Kania, a sophomore, saw limited action last year while Cox stepped in to replace Lucia and played in 21 games. He should provide the Irish with vast experience as the seventh defenseman.

Only one of the top nine forwards from last year's club graduated. That was captain Steve Schneider, third leading scorer. The eight returnees scored from 23 to 58 points last season. With continued improvement the Irish offense could find itself one of the most formidable in the country.

Senior captain Greg Meredith will be the nucleus of the Notre Dame attack. The 6-1, 205-pound right wing finished second on the team in scoring with 28 goals and 22 assists for 50 points and just missed the WCHA goal-scoring title. An outstanding student, Meredith is just as smart a player and will be looked upon to provide the overall leadership for the Irish this season.

"With a healthy season we expect Greg to make a serious run at the WCHA goal-scoring title," praises Smith. "He is a potential All-American. Greg is an outstanding leader with excellent offensive capabilities and is an integral part of our power play. He also is very capable as a defensive forward, though, and plays regularly when we are a man short. We expect big things from Greg this season."

Centering for Meredith should be senior Ted Weltzin, an outstanding stick handler who tied for fourth in scoring last year with 43 points. The product of Moundsview High School in St. Paul, Minn., tied for the lead in assists with 31 and will be a key to the Irish attack as a playmaker.

Rounding out the list of top seniors will be co-captain Tom Michalek. A master in the face-off circle, the 5-9, 165-pound center tied Weltzin last year with 43 points. Michalek also forms one of the WCHA's most effective penalty-killing units with Kevin Humphreys.

Humphreys, the top returning junior forward, likely will repeat as a regular linemate of Michalek. Both he and Tom are highly respected by every power play in the league.

Humphreys, a left wing, led the team in shorthanded goals last year with five, two in one period.

Certainly a key to the Irish offense last year was the play of the four freshman forwards — Dave Poulin, Jeff Logan, Jeff Perry and Bill Rothstein. All four skated regular shifts from the opening period of the season and adjusted quickly to the rapid pace of the WCHA. With a year's experience, all four sophomores will be looked to for bigger and better things this season.

Poulin enjoyed one of the most outstanding seasons ever for a Notre Dame freshman. The 5-11, 175-pound center tied the record for most points in a season by an Irish freshman with 59 while leading Notre Dame in scoring. He finished fourth in the balloting for rookie of the year while also meriting honorable mention on the *Denver Post* all-WCHA squad.

Perry is another player who improved himself considerably over the summer months. He is most adept at digging the puck out of the corner.

Logan's greatest asset is his speed. The 5-10, 175-pound left wing is especially effective on the break and once scored two goals within six seconds last season.

Rothstein, a left wing, adds strength to the Irish forechecking corps and should add speed up front.

With Dick Olson leaving for the junior leagues and the graduation of three senior forwards, there will be four openings in the Irish offense. A combination of returning players and freshmen should more than capably fill these few holes.

Junior Mark Sicoly is a leading candidate for the fourth center position while senior Matt Dubois and sophomores Pat Devine and Dan Collard will vie for the wing positions.

Four freshmen will make their presence felt, however, and two are very likely candidates to see extensive action on the forward line. John Higgins, who can play on either side, and Kirt Bjork, a left wing-center, should vie strongly for regular duty. Rex Bellomy and Mark Doman may see action as well.

"All of our players worked hard conditioning themselves over the summer," concludes Smith. "I cannot stress enough, however, the importance of improvement for our team—we must keep aware of that at all times. We do have the quality and the quantity coming back, but with the WCHA you just can never tell. So long as we remain healthy, we remain very optimistic." □







# Music: Who Remembers Elton John?

by Tim Gulstine

As 1979 wears down and the 1980s loom before us, the overwhelming reaction of most people to the demise of the past decade is "good riddance." This is not hard to understand when one considers that popular generalizations concerning the 1970s tend to include such endearing phrases as "the 'me' decade" and "the age of apathy."

And someone recently said to me, with horror in his voice, "Do you realize that future generations will associate us with the advent of disco?" As if this should be a source of collective shame.

Although it is true that the 1970s have spawned disco music, I do not think it epitomizes the decade in either a musical or social sense. It is probably appropriate that the most prominent commercial musician of the decade has been forgotten as completely as we might hope to forget the 1970s.

Who remembers Elton John?

You might remember him as a gaudy little British musician who fizzled as quickly as he flared in the first half of the decade. The pattern of his popularity is not uncommon these days. Lately it seems that any-

one who gains commercial success can't help but become an ultimate failure, but this was unjustly the case with Elton John. He seems to have recognized the unfairness of his destiny, as evidenced by persistent attempts to regain popularity. Currently, it's an American tour sparked by his success with Russian crowds. I don't know what kind of music Elton John is making these days, but I'm hoping that he finds the intensity of his earlier music.

For anyone unfamiliar with the full range of his earlier music, there will probably be a good deal less anticipation. This person is more than likely familiar only with those Elton John songs which were overpopularized or disliked on an initial basis. I would like to mention a number of less well-known songs which deserve resurrection or justify the anticipation I feel every time Elton John makes another stab at a platinum album.

The variety of his music was formidable. Back in 1976, he had me wondering whether he had "musical direction" or just went in every direction at the same time. Up until that time, every album seemed a refutation of the complaint that he always sounded the same. The dif-

ference between his first album, *Empty Sky*, and *Rock of the Westies* was striking. *Empty Sky*, released in 1968, was completely removed from the turbulence of the time. It was predominantly mythopoetical material, with lyrics by a young man named Bernie Taupin, who was evidently too shy to write about anything remotely personal. The album seems to suffer for that reason, but it is by no means devoid of good material.

Besides "Empty Sky," little of the material on this album is even accessible. Taupin's lyrics are often incomprehensible and Elton John croons his way through many of the songs in much the same manner that Ian Anderson of Jethro Tull has sung after his group's peak in popularity. The lyrics of "Sails," a song found on the second side of *Empty Sky*, illustrate the inaccessibility of the album on the whole:

Lucy walked gently

Between the damp barrels

And cut out my eyes

With the width of her finger.

Said she'd guessed the number

Of bales in the backroom.

*Rock of the Westies* is by a transformed artists. In the years that  
(continued on page 30)

## Foreigner's Latest: Mindless Head Games

For those of you wondering if the multiplatinum successes of Foreigner's first two albums would go to the group members' heads, don't worry. *Head Games*, their newest LP, confirms what I'd suspected all along—there's nothing in their heads at all, anyway. If you liked the mindless drive of *Foreigner* and *Double Vision*, you can hear the very same dull riffs, progressions and hooks right here. Ho hum.

Actually, there has always been a possibility that the talent in the group would overcome Mick Jones' clichéd, shlocky writing and Lou Gramm's pedestrian vocals. Unfortunately, despite their background in the glory days of King Crimson, guitarist-keyboardist Ian McDonald and bassist Rick Wills do little to distinguish themselves or the group. Even the golden touch of producer Roy Thomas Baker (Cars, Queen) can't free the group from their rut.

Two songs may be considered

noteworthy. "Dirty White Boy," the new single, is easily the most solid song on the LP; a convincing chorus, solid hooks and a nice pop feel work well over the typically relentless thunk of the rhythm section. While not riveting, it's certainly pleasant.

The other highlight is the surprisingly adventurous "Do What You Like." Imaginative, almost intricate harmonies and the acoustic guitar relief from the merciless heavy metal multiguitar drone help make this the best melody of the lot (this, folks, is a left-handed compliment, indeed), and one of Foreigner's few tolerable breaks is thrown in as well. Yet, they manage to bungle the song with pretentious yet stupid lyrics and incredibly bored lead vocals from Gramm.

As for the rest of the record; "Head Games" isn't bad, but is indistinguishable from about a dozen other songs they've done, while "Rev on the Red Line" and "Love

on the Telephone" are thoroughly mediocre.

"The Modern Day" is a third-rate Cars imitation, which is matched in feebleness by Gramm's wimpy cries of "I'll Get Even With You." But *Foreigner* outdoes itself with "Women" and "Blinded by Science," which are indisputably two of the most worthless songs ever recorded.

In summing up, if you liked Foreigner's first two efforts, you'll probably like this one—although it's not quite as well crafted as its predecessors. But if you liked those albums you probably haven't read this far (if you can read). If you didn't like them, this LP is a convincing reinforcement of your low opinion for the group. If you are unsure, let me assure you that this style of music is done much more competently by other outfits. Don't waste your time or money. □

—Tom Krueger

(continued from page 29)

followed *Empty Sky*, Taupin adopted so many personas that each album involves a list of characters. His lyrics had lost any residual tinge of mythopoetics, as evidenced on "Grow Some Funk of Your Own":

I looked at my watch  
It was a quarter to five  
The headlines screamed that  
I was still alive.  
I couldn't understand it.  
I thought I died last night.

The lyrics on this album are never elevated too far above the commonplace, and the results are much more enjoyable.

The final cut on the first side, "I Feel Like a Bullet (In the Gun of Robert Ford)," is the best song on the album.

*Rock of the Westies* marks the conclusion of eight years of intense musical productivity. Perhaps the most comprehensive way to encompass music from this period will be to examine those songs which seem to embody the tone or concept of the album on which they are found. Proceeding chronologically from *Empty Sky*, one comes to *Elton John*, released in 1969. The poetics are still there, but a more pastoral setting removes this album from the obscurity that clouded *Empty Sky*. The opening song of the second side, *Sixty Years On*, is emblematic of this album.

*Elton John* is a lush album. Occasionally sentimental, occasionally turbulent, it is probably a landmark in Elton John's music because it was the last artistic gesture he made before jumping into the mainstream of pop.

*Tumbleweed Connection* was released in 1970. Excepting *Captain Fantastic and the Brown Dirt Cowboy*, this album more closely adheres to the "concept" motif than Elton John's other works. It is the only album from which I draw a song that is not emblematic or even vaguely representative. "Come Down in Time," like many of Elton John's best songs, involves unusual instrumentation.

In 1971, Elton John was a frustrated artist striving for the success which he has since attained and lost. *Madman Across the Water* was not about former President Nixon. It was about a multitude of things which did not revolve around a single concept. There is, however, a general tone to this album—it conveys a sense of frustration. Underlying the upbeat tempo and exaltant vocals of "Holiday Inn" is a sense of self-destructiveness and mindless-

ness. The instrumental at the conclusion of the song is somewhat removed from this tonal setting. It is reminiscent of "Come Down in Time," the only difference being the use of mandolin and guitar instead of the more exotic instruments. Despite the fact that Elton John was at a low ebb when he made this album, and in some ways because of it, the material is excellent. It illustrates a desperate artist reaching back for anything he can get his voice on.

*Honky Chateau*, released only six months later, reflects none of the desperation or frustration that permeated *Madman Across the Water*. Elton John had developed a knack for his craft, and his band had solidified. All of the songs are tempered by a kind of serenity. "Mona Lisas and Mad Hatters" depicts a person at ease with himself despite the adversities which he confronts in a chaotic urban world. The "us versus them" mentality has never been illustrated so well as it is in the chorus of this song:

I thank the Lord there's people  
out there like you  
While Mona Lisas and Mad  
Hatters  
Sons of bankers, sons of lawyers  
Turn around and say good morning  
To the night.  
For unless they see the sky  
But they can't and that is why  
They know not if it's dark outside  
Or light.

Pretty elaborate syntax for a piece of pop music.

I find *Honky Chateau* and the album that followed it, *Don't Shoot Me, I'm Only the Piano Player*, to be almost synonymous works. Both involve a lot of carefree and entertaining songs. Elton John and Bernie Taupin were apparently having a lot of fun. Their best material emerged when they adopted persons which were remote from their own personalities, but remained believable.

Elton John seemed comfortable in the niche he had created with *Honky Chateau* and *Don't Shoot Me, etc.* Consequently, *Goodbye Yellow Brick Road* was a surprise. A motif that Elton John had used only once before, the biographical song, was used in three cases on this two-record set. These three songs, plus "Funeral for a Friend/Love Lies Bleeding," form the core of the album. Although the latter is Elton John's best work, one of the three biographical songs, "All the Girls Love Alice," is the most interesting. The lyrics convey a sordid and cynical account of Alice's

abbreviated life, with special emphasis on the fact that she was a lesbian. This biography is in contrast to the biography implicit in the title of the album, that of Judy Garland, which is almost mythical. It is also quite different from the sympathetic account of Marilyn Monroe's life, titled "Candle in the Wind." It is an isolated case of brutality in the music of Elton John.

*Goodbye Yellow Brick Road* showcased Elton John at his best. From that point on, he seemed to suffer a letdown, perhaps because he was contractually obligated to release two albums yearly. In 1974, with the release of *Caribou*, it seemed that Elton John's creative reservoir was almost dry. The man behind these songs sounds older, but a sense of weariness rescues some of the songs from banality. "Pinky" sounds like another piece of female glorification until the end of the chorus, at which point Elton John hits a nice note of resignation in his description of the special girl:

The trial and the error  
Of my master plan.  
Now she rolls like the dice  
In a poor gambler's hands.

The concept of an autobiographical album saved Elton John at this point in his career, or at least postponed a decline in the quality of his music. *Captain Fantastic and the Brown Dirt Cowboy*, released almost a year after *Caribou*, was infused with enthusiasm. One backward glance enabled both Elton John and Bernie Taupin to find fresh material. From the opening of the first song, one is compelled to acknowledge a sense of purpose underlying the music:

For there's weak-winged young  
sparrows  
That starve in the winter.  
Broken young children on the  
Wheels of the winners  
And the sixty-eight summer  
festival wallflowers  
Are thinning.

Elton John is on the line with the songs I have discussed in this article. These songs are the crux of his musical endeavors. I would love to see him expand this list in the future. He has expressed no less dissatisfaction with his recent stagnation than anyone else, so I'm sure he's trying. If he finds just a little inspiration, I would be anxious to see the results. □

# THE LAST WORD

It all happened on a sunny summer Sunday in '70 or '71, I'm not sure, but the time is irrelevant. It was when we were all younger, when time was quiet and much more gentle. It was when fishing was the subject and the only studying involved worms, when four young brothers were learning things that parents disliked hearing but enjoyed doing.

My brothers and I fished in Mud Creek, a small creek about as wide as a sidewalk and as deep as the library reflecting pool. The creek yielded catches that ranged anywhere from four inches to a whopping seven inches. Of course, those seven-inchers were no less important than any of Curt Gowdy's seven-footers. We loved fishing and during the week Mud Creek was our Caribbean.

But on the weekends, we went big-time. One of my uncles has four daughters and no sons so whenever he needed sons, he borrowed us. And we never objected because he took us fishing—at a river. The Rock River runs from northern Wisconsin down to the Illinois River which dumps into the Mississippi somewhere near St. Louis. On its way south, the Rock runs through my hometown. And, as an added bonus, there is a long concrete dam which keeps the river from flooding during the spring thaw. With the possible exception of a ninety-foot concrete statue of Blackhawk, a Sioux Indian chief, which overlooks the river, this dam is the most majestic man-made item in our small community. And to four innocent kids, it's simply awesome.

The power and beauty of the dam are stunning and the noise made by the crashing, churning water is frightening. Below the dam, the white foam and mist hover above the water as the powerful undertow of the water unceasingly and unrelentlessly swirls. It's quite a sight. And the fish must love it.

There is a calm pool that sits right off to the side of the dam. The pool is a temporary home for many large and competitive catfish, carp, northern pike and an occasional walleye. *That* is why my uncle took us fishing there.

This particular Sunday was a gorgeous day; the skies were clear, there was a clean, cool breeze and the fish were biting. My uncle was a serious fisherman. We were not. There is more to fishing than just fishing, just as there is more to a football game than football. He didn't understand that, so whenever we acted up he would yell at us and warn us that we were wasting valuable time and he would never take us fishing again. So we got serious.

As we fished, my older brother noticed two canoes, with three people in each, heading downriver straight for the dam. It was evident that they could not turn around; they were going to try and shoot the dam. Our eyes focused on the canoes; we knew that this would be quite an event.

The canoes came over the dam and crashed into the churning water below the dam. Both canoes tipped, and for at least thirty seconds we saw nothing but water. Then, a canoe floated out of the undertow, bent in the middle at a perfect ninety-degree angle. Another followed, in identical shape. But there was no sign of canoeists. Our entranced eyes searched along the shore and over the calm water downstream—they saw no canoeists. Upon careful examination, though,



by Dave Satterfield

we could see flashes of orange amidst the white foam, held captive by the powerful undertow. The orange flashes were life preservers and there were bodies attached to those preservers. After about five minutes, the dam released the powerless, limp bodies. Floating facedown into the calm, quiet river, it was apparent the canoeists were dead.

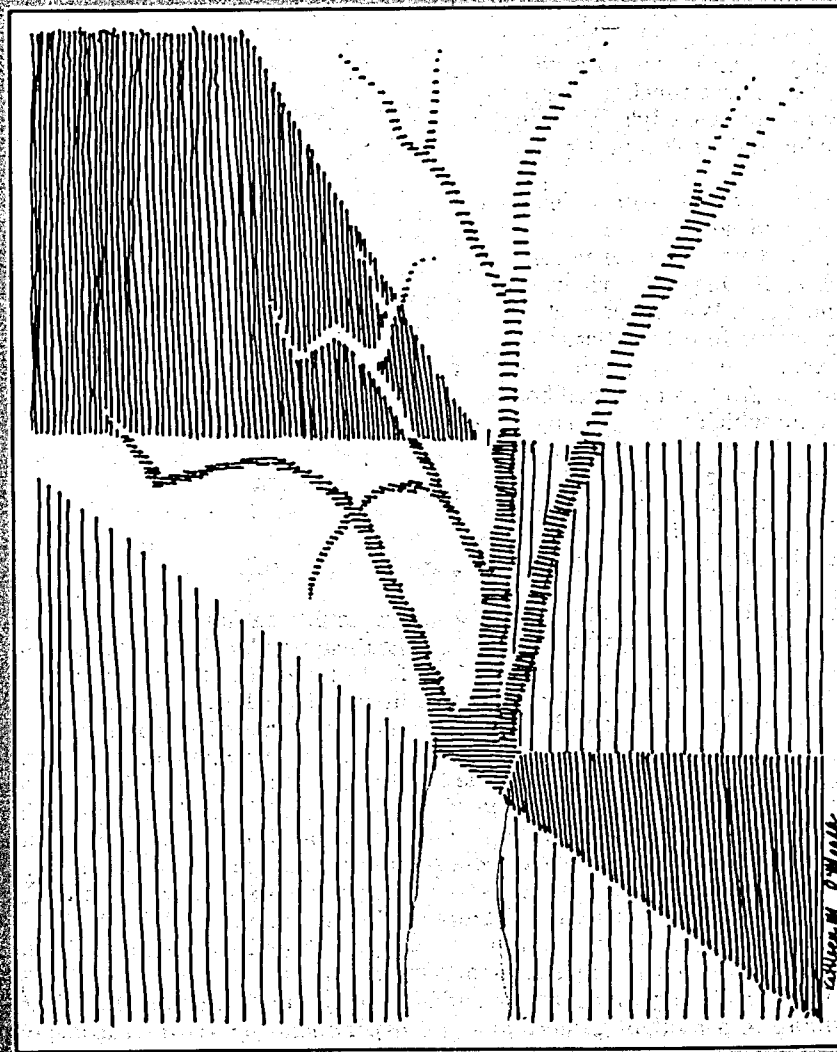
My uncle was distraught. He was racing up and down the shore, waving his arms and screaming something about calling an ambulance or the fire department. Finally, he decided to go call them himself. As he ran off screaming, my little brother said "what an asshole!" and we laughed. Profanity was very funny then.

Anyway, the ambulance arrived and the fire department arrived and a large group of people arrived to check out this "tragic" scene. During all the bedlam, my brothers and I kept fishing. I caught a huge carp but threw it back because we didn't know how to filet a carp. And we got bored so we threw rocks at a turtle.

I later heard that four people had drowned and two had survived the clutches of the dam's swirling arms. Many people talked about the accident in the following weeks. Some said it was tragic, some said it was silly and the authorities talked of "safety measures." Some people, who evidently weren't there, said it was violent. I thought it was rather peaceful. But the accident did seem to bother an awful lot of people. It never bothered me. It never bothered my brothers, either. In fact, not much of anything bothered us except rainy weather, dead worms, people who yelled too much and fish that wouldn't bite.

And sometimes I think maybe that's the way to be.





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