

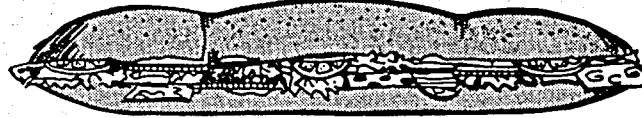
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December 7, 1979



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# Jaded and Faded: The 70's Will Do That To You

by Anthony Walton

*You ask a poet to sing*

*Why*

*Even the birds are hoarse*

—Alan Bold

I have several blurred memories of the sixties. One of the clearest is the memory of sitting with my family watching television as the news bulletin about the assassination of Martin Luther King came on. The initial bulletin reported only that King had been shot. A strangely still silence came over the room, broken only by my mother softly saying "He's gone." About ten minutes later, the anticlimactic news of King's death flashed onto the screen. Nothing was said, the room was enveloped in a shocked silence. I didn't really understand what was going on, but my strongest recollection of this incident is my sudden, intense fear of leaving that room. I sensed some kind of danger. I was afraid to go out of the light into the darkness of the rest of the house. I don't remember how long this fear lasted, or how I overcame it, but I remember the sense of fear as if it were yesterday.

Another memory that I have of the sixties is from that same year. I remember getting out of bed early one morning and finding my mother sitting in a room with the curtains drawn, holding a handkerchief to her face as the television silently flashed pictures of Robert Kennedy. Somehow, I immediately knew what had happened, and again the fear of leaving the room came over me. Within a few months, two incidents had affected my parents in ways I had never seen them affected before. I knew that something was wrong, but I didn't know what.

One other memory of the sixties sticks out in my mind. New Year's Eve, 1969. It was the first time I stayed up and welcomed in the New Year, and I was quite excited. I think I half-expected a cataclysmic happening to mark the changing decade, and slightly disappointed when nothing happened. I was still glad, however, to be in on the seventies from the beginning, and looked forward to seeing what would happen in the years to come.

Looking back, I think I was in much the same position as the country was in 1970. I had experienced a few strange things in the sixties, and would come to understand them as the seventies unfolded. The country had experienced very damaging shocks during the sixties, and hoped that the seventies would bring healing and understanding. In retrospect, it is ironic to notice how the sixties in reality only set the stage for the events of the seventies.

There is no need to go into a detailed account of the events of the seventies. Watergate, Kent State, "Peace With Honor," Alan Bakke, "No Nukes," Stagflation, "The Me Decade," "The Energy Crisis," Lockheed, political corruption, and the volunteer Army are but a few of the social buzz-words that will be used to describe the seventies. There has been no other time in American history when so much has hit us in such a short time. There have always been scandals in this country; unfortunately, corruption seems to be as much a part of the American Way as hot dogs and apple pie. There have been periods of economic instability, that is the nature of a capitalistic economy. There have been periods of internal unrest, that

is inevitable in a political system in which freedom of expression is relatively guaranteed. I could go on, but that is not necessary. The problems of the seventies are generally not unique to the American experience, but there is one difference. They have happened all at once. And now, our culture has been so thoroughly rocked that it seems to be disoriented, unable to set upon a path to correct its problems with any degree of certainty. The situation is bleak, the prognosis is pessimistic. I guess the seventies will do that to you.

What happened to the seventies? This decade had so much promise. The sixties were painful, but some much-needed lessons were learned, and the benefits of those lessons could be realized. Somehow it all got lost along the way, and the American spirit was broken. I don't know if it was the result of the assassinations of the sixties, the problems of Viet Nam, or the realizations of Watergate. I have a feeling that it had to do with all three, and much more.

The advent of television as the primary means of delivering information to the public was a major factor in the demise of the American spirit. In no other time period of history have the firsthand realities of day-to-day crises of the world in which we live been brought into the American home. The riots of the sixties, the Viet Nam War, and the daily developments of Watergate were all brought into the daily lives of all Americans as a result of television. What this did was create an overdose of reality for the general public. Bad news was constantly being thrust in front of us, and we could in effect be there as the news



happened. With the print media, there is a sense of removal from the news. (There is a difference between reading about someone getting his head blown off and watching it yourself.) Television brought all these events to us. A good example of this phenomenon is Nixon's denial of any wrongdoing in the infamous "I am not a crook" speech of 1973, only to resign in disgrace a year later, all on national television in full view of the public. Events such as this one, coupled with the oversaturation of bad news, created a breach of trust, first between the people and their government, then between the people and everything, including themselves.

Americans have grown so tired of bad news that it has affected our sense of community as a nation. Because of these problems (especially the economic ones) we have become a nation of individuals, basically concerned with the advancement of ourselves as individuals. Several pieces

of evidence point to this. Where did the passion of the sixties' civil rights movements go? We now see terms like "reverse discrimination" enter into our conversation, and watch as the Ku Klux Klan attempts to embark upon a new wave of terror. We sit by relatively impassively as large percentages of two continents slowly starve to death. We ignore warnings of an energy crisis, because we don't know whether to believe it or not. The attitude is "Well, if there is a crisis, I'll worry about it then. I'm having my fun now." No man is "qualified" to be President. Carter is incompetent and we can't trust the rest of them. A couple of them are known liars.

The list is endless. Divorce is rampant. We have spiraling teenage pregnancy rates, VD is reaching epidemic proportions in some cities; there is a raging battle over abortion, and a general relaxation of the mores of the society. "Have a good time" seems to be the new rallying cry.

The American society as we know it is falling apart.

Where does all this leave us? I don't know. It leaves me with the same sense of fear I had in the sixties as a small child. Except the fear is much more acute, because I have an idea of what is going on this time. What do the eighties hold for America? A revolution? Possibly. The seeds are being sown now. As the middle class continues to be eliminated, there will be increasing tensions. It is one thing to have been poor all of your life and another to have been middle-class and watch inflation destroy your ability to live comfortably. And I don't think the people will accept "conservation of life-style." Not as long as there are David Rockefellers in the world. Will we somehow miraculously rebound from our troubles? I doubt it. I don't think the inner fiber is there anymore for Americans. The recent incidents involving Iran could be

*(continued on page 6)*

## Just the Facts, Man

by Tom Balcerak

I was born in the fabulous fifties; spent my childhood in the turbulent sixties; grew up in the disco seventies, and stand now on the brink of the eighties wondering what adjective I will use to reduce it when it's through. I hope I make it that far.

As I go into the eighties, it might be good to remember the seventies, you know, to learn from mistakes so history doesn't repeat itself, etc., etc. Yet, when I consider the seventies I draw a blank. I draw a blank for two possible reasons. One is that not much happened in the seventies. (When I think of the seventies I think of things like disco and Gerald Ford.) The other reason is that sometimes it takes a while for things to sink into my head. Right now I am too close to the seventies to even start to realize what they were all about.

I do, however, remember the sixties. The sixties are where I regress to in times like these because they are the years of my childhood. The sixties also seemed to mean something. There was a feeling in the air like something was happening or was going to happen. My expression of this feeling is vague because the feeling itself was vague while I was experiencing it back then.

I'm no old hippy, though. In fact, I was on the side of the short hairs for the longest time, I myself having short hair. The freaks really were freaks to me and they deserved to get beaten up by the cops because they shot heroin and burned the flag. It took only one episode of Dragnet to know who the enemy was.

Paranoia, however, entered my young life long before Dragnet was ever conceived. I was a victim of post-cold war/A-bomb paranoia with symptoms of both delusions of grandeur and persecution. Fortunately, the delusions of persecution were more real to me because the delusions of grandeur were really outrageous. I felt that I could save the world from communism one day by simply going to Russia with a machine gun and blowing away their head guy. The delusions of persecution involved breaking out into a cold sweat every time the practice air raid sirens went off.

"Destroy All Monsters" was my favorite movie. I remember saying to myself that there was no movie that could ever be better than it for the rest of time because it had *all* the monsters in it: Godzilla (my favorite), King Kong, Rodan, and Mothra. It also featured two giant

larvae, a giant spider and Godzilla's son, who was only a baby.

However, it wasn't monster movies that made the greatest impression on me as a child; it was the music. I remember how the line in "Turn, Turn, Turn" about "a time to die" gave me a creepy feeling and "Abraham, Martin and John" was no help either. My sister and I joined a record club towards the end of the sixties and our initial selection (the 12 free ones) was so bizarre that it alone may best describe the types of forces floating around in the air back then. It ranged from The Carpenters to Jimi Hendrix and in between those two were people like The Osmond Brothers, Santana, Three Dog Night, Jethro Tull, Blood, Sweat and Tears and Iron Butterfly. I'll bet I was the only kid on the block with *two* Iron Butterfly albums.

Considering the three decades which spawned what is now "me," I would have to say that the sixties were the most important. From Vietnam to Glow-in-the-dark Plasti-goop, the sixties seem to have made the greatest impression. As for the seventies, I don't know. Perhaps I'll remember them in the eighties.

(continued from page 5)

construed as a renewal of the patriotic spirit, but I think it is just a release mechanism, a way of directing the anger of this country at something else. We can be upset with Iran, but we can't use this as the scapegoat for all our troubles.

No matter what happens in the eighties, I foresee trouble for America, and I wonder if we will be able to rise to the occasion. Will we unite behind Carter or whoever is the elected president in the eighties? Will the young people rise to the challenge that is facing us to salvage this way of life for us, and insure that it persists around the world? I don't know. Most of the time I doubt

it. The heart has been taken out of the young people, even the children. There is a sense of helplessness, of not really being able to change things. Distrust and uncertainty permeate this society. No one or nothing can really be believed in. The realization of the fallibility of the human endeavor has struck painfully. The older generations have painted the society into a corner from which there may be no escape. For example, even if all the economic, social and political problems are solved, what about the environment? There is enough nuclear waste in the ecosystem right now to destroy the world. But nuclear power is the only quick technical fix we have to deal

with the "energy crisis." The more you look at it, the more disconcerting it gets.

I'll be there on New Year's Eve, 1979, ready to usher in my third decade. But the feeling will be different from the one I had ten years ago. Instead of looking eagerly forward to the future, I will be warily assessing the future of this country and the world. These problems can't go on forever. We can't let them, and if we stand by idly they will reach a crisis point sooner or later. It's inevitable. This past decade has jaded me and this country, but I guess that had to happen. The seventies will do that to you. □

## Revolt of the Lacerated Niggers: Politics in the 1970's

by Christopher Antonio Stewart

*"Those who profess to love freedom and yet deprecate agitation are those who want crops without plowing. This struggle may be a moral one, or it may be physical, but it must be a struggle. Power concedes nothing without a demand. It never did, and never will."*

—Fredrick Douglass (1857)

Freedom is a dangerous commodity to forces of oppression. Demagogues and dictators suffer from the gnawing anxiety that those factions in society which are ruthlessly suppressed may one day rise up in wrathful indignation, challenge his authority and topple the regime. Therefore, it behooves him to placate his potential adversaries, usually the rich, the military, and the intelligentsia. This is done through special treatment, illicit goods and plain old corruption. The end result is the consolidation of all power into the avaricious hands of the despot.

Now, power is a very treacherous aphrodisiac to the political neophyte. Its tantalizing fragrance attracts all members of society, especially the educated members who happen to be oppressed. Too much power in the wrong hands usually results in brutal crackdowns against those persons unsympathetic or philosophically/politically opposed to the tyrant in power.

In nontotalitarian states like the U.S., it is through the shrewd organization of pressure, or special interest, groups that political aims favorable to those groups are achieved. What has transpired in the 1970s—the decade of apathetic affluence, decadent disco and political Pollyannas—is the revolt of the fringes, the erstwhile "niggers" who refuse to accept their inferior status and demand a new place under the sun.

This lust to share the power-pie, to slice off more pieces for the previously unaccepted vestiges of niggerdom, is a radical development in the history of the free world. Why? Because it is *who* is clamoring for freedom that is making all the difference this time.

It is the voice of the grave.

The dead are rising, collectively, for the first time in human history.

The nigger is no more. The nigger has been rendered historically anachronistic. The nigger's final crucifixion was portended in the upheavals of the 60's. The nigger's resurrection and rebirth happened in the 1970s.

By nigger, I mean any definition of a human person heretofore regarded by the powers-that-be as somehow not fully human, and therefore not worthy of full respect and rights under the law. The pejorative

connotation of the word nigger refers specifically to a subhuman being, even a nonhuman being. An example is the Negro prior to the Emancipation Proclamation. An example of a nonnigger, conversely, is a white male, usually Western and Christian.

What I have discovered during the compilation of this article on the politics of the 1970s are seven major categories of niggerdom which are being rejected by various groups throughout America. Each group has its own unique elements. Corporately, these seven groups symbolize a serious threat to the male, white American power structure, a structure which I believe is not seriously attuned to the gravity of this challenge to its power.

Within America and throughout the world, persons previously relegated to the status of nigger, or nonhuman, are revolting. They are determined to gain a modicum of dignity, of respect, of legal recognition for their existences.

I believe that these groups represent an epochal evolutionary jump in the development of the whole human community. It is time to make room for the nigger, to allow our collective Lazaruses out of the coffin of racism, sexism, classism, ageism, and immorality.

## *The Historical Nigger: Women*

In unprecedented numbers, women are abandoning their total commitment to the family, home, and hubby. She is asserting, and justifiably so, her right to psychic, emotional, economic, political and sexual equality with men. After several thousand years of unabated exploitation, many women have concluded: enough is enough. They now comprise a staggering 44% of the American work force, and that number is climbing. Naturally, the impact on the family is profound: divorces have doubled since the beginning of the decade; day-care centers abound, thus allowing women the freedom and mobility to enter the job market; and abortion is readily available. Even the most chauvinistic men are reluctantly admitting the necessity to reform their antediluvian attitudes and sexist lingo.

The 80's and 90's should see an increase in women's political and economic clout, which at present is still in the training-bra stage. Full "womanhood" (politically speaking) will be achieved by the year 2000. I portend at least one or two serious runs on the presidency by women before the end of the century. Would you believe a First Man, or First Sir, to complement the Female Executive?

My one reservation about the women's movement is that women avoid becoming male-baiters and venomously antimale. They must struggle to overcome the excessively tendentious radical wing of the women's movement, which tends to be nothing more than inverted macho feminist rhetoric, spicy but banal. And *very* unfeminine.

## *The Economic Nigger: 3rd- and 4th-World Peoples*

Americans have had an incredibly difficult time adapting themselves, their thinking, and ethnocentric mythology (i.e., America is the new Israel, God's Chosen Nation) to present reality. The world is crueler to America than ever before, because it is a time of retrenchment, reappraisal, and redefinition. We live *not* in a world centered on America; instead, we live in an increasingly interdependent world, a world of finite resources. Americans must realize that they no longer call *all* the shots in the economic and political order. We're a part, not the whole.

This startlingly abrupt transformation irrupted in October, 1973. At this time, the greatest economic

shock wave since the Stock Market crash of 1929 was engineered at the behest of Saudi Arabia. They initiated the oil embargo against all Western supporters of Israel, which was engaged at the time in the Yom Kippur War against Egypt. This embargo against Europe and the U.S. was followed two weeks later by the quadrupling in the price of oil. The fledgling conglomerate of oil-exporting nations, OPEC, had discovered the Achilles' heel of Western industrialized nations: black gold, Texas tea, oil. This abrupt tocsin ushered in the age of expensive energy.

The decline of the great imperial powers—Britain, France, Germany, Holland, Portugal, and now the U.S.—in the 20th century has not occurred without serious dislocations and repercussions within the colonized lands. The present political quagmire throughout Southern Africa is witness to that fact, not to mention the present horrors engulfing all of Southeast Asia. But these colonialist adventures set the precedent for the economic, opportunistic gouging presently employed by OPEC.

Symbolically, OPEC is the vengeance of all 3rd- and 4th-World peoples that have been exploited, raped, ravaged and plundered indiscriminately by greedy European and capitalistic interests from the 16th century to the 20th. Is it so ironic that OPEC is now turning the screws on its former masters? Power has that tendency to corrupt, and gives the beholder the tremendously heady feeling of control and destruction.

Through OPEC, the West has come to realize that it does not have the power that it once had. The poorer nations, having the precious natural resources that the West needs to survive, are now ready to reap their economic rewards, which are phenomenal (Saudi Arabia alone has accumulated \$150 billion since 1973, most of which has gone into internal development).

America's response, again, must be a change of attitude. Thinking from an aggressive, profit-oriented mentality is dysfunctional. It must be transposed to one of mutual cooperation, a share-the-wealth orientation which understands the nuances of interdependence. To fail to do so, at this crucial juncture of history, will be both economic suicide and political insanity. We must recognize the rights of all people on earth to have an equal entitlement to the world's diminishing re-

sources. If our greed does not end, it will end us.

## *The Sexual Nigger: Homosexuals*

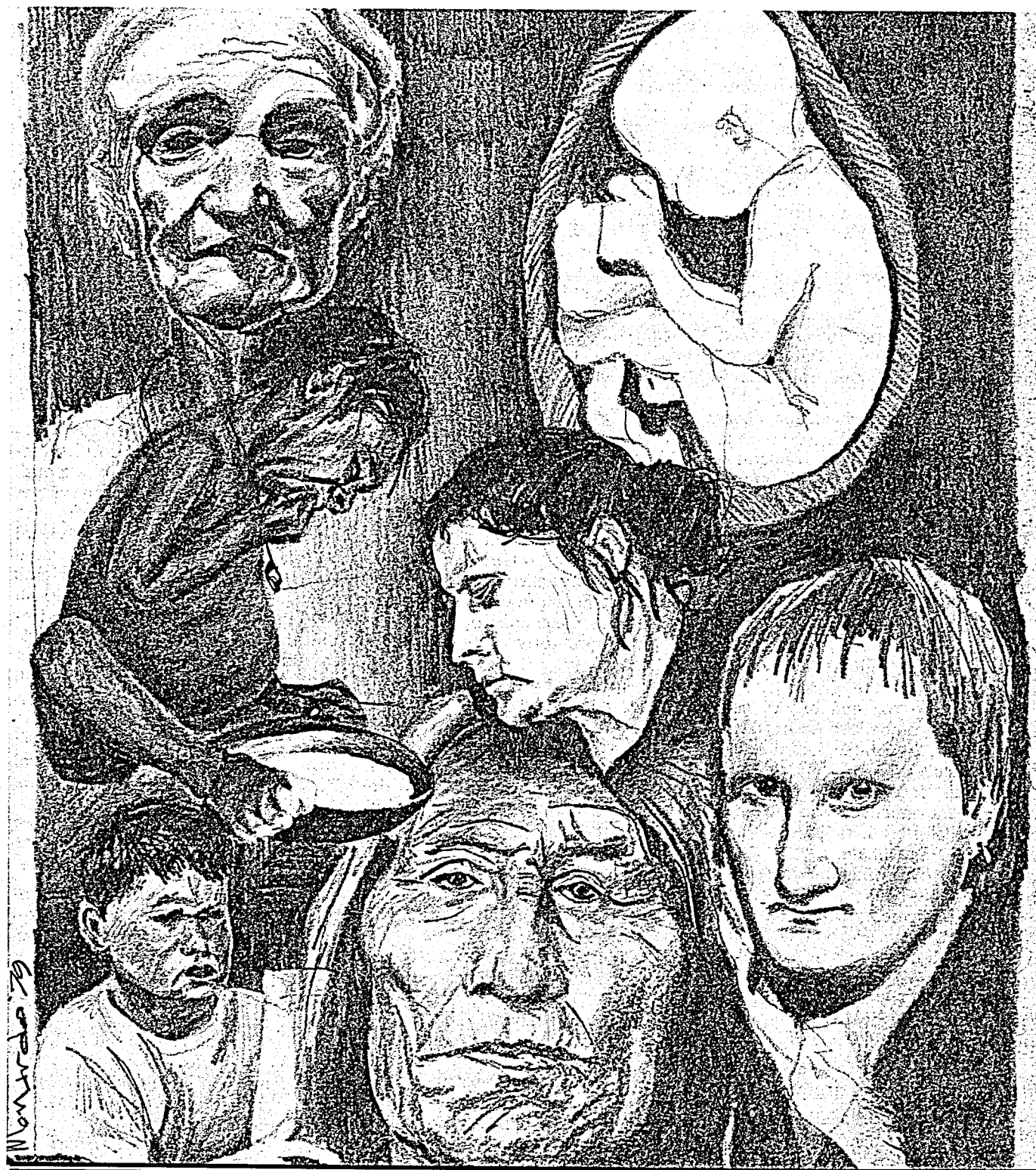
The 70's has seen the increasingly obtrusive emergence of homosexuals as a corporate entity seeking redress for past indiscretions. Cosmopolitan cities like San Francisco and New York have witnessed unequivocally vociferous, and sometimes violent outbursts in the past year by militant gays over two highly explosive issues. These were the murder of a homosexual supervisor in S.F. and the filming of "Cruising" (starring Al Pacino) in N.Y., a film dealing with sadomasochism in the gay bar circuit.

Although homosexuals are perceived as a social threat to the family and morality, their "coming out" by the millions in this decade is yet another dramatic challenge to our secular, religious, educational, legal and social institutions. Their demand for equality and full political rights have caused a furor and backlash in some corners. However, the significant strides made in this decade by this sexually oppressed minority, which numbers in the millions, will continue in the 80's, but not as overtly. The country's slant toward conservatism will chill the feverish rush for full recognition of liberal life-styles, one of which is homosexuality.

## *The Ethnic Nigger: Native American Indians*

Spurred by the apparent gains of blacks via the Civil Rights movement, this long neglected group emerged as one of the most forcefully led contingents of the 70's. Radical leader Dennis Banks helped focus national attention on the plight of the fiercely proud and profoundly religious people. One problem found on some reservations: the alcoholism rate among males is as high as 75%.

The book, *Bury My Heart At Wounded Knee*, is a heartrending account of the innumerable treacheries perpetrated by the U.S. Government in its treaty dealings with Indian nations. The indignities and near genocide suffered by the Native American population, justified by the white man's claim of "progress" and "manifest destiny," was further illuminated by the activism of concerned third parties, most notably Marlon Brando. The Bureau of Indian Affairs in Washington services the various reservations, but increasing encroachments by



the government and private industry upon Indian lands is a continual affront to these people.

Unfortunately, substantial gains in the status, educational opportunity and economic capability of the Native Indian people will remain unchanged in the upcoming decade. For a people to have been so grossly tossed aside, forgotten, treated with utter impunity and contempt, and corralled into confining reservations, it is amazing

that they have retained a semblance of dignity, pride, honor and faith. Their place in our society, like the urban ghetto, is a perpetual indictment and spiritual crime that will forever mar our nation's heritage.

#### *Parental Nigger: Children*

Recently, a law was proposed in Sweden which would allow children the right to *divorce their parents*. Don't laugh, because when you consider the increasing figures of child

abuse (physical, psychological), sexual abuse of children, the proliferation of pornography specializing in "kiddie porn" and other social ills, the law isn't such a bad idea. That is, if the child survives his/her childhood.

The child has long been regarded as the property of the parents, the chattel which is molded to the whims and desires of parents. The major difficulty in this matter, naturally, is not with parents who care



too much, but those who care too little. This neglect inevitably leads to a life of pain, misery and possibly irreparable damage to the child.

With economic fears heightened by double-digit inflation, children often bear the brunt of mom or dad's financial frustration via verbal abuse or physical violence. In the last half of this decade, there has been a great upsurge in the legal concern for children's rights, particularly when it involves a hostile and potentially dangerous homelife.

It is a well-known fact that the majority of child abusers were once abused children. It is a vicious cycle, one that can only be curtailed by heavy doses of love and affection. But for some children, it is too little, too late. However, significant strides are being made to assist parents, educators, social workers, religious and lawyers in their understanding of the responsibility they have toward insuring for every child a feeling of love, affection and being wanted in an increasingly hostile world. Children are naturally dependent, so it is up to us to use our powers of love and reason to see that they grow into capable adult human beings.

#### *Cultural Nigger: Elderly People*

The advent of the "Grey Panthers" and grey power in the second half of this decade is one of the most welcome developments in the domain of citizen activism. The statistics and reports about declining birth rates, the interest in gerontology, and various prognosticators indicating the national age level is increasing are just a few examples of the increasing influence of the aged.

One of the great scandals of our technological, mobile society is the disposability of the aged, of the lack of compassion we have for those who no longer participate in the production process, be it goods or services. The aged are a national resource that is being underutilized. Their wisdom, experience and ideas are valuable educational tools to the young.

Ours is a very efficient society, an action-oriented, youth-idolizing and death-denying culture. Even though we know we must grow old, and one day die, we pretend that we can fool nature, our friends, and even ourselves. But in the end, we grow old, one day to die. So why do we pack our parents and grandparents off to nursing homes, to sterile homes for the aged? For medical and professional care, yes.

However, we are cutting off a necessary link to ourselves, to our personal histories and our purpose in life if we do not take advantage of the experience of those who have preceded us. Old persons' contact with the young is crucial to the understanding of the continuity, growth and inevitable changes that are inherent in life. If they are taken away, and put into homes, and forgotten, we again commit a grievous sin against the spirit within each of us, the spirit which first infused life into the universe.

Looking ahead, the elderly's political clout will grow in the next two decades, although their economic leverage will suffer the ravages of inflation. I hope that the interest in geriatrics, and concern spurred by persons like Elizabeth Kubler-Ross, will help reintegrate the elderly to a more purposeful life after retirement. The elderly are as much a nonrenewable resource as children. Their gift is wisdom, as precious and priceless as any jewel or natural resource. We must learn to listen to them now, lest no one listen to us when we arrive at their stage. And how hollow will be our pleas for solace, if we do not lend ours now.

#### *Moral Nigger: The Unborn*

The unborn are the decade's only constitutionally declared nigger. The Supreme Court decision in 1973, permitting abortion on demand, has had far-reaching consequences on the spirit and attitudes of this nation. Over 7 million abortions have been performed since the decision, with 1.2 million estimated for the present year of 1979. Translated: approximately 3,300 daily.

The most insidious aftereffect of the decision is what I call the "eraser mentality." By this, I mean that whenever we make a mistake, we try to blot it out of our mind, erase it, rather than face the responsibility that goes with one's actions. Although I am in full support of birth control, and even for abortion in very limited circumstances (rape, incest, threat to mother's life), I cannot accept the notion that whenever "an accident occurs, I'll get an abortion." The entire idea of the validity and sanctity of life, and the act of love which is sexual union, is diminished if the obvious result of any act of intimacy—a human fetus—can be so easily disposed of.

Although I think that the obsensiveness of some right-to-lifers (bombing abortion clinics, showing

grisly slide shows) is as repulsive as the "scientifically" specious claims on the part of pro-choicers (the fetus is not really human) or that their decision is totally their own and consequently devoid of social impact, and, therefore, none of society's business: I abhor the abortion mentality which is rampant in this country. The poor and indigent, I know, will suffer if the Supreme Court decision is reversed. But education, not abortion-on-demand, is needed.

I am fundamentally convinced that life from conception is sacred, and, therefore, find it reprehensible to abort indiscriminately. I see this issue continuing as one of the major ones in the 80s, and possibly beyond. The pro-lifers are well-organized and have made great inroads in the past several years. Abortion will be an emotionally volatile topic for both sides far into the future.

In conclusion, I have attempted to highlight some of those groups, from the Indian to the unborn, which are or have been historically in the underdog position, and are now just beginning to make some headway into the echelons of power and self-destiny. Since it is largely a male-run world, the greatest challenge I see is the evolution of women and her efforts for parity. The rights of the 3rd/4th World peoples, homosexuals, Native American Indians, children, the elderly and the unborn are all visible signs that humankind is attempting to resolve some of its most pressing moral, philosophical, economic, social, and political problems at this unique time in history.

It is a monumental task, to try to grant full humanity to each sector of society, without infringing upon the rights of other members of that very same society.

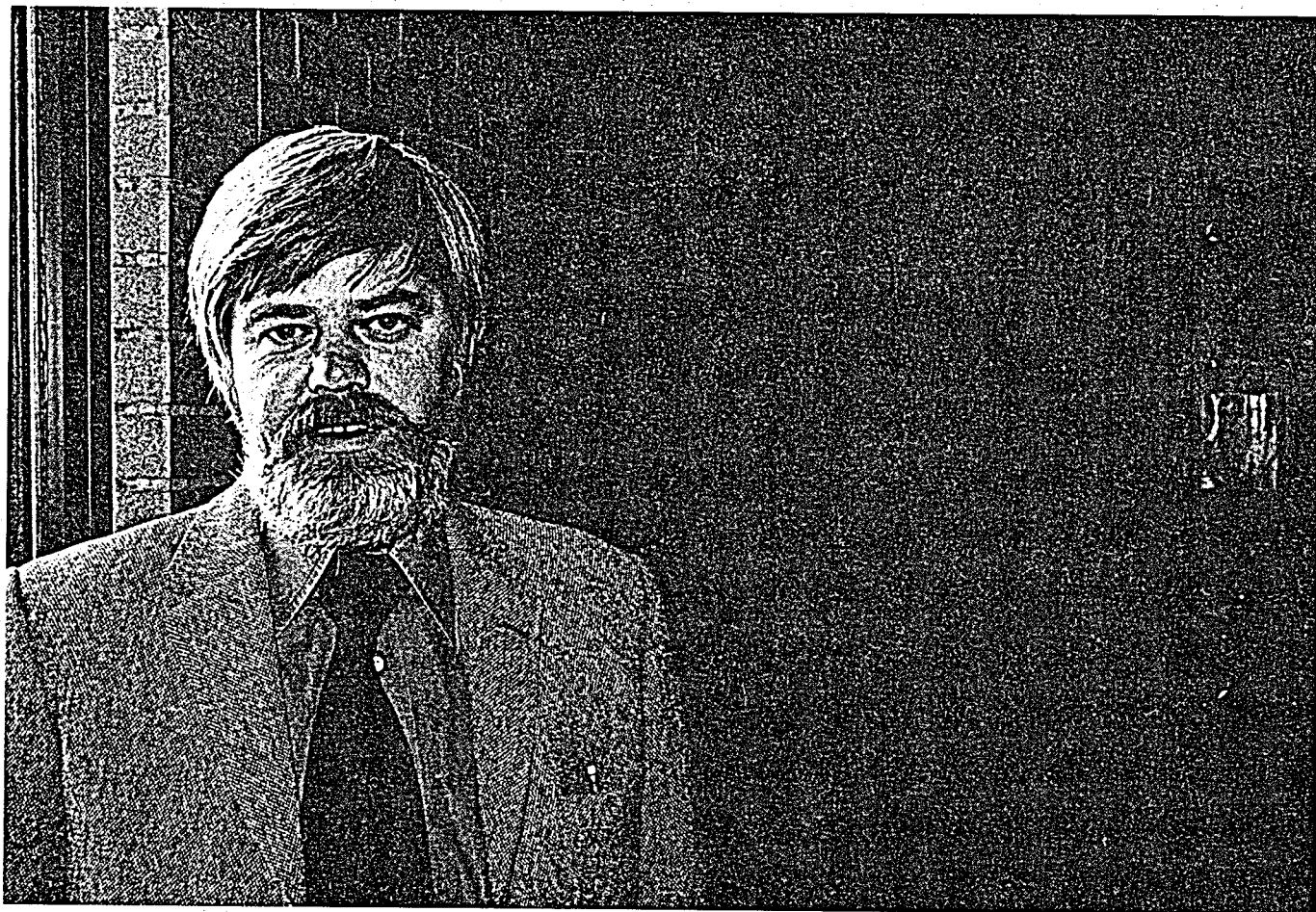
The battle will continue, well into the 80s and beyond. The battle to secure human dignity amidst chaos; to secure human love and compassion amidst indifference, prejudice and hate; to secure the truth, even when the darkness appears to be the only beacon we can follow.

Even in the darkness, we can pray and hope for the light, however faint and dim it might be.

#### *Dedication*

*This article is dedicated to all of my friends, and enemies, at du Lac. And most especially to Mom. And Tracy, for being who you are. Merry Christmas to all.*

# BOOKS — The Most Celebrated of the '70's —



Dr. Dennis Moran, an adjunct assistant professor of English and the Managing Editor of the University's *Review of Politics*, is held in high regard by those sophomores, juniors and seniors who, during their freshman year, had Moran for two semesters in Humanities Seminar. His "alumni" include three *Scholastic* editorial board members—Greg Solomon, Clay Malaker and Tom Balcerek—sports writer Frank LaGrotta, Jim Byrne of the Hunger Coalition, and the Senior Class President and Vice-President, Nick Schneeman and Mary Pat Reppa. In fact, the poem printed elsewhere in this magazine was Moran's annual Christmas poem in 1976.

Moran was full of disclaimers upon completion of this project. "Fred Crosson and I had to flip a coin to decide the last one . . . it was between Wicker's book and *Fire on the Lake*." Nonetheless, his list slowly metamorphized into "The Ten Most Celebrated Books of the Seventies."

## *"The Life of the Mind"*

### *Dominates a Decade of Seventies Literature*

<i>Author</i>	<i>Name</i>	<i>Year</i>
Hannah Arendt	<i>The Life of the Mind</i>	1978
John Ashbery	<i>Self-Portrait in a Convex Mirror</i>	1976
Ernest Becker	<i>The Denial of Death</i>	1973
Paul De Man	<i>Blindness and Insight</i>	1971
E. L. Doctorow	<i>Ragtime</i>	1975
William H. McNeill	<i>Plagues and People</i>	1976
Robert Pirsig	<i>Zen and Art of Motorcycle Maintenance</i>	1974
John Rawls	<i>Theory of Justice</i>	1971
Lewis Thomas	<i>Lives of a Cell</i>	1974
Tom Wicker	<i>A Time to Die</i>	1976

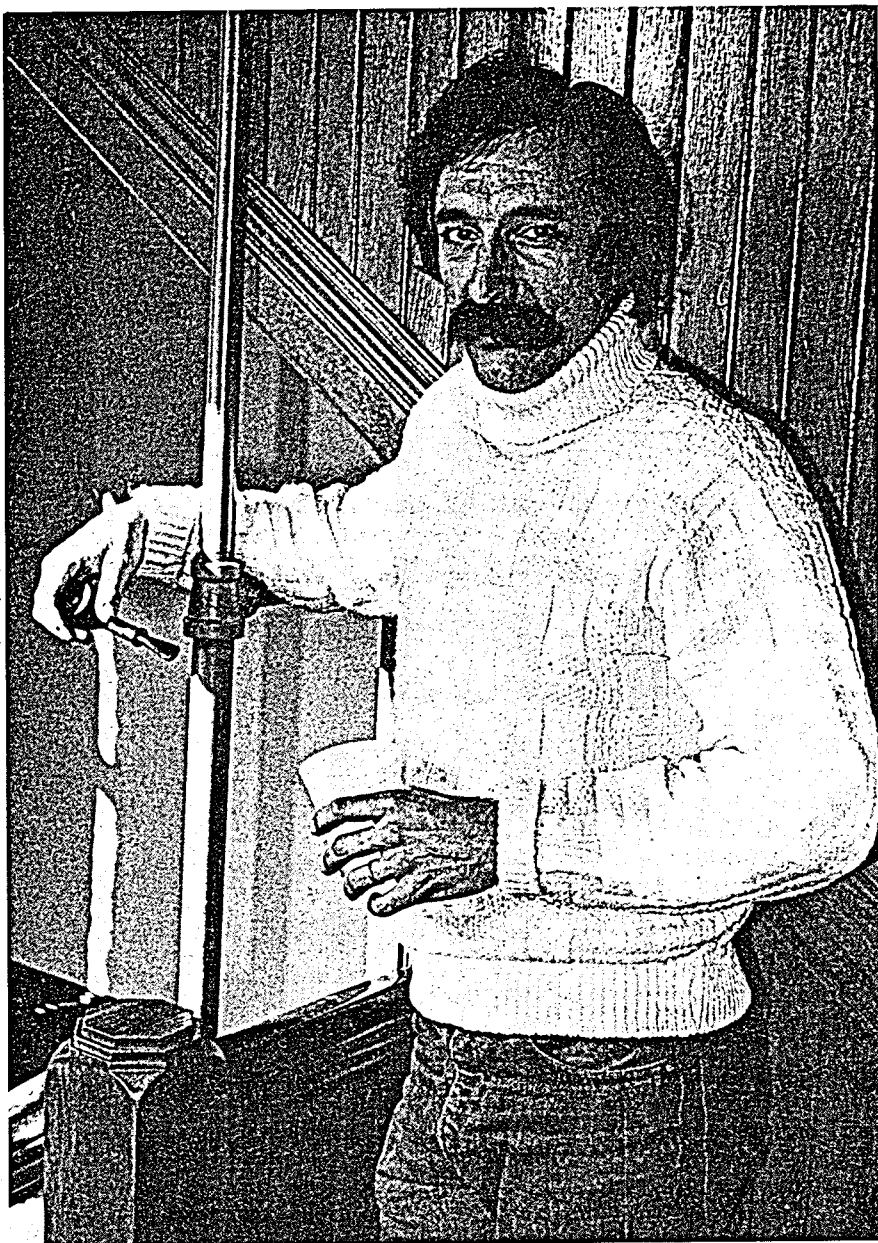
# — FILM —Fifteen Favorites of Miles Coiner—

## A Notre Dame Film Fan Favors Fabulous Foreign Flicks

The following are the fifteen favorite films of Dr. Miles Coiner: professor of Speech and Drama, film and theatre *cognoscente*, part-time playwright, and avid pipe smoker ("I don't know how many I've got right now . . . probably around thirty"). His list is hardly of the "Jaws" and "Network" genre, but then, Coiner doesn't see all of his films in South Bend—in fact, judging from this list, he's seen darn few of them here.

"That's strange," he remarks to his class in Film Theory and Criticism, "I saw all of the American films on this list when I was in Paris."

To this list, Coiner would add three more if possible: Fassbinder's "Ali: Fear Eats the Soul" ('74), Coppola's "The Conversation" ('75) and—just to prove that he does indeed see pictures in town—"The Rocky Horror Picture Show."



### Fifteen Favorite Films of the 1970's

Name	Director	Year
Tree of Wooden Clogs	Ermanno Olmi	1978
Aquirre, The Wrath of God	Werner Herzog	1973
The American Friend	Wim Wenders	1977
Seven Beauties	Lina Wertmüller	1976
Edvard Munch	Peter Watkins	1976
Nightmoves	Arthur Penn	1975
Cries and Whispers	Ingmar Bergman	1972
The Marquise of O	Eric Rohmer	1976
Three Women	Robert Altman	1976
That Obscure Object of Desire	Luis Buñuel	1977
Interiors	Woody Allen	1978
The Passenger	Michelangelo Antonioni	1975
Lacombe, Lucien	Louis Malle	1974
The Wild Child	François Truffaut	1970
Amarcord	Federico Fellini	1974

# ART — A Decade of Collecting



Curator Steve Spiro lords over Notre Dame's Art Museum . . .



Spiro on O'Keeffe: "... certainly one of the most important American 20th century artists."

Perhaps there is no one who had a tougher time picking a list of '70s highlights than Steve Spiro—and with good reason. In the past ten years, the Notre Dame Art Gallery, now the Snite Museum of Art, has collected well over 1,000 pieces.

In their semester-long display, "A Decade of Collecting," Spiro, the curator, and Dean Porter, the director, did, however, narrow the field down to 150 important pieces. "Even cutting the last fifty was nearly impossible," recalls Spiro.

Swimming through the possible art currents of the 1980's was a less formidable task for Spiro. He foresees "a more relaxed, less doctrinaire attitude toward 'modernist' precepts," i.e., Bauhaus' design principles, abstract art, etc. "Also, it looks as if more artists will be involved in different modes of realistic art," he prophesies. "There will probably be more eclecticism and diversity than there will be coherent movements such as Pop Art, and Op Art."

The new addition to the Art Museum is due to open in late fall of 1980—none too soon for the vibrant 38-year-old Spiro, who will soon receive his doctorate from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

But, that's all in the future . . . here is Spiro's view of the past ten years in collecting for Notre Dame's Museum:



Carpeaux: Renaissance breadth of design, 18th century grace, 19th century vigor of realism.

SCHOLASTIC

Artist	Name	Year
Eduard Steinbrücke	Adoration of the Magi	1838
Alphonse Legros	A Cardinal and His Patron	
	Saint	circa 1860
Jean Baptiste Carpeaux	Flore Accroupie	1874
Edgar Degas	Portrait Study of Giovanna Bellelli	circa 1862
Georgia O'Keeffe	Blue I	1958
Master of San Miniato	Madonna and Child	15th cent.
Francesco de Mura	Bacchus and Ceres	18th cent.
Thomas Couture	Portrait of Count Mimerel	19th cent.
Paul Storr	Presentation Cup	1809
Hans Memling	Madonna and Child with Two Angels	15th cent.



# On The Day We Went Away

by Harvey Newquist

There's not much time to write this. Actually there is, but not really, if you know what I mean. Since tomorrow is the last day and all, I can't write after that, but I can finish as much as possible tonight. As long as the candles and matches hold out.

Whoever and wherever you are, reading this, I imagine I will be little more than molecular particles floating through space. We all will be probably; I guess you just disintegrate after your immediate universe explodes out from underneath you. I don't even know if this will survive or why I'm even writing it. Just to kill time maybe. But I'll go down first thing in the morning and put this in a steel canister down at the bank drive-in window, and maybe it'll be preserved after we're all gone. Either way, I'll never know the difference.

You're wondering what happened to us, where our world went, why the human race no longer exists. It's all quite simple really. And though you're reading this after the fact, I'll have to refer to it in the future. The earth is going to die, just give up. But unlike us humans, the earth will not consent to being put to rest peacefully. It was discovered five years ago by a group of scientists that the world was coming to the end of its proverbial rope, and in a few years' time, nuclear reactions would start within the core. Well, that few years finally caught up with us this year, with the end result that tomorrow an explosion with the intensity of a galactic supernova is going to rip the earth apart and scatter its remains across the universe. There've been a few earthquakes this month, but tomorrow is going to end it all. I don't know the rest of the technical details, but no matter. There's nothing we can do to save ourselves.

It's very quiet outside. By outside, I mean 80 floors down. Right now I'm living in an executive office on the top of the Standard Oil Building here in Chicago. I just sort of moved in to escape the maddening crowd as it were, and made this my home. It's getting late out, and the sun is setting in a blaze of orange and blood-red, leaving a purple darkness behind it. The last sunset over the horizon. Forever.

The only light in the cities as the blackness of night sets in comes from bonfires in the streets or the

smouldering flames of burning buildings. The power plants all shut down last week because the volunteers that had run them for the past few months just gave up. So now there's no way to get electricity anymore. I've been living up here now for three months, and walking all those stairs the last few days has been no picnic. But at least I'm safe up here.

It's been really funny these past few years. I mean, we all knew the end was in sight, but all the bullshit really started about two years ago. Up till then everything went fine; governments were stable, businesses carried on as usual, and NASA had plans on shipping everyone up to space stations, so everyone was happy. Then two years ago NASA announced that there was no way it could get all the people off the planet in time. That's when everything went berserk. I guess most people were shocked at the sudden revelation of certain death on a definite day. So about half a million people marched down to Cape Kennedy in Florida where they had planned on shooting the rockets off from, and blew the goddamn place right into the sky. Same thing happened in Houston where NASA's headquarters were. And from there, the whole world just got messier. People didn't care what they did anymore. They figured that God had let them down and that it didn't matter if they killed or burned or destroyed or anything. Some of them asked me to help restore order, but I couldn't. I don't know why, but I just couldn't. I wanted to devote the time I had left to doing what I wanted, not what they wanted me to do. All of which brings me up to today, with just a few hours left until tomorrow. I've got to write this a little faster I guess.

You know, the end is nothing like Asimov or Clarke or Bradbury or any of those science-fiction writers said it would be. There are no Martians in the sky, no new messiahs marching through the flames, no blue spheres settling upon the clouds, no battle of good versus evil, or any of that. There're just millions of scared people, and I'll admit to being one of them. Christ, even Orwell was off the mark; this is 1986. Actually, I did see a copy of 1984 yesterday lying in the street, all beat up and kicked around. I almost wish I had time to read it again.

This building has been my refuge for a while now, and I don't think anyone will try to blow it up. Hopefully not anyway. The Sears Tower across the way was dynamited by a bunch of kids about six months ago. I heard they got hold of some construction dynamite and sent about two tons of it up in the elevators, then boom, that was it. Right in broad daylight. The explosion was the most tremendous sound I've ever heard in my life. It was really very pretty to watch; 110 stories of metal crashing to the ground, splashing glittering glass into the sky, like the spray from a waterfall; all the while knocking other buildings down with it. I imagine that whoever concocted the event died in the process, because downtown Chicago was like dominoes there for a few seconds, just building after building. I thought it was fairly spectacular.

The lunacy gets out of hand of course. Some asshole walked down Michigan Avenue with a submachine gun

a couple of weeks ago, just spraying lead into anybody on the streets. I couldn't stop him, and there are no more policemen. He ended up slaughtering almost fifty people before someone rolled a Chevy Malibu down the hill and it ran right over him, crushing him into the pavement. He was probably pretty shocked to see a car moving at all. There hasn't been any gas available in over three years.

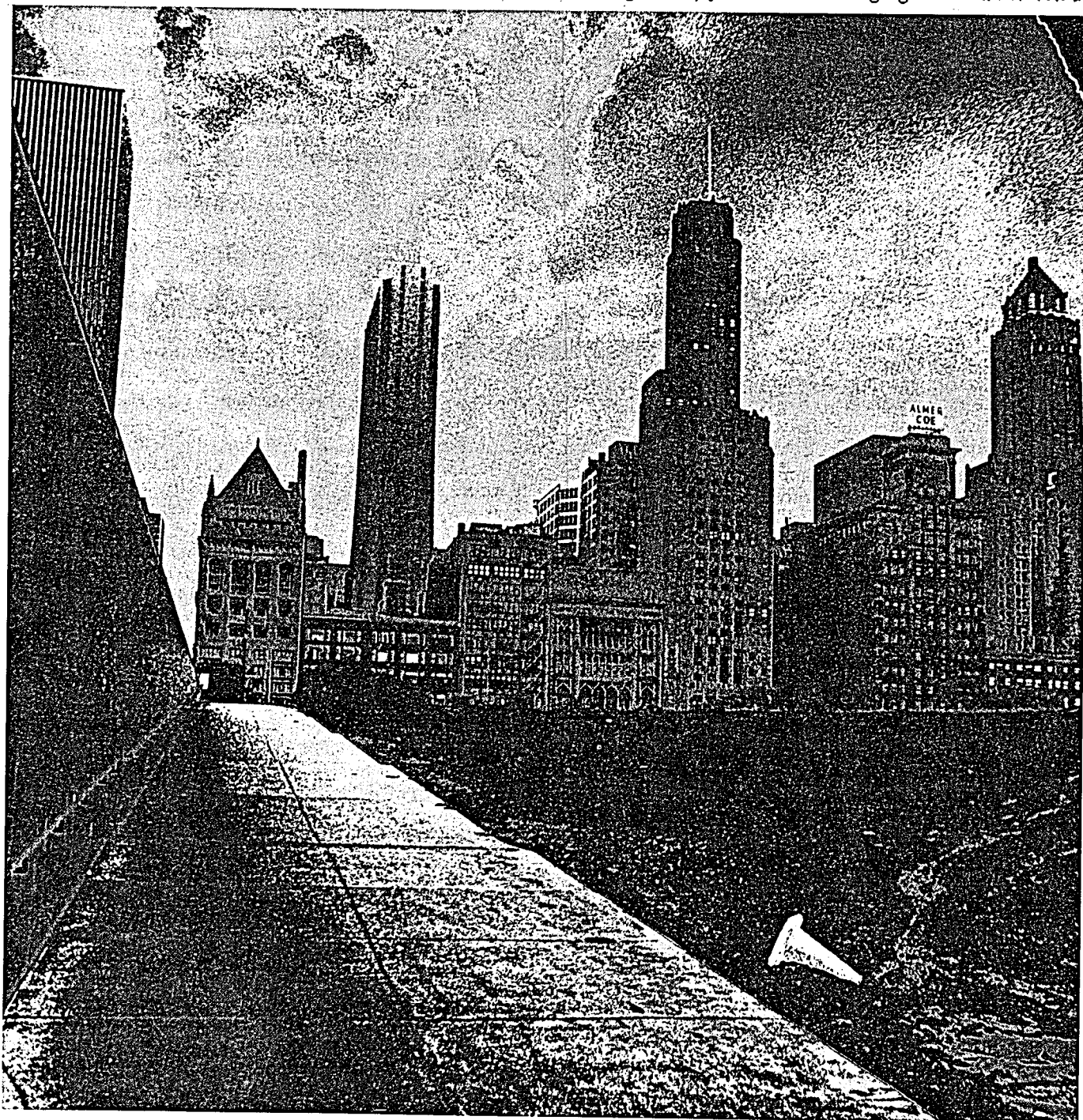
I have done one really absurd thing in all of this. I set a disco on fire on the North Side. I always hated that kind of music and it seemed like a fun thing to do. There was no one around so I said what the hell. It's one of those last great acts of defiance that mean so much to the little people of the earth such as myself.

Don't think we all ended up as madmen, all of us scared mice humans. Most people just stay at home now with their families, then steal the food that they

need from an abandoned store. It's a very common practice. Everybody quit working about a year ago and things like TV, trains, radio, and telephones were all switched to computer operation. People just did what they wanted to do.

I can see Gary, Indiana, from way up here. It's burning now, like the eternal flame over someone's grave. I felt the tremor from the blasts yesterday, and rushed up here to see what the hell was going on. Sure enough, one spire of flame after another shot into the sky, all those huge oil refineries with their useless fuels, pouring black stench into the air. God, there must be a lot of closet pyros in the world, because something is always blowing up or being set ablaze.

It's weird looking down at the streets. No cars, no people, no streetlights. No neon marquees and no blaring horns, just shadows clinging to the darkness. It



all looks too much like that scene out of the movie, "War of the Worlds," where the guy runs down the street looking for his girlfriend, but no one is around. It's all kind of gray, and there's a lot of paper that gets swept around by the wind, piling into dirty brick corners, or skittering along the cracked sidewalks. Just really deserted. You yell in the streets at the top of your lungs and your voice echoes off of everything, reminding you of how small you are inside the concrete walls of the city.

Sometimes I wonder whatever became of my family. I ran here to be in the city for my last few months, and then I tried to call them back in San Diego, but I never got an answer. Now the phones are dead for good. I hope my folks are okay, I haven't seen them in almost two years. I wonder if they ever think about me, or even if they still remember who I am or what I was. I wonder if they even care anymore. Somehow, through all of this . . . I still do.

From here I can see a few of the churches downtown. A lot of people still go to Mass and go to worship, but just as many go crazy instead. I guess it's just as easy to lose your mind, and anyway, we'll all find out for sure whether or not there really is a God after tomorrow.

I had to bury Susan day before yesterday. She had just left here to go pick up a few things, and somebody somewhere blew up a section of the overpass while she was walking on it. I could see it all from here, but there wasn't anything I could do about it. I felt the explosion like a punch in the chest, and then I felt my mind go numb with shock. There were only three other people who died on the same bridge, so her body wasn't hard to find. She was still warm after I got down all those stairs and out to get her. At the time, I wished it was me that had died, because she had been the only one to keep me company these past few years. I really wanted her to be there with me in the end; if I was going to see the end of the world, I wanted to be there with her. Now I'm all alone, and she died in the middle of the street, all alone. Some things just aren't fair.

It's very dark out now, and there's no moon. They say that it will get hit by pieces of the earth and go hurtling into space like a game of marbles, so that the whole solar system will be spread out over the Milky Way.

I wonder what the rest of the world is doing right now. Some are praying most likely. Still more are probably in the heated embraces of making love. I'm sure that still others are drunk off their asses in a farewell celebration to Mother Earth. But there must be those too, that are crying in the emptiness of a lonely room.

I can hear sounds like gunshots from all over the city. Suicides? People on their final rampage of bloodlust? Can't say for sure. Can't even say that I care about it anymore. I did once. I must have.

Sometimes I want to cry, but I know it wouldn't help. I cried when I found Susan, but I haven't had the strength to cry since. I guess knowing that you have a few hours left to die in is as good a reason as any to cry, though.

My mind is beginning to feel like an overcrowded warehouse, there's so much to know and recall, remember and learn. I used to run across friends just as all the crap came down and we'd talk of the end of the world while sipping martinis and bourbon on the rocks. Now that the end is here I have two quart bottles of warm 7-Up to carry me through until tomorrow, and no one to talk with.

It's funny: I want more than anything right now to have a Big Mac with a side order of fries and a large root beer . . .

I cut my arm this afternoon on a pane of glass that was broken down at Marshall Field's. It was sort of jutting out of a display window, most likely where someone had smashed it to get at the jewelry case inside. I just sort of grazed it, but it's still bleeding a little bit. Maybe I should try and find a Band-Aid.

So what does man have to show for himself as our world comes to a close? Broken cities and shattered dreams, littered streets and torch-lit towers. Dustin Hoffman and Alan Alda. The Who and Tchaikovsky. Led Zeppelin and Mussorgsky. The Beatles. Lyndon B. Johnson and Rutherford B. Hayes. Idi Amin. The Ford Pinto and the Buick Estate Wagon. Amtrak. TWA. Sony TV's and Westinghouse refrigerators. Skippy Peanut Butter and Stouffer's Stove Top Stuffing.

You know, I never had enough time to write my memoirs, but I guess this is as close as I'll ever get. My last will and testament so to speak. I've never had a mint julep, either. Or went to the top of the Empire State Building for that matter. Or roller-skated or made pizza. Or acted in a play or went to sea in a submarine. And other things. If only I had had more time.

It's 4 AM. I want to sleep now so as to be awake when the end comes. Strange, I'll never have another chance to dream again, to even sleep again. I'll never eat Chinese food again, and I'll never see another movie. I'll never make or have love again.

I wonder if all our striving was in vain. We tried so hard to make our lives and our world worthwhile, and now it's over, like an unfinished book. There is a piece of each of our lives in that reaching, that trying, and for what, we really never knew. Now all that remains is an unfulfilled legacy, a legacy left behind in Wheaties cereal boxes and Tootsie Roll wrappers. In cans of Budweiser and Pepsi-Cola. In memory banks of IBM computers and on the top of Xerox copiers. In the Encyclopaedia Britannica and inside the locked trunks of Plymouths and Volkswagens. In the signature of Picasso and the sound of Beethoven, the words of Tolkien and the cartoons of Disney. On the soles of Adidas shoes and the collars of Yves St. Laurent shirts, on the cover of *Time* magazine and the inside pages of the *National Enquirer*.

I must go to bed in order to get up in time tomorrow. After all, it's not every President of the United States who finishes his term on the last day of the world. I should feel honored.

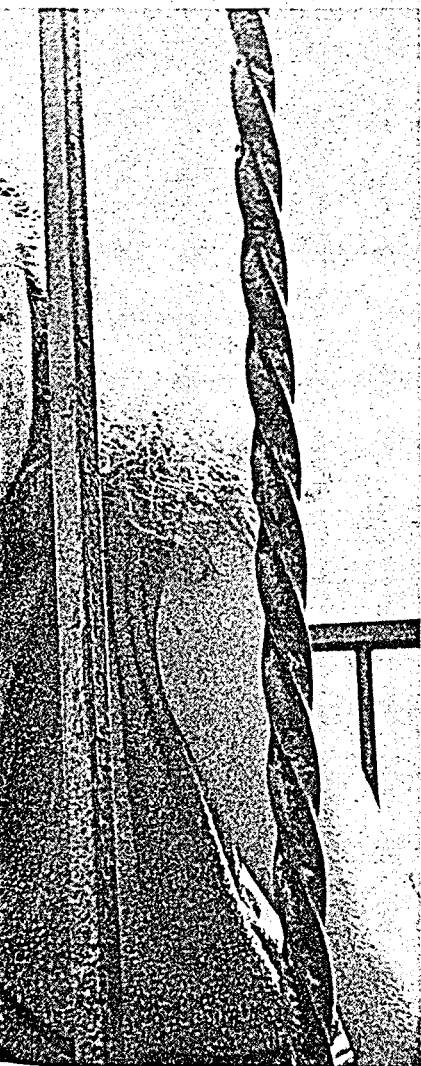
And I do hope tomorrow is a nice day. ☐

*Harvey Newquist is a senior English major from Phoenix, Arizona. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.*

*Theresa Rebeck*









Mayday/ by William Faulkner/  
University of Notre Dame Press/  
96 pages/Introduction by Carvel  
Collins/\$8.95.

Reviewed by Gregory Solman

The following critical review of Faulkner's *Mayday* is the first to be published anywhere, and, with the possible exception of some poetry and sketches, it is the last of the unpublished works of the Nobel laureate to be printed for trade use. *Mayday*, the only surviving Faulkner piece for which he painted original watercolor illustrations, was dated by him at January 27, 1926, and presented as a gift to Helen Baird, a romantic interest of Faulkner's.

Scholastic was given permission to review one of only twenty-five printed presentation copies, which are exact duplicates of the original book, in its handwritten form.

For their cooperation in this and other endeavors, and for generously allowing us "first reviewing" privilege, and the rights to reprint the pen-and-ink shown on the back cover, we wholeheartedly acknowledge the University of Notre Dame Press' Staff, and especially its director, Jim Langford, for their kindness and support.

—Dave Satterfield,  
Editor-in-Chief

Any respectable chronological reference to William Faulkner's work might read like this:

"1926: February 25, Soldier's Pay published. Finished second novel, Mosquitoes in Pascagoula, Mississippi."

The chronologer, serene in his assurance that the seemingly endless stream of "unpublished" Faulkner literature had finally run dry, would then go on to list *Sartoris* and *The Sound and the Fury*. . . .

Alas, a "missing link" has rendered that scenario inaccurate, and with the January publishing of *Mayday*, the chronology may need never be changed again.

The University of Notre Dame Press, notably lauded in a recent article in the *New York Times* Book Review, has launched its ship into the 1980's by christening the bow with a veritable *Veuve Clicquot*, 1929; for all aboard and ready to sail is Faulkner's *Mayday*, which appears to be the last unpublished work of the author who many reputable critics and readers have dubbed the greatest American fiction writer of our time.

*Mayday* may well be of critical importance to any serious aficionado of the "Grand Old Man of American letters," for the book can be seen as a formative stage indeed, may be the "angst," of one of Faulkner's greatest novels, *The Sound and the Fury*.

*Mayday* is allegorical in form, and tells the fable of one Sir Galwyn of Arthgyl, who enraptured by a vision of a "face all young and red and white, and with long shining hair like a column of sunny water," is in search of her, accompanied until the end by his companions Hunger (a small green design with a hundred prehensile mouths,) and Pain ("a small red design with a hundred restless hands.")

Along the path, Galwyn meets three princesses—Yseult, Elys and Aelia—who, despite their remarkable beauty, are not the girl of Galwyn's vision. At the story's conclusion, Galwyn is introduced by Saint Francis to "Little Sister Death," (a sibling of Hunger) and is hence relegated to the land of "shadow," as the tale ends in Galwyn's suicide.

Faulkner sardonically calls it *Mayday*—knowing his fascination with aeronautics, probably to signify distress—juxtaposing the historic optimism and joy of that day with the almost doleful nihilism of the narrative.

Once alerted to the possibility, several components of *Mayday* become obviously referential to *The Sound and the Fury*. Both books open in familiar fashion, with the dawn of a glorious day, the protagonist having spent the previous night in contemplative vigil. There is an obvious preoccupation with time (in one, used figuratively; in

*Mayday*, literally). Each ends with the protagonist's death by drowning, having been led to his demise indirectly by a female.

In a well-researched and fascinating introduction by Notre Dame's eminent Faulkner scholar Carvel Collins, several other deeper connections are revealed that show Faulkner's work to be of psychological, not simply sociological, importance.

One such assertion by Collins is that the psychology of both Jung and Freud, as well as the early 20th-century fiction writer James Branch Cabell, had direct bearing on some of Faulkner's works. Jungian disciples will surely recognize the mythical "girl" of *Mayday* as the focus of Galwyn's "anima," i.e., the unconscious eternal image of woman which every man projects upon the person of the beloved, and according to Jung, one of the primary reasons for passionate attraction or aversion.<sup>1</sup> This destructively powerful love relationship expressed by Jung is realized by Faulkner in the girl's equation with death at the book's end.

Moreover, Freudian psychology appears to have actually bridged the gap between *Mayday* and *The Sound and the Fury*. In the latter, Benjy Compson can be seen as representative of "Id," Quentin Compson of the "Ego," and Jason Compson of the "Super Ego." Collins rightly points out that even the order in which they are presented—Benjy, then Quentin, then Jason—is the order of the development of the personality according to Freud. In *Mayday*, it is Pain that plays the role of Super Ego, Hunger the role of Id, with Sir Galwyn mediating the two countervailing forces as Ego.

If Faulkner considers Galwyn in some way a paradigm of himself in quest of Helen Baird, then is his admission of a weak Ego concomitant? A weak Ego that, to press the Freudian analogy further, was destroyed by stronger and harsher powers of the Super Ego and Id?

Textual evidence does not, of course, necessarily support this, though it does point toward Collins' integration of Freudian theory into his analysis. Indeed, Faulkner himself made it indirectly known to Collins that he did not disapprove

(continued on page 28)

Left: Faulkner, the  
"Grand Old Man of  
American Letters."  
Photo by Ralph Thompson.

by Theresa Rebeck

A look at the seventies would not be complete without a review of the feminist movement and the changes it has instigated across America; indeed, across the world. Affirmative action programs have begun to slowly grind into effect. Women have begun to find places for themselves in the political world—Chicagoans elected their first woman mayor; the English elected a woman prime minister. The women's movement found support in the arts; women poets and novelists such as Denise Levertov and Ann Beattie have risen to prominence in literary circles. Even male artists—film directors such as Robert Altman and writers such as William Styron—have begun to explore the intricacies of the feminine psyche as well.

Many think that the woman's movement is the most important civil rights movement of the century. It calls into question not only the workings of our until-now-accepted political, social and economic structures, but also the way these structures affect the development of the human psyche. Much of the literature of the seventies has been devoted to the feminist movement. Books such as Betty Friedan's *The Feminine Mystique*, Nancy Friday's *My Mother/My Self*, and Chesler and Goodman's *Women, Money and Power* have examined all sides of the issue.

It is appropriate, then, that Madonna Kolbenschlag's *Kiss Sleeping Beauty Good-Bye* should appear in the autumn months of 1979. Kolbenschlag's book is an important climactic work for the feminist movement. In spite of its frivolous title, Kolbenschlag's book is a serious study of feminism which not only accumulates and summarizes all which has come before, but which dares to push the purposes of the women's movement one step further into previously unexplored, yet crucial, realms.

Kolbenschlag structures her work around five well-known fairy tales, the stories of Sleeping Beauty, Snow White, Cinderella, Goldilocks, and Beauty and the Beast. Her use of these fairy tales is minimal, however; after reviewing the basic story and symbolism of these myths, she branches out and examines how the attitudes and stereotypes of the women in these fairy tales have

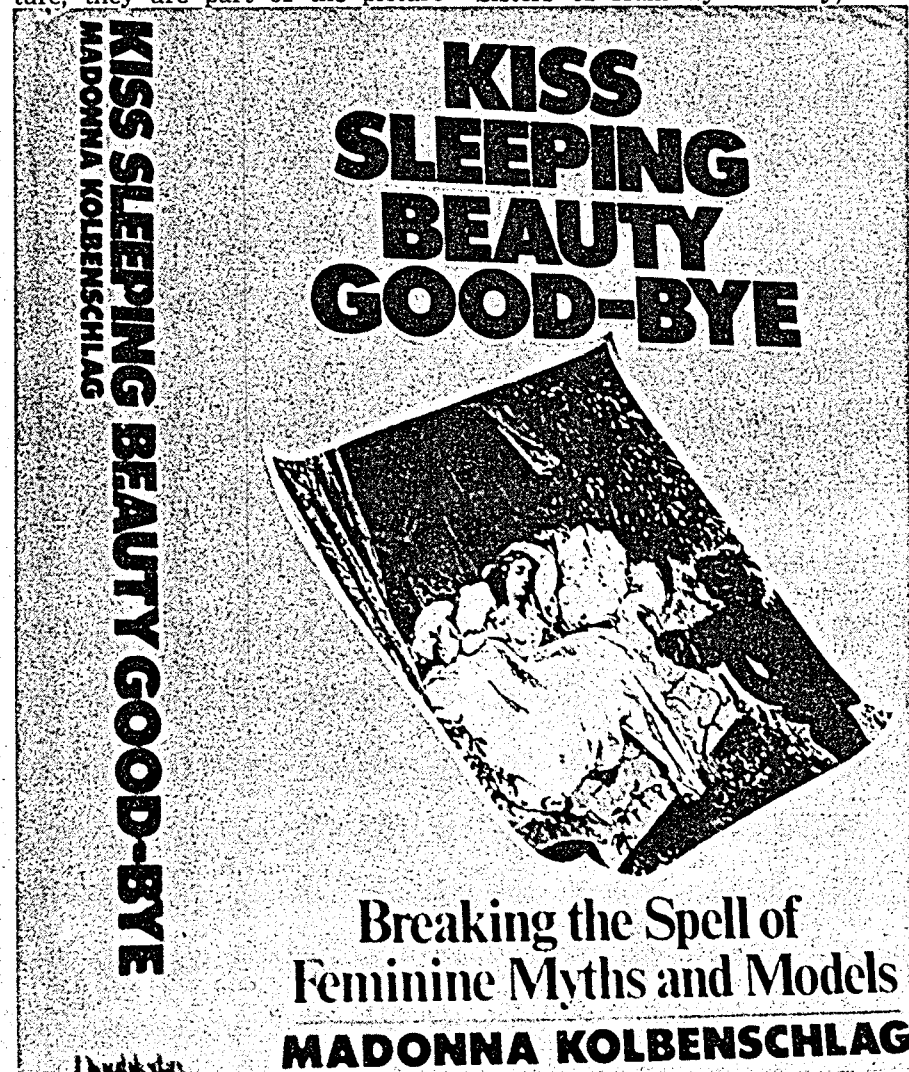
made themselves evident in the 20th century. From there, she branches out and discusses the political, social and economic structures which have encouraged these stereotypes throughout history.

Kolbenschlag's treatment of this material is thorough, so thorough that at times her work threatens to become redundant. She does not quite fall into this trap, however. She deals with many overanalyzed issues, such as how patriarchal familial patterns stilt a woman's development, how male-centered political structures in the business world deny women entry to this world, and how the "soft and pretty" female image encouraged by the media works on the psyche of adolescent girls. Although these issues are overdiscussed in today's literature, they are part of the picture

Kolbenschlag wishes to present, so she must include them as part of her research.

Rehashing societal prejudices and misconceptions is not Kolbenschlag's main purpose, however. She writes *Kiss Sleeping Beauty Good-Bye* as a woman who wishes to see other women and men achieve their full potential as mature, thinking adults who can live their lives freely, unhampered by societal impositions of sexual roles. The book is by no means another self-help manual, but its calm, analytical look at the sexual conditioning of men and women, and the effects such conditioning has on their psychological and spiritual growth, points the way to a new awakening for, possibly, many people.

Kolbenschlag, a member of the Sisters of Humility of Mary, does





write her book from a Christian viewpoint, but this does not limit the work's appeal to a select body of readers. She discusses Catholic teachings which affect the feminist movement, such as those on divorce or homosexuality, but her concern is not to reiterate these teachings. Rather, she examines the effects they are having on those who come in contact with the church. In many instances, she questions the validity of these teachings, pointing out that they often obstruct the moral and ethical development of those who are supposed to benefit from them. Kolbenschlag's stand in regard to the church's use of power is radical; because her main interest is the full development of the human soul, any power structure, any structure which is somehow overseeing that development, is looked at critically. The

main demand she makes on the church is a demand for flexibility.

Kolbenschlag is most interested in emphasizing the necessity of attaining personal "autonomy"—"The threshold of religious, theonomous existence is won only at the expense of achieving ethical autonomy," as she writes—and she believes that this autonomy in turn necessitates a societal emphasis on androgyny. In Kolbenschlag's terms, "androgyny" does not mean bisexuality or asexuality; rather, it is the "precondition of the liberation of a personality imprisoned in a sex role." She supports her call for androgyny with a reference to scripture, "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither slave nor free, there is neither male nor female, for you are all one in Christ Jesus" (Galatians 3).

Finally, Kolbenschlag insists that

androgyny and autonomy are necessary if women ever are going to progress beyond the most elemental stages of ethical development. She uses theologian Paul Tillich's three levels of experience: heteronomy, autonomy, and theonomy as a basis for explaining the stages of growth men and women go through, emphasizing that most women have remained highly heteronomous because of societal conditioning. Women have been trained to move, in their lives, from one form of dependency to another; first they depend on their parents, then on their husbands, and then occasionally on their work. It is the only way they know to find an identity, and dealing with this problem is Kolbenschlag's main point. In *Kiss Sleeping Beauty Good-Bye* she tries to show women that it is not necessary to spend their lives clinging to another for support. She also tries to show men that they should not look for such dependency in women any longer.

*Kiss Sleeping Beauty Good-Bye* is an extremely hopeful book. While Kolbenschlag takes time to discuss and document the injustices still rampant in our society in regards to women, she minimizes these injustices when she speaks of the future for women and men in their relations to each other and themselves. "This is the meaning of women's final liberation," she writes, "—that God is being born in each one of us." In her epilogue, "Exit the Frog Prince," she writes a poignant letter to an imaginary "prince," explaining a princess' newly found vision of herself as a fully developed human being, and urging him to accept this vision. In this acceptance, she writes, he will find a new vision of himself as well.

Kolbenschlag's work is unquestionably exceptional, unquestionably important. She writes clearly and easily, without wasting words, so her message is accessible to a broad spectrum of readers, men and women alike. Because this is her first book, it may be slighted—she is, after all, relatively unknown in national publishing circles—which would be a shame. If this book receives the attention it deserves, our society might become infected with some of the hope and vision she sees for mankind.

## A Renaissance Woman

It might seem a little unusual to refer to a nun as the proverbial "Renaissance" woman, but Madonna Kolbenschlag is an unusual woman. In the past ten years, she has filled the roles of nun, teacher, scholar, writer, and feminist.

Kolbenschlag, a member of the Sisters of Humility of Mary, has been at Notre Dame for the past ten and a half years. She originally came to Notre Dame in 1968 to do graduate work in English Literature and after earning an M.A. and Ph.D., she was hired to teach in the American Studies Department in 1972.

Although Kolbenschlag has filled many roles in her lifetime, she feels the most important of these is that of teacher. In fact, she describes her recent book, *Kiss Sleeping Beauty Good-Bye*, as an "extension" of the research she originally began through her work in the classroom. This is her last year at Notre Dame, and she has no set plans for her future as a teacher—"Anyone in higher education knows how bad the job scene is," she sighs—but she hopes to continue teaching any way she can. "If I couldn't teach..." she shrugs her shoulders a little sadly. "I would consider that a tragedy."

In conversation, Kolbenschlag might emphasize her interest in teaching, but there is no question

that at the present time she is most widely known as a writer. *Kiss Sleeping Beauty Good-Bye*, her first book, only appeared on the bookstands in late October, but it has already received a great deal of attention both locally and nationally; Bantam Books picked up the paperback rights even before the book appeared on the stands and, smiles Kolbenschlag, there is already talk of translations.

So, for the time being, Kolbenschlag is very interested in pursuing her career as a writer. "I think I've always seen myself as a teacher, a scholar, and a writer," she explains. "And it's time I got busy and did some more writing." Because *Kiss Sleeping Beauty Good-Bye* has already enjoyed immense popularity, she thinks that her options as an author will open up quite a bit. "I have a lot of ideas... possibly, I'll work on a study related to the American culture, and I'm even thinking in terms of fiction," she smiles.

With these prospects facing her, Kolbenschlag is hopeful about her future. She is a confident woman, and she speaks of all her dreams and plans with assurance—she is obviously used to filling the roles she chooses for herself successfully.

# Militarily Speaking

by Colonel Gail Bulmer U.S.A.F.

I entered the decade of the 1960s with a high degree of enthusiasm. I had just been promoted to Captain in the United States Air Force and my family and I were settling down in Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts. I had recently graduated from navigator training and was about to become a full-fledged member of a combat crew of the Strategic Air Command, located at Westover Air Force Base, Massachusetts. The last several years of the 1950s, under two terms of Dwight D. Eisenhower, had been peaceful times and there was no reason to believe the '60s wouldn't be even more prosperous.

I distinctly remember the inauguration in January, 1961, of John Kennedy. He and his family were younger than the previous "first families" and we could relate to them more easily. JFK had a charisma about him that made you feel secure. The Administrator, in fact, was given the nickname "Camelot." With such a young, dynamic leader, how could we help but overcome all our troubles?

However, 1961 proved to be anything but a banner year. Beginning in April with the Bay of Pigs incident, followed a few months later by a summit conference at Vienna with Nikita Krushchev, the glitter of JFK was beginning to lose its glow. As a military man, I wondered if our new President had the wisdom, experience and discipline to stand up to the Russians. The political balance of power swung to the Soviets when Francis Gary Powers was shot out of the sky in his U-2 reconnaissance aircraft over Russia in 1960. It had embarrassed President Eisenhower. It looked now as if the Bay of Pigs and the Vienna Summit would do the same to JFK.

Our domestic troubles at this time were just as self-defeating as our foreign policies had been. I remember the incredulity I felt when reading the articles on the Freedom Riders and their tour through the southern United States. Not only were members of civil rights groups beaten and humiliated wherever they went, but several southern Governors and other state officials

openly defied the Federal Government. It was not something we as Americans could defend.

In October, 1962, our country faced its most significant crisis since Pearl Harbor—the Cuban Missile Crisis. I was on alert as a SAC crew-member and remember the details quite vividly. We listened to President Kennedy address the nation on television. His words are as clear to me today as they were seventeen years ago. He said, "Any missile launched from Cuba will be regarded as an attack by the Soviet Union on the United States, requiring full retaliatory response against the Soviet Union." Those of us on alert at that time knew the full implications of that remark.

The results of the missile crisis are history. The Soviets backed down and a nuclear war was averted. The situation clearly demonstrated to both sides the folly of nuclear war. The political tension began to ease and the term "détente" was coined. We in the Strategic Air Command felt a sense of pride in that, by doing our job professionally, we had prevented a war from occurring. The Soviets had backed down for one reason and one reason only—they feared retaliation.

JFK had sent a contingent of U.S. soldiers to Vietnam in 1961 primarily to show the Soviets that he was not a weak leader. By 1964 that contingent had continued growing, as did the problem with the North Vietnamese. The Gulf of Tonkin Resolution that year took all restrictions off President Johnson, resulting in a dramatic escalation of the confrontation. We were engaged in a full-scale war in a land very few Americans knew existed.

I was not aware of all the political ramifications of the Vietnam debacle, therefore I was disappointed by the actions taking place at several American universities in 1964 and '65. The burning of draft cards and the destruction of Reserve Officers' Training Corps (ROTC) facilities at several Eastern universities were misunderstood by most military members. I could not understand how anyone going to college had the time to become so involved

in politics. Also, how could they react so negatively to a situation where we obviously were in the right? It has puzzled me for many years. Upon analyzing the recent events in Cambodia, overrun and decimated by a Vietnamese army, I am more convinced than ever that *our cause in Vietnam was just*. I, as an individual, have several criticisms of the manner in which the war was waged, particularly some of the political ramifications involved. But, the *principle* involved and *the end* we were attempting to reach seem to me to epitomize many of the ideals we have stood for the past 203 years.

The '60s and Vietnam produced another situation that deeply disturbed many military and civilian minds — conscientious objectors. Many young Americans settled in Canada rather than be inducted into our Army to serve in Vietnam. This situation has probably caused more dissension among our countrymen than any other. I detest physical violence now because I know through experience that it does not offer any permanent solutions. However, I also consider military duty as a privilege and a duty of citizenship. I will not criticize those who chose Canada in lieu of Vietnam, however, because it took great courage to turn your back on this country and settle elsewhere to satisfy your beliefs. I only hope that someday we can all live in peace together and that this partially healed breach in our society can be closed for good.

Richard Nixon was elected in 1968 upon the promise to de-escalate the war in Vietnam and to "bring the country together again." His decision in April 1970 to bomb the Vietcong sanctuaries in neutral Cambodia shocked the nation and led directly to the incident at Kent State. What he had failed to calculate was the reaction entering Cambodia would have upon American society. Although militarily a sound decision, it would be offset by the spontaneous negative reactions it provoked across college campuses.

Under the Nixon Administration, America's chances for future in-



**Colonel Bulmer, Professor of Aerospace, Notre Dame AFROTC**

volvement in Vietnam-type wars were curtailed. The Nixon Doctrine and the War Powers Resolution of 1973 both placed constraints on the opportunities for an American President to single-handedly commit troops. Instead, foreign aid and arms sales would be utilized to bolster the security of friendly governments, and should the need arise to commit American ground forces, Congress would be consulted.

There is much concern today over the Iranian crisis and the oil cartel of OPEC. President Nixon began the huge sales of military arms to the Shah of Iran immediately subsequent to the Arab-Israeli conflict of 1973. The Shah, in contrast to other Moslem leaders, provided supplies of oil to Israel, thereby insuring its successful conduct of the war. The United States, to show its gratitude, agreed to supply Iran with the military equipment it required to assume the role of protector of the Middle East. Today it appears those weapons may now be used against us, although I do not believe this will happen.

Vietnam, Watergate, Kent State and the sharp rise in oil prices in 1973 all have had their effect on our society. Although the All-Volunteer Army is not what we would like it to be, more and more politicians are being accused and convicted of crimes against society, many colleges still refuse to permit ROTC on campus, and the rate of inflation continues to spiral due to rises in oil

prices. I am still optimistic. For all of its negative aspects, the current Iranian crisis has done one thing that many thought impossible—it has united the people of this country. A people appearing to seek isolation after Vietnam have now been provoked to the point where national interests have overcome individual and regional interest. Not since December 7, 1941, has the American public responded so collectively and unanimously to a single cause. The Ayatollah Khomeini, much to his chagrin, has done what no president or governmental leader since JFK has done—united the spark of the American spirit. The general malaise described by President Carter this past summer has been replaced by a burning nationalism.

I have travelled extensively throughout the world during my twenty-three years in the Air Force. I have served two tours in Vietnam, been an advisor to the Shah of Iran until just before his exile, worked with the armed forces of Thailand and Taiwan, and have observed firsthand the governments of democracies, monarchies and autocracies. I have been personally involved with the police of several foreign countries. Yes, we have many problems in this country which demand our consideration. The economy is uncontrollable. Blacks have not made much progress since Brown vs. Board of Education in 1954. Poverty and disease not only inhabit many

foreign countries, but ours as well. But, don't let anyone tell you this is not the greatest country in the world, for all its shortcomings. The experiences of the 1960s and '70s have helped us to grow. Hopefully, they've made us a stronger nation. We will need that strength in the years ahead.

My role as a military professional makes me question the future of our armed forces and, therefore, our country. We possess the ultimate weapon, the nuclear bomb, but we will never use it. I believe other countries know we will never use it, except, of course, in self-defense. Therefore, we will have to significantly increase our conventional forces, for future wars will be limited actions fought for political ends. The terms "unconditional surrender" and "total war" were dropped from our vocabulary in 1950 when we confronted North Korea.

We attempted to heal the wounds of Vietnam by abolishing the draft in 1973 and instituting the All-Volunteer Military. Philosophically, this is an ideal situation; practically speaking, it has not been a total success. For the first time in our history, all three services (Army, Naval, Air Force) have failed to meet their manpower goals. In an attempt to solve this situation, we have increased the recruitment of women. This will help but it is not a panacea. What we must do is instill in our young men and women a sense of pride in serving our country. We can do this only if we can show a need to serve and that military duty is a satisfying experience. We must remain strong until such times as men can live together in peace and trust.

No one can foresee what will happen over the next several years. Hopefully, armed conflicts will be replaced by negotiation for the Western democracies and the Communist bloc countries realize that neither side can be a winner. Only by remaining strong can the United States guarantee the peace. None of us relish the thought of harming others. I wear a uniform, but that does not automatically imply I favor the use of force. On the contrary, having served in the longest war in our history, I, more than anyone, do not wish to participate in a similar conflict ever again. If I convince you of nothing else, please believe that I am sincere in this regard. Hopefully, the day will come when military forces are no longer required.

## Scholastic Top Ten:

# Basketball

by Anthony Walton

Selecting a Top Ten for a group as diverse as collegiate basketball is always difficult. Basketball is hard to predict because one player can make or break a team. The addition of one super freshman, for example Mark Aguirre at DePaul, can turn a team into a national contender overnight. Conversely, the loss of a player, for example Phil Hubbard at Michigan, can turn a solid contender into an also-ran very quickly. Another factor is the high number of teams that compete in basketball, three times as many as in football. No Top Ten forecast can hope to be exactly right, it can only give some insight into ten teams that, barring any mishaps, will be very good this season. The Scholastic Top Ten:

### 1. Indiana

The Hoosiers have everybody back from NIT champs, Bobby Knight as coach, and add Isiah Thomas, the nation's best freshman. The Hoosiers also add three other top freshmen to bolster the bench. In short, call Indiana awesome.

Leading the returnees for Indiana is Mike Woodson (21 ppg) a 6-7 forward who is one of the most underrated players in the country. Also back are 6-9 Ray Tolbert (11.9), 6-9 Landon Turner, 6-3 Butch Carter, and 6-4 Randy Wittman. Someone will have to sit down to make room for Thomas, however, and 6-8 freshman Steve Bouchie may also gain a starting role.

The Hoosiers appear to be the best team in the Midwest, the strongest area in the country this year. They should win the Big Ten, and push for the Final Four. Bobby Knight is the big difference for this team. He always gets the most out of his talent, and this year he has more than anyone else to work with.

### 2. Ohio State

The Buckeyes return everyone from last year's 19-12 team, and Clark Kellogg, one of the nation's top five freshmen, to the lineup. The top returning players are 6-11 Herb Williams (19.9), 6-8 Jim Smith (7.4), 6-2 Carter Scott (9.4) and 6-1 Kelvin Ransey, the team's best player and leading scorer (21.4).

The Buckeyes were something of a disappointment last year, but the addition of Kellogg and the added maturity should make a difference this season. Tough schedule (Big Ten) could hurt, but the Buckeyes should win 20-24 games and make NCAA's. Could surprise Indiana and win Big Ten.

### 3. Duke

The Blue Devils were supposed to win it all last year, but ended up a major disappointment with a 22-8 record. This year Duke could be as strong or stronger on paper, and it is up to Coach Bill Foster to make the chemistry work on the court.

Duke best returnee is 6-11 Mike Gminski, the best big man in the country. Also back are 6-8 Gene Banks, who is a good player but has yet to live up to his enormous potential, 6-7 Kenny Dennard, would disappoint last year after a sparkling

freshman year, 6-3 Bob Bender, a steady guard, and 6-5 Vince Taylor, who could make Duke fans forget Jim Spanarkel.

If Banks and Dennard play up to capabilities, Duke will be almost unbeatable. The guard play is solid, could be great, and Gminski needs no intro. Blue Devils should win the East and end up in the Final Four.

### 4. Notre Dame

The Irish are the most balanced team in the country. Any one of ten players can play, and all are good. Leading the Irish are 6-6 Kelly Trippucka, 6-7 Bill Hanzlik, and 6-5 Tracy Jackson. Also returning are 6-3 Rich Branning, 6-9 Orlando Woolridge, and 6-3 Stan Wilcox. The Irish also add three top freshmen, 6-7 Bill Varner, 6-3 John Paxson, and 6-11 Tim Andree.

The Irish have the players to win the national championship. The team

### TOP TEN

1. Indiana
2. Ohio State
3. Duke
4. Notre Dame
5. Louisiana State
6. DePaul
7. Brigham Young
8. St. John's
9. North Carolina
10. Virginia

Others to Watch — Illinois, Marquette, Georgia, UCLA, USC, Oregon State, Utah, Arkansas, Texas A&M, Louisville

### ALL-AMERICA

F—Mark Aguirre, DePaul  
F—Michael Brooks, LaSalle  
C—Mike Gminski, Duke  
G—Ron Lester, Iowa  
G—Sam Worthen, Marquette

F—Mike O'Koren, North Carolina  
F—Darrell Griffith, Louisville  
C—Joe Barry Carroll, Purdue  
G—Dan Ainge, Brigham Young  
G—Kyle Macy, Kentucky

Honorable Mention — Darnell Valentine, Kansas;  
Kevin McHale, Minnesota; Mike Woodson, Indiana;  
Dan Vranes, Utah; Durand Macklin, LSU; Eddie  
Hughes, Colorado State.



may still, however, be a step slow, and could have trouble with a running team (e.g., Michigan State in the regionals). But, the depth will wear down most opponents, and Digger Phelps is one of the best game coaches in the business. The Irish again have a tough schedule, but should win twenty, and make NCAA tournament.

#### 5. Louisiana State

Coach Dale Brown has built the Tigers into a national power ready to challenge any team in the country. 6-6 Durand Macklin leads the team, and has able assistance from 6-8 teammates DeWayne Scales and Greg Cook. Ethan Martin, Jordy Hultberg and Willie Sims are the guards.

LSU was a surprise team last season until internal problems hurt at the end. Brown should have those problems solved by the beginning of the season, and the Tigers will be ready to roll. Their only real obstacle will be Kentucky, whom they will have to play three times. The experience gained from last year should help, and the Tigers should win 20 without too much trouble.

#### 6. DePaul

Blue Demons are everyone's sentimental favorite. Who couldn't love a small Catholic school from Chicago with Ray Meyer as coach. But DePaul needs no sympathy this year. Blue Demons return three starters off last year's Final Four squad, and had a fabulous recruiting year.

DePaul is led by 6-8 Mark Aguirre, who could blossom into the best player in the country this year. He can do it all, and better than just about anyone else. Aguirre is joined by returnees 6-2 Clyde Bradshaw and 6-10 Jim Mitchem. Also team adds 6-8 Teddy Grubbs and 6-10 Terry Cummings, two of the best freshmen in the country. If those two play up to expectations, look out. Meyer has a history of getting the most out of his players and this year he has depth to work with. DePaul is building toward a national championship and may be a year away, but could do it this time around.

#### 7. Brigham Young

In a relatively weak basketball year in the West, the Cougars stand out as the best team in the region. They are led by 6-6 Danny Ainge, one of the country's best players. Ainge can shoot, pass, and play very good defense. Joining him are 6-10 Alan Taylor, 6-9 Fred Roberts, and 6-6 Devin Durrant, a soph who

could be as good as Ainge with time. Cougars also add 6-11 Greg Kite, a heralded freshman.

Brigham Young should dominate the West this year. They should win their conference, and get out of the regional to the Final Four. They look good on paper, and it will be interesting to watch as the season develops. Could be a sleeper.

#### 8. St. John's

Redmen came within three points of the Final Four last year, didn't lose anyone, and add two sterling newcomers, Curtis Redding and David Russell. Returning for the Redmen are 6-4 Reggie Carter (15.0), 6-10 Wayne McKoy, who is finally living up to his PR, 6-2 Bernard Rencher, and forwards Ron Plair and Frank Gilroy, who will most likely lose their jobs to the newcomers. Redding starred at Kansas State for two seasons, and should solidify St. John's into the best team in the East.

St. John's is coached by Lou Carnesecca. He will have to blend the talent together into a cohesive team. The Redmen have five solid starters and good depth, the only thing that could stop them is the inability of the players to play as a team, something that hurt last year. But, they jelled at the end, beat Duke, and almost made Final Four. This could be the year they make it.

#### 9. North Carolina

Tar Heels have Dean Smith and Mike O'Koren, so they don't need much else. Smith is probably the

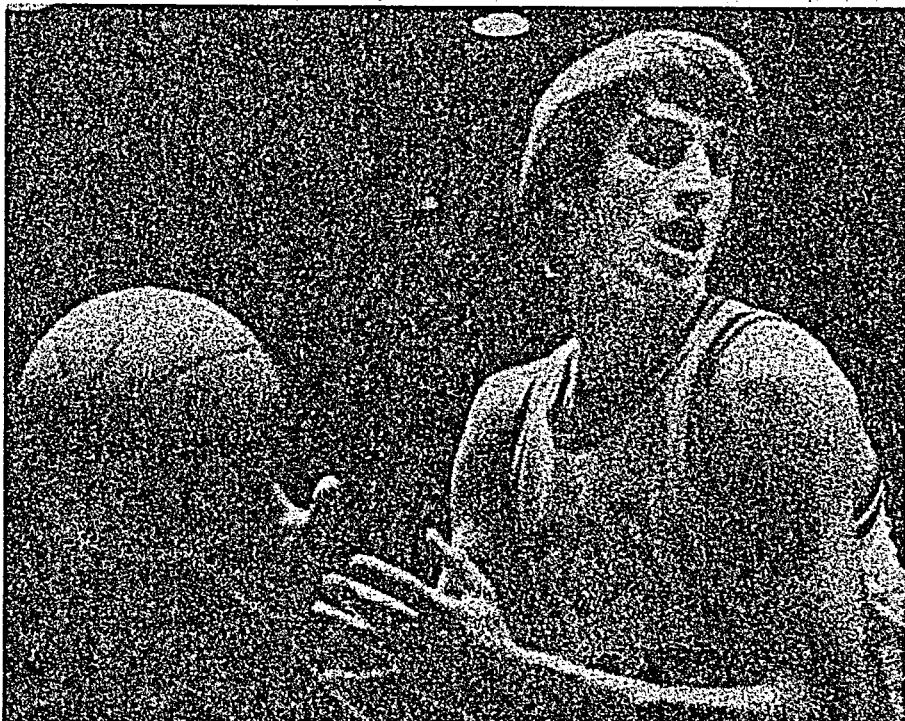
best coach in the country, and O'Koren is an All-American with few peers as a complete player. The talent doesn't stop there, though, as Al Wood, Rich Yonakor, and Dave Colescott are no slouches. Also, the Tar Heels add James Worthy, the best Carolina prep last year, and if he develops, North Carolina will be hard to beat.

Tar Heels play in Atlantic Coast Conference, which is perennially one of the nation's best leagues. This year will be no different, as they will compete with Duke and Virginia for top honors. They should, however, make NCAA's, and stand solid chance of going far. Any team coached by Dean Smith has that chance, and this one has a lot of talent, too.

#### 10. Virginia

Terry Holland has been building a good program here, and the team is coming off two good seasons. Returning are 6-6 Jeff Lamp, one of the ACC's best players, 6-3 Jeff Jones, 6-5 Lee Raker, and 6-10 Otis Fulton. This would have been a very good team, but it now stands the chance of being national champions. Ralph Sampson, 7-4 all-everything center, holds the key to Virginia's fortunes. If he lives up to expectations, Cavs will be super. If he doesn't, they will be good.

Virginia plays in the ACC, and as such have a rough season ahead of them. But Terry Holland has surprised in the past (won ACC in 1976), and has plenty of material to work with now. Another darkhorse team that could be awesome.



# PERSPECTIVE

by Tom Westphal

Sports in the seventies, although marked by occasional moments of extreme controversy and exceptional performances, will be most notably remembered as a decade of *stability*. Certainly expansion was highly in evidence in the world of sports, especially in media coverage but the trend in professional sports, at least, is for contraction. Witness for example the merging of the AFL with the NFL, the ABA with the NBA, the WHA with the NHL, the rise and fall of the WFL and the Pro Track tour. So the push outward for more and more teams and players clashed with the pull inward generated by the increasing costs of maintaining a winning team.

Expansion, probably the more interesting of the two occurring phenomena, manifested itself most vividly in two sports previously hidden from the public eye: tennis and soccer. For these two sports, though still not a match for the biggies yet, rose to unimagined heights in popularity and profits.

Tennis provides the best story to relate. Before the early 1970's, tennis had been snubbed by most people as a "country-club sport." The label, scoffed at by the few tennis purists at the time, was nevertheless remarkably true. A combination of events served to help shed the label and make tennis into the most popular "participatory" sport of the seventies.

Controversial and talented performers such as Jimmy Connors, Bjorn Borg, Chris Evert and Billie Jean King greatly triggered the boom. With the assistance of extended TV coverage, people all over the United States began to see tennis as an easy, inexpensive sport to try. Masses of new racqueteers invaded their local public tennis courts and the tennis industry blossomed as never before. The sport thrived throughout the decade until the tail end when interest died off a bit, due perhaps to the realization of many that a few times on the court do not a master make.

Soccer, on the contrary, is virtually coming into its own, at least in the U.S. (worldwide it has been popular for years). Again it was a

blend of personality and talent that sparked the interest—initially in the form of Pelé and followed by European turned American stars Johan Cruyff and Georgio Chinaglia. But soccer in the states has grown not only from without, but also from within, where youth leagues have sprung up everywhere and native talent is emerging. High school and college soccer is both more sophisticated and better publicized. The sport, known as "futbol" to many, has made great inroads in the seventies but its real imprint will be in the eighties.

When reflection leads us back to the major sports of baseball, football and basketball, the constancy that marked the decade becomes readily apparent. For, in essence, nothing has really changed! Sure, each of the leagues has added a team or two through merger or expansion but the nature and fan appeal of each of the sports has not changed at all—college or professional. This is not to say that any of the major sports lack either excitement or quality—for the seventies has seen increases in both of these areas. My point is simply that the big revenue sports have not been significantly modified during the decade.

One possible exception, contested by league commissioner Lawrence O'Brien but substantiated by the media and the public, is the contention that pro basketball has fallen upon hard times—in its attendance, media coverage and most importantly the composition of the league itself. For with blacks comprising the majority of the teams, a predominantly white America is having trouble identifying with the players on the teams. Consequently, TV coverage and game attendance have dipped considerably. Another problem the league must alleviate is the ridiculously long schedule that drags into June, alienating fans of other sports as well.

One new development in the seventies that deserves special mention is the growth of women's sports. Spearheaded by the charismatic personalities of Chris Evert and Tracy Austin in tennis, Nancy Lopez in golf and Olga Korbut and Nadia

Comaneci in gymnastics, women all over the world are beginning to enjoy some of the same advantages in sports that men have enjoyed for years. Money purses for women's events increased from practically nothing in the sixties to seemingly astronomical amounts in the late seventies.

The Olympic Games surfaced in the past decade as a highly controversial area, encompassing problems ranging from the professional-amateur distinction to race-related boycotts. The pot boiled over in 1972 when terrorists killed eleven Israelis. Many important questions still need to be answered before world competitions achieve their proposed goals.

As we enter a new sporting decade a trend is forming toward more inexpensive forms of entertainment—considering the inexorable inflation besetting us all. For young people soccer will soon assume a place right next to football and basketball in popularity, for the costs of both participation and organization are minimal. Tennis, I would wager, will stay popular for virtually the same reasons.

The future of professional sports will be based primarily on the media's (mainly TV) broadcasting decisions. Sports without sufficient media acceptance will likely be doomed to failure as the almighty dollar rules supreme over the land. Both hockey and football must prepare for impending lawsuits as injuries increase liabilities to a possibly prohibitive degree. (Be sure to check the February *Football Review* for a related in-depth story.)

I don't mean to point an overly bleak picture for sports in the eighties. Collegiate and professional sports will likely prosper amidst any surrounding turmoil. There are enough people with money and aspiring to make money to ensure that.

One seventies' phenomenon sure to remain popular in the eighties is jogging. You can't beat the price and there is no accompanying anxiety of lawsuits and failures. But then jogging is not really a sport, is it?! Touché!

# THE 80's:

## COMES A TIDE

by Kari Meyer

Rolling onto the shore of the American music scene is a new wave. This new wave has been swelling steadily in the late 70's and is forecast to crest during the 80's. The wave consists of many attractive particles, but its main attraction is the offer of an alternative to the disco, punk and rock of the 70's.

For the music buff the new wave is a mixture of rock, punk and reggae. It has a hard-driving bass, a frantic lead guitar, good beat with vocals and lyrics that even the tone deaf can imitate. Besides the usual guitars, drums and keyboards of other bands, the new wave utilizes electronic game noises and lots of feedback. It is moving music. When you listen to new wave you definitely are moved; either you move to leave, move out of enjoyment or move with nervous tension due to the beat.

For the dancing fanatic, new wave offers an outlet for freedom of bodily expression. Forget the Latin hustle and throw away your John Travolta learn-to-dance kit. There's no need for lessons in the new wave. Unless you were raised in a B.F. Skinner box, you surely know how to hop, skip and jump. New wave dancing is the most uncomplicated thing since the twist.

What is the dancing about? Motion! Fling your arms, rubberize your legs, fake the guitar and neglect your partner if you like. Think of new wave dancing as therapeutic. Throw your head back and relax. Unlike disco, no one is watching you—dancing is no contest. Move the way you are moved by the music. Even if you are "a limburger" and no one will dance with you, you can dance alone. No one will notice.

New wave dancing requires its own fashion and dress. Slinky disco dresses and silk shirts would become distracting and probably torn to shreds when dancing to new wave music. With new wave, the fashion freak has a number of disguises to choose from. Grandma's old trunk of clothes is just loaded with fashion. Skinny ties, tiny lapels and lacy necks mix well with the 1960's hot pants and leopard skins. Feathers, beads, go-go boots, mini-skirts, saddle oxfords and plastic Ben Franklin glasses are classic touches of new wave garb.

Feel like a gangster? Dress like one. Feel like Paul Revere—go ahead. Feel like Betty Rubble of the Flintstones? Dress the part and enjoy it. New wave fashion is a must for lovers of Halloween. Dress up as something you're not and attempt to be yourself.

The music industry tells us that



new wave is the music of the 80's. The Knack, The Clash, Joe Jackson, and The Police are slowly invading the top 40 scene. Is new wave the music of the 80's or is new wave simply another fad?

What spurred new wave into existence? Perhaps it was a combination of many things. Hard rock was going into a slow fade in the late 70's and with that fade emerged punk rock and disco—two opposing poles. Punk gave us musical revolt. Punk was masochism and the glorification of rottenness. Disco, on the other hand, was synthesized electronic sound for the purpose of dancing. Disco was glitter, polyester and the glorification of the macho body.

From all of this music of the seventies we get the new wave. New wave is not punk and definitely not disco, but more a combination of punk, electronics, rock and a bit of reggae. Actually the new wave is not new at all, it is merely a rehashing of a lot of old music styles. This regrouping is reflected not only in the music, fashion and dancing, but in the basic energy which is generated. It is the same type of energy that the Beatles music provided in the early sixties. It is direct, unleashed, almost revolting energy. New wave is excitement cranked out in a seemingly new manner.

New wave is attracting a broad range of audiences, from the teens of the sixties to the teens of the seventies and now on to the children of the eighties. The new wave audiences are clearly people looking for a new outlet, a new mode of identification, a new fad. Perhaps new wave will thrive and grow into a new sector of music, but perhaps, like most fads, it will simply swell up and die out.

There are not many new and exciting music trends around at the present time. The new wave is rolling in at a very opportune time indeed. A bored audience of music listeners is very justified in taking notice of this new approach and "joining the bandwagon," so to speak. Will the new wave last into and through the eighties before music fans tire of it too? That question remains to be answered. Perhaps in the eighties we will discover how long a wave can last once it reaches the shore. □

(continued from page 19)

of Collin's interpretation of his work.

A more obvious bridge between the two works mentioned is that while Benjy Compson thinks about St. Francis during his monologue, Sir Galwyn actually encounters him twice:

*The tree was an old man with a long shining beard like silver cuirass and the leaves were birds of a thousand kinds and colors. And he replied to the trees, saying, "What sayest thou, good Saint Francis?"*

*But the good Saint Francis answered only: "Wait, it is not yet time."*

Sir Galwyn can in my view be seen as a classic tragic hero, in the tradition of Colonel Sartoris in—dare we mention a book so widely dismissed by critics as trivial—*The Unvanquished*; Joe Christmas of *Light in August* and Thomas Sutpen of *Absalom! Absalom!* also qualify. By Aristotelian definition at least, the embellished language replete with artistic ornament is evident, if not glaring. And though *Poetics* would insist that the narrative style of *Mayday* is wrong, certainly the book elicits a sense of *katharsis* or, the "purgation of the pity and fear necessary to tragedy."<sup>2</sup> In fact, many critics have argued that Faulkner's vision as a writer *per se* is quintessentially tragic, though not in a form as ostensibly axiomatic as many of the Greek tragedians.

Certainly, Galwyn possesses that indefinable quality of self-knowledge of the tragic hero; he has a sense of the inevitability of his charge, and, of course, virtue, valor and perspicacity. The ineluctable end to his quest is not seen by Galwyn until he kneels precipitously before the river of death, yet he resigns himself to that denouement.

The gray boatkeeper, who appears near the end of the fable, answers a query of Galwyn, which foreshadows of his fate:

"As I have already told you, you will be a shadow subject to all shadowy ills—hunger and pain and bodily discomforts, and love and hate and hope and despair. And you will know no better how to combat them than you did on your last journey throughout the world, for my emigration laws prohibit Experience leaving my domain. And besides, man should beware of Experience as he should beware of all women, for with her he will be miserable, but without her he will not be dangerous."

Many have argued that Faulkner is at his worst when purportedly deeply imbedded symbolism rises too close to the surface. How, then, does one assess Faulkner when the symbolism is overt and readily accessible by design? Despite the fact that *A Fable* wasn't really vintage Faulkner as the 1954 critics (and the Pulitzer Prize Committee) thought it was, Faulkner's undeniably eccentric style seems to me aptly put to the task of writing parables, fables and allegorical novels of *Mayday's* genre.

As this book becomes more readily available to the public, one valid objection to this work is sure to involve Faulkner's use of rather glib anachronism sprinkled throughout. Not only does he make reference to "emigration laws" in the aforementioned passage, but Princess Ysult says, "I am distressed you should have seen me with my hair done like this, but then, you know what maids are in these desperate days," and Time refers to "any standard magazine" and of eliminating "the middle man." Apparent attempts at playfulness, none of which strike me as being true to the dialectic of that day or to the form that Faulkner elected to use. I find this distracting, because neither the medium nor the message is in any way puerile, witness this speech by Hunger which aptly summarizes Galwyn's dilemma:

*"I remember to have remarked once that man is a buzzing insect blundering through a strange world, seeking something that he cannot name nor recognize, and probably will not want. I think that I will refine this aphorism to: Man is a buzzing fly beneath the inverted glass tumbler of his illusions."*

Brilliant prose . . . and what one would expect in a genuine literary find, which *Mayday* most assuredly is. Without hesitation, I am willing to place *Mayday* among the few books of vital importance to a complete understanding of Faulkner as a whole, and as the *only* logical preface to *The Sound and the Fury*.

It is not often that an author leaves behind an artifact so personally revealing of himself and so central to another of his great works. *Mayday* affords the serious Faulkner scholar the rare opportunity to view in textual form, the psychological machination — the Jungian "shadow" — of a literary masterpiece. *Mayday* is that "shadow," the skeleton of *The Sound and*

*the Fury*.

If I'm wrong, I won't be the first or last critic to be so (remember the reaction to *A Fable* and *The Reivers*)? That's unlikely because *Mayday* is Faulkner; and he who justifiably sits in the pantheon of great writers needs no defense by this critic.

Above and beyond all of this, though, *Mayday* works . . . which somewhat disarms Faulkner of his ungallant weaponry; for the story's success ultimately suggests that love of a woman, as the artist's most affective motivation, is not so bad after all.

*Editor's note:* This December 17, Dr. Carvel Collins, professor emeritus at Notre Dame and author of *Mayday's* introduction, will be part of a Public Television program entitled "William Faulkner: A Life on Paper."

*Mayday* will be published January 27, 1980—exactly 54 years after Faulkner dated it. □



Footnotes:

<sup>1</sup> Jung, *Memories, Dreams and Reflections* (S. H. Butcher).

<sup>2</sup> Aristotle, *Poetics*, VI, 2 (trans. *flections*, pages 391-2).



# IN RETROSPECT

On November 18, 1969, ten Notre Dame students staged a sit-in at the entrance of the Placement Bureau in the Administration Building. Their purpose was to protest Notre Dame's allowing the Dow Chemical Corporation and the Central Intelligence Agency to recruit on campus, and to physically obstruct the placement interviews with these two employers. Father Hesburgh issued an ultimatum to these students; if they did not disperse within fifteen minutes, they would be immediately suspended from the University. The students remained seated in front of the Placement Bureau, and Hesburgh carried out his threat.

The following is an edited version of a letter of appeal written by Mr. Charles McCarthy, then a professor in the collegiate seminar program, on behalf of these students. It was sent to Fr. Hesburgh and the members of a tripartite appeals board, who were to review the case on December 12, 1969. The appeal was refused.

We at Scholastic were struck by the similarity between the questions raised in this document and those raised by many members of the Notre Dame community today concerning such issues as tenure decisions and the presence of ROTC programs on campus. It seems that in the past ten years some things have changed very little.

"Our actions on November 18 were necessitated by the political position assumed and steadily maintained by the University of Notre Dame Administration. In the following we will try to discuss that position, the rules that defend it, and its relation to the University as an academic community. . . .

It is important to realize that the origins of the current imbroglio lie in the political position assumed by the University of Notre Dame. Now it is often argued that universities do not—and should not—take political positions; that they are "neutral" on political questions. But we argue that universities, as significant institutions in our society, cannot avoid having a political effect; and since the administrative decisions that determine the nature of that effect cannot be considered to be taken blindly or capriciously, they clearly represent a political position. For example:

1.) It is obvious that the investment policy followed with regard to an endowment has a definite

social and political effect. In recognition of this fact, church groups and others in recent years have been withdrawing their investments from companies whose policies on race, war, or social conditions they cannot condone.

2.) The University in its cooperation with the military for the production of junior officers is at the very least professing that it is not unreasonable to affirm the moral acceptability of the current activities of the military, a position that can hardly be described as anything but political.

3.) The University in its modern function as a knowledge factory in cooperation with industrial, governmental, and military organizations must assume that these organizations are engaged in morally acceptable activities.

4.) Finally, the University as a supplier of manpower actively channels its second major product—educated men—into positions of government and industry. It must accept as reasonably ethical the arrangements that it facilitates, for it is obvious that only some organizations are allowed to recruit on campus (e.g., it is hard to imagine the Placement Bureau's scheduling interviews for the Ku Klux Klan, the Progressive Labor Party, the Lawyer's Guild, a local brother, etc.).

Now the point of these examples is to show that the University acts in a political fashion and manifests a coherent political position. And the position that the University Administration has chosen by its actions is to affirm the structures and assumptions—indeed, the Administration affirms the very institutions (such as the Dow Chemical Company and the Central Intelligence Agency) that are responsible for the Vietnamese wars and the Conspiracy Trials; for Song My "incidents" and Fred Hampton "affairs"; and for systematic exploitation of the poor and repression of legitimate desires for social reform both at home and abroad in the name of profit, competition and anticommunism. . . . Instead of exercising a critical function over this system, this University chooses to cooperate with and even avidly seek favors from that system! . . .

Now let us turn to the rule under which we have been summarily suspended and expelled. The rule combines in the overburdened person of

a single administrator the functions of police officer, prosecutor, judge, jury, and academic firing squad. The parallels between this procedure and martial law have been pointed out frequently. What is the reason for this severity? . . .

The only answer we can surmise is that the Administration sees something much more important at stake when those actions are directed at the political stance of the University than when they merely "infringe on the rights of others" with no overt political motive. And what is at stake is the perpetuation of the University as a service station for a system that lives on domestic and foreign countries' repression. . . . The University's constituency is, in short, not the community of teachers and students within it, but rather that "outside constituency," the political and economic system represented by the Board of Trustees! . . .

On November 18, 1969, the Notre Dame Administration, fully cognizant of the yearlong debate concerning University complicity, presented us with an ominous alternative: either (a) we must acquiesce in the Administration's endorsement of Dow, the CIA, and the structures and assumptions that they represent by the simultaneous scheduling of recruiting by these two organizations—squarely under the Golden Dome, literally and figurative; or (b) we must prevent this affirmation of a vicious system, even if it meant that the Draconian rules for the protection of this perverse political relation would be used against us. We could find no third alternative: we therefore chose the latter course. . . .

The University assumes a political position by its mutual support for the social and economic system represented by Dow and CIA and is responsible for repression and exploitation at home and abroad. The University uses rules to protect the "normal activities of the University"—ostensibly in defense of individual rights—which are invoked only against effective interference with this political stance. . . .

It is our contention that the manner in which the now-famous 15-minute rule was promulgated and the manner in which it was applied in the instance of the Dow-CIA demonstration of November 18 is totally inconsistent with the ends of an academic community and a Christian community. . . ."

# THE LAST WORD

by Dave Satterfield

Korea, Vietnam, and now, Iran. The Cold War, bomb shelters, cigarettes are hazardous to your health, Watergate, and now, Harrisburg. Willie Mays—the say-hey kid, Brooks Robinson—the human vacuum cleaner, and now, Reggie Jackson—the million-dollar candyman.

1980 is knocking at the front door and it seems as though 1960 hasn't gone out the back door. Somehow, time blindly moves on and essentially, nothing changes. People grow, they learn, they participate, they protest, they settle down, they complain, they endure and eventually, they die. The circle remains unbroken, by and by Lord, by and by. And often, the only optimism is the belief that there's a better home awaitin' in the sky Lord, in the sky.

Newspapers, television, novels and film reflect that pessimistic notion that things are going to hell and there is not much we can do about it. There's no question—we live in a world where pessimism is not only easy to adopt, it is accepted.

So, as we wave good-by to the seventies, I'd like to do so on an optimistic note because I honestly believe that there is hope. For the past month, I've been searching for signs of that hope. I consulted my Ouija board but the vibes were interrupted by a 747 flying overhead. I tried to make contact with Mark Twain, figuring if anyone could make sense of the seventies, he could. After burning a box of candles while waiting on hold, I decided to hang up the telepathy. I was losing hope and I had yet to find it! So I went home for Thanksgiving and lo and behold, hope greeted me at the door in the form of three little kids.

Now, little kids can, without a doubt, be painful to certain areas of the human body. But throughout

the entire holiday, they never were upset; they had a great time, regardless of Iran or the nuclear power plant that stands five miles away. Through them, I realized that there were people who fight the system, who fail to fall into what we call "progress," who manage to maintain or retain their innocence, who stay young. For example:

I have two widowed grandmothers. One lives in a senior citizen apartment complex, knits quite often, drinks tea and plays solitaire. My other grandmother lives alone in a nice apartment, works eight hours a day, drinks Budweiser and dates married men. They are the same age, yet one is at least thirty years younger than the other.

Recently, I watched a group of high school kids play a pickup basketball game. There was a tall, lanky kid wearing an inverted rainbow smile throughout the entire game, who flowed up and down the court, pouring the ball through the hoop. He rarely spoke. There was another kid who walked up and down the court barking the score, barking about fouls and barking about his team's lack of hustle. I would guess that the two kids were the same age, yet one was thirty years older than the other.

A while ago, I became involved in an argument with a friend concerning a fight we had both witnessed. I told her that fighting was inevitable and she said no, it didn't have to be. I told her to be sensible and confront reality. She said I was too pessimistic and I realized that maybe she was right.

Shortly thereafter, I was involved in a discussion concerning nuclear power and nuclear disarmament with a fellow student. He claimed that there was no conceivable way in which we could abandon nuclear power or nuclear arms and survive. I told him that I thought we could try, and maybe it would be in our best interests to do just that. He countered by claiming that I should grow up and join the real world.

No thanks.

The innocence of youth. Therein

lies the answer. Sure, Adam and Eve messed things up a bit but that doesn't mean we should all take a bite of that apple. We can do our best to avoid losing that innocence and make others aware of the powers of innocence. After all, a well-known Gentile once preached the powers of innocence and told his disciples that everything He had whispered in their ears should be proclaimed on the housetops. He was no fool. Of course, he was crucified.

There was another man who failed to "grow up and join the real world." Don Quixote de La Mancha, an old man, fought imaginary foes in the name of good, honor and innocence. While others sat and laughed at him, he rode. While others complained, he fought. Up until his death, he remained a young man.

The secret is to never grow old. Stay young, which doesn't mean that you have to collect baseball cards or play jacks. Staying young involves keeping an open, yet wise mind, it means being able to laugh and giggle, to kiss and love, to question authority and respect it at the same time. Staying young involves playing the game, not watching or refereeing it.

Ponce de Leon never found the fountain of youth but we can now see that Florida was the wrong place to look for youth. There is no magic potion or special book that will make anyone young. We must all make an effort, a conscious effort, to stay young and remain innocent. I think we can. In conclusion, I would like to quote Bob Dylan. His message has been made before, possibly a bit more profound but never so simple and sincere.

*May God bless and keep you  
always,  
may your wishes all come true  
May you always do for others,  
and let others do for you  
May you build a ladder to the  
stars,  
and climb on every rung.  
And may you stay  
Forever young.*



Merry Christmas

from the

Scholastic Editorial Board

See You in the Eighties . . .

With harvest close, children are put in  
Mind of holidays to come, of rain  
That soon becomes the ground of joy  
They'll fashion snow images from,  
Of visits from family they know  
Will bring surprises, and thinking  
Of how it is Christmas began  
Begin to expect it again.

But what assurance a child has  
Concerning things regarding Christmas  
Most astounds us in having more  
To do with belief in coming days  
Than expectations of future  
Enjoyment. For he bears a cross  
In waiting out the uncertain  
Goodness of things to be, carrying  
All the while the weight of what is borne  
In our salvation as children.

Christmas 1976  
Dennis Wm. Moran



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