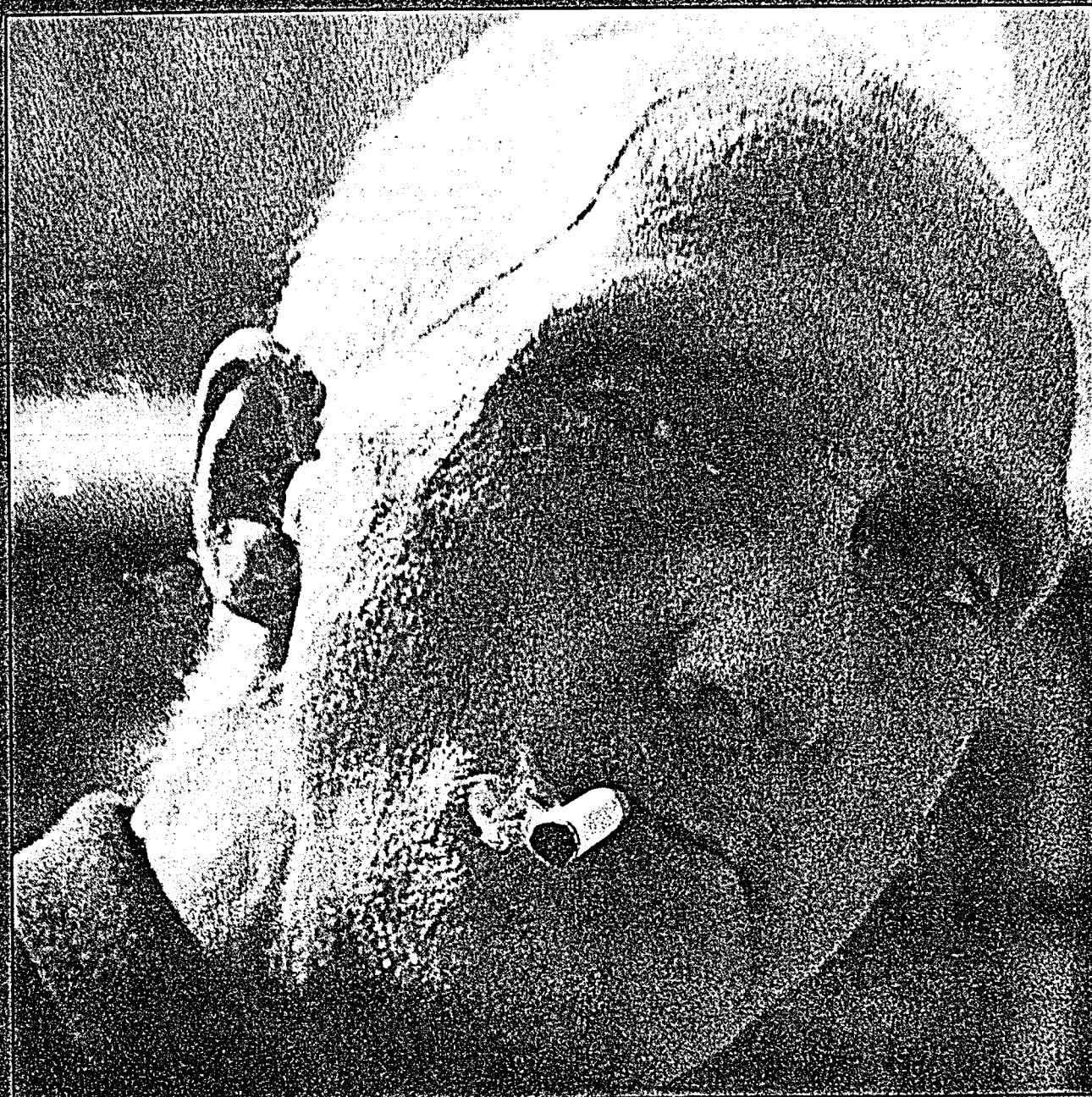


March 21, 1980

SCHOLASTIC



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A Season of Shakespeare

Henry IV, Part One — March 26

A tale of rebellious nobles and comic tavern roistering, this play introduces Shakespeare's most loveable scoundrel, Sir John Falstaff, played by Anthony Quayle. Also starring: Jon Finch and Tim Pigott-Smith.

Henry IV, Part Two — April 9

Civil war continues. And King Henry and Falstaff display the darker sides of their characters. Again Anthony Quayle as Falstaff and Jon Finch in the title role—with David Gwillim as the fun-loving prince, transformed at the end into the perfect renaissance king.

Henry V — April 23

Shakespeare's image of the ideal ruler, Henry V—again portrayed by David Gwillim—wins the battle of Agincourt and the hand of the fair Katherine, princess of France.

The Tempest — May 7

Magic, machinations and forgiveness characterize this, the most delightful of Shakespeare's plays. Michael Hordern plays Prospero, the magician/ruler. His daughter Miranda is played by Pippa Guard.

"The Shakespeare Plays" is a co-production of BBC/Time-Life Television. Save this page for a handy reference guide.

Check your local listing for time and PBS Channel.

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Erratum

On page 27 of the February 22, 1980, *Scholastic*, we printed a photograph which we erroneously captioned, "Father Cavanaugh offers advice to Teddy Roosevelt." We were mistaken. The photograph was actually Father John Zahm with Teddy Roosevelt. *Scholastic* regrets the error and apologizes to the University Archives and the author of the article.

The opinions expressed in *Scholastic* are those of the authors and editors of *Scholastic* and do not necessarily represent the opinions of the entire staff and editorial board of *Scholastic* or the University of Notre Dame, its administration, faculty, or the student body.

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LETTERS

The Draft . . .

Editor:

Bob Southard's Perspective essay on registration for conscription (22 February) is an appropriately strong rejection of the lunatic mood which the Carter administration has attempted to settle upon this country. It is hard to tell whether President Carter is more corrupt in his desire to maintain office than incompetent in the means he uses to uphold it. All the while the President salivates virtue, his redneck Georgia bullies engage in political tactics so unethical that they make the Nixon crew seem, in retrospect, like apple-cheeked candidates for a Norman Rockwell painting. At the same time, an incredible *volte-face* like the recent repudiation of the U.N. vote on Israeli West Bank settlements reveals an absence of complexity in judgment so enormous as to make one turn away in humiliation.

Whatever the explanation for Carter's men looking amorously down Pakistani gun barrels or threatening war so that mid-Americans can continue to operate snow blowers and power mowers, the effect of the President's militancy, if unchecked, will be deadly and depressing for our society and our culture. For example, the strengthening of the C.I.A. will give dangerous new freedom to that clandestine group which even now has been violating the modest restrictions laid down by Congress in 1977 against covert use of clergy, journalists, and educators. At Notre Dame we have some sense already of the uneasiness which can affect the University when a trustee identified years ago as a former infiltrator of civil rights and antiwar groups—an unlawful enterprise—simply refused to answer such charges and the administration ignored them. So the charges remain

neither true nor false. Nor does the University seem to have a policy on secret recruiting for the C.I.A. by faculty members. Does it or does it not exist here? Consider then the murky atmosphere which can develop in the academic world were the C.I.A. to be still more unfettered.

For Bob Southard the immediate issue is justifiably the registration of the young. But the whole degenerate anti-Soviet strategy really implies registration for all of us. Registration for the world threatened by two monstrous military forces. Registration for the poor whose lives will become even meaner as money is poured into superfluous arms. Registration for the universities where a miasma of uncertainty and suspicion will pollute trust and candor. Registration even for Mom and her apple pie because, if war does come, Mom will be more significantly cooked than her dessert.

Bob Southard advocates a revolution in our attitudes. I concur. This country is so fair, its traditions so eloquent, its culture so vivid and diverse that another imagination—one not sodden with racist, imperialist, capitalist, banalities and evasions—could give us and the world another kind of power, the power of civilization. On behalf of civilization, therefore, and in our quarrel with oppression, we should risk the incivility that genteel temporizers here and elsewhere caution us against. In the film *The Graduate*, an old businessman whispered to Dustin Hoffman the talismanic word of the future, "plastics." Now, if we want a future, better advice would be to be imperative: "Make trouble."

Joseph Duffy

Last Word . . .

Editor:

I enjoyed your column, *The Last Word*, in the February 22, 1980, issue of *Scholastic*.

Twenty-five years ago when I was at Notre Dame, we stereotyped most of the guys on campus.

I don't think, however, we did it with quite so much color and imagination as you have done. But I guess stereotyping is part and parcel of the college scene whether one went to Notre Dame ante- or post-divuvian.

I enjoy *Scholastic* each time it reaches our house. It keeps me informed of campus activities, which is important because our son, Michael, is now a freshman at Notre Dame.

As an aside, are you by any chance related to Congressman David Satterfield who is a Member of the Virginia Congressional delegation?

All best wishes and personal regards.

Sincerely,

Romano L. Mazzoli
Member of Congress

Third District, Kentucky

Ed.—Along with myself, the entire staff is honored by your letter. Thank you. As to your relation question, I have no knowledge of being related to the Virginia Congressman, but for his and namesake's honor, I hope that he has kept his distance from FBI agents.

Full Value . . .

Editor:

Enclosed is a copy of a letter commenting on the Houck-Williams interview in the November 16, 1979, *Scholastic*. You and your staff certainly did a fine job on that interview.

Keep up the good work!

Cordially,

(Rev.) Oliver F. Williams, C.S.C.

Dear Father Williams and

Dr. Houck:

Although I did not go to Notre Dame, I have been a member of your Arts & Letters Advisory Council for a number of years, and as such receive *Scholastic* magazine. I have just read your interview in the November 16, 1979, issue and the references to your book "Full Value."

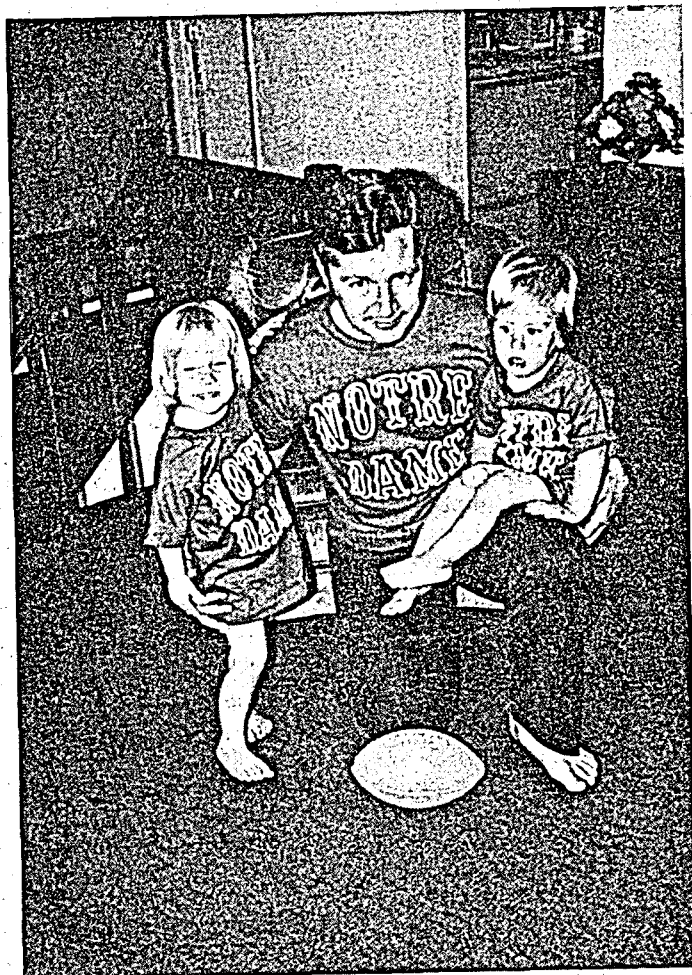
As the Christophers say, it is better to light one candle than to curse the darkness. This is what I have gleaned from your interview: that you have found much that is Christian and good in business and you are trying to build on it. This is tremendous; I'm grateful that this approach is coming from a Catholic base.

I enjoyed your article; now I'll have to read your book. In the meantime, I wanted to let you know that there are some of us out here working hard at it; and, so far—if we're doing what we think we're doing—we're able to prove a few points by being successful.

I wish you every success in your efforts with the students and whom ever else you are trying to reach.

Sincerely,

Paul M. Henkels



Mr. Beznoska and a pair of true-green Irish fans.

One Fan's Reaction

Editor:

As a lifelong "Subway Alumnus," I found Greg Solman's article "Wherefore Art Thou, Fan?" downright disheartening, to say the least. If the students of America's premier university have to be reminded of the importance of what being a fan of Notre Dame football is about, then we, as a nation, are indeed in trouble. Governments may come and go, a president may resign his office and yesterday's enemies become today's friends; but for Notre Dame students not to "shake down the thunder," UNTHINKABLE!

I attended my first Notre Dame game with my father (another subway alumnus) as an 8-year-old boy in 1949. Since that time, I have listened to nearly every game on the radio, watched every Sunday morning replay, and attended over a dozen games in South Bend, Cleveland, and Baltimore. During a 6-year tour of duty in the U.S. Navy, I listened to Notre Dame games on Armed Forces Radio in the Atlantic, Pacific, Arctic, and Indian oceans. And this was during the "Dark Ages of 1958 thru 1963"! Having never attended Notre Dame didn't seem to matter; what did was the tradition, pride, and class characteristic of the University, its students, and teams. That's why Notre Dame has a national following and its SUBWAY ALUMNI; also, why so many schools try to emulate Notre Dame and consider it the "ultimate" to play (and sometimes) beat the BEST!

My wife and I attended last year's USC game and were hoarse for a week afterward; but we were proud of the way Dan Devine's young and injury-riddled team came back time after time. That was a prime example of Notre Dame football. Comes May 3, 1980, we'll drive up from Cleveland with our 2 children to watch the Blue-Gold game. (See enclosed photo.) Why? Because WE are Notre Dame F-A-N-S!

I'd like to share with you and your readers an excerpt from a letter I received from Mr. Douglas Looney of *Sports Illustrated* concerning Notre Dame: "Indeed, despite being a University of Colorado graduate, I love Notre Dame like my own." Can the student body do any less?

P.S. Enclosed is my check for \$7.00 for a subscription to the *Scholastic*.

Norman J. Beznoska Jr.

One-Issue Voting

by Joe Willke

Abortion is killing—there's really no way around that. People can (and do) debate the utilitarian value of human life, but it really doesn't alter the fact that abortion is killing. Unfortunately, some wish to distinguish between human life and "meaningful" human life. This philosophy opens a Pandora's box: who shall live, who shall die and who are we to judge? My concern is, however, not to debate abortion but to explore the political attitudes rising in the midst of the abortion fray—in particular, the phenomenon so often dubbed "one issue voting."

In October, at the onset of the first "National Conference on Abortion," Father Hesburgh criticized "one issue" (i.e., abortion) voting in a controversial statement. He claimed "we have witnessed the fact that political candidates who agree 95 per cent with Catholic principles of social justice in most issues of public policy have been defeated by their opposition on this one issue. . . ." On the surface, the criticism seems reasonable, and yet something strikes a dissonant chord. Perhaps this political position can be seen in a different light if we shift the scene from the present back to the mid-sixties at the height of the civil rights struggle. Imagine a candidate who agreed "95 per cent with Catholic principles of social justice in most issues of public policy" and yet disagreed on *this* "one issue." Even if this candidate did agree "95 per cent with Catholic principles of social justice," how could a Christian in good conscience vote for a racist? Could Fr. Hesburgh, so actively involved in

this struggle, have voted for a racist, even if this candidate agreed "95 per cent with Catholic principles of social justice" and differed on just *this* "one issue"? Somehow, Fr. Hesburgh's position is flawed.

The basic inadequacy of this stance lies in the unspoken assumption that all social justice issues are on equal footing. It does not allow for a hierarchical system of values; a system in which certain values supersede others and create the foundation upon which others will rest. For instance, can one really talk about one's right to a fair wage, one's right to religious liberty, or one's right to free speech if one does not first grant the right to life? Certain rights are, despite opinions to the contrary, more fundamental than others, and the most basic of these rights is a person's right to life. Indeed, the very cornerstone of our society is the right to life. Is it consistent with our beliefs that one person may take the life of another for economic, social or political reasons? Obviously not, except in the example of abortion.

Perhaps the Pro-Life position is more accurately understood not as "one issue voting" but as "pre-requisite voting." That is to say, to hold public office in this land, a person must uphold certain basic human rights. The person who publicly condones the killing of thousands disqualifies himself from holding public office. In a sense, the abortion controversy becomes a civil rights issue when pushed into the political arena. An entire segment of our population is denied its rights, in-

cluding the right to life.

There are many ways beside abortion to be antilife, as any Christian must realize. Sometimes we find that neither candidate passes even the most fundamental of Christian hopes whether or not he is anti-abortion. It is a nebulous area, to be sure, but when one votes, one must realize the grave questions raised by "one issue." There is not a more fundamental right than one's right to life. There is perhaps no greater peril to our society than the silent killing aimed at the weakest, most defenseless member of that society. One in every four pregnancies now ends in abortion. Far more lives have been snuffed out by abortion than the casualties suffered by our country in all of its wars *combined*.

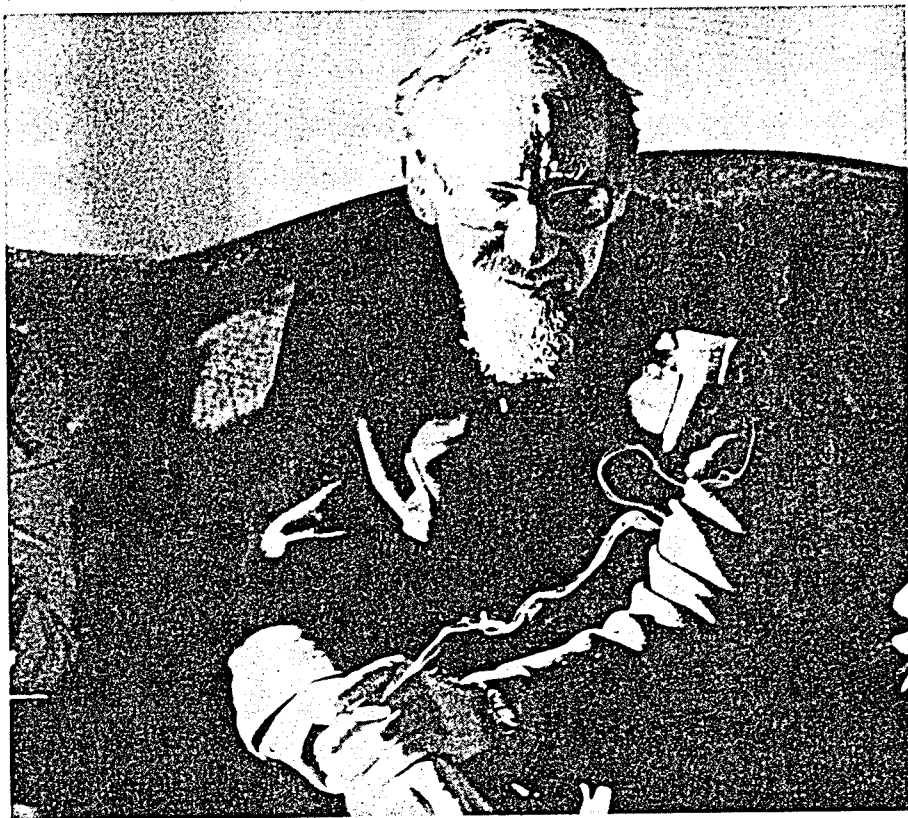
Not since the days of slavery has this country given one group of people the right to take another's life. But that is exactly what has happened concerning abortion. One cannot blindly cling to the belief that abortion is "just another issue." It cuts to the very roots of that which we as Christians hold true. To pass it off as just another issue is repugnant. Passing the issue off shows not only a fatally narrow vision, but also a dubiously superficial one. Perhaps one should not vote solely on a candidate's stance on abortion, but few issues have greater ramifications or demand a more urgent reply. □

Joe Willke is a French/theology major. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.

BOOKS

Not Just Another Survivor

by Marshall Stevens



He has risen above an ambience of violence and bloodshed, of fear and repression. The Holocaust. The concentration camp. The Gestapo.

But his soft-spoken manner, his gentle reserve and affectionate humor betray another underpinning ethos—that of 32 years in the Jewish *kibbutz*.

He fought in two wars on the Israeli side, yet admires Anwar Sadat as a man "of great courage and vision." He is a humanist; he is a Zionist. He is admired by literary giants like Saul Bellow and Robert Graves and, many say, justifiably so. He is John Auerbach.

"It is the moral and ethical issues that are important in writing," he said of his writing style. "My influences have been Cervantes and Dostoyevsky, Conrad, Faulkner and Bellow. If you go down that checklist you find this in common — they are all moralists. What is more important? We are all human, aren't we?"

Auerbach recently made his third public appearance in the United States at the Sophomore Literary Festival. He was brought to Notre

Dame under the auspices of visiting Fellow Anthony Kerrigan and Anthropology Professor Kenneth Moore who are, along with Auerbach and Saul Bellow, in the process of a collaborative effort to translate the Spanish political philosophy book, *The Rebellion of the Masses*, written by José Ortega y Gasset. An interesting project, if only because of the intermixture of Irish Catholics and Jews who are working to complete the task.

Auerbach, who has rarely spoken before predominantly Christian audiences, found his Notre Dame experience rewarding and surprising.

"It was not of my expectations," he remarked. "The name of Notre Dame was, to me, representative of the Catholic University . . . but I found everyone to be quite responsive and interested."

Auerbach, author of numerous short stories, is in many ways an anomalous and independent thinker, though he modestly claims to pose only the right questions, not to hold the answers. One area in which he differs from the American percep-

tion of the mainstream (he would argue that the image is not as representative as we Americans might think) is the subject of Zionism.

"I am very much a Zionist," he emphasizes. "But I do not espouse the brand of Zionism that has become popular. Begin's Zionism is not my Zionism. I support the Jews' rights to individual freedom and existence. On the other hand, I support the Arab cause not to be ruled either, the right to their existence . . . which is not to say that I support the PLO."

The media have tended to make it seem as if men were fighting endlessly over land and pride. Auerbach in general paints a different picture of the Arab-Israeli conflict. He insists that many Jews and Arabs are making genuine, sincere, concerted efforts to communicate and live harmoniously. The West Bank and the Gaza Strip, for instance, are not such a superseding point of controversy in Israel.

"(Not giving in) has been a matter of policy, not pride," he remarked with a brooding sense of concern. "Even within the party there are varying opinions. I think that this issue has entailed a waste of manpower, money and the good name of Israel."

Auerbach has noticed inconsistencies in the world-wide media coverage on the state of Israel. While there has been much ado about the conflicts that have arisen over various issues, little else has drawn attention.

"Where was the coverage of the demonstration of the organization called Peace Now in Tel Aviv?" he asked plaintively. "There were over 100,000 people there, and they were not even politically oriented. It was a grass-roots organization."

Auerbach has also become somewhat wary of those who too often try to link the policies of the State of Israel with the religion of Judaism.

"Aba Ibin has told me that nowadays, if he put the Ten Commandments up for a vote in the United Nations, he would automatically have 108 votes working against him."

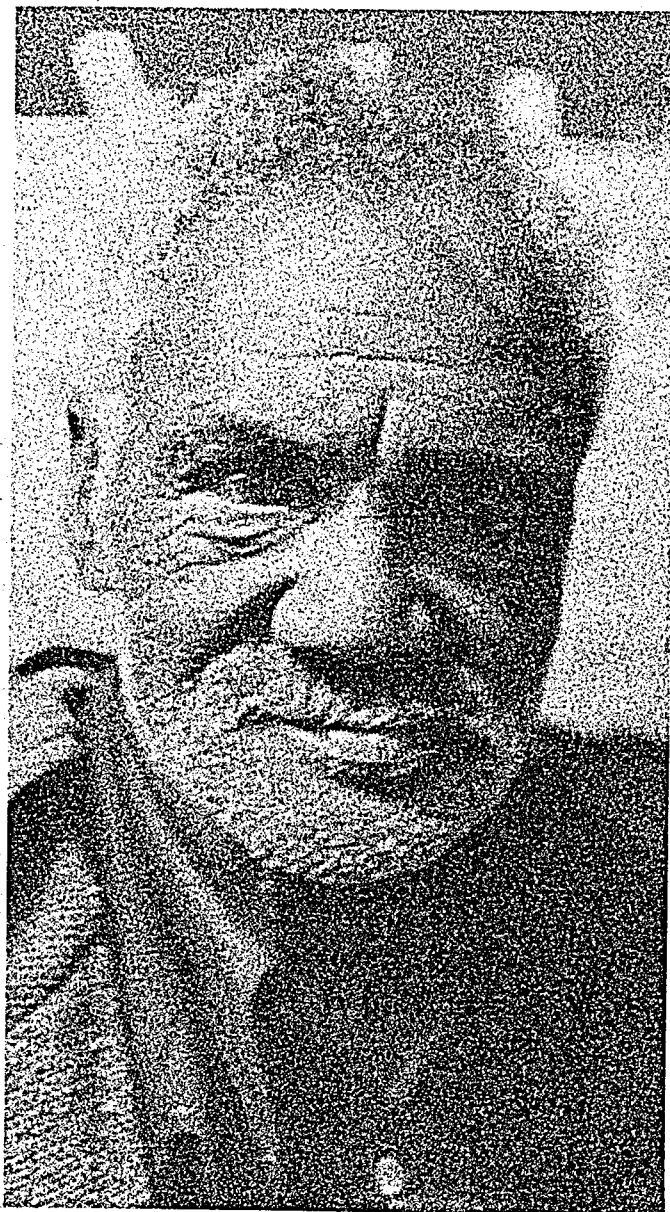
Answers are not the "angst" of the Auerbach philosophy. However, he did mention that a "change of leadership in Israel" would help the state of affairs. "I cannot, of course, foresee the outcome of this, though."

Auerbach is currently living outside of Boston and is in the process of writing a novel. □

Everyone's Problem:

Neglecting the Elderly

by Cathy Wisniewski



Anyone who has visited southern Florida is acutely aware of one fact: there are literally thousands of elderly people. The blue-white hair of the women and the slow, measured steps of the men scream to you that yes, indeed, the elderly are rapidly growing in number. The wide variety of programs which have become available is reassuring; day care centers, rehabilitation programs and various other services have either lately been initiated or have been revised and updated. But many problems still remain. Quite a few elderly people do not know that such programs exist; the bureaucratic left hand believes the right hand publicized the program and vice versa. What is more, the elderly are even discriminated against in housing and employment.

Perhaps one of the least known problems of the aged is elderly abuse; recent articles in *Newsweek*

and *Parade Magazine* have attempted to bring this problem to the public eye. It is estimated that between 500,000 and one million elderly people are physically and psychologically abused each year. And from recent evidence, these numbers will not diminish. As with abused wives and children, the number of unreported cases can only be guessed at.

The stories of abuse are shocking. Suzanne Steinmetz from the University of Delaware has authored several books on family violence and cites numerous examples in her studies. Some include a 19-year-old woman confessing to torturing her 81-year-old father and chaining him to a toilet for seven days, hitting him with a hammer when he was sleeping. Also in Chicago a 69-year-old father was charged with involuntary manslaughter after his son died during a scuffle with him. "I just couldn't stand for him to beat on

me," he said. Other forms of physical abuse include withholding of food, medicine, and personal care.

The abuse can also be verbal, ranging from yelling at the older persons about how worthless they are and what a burden they are to the family, to threats of continued abuse if the elderly person does not "behave." Often the elderly person is abused or threatened in hopes of gleaning a pension check or a change in the elderly person's will. Because many of the elderly are so utterly dependent on their children for care, these threats often yield results.

One explanation for this verbal abuse may be the deep frustration many adults feel as a result of caring for an elderly person. It appears that the adults reach the breaking point when the care of a senile, bed-ridden parent becomes too great a burden emotionally. It is extremely

difficult, experts say, for children to be suddenly the parent; this role reversal can be a devastating experience. With increased public awareness, it is hoped that hot lines can be established whereby adults who suddenly feel they can no longer cope with the situation can call for help. Also, the establishment of more day-care centers may relieve tension caused by the adult having to remain at home all day; these day-care centers give the attention needed by many elderly people who do not require nursing care, just a watchful eye.

With these recent revelations about elderly abuse, it is obvious that these people are not all living out their "happy golden years" in peace. With the increased life expectancy that we have come to know in the past decades, the number of elderly people continues to grow. Yet, here in America, their lives cease to be of any social importance after they are 65. Their experiences in work and life lie essentially dormant; they live for bingo games and visits from their children and grandchildren. Suzanne Steinmetz has written: "The aged are at the end of their economically productive life, which is the basis on which our culture values individuals and provides them with deference, status, respect and rewards."

Possibly as a direct result of these cultural values, the elderly have few, if any, rights. As reported in *Newsweek*, only eleven states now require physicians and other professions to report elderly abuse cases to the authorities; another eleven are considering them. Even if the laws do exist, there is often difficulty in enforcing them. Whereas the laws now require that anyone who deals with children regularly report the suspicions of abuse or risk a fine, Connecticut is one of the few states that requires the same report if elderly abuse is suspected. At the federal level, there is no law which explicitly protects the elderly, but now there is a domestic-violence bill pending before the Senate that could provide assistance.

It is difficult to number the abused elderly. While children and women come in contact daily with friends and teachers, the elderly often do not have this contact if they are sick or house-ridden. If no one in the family reports the abuse, the elderly person must get in contact with the authorities himself; this is often difficult for them because many parents would find it impossible to sign an arrest warrant for a son or



daughter, no matter how badly they had been abused.

With the elderly population continuing to grow, it is obvious something must be done about these grave and shocking revelations. Because of our culture, the elderly have no place in society, save that of grandparent. Because the elderly offer no productivity in terms of dollars and cents, we write them off as useless. But cannot the same thing be said about children and even students? Students are not part of the real job market except during the

summer, but yet no one ever ignores them as useless.

The elderly certainly are a far superior reservoir of talent; one can envy their 45 years of work experience. How many times do people wish for more experience? Yet, the public shelves this experience after the age of 65.

Perhaps more important than the elderly's work experience is their knowledge of life; its problems, joys, and rewards are a part of their past as well as their future. They are reminders of the horrible loneli-

ness of war, the pain of a broken relationship, or the hardship and difficulty in making do with less in rough economic times; but they also can tell of the joys of success, and the power of love. They are living proof that life is full, rich and rewarding.

But society turns away from them. When the elderly begin to need a little extra care, there seems to be no time. Once, they had time for everyone, but in the busy world, society can find no time for them.

These overflowing reserves of wisdom and knowledge reside often unnecessarily in nursing homes. Or they reside with family members who complain about them and abuse them. Why do other cultures embrace the elderly, give them a place of honor in family life, while America throws them away like garbage? We have advanced so much in our society so as to place a value on the human life in terms of productivity and usefulness; the elderly seem to be considered all debits and no credits. Maybe if America hides them away in nursing homes, even though they don't need to be there, or if it appropriates more money to the Social Security fund, the elderly will stay out of the way and won't disturb society as it goes about its vital business.

It appears that abuse of the elderly is a venting of frustrations. Possibly the frustration results from some perceived "disruption" of normal lives, or, even more likely, from not knowing how to cope with suddenly old parents or relatives. The elderly do not fit into any understandable mold; they are not unemployed, students, engineers or doctors. The question of who should care for the elderly is emotionally draining, to say the least.

Maybe children can demand this kind of care because it is known that someday they will be adults and take care of themselves. Parents, conversely, are not "allowed" to be dependent; this is not the role by which they are understood. But the fact remains that understanding must begin soon; the elderly are growing in number every year. Perhaps the most likely explanation for the lack of respect for the elderly stems from one idea: that old people remind society that aging is inevitable. This reminder is shunned because in this youth-geared culture, "old" is a curse. By treating the elderly with deference and respect, society will be able to insure for the future a comfortable and rewarding maturity for each of its members. □

PERSPECTIVE

title nine

by Beth LaRocca

"No person in the United States shall, on the basis of sex, be excluded from participation in, be denied the benefits of, or be subjected to discrimination under any education program, or activity, receiving Federal financial assistance."

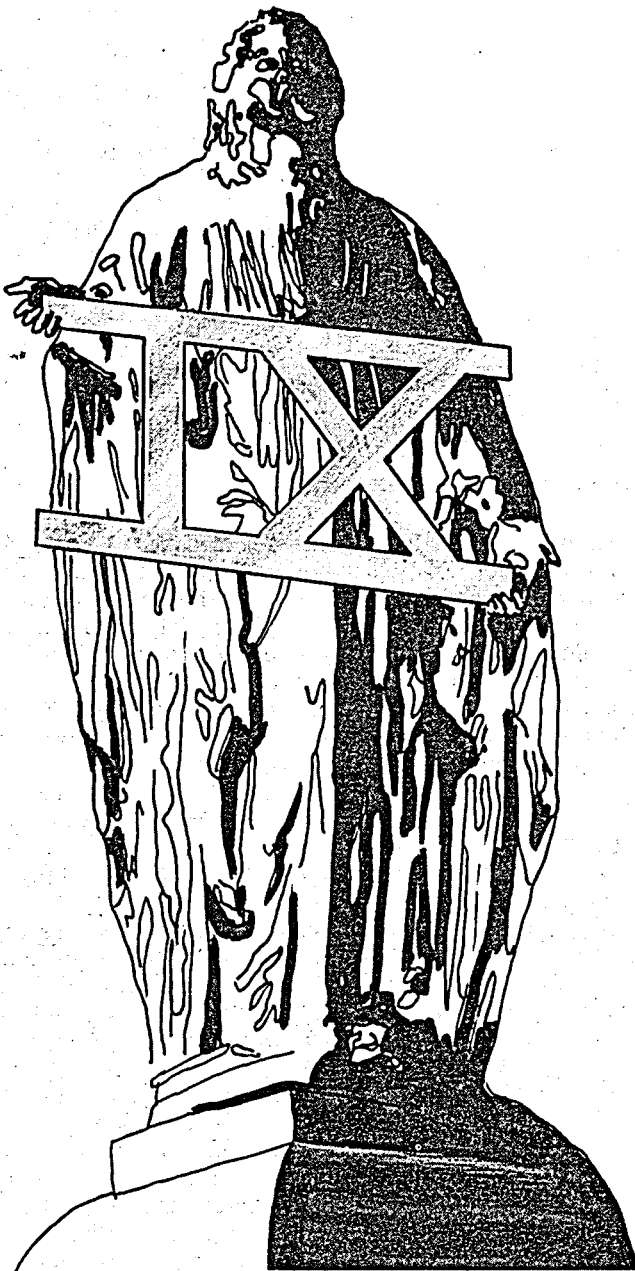
This Amendment to the Civil Rights Act of 1964, perhaps better known as Title IX, has been a controversial issue at colleges and universities throughout the country and especially here at the University of Notre Dame. As a female, and more importantly, as a concerned student athlete, I have read the Title IX regulations. I did not find them to be "ambiguous" and "unreasonable" as has been said so often by Notre Dame administrators.

As a matter of fact, I found Title IX to be quite reasonable—especially since there are so many "loopholes." The Policy Interpretation, itself, provides many avenues for compliance with the regulation. The Policy Interpretation states that: "Athletic interest and abilities of male and female students must be equally effectively accommodated." The importance of the inclusion of the words "interests" and "abilities" in this broad interpretation cannot

be overlooked. The difference in athletic interests and/or athletic abilities of male and female students is an acceptable reason for different per capita average expenditures.

The regulations also state that: "Institutions will be in compliance if the compared program components are equivalent, that is, equal or equal in effect. Under this standard, identical benefits, opportunities, or treatment are not required, provided the overall effect of any differences is negligible. A finding of compliance may still be justified if the differences are the result of non-discriminatory factors." With statements like these, why is it that Notre Dame cannot come up with a feasible plan to comply with the regulations?

I attended both "question and answer" sessions in the Grace Hall Pit. The first was held with the Associate Athletic Director, Col. Jack Stephens (but the person that should have conducted the session was Fr. Edmund Joyce, who was "conveniently" busy). The second was held with Fr. Hesburgh (in one of his rare appearances on campus). I happened to get a chance to direct a question to Fr. Hesburgh. I asked him, "Do you think the University would have



been better prepared or better equipped to handle the new Title IX ruling if you had in some way tried to comply with the first ruling?" I must have caught him off guard because his answer was definitely not proper for a man of his stature. He replied, "Well, we've always thought that it was rather stupid."

With that statement in mind, am I to infer that Fr. Hesburgh and the University of Notre Dame are above the law? Obviously not, but Fr. Hesburgh is definitely setting a poor

example. How can someone who worked so closely with the Civil Rights Act of 1964 (and continues to advocate civil rights), ignore it when it knocks at his own back door?

Perhaps the problem lies in the administration's conjectures concerning the attitudes of the female athletes. Most, if not all, females (including nonathletes) are not in favor of granting the 29 or so grants-in-aid that would be necessary for compliance with Title IX.

Gradual growth in women's athletics is necessary; in fact, it is imperative.

The women cannot and do not expect to have the same things that belong to the men's varsity teams, for example. There are many reasons for this. First, the development of women's athletics must not come overnight; it must be gradual. Second, the men's program and the women's program is different. For men, college athletics is often a stepping-stone for professional sports. Not so for women (with the exception of the unstable women's basketball league). Consequently, the philosophies and emphasis of the two programs are different.

What the female athletes really want (even more than varsity status) is competent leadership in the form of competent coaches and a competent administration. Sure, it would be nice to have tutors, practice greens, laundry benefits and all the other "extras" that accompany varsity status but, after you have been involved in the women's program (at any level—club or varsity), you realize that the all important factors—competent, qualified, coaching—is missing.

So why can't the University design a plan for compliance with Title IX that incorporates the student's ideas? The regulations state: "Any college or university that has compliance problems but is implementing a plan that the Department determines will correct those problems within a reasonable period of time, will be found in compliance." This statement easily gives you "room to breathe."

So, what's the holdup, Notre Dame? Let's formulate a plan for implementing Title IX. Inform the students of your plans—especially those concerning already existing, nonrevenue-producing sports. Come on Notre Dame, get off your high horse and do something before it is too late—because you have everything to lose if you don't. □

Beth LaRocca is a senior from Homewood, Illinois. This is her first contribution to Scholastic.

The Notre Dame Gigolo

by Stephen Kotz and Michael "Hymie" Heaney

In recent weeks, there has been an increasing amount of empty rhetoric concerning sexism and interpersonal relationships flying on gilded, hollow wings around this campus. I believe the time has come for the authority to speak. With the aid of some Chapin Street contacts, I found the authority. A mutual friend, who wishes to remain anonymous, set up a meeting. I first met them a week ago, midnight, behind Badin Hall. The gigolo and his ghost writer agreed. Four days later, on a cold, misty quarter-moon night, we met again in the parking lot behind LeMans Hall. I handed them a manila envelope stuffed with 100 ten-spots. They handed me the following manuscript. A note of caution before reading on: This is not a pretty story. But it is a story that must be told.

Dave Satterfield
Editor-in-Chief

I am twenty-two, I have a gin hangover, and I do not know the name of the woman in whose bed I woke this morning. Since I was fourteen—through no fault of my own—women have lusted after me. I did not create their passion, I merely exploited it. . . . I am the Notre Dame gigolo.

Something about me attracted them. Even at a young age, I noticed that I could have any girl I wanted . . . and I've had many. By merely gazing into their eyes, I could set women passionately afire, melting their resistance like ice in the summer sun. I never really thought about my success, it just came naturally.

In high school, nobody considered my conquests particularly remarkable. I grew up in a free environment, with friends who were as sexually well adjusted as myself. But when I came to Notre Dame and found myself surrounded by tortured, pimply-faced domers, I became a cult figure. Guys flocked to me from all around campus for advice. But what could I tell them? I myself do not understand my irresistible charm.

I try to lead a normal life, but between the flocks of women calling me and the hordes of advice seekers hanging around my apartment, I don't get much sleep.

It can be irritating sometimes. I can't shave without somebody barging in and asking me what cologne I use; I can't step out on the quad without two or three broads offering to light my Tiparillo; last month, I even had to have my phone disconnected. Still, it's all part of the job—and I'm good at it.

But hey, being a gigolo has got its advantages. I make good money, and I enjoy my work. There is nothing I want that I don't have. I haven't paid for a suit of clothes since I've been in college. And I dress impeccably: Ralph Lauren suits, Christian Dior silk shirts, Yves St. Laurent ties, and Gucci accessories. I rent a comfortable pad downtown, and my Corvette does 150.

But what keeps me in the business are the people I help. Every time I take some sexually repressed, troubled, and alienated coed, and awaken the woman within her, I feel fulfilled. A good gigolo is more than just a stud. He is a psychiatrist, confidant, and lover all rolled into one.

A gigolo meets them all. I remember the first trick I ever turned at Notre Dame. She was a senior and the captain of the cheerleading squad. I was only a freshman, although I, of course, looked older. Sitting in the fifteenth row, at my first home football game, I caught her eye. She kept looking at me throughout the game, and, by halftime, I knew she was mine.

We met after the game.

"Do you like football?" she asked.

"No, but the huddles are alright," I said.

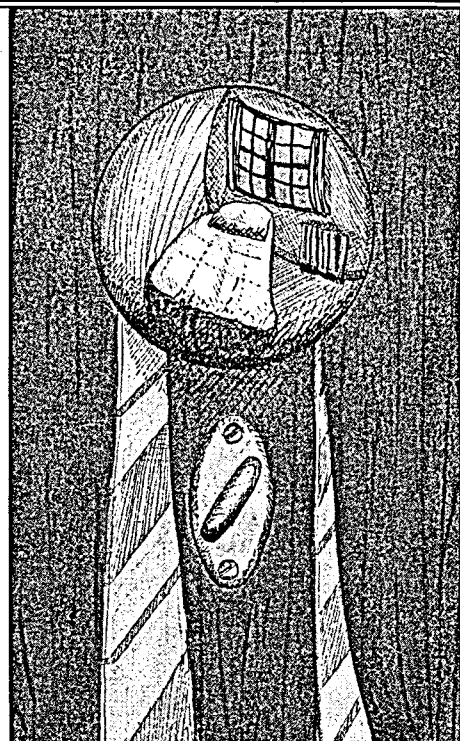
"Then come to my room at ten . . ."

If I had known then what I know today, I would have charged that doll an extra \$20 for what was to follow. Arriving at her room, I found her dressed in a green jersey and gold helmet.

Tossing me similar garb, she giggled, "You can't play football without a uniform!"

"But I don't have a contract," I replied coolly, "and pros never play without one."

Then she slipped me a crisp \$20 bill, and picking up a football, she faded back like a quarterback, giggling, "Sack me! . . . Sack me! . . ."



Most of the time, though, a gigolo's life is not that spectacular. Many of my clients are lonely and just want someone to talk to.

I remember one customer particularly well. She was very pretty—yeah, too pretty. All of the domers craved her body and never stopped to wonder if she had a mind. I knew better. My instinct told me that it was companionship, not sex, she wanted. And like all my other clients, I satisfied her. For \$50 an hour, I was her intellectual stud. We played chess, went to foreign films, and read poetry. Never once did I lay a hand on her.

But don't get me wrong. My body is my biggest asset, and I take good care of it. I follow a rigorous, daily exercise schedule to preserve my lean figure. To maintain stamina, I jog five miles a day. To build up strength, for those occasions when I am asked to get rough, I do pushups and perform a favorite exercise rite of mine—sit-ups while hanging from the ceiling. Finally, to maintain my muscle tone, I perform gymnastics.

A gigolo must exercise to survive. My body undergoes a lot of abuse. On Thursday, it might be some SMC chick who is into giving me cigarette burns

(that's \$50 extra). Friday, it may be some babe who likes it rough, and I might have to throw all 130 pounds of her across the room to loosen her up. Some other night I might have to down five or six gin and tonics before some doll will work up the courage to bring me home. (Even a stud like myself has trouble performing with that much alcohol in his system.) And remember, I'm also a full-time student. Very few bodies can take a routine like that.

I realize that my livelihood depends on sex appeal. While many people resent being loved only for their body, I have no qualms about it. As another illustrious domer once said, "I know I'm just a piece of meat, but I'm a good one." And I am fulfilling a necessary role on the Notre Dame campus. I am the one sex object this place has. Take me away and the entire female community will waste away from unrequited lust.

Could anything ever make me give it up? Probably not. Maybe if I met some very attractive and extremely wealthy woman who wanted a live-in lover, I'd consider it. But until then, I'm very happy doing what I'm doing.

I have a job which most men only dream about. I am the Notre Dame gigolo. □



"Gee, that guy gets all the girls."

MITCHELL LIFTON

Notre Dame's "Hired Hand"

by Greg Solman

A couple of years ago, Mitchell Lifton rode from out of the "Wild West" like a hero from one of the western movies he has made.

There were, however, a few minor variations in the scenario. Lifton wasn't packing a loaded revolver at his side, but, rather, some fresh ideas on education in his head. What he found upon his arrival was not dusty streets and black-toothed outlaws waiting to gun him down at high noon, but a department chair waiting for him, a program in Speech and Drama badly in need of revamping, and an Administration open to Lifton's plans to bring the state of that department "out of its 19th-century disciplinary cubbyhole."

You could say, to stretch the analogy further, that there's a new sheriff in town.

Lifton, the department chairman and professor, is no longer Lifton, the Hollywood producer and screenwriter. Still, vestiges of the old Lifton remain. Occasionally, forgetting he is not among the California filmmaking elite, he'll expound upon a "healthy Verfremdungseffekt," or speak of verisimilitude, the cinema aficionado's term for what Henry James would call "felt life."

But, then, that's only natural. The buzzwords of one's profession are hard to lose. And Lifton appears to be in no hurry to disavow his Hollywood past, where he left his artistic signature etched in more than a few early endeavors.

First, it was screenwriting for John Beck Productions of Hollywood in 1956. Lifton wrote "Yerma" and "The Man Who Thought He Was Dead," and did various other

"treatments" of screenplays—a job, he claims, that is not as glorious as it sounds.

"One day they'll hand you a script and say, 'The broad has got to jump out of the window,' and you'll answer, 'But, she lives in a one-room shack in the desert . . . ' and they'll say, 'Well, put in a cactus or something. Anyway, fix it.'" Lifton shakes his head and chuckles. "And you'll fix it."

Between 1956 and 1966, Lifton taught English and Humanities at San Francisco State College where he was educated, and where he met his French-born wife, Jacqueline, who is a painter and printmaker. He also taught at the University of California at Berkeley, taking a year off in 1960 to become a production assistant for Studios Apsome in Paris.

After pouring out of the ivory towers, it was filmmaking and screenwriting for the next ten years, as Lifton worked with such notable screen moguls as Gregory Peck, Robert Wise, Mark Robson and Norman Jewison in various capacities. And *did he travel* . . . sixteen foreign countries over a twenty-five-year period, including some rather lengthy stays.

During that period, Lifton acquired his major film credits, co-producing Universal Pictures' *The Hired Hand*, a western starring Peter Fonda, Warren Oates and Verna Bloom, and United Artists' *Billy Two Hats*, which starred Gregory Peck, Jack Warden, and Desi Arnaz, Jr. Lifton worked as London Casting Director on the Robert Stigwood (of RSO fame)/Norman Jewison production *Jesus Christ*

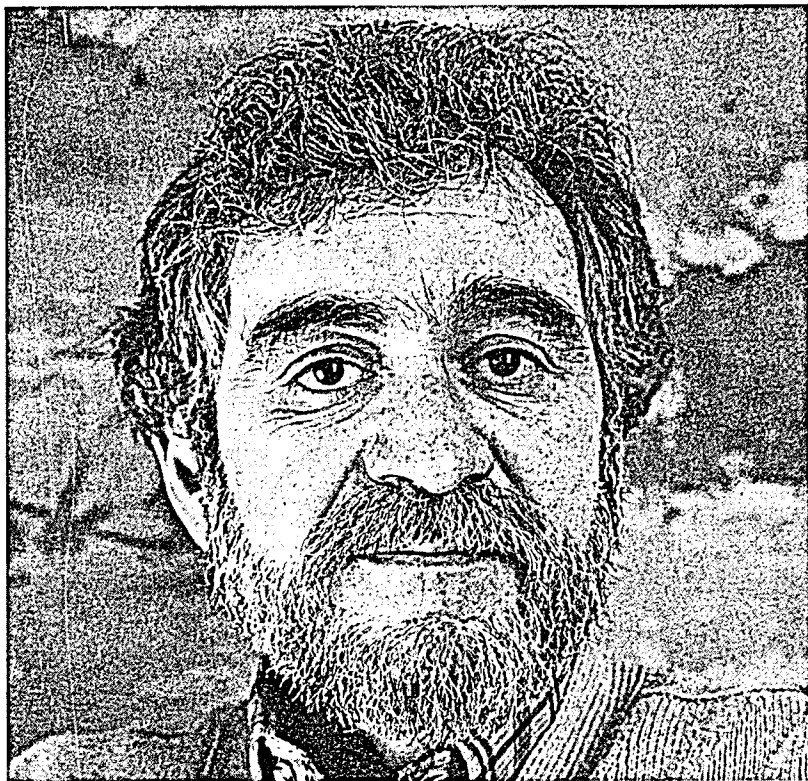
Superstar, and was a postproduction executive under Jewison for *Fiddler on the Roof*.

While in London, Lifton formed his own production company, acquiring the rights to various literary works of Norman Mailer, Herbert Gold, James Agee, Alan Sharp and Arthur C. Clarke, among others, for possible future use.

Now he's back to teaching, and happy about the results. He's happy to be smoking cigars and raising beers with students, rather than sipping martinis and "making connections" with the Hollywood elite. Happy, even to be shoveling snow, as opposed to the mud and ashes that were left on his doorstep two years ago when brushfires swept through the outskirts of L.A. Happy, finally, to have left Hollywood behind: a city he cites as being "built upon the premise of impermanence."

"I got sick to death of looking at Gucci loafers," he quips when asked about his recent change of lifestyle. "I really loved making films and still do. But, more than anything else, I left Hollywood because I really missed teaching."

It happened in a hotel in Montreal last summer. Those who aspire to make film, and even some who do, can only dream of such things. Lifton and his wife turned on the television before retiring. An American station was broadcasting the CBS late-night movie across the border. Flickering images of light and celluloid coalesced to form familiar patterns recognizable to them both.



Mitchell Lifton

"It was *The Hired Hand*," he recalls. "They had renamed it something like 'The Lady and the Bandit.'" Naturally, Lifton stayed up to watch.

Lifton is a stranger neither to the cutting room nor the classroom. His new position as Chairman is one more addition to a growing list that is a curious pastiche of teaching, screenwriting and producing.

First on Lifton's list of priorities were the department changes; he felt that because of the dramatic growth of the department in recent years, it must articulate for itself a more precise sense of its identity.

Lifton attempted the Herculean task by "finding a common theoretical base" for all three components of the department: film, communication and theatre. The major will be required to take more credit hours (from twenty-four to thirty) and the courses themselves will be restructured next fall "in an attempt to put more academic heft into the program.

"We're not advocating a blurring—a loss of identity—between one component and another as has been intimated by some," Lifton says of the new Department of Communication and Theatre. "What has been suggested is an evolving system of thought which enables us to look at a variety of disciplines from a

unified viewpoint that does not rob us of individual personality or identity."

And what does he think, now that it is in the final approval process? "It's one of the most advanced, innovative, interdisciplinary programs in the undergraduate level in the country," he beams.

"Working in splendid isolation is often working in shabby isolation," Lifton warns. "There's a tremendous amount of enrichment to be gained by everybody in breaking down the 19th-century notion of the disciplinary cubbyhole.

"We're a hundred years too late," adds Lifton with a shrug at his shoulders. "But, better late than never, right?"

And, as it might have happened in a western movie, it all started in a small town in the dead center of Mexico called Aguascalientes . . . provincial, population of about 15,000, hotter than hell. Lifton could almost be Mexican, instead of what he is (Jewish of Russian ancestry). With his full salt-and-pepper beard, wiry hair and doleful eyes, one can almost envision him peeking out from beneath a sombrero on a hot day in Tijuana.

His upbringing in that town may not explain Lifton's predilection for the Western Genre, but it does explain his early interest in film.

"We had four movie theatres in that town," recalls Lifton. "But more importantly, when I was ten, we moved to Los Angeles where the film world was all around you. Your classmates either were or lived around movie people, or people connected with the industry like musicians. It was a big industry in the 1940's and 50's."

Lifton went on to involve himself in theatre, working within the San Francisco Actors' Workshop, the Hollywood Stage Society, the Interplayers Theatre and the University of California Theatre.

In many ways, his life has been one big project after another. It is not surprising, then, that Lifton has another one in the offing.

Lifton, and others outside the University system, are currently in the planning stages of a possible Center for Critical Studies. It would ideally be a multi-institutional, nationwide grouping, which would have as its function the teaching and development of a body of practical, working critics in the arts to try to bridge the existing gap between theory and practice in the arts.

Lifton makes it no secret that he does not cotton to today's critics. Of Gene Siskel and Roger Ebert, Chicago television film critics, Lifton says, for instance, "Those two couldn't critique their way out of a paper bag.

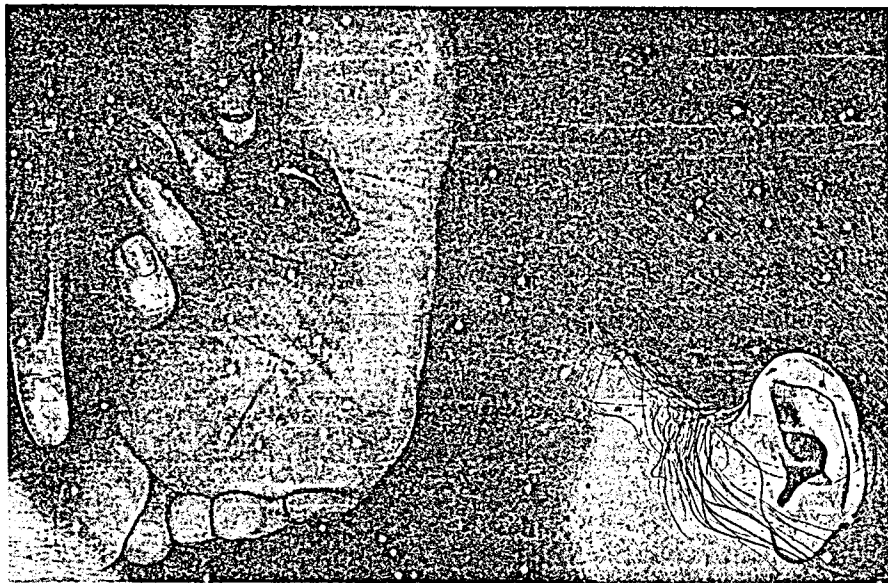
"If sports editors hired as many incompetents to write about sports as features editors hire recycled sportswriters to write about the arts," Lifton surmises "they'd be in very serious trouble.

"At a place where there is an emphasis on the inculcation of values, it is important that we explore the nature of the beast, film education, so as to really understand how to put this tool to use, and also, the ways in which we can be manipulated by it," Lifton asserts.

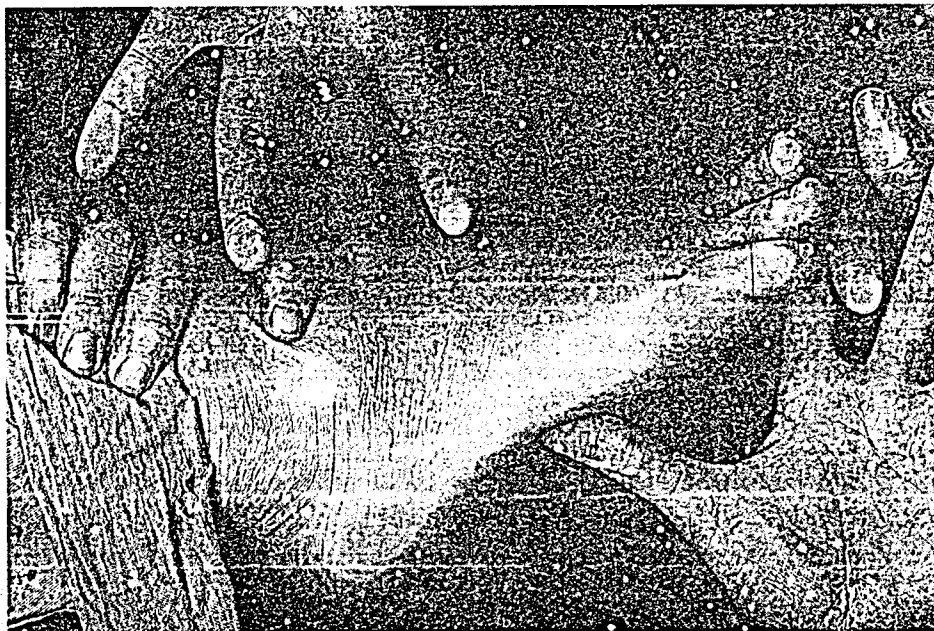
"We are wrong to think that we can successfully emphasize values while ignoring the principal cultural fountain pen with which values are written upon society as a whole."

So, Mitchell Lifton, the professor, is back in the saddle again and riding hard, the sun slowly setting in the western sky and "Scene one" fading to dark.

But stick around. The plot is just beginning to thicken. □



***Eileen O'Meara
Theresa Rebeck***





by Mark Hinchman

It's no surprise that Marvin Hamlisch's first play after "A Chorus Line" and Neil Simon's first musical after writing "Promises, Promises" over ten years ago, is a success. Add to this the talents of popular lyricist Carole Bayer Sager, who writes for Aretha Franklin, Leo Sayer, Liza Minnelli, The Captain and Tennille, Judy Collins, Carly Simon, Dolly Parton, and Frank Sinatra, and you've got "They're Playing Our Song," which starred Robert Klein and Lucie Arnaz on Broadway, and which is currently playing in Chicago with Victor Gerber and Ellen Greene.

Where did Marvin Hamlisch, a graduate of the Juilliard School of Music and an academy-award-winning composer who cohabited with Carole Bayer Sager, his lover and lyricist, come up with the story of Vernon Gersch, a graduate of the Juilliard School of Music and an academy-award-winning composer who cohabited with Sonia Walsk, his lover and lyricist? However they came up with this complicated love story, it is a hit.

Marvin Hamlisch unabashedly states that his writing for "They're Playing Our Song" was "commer-

cial." It was written to be a hit, it was expected to be a hit, and it was a hit. It's no classic like his unprecedented Pulitzer prize-winning "A Chorus Line." But it is a simple love story, accented by well-written songs, a string of hilarious New York apartment jokes, and expensive sets.

The songs are not like a usual Broadway musical score. The cast album, on the Casablanca label, plays like a popular album. Most of the songs sound like something off the Top 40 chart. This is not surprising as in the play one of Vernon's and Sonia's songs ("I Still Believe in Love") is on the Top 40 chart. Many of the songs are mellow ballads ("Fallin'," "If He Really Knew Me," "Just For Tonight," and "When You're In My Arms") while disco also makes its appearance in "Right."

But I don't want to turn away disco-haters. "They're Playing Our Song" is no "Saturday Night Fever" moved uptown, although the best scene occurs in New York's Le Club disco; Vernon can't dance, and Sonia hates "the crazy disco things" that Vernon does to her lyrics.

While in Le Club, Vernon and Sonia hear their own respective hit songs being played. The same song is cleverly used to represent each of their songs; "They're Playing My Song" is sung by both Vernon Gersch and Sonia Walsk, but it is Sonia's version, sung by Lucie Arnaz in New York, and by Ellen Greene in Chicago, that is the highlight of the show.

The only risky part in the planning of "They're Playing Our Song" was the innovative casting. Robert Klein is most famous for his Grammy Award-winning comedy albums. Lucie Arnaz proved that she's not the talent her mother is, fortunately. While inheriting her mother's comic talents, she luckily did not inherit her voice. Any of the few who saw Lucille Ball in either her movie musical, "Mame," or her Broadway musical, "Wildcat" will attest to the fact that Lucie Arnaz got her vocal talents from her father, Desi Arnaz. Besides having an excellent voice that is eerily similar to Helen Reddy's, Lucie Arnaz is beautiful, and has great legs which she puts to advantage in her dance performance. "They're Playing Our Song" is Arnaz's first major success, proving that heretofore her many talents went unrecognized.

Her successor in Chicago is equally, if not more so, an unusual ac-

tress. Ellen Greene doesn't portray the character of Sonia Walsk with the same alacrity that Arnaz did, nor does she dance as well, and she speaks with a natural lisp. But during her eight songs throughout the performance of "They're Playing Our Song" her lisp disappears, as do any other faults she may have as she belts out her songs with an extremely powerful voice comparable only to Ethel Merman's.

Victor Gerber is similarly not the comedian that Robert Klein is, and therefore cannot carry off the many jokes that Robert Klein made so hilarious in portraying the cynical Vernon Gersch. But he has a better voice than his New York counterpart, and along with Ellen Greene, the Chicago production of "They're Playing Our Song" is definitely worthwhile. Besides, the Student Union and Cultural Arts Commission trip, tickets are available from Chicago's Shubert Theatre; the play runs until May 10.

Robert Klein is currently a contender for Johnny Carson's replacement. Lucie Arnaz, an actress and herself a songwriter, is currently recording her debut album, made possible by her portrayal of Sonia Walsk, a songwriter and also a recording artist, as based on the life of Carole Bayer Sager, a songwriter and also a recording artist. Got it. Lucie is slated to star opposite Neil Diamond in a remake of "The Jazz Singer." Arnaz will likely become a major talent with "The Jazz Singer" and hopefully with the movie version of "They're Playing Our Song." Barbra Streisand wants to buy, produce, and star in the film version, as she could easily apply her standard New York-Jewish girl act ("Funny Girl," "On a Clear Day You Can See Forever," "What's Up Doc?" etc.) to the role of Sonia Walsk.

Whoever does the film version, let's hope it's as good as the play, which has provided many a memorable evening. Arnaz and Klein added to the excitement one particular evening at last year's Tony Awards by performing their famous scene from "They're Playing Our Song." Their play won few awards against the Tony-sweeper "Sweeney Todd." This is fitting as although the critics also enjoyed "They're Playing Our Song," along with millions of New Yorkers and Chicagoans, it was never taken to be anything more than it is, an extremely well-done, light-comedy musical. Klein was nominated for best actor

(Continued on p. 29)

Shower Stall

by Mac Fitzpatrick

"It's taken," the boy said to the man who threw back the curtain. The boy made a clumsy move to cover himself, even though no one else was in the room. The older man was twenty-five, maybe thirty; he draped his robe over a hook on the wall and stepped into the stall with the boy.

"It's taken," the boy repeated.

The other closed the curtain behind him and stood under the spray of cold water.

"Christ, it's cold, kid."

"I'm sorry, this stall . . . it's *taken*."

The man had a firmly muscled body, and he was taller, huskier than the boy. He slapped off the cold tap and turned on the hot. "That's better," he said, and cupped his hands to splash himself with the water.

"What are you doing here?" the boy said. "There are other open stalls."

"Then go take one."

"I was here first, I won't go."

"Then shut up and shower."

"Please get out of this stall, pal."

"Got a cigaret?"

The boy forced a stupid smile across his face. "Look, I'm not sure if this is a joke yet, so I'm having trouble laughing. But you're not laughing so I don't think it's a joke. In fact, I don't think it's quite normal either, so let's just—"

"Can I borrow your washcloth?"

"Buddy, the soap's drying on my face and there's shampoo suds in my hair, now wouldja please leave?"

"Can I borrow your washcloth first?"

"I'm going to report this to the rector."

"Who do you think he's going to believe: the guy in the shower or the kid walking the halls with soap on his face and shampoo suds in his hair?"

"Well, I wouldn't be walking the halls like that if some idiot hadn't walked into my stall in the middle of my shower. Just wait till I tell the rector—"

"He'll wonder why you didn't go to another stall. Like I suggested."

"Jesus, I don't believe this. I'm not going to another stall, this is my stall—"

"It's only your stall while you're using it."

"And I'm still using it, I haven't left yet and I'm not about to."

"Sure, kid." The man continued to splash hot water onto his body.

"There's not enough room in here for two people," the boy said.

"I don't mind."

"And it's hot in here, why did you turn on the hot?"

"You'll get used to it."

"Whatsa matter with you? It's steaming in here; let me turn on the cold."

"Don't touch the tap, kid."

"Look, buddy, I don't like this, it isn't funny, so wouldja please get the hell out of my stall—"

The man flexed his right arm and unleashed it like a ball from a cannon; his hand smashed barrel-fisted into the boy's midsection, and the boy only had time to gasp for air before he slumped to the floor.

The man opened the hot water tap full power and the boy flinched under the spray as if a jolt of electricity had passed through him.

"Goddamnit," he said and stood up.

"Why did you have to hit me, why did you hit me? There wasn't any reason to—"

"Got a cigaret, kid?"

"Get out of here, I don't want you in my stall—"

"Need a match, too." The man took up the washcloth and soap, and worked the two together until there was a lather. Then he washed his chest in wide, circling strokes of his hand.

"Turn off the hot water; it's too hot in here . . . too hot."

"You'll get used to it."

"But it's hot outside. You're supposed to take cold showers when it's hot outside—"

"You're supposed to?"

"Yes, you're supposed to take cold showers when—"

"Don't argue it, kid. Since we're sharing a stall we'll have to compromise."

"But we're not sharing a stall; and you're not compromising. You're using hot water and I want cold, so we should be using cool water."

"I don't like that kind of compromise. It'd make us both miserable because neither of us would be satisfied. So let's just keep it hot and satisfy one of us, at least."

"That's not a compromise, it's not the way to do it—"

"Then we'll break a rule; we'll do it my way."

"Son of a bitch."

"Trust me."

"It's not right—"

"Got a cigaret, kid?"

"No; of course not."

"Stop staring at my cock, kid."

"I'm not staring at it. Jesus."

"You've been eyeing my cock ever since you walked in here."

"You walked in here; and there's nothing great about your . . . phallus."

"I know. But can I help it if you think so?"

"I don't think so. Now get out of here, I'm going to report this, just wait."

"What ever happened to that watch of yours? That beautiful gold Bulova?"

The boy's expression was a combination of shock and anger. "What do you know about my watch?"

"That's what I asked you."
 "What do you know about my watch?"
 "I know that it'll look great with my white suit."
 "What did you do with it?"
 "I'll bet you paid a nice amount for that little piece."
 "I paid two hundred bucks for that watch and if you have it you'd better give—"
 "It's a beaut, all right. I thought it might be pretty expensive."
 "Bastard, what did you do with my watch, I—"
 "Let's be calm about this. There's no reason, as you might say, to shout. There's no reason. How's that? No reason to shout."
 "Bastard."
 "Got a cigaret?"
 "It's hot in here, the steam, it's clouding, too hot . . ."
 "Don't change the subject. I asked if you had a cigaret."
 "I don't have one on me, no. Of course not."
 "No match?"
 "No. . . . Who bring cigarettes into shower stalls?"
 "I do."
 "You're not supposed to bring cigarettes into shower stalls."
 "Why not?"
 "Because they . . . look, pal, wouldja please leave me now, I—"
 "Don't you want me to tell you about your watch first?"
 "Yes; my watch. I want to know what you did with my watch."
 "Then take your EYES off my COCK. You're making me nervous."
 "I'm not looking at it. I'm looking straight into your eyes. See? Right at you."
 "Have we been introduced? As long as we're looking at each other we might as well be introduced."
 "I've never seen you here before. I've never seen you at the showers."
 "That's because I shower at different times. I imagine you shower at pretty much the same time every day, don't you?"
 "I usually shower at seven, yes."
 "You a sophomore?"
 "Freshman."
 "You picked a fine school, kid. The best. Can I use your shampoo?"
 "My watch, you said—"
 "Always the best for you, kid. The best is a good deal, isn't it, kid?"
 "Yes. I want—"
 "You're pre-med, did you say?"
 The boy was quiet and paused before answering.
 "No, I didn't say. But I am. How did you know?"
 "Someone told me."
 "Oh."
 "But I would have guessed."
 "How?"
 "By the way you cling to this stall."
 "I don't cling to it, I just—"
 "You just use it regularly."
 "So . . . what?"
 "If all the other stalls are empty and this one is

occupied, you wait for the person to come out so you can have it, the third stall from the end."
 "Yes . . ."
 "Sentimental value?"
 "No, it's just that—"
 "I know."
 "It's so hot in here; please turn on the cold. I won't feel refreshed unless there's cold."
 "Yes, you will."
 "No."
 "Trust me."
 "My watch, you said you'd tell me about my watch." The boy slumped into a corner to avoid the water.
 "Medicine's an awfully demanding field, I heard. But I bet you study hard, you're a good student."
 "Yes, that's right."
 "I'll bet you study a good four hours a night."
 "At least." Soft-spoken, almost a whisper.
 "At particular times."
 "From seven on . . . but my watch, I—"
 "Got a cigaret?"
 "I want to get wet first, I want—"
 "What do you want, tell me."
 "I want to get wet, it's so hot in here. Maybe you should leave now."
 "What's your father do?"
 "He's a . . . doctor."
 "I see."
 "A good doctor," the boy murmured.
 "I'll bet he went to school here, too."
 "That's right, how—?"
 "I'll bet he's proud to have a son here."
 "He's proud, yes." The boy brushed water from his brow and lowered his head.
 "I'll bet the day you were born he began telling people that one day his son would go to school here and study to be a doctor, just like him."
 "Can I turn on the cold?"
 "Don't you want to hear about your watch first?"
 "Oh, yes. I almost forgot, the watch, tell me—"
 "Did you go to prep school, kid?"
 "Prep school . . . ?"
 "Yeah. You went, didn't you?"
 The boy nodded.
 "Good, that's good."
 "Yes, it was . . . nice."
 "It's always good . . . and nice . . . to be able to do what you want."
 "Oh, yes."
 "If it's what you want. But that goes without saying. Nobody does something he doesn't want to do."
 "No," the boy laughed, and then was suddenly sober again. "Nobody." The boy raised his head and the man backed away from the spray. The boy lifted his hand to the water, hesitated, then quickly drew it back. He clenched his fingers into a fist, and the man moved toward the spray again.
 "Let's stop now," the boy said. "It's too hot, leave my stall—"
 "There's still some dirt behind your ear."
 "Where?"
 "There. Behind your ear."
 "Oh."
 "The watch will look great with my white suit, you

know."

"But . . . my father paid two hundred dollars for that watch, I—"

"Your father?"

"Yes, for my birthday, he bought me the watch."

"I thought *you* bought it. Isn't that what you said?"

"Such a nice watch, too."

"I could have sworn you said *you* paid two hundred dollars for it."

"I wanted . . . *Timex!*"

"Yes," the man said, soothing. "Timex is nice, too."

The boy fell to his knees and let his arms dangle at his sides. He spoke softly now. "Don't you think, mister, that Bulova is a nice watch?"

"It's a nice watch, kid."

"Dad says it's better than Timex, so he bought it for me. Will you tell me where it is, will you give it back to me?"

"I'll give it back to you," the man said; gentle, controlled.

"Thank you." A silence. The boy looked up, waiting.

"But first you've got to stop staring at my cock."

"I'm not staring at it," the boy cried.

"You are; I can see you."

"If I am it's because there's not much room in here, and we're so close. It's close in here, you're almost on top of me. Two people shouldn't be so close."

"JUST DON'T STARE AT ME."

"It isn't right, two men in the same stall like this, so close, not enough room, leave me—"

"What do you want from me, kid?"

"Nothing."

"Just tell me what you want."

"I want my watch."

"Have you ever broken a rule before?"

"Get out."

"Break a rule. Just one rule, any rule, take it—"

"Get out."

"And break it—"

"You're too close—"

"Right in two."

"Hot."

"Break a rule. Recite the alphabet and leave out the C."

"Get out of this stall, please, *get out.*"

"Not until you break a rule for me."

"No . . ."

"Just one little insignificant rule."

"I got drunk once."

"Liar."

"I did, I got drunk."

"You're a liar."

"I got drunk just two weeks ago, me and the others, we—"

"I don't believe you, you're lying."

"Got drunk, so drunk—"

"You drink Kool-Ade."

"I couldn't stand, so drunk."

"You're lying through your teeth, kid."

"Couldn't stand."

"When everyone else got drunk, when it was all right to, then you got drunk," the man said.

"So drunk, couldn't stand, it's hot, why is it so hot

in here—"

"Are you sure you don't have a cigaret on you?"

"Two men in one stall; it isn't right, you're in my space—"

"And a match?"

"Please, I don't like this . . . game, I don't want to play anymore."

"One more round."

"No, please, No more."

"Just one more round."

"I think I understand it now; it's no fun after you've figured it out."

"Trust me."

"I just want to wash my hair, that's all."

"Don't you want to know about your watch first?"

"No."

"I'll tell you anyway."

"No, I don't like this game anymore, I'd rather play chess, let's play chess."

"You've been playing chess. It's a new game now."

"Please, mister."

"Just tell me what you want, what you really *want.*"

The boy flung himself toward the curtain, but the man grabbed him by the shoulders and hurtled him back against the wall.

"Don't go," the man said. "You haven't broken a rule yet."

"I don't think I should."

"I think you should tell me what you want, just anything, tell Daddy. It's all right, tell Daddy what you want."

"NO! Don't tell Daddy . . . about this . . . please!"

"Then break a rule, kid."

"I want to be drunk again; without the others, I promise, without the others this time."

"Daddy might spank if he finds out."

"You don't have to tell him!"

"But I will, if you don't break a rule."

"God, don't tell, please."

"Break a rule for me, NOW."

"I can't think, let's stop."

"I swear to Christ I'll tell your father about this if you don't break a goddam rule right now."

"Oh, Jesus, help me, I don't want to be a lousy DOCTOR."

"Oh?" The man feigned alarm and was quiet for a moment. The clouds of steam massed and swirled, collected in great rolling columns, and hung like fog in the shower stall.

The boy buckled at the waist and clutched his stomach as if he were about to be sick. Then his legs gave way and he fell slowly to the floor, crumpled like a rag doll, hot water beating down all over him.

"I . . . don't . . . want it," he said.

"I thought you liked science."

"No, not really. No more . . ."

"But you're supposed to—"

"Screw science. Screw doctors. I hate them both."

"You're supposed to be a doctor."

"No . . . why?"

"For the same reason you take cold showers when it's hot outside."

"Oh, yes. I . . . see." The boy laughed, uncom-

(Cont., p. 29)

Notre Dame fencing . . . winning streaks, national championships, undefeated seasons, gold medals, an occasional silver, victory after victory. Right?

Maybe so, but just ask anyone slightly associated with the Notre Dame fencing team, "What is so special about fencing at Notre Dame?" The odds are that none of the above achievements will even be mentioned.

"Companionship," says senior foil captain Andy Bonk, stopping to paint a mental picture. "Companionship is what really makes it.

"You can talk all you want about winning," Bonk adds. "Winning makes it more fun, but by no means does it dominate."

And it's the same with everyone, whether you ask Bonk or coach Mike DeCicco or captain Chris Lyons or equipment man Dean Merten, or manager Duane Blaine or fencing secretary Cindy Bauder.

"What makes fencing at Notre Dame so special is the people," says Lyons, a senior sabre man from Berwyn, Pa. "At other places, there's very little unity. That's what is so great about Notre Dame.

"Everyone talks about winning, but that is not all that important. It's like hitting the books. You go to class to learn, and if you get good grades it's just that much better. Well, we fence to grow as individuals, both athletically and intellectually. And, if we happen to win, well that's just for the better. Winning is not everything."

With the Notre Dame fencers, the family is everything. And each member is just as important as the other.

Jim Sullivan is a classic example. A junior from Walpole, N.H., Sullivan had never picked up a blade until arriving at Notre Dame. It wasn't until Sal Muoio, a current Irish sabre man, brought him up to meet DeCicco that Sullivan showed the least bit of interest in the sport.

After training in the novice program for one year, Sullivan finally started to attend varsity practices. He then would begin to receive helpful hints from such fellow foil fencers as Bonk and Steve Salimando, a 1979 Notre Dame graduate. While Sullivan's record this past season (six wins in merely 10 bouts) indicates anything but stardom, Bonk

A Family of Winners

by Paul Mullaney

makes it clear that he may not have been able to enjoy as much success had it not been for Sully.

"I look back to 1979, and when I won the NCAA gold medal in foil," says Bonk, "and I remember all the added hours that Jim Sullivan remained after practice to help me with my game. I felt like the medal was half his, because he gave me the time, and really helped me organize my strategy. I don't know if I could have done it without him."

Sullivan, on the other hand, makes it sound as if it was his duty. After all, one doesn't neglect his brother.

"Hey, we're definitely a family," stresses Sullivan. "We're not just a group of teammates. I've been working with Andy now for two years, and his graduation will be the only thing to stop that.

"You know, it's great being a part of this family. Even though I wasn't a big jock in high school, I feel as important as anyone else on this team. Everyone on this team is a friend of the next guy."

Sullivan should know, for he drove to Penn State last weekend — not

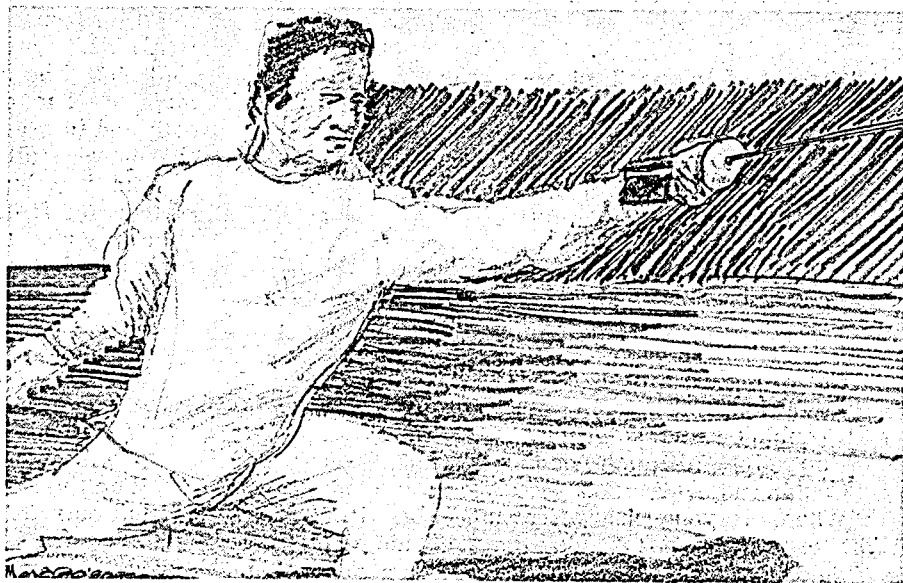
to participate in the NCAA championships held there, but to be available to Bonk in case he might desire to undergo any last-minute drills.

Another one who should know is Lyons, who fenced in last week's championship sabre competition. "Eddie DeVivo (recent Irish fencing assistant) was a great asset to me," says Lyons. "Without him I wouldn't be where I am right now. The technical things that he taught me were innumerable. But more importantly, he helped me because he was such a good friend."

Even Rich Daly, a freshman from Centereach, N.Y., became a part of the family in a little over half a year. "I could have gone to NYU," he claims. "But it's not a fencing team there. It's just a bunch of individuals. It's not the same. That's what makes this place, and this team, so special."

So much for winning streaks and national championships.

Paul Mullaney is next year's Editor-in-Chief of the Observer. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.



The Clash: Punk, But Not Junk

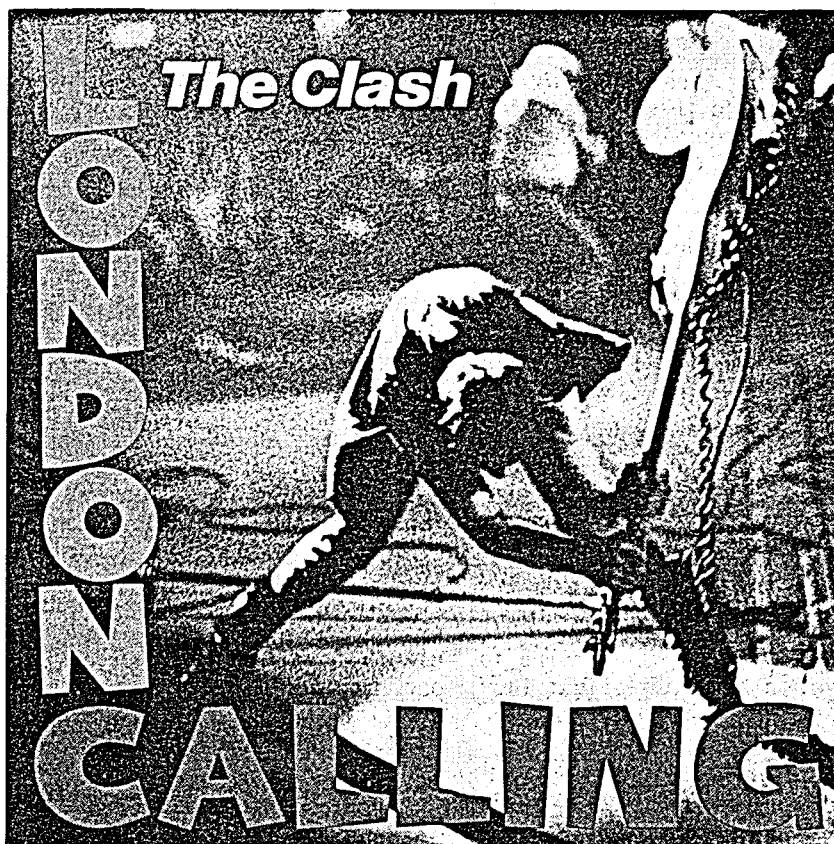
by Tom Krueger

With their two most recent American releases, particularly their latest *London Calling*, The Clash have proven themselves as the most important and talented of the punk rockers. Don't call them "New Wave," for God's sake don't confuse them with Power Pop wimps like The Knack; these ARE angry young men — and they *mean* it, man! The Clash defined the potential of the punk movement with their astonishing debut LP. For some reason, in the U.S., Epic released their second album a year before the first. When the latter appeared in summer of 1979, it instantly qualified as one of the year's best.

Many of you are probably instantly turned off by the words "punk rock." Don't be misled — these guys can play and write music, not just make noise. They don't resort to the exhibitionism of groups like the Sex Pistols. What they have in common with Johnny Rotten and the boys is a keen sense of political injustice and of dissatisfaction mixed with a feeling of hopelessness. Their world view is not pretty, and they see little way out. The amazing part of their music is how well they convey their feelings without becoming preachy, repetitive or overbearing.

Songs like "Hammersmith Palais" and "Complete Control" on the first album, and "London Calling," this LP's centerpiece, virtually ooze disenchantment. Yet, their commentary is contained in some of the finest, most original pop songs going. They don't let the message weigh the music down.

Even more encouraging is the fact that Nick Jones and Joe Strummer are just maturing as songwriters and arrangers. There is more stylistic variation than in the first two efforts. Very few double albums have no filler or formula songs, but *London Calling* is such an album. The lyrics are as good as anyone's (with the possible exception of Becker-Fagan and Springsteen) and certainly are more ambitious than any others on the market. The songs range from a few ravers to prove they can rock with anyone; some Spectoresque pop productions com-



plete with organ, horns, harmonies and just the right hint of rawness; blues, reggae, ballads, even a love song. The production is more sparse and a bit less rough than in their earlier work, yet it creates an endearing, absorbing tension.

Undoubtedly, this is a solid record. "London Calling," "Death or Glory," "Wrong 'Em Boyo," "Train in Vain," "Spanish Bombs," and "Koka Kola" are among the best songs the group has written. Mick Jones is, believe it or not, one of the best guitarists around today. If you don't believe me, just listen. Joe Strummer's vocals aren't polished, but they work. Paul Simonon's chunky bass work and Topper Headon's drumming are rock steady, surprisingly refined, and almost effortless.

People who compare *Tusk* to the Beatles' White Album aren't nearly as close as those who match that classic LP with *London Calling*. On top of this, the album cover is the best I've seen in ages. The photo says it all, and Pete Townshend fans are sure to love it, too. □

I don't understand it. Why is an adorable 17-year-old girl from Akron, Ohio, a rock star? Well, the way Rachel Sweet sings, I'm not about to complain.

Back for a second LP, titled *Protect the Innocent*, Rachel once again showcases her amazingly powerful, rich voice. Clearly, at 17, she has a lot to learn, but this outing is quite a bit better than her first, which in itself was one of 1979's best debut LPs.

She's even writing her own songs this time around, and they're good. In fact, the album's highlight is one of her compositions, "Tonight Ricky." How a little girl can be so sensual and worldly wise on record is beyond me.

This isn't to say there aren't problems. She has just formed her own band, and they still aren't as tight as they should be. And although they aren't as shaky as the hastily assembled band used on the last album, some of their arrangements are far too pedestrian. When the band kicks as hard as she does, look out. □

In Search of Male Sexuality

by Tim Tedrick

Male sexuality has become *the* hot Hollywood topic these days. After two successful comedies dealing with man's *passion* ("Starting Over"; "10") two filmmakers have turned their attention to the "serious" treatment of the subject—Paul Schrader's "American Gigolo" and William Friedkin's "Cruising." The results are mixed, not necessarily because of the subject matter, but because there is little attempt to comprehend it. The films just stare.

Julian Kay, the title character of "Gigolo," is a high-priced male prostitute working in Los Angeles. He is attractive, intelligent, has a fancy apartment, a Mercedes coupe, \$20,000 to \$30,000 in the bank, and is adored by wealthy matrons near and far. His fee is a 40/60 split (in the pimp's favor) which turns to 50/50 when he realizes that they need him more than he needs them. He needs no one and loves no one.

After such rigorous establishment of Julian's life-style—no past, no future, just the present—it is then totally ludicrous when the plot shows Julian falling in love with a lonely, politician's wife and being framed for an s/m murder. Julian Kay would never allow either of these things to happen to him. Yet Schrader's screenplay insists that we believe it. As in his other films ("Blue Collar," "Hardcore") Schrader is awfully good at creating inarticulate, unknowing characters—adrift, but he is less effective in developing these character's values through crises that are to enlighten them. At one point, "American Gigolo" takes off in one direction while the characters plod along in another.

The film has moments that are very good. The superficial wealth of Rodeo Drive and Beverly Hills is contrasted with the eerie sleaziness of Hollywood Boulevard and West Hollywood, with Julian as the fragile go-between. In one sequence, we see Julian go from sumptuous mansion to leather bar looking for his alibi. As photographed by John Bailey, Southern California is as schizophrenic as the principal's life-style.

The members of the cast do quite well. Hector Elizondo is great as

the slob detective tracking Julian. Lauren Hutton also does well as the politician's wife who is both beautiful and worn, and Nina Van Pallandt is fine as Julian's cool, matter-of-fact, lesbian pimp. Only Richard Gere has real problems. Given such an impossible assignment, he does what he can. He is handsome and able, but given the lack of depth that the part is written with (and, perhaps this was intentional), Gere seldom gets past looking like an ad out of *Gentleman's Quarterly*.

The problems in "Cruising" are far worse. While "Gigolo" changed course in midstream, "Cruising" never makes up its mind where it's going in the first place. It stumbles around on three possibly explosive narratives without ever developing one of them. "Cruising" seems to be doing its best to avoid admitting what it's about; it's a movie that's still in the closet.

Steve Burns (Al Pacino) is a young cop assigned to go undercover to hunt a killer who is grotesquely murdering members of New York's homosexual s/m community. The film records Burns' day-to-day activities—where he lives, the acquaintances he makes, his inquiries and visits to the bars searching for the killer. However, the cop finds himself changing. He pleads with his boss to take him off the case. He can't take the life, and because he can't explain why, we suspect

it has to do with more than his safety.

And this is where the audience is left; no more plot development, just a travelogue of New York's gay-leather scene. We see the bars, the hangouts, the outfits, the sexual encounters—*everything*; the film stops just short of explicit acts. Mr. Friedkin would have us believe that New York turns into a leather-Punch-and-Judy show after sundown. Had the plot been as carefully crafted as the background images (chillingly photographed by James Contner) "Cruising" would have been a brilliant film; instead, the movie takes on the look of a porno film—fascinating for the first fifteen minutes to half-hour, exploitative and repetitive afterwards.

The performances aren't bad. Mr. Pacino knows what his character is up to even if Friedkin doesn't, but one gets the impression some of his best scenes were left on the cutting-room floor. Paul Sorvino and Karen Allen perform well in their supporting roles. And Richard Cox is fine, too, as a psychotic music student.

"Cruising" isn't a murder-mystery (the killer is known early on), a documentary, or a character study. It's just a homosexual horror film, and a not-too-gutsy one at that. It is merely a sketchbook of the s/m scene with far more attention paid to graphic detail—as opposed to plot—than most people will find necessary. □



Editor's Choices: All That Jazz (above) and Being There.

Helms: No Secret Here

by Mark Rust

The Man Who Kept the Secrets: Richard Helms and the CIA
by Thomas Powers
Alfred A. Knopf: New York
\$12.95

Thomas Powers' new book on the CIA, *The Man Who Kept the Secrets*, fails the crucial test of truth and relevance. He catalogues the entire epic of CIA misdeeds—all of which are "safely" of public record already—apparently for the sole purpose of being able to adduce at the end, with breathtaking logic, that Richard Helms and the CIA were guilty of breaking the law and therefore they are. . . .

What? Bad?? That appears to be the tone of voice in this book, but Powers never uses any such word. In fact, he can balance for his audience, in the juggling style of journalism, his tone of voice with such unquestionably conclusive statements as: "Learning the truth . . . belongs to the future. Helms belongs to the past."

Journalistically, then, it fails because—while it is "balanced"—the balance is artificial and the author fails to get at any fundamental truth about the CIA or the moral nature of its overly pragmatic director, Richard Helms. We learn such bromides as the following:

Once a nation attempts to learn a thing or two about real or potential enemies, all the mystery of intrigue which make up the war of the intelligence services necessarily comes tumbling in after.

But this comes to us not at the beginning of the book, by way of explaining the tales he will tell, but on page sixty-seven. Such an "insight"—or, better yet, a less clichéd version—should make clear the position from which the author proceeds. Is this assumption true? How and why? An acknowledged point of view is necessary in this book, but a well-defined view does not appear. And please: no one can be even close to "objective" when it involves in-

vestigating events and mitigating factors which by their very nature are secret and extremely complex.

What might we have expected instead? If he were just cataloguing the CIA's history and misdeeds (as well as those of Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson and Nixon) using Richard Helms, a longtime official, as a convenient framework, fine; but that certainly wouldn't have made much of a book. Unfortunately, neither does kicking the above-mentioned in the teeth on the basis of hearsay. One senses after reading the book that Kennedy was paranoid and his brother vindictive, Johnson was erratic and amoral, and Nixon, of course, was Nixon. Interestingly, the only character we don't come away with an impression of is Mr. Helms himself who is, after all, the "Man Who Kept . . ." blah blah blah. Mr. Powers starts off by telling us Richard Helms is an enigma and—by God! he proves it.

The one thing which might recommend this book to the reader is its fairly extensive listing of CIA ac-

tivities and history, useful for future reference and cocktail party banter.

Other than that, this book is an affront to the sensibilities of a sensitive, intelligent reader. The introduction and conclusion suggest that shocking revelations will be or have been offered—in a tone of the lofty, restrained, objective variety. But the facts in between neither shock nor lend themselves to indignation. The CIA, clearly, does its job well at times and poorly at others, like any other institution or operation. What we need here is more commentary on the paradox of a secretive CIA in a democratic society, more insight into the unique nature of their bureaucratic problems. And surely what we need is more analysis of Richard Helms: was his leadership, in the end, good for the CIA as an organization and the country as an employer? Was he moral, immoral or amoral? The book doesn't answer these questions. If you have read the *New York Times* reports of "uncovered" CIA activities, you needn't bother with this book. □



The Long Run

by Mike Decker

It is one o'clock on Saturday morning, too early for anyone to be stumbling home from the bars, so we have the Stepan Center parking lot to ourselves. Loading the car, a '71 Chevy purchased from a shoe salesman at Goldblatt's for \$150, takes just a few minutes since there are only three of us, and our plans call for spending half of this 48-hour odyssey on the road. O.D. had managed to find a party in the towers that served as a suitable going-away party. He is asleep before we get on the toll road.

Even at this time of night, the initial excitement precludes sleep for the sober members of this expedition at least for the first hour. A rehash of the previous two months' conversation begins. As usual, the conversation centers around multiplying the infinite combinations of all existing fractions plus eight or nine times twenty-six and converting the answers to hours. Time is base sixty rather than ten, so I inevitably wind up with foot-pounds in my answers. Since Brogan is an engineer and I am a normal, I resign to trusting his results, switching the topic to how we got into this mess and our hope that the car would blow up before we crossed into Ohio.

Mike O'Donnell, Mike Brogan and myself had come straight to school first semester from the Marine Corps' Officer Candidates' School in Quantico, Virginia, and we were still riding the crest of an energy wave that bordered on hyperactivity. As seniors we felt it our duty to burn off this excess energy in the most eccentric way possible. Driving 1,100 miles and running a 26-mile, 385-yard race all within 48 hours seemed to be a stone tailor-made for killing the two proverbial birds. A mutual challenge had become an agreement to run the Fourth Annual Marine Corps Marathon in Washington, D.C.

Brogan doesn't last much longer than O.D. Between short but scary naps I contemplate my blatant lack of preparation for what I am optimistically referring to as a race. I had set up a rigorous two-month training program after hasty research revealed that most serious runners jog at least 60 or 70 miles a week and can finish a marathon in under three hours. My original goal had been to finish under four hours, but after one week of marathon training I went back to jogging two or three times a week. As my weekly mileage never exceeded 20 miles, I began to think in terms of simply finishing the race.

Having come to the realization that I would not be able to run like a marathoner by November 4, I set about learning to talk like one. The words in the marathoners' language are unique because they have no definitions. Not that it would matter if they did, because everybody runs however they damn well please. The language is only spoken when it is suspected that a nonrunner has infiltrated a group of marathoners at a cocktail party, and then the same words are used in several different contexts with a great many nods from all runners present until the confused nonrunner leaves and the conversation can return to baseball.

One of my favorite terms is "carbohydrate packing." That means if you're stupid enough to run 70 miles a week, you can drink all the beer you want. "Depletion run," is a 20-mile jog you go on the week before a marathon that makes you so tired, you can be sure of plenty of sleep that week. I had spent three years at Notre Dame learning to pronounce Lacoste. Now I had only two months to learn to sound the "e" on the end of Nike. It had been an intensive crash course but as I drove along I-80 I felt confident that I would not be identified as a first-timer—until the running started.

Four gas stations, one MacDonalds, two Pizza Huts and a fitful night's sleep later, we wake up in what must be the coldest motel room in the free world. I step out of the subzero room wishing I had brought an extra sweatshirt, only to find that it's about 50° outside. O.D. is on the Notre Dame cross-country team and seems to know what to wear without looking outside. Brogan and I begin to sort through the piles of running gear brought to accommodate any type of weather. Brogan opts for a white T-shirt and a Flanner basketball jersey. Decision made, he then busies himself by dividing a can of foot powder between his Nike LDV's. Dressing with the knowledge that I'll be walking a good portion of the race, I dress warm; a Mickey Mouse T-shirt, a mesh running shirt and a windbreaker.

Following the race brochure's admonition to "come ready to run," we arrive without sweat and immediately set about the task of catching pneumonia. We have an hour to kill, and Brogan and I decide to sit in the sun on the steps of the Iwo Jima Memorial which is about 100 meters from the starting line. O.D. is wired, but I can't sit still, so we leave him to wander among the tents set up in the circus-like start/finish area.

Everyone seems to be going through their own little prerace rituals, and we decide that this will really be an educational experience. The guy to Brogan's right is barefoot and has put a big handful of Vaseline on each foot, working it in between his toes and along the bottom of his foot. The guy to my left is decked out from head to toe in Nike running gear that is so new, he's still putting the change in his wallet. I breathe a sigh of relief, realizing that we aren't the only first-timers in this crowd.

The P.A. system gives the first warning. We move to a 200-meter

stretch of the four-lane highway that will serve as the starting area for 10,000 runners. The Commandant of the Marine Corps makes a good-luck speech that is unintelligible to those of us 8 or 9,000 people back in the pack. A cannon goes off to signal the start of the race, and nobody moves, so I start speaking marathonesque to the guy on my right. After a one minute and 45-second discussion of the "accordion effect" we have reached the starting line, and there is room to run.

Knowing that the best I can expect to do is a 9-minute pace for the 26 miles I try to start out slow, but the pack is moving along at a little below 8-minute miles and I become absorbed in the energy field and run with it. At about the four-mile mark I run into a friend from Quantico who claims he can hold an 8-minute pace the whole way. Against my better judgment I stay alongside, and we begin talking over old times.

Around the seventh mile we catch up to Brogan who is obviously in a lot of pain. An old knee injury is acting up but we cross the ten-mile mark together in 80 minutes and 30 seconds before Brogan has to slow down. Taking into account the time wasted at the start, we're below an 8-minute pace so near the 13-mile mark I say good-bye to my friend and begin looking for a place to "hit the wall" with dignity and fewest possible spectators.

I decide to stop at the water station near the 15-mile mark where I can pretend I'm only walking so I won't spill the water all over myself. As I near the water station I begin to believe the old adage about old soldiers never dying, but as it turns out they don't fade away, they just congregate around the 15-mile mark of the Marine Corps Marathon. It looks like every Marine officer above the rank of Lt. Colonel has shown up to watch me "hit the wall." One of the colonels holds out a paper cup and waits for me to stop, but I don't give him the satisfaction. With full cup of water in hand I round the bend in the road and die.

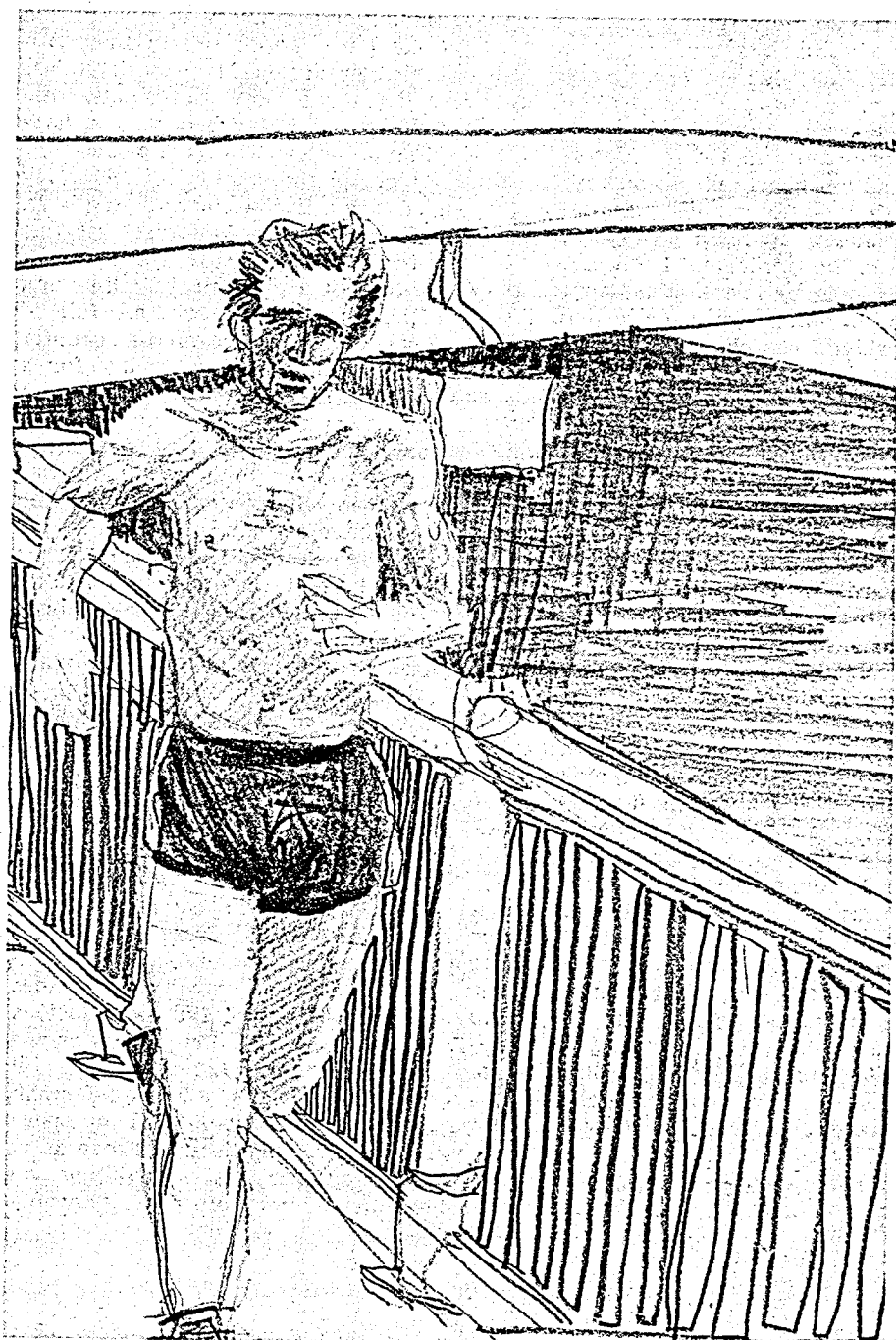
I walk along the road for about 100 yards taking small sips of water and trying not to look tired when I pass pretty girls. Plodding through an ankle-deep ocean of paper cups, I estimate that there are at least 2,000 people ahead of me and I'm being passed by about 100 people every five minutes. I start running again, but I have burned myself out and

now it's all I can do to hold a 9-9½-minute pace while all the more disciplined runners that have held 8½-9-minute paces pass me by.

Approaching the 20-mile mark I realize that even though I've had to walk twice, I haven't stopped my forward momentum yet. This gives my self-confidence a boost, but at this point I need more rest than self-confidence, and I start looking for a place to step off the course. I choose a big tree by the side of the road and, for the benefit of the multitudes rushing past me, lean against it pretending to do stretching exercises. After I catch my breath I settle into a pace that I hope will impress the Marine who is giving the 20-mile times.

I am shocked to find out that my 20-mile time is just under three hours and some quick calculations, which come out in minutes for once, tell me that all I have to do is to hold a ten-minute pace for the last six miles and I'll come in under four hours. Not good enough to endorse a line of running gear, but good enough to get my name in *Scholastic*, so I stretch it out as best I can. I reach the 22-mile mark approximately 20 minutes later, and I celebrate by walking and drinking another glass of water. The cups are almost knee-deep, so there must be about 3,000 people ahead of me now.

By now I've hit the wall so many times that I'm beginning to wonder if maybe I didn't wander onto a



steeplechase by mistake. I don't walk very long because there are a lot of spectators on this part of the course and up ahead two little girls are standing on the hood of a car holding out their hands for passing runners to slap. I more or less begin to run and hold out my hand to the kids as I go by, not wanting their parents, who are sitting in lawn chairs eating a picnic lunch and drinking two of the most beautiful beers I've ever seen, to think that the same guy who is protecting their daughters from the dreaded communist hordes would stop on a silly little 26-mile run.

Up ahead is the Potomac and on the other side the 24-mile mark. Motivated by the knowledge that I have only about two miles to go, I stride onto the George Mason Bridge and am nearly blown off my feet by the breeze coming off the water. Runners' numbers are blowing out into the traffic, and I compensate for the energy lost holding on to mine by walking again. Once across the bridge I run about a half mile to the last water station and walk along drinking and getting psyched for a big finish.

My big finish turns into a mile-and-a-half stroll that takes me up to where the spectators in the start/finish area can see me and I have to start jogging again. The last 385 yards are supposed to be the toughest, and to start them off I have to scale an insignificant little hill that looks like Mt. Everest. I decide to see if I can pass somebody to impress the crowd but the little hill does me in and someone with the same idea cruises right by me. The crowd loved it, and I at least get some encouragement from the people who feel sorry for me.

I round the Iwo Jima Monument and enter the chute at a moderate jog that at least impresses me. The clock above the finish line reads 4:10:35. Close, but no cigar. I slap some hands that belong to race officials who are saying something to me, but it's totally incoherent, so I just smile and try to make it look like I could go another 385 yards if I had to.

I wrap myself in a complimentary aluminum foil "space blanket" and,

making sure I don't cover my runner number, take the long way through the crowd to the refreshment trucks. Halfway there I convey the need to my brain for a soft spot to crash, and the instant my eyes have chosen the drop zone I pivot back on my heels and land flat on my back. I must have run as fast as I could because I felt no pain on impact.

I rationalize that I must have drank enough water already to last a year, but my throat is demanding liquid and I'm in no condition to be arguing. There are about 20 space blanket-clad runners in line at the Coke truck and I fall in line with the other droids. My legs don't last long and I have to squat down and hold myself up with my arms, hopping along when the line moves.

I get to the counter and a pretty girl with a Coca-Cola name tag says, "What can I do for you?" At this point I'm even too tired to take advantage of a good straight line, and I point at the paper cups full of Coke. She puts one on the counter and, feeling like I'm trying for a part in Oliver, I squeak out, "Can I have more than one?" In a tone of voice that sounds like a mother giving cookies to a child who has just skinned his knee she tells me I can have as many as I want.

Having decided that I could carry only three, I tie my space blanket around my neck like a cape and hobble off to find a place to recuperate. I squat down and tenderly place each glass of Coke on a flat piece of grass. I seem to be frozen in a squatting position, so I just fall over on my side like the tricycle rider in the old Laugh-In shows. I curl protectively around the Cokes and they are gone before I have a chance to get comfortable.

Since I haven't eaten all day I head for the Red Cross truck, but I get there just as they're opening another batch of cans and, besides having all my childhood illusions about where Red Cross soup comes from shattered, I realize that I'll have to wait for hot soup. I crash on the ground again with my space blanket over my head and soon draw a crowd that is speculating on whether or not I am alive. Paranoia

has set in by now and, not knowing if they are genuinely concerned or just trying to steal my space blanket, I blow off the soup stand and get some coffee.

I'm starting to remember where I am and how I got here, so I start looking for O.D. I have trouble comprehending the fact that O.D. has probably been sitting around for an hour and a half waiting for me to finish running. It doesn't take long to find out that he finished in 2:40:43. Brogan is another story, and after some wandering we find him limping out of the medics tent. The medics had taken one look at Brogan's knee in the chutes and had rushed him to see the doctor. It was quickly diagnosed as something that needed ice until it could be X-rayed the next day and, after the prescription was filled, Brogan was left to hobble around looking for us. He had finished the race on sheer will power in 4:56:10.

A quick roll-call vote reveals that nobody is really hungry, so we jump into the car and head west. In our condition doing everything backwards seemed easier and we were rolling off the toll road and onto 31 in no time. After dropping Brogan and O.D. off at Stepan, practically at their back door, I drove to the Mishawaka side of D-2 and adjusted my luggage for the hike to Morrissey.

As I approach the guard shack at the main gate, an old friend steps out and offers me a ride in the security truck. I climb in on the passenger side overdoing the thank-you's. The guard is chuckling, "That new guy on the gate says he's never seen so many people running at three in the morning — Don't you students ever sleep?"

Closing my eyes and leaning against the door in the warm cab, I think about the past 48 hours and have to agree, "No, at least I don't ever remember having slept myself." □

Mike Decker is a Senior Finance Major. He finished 4,343 of 6,743 finishers from an original field of nearly 10,000.

In Retrospect:

Albert Einstein wrote the following letter on August 6, 1947, to a member of the Promoting Enduring Peace organization. Hoping to keep concern about the survival of civilization uppermost in our thoughts on the current political situations, the Scholastic editorial board finds this excerpt particularly appropriate.

It is a difficult moment at which to write. All about us we see the wreckage of great hopes which mankind held for the building of peace. The gulf between East and West which men of good will have worked to close is widening daily. Some people believe that no reconciliation is possible and that another World War must decide the issue; we scientists reply that it is no longer possible to decide any issue by such means—an atomic war will bring no real decision but only unprecedented death and devastation on both sides.

Such a time in history breeds defeatism and despair. But there are those among us who believe that man has within him the capacity to meet and overcome even the great tests of our times. What we must not lose, or we lose all, is our willingness to seek the truth and our courage to act upon the truth. If we maintain these, we cannot despair.

We scientists . . . call for a higher realism which recognizes that . . . our fate is joined with that of our fellowmen throughout the world. Great ideas may often be expressed in very simple words. In the shadow of the atomic bomb, it has become apparent that all men are brothers. If we recognize this as truth and act upon this recognition, mankind may go forward to a higher plane of development. If the angry passions of a nationalistic world engulf us further, we are doomed. . . . I believe that mankind, capable of reason, restraint, and courage, will choose the path of peace.

No one can predict the events of the coming year, but each of us has it in his power today to act for peace. Faithfully yours,

— Albert Einstein

(cont. from p. 21)

fortably at first, and then full and loud and almost hysterical laughter reverberated through the stall. "I see," he said.

"God," the man said. "That's good."

The boy stopped laughing and there was silence. Then he stood up and braced himself against the wall. "Will you leave me now?" he said.

"You still haven't gotten what you want, you know."

The boy cupped his hands and splashed some of the hot water onto his body. "Oh, I'm sure I'll find that soon enough," he said.

"Good for you, kid."

"I'm ready to leave the shower stall now."

The man smiled at him. "Don't you want to know about your watch first?"

"No . . . you can have it."

"Thanks, kid. It'll look great with my white suit." The man turned to go.

"Wait a minute, mister. Can I turn on the cold now?"

"Sure, kid," the man said. "Hot spell's over." □

Mac Fitzpatrick is a sophomore residing in Dillon Hall. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.

(cont. from p. 18)

in a musical, but lost to "Sweeney Todd"'s Len Cariou. Arnaz surprisingly wasn't even nominated against such competition as Dorothy Loudon and Angela Lansbury. The producers carried a full-page ad in the *New York Times* asking "WHY?" but Ms. Arnaz was unfazed. She was quoted as saying that Lansbury would win for "Sweeney Todd" (she did). And both Klein and Arnaz had won the 1978 Drama Critics Circle Award for their roles in "They're Playing Our Song."

"They're Playing Our Song" won't leave you thinking profound thoughts, but it will leave you whistling the theme song. It's simple, but well done. The Neil Simon jokes are funny, the Carole Bayer Sager-Marvin Hamlisch songs are excellent, the lavish sets are beautiful, and both casts, New York's Klein and Arnaz, and Chicago's Victor Gerber and Ellen Greene, are all fantastic performers. The play accomplished exactly what it set out to do—provide two and a half hours of pure musical entertainment in the best way possible. This play should not be missed. □

THE LAST WORD

by Dave Satterfield

That time of year has arrived.

The gray winter snows are melting, birds (the stupid ones) are flying back to South Bend, skirts are out, diets are in, the Travel Agency is busy, beer sales are picking up and the perennial springtime question is being asked. No, I'm not talking about the usual "What are you doing for spring break?" That question merits one of four boring, repetitious answers with or without variations.

- 1) *I'm going to Florida.*
- 2) *I'm going skiing in Colorado.*
- 3) *I'm going home.*
 - a) *to earn money*
 - b) *to see my boy/girl friend*
 - c) *to avoid spending money*
- 4) *I'm staying here.*
 - a) *I have more work than the lone pyramid builder.*
 - b) *I love South Bend springs (very rare answer).*

We have all heard these answers and they usually pass in one ear and out the other. No one ever goes seal killing or fishing in the Tibetan Mountains or bowling in Elkhart. Generally, "What are you doing for spring break?" is a polite but unexciting conversation catalyst.

The perennial question with which I am intrigued is a new question for me this year and will probably be new to all students who reach the second-semester senior-year plateau. Now you know. Yes, I'm talking about that bothersome question for most of us Arts and Letters nondescripts, that welcome question for business majors and engineers, that questionable question for science majors and architects and that nerve-wracking question for not-yet-accepted, not-yet-shot-down premedders, prelawyers and pregraduate students. Yes, the old standard run-of-the-mill, respond in 25 words or less, "What are you going to do with your life?"

There are various answers to this question which elicit various under-the-breath responses and assumptions. A few examples:

If you answer *"I don't know yet,"* you possess the worth of a roll of toilet paper.

If you answer *"I have a job with one of the big eight accounting firms, making \$25,000 a year,"* you possess the worth of a single sheet of toilet paper.

If you answer *"I'm getting married,"* cherish the fact that gold sells for over \$550 an ounce, and *that* is only the beginning.

If you answer *"I've been accepted to law or medical school,"* congratulations, enjoy studying

and may you win all your malpractice suits.

If you answer *"I'm working with Holy Cross Associates or the Peace Corps,"* too bad about the rejection notices, next year apply to easier schools.

If you answer *"I'm playing pro ball,"* what are you doing reading this?

If you answer *"I'm going to take a year off to find myself and then decide what I'm going to do,"* stay away from mirrors, you might not like what you find.

If you answer *"I'm going to hitchhike across the country and look for something I like,"* enjoy eating garbage and running from rabid dogs or enjoy eating rabid dogs and running from garbage.

If you answer *"I don't know and I don't care,"* don't admit to the fact that your pillow is tear-stained and the lumps on your head are self-inflicted.

If you answer *"It's none of your damn business,"* you'll never get a job and depending on who asked you the question, you may be eating the proverbial knuckle-sandwich.

If you answer *"I'm going to be a safari guide for Nazi fugitives in Paraguay,"* or *"I'm conducting the Parisian Symphony while translating some Pre-Socratic Greek works at the Sorbonne"* or *"I'm researching the mating habits of parakeets in Northern Alaska,"* you are probably as bored as I am with the question and you've resorted to romance.

What are you going to do with your life? The question is actually unanswerable unless you are psychic. I doubt that anyone knows what he/she is going to do with his/her life. And I don't think anyone should expect to know. Maybe we should ask a new question. "What do you *want* to do with your life?" This is a more subjective, more open-ended question that leaves plenty of room for optimism.

By the way, if you answered, "I'm going to hang/shoot/poison or enlist myself," disregard all that you have read here.

Rumor has it, there's life after college. And fret not, it just might be enjoyable. □

SENIOR ARTS FESTIVAL

April 13 - 19

All seniors are encouraged to participate.
Contributions are now being accepted
in the following areas:

Architecture Models

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hig Bathon 277-3288

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For Additional Information —
Contact Kim Gungz 7477

1980 COLLEGIATE JAZZ FESTIVAL

FRIDAY, MARCH 21: featuring the **JUDGES JAM**

— 7:30 PM

SATURDAY, MARCH 22: FIRST SESSION — 12:30 PM

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JUDGES

Tony Williams, Herb Ellis, Billy Taylor,
Zoot Sims, & Dan Morgenstern as Critic

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