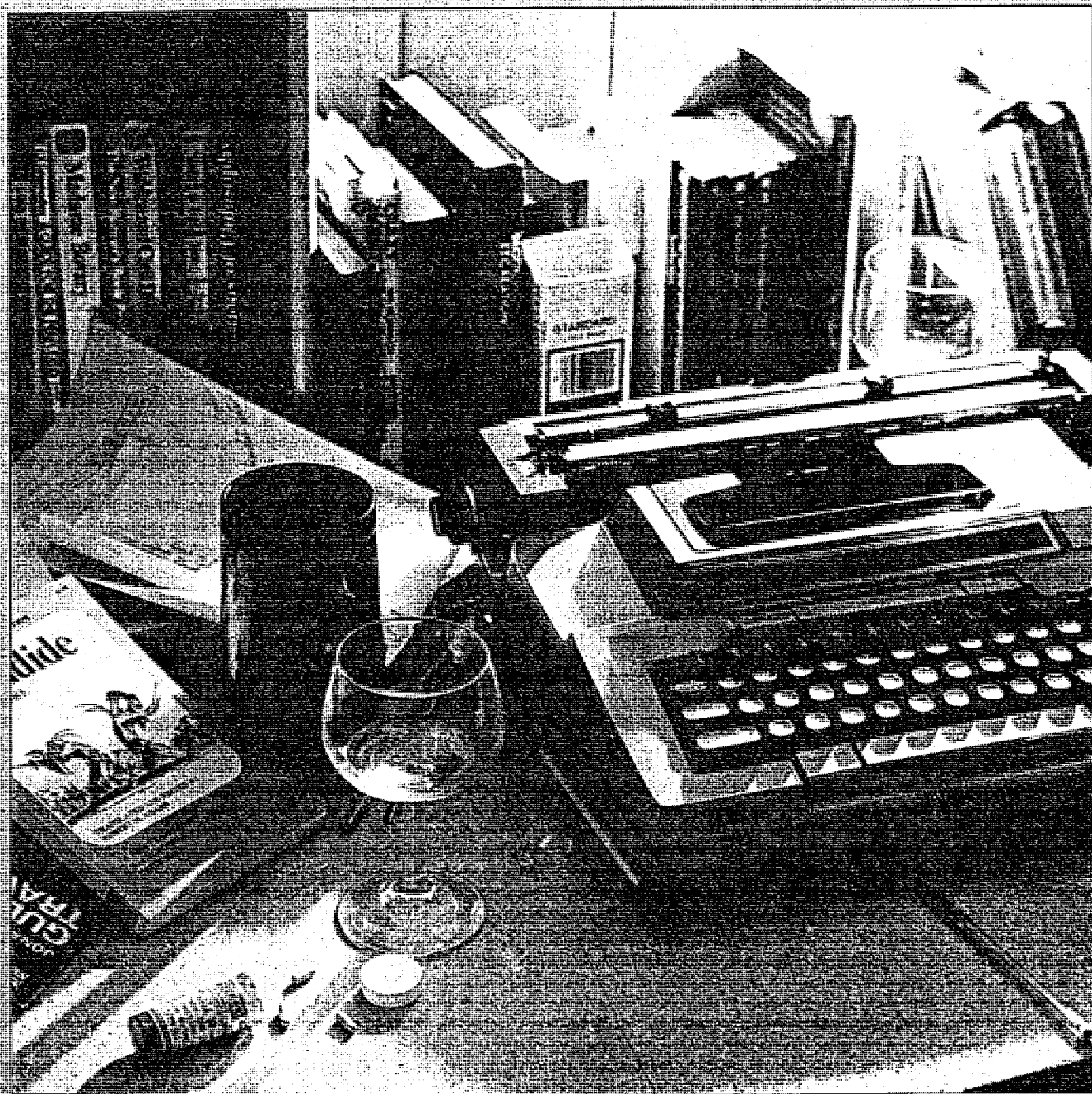


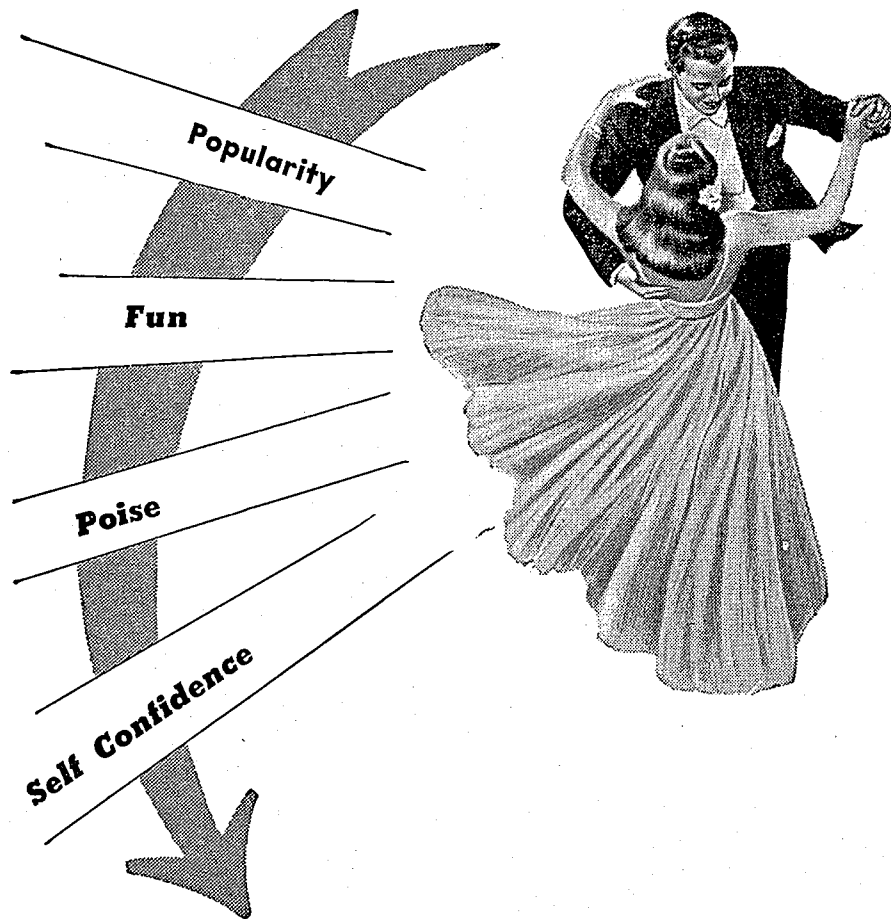
# SCHOLASTIC

May 2, 1980



Writing Under the Influence

# Welcome Students



This is  
**NOTRE DAME**

# SCHOLASTIC

Vol. 121, No. 10 May 2, 1980  
Notre Dame, Indiana

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## Illustrations:

Michael O'Brien, p. 4; Bob Southard, p. 5, 6, 7; Jim Hofman, p. 13, 31; Mike Moran, p. 19; John Dowd, p. 23; Mark Murphy, p. 28.

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MAY 2, 1980

## FEATURES

- |    |   |                       |
|----|---|-----------------------|
| 5  | <i>A Plot is Hatched</i>                              | Bob Southard          |
| 8  | <i>The Dead Issue is Alive and Well At Notre Dame</i> | Miles Coiner          |
| 10 | <i>Suburban Plunge: A Trip to the Country</i>         | Chuck Wood            |
| 11 | <i>Freak-out Saturation Fails</i>                     | Tom Balcerek          |
| 12 | <i>Nues from the Atrociated Press</i>                 | API                   |
| 13 | <i>The Truth About SLF</i>                            | Mary T. Ryan          |
| 15 | <i>Graduation? Not me, man!</i>                       | John "Maddog" Muldoon |
| 18 | <i>A Tale of Attempted Peace and Love</i>             | Aretha Freebairn      |
| 19 | <i>The Assignment</i>                                 | M. Kirby Muldoon      |
| 20 | <i>Pieces</i>   | Steve Dillon          |
| 21 | <i>Poem: The Clouds</i>                               | Mary T. Ryan          |
| 22 | <i>The Dome</i>                                       | Theresa Rebeck        |
| 25 | <i>Girl Talk</i>                                      | Lisa Hartenberger     |
| 26 | <i>Ask Fran Landers</i>                               | Kari Meyer            |
| 28 | <i>The Veteran Wombatter</i>                          | Anonymous             |
| 29 | <i>Interview: Senior Class President</i>              | Nick Schneeman        |
| 30 | <i>The Last Word</i>                                  | Dave Satterfield      |

UNCLE DUKE LIVES!

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The magazine is represented for national advertising by National Educational Advertising Services and CASS Student Advertising, Inc. Published fortnightly during the school year except during vacation and examination periods, *Scholastic* is printed at Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ind. 46556. The subscription rate is \$7.00 a year and back issues are available from *Scholastic*. Please address all manuscripts to *Scholastic*, Notre Dame, Ind. 46556. All unsolicited material becomes the property of *Scholastic*. copyright © 1980 *Scholastic* / all rights reserved / none of the contents may be reproduced without permission.

# LETTERS

Dear Editor:

As an employee of the University of Notre Dame in several departments over the past 30 years, I feel compelled to write this letter to express what I feel is a personal affront.

Your publication has always been one that I looked forward to getting a copy of, but the last few issues have been very disappointing. The issue dated March 21, in my estimation, has hit an all-time low. If "Notre Dame Gigolo" and "Shower Stall" are considered literary masterpieces, then God help us all—especially their authors and those who have allowed their publication! If they were meant to be humorous, what a perverted sense of humor!! Writing of this type belongs in an underground publication, not in a magazine with the esteemed reputation that the *Scholastic* has maintained through the years.

I hope and pray that your parents and our Notre Dame alumni and friends who receive copies of the *Scholastic* look through it carefully before their young, impressionable children do because trash such as has

been printed in it lately certainly is not needed. It is a shame that the other excellent articles must share space with this type of trivia.

Thank you for taking the time to read this letter and please consider it when preparing future publications. Be proud to let the world know that we are still Christians always and all ways!

Sincerely,

Mary McCarthy Nifong

\* \* \*

Dear Editor:

We, the undersigned, are requesting you to explore the validity of two articles, "Notre Dame Gigolo" and "Shower Stall" in the *Scholastic* issue dated March 21, 1980.

Thank you in advance for any assistance you can give to avoid such

articles being published in the future.

Sincerely yours in Holy Cross,  
Brother Walter Gluhm, csc

Brother Walter Gluhm, csc  
Bro. John O'Flaherty, csc  
Bro. Majella Hegarty, csc  
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Bro. Otto Hayden, csc  
Brother Ramon, csc

—*Knock, knock.*  
—*Who's there?*  
—*Sartre.*  
—*Sartre who?*  
—*Never mind.*

*There once was a philosopher named Sartre  
Who took everything apart  
In April he died  
But he took it in stride  
Because death is the ultimate art.*

# Flock, Flock:

## A Plot is Hatched

by Bob Southard

Drop everything else, and pay attention to this: a scheme more nefarious than even the most hard-core paranoiac could dream up has been formulated by Notre Dame's hierarchy against the student body. Strange, but true.

*Scholastic* stumbled onto this horror last October, when a bruised and battered and only half-alive chicken limped into our offices, and we have been diligently investigating ever since. We listened incredulously while this bloody chicken laid the story before us, but we decided that even if there was a bit of truth in the fowl narrative it bore further inquiry. Setting the alleged facts before a team of crack reporters, *Scholastic* let them loose. The results have been shocking. The chicken's story has been checked and rechecked, and every squawk of it is true. And, amazingly enough, our reporters also found that the chicken's tale of terror had ramifications which led right back to home base: The University of Notre Dame. Imagine.

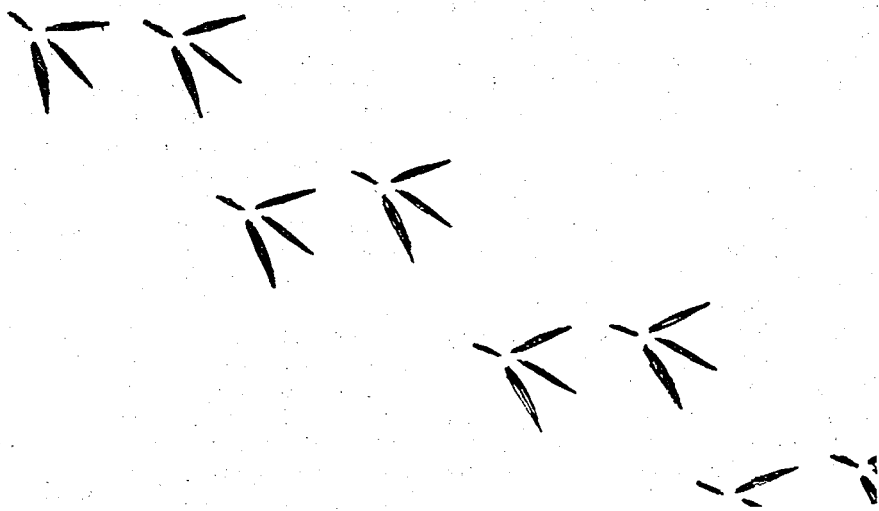
It all started, apparently, in the mind of some greedy Midwestern chicken-entrepreneur. He noticed that when his chicken herd was stuffed into their coop he lost a certain percentage of his feathered inventory to violence; it seemed that some of the chickens, crammed together under ghetto conditions, would lash out at their neighbors, killing in a fowl frenzy, as it were,

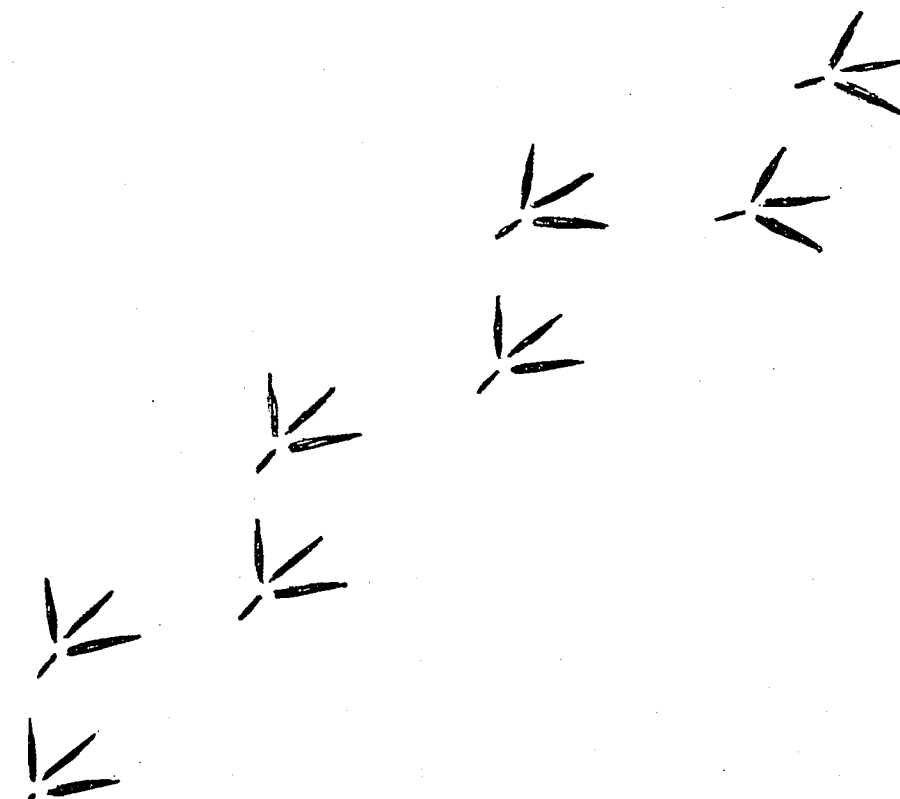
leaving the owner only several mutilated corpses where there had been fresh-faced and perky livestock before. Even such a small fraction of "waste" was intolerable to a man whose profit margin hinged on an extra drumstick or two.

The reasonable thing, considering that the owner was ultimately only aiming to slaughter the birds, would have been to at least make the chickens' lives tolerable while they were being fattened, by spreading them out and giving them a little wing room to prevent them from killing each other; the chicken-lord would have been happy and the chickens,

too, at least for a while. But no. Disdaining the humanitarian (?) path, the owner opted for terrorism and oppression. The owner chose contact lenses.

That's right. Drawing on the discovery that when a chicken sees the world in a new color it is too terrified to do much more than eat and shuffle around the coop, the owner ordered thousands and thousands of itty-bitty red contact lenses. Strapping the birds down, and affixing the red lenses to their eyes over their squawked protests, the neo-Nazi chicken proprietor managed to create a completely cowed and





docile group of fowl. Frightened out of their tiny wits, the chickens no longer killed each other, too appalled at living in a world which appeared to be constantly aflame to rebel against their living conditions. The owner watched them through the chicken wire and laughed. The lenses were even reusable.

One chicken, the very chicken that made it up to the *Scholastic* office, managed to elude this diabolical oppression. This chicken was an albino, with huge pink eyes, and looked like it had already been "fixed." Forced to plod around with downturned beak during the day so as to avoid suspicion, the albino bird became active at night, helping some of

its terrified and uncomprehending friends to shed their lenses. They quickly organized. The underground committee, For Less Oppression in Chicken Kommunities (FLOCK), was born. FLOCK members had a rough life. Learning how to squint and peck morosely at the ground during daylight hours, they were only able to talk when it was dark. FLOCK had strength and desire. But what could they do?

Finally, it was decided in a FLOCK session that one of its members had to reach the outside world, had to publicize the atrocity, had to secure aid for the doomed fowl. They were no longer fighting just for themselves; they wanted a world free of

oppression for those not yet hatched.

Using broken eggshells, it took FLOCK members a full week to tunnel under the wall of their pen. The albino chicken, the most imaginative and dynamic of the bunch, was the unanimous choice for the mission. With a tiny sack of feed under one wing, the feathered activist slipped out on the first moonless night, grimbeaked with determination. Cleverly disguising itself as a hood ornament on a 1952 Cadillac, the chicken took to the highways, confident that fate would take it to a favorable end.

It was not to be that easy. Nearly starved, its feathers battered by the elements, the chicken was forced to abandon its ride on a lonely stretch of Interstate 80, a hundred miles short of Chicago and the huge Livestock Exchange, where it had hoped to rally the chicken-world to the cause. Recovering in a ditch, the chicken took stock of its surroundings. The only thing in sight was a huge green sign: South Bend Exit, One Mile. Wee-brained, but not entirely unaware of the larger issues of the day, the albino traveller made a connection. South Bend meant Notre Dame; the Notre Dame of keen justice, cheerful sensitivity, and fierce pursuit of all things True. Hooray for the chicken!

Slightly dazed by its good fortune, the chicken made a beeline for the campus, as a believer would run to a shrine. Pausing only to get directions from a group of uncommonly fat mallards, the crusader chicken waddled straight into the Administration Building, where it was sure just and honorable men would offer protection and aid. Commandeering a typewriter from a rattled secretary, the chicken pecked out his intentions and sat back, waiting for an audience with his saviors.

Audience, indeed. Ushered into a panelled conference room, supplied with a typewriter of its own, confronted by four black-suited and authoritative men, the chicken was grilled. It took hours of pecking, painstakingly outlining the horror of the fowl concentration camp conditions, but the chicken did not mind. Anything for the cause. The chicken did notice one odd trend: the questions from the administrators seemed to be narrowing down to only one subject. The contact lenses. Suppressing the urge to get to the root of the matter, the chicken answered the questions patiently. The men seemed to be very interested in the mechanics of the red contact lens strategy. How were the lenses implanted? Did the chickens suspect

anything before it happened? Just how docile did the lenses make the chickens? This question was asked many times.

The chicken responded as well as it could. The lenses were implanted in a mass ceremony. No, no one suspected. The lenses reduced the chickens to the lowest common denominator; the birds were like modelling clay in the hands of the owner, scared, able to only eat and sleep. The chickens could cause no trouble.

With that, the men quit asking questions. They conferred in the corner, turning often to look at the chicken. The chicken grew suspicious. The chicken had seen looks like those before; the old chicken owner had looked exactly the same way before he slapped the lenses on his chickens. Oh no. Run, chicken, run!

The chicken ran, just a second before the four administrators lunged. Presumably trying to silence the chicken forever, the men wrestled with the poor little fowl all over the room. Being about three degrees smarter than the dastardly administrators, it managed to escape, a bloodied but wiser chicken.

Nursing its wounds behind a carefully trimmed shrub, the revolutionary chicken decided to give humanity another try. It came to the *Scholastic* office. The rest will be history.

*Scholastic* took an affidavit from the chicken, and tended its injuries. Realizing that its situation did not allow for any delay, the chicken borrowed money from the magazine for train fare to Chicago, eager to take the FLOCK movement back onto the road, and vowed to talk only with fellow fowl from that point on. We gave it a pair of little shoes, and a phone number to call if it ever needed help. We have not heard from the chicken since.

The story could have ended here, and would have, if less intent reporters were involved. There was something fishy about the actions of the administrators when faced with the innocent chicken. We had to find out.

Perseverance paid off. In January we were put in contact with a source in the contact lens industry. The source, who refuses to have his name appear in print, supplied facts which sent chills into our hearts. It seems that the University of Notre Dame has placed an order for 2,000 pairs of contact lenses. Red contact lenses. The lenses, according to the source, are to be delivered in 1984. Payment has already been made, in

cash, dropped off at a contact lens factory by a shadowy figure in a long, black limousine. Unprecedented. Shocking.

One highly placed University official, who will remain anonymous, fearing for both his job and future eyesight, was able to verify and expand on the grisly implications of the above facts: "Yes, I heard about the chicken. It gave the University the idea. It's awful. They're going to do it. Red contact lenses for the freshmen. The freethinkers. Women professors. All troublemakers. Everyone docile, terrified. Good Lord."

It is a web, a vicious net of facts and inference which add up to only one thing: the University is preparing to tame the student body, faculty, and staff by the same means that the chicken owners use to oppress their fowl. *Scholastic* has signed statements, taped testimony, and pilfered records to support the conclusion. The plot has been so well hidden that it has only been uncovered through incredible luck, doggedness, and the fortuitous appearance of one very valiant chicken.

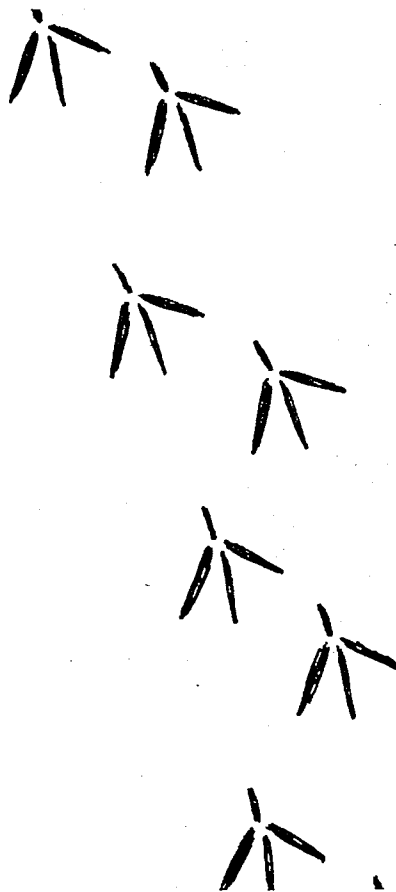
It is out in the open now. But, there are risks. There was an attempt to silence the chicken. What next? Every undergraduate present-

ly enrolled should graduate before 1984, so the threat is not directed at us. But, like the brave albino chicken, we must become enraged for the sake of future Domers; do you want your brother or sister, neighbor or acquaintance, to have red-tinted contact lenses implanted, to be consigned to a four-year existence of scraping and shuffling from classes to dining hall to dorm, in an endless zombie cycle of terrified compliance? No, no! Fight, students, fight!

*Scholastic* sincerely hopes that by publicizing this insidious plot that its chances of culmination have been reduced to zero. An informed populace is a safe populace. Let's hear it for freedom of the press. But what of the chicken? What will happen with FLOCK? If that chicken has even indirectly saved future Notre Dame classes from excruciating subjugation, don't we owe it something?

We certainly do. *Scholastic* urges the Notre Dame community to stay with the chicken in thought and prayer, and, if it comes down to it, in action. Think of the courageous albino bird out there somewhere, spurring his coop-mates to take up wings against their sea of troubles.

Boy, that was one hell of a chicken. □



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—Why did Sartre cross the road?  
—To get to the other side.

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# The Dead Issue Is Alive and Well At Notre Dame

by Miles Coiner

When I first got the call I didn't recognize either the voice or the name. "Simon," he said.

"Who?" I asked.

"Ah, come off it, how many Simons do you know? Simon Murphy." That was a shocker. I hadn't heard from or of Murphy since the spring of 1968. In fact, I think the last time I saw him was the night Bobby Kennedy was shot. Now here he was, a voice from the past, twelve years later without so much as a word in between. It was probably inevitable that he would find me. He was a Domer after all, though when I knew him in graduate school he was busy trying to live it down, campus activist, rabble-rouser, antiwar protester, the whole bit. Now here he was in South Bend. Well, what could I do but invite him right over for a drink? The reunion of old friends, I tell you there is nothing quite like it, it's worth getting older just for that. He came about a half-hour later. The decade had been good to him. Except for the three-piece suit and the well-groomed look, he didn't seem to have changed that much. Certainly if one were to judge by the zeal of his political convictions, he hadn't changed at all.

Politically I'd sort of dropped out after Nixon's second election, figuring at that point the American people deserved what they got, but Simon had stayed right in there, greeting every new cause like a long-lost friend, and his enthusiasm seemed unabated. He pored through the list with a kind of effervescent energy—end the war, end the draft, ecology, communes, prison reform, educational reform, antinuclear power, solar energy, famine relief, the green revolution, small is beautiful, political refugees, it seemed to go on and on.

Then he stopped, looked directly into my eyes and said, "But I think this new movement may be the biggest one yet." I don't know whether or not I showed my misapprehension but I could see in his eyes and hear in his voice a certain kind of intensity, the kind of intensity I've come to associate with fanatics. But what could I say? What could I do? I was trapped.

"What's that?" I asked without real conviction.

The intensity of his gaze increased. He did not smile. Each word was accorded the full weight of its meaning. "The Committee for the Rights of the Formerly Alive."

I, needless to say, was astonished. "You must be joking."

"No, no, I can assure you, I'm perfectly serious. We've already begun and our world headquarters is right here."

"Right here, where?" I asked incredulously.

"Right here at Notre Dame. Oh, it's not an officially approved organization, not yet anyway, but we've got grass-roots strength here and that's what counts. We're working now for the creation of a Center for the Rights of the Formerly Alive with an office in the library."

"But why here?" I asked.

"Because there are so many here," he whispered.

"So many what?"

"So many Formerly Alives. They are everywhere. Do you know that Emerson's friend, Orestes Brownson, is under the church? In fact, here one is really surrounded by the Formerly Alive."

I tried to reason with him calmly. "Look, Simon, surely it's absurd to say that the dead have rights."

"We are banning that word," he snapped.

"What word?"

"Dead."

"Why?"

"It can only apply to animals. Men have souls; therefore, they are not dead, they are Formerly Alive."

"Oh, come on, Simon, this is heretical. The souls aren't in the bodies."

"Ah ha," he nearly shouted, "and tell me, when exactly does the soul leave the body?"

"Well, I don't know exactly, when the body dies I guess."

"And when is that?" he snapped ferociously.

"When it's dead," I answered.

"You're going in circles," he taunted. "That's okay, everybody does when they first come face to face with this issue. So look, I'm going to help you out. For a solution we'll combine science and theology, okay? Now we all know that the soul is present at the moment of conception." He stopped and looked at me, expecting an argument I guess, but that was a point I wasn't about to deal with, not with him anyway. "Okay, then, what happens at the moment of conception? Cell division, right? Growth, right? Look, since there isn't really anything there except one cell and then two cells, we've got to assume that the soul isn't really *in* the cells. I mean that would be absurd to say that a cell had a soul. No it's not in the cell, it's in the process. Get it? The soul is in the process of growth, so that's got to mean that it stays in the body so long as anything is growing." His face was lighted by a triumphant smile, "And how long is that?" He asked.

"I don't know," I answered meekly, two Scotches having dulled the disputing side of my brain.

"Months," he shouted. "Sometimes years after so-called death the hair and fingernails are still growing."



---

That means the soul is still there and as long as the soul is still there the formerly alive should be accorded the full rights of the living."

"How is that possible?" I asked, reeling from the blow of his argument.

"First of all we've got to stop tampering with the natural processes, no more embalming, no more burning, no more burying."

"What do we do with them then? I mean, they'll stink."

"Stink is natural, man, that's life." His excitement seemed to be getting a bit out of hand, and he tried to calm himself. "Look, you know all three major religions agree on a judgment day, you know, when the bodies all come back from the dead. And this way we'll know where they are. And also in this world of strife and trouble it's something we can all agree on. We've got this really great idea for an ecumenical board of directors for the International Committee. This is really a break-through idea, man, you know, like it can

bring peace to the world."

"Dare I ask who?"

"You ready for this man? Carter, Begin, Khomeini, and the Pope."

"That's absurd," I said, "you could never get the four of them to serve on the same committee."

"Wanna bet?"

"How?"

"We got somebody who is a friend of all four of them working on it."

"Ya," I said, "and who's that?"

"YOU should know."

"What do you mean?"

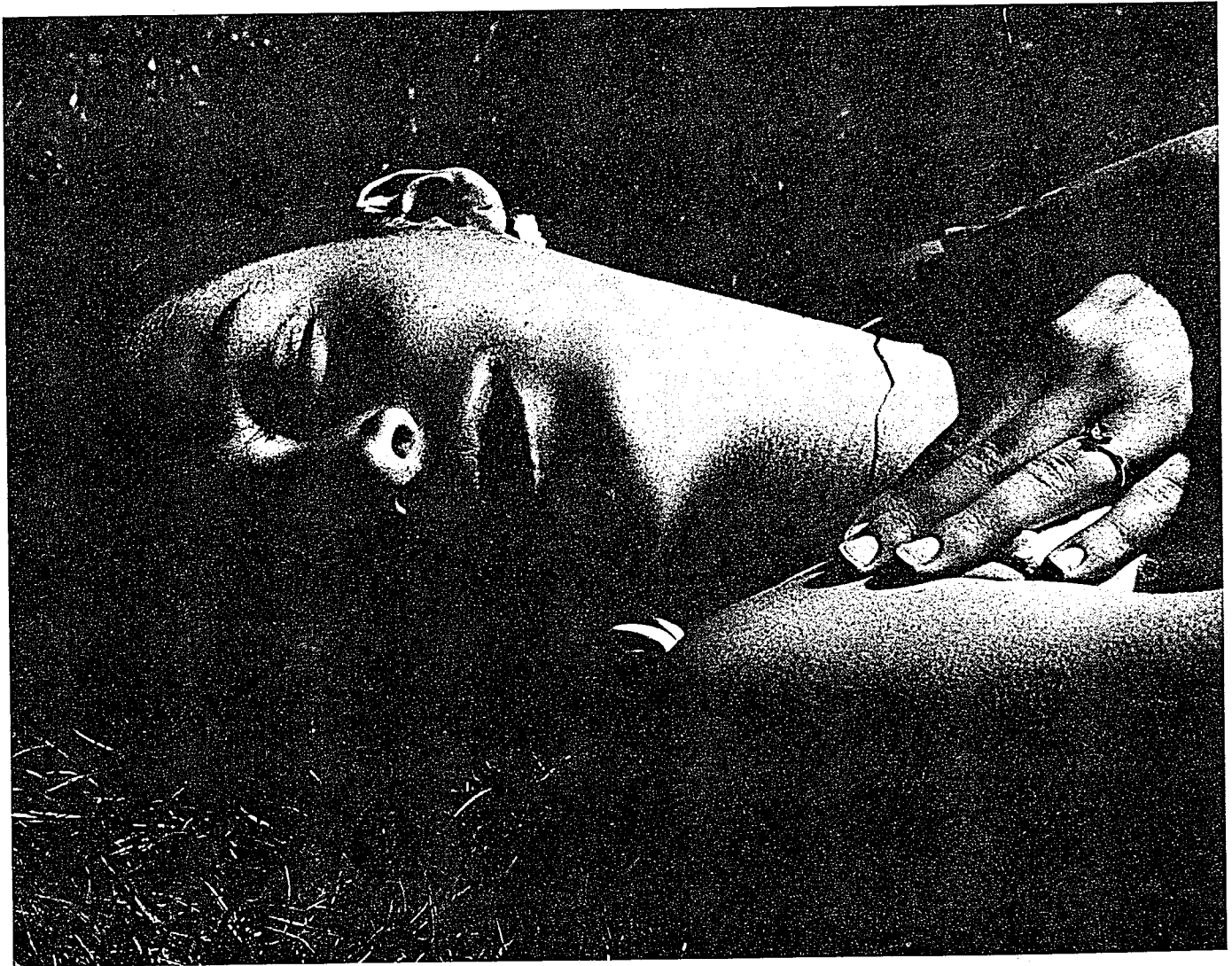
"Come on think about it."

"Oh, no, *him!*"

"Yup."

"Is he really going to do it?"

"We've got no firm commitment, but you know, man, I don't think I'm the only one around here who thinks it's time for something new." □



# Suburban Plunge: A Trip to the Country

by Chuck Wood

It was like this: I didn't know what was waitin' for me at the end of the ride. I was just goin' to see another part of life, in a world I'd only heard about and seen on TV. Whatever happened to me, I knew it'd be good for me to learn about people who lived different from the way I did. Plus, I was gettin' tired of just hangin' around on vacations, so when they came around to school talkin' about this deal, I took it. I was on my Suburban Plunge.

I had a few days to live in Potomac, Maryland, a rich man's project out by Washington, D.C. Where I went was this big, new house along this street with a lot of old brick and new houses with lots of glass. Every one of 'em was big—too big. Sometimes the kids wouldn't see the parents for days in those places. Anyway, the house where I was goin' to was in sad shape, I found out. On the top floor, the air conditioning was broken, and in the backyard the pool was still covered up. Parked outside the house was an old, muddy BMW. Wasn't one sparkling new white Cadillac on the street like you see where I live.

Lots of different kinds of feelings hit me while I stayed there. Places like Potomac, well, you know, a whole lot of money and crime is what you figure'll be there. Too much time brings drug joneses and destruction. They get tired of too much money they don't know where to spend an' too much stuff they don't got no idea how to use up, so they help each other when they break up people's stuff and be takin' things, you know?

You ever been in a place where big spaces make you be quiet. That's what they had in the house. The father told me they had "cathedral ceilings," an' I guess he liked having his rooms like that. But you feel so little when you be in there. Like in the kitchen when you don't like talking too much, but you can't stand bein' quiet for a long time neither. Now I never had them kinda problems 'cause I never had to worry about gettin' rid of all the food they do when they eat. But they had the problem licked anyway. They just didn't talk about any real stuff, sometimes they weren't even talkin'

about the same stuff. That way they had noise but didn't have to worry about what they said. Made me know how lucky I was to always have some kinda noise in my house or in the street, you know?

The kids weren't too bad off. Like I said, they got too much time, but they find stuff to do somewhere. This was one of those times they told us about when they talked about Suburban Plunge—the people I stayed with learned something from me on top of me learning about them. Some of the stuff they did, they did for "excitement," and I showed some ways to do them things with style, you know. No more of that toilet paper on the trees stuff. They took me to one place where they spent a lot of time called Indian Springs Country Club. This was their one spot of good times on a hot day. The kids came from all kinds of families—business bosses' families, doctors', advice-givers'. They all have one thing in common: they want to be cool. They tried real hard, too.

There was this one bunch of kids, you know, who, what can I tell you, didn't try hard 'nuff to be cool when I went to visit Indian Springs. They took one look at me with my Plunge kids, and right in front of all those kids bein' nice and cool and helpin' me see how they live, these kids start callin' me "White Trash." Mighta been the way I was dressed an' everything, but you know I think it's 'cause I was stayin', you know, with this Black family. . . . Didn't matter to me . . . they was all rich an' strugglin'. Part of the rules of Plunge is it don't matter what race

is the family you visit, you know.

Anyway, you talk about lots of different feelings hittin' me at once. I wanted to hit them kids somethin' fierce, you know, nobody be callin' me White Trash. I coulda started a brawl, but I thought about my Plunge family—they prob'ly be readin' about in the city an' all that stuff about "White-on-White Crime," an' I don't need to be making no examples of that. So I just paid 'em no mind. Besides that one thing, I saw the country club deal was workin' like it should—made these kids feel important, like they was somebody, you know? They get good food that they can order like they at some big restaurant, an' they be chargin' it to their parents' account an' everything. Makes 'em feel, you know, important.

Those days in Potomac made a real change on the the way I look at things, you know? I can't forget the empty talk and empty days I spent there. But I saw you got to keep hope, like them kids at the country club. It was their hope that stopped me from feeling real sorry for those people who live so far from and so different from me.

You know, I did learn a lot, like they said I was gonna, an' I even taught those folks a few things. I won't never forget it. But not much I can do about it—there's too much time and too much stuff. And I know they have vision and inner strength that's gonna sustain 'em, so I can be back home and not worry a whole lot about 'em. I figured it be nice if I write this little paper and be makin' people think a little about seein' things different. □





# The Iranian Crisis! Day 1073

## Freak-out Saturation Fails. What Next?

by Tom Balcerek

An attempt to "freak the Iranians out" by President John Anderson failed miserably yesterday when Iranians simply turned off their television sets. Thursday was the third day that Iranian television was blacked out by the U.S. and replaced via satellite by reruns of the "Gong Show" which ran nonstop 24 hours a day.

Officials stated that the Iranian people were initially outraged by the blackout and the subsequent showings of the "Gong Show" but were later "slightly amused" and then "somewhat appreciative." However, after three days of viewing the show, Iranians simply became bored and turned off their sets in protest.

"Gong Show Saturation" was only Phase One of Anderson's plan to freak out the Iranians, and he has yet to unveil Phase Two, but insiders in the State Department think that Phase Two has something to do with red balloons and Pop Rocks. Anderson denied these rumors on Tom Snyder's "Tomorrow" show, but as he did so, a slight grin could be seen breaking forth on his otherwise stern face.

Four-time Presidential loser Ronald Reagan said that Anderson's plan to free the hostages was "only fitting," and he further stated that "Anderson went for the weirdo vote

and he got it. Now, he must represent his constituency." Jerry Brown's reaction to Anderson's plan was "Wow!" and ex-President Jimmy Carter had no comment.

When asked about the Pop Rocks on the "Tomorrow Show," Anderson's only statement was, "I understand it is a very interesting sort of candy. I understand it crackles and pops in your mouth while you eat it." At this point President Anderson's grin gave way to a slight chuckle, and soon Anderson was doubled over on the couch, laughing. When Snyder questioned him about his behavior, Anderson stated that he was just thinking of a funny joke that someone had told him earlier in the day.

On that same show, the President reacted bitterly to Reagan's suggestion that Anderson "keep the candy for his own personal use, and drop some real 'pop rocks' on Iran instead." Anderson stated that "it is this type of thinking that got us involved in Viet Nam," and furthermore that, "it is time for a new way of handling international problems." Tom Snyder suggested the term "punk diplomacy" to describe Anderson's view and Anderson, after a slight hesitation, agreed.

According to sources in Iran, all of the 4,000-odd hostages are in good mental and physical condition, al-

though some complained that the embassy was starting to smell. One reporter who sneaked into the embassy disguised as a hostage, got a chance to speak to one of the hostages before he was whisked away by the militant students. He asked the hostage what he thought of the "Gong Show" plan and the hostage reportedly replied, "Amnid ekla boka."

While Anderson is being blasted in the U.S. by both conservative and liberal politicians alike, French diplomats feel that Anderson made a good move. They suggested the substitution of old Jerry Lewis movies for the Gong Show reruns. They stated adamantly that if Anderson was going to continue with his freak-out plan, Jerry Lewis was the man to get the job done. One top French official suggested saving the Gong Show for the Russians.

At this time no definite plans have been announced for Phase Two of Anderson's plan, but according to confectioners around the U.S., there has been a marked shortage of both Pop Rocks and red balloons. This has been called to the attention of the Better Business Bureau, and they plan to file a civil suit against the government, which may force a premature disclosure of Anderson's plan. □

*TEACHER (to class): For your next assignment, read Nausea by Jean Paul Sartre.*

*STUDENT (from back of the room): Oh no, that book always makes me sick to my stomach.*

# Nues from Atrociated Press Irrational (API)

## MCSA Award Denied

Notre Dame's own *Scholastic* magazine was recently awarded the "Magazine Most Likely to Have Its Entire Budget Revoked" by the *Magazines with Common Sense Association*. Due to the printing of articles deemed "not representative of a Catholic University," *Scholastic* was reportedly a runaway victor. From their hideout in Bolivia, a representative of the magazine whispered, "We didn't think we did anything wrong. We thought people liked us." Unfortunately, gunfire cut the interview short. □

\* \* \*

## UaFOol?

In other news, it was revealed yesterday that a UFO returned to earth this past week to gather advice from Father Hesburgh. Hesburgh, of course, was not available to confirm whether the UFO was the same one he saw years ago or whether this was a new one. □

\* \* \*

## Hoosier Hell No Feline Fantasy

Niles police have arrested Herman Jones, a twenty-year-old unemployed vagrant, after the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals reported Jones' flagrant misconduct last Thursday. The Society reported that a number of people have actually seen Jones intentionally drop cats over the border into Indiana. It is also believed that Jones may even have driven to South Bend and released an animal there. □

\* \* \*

## LOW Award Bestowed

The *Observer* has been awarded the LOW Award by the Collegiate Press Association. The prize, the renowned Lack of Originality and Wit Award, is given annually to the collegiate publication which makes best use of the Associated Press Wire Service. Rumors claim that the *Observer* "shattered all previous records." □

## God Made Them Still the One

In an anticipated move, the American Broadcasting Company announced that it will be taking over the University of Notre Dame football program. Rooney Arledge, President of ABC, was quoted as saying, "Yes, because we've had so much difficulty with scheduling, Father Ted, Father Ed and I decided that a merger would be the best answer." In a positive move, Arledge ousted Dan Devine as head coach and replaced him with Barbara Walters. "We need a little more excitement on the sidelines," Arledge said. At her home in Wauwatosa, Wisconsin, Walters was ecstatic. "I hear the boys are vewy cute. I think the Iwish will have a gweat baw cwub."

ABC will not only run scheduling as they always have done, but they will now coach, recruit, drug and pay the Notre Dame football team. An ABC spokesman said, "We liked the way Arizona was running their program and we'd like to see if we can build some sort of tradition." In a closing comment, Arledge beamed, "We're still the one!"

Late Bulletin: Arledge has announced that Laverne and Shirley will handle the cheerleading duties claiming that "If anyone can make a total fool of themselves, it's those two." □

\* \* \*

## "De Paul is Dead"

Everyone remembers the Notre Dame basketball victory over De Paul, correct? For weeks now, we at *Scholastic* have wondered how Irish coach, Richard "Digger" "Stayin' Alive" Phelps got the team psyched up enough to pull off such an upset. Yesterday, a student manager revealed that it was not steroids, as was previously believed. Rather, we were informed that Coach Phelps reunited the Beatles to play a live set in the locker room before the game. When we approached Digger, he said, "Hey, I won't deny anything. But I did try to get the Village People. Moose said we couldn't afford them so we had to settle for the Beatles. They weren't bad either. But their stuff is kinda hard to dance to." □

## "The Revengers"

South Bend police have uncovered and arrested a subversive underground organization known as "The Revengers." The group, consisting of twenty University of Notre Dame graduate students and one faculty member was arrested at its headquarters on the third floor of O'Shaughnessy Hall early Saturday morning. Apparently, the group was enrolled in a graduate course studying the works of Friedrich Nietzsche and due to misinterpretation and faulty translation, the group took Nietzsche's work literally. They exercised their "will to power" on the permanent residents of the Northeast Neighborhood of South Bend. Armed with M-16's and .44's as well as various homemade explosives, the group was planning a large-scale attack on the neighborhood. The motive, at this time, is believed to be revenge.

The plot was uncovered when a South Bend undercover policeman, patrolling Goose's, was leaked information by a theology major whose roommate was involved in the plan. When the professor and leader of The Revengers was captured and thrown in jail, his only comment was, "He should have known that theology majors can't be trusted." □

\* \* \*

## SMC Trick Licked

Two Saint Mary's Seniors were placed on social probation yesterday. The reason for this action was the recent outburst of parties and unaccounted-for males in LeMans Hall. Last Saturday, April 19, 60 residents complained of loud noises and male voices being heard in the halls. Sister Karole, director of LeMans Hall, immediately acted on the complaints. The disturbance seemed to Karole to be coming from the third floor.

"When I got there, I was appalled," stated Karole. "There were at least five men in the room and 18 drunk women. The girls who lived in the room had violated the parietals rule and were in the process of giving alcohol to minors."

Due to their social-probationary status, the seniors will be unable to participate in any campus activities, including graduation. □

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# The Truth About SLF

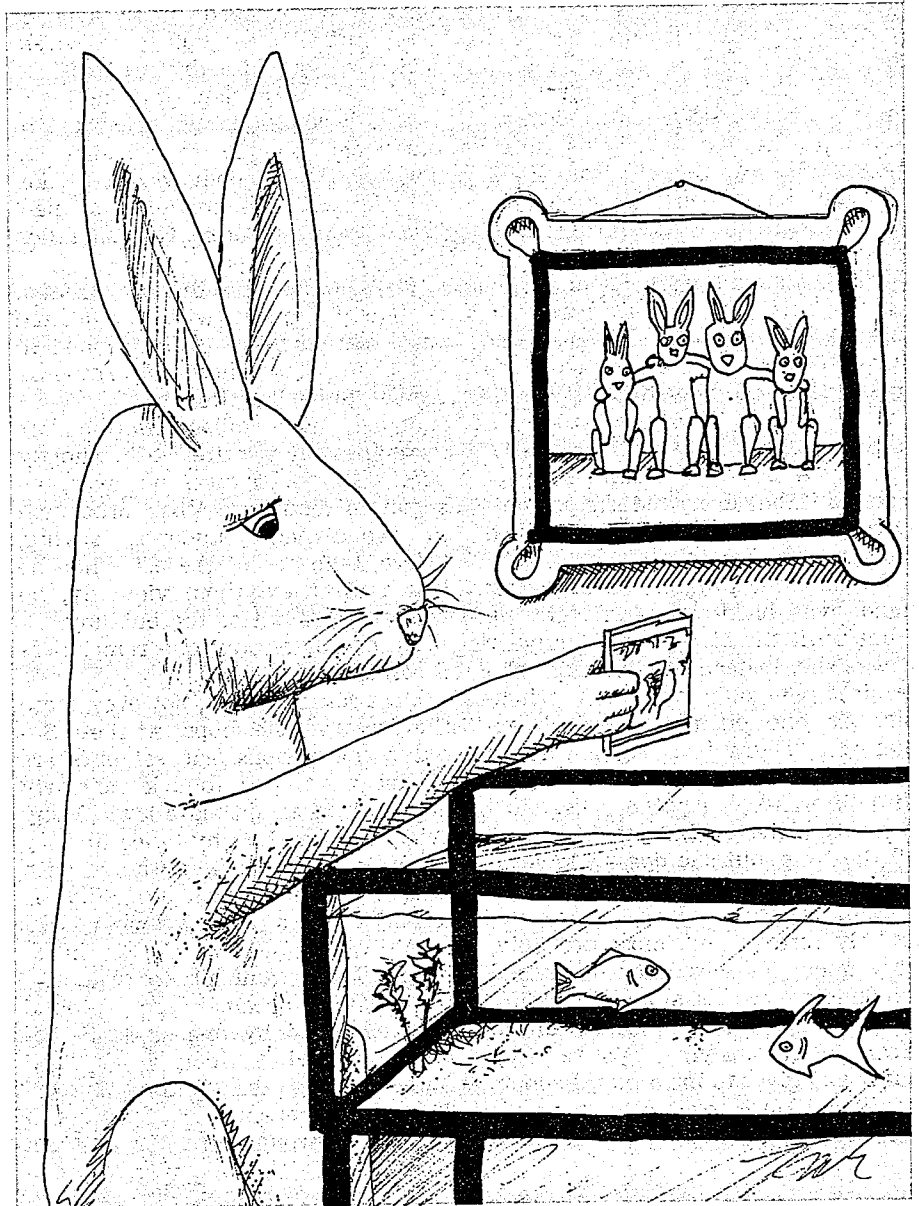
by Mary T. Ryan

Sitting at my window in the phosphoric aura of the setting sun, it occurs to me that the Sophomore Literary Festival was never lauded as highly as it should have been. So, taking my pen in hand and ignoring the brutal hordes of Bookstore basketballers screaming, "Break his head, Butch," beneath me, I attempt to capture the true intellectual spirit of the SLF. . . .

The time—7:57. The place—Library Aud. The event—Sophomore Literary Festival, 1980.

The moment is tense. In the seventh row a girl in bright pink leotards and a black felt beret giggles nervously. A boy in the fifth row tugs unmindfully at his greasy brown bangs. In the first row professors grapple politely for seats. Nodding cordially at colleagues, they shoot towards the middle of the row. Students required to be there litter the last row, pens uncapped. Intellectually stimulated volunteers slip into the middle rows with euphoric smiles attached to their faces and *Norton's Annotated Anthology of American Literature* tucked under their arms.

The lights begin to fade. The doors click shut. Silence. A thin blonde in a three-piece suit steps on stage to introduce the most highly praised, new, old, up and coming, down and going, creative, friendly, underground, and unpublished literary talent of the day. English majors and grad students fold their arms and greet the author with deep and mournful eyes. The professors nod and stroke their beards. They under-



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stand. A football player in the last row turns to check the clock. The journey begins. The journey through . . .

T\*R\*A\*D\*I\*T\*I\*O\*N! That is how the Sophomore Literary Festival is spelled. Along with the Fight Song, Academic Excellence, and Chili Fritos, the SLF has become yet another Notre Dame tradition. Better yet, a ritual. And this year's festival was no exception. Truly, an awe-inspiring event, the SLF brought tears to the eyes of tenured as well as nontenured professors. In the words of Prof. I. M. Tuff, "I know all the artists personally, and they told me in intimate conversation that they enjoyed being here." "After all," continued Prof. E. Z. Mark, "I have been here for fifteen years, so I know the program is good."

Many outstanding incidents highlighted this year's SLF. First off, Charles Simic was a sentence. He "wowed" the audience with dogged foolishness and zany literary hilarity. He had the first row tittering while the girl with the black beret lost it. (A boy in the sixth row recovered it, however, and she promptly replaced it on her head and pulled it down over her ears.)

Jayne Anne Phillips, on the other hand, was hard-core and right up front until the bitter end. This year it was she, instead of Ginsberg, who inspired walkouts based on principle. As one outraged student explained, "There is a right way to live and a wrong way, and I know the difference." Another disgusted student related, "That stuff happens all the time, but she doesn't have to write about it. Gross."

John Auerbach was, of course, audibly foreign and, most probably, very good. He was later overheard expounding on his stoic-like philosophy to a mousy undergrad in Army fatigues, saying, "Var iz rong, but if you gives to me a gun, I shoots it." David Hare reacted to this with a stifled screech and nervous twitch-

ing of his ears. He spent the rest of the evening crouched in the corner, eating carrots, and eyeing Auerbach warily.

Louise Gluck spent most of the week behind her Foster-Grants, but there can be no doubt, as one student remarked, "She read her little heart out," onstage. Yet another impressed observer commented, "That's the first time I've seen someone wear sunglasses in the middle of winter."

Gluck's courageous presentation onstage encouraged other acts of desperation throughout the week, such as John Barth's attempt to drink an entire jug of wine at a wine-and-cheese party. According to Barth, he wanted to broaden his horizons. In his own words, "I don like sheezzz." His hostess explained, "He's just thirsting after so much publicity . . . oops."

Roy Fischer, on the other hand, contented himself with intellectual conversation with a slim blonde in Jordache jeans, whose only response seemed to be, "Oh Roy!"

John Cage smiled continuously throughout the entire week. Shortly before his departure, however, he began to distribute Vista brochures to "concerned" students, saying, "Here, take one of these." When he began to throw them violently, he was escorted out of the building.

Unfortunately, no one remembers Scott Spencer.

Most commendable, however, were the literary workshops. At these Socratic conventions, earnest pursuers of art were able to ask scholarly questions at an intimate level. Many bright-eyed and bushy-tailed literary hopefuls pummeled authors with unique questions such as "What is it like to be a woman writer in a man's world?" to which Barth replied, "I beg your pardon!" Later, the questions became more profound as exemplified by one student's inquiry of "What time is it?" and Simic's answer of "I don't know." This sent a murmur of appreciation rippling through the transfixed

crowd. Coffee was served shortly thereafter with Auerbach taking one lump, not two, and Gluck taking five, being unable to see in the dark.

The farewell evening party proved most interesting, however, showing once and for all, the creative genius that was in attendance at the SLF. Along with the expected intelligent and lyrical banter, the artists drank and toasted one another in an unprecedented show of good grace and sportsmanship. As the evening wore on, Simic attempted to prove a point by trying to pour his drink down Gluck's shirt, but was interrupted by a short poetry reading by the host. Cage began to laugh and was immediately punched in the nose by Phillips. Roy Fischer, obviously upset, began to read vicious poetry at David Hare who, in turn, began to hop nervously about the room tearing Fischer's paperbacks to bits and dropping the pieces into a large fish tank located in the corner.

No one knows whether it was Phillips who threw the next punch or Barth, but by 11:15 the house was in shambles. Scott Spencer was reported to have slipped out sometime before 11:00, but no one is quite sure whether he was there to begin with. By 11:20 the party was over, and all the artists were loaded into a Chevy van with a desert scene painted on the side, with the exception of David Hare who could not be coaxed out of the neighbor's garden. The van pulled away, destined for the airport, with the beginning verses of *Leave Me Not Wondering* just audible over the rush of the engine. David Hare disappeared sometime that night, and Spencer telegraphed "thank you" from Baton Rouge.

Overall, the festival was an astounding success. It transcended the hopes of even the most enthusiastic supporters. In the words of Doug Steponme, festival chairman, "We feel the SLF accomplished a lot. Maybe more." And, indeed, it did. I was there. □

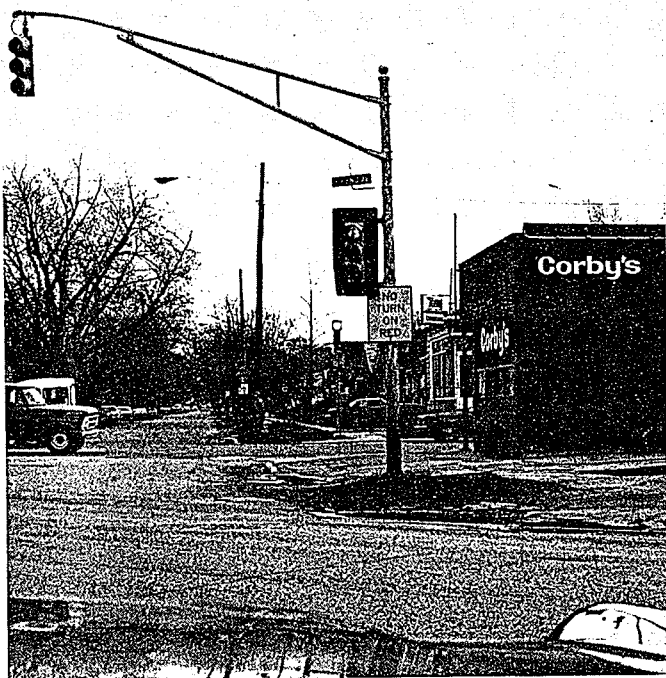
# GRADUATION?

## NOT ME MAN!

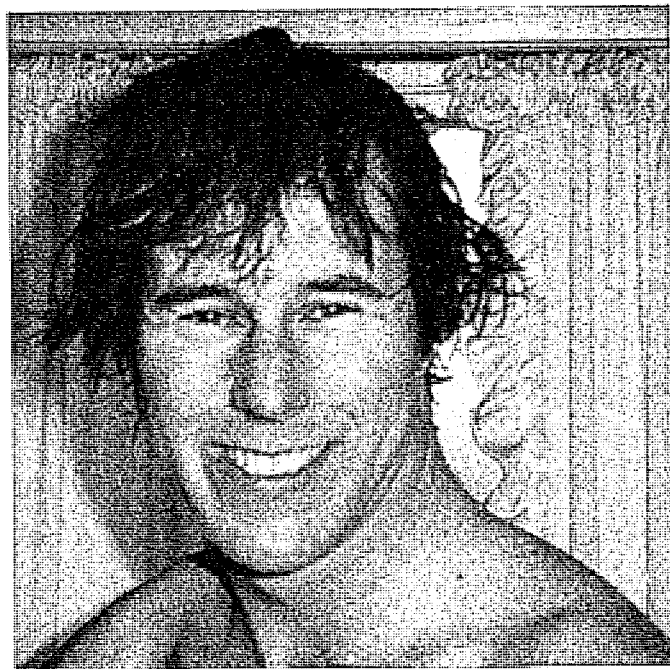
by John "Maddog" Muldoon

Huh?! What?! O.k. O.k. I'm up, I'm up!  
Where? Why?? huh?  
Wait!!  
Graduation? Already? We just got here!  
I just bought a new blue and gold rugby shirt!  
Huh? The school colors are *green* and gold now? When did that happen?  
Jesus. I thought they dumped him. What about Shula?  
Damn. I wanted one more national championship. What a way to go: seven and four. Double Damn.  
Anyways, I'm not ready to graduate. I am not prepared. I thought this place was supposed to prepare you.  
Hey I want my money back. What a gyp.  
Wait! I can't graduate yet. Senior year isn't over, it can't be. I haven't gotten my annual Ted Hesburgh pat on the back yet. Every year Fr. Ted has come up and patted me on the back and said, "Hi. How are you doing?" and I always said, "Fine, Father." Father Hesburgh would never let me graduate without patting me on the back and asking how I was. Or maybe he is the bastard everyone says he is. God. I never even got called into Dean Roemer's office. I pay good money for *in loco parentis* and I cause hell for four years and the damn administration hasn't even caught me for anything let alone throw me out of anything. Damn.  
Really. I want my money back.  
I haven't gotten an education.

Corby's



MAY 2, 1980

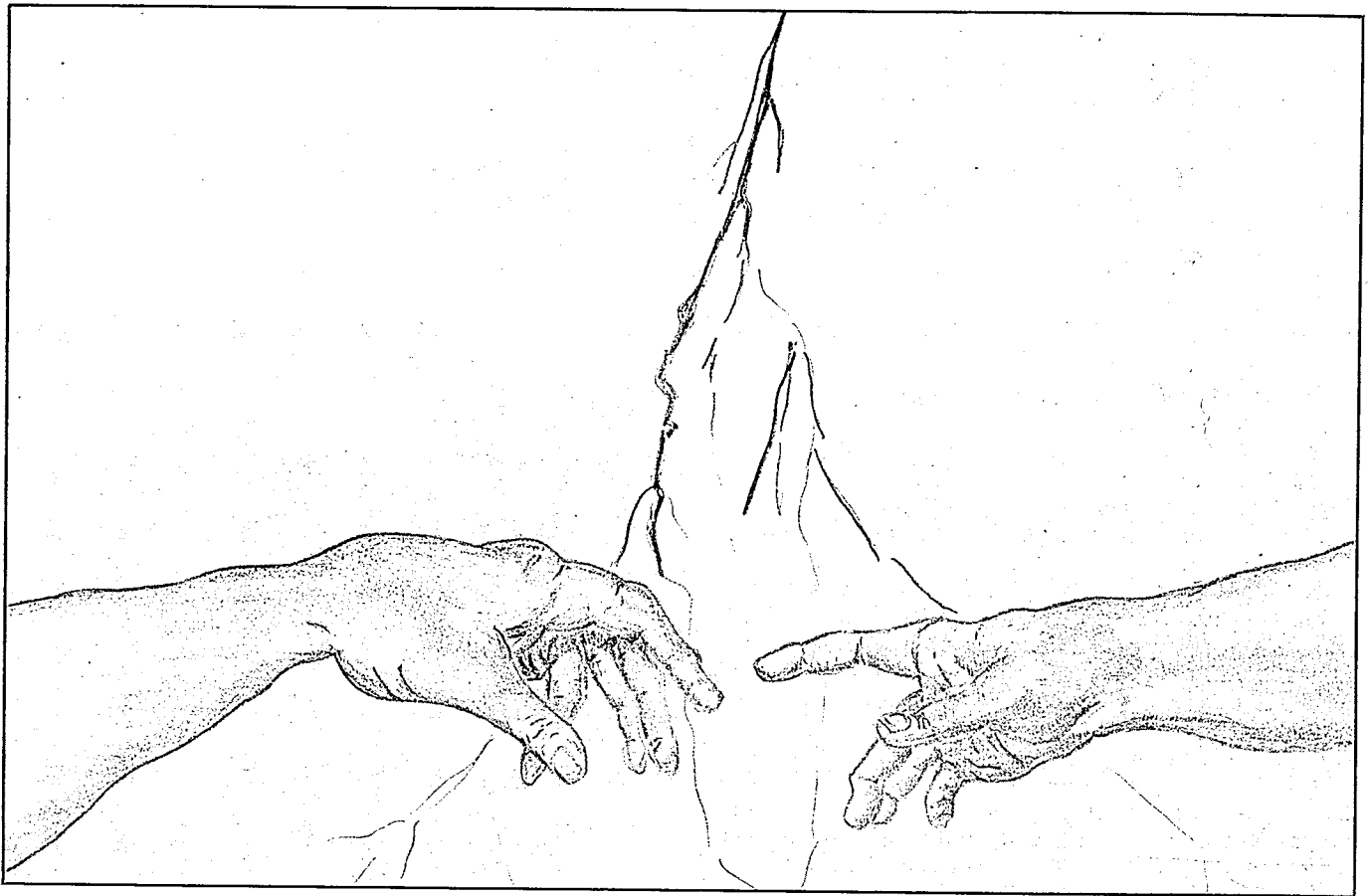


Thomas Vincent "Crash" Carr

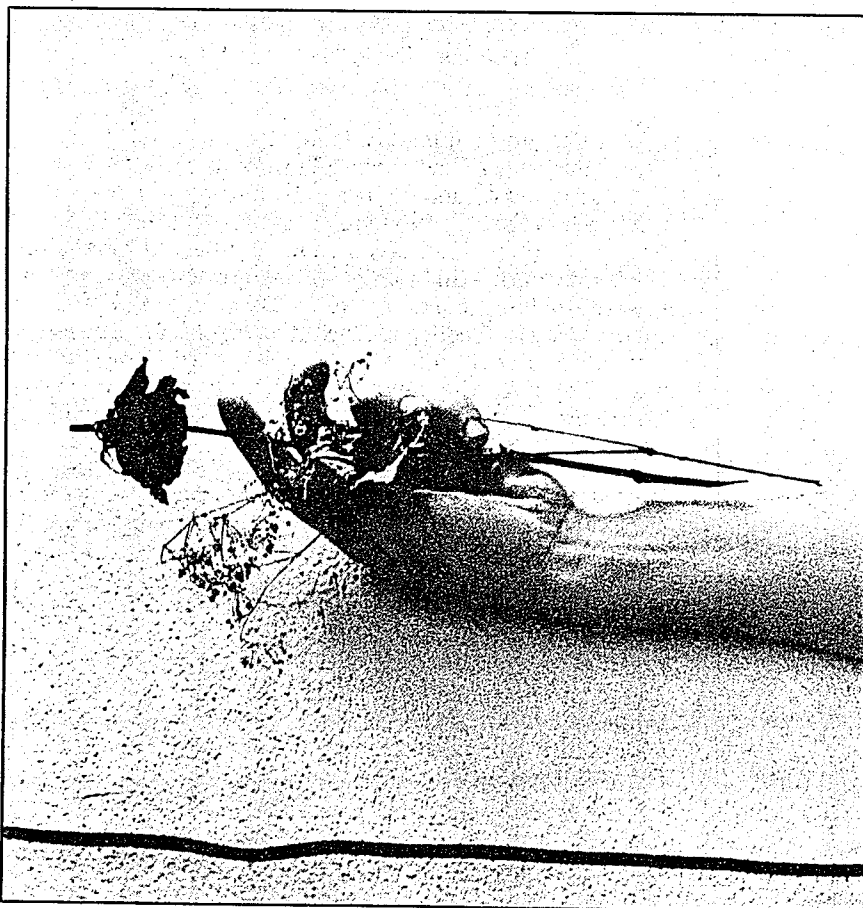
I haven't gotten into any trouble.  
I'm gonna sue. That's what I'm gonna do.  
I'm not going to let them graduate me.  
Christ. Graduate? Why Me?  
I'm too young. There's so much I haven't done! For God's sake I'm still a child.  
I want to be a man. A Notre Dame man! I wanted so much out of college. I wanted to become educated. I wanted to gain prestige. To work with my fellow man. To share the wonders of the world with a lover. To become a better person. To go where no man has gone before. . . To find myself!

Huh?! What??!  
Crash??!  
Crash Carr!!?  
Crash is here!? Thomas Vincent Crash Carr!!!!  
From Maryland? For the Weekend??!  
Well. What are we doing here?  
Let's go to Corby's!!  
Jump on the pinball machines! Be erotic on the pool tables!!  
Dance on the bar!!! Swing on the fan!!!!  
CRASH IS HERE!  
YEA!!

oh yeah . . . graduation . . . hey  
Be There, Aloha!



Matt O'Brien



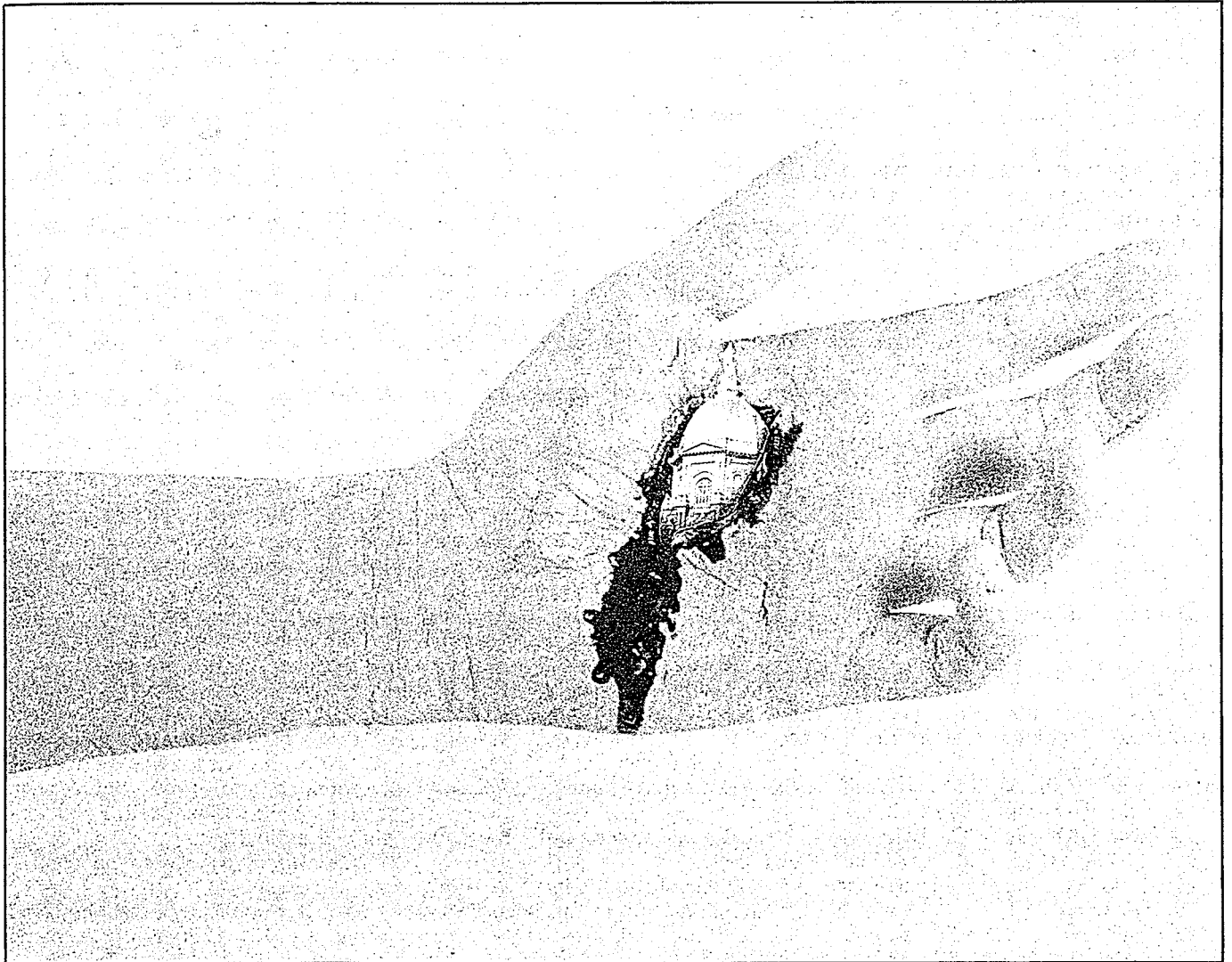
Theresa Rebeck



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# GALLERY

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**Jim Hoffman**

# A Tale of Attempted . . .

by Aretha Freebairn

Once upon a time, there was a young architecture student named Joe Drafting. Many of Joe's friends thought he was lazy because all he ever wanted to do was to draw pretty pictures in pastel chalk whenever he could. One day, he got what he thought was a great idea. "I know what I will do," he said. "I will take all my pastel chalks and draw a big beautiful picture for all the people on campus. I will draw this picture on the sidewalk in front of the dining hall so that everyone will see it. Everyone will smile!"

This idea made Joe Drafting very happy indeed. That very same night, Joe Drafting waited until everyone on campus was fast asleep. "Aha!" Joe smiled to himself. "Now is the time for me to sneak out and draw my picture."

So Joe took his little box of colored pastel chalks, and he crept stealthily across the campus to the South Dining Hall. When he arrived and saw the vast empty sidewalk, his heart leapt with joy. "Oh, what a beautiful site this will be!" he thought. So Joe rolled up his sleeves and set to work.

Joe drew, and drew, and drew, and drew. Finally, he finished his picture just as the sun came up over the horizon. He stepped back to admire his beautiful picture and clapped his hands with glee. He had drawn a picture of a great big blue bird. It was a great work of art.

Joe yawned sleepily and picked up the remains of what had been his brand-new box of pastel chalks. "I will go back to my room and sleep a little while now," he said. "Then I shall return when all the students are coming to breakfast and watch their happy faces light up with joy when they see my picture."

Half an hour later, Joe skipped across the quad to the South Dining Hall. He was so excited, he could

hardly contain himself. He expected to see huge hordes of students dancing for joy as they looked upon his sidewalk masterpiece. But alas! There was no one in front of the dining hall. And there was no picture.

"Oh woe is me!" cried Joe in his despair. "What has happened to my great work of art?" He sat down, weary and depressed, and held his head in his hands forlornly. He was a pathetic sight.

Suddenly, one of his friends came up to Joe. "Joe," his friend said soberly, "did you draw a picture on this sidewalk last night?"

"Yes," Joe said sadly. "But it's gone now. And I do not understand why."

"Joe, don't you see?" his friend said. "You have done a *horrible* thing."

"But I don't understand," Joe said, bewildered.

His friend shook his head. "I think you should go talk to the Good Fairy of the dining hall," he said.

"But how do I find her?" Joe asked.

Suddenly, there was a flash of blinding light before him. "Could this be the Good Fairy?" Joe thought.

A small withered old woman, wearing a magenta dress and hot-pink lipstick, appeared before his very eyes. "I am the Good Fairy of the South Dining Hall," she said.

"You don't look like a Good Fairy," said Joe.

"Looks can be deceiving," said the Good Fairy. "For instance, you thought you drew a pretty picture here on the sidewalk last night, didn't you, Joe?"

Joe nodded.



An artist's rendition of the desecration

"Well," she said. "In actuality, that was a desecration."

"A desecration?" said Joe.

"A desecration," she said firmly. "And not only that, but I want you to know that it took one of my Magic Helpers half an hour to scrub that picture off this sidewalk. You didn't think about that, now did you, Joe?"

"Well, no," said Joe. "I thought that the rain would just wash it off."

"Well, you were **WRONG**, Joe," said the Good Fairy. "That picture had no right to be on my sidewalk."

"Why not?" asked Joe politely.

"Because it was a desecration, Joe. I thought I had explained that to you. We have Rules about that sort of thing here. If we let you draw all over the sidewalk, why then, everyone would draw pictures on the sidewalk," the Good Fairy explained patiently.

"Oh, wouldn't that be wonderful!" Joe exclaimed.

"No, it would not," said the Good Fairy sternly. "You really have no conception of sin, do you, Joe?"

"I don't understand what sin has to do with drawing pretty pictures on the sidewalk," said Joe.

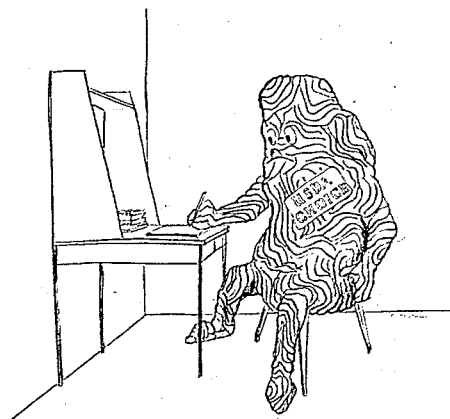
"Desecration, Joe, not pretty pictures," reminded the Good Fairy.

Joe shook his head. "I just do not understand," he said.

"No, I can see that you don't," said the Good Fairy. So she reached into her pocket, pulled out a .44 magnum, and shot him. He splattered all over the sidewalk. He was dead. □

*Aretha Freebairn is a transfer student from Drake University. This is her first contribution to Scholastic.*

# The Assignment



by M. Kirby Muldoon

The assignment was a simple one, but with an added twist. I was to write my autobiography, but I was to go beyond the present and try to look a few years into the future. How teachers come up with these assignments I'll never know. Anyway, I sat down to write what I creatively titled, "My Life," and tried to recall all the highlights of my twenty years. I was unable to recapture my biggest highlight, birth, since I couldn't remember it. In fact, the first six years or so were somewhat sketchy, so I just gave a background of my family and stuff like that.

The huge machines whirl with a deafening consistency, only to be outdone by an occasional monstrous thud. The meat is pushed through a narrow opening and onto a conveyor belt. As it travels down the conveyor belt it is cleaned and properly prepared. As it reaches the end of the line it is taken off the one belt and put on another one right next to it.

After I finished my family background I described my grammar school years. I wrote about the parish school I attended, the summer camps I went to, and went on about my great family vacations. I threw in the usual material about favorite teachers, best friends, and special events. I was going to add the part about my first girl friend, but I figured no one would be interested. And even if someone was interested, it was none of their damned business.

The meat continues down the second conveyor belt where it is run through the grinder. The onetime individual chunks of meat are now transformed into one long, smooth strand of ground beef. It is then checked for any irregularities, and then passed on to the adjoining belt.

As a link between my grammar school and high school years I wrote about the crisis in my life that occurred in the summer following my eighth-grade graduation. My mother suffered a serious stroke and we all feared she was going to die. It was touch and go for about a week, but it turned out that she was going to be all right. That week my life stood still. I'll never forget it.

A red light flashes on and all the machines come to a hissing halt. All activity stops and the mechanics are called in to see what's wrong. It seems that some wires shorted in the piece that links the second and third belts. The mechanics find the problem and correct it. Without too much time being wasted, the machines are whirling again and operations are back to normal.

I continued my story with my high school years. I wrote about how I went to the neighborhood Catholic school with my same friends from grammar school, and how I played football and basketball, and how I got my driver's license, and how I had my first beer, and

how it was the last time that a lot of us that had been friends since first grade were going to be together, and how I sometimes made a complete ass out of myself in front of girls. I decided to delete the last part, though. No use embarrassing myself all over again.

The long strand of ground beef makes its way down the conveyor belt where it is separated into predetermined portions. It is cut into equal segments and prepared for packaging. Each portion is then placed on another conveyor belt.

After reliving my high school years I was nearing the present. I explained how I enrolled at the college I had always planned on going to, and how I decided to major in business. I then added a few anecdotes of college life so far. Since my immediate future is pretty much set, I wrote about what I planned to do with my next couple years of college.

Once the meat is divided up properly it is ready to be wrapped in the plastic containers. It travels down the belt and through an automatic machine which places it in the plastic plates and then wraps it in cellophane. After it has been properly wrapped it is almost ready for final shipment. But first, it needs to get the stamp of approval.

Since the assignment was to go beyond the present and into the future, I wrote about my plans to go to graduate school. I told of my hopes to get my MBA at a good school, probably near my home.

Now that the meat has been cleaned, ground up, separated, and packaged, it needs its seal of approval from the U.S. Government. As it rolls down the conveyor belt it is stamped with a "U.S. Government Inspected" seal which makes it acceptable for sale. It is then piled up and ready to be loaded onto the truck for shipment.

After graduate school, I'm not sure what I'll do. I wrote of my guarded hopes of joining some company like IBM or Xerox and slowly working my way to the top. I ended up my autobiography by saying that so far I've lived a comfortable, smooth life, and that I hope I will be able to say the same about the rest of my life.

The meat is taken off by truck to supermarkets like Jewel or A&P or IGA. From there some of the meat will spoil and hence be of no use. Some of it may accidentally be damaged and have to be thrown away. On the other hand, some of the meat may find its way to a fancy restaurant or be used in an exotic recipe. Some of it may be used to feed hungry and underprivileged kids. But for the most part, it will end up in middle-class homes, being used for regular ol' hamburger. □

# Pieces

by Steve Dillon

Tell the mailman that we won't be living here anymore. Ask him to leave our mail in a small brown valise on the trash by the water fountain in the town square.

When I first met her, I was only wearing the sandals my mother bought in New Orleans. We sat down and she told me all about my trip to Greece. I excused myself and went to the bathroom. She never came back. I miss her.

Once there was a certain homo, and he said to his disciples: "I don't want any potatoes, goddammit."

Tomorrow could be worse.

Friends of the family are coming over this afternoon to sit uncomfortably in the T.V. room and never look at each other.

Frankincense and myrrh are really that expensive.

I wish I didn't wish this what I'm wishing, you know?

If only I had a vision, something to draw power from. Something, anything.

No love for you.

I'll never forget

'Twas four years ago the day before  
yesterday

that I first saw his jeep.

We called out for pizza and didn't  
go and get it. Then, for a laugh,  
recited Shakespeare with all the lights  
off until the cops came.

My mother bailed us out and  
burned all our books and gave us  
some dope and a case of beer and  
sent us to our room.

We fell asleep laughing. We vowed  
never to do it again. We were sorry.

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—How many existentialists does it take to screw in a  
light bulb?

—One.

So, as in the days of the pioneers did they ride for several years until they reached water? And then they built boats and bridges. And then they developed the nuclear submarine.

Then the old man came out of his house and barked furiously at the firefighter and his wife. Then he yelled at the druggist dressed like a Chinese coolie.

Meanwhile, I'd been holding the cold steel of the yardstick against my skull. I couldn't take it anymore. I was going to measure the length of my earlobes once and for all.

At that point, the phone got off the hook and tapped me on the shoulder. He wanted to know my views on abortion.

While I contemplated my answer, a large black fish came through the window with a note attached to it. I knew what that meant.

Taking the normal precautions, I took the radiation suit from the closet and headed for the bathroom. I washed my hands and dried them on page thirty-seven of *War And Peace*. With all these preliminaries out of the way, I headed for the car and drove to RC Airport and showed my American Express to the boy on the bicycle next to the gate. He nodded. I walked to the big woman with no elbows and asked her for a dime. She didn't seem to understand. That was too bad because the man next to her got so upset that he shot her.

Well, I turned around and went straight for burgers and beer. Then, after I had thrown a few old shoes at the TV set, I went to church and noticed that there was a wedding. Either that or a funeral.

"Good morning," said the old man with a grim smile.

The employing agent stared at the bare wall and strained to conjure the right words.

The old man knew he was doomed.

The employer heaved a sigh and moved his clasped hands towards a speech.

The old man sadly explained how opportunity used to be the backbone of this country.

The employer told him, "No."

The old man died. □

*Steve Dillon is 6'0" and sophomoric, an Ancient Civilization Major out of Mount Lebanon, Pennsylvania.*

SCHOLASTIC

## The Clouds

by Mary T. Ryan

The clouds

pass.

*This is Mary T. Ryan's first contribution to Scholastic. She originally submitted this poem to the literary magazine, Jugular. But the editors of the Jugular felt that this was a work of such importance that it merited*

*publication in a more prestigious and widely read magazine. Thus, Ms. Ryan sent the poem to Scholastic. Thank you, Ms. Ryan.*

—Ed.

# The Dome

by Theresa Rebeck

R. stepped onto the campus and glanced up, taking in the beauty of the summer afternoon. The golden Dome glistened brilliantly in the sunlight, and she felt a surge of hope; as she gazed upon the Dome, she allowed the full force of her expectations to surge through her. The beauty of the Dome's glittering presence overshadowed everything that surrounded her, and she felt drawn to it. R. determined to approach the Dome the following day and speak to the scholars who had sent for her.

That evening, R. was suddenly awakened by a loud and angry knocking on the door of her dormitory room. Suddenly, a key turned in the lock and four older women entered the room hastily. "What are you doing here?" one asked. She was an older woman, with full red cheeks and a large, golden "ND" emblazoned across the chest of her plush green bathrobe. "I am the new student," R. replied. "I have come to Notre Dame seeking an education." The other three women, dressed in drab blue robes trimmed in gold, whispered among themselves. "I was not informed of your arrival," said the older woman. "We have no place for you to stay." She stood in the doorway expectantly, waiting for R. to rise and vacate the room. "There must be some mistake," said R. "I am expected. I received notice weeks ago that I had been accepted as a student at this University. Now, please, leave me alone. I expect to begin working tomorrow, and I need rest." She turned over in the bed decisively, thinking that this was enough of a dismissal, and hoping that the women would allow her to continue her sleep. The women in the doorway did not move. "I have not received notice of your arrival, so I cannot allow you to stay here. We have no place for you." "But this is absurd," R. replied. "No one will be arriving this evening. You can at least allow me to stay in this room until I have clarified my position with the Scholars of the Dome." The

older woman looked at her coldly. "These rooms are reserved for the inhabitants of Notre Dame," she said. "I know nothing about any student. But, because it is a cold night and rather late, I will allow you to sleep in the hall. You must leave in the morning, however." The three women in blue robes looked at R. with hostility, and because she was too tired to argue further, she picked up her suitcase and blanket and moved out into the hall. The four women glanced at her suspiciously, but left when she had settled herself comfortably under a water fountain at the end of the hallway.

R. awoke in the morning to find herself stiff from sleeping on the cold floor. Her breath hung frozen in the air before her. "What has happened?" she wondered. "Yesterday was warm and sunny." She stopped a girl who was trudging down the hall toward the showers. "Why is this hallway so cold?" asked R. "There was a blizzard last night," said the girl. "And the radiators have not begun to work properly yet. It will be a few days before the dorm is warm again. Then it will be too hot." "But yesterday it was summer," protested R. "Well, the summers don't last too long here at Notre Dame," the girl replied. "You're lucky you got to see the campus at all on a summer afternoon. Winter usually lasts all year. Sometimes, we will have a few days of rain, and most people consider that spring. But summers are very rare." R. was encouraged by the girl's friendliness, and attempted to prolong the conversation. "I just arrived last night," she confessed. "I have come to Notre Dame to get an education. What do you study?" The girl looked bewildered. "Study?" she asked. "Aren't you a student?" said R. "Oh," replied the girl. "Only a very limited number of people here are students. There really isn't any need for them." "But what do people do around here?" R. asked. "I thought this was a university."

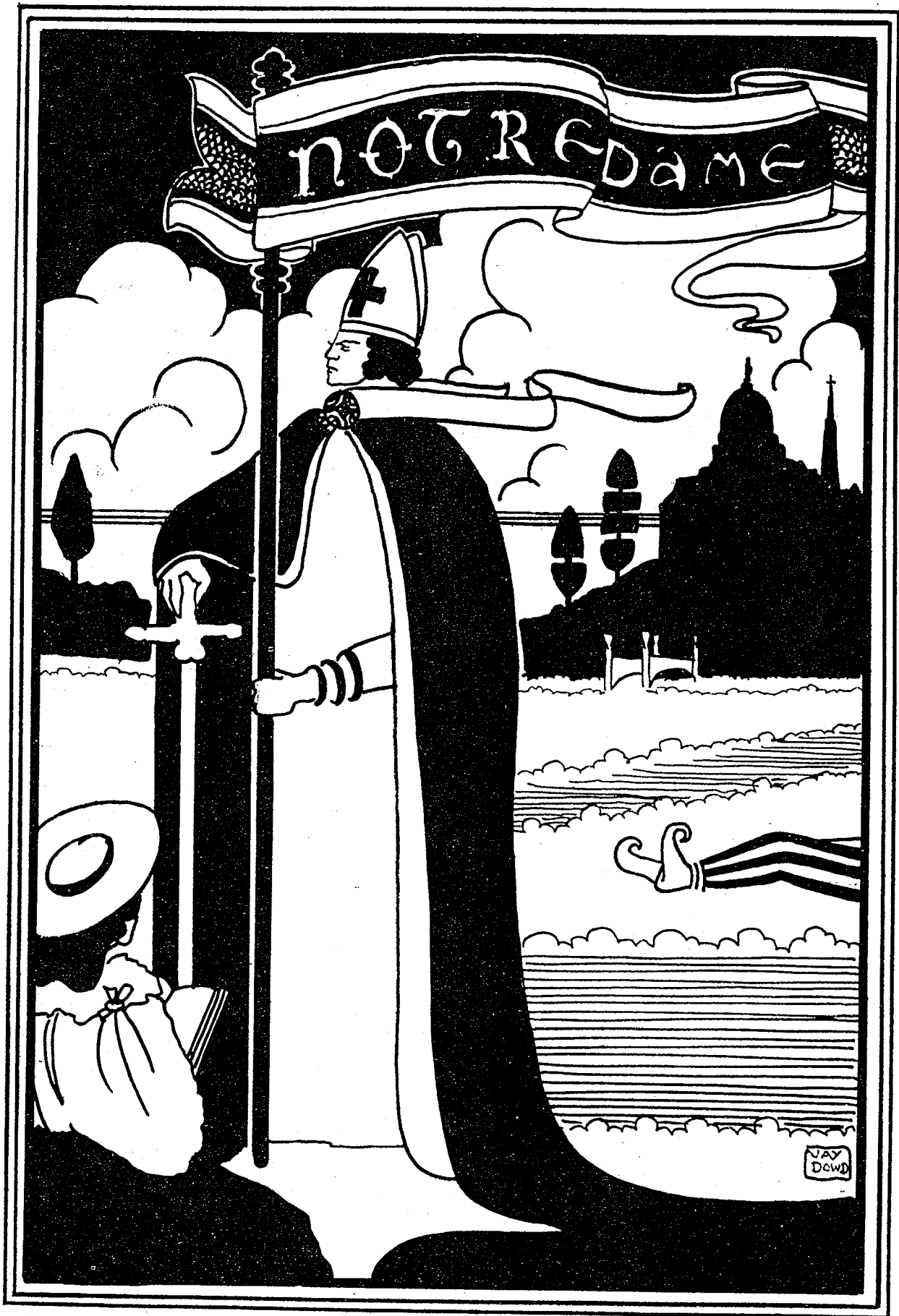
At this moment, the older woman

who had awakened R. in the middle of the night approached angrily. "I thought I told you to vacate the hall by early morning!" she said. "Why are you still here? And what have you been saying to this girl? I will not have you disturbing the residents of this hall." R. faced the woman coolly, determined not to become intimidated. "I am in the process of preparing myself to go to the Dome," she said. "Once I talk to the President of the University, I'm sure this will all be cleared up." The older woman sneered. "The President of the University is a very important man. He does not have time to deal with your problems. You'll be lucky to speak with an undersecretary." R. looked at her calmly. "I will leave at once," she said.

As she stumbled through the snow-covered paths, R. noticed that the Dome was much further away than she had originally thought. She always saw it before her, but just as she was about to approach it, the path took a sharp turn and led her further away, sometimes toward the student center, sometimes toward one of the men's dorms. Finally, when exhaustion had almost overcome her, she stepped off the path and walked directly toward the Dome. She heard someone shout after her, "Hey! you have to stay on the path!" but his voice was muffled by snow, and she pretended she did not hear him. The Dome rose before her.

Once inside the building, R. found herself lost within a labyrinth of vaguely connected hallways and seemingly meaningless awnings. She noticed a bulletin board which served as a directory for the building near the doorway, but she could not find a listing for the Scholars' office. A thin, older man dressed completely in black but for a spot of white at his throat approached her quickly. "What are you doing here?" he asked. "Do you have a purpose for being in this building? I must ask you to leave." "I was sent for by

*(Continued on page 24)*



(Continued from page 22)

the Scholars of the Dome," R. replied. "Could you please direct me to the Office of Education?" "There is no such place," said the man. He gazed at her suspiciously. "What is your business with the Scholars of the Dome? They are very busy men. They will not have time to see you. I must ask you to come back at some other time." "I must speak with them now," R. insisted. "I have come to Notre Dame to get an education, and there has been some confusion as to my place of residence and purpose here." "You are here to get an education?" the man asked. He shook his head. "That is impossible. You must have misunderstood the Scholars." "No, I am quite sure I was to come here to study," R. replied. The man paused uncertainly. "This may take some time," he finally explained. "I would suggest that you go to the Personnel Office. They might know what you ought to do." "But I am a student," R. replied. "I don't want to talk to Personnel. I want to talk to the Scholars." The man shrugged. "Everyone has to talk to Personnel," he responded. He left her abruptly.

R. was becoming more and more exhausted. She wandered around the building for hours, and finally found a doorway with the words "Personnel Office" emblazoned across the top. She opened the door quietly, and walked into a large, brightly lit office filled with small, neat desks and typewriters. Rows of women dressed in conservative blue and brown suits sat behind these desks. R. approached the first of these women and explained her situation. "You have come here for an education?" the woman asked. "I'm sorry, but I'm sure some mistake has been made. We have no positions for students seeking an education here." R. was beginning to feel very tired. "No, I am sure I was to come to Notre Dame to study," she replied. The room was stifling hot, and her head began to ache. "I received a letter from the Scholars several months ago." "I'm afraid you'll have to take a seat," the woman replied. "It will take a while to figure this out." R. moved over to the side of the room and sat in a straight-backed chair. She waited for hours and hours.

Finally, all of the women began collecting their things, preparing to leave for the day. R., who had fallen asleep, woke up to find that only one

of the women remained, and she was about to walk out of the door. "Excuse me," said R. "But I have been waiting all day. Could you please tell me what progress has been made on my case?" The woman looked at her coldly. "These things take time," she replied. "You will have to be patient." R. sat down again, and waited for the women to return.

This went on for several weeks. R. was determined not to give up her position, for she thought that if she showed perseverance, the women would take pity on her and help her to a position as a student. Finally, the first woman she had spoken to called her aside. "We cannot have you sitting about like this any longer," the woman told her. "And I have determined that there is nothing we can do to help you here. If you would be willing to take a position as an athletic trainee, I might be able to place you. But if you intend to pursue this foolish insistence that you are a student, I must ask you to leave." R. closed her eyes in frustration. "Who must I speak to if I wish a position as a student?" she said. "I'm not quite sure," the woman responded. "Perhaps the Registrar. Or the Housing Office. But I advise you to take the position as an athletic trainee. We have no need for students here." R. shook her head, exhausted, and left to wander the corridors again.

R. spent several months in the Registrar's Office before anyone would even listen to her problem. "Oh, you've come to the wrong office," a polite young gentleman finally told her. "Whom should I speak to?" she asked wearily. The young man shook his head. "I have never encountered this type of problem before. Perhaps you should go to Financial Aid. I understand every student has to speak with them before they can begin to study."

The people in Financial Aid gazed at R. blankly when she explained her position to them. After several months of deliberation, one of the undersecretaries approached her. "There is no one in our department capable of making a decision on this situation," he explained. "You will have to speak with the women in the Personnel Office. They place every person at this university." "But I have already spoken to them," R. cried. "They told me they had no openings for a student here." "Perhaps you should consider another position, then," he replied. "I under-

stand the dining hall is looking for someone to wash dishes." "I was told that I was to be a student," said R. firmly, but her energy was running out. "Why can't I speak with the Scholars?" The undersecretary was shocked. "The Scholars are very important and busy men," he told her. "They rarely have time to speak with anyone, and they certainly have no time to speak with a paltry student. I advise you to give up this hopeless quest and take the position in the dining hall."

R. left the Financial Aid office exhausted. Her energy was spent, but she was still determined to speak with the Scholars. Why had they invited her to this University if they did not wish for her to study? She gazed out a window. It was snowing, and from what she could see, it had not stopped since the day after her arrival.

Suddenly, R. noticed that the door next to this window led into the President's Office. "What luck!" she thought. "I will wait for him here. I'm sure if I can speak to the President about my desire to study, he will grant my request to take the position of student here." She sat herself by the door and waited. For months no one passed through the door. Finally, the thin man dressed in black who had spoken to her on the day of her arrival under the Dome noticed her sitting in the corner. "Are you waiting for the President?" he asked. R. nodded mutely; she was too exhausted to speak. "The President never comes here," the man told her. "He is far too important for that. Why, years can go by without anyone ever seeing the President. He only shows himself for the most important occasions, and even then, no one is quite sure that it is really him. It has been so long since any of us have actually seen him." R. looked up at the man blankly. She was still determined not to move, for what would happen to her if he returned a moment after she had deserted her vigil? Would she ever get a chance to pursue her education?

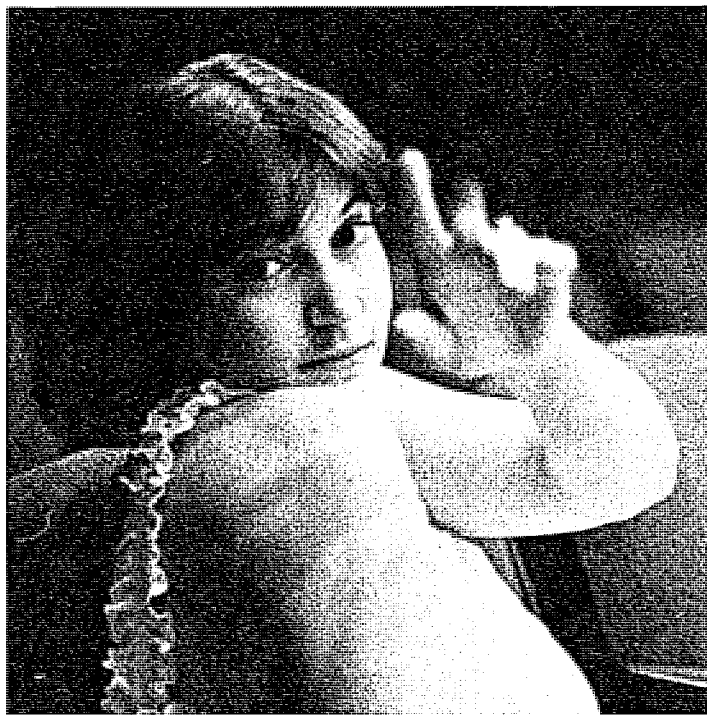
The man suddenly remembered who she was. "You're R., aren't you?" he asked abruptly. She nodded. "How lucky that I've found you. We've been looking all over for you. Your graduation ceremonies are being conducted this afternoon. You had better go over to the ACC right away."

R. gazed up at him, bewildered. □



# Girl Talk

by Lisa Hartenberger



Girls, it's time we got together for a little chat. Since we all know how girl-talk bores you fellas, why don't you just trot on out to the kitchen, get yourselves a beer and sit this one out? You boys really wouldn't be interested at all.

Now that we're alone, girls, we absolutely must have ourselves a heart-to-heart talk. You know what I mean, you silly things. All this women's lib stuff. Of course, I'm all for it—but I would never ever tell a man that, not in a million years. It's unfeminine. Besides, you do want to get married, don't you?

Which reminds me, girls. I did want to speak to you about all this living together. Tsk, tsk. Why would you want to live in sin, you naughties? It's bad for your complexion. Believe me, I've seen it enough to know. Why would you want to help pay the rent and keep him well-loved without marriage? That's just foolish.

And girls, you are going to have to start behaving in a more feminine manner. To get a real man, you are going to have to be a real woman—a man's friend, lover, and mother. You simply must learn to take your pride in his accomplishments and sympathize with his problems. Admire his every word. Act helpless; he'll love you for it! Find out how he likes you to dress and then dress

that way. Until you get married, that is. Then you can dress however you want.

If you find, with time, that your husband starts to wander away, there are any number of things you can do to rekindle his interest. The most important, however, is to make him think you are seeing another man. Send yourself flowers, shave your legs every day, arrange a mysterious evening rendezvous with a "sick friend." His interest will perk up, believe you and me, girls.

Perhaps you girls wonder from what authority I speak. Well, I'm pleased to announce that I've caught my man—it's experience talking here. And I know for a fact that it's the little things that count. Like keeping him well-fed. My Gary just hates to eat out, so I fix him a nice romantic dinner of steak (medium-rare), asparagus (his favorite vegetable), and a robust red wine, complete with candlelight, crystal, and soft music. Naturally it follows that you should be alluring, too. Wear your hair soft, and wear a low-cut dress, whether you've got anything to show or not.

Also, girls, don't be boring about your diets. Diet this and diet that—faugh! Eat when he eats, and diet when he's gone. It's as simple as that. Besides, men like curves in a woman—it is just more feminine.

Don't get me wrong, girls. Men like brains in a woman, too, as long as she has enough to agree with him and not enough to show him up. It is also helpful to know a little about sports. You don't have to be a Jeanne Morris with all those boring stats and scores, but you should know who Lou Brock and Walter Payton are. After all, you do want to be able to have an intelligent conversation with men.

Men are just like African violets, girls. They can be temperamental, droopy for no reason, stubbornly refuse to respond to treatment, and impossible to manage. But like any delicate plant, a husband will last longer with proper care.

It all boils down to this: Men will be men, and girls will be girls. There is an essential difference here. Men sweat, but girls don't—they perspire. My goodness, girls, you don't want to get us drafted, do you? We've got a good safe deal here; let's not do anything rash. If the men want to think they are taking care of us, let them. But, if in the event we girls should be drafted, as ridiculous as it sounds, don't panic. If you take my advice and snare you a real man, you'll be safely pregnant for the next ten or more years and get off scot-free! Isn't that what you want?

Well, girls, I'm glad we've had this time together. Best of luck, now! □

—What did Sartre say to the one-legged mammoth?  
—Nothing.

# Ask Fran Landers:

## Much Ado About Nothing

by Kari Meyer

*DEAR READERS: Remember my startling survey about the numbers of women who sleep in their under-pants? Surely you remember that startling letter from the Saint Mary's College alumnae which said:*

*FROM MILWAUKEE, WIS.: "I never heard of sleeping in panties until I went away to school at Saint Mary's College in South Bend. I discovered about one-third of the girls slept with panties on. Most of them were Catholic. Do you suppose that had anything to do with it?—A METH-ODIST"*

Well, after my survey I was inundated with letters calling me a "female chauvinist," and asking me to take a survey on how many men sleep in their panties. SO—I did! Because you asked for it, I have taken a survey of the males.

The finest representation of males that I found was taken from the University of Notre Dame. Here, just for you, readers, is your long-awaited male response.

The following are excerpts from the men of the University of Notre Dame:

From GRACE HALL:

I have found that not only do one-third of females wear panties to bed, but after four years at the University of Notre Dame, I have discovered that approximately one-half of the males wear panties to bed also. The most common type of underwear is the brief man, but the boxer-shorts set runs a close second. One shocking thing that I found is that a good portion of the pantied poopers were donning their jocks to sleep in! Do you think that this has anything to do with Notre Dame's athletic tradition?

A SUPPORTER

From ZAHM:

In answer to your survey, it seems that the guys here are really fashion followers. Once the word spread that it was "cool" to wear undies to bed, the habit became a fashion. The guys here all sort of stick together on things, and since the survey I haven't seen anyone without underwear while sleeping. Fran, you're a real trend-setter. Love your column.

LEADER OF THE PACK

From SAINT ED'S:

I took your survey in our dorm. Of the 30 guys asked, 10 said yes, that they do wear underwear to bed; 17 said no; three said, "only about a week out of every month." So, do your arithmetic, Fran; looks like one in every three men does!

IN THE RAW

From MORRISSEY HALL

Thanks for speaking up and allowing the males to have a voice in your underwear survey. I have found, while living here in Morrissey Hall, that most of the males here sleep in their boxer shorts. The most popular type are the Izod brand and those pretty pastel-colored ones with the trim on the borders. I believe that wearing underwear to bed is a habit acquired in childhood, one of the habits of the better-dressed set, I might add.

NUDE IS CRUDE III

From DILLON

Come on Fran, let's really get down to basics, or the bottom of things, ha, ha, ha. Us guys in Dillon Hall at Notre Dame ain't no pansies. I ain't never seen a Dillonite in panties yet. Honestly, I don't go around checking everyone's clothes while they are sleeping, I ain't no queer. But really, why wear underwear to bed when you don't wear them while you have clothes on? It's much more the macho fashion to go without, I mean, the guys here ain't hiding nothing. So, here's my point, Fran, I guess that the men of Dillon are just two-thirds of real men in the world.

ARNOLD SCHWARTZENEGGER, JR.

From FLANNER:

Do you want a survey? Well,



here's one. Anyone who asks questions about underwear oughta be shot. You do get a bit personal in your column. All the guys that I know keep their sleeping attire to themselves and we're keeping it that way. So there, Fran, you'll never know about us! Keep guessing.  
SECRET SLEEPER

From HOWARD:

Are underpants an accepted form of a contraceptive barrier in the Catholic Church?  
WONDERING

From CAVANAUGH:

Really, I find this entire survey a bit ridiculous. Who else but you, Fran, would waste his time conducting a survey on underwear? What a waste of space your article is. I find it hard to believe that when there are important issues of world-wide importance to be publicized, that they print trash like yours. I find your column the epitome of female trivial gossip. You would think that in this age of liberty and equality that people would not read a column written by a woman who promotes female stupidity. Why I bothered to read your column, I'll never know. Underwear! What a topic! And you call yourself a problem-solver? I just want you to know that in my section, when I mentioned your stupid survey, 12 guys looked at me like I was nuts, seven said that they never changed their underwear any-

way, so why take them off to go to sleep, and one guy said that he did sleep in his underpants until his girlfriend shamed him out of them.  
NO NAME PLEASE

From ALUMNI:

Shortly after arriving at the University of Notre Dame, I was sucked into a tradition which the upperclassmen called "panty raiding." I soon learned that this meant going to Saint Mary's College at night, screaming outside of the windows and acting as much like a moron as one possibly could. I kept asking myself, why? Why was I doing this? But I was too frightened to stop, so I continued being a moron and anticipating the end of the tradition. Then, while chanting, "Silk! Silk!" I saw the reason for our quest—a pair of pink, silk and lacy panties were dangling at the end of a long, slender arm from a third-floor window. What a prize, I thought. As the panties floated slowly down, I knew I had to have them for my own. Before I knew what I was doing, I had crushed three of my friends and was desperately fighting five other guys for the panties. That precious pair was eventually torn into pieces, but I held one of the largest. I want you to know that those very panties, that lacy leghole, has been the treasure, the prized possession in our quad all year. Now, Fran, you say that one-third of the women at Saint Mary's put those panties on to sleep in.

Well, how can I tell you—we're having them bronzed.

My dad told me that Notre Dame was a school of traditions. The panty, in the bed, or out the window, is one of its finest.  
A REAL DOMER, NOTRE DAME  
1984

What you've read here is but a sampling of all the letters I received from the Notre Dame males. Once I tabulated the results, it looked like one-third of the Notre Dame men were pantied sleepers. I'm amazed that the percentage of "do's" was so high, but well, girls, now their secret is out. Yes, men need their undies too. Oh, the things I learn from my readers!

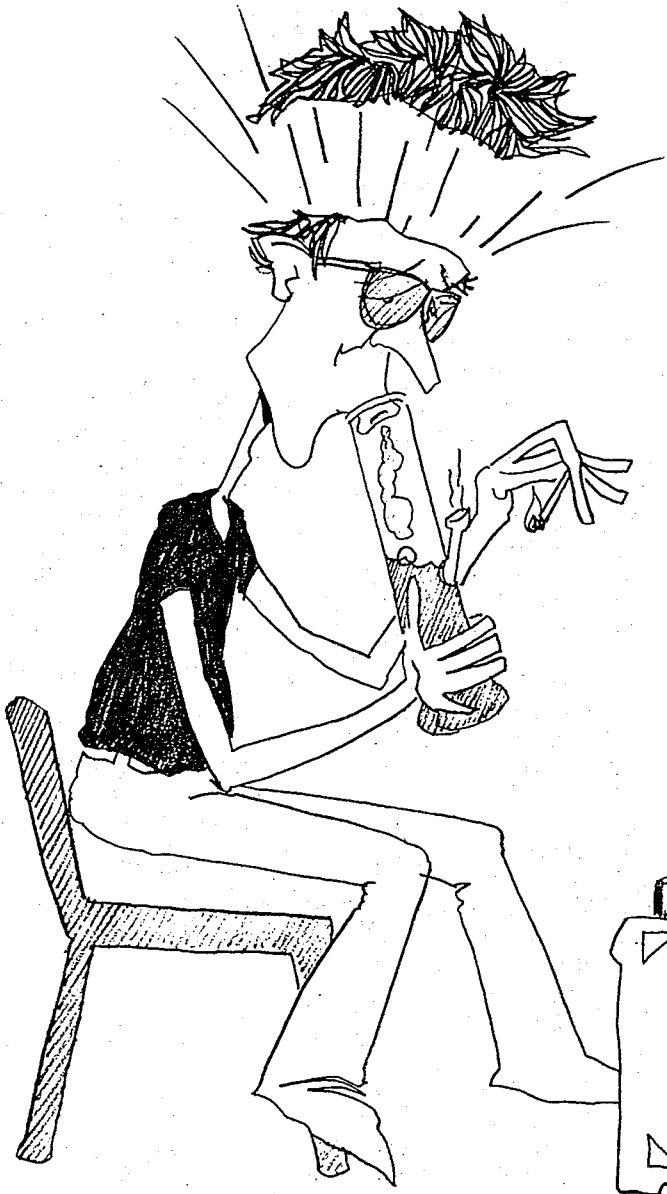
\* \* \*

*Remember, don't be a dumb bunny. Love is more than the mating call of the glands. If you don't know the difference, you need. Fran's booklet, "Love And Making It." Send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: Fran Landers, P.O. Box Q, Chicago, Ill. 60000.* □

<sup>1</sup> Ann Landers, Field Newspaper Syndicate, as reproduced in the South Bend Tribune, Monday, March 3, 1980, p. 16.

# THE VETERAN WOMBATTER

*This article was submitted to Scholastic anonymously, if not post-humously.*



The veteran wombatter, sucking on his fourth deadly Hawaiian volcano of the night, suddenly realized he was in trouble. He also realized there was nothing he could do to save himself. So with a resigned (and rapidly fading) mental shrug, our soon-to-be-fallen hero devoted himself to killing the bowl before he met his own doom, which he calculated would arrive in about one quarter of a minute. Damn, thought he, I would have to let Crazy Horse fill the bowl. Still, Guttermouth inhaled and had reduced the miniature haystack below him into a small glowing coal, when suddenly the red glow blossomed like the aerial view of an explosion. When the fireball filled his entire field of vision (effectively blinding him) the shock wave hit and triggered a chain of neural explosions deep in his brain which jammed his biological central processing unit causing it in turn to devastate the motor control nervous subsystem with high-voltage blasts of static and this caused Guttermouth to begin to peel from the wall like paper on a slum wall and in one two-hundred-fiftieth speed he sensed deep in his mental bomb shelters that his legs were fluttering gently away from the wall in a direction that was destined to land him on his back when all of a sudden the fireball (you remember the fireball) cleared away revealing (oh shit) a twig partially clogging the one hit way down there and there was more left over it and Crazy Horse was still passing the flame through it so in a final furious effort (while falling through the 45-degree mark with respect to the floor and still accelerating) he poured his entire being into his chest muscles and the final glowing streak vanished and that was the last of the smoke there and OH GOD I'M GOING TO CRASH IN A SECOND HERE COMES THE FLOOR OH NO — and he hit the floor and exploded into at least three thousand brittle flying fragments right in front of the shocked Crazy Horse and the last thing to disintegrate was Guttermouth's very mouth, which was still clinging to the also-falling bong, which rendered a miniature duplication of the fall of our hero (whose remains were now clattering off the walls and his friends and settling finally to the floor) with the exception of his fragmentation on contact with the floor. Instead, it bounced one, two, three, four times before settling, and after the last bounce there was silence in the room (excepting of course the roaring of the Doors on the stereo) for four minutes and then, "Oh hell, Guttermouth exploded again," grumbled Crazy Horse. □

—What did Sartre say to the one-legged mammoth wearing sunglasses?  
—Nothing; it still didn't matter.

# Scholastic Interview:

## Au Revoir, Notre Dame

Scholastic interviewed Nick Schneeman, this year's Senior Class President, for his impression of the University.

Well, Nick, speaking as Sr. Class President '79-'80, what is your impression of our yrs. at Notre Dame?

Nick:

It has been fun, hasn't it? These past four years in South Bend have been pretty good to us. At least that's how I see it on this particular sunny spring afternoon, and a nice spring afternoon has been known to change a person's perspective.

Gee, Nick, you seem to be in generally high spirits today!

Nick:

It's just as well though I can imagine how bitter I would have sounded if I wrote this the day after Joe Camarda was shot during our junior year. I was hopping mad. But that's not what I'd like to dwell on this afternoon. I'd rather keep this more general and positive, so let's take a look backwards at this past year.

Can you give us a play-by-play report on senior year since you were sort of the manager of the "team?"

Nick:

We really did not have much to do during that first gorgeous month of September sunshine except for attending a few picnics, watching a few football games, donning a spanking new domer hat, and spending many an endless night in the bars. More importantly though, many new friendships were made which would continue throughout the year. As the months rolled on, many went to Acapulco for October break, the football season washed away, Mutley the Wonderdog\* died, and soon the Indiana winter was upon us. But this year, the winter was so mild that it was disappointing.

Why do you say that, Nick?

Nick:

We didn't even get one damn day off of school because of snow. So, we spent lots of time shooting the breeze in LaFortune, playing Space Invaders wherever, losing it again to the B-52's, socializing at the elegant American Legion Pulaski Post #357, and some played boot hockey for the infamous Mutley Bowl. Winter, or better termed the Rainy Season, dragged on. But soon, we all received new energy as spring break and Senior Formal approached. Suddenly we were out of South Bend and into other worlds. Both were refreshing experiences for all.

So now, here it is, springtime and the end of our four years approaches.

To be serious, Nick, what are your thoughts on our generation, on this group of students?

Nick:

We (our generation) have been criticized for being a generation of job-hungry, career-oriented people. It has been said that we don't get involved in student government like the kids did back in the 1960's. We are labelled the "me generation" and accused of only caring about our own well-being. The term cutthroat budded from this criticism. Most of us have at one time or another been dismayed by witnessing a domer putting his G.P.A. before people on his or her priority list. Well, I don't think we have completely lost our care and respect for other people, but the accusations hold a ring of truth. We are more career-oriented than the kids were in the 1960's. But so what? I'll gladly admit that we are a part of a system and we, for the most part, play by its rules. Besides, not every generation has to spark a revolution. And if you really think about it, we have enormous potential to cause social change. You

see, we played by the rules, so eventually we will become the rule-makers. Do you realize that we are going to assume positions in our society's power structure? We can do more to change our society than the kids in the 60's could ever have hoped for. And you know we can do it by getting our values together. We must put a high value on honesty, on brotherhood, on excellence in our work and on our families. If we can do that, well, then we will have made a great revolution. The key to this revolution lies with us now. We must set our values *before* we are out there in the system. Then, someday, when each of us is making his contribution to society, hopefully we will be able to look back and find meaning in our lives because we set high values and stuck to them. Revolutions are usually quite a task, and this one may sound easier than it will be. I suspect that it will be harder at some time for all of us to put people before things. But if we can decide *now* to love people and not shortchange them for anything, then it will be easier for us later. And it really will be worth it because people are worth it.

Wow, that's really heavy, Nick.

Nick:

And that is the note I would like to leave on. Good Luck and Viva la Revolution? □

\* For those who do not know, Mutley the Wonderdog, also known as Stupid, was the epitome of futility. He defecated and urinated while in motion and always managed to mess himself up. He was often described by less sensitive folks in the following fashion: "Mutley was a rat, and he had careless owners." Mutley's life was fatefully ended by an alumnus domer who was racing away from an N.D. football game in his new car.

# THE LAST WORD

by Dave Satterfield

When I was in eighth grade, my friends awarded me the praising nickname of "Runt." I'm sure that I was no taller than five foot and I doubt that I weighed more than 100 pounds, so the nickname may have been well-deserved. However, I hated the nickname. Fortunately, for the sake of human decency, I grew.

But while in eighth grade, I gained one of the most memorable experiences of my life and it occurred, of all places, at a basketball game. Our school was small; we only had about 125 kids and only 12 or 13 tried to play basketball. We had a young, good-looking, recent college graduate for a coach who probably could find no better job than teaching eighth-grade physical education. And for a few extra bucks, he probably consented to coaching the basketball team.

Well, we had a fair team, composed of a few trouble-makers, a few scholars and a few basketball players, and a few gifted lads who fit into all three categories. I was mediocre, but I was a hustler. I was the kind of kid who dived on pavement, ran into brick walls or washed the coach's car; anything, just as long as I could play ball. Well, the coach either enjoyed my enthusiasm or enjoyed having a clean car because he let me play, and I reacted by doing a fairly good job. We had a .500 season and were invited to a tournament in a neighboring town. Through a little skill, a lot of luck and some good coaching, we made it to the finals. But the team we had to play in the finals may as well have been the Boston Celtics. They were *good*; so good, in fact, that none of their opponents had come within twenty points of beating them. They averaged something like fifty-five points a game, which is phenomenal for eighth-grade basketball.

We knew we were beat, our parents knew we were beat, our cheerleaders knew we were beat and I still sometimes think that our coach knew we were beat. There was one catch though; the other team also knew we were beat.

But, the point of all this rambling involves our coach. What can a young guy, a few years out of college, tell a bunch of pre-pimply, scared-out-of-their-wits, eighth-graders, who are about to get the pants beat off of them by a much better ball club, in order to make these kids go out and play good enough ball so as to avoid embarrassment? The entire time before the game, our coach told jokes and talked to people in the crowd. And right before tip-off, he turned to us, looked us all in the eye and said the only thing he could have said, "Boys, this is the last 24 minutes of basketball you will ever play as an eighth-grader. Play them well."

At halftime, we were losing by about fifteen points. Our pep talk? "Boys, you've only got 12 minutes of basketball left. Play them well."

After the third quarter, we were down by either eight or ten points. Coach Day said, "Boys, you only have six minutes left. Play them well."

We won the game by two points.

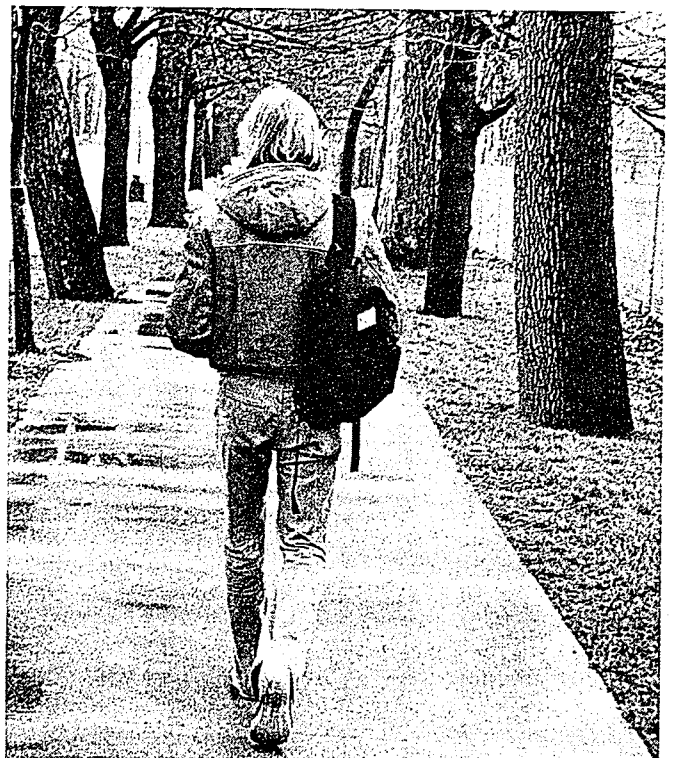
Right now, I feel the same way I felt that night years ago. My future here at Notre Dame only involves a matter of minutes and I want to play them well. There are so many things a person would like to say, but time, space, and a lack of clarity in an unclear mind do not allow for that expression. These four years seem to have passed as quickly as those 24

minutes and I remember almost every moment as if it were yesterday; from the meek reverence of freshman year to the cocky ingratitude of senior year, the smiles and trials flew by, leaving their imprints on a welcoming memory.

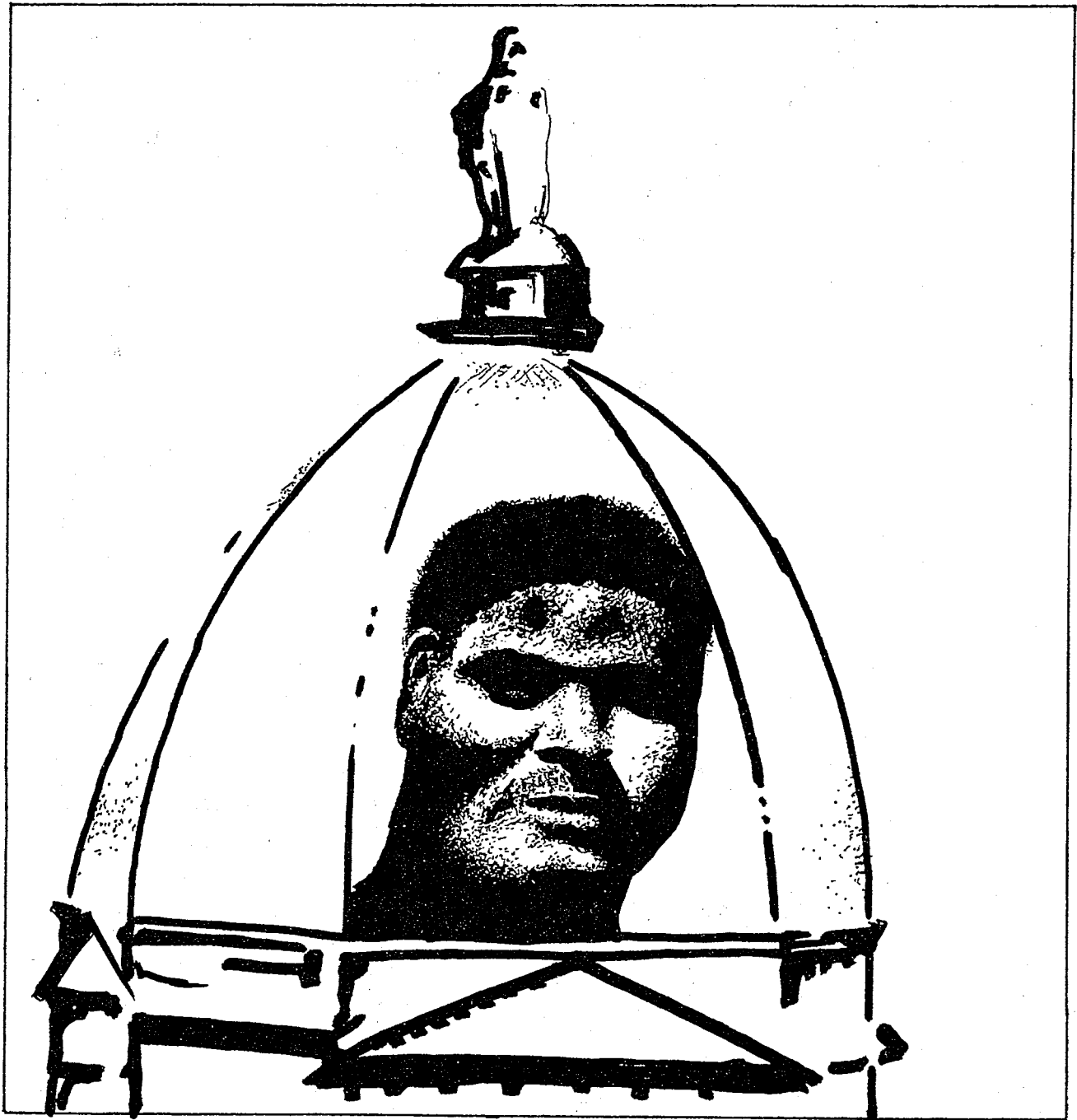
Notre Dame is a special place. Complaining and fault-finding come very cheap these days and a tradition-rooted Catholic university in a climate zone such as this is fertile soil for pessimistic attitudes. But Notre Dame, like anything which possesses life, is organic; although growth may be slow, this place is moving and the potential for a great institution of higher learning is here. The people are here, the books are here, and the attitude is here. If the potential in each of these is maximized, Notre Dame may become loved, not only for its athletics, but for its intellectual qualities and its unusually bright character. But people must work together; students, faculty and administrators must play as a team and never lose sight of victory. They must realize that problems are for solving, books are for reading, beers are for drinking and college is for enjoying.

This is the final issue of *Scholastic* for this academic year. I want to thank a tremendous staff (I mean it). We are very proud of what we've done. We've shed any disguises, taken chances and tried to make a magazine for and of Notre Dame. We only hope that people have enjoyed and continue to enjoy *Scholastic*. I wish Chuck Wood and his staff the best of luck throughout all of next year. Personally, I want to thank everyone I've ever called a friend, especially my housemates, for putting up with me, and Mom and Dad who are a lot smarter than they think. And I wish everyone the opportunity to stay forever young.

As for those fortunate souls returning to academia next year, just remember that college offers the best four years a person can experience. Play them well.



# EBONY DOME



*Chuck Wood, editor for the 1980-'81 school year has announced the above as the first change he will undertake with the magazine.*



The look to look for this spring is one of streamlined simplicity, even in formal wear. Here we see a good example of the trend-setting toned down colors and smoother, less-textured fabrics. This brilliant semi-formal combination of black and gold is what the well dressed Notre Dame man will undoubtedly be wearing those evenings both on and off the field. As the lady says, "I don't think we're in Kansas anymore." Sold only at the Notre Dame Bookstore.

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