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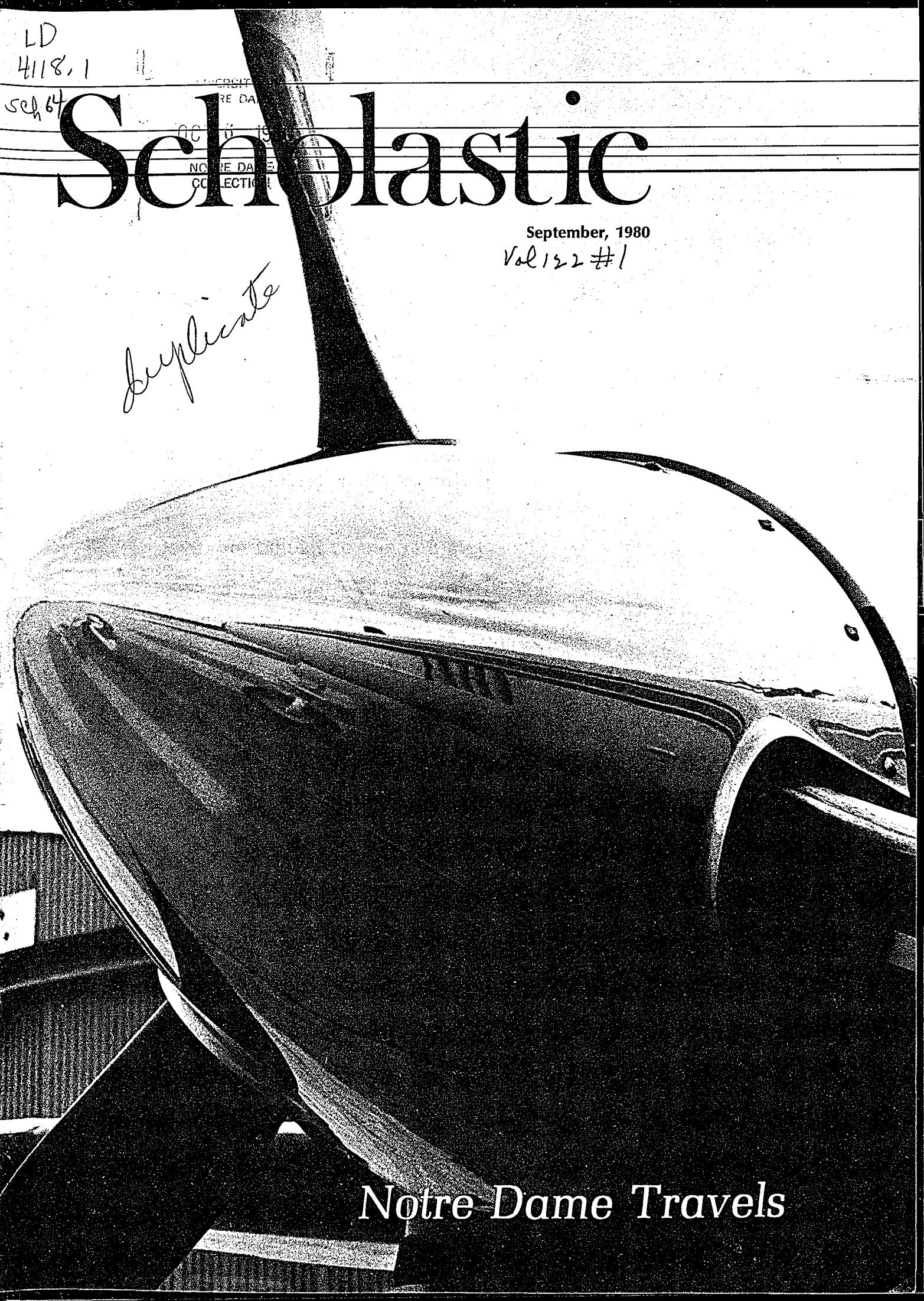
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Scholastic

September, 1980
Vol 122 #1

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SEPTEMBER

SCHOLASTIC

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Notre Dame, IN

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Letters

Dear Editor:

I would like to reply within these confines to two letters which appeared in the final issue (2 May 1980) of last year's *Scholastic*, and, more generally, to like thoughts and conceptions which seem prevalent at this University. Referring to two articles which were published in the penultimate issue (21 March), Ms. Nifong stated that she felt them to be "a personal affront" and thought it best that they and like pieces be relegated to "an underground publication." It seems here that Ms. Nifong writes with a misconceived notion of *Scholastic*. The publication is a creative effort and, in truth, an art form, and not a Christian tablet. As such it demands a great deal of freedom and has a responsibility to answer the needs of those persons who might seem to use it as a mode of expression. The *Scholastic* is not a publication which is forced upon an uninitiated public, but rather it is one into which curious readers may delve in search of new conceptions of and responses to the creativity inherent in life.

The moralistically perscriptive ap-

proach advocated by Ms. Nifong (and the authors of the second letter) appears to spring from an unwillingness to discover that which is "out there" in the lives of others in favor of the security of one's own established "world."

Of paramount importance when one considers a publication of this sort is the recognition of the authors' need to write, to express, to attempt to press out as best he can his understanding of his own world. And what might he do should his conceptions differ from our own?

Finally, one can think of others who have been silenced for a time by attitudes similar to Ms. Nifong's, and ponder a life without James Joyce, D.H. Lawrence, or William Blake. For although it is not always so, it is sometimes true (as Blake perceptively declared) that "the road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom." We must always provide for this possibility and not attempt to impose our world upon others.

Yours very truly,

James Dwyer

Class of '81

Ed.—Because this magazine is a creative effort, it ought to challenge its readers, that is true. But it should also challenge its writers to provoke the readers' thoughts and imagination without going out of their way to be offensive or obscure. I would not presume to say that these adjectives apply to the two articles in question, nor would I say that the idea behind Ms. Nifong's letter is "moralistically prescriptive."

*As editor, I will not be afraid to publish material that some may see as offensive. But I will not do so merely to show a "less hung-up than thou" attitude. And though I do not want the *Scholastic* to become a Christian tablet, I am not afraid to let its editorial policy and content reflect the Christianity that is important to many people who work on, write for, and read this magazine.*

Scholastic Editors,

If the power to improve the interaction between men and women was not as latent or feasible as it is at Notre Dame, I might have found Lisa Hertenberger's article in the May 2 issue of *Scholastic* amusing. Since she had the platform for espousing something serious, and declined via satire, I am offended instead.

Disgruntled, what benefit will it do her to coffee klatch in complaint with fellow women? If the trends are as legitimate and pervasive as her caricatures suggest, gossiping with each other about them is merely redundant, albeit self-bolstering. Granted, when given the opportunity to fill an entire page of the magazine, she didn't whine. Neither did she have the courage to take a stand in offering the women (and the disobedient men who read her article) an option.

Firstly, she condones the strategy of women who connive. She only urges them to better their execution. Such advice insults women who have the integrity to be honest in their relationships. Secondly, she inquires "You do want to get married, don't you?" While ridiculing men who fall victim to her bait, she won't do with-

out them either. To enter into partnership with someone (and in her construction marriage is relegated to the zenith position) I should hope you'd have respect for your companion. I did not detect one respectful tone—for either sex—in her spoof. Nor does she mention how such respect might be developed if it is currently absent from all heterosexual encounters. She regards marriage as a victory in "getting" someone, rather than as a decision in choosing someone. If we remain with her, shielded safely within stereotypes, we assuredly won't miss any of the typical badges: dates, flattery, the security of a provider. She brings us to that pinnacle, then neglects considering the mountain that confronts two individuals who do pledge their lives together.

Perhaps I misinterpret her. Perhaps I take too seriously an article that was meant as comic relief. But Lisa, too much is at stake! We are—in cahoots, if you will—with young men who will manage principal familial, medicinal, pastoral, political, and economic roles in the decades to come. Yes, women also will occupy the same positions. Lisa magnifies a certain male conception of the feminine and thereby tries to

humiliate its purporters. Better to indicate how the image they hold of women is insufficient and to provide assistance in their gaining appropriate clarity as to our identity.

Dumping as she does on traditional relations, Lisa neglects two qualities that for so long have been rightly associated with the womanly: commitment and sacrifice. If fewer women choose to exercise these in the family setting, such numerical decline does not demean the choice of women who continue in that dedication. And if women do opt to contribute in other vocations, as Christians they are obliged to carry those very same gifts with them into the new spheres.

In making of the sexual distinctions a contest, she merely duplicates the primary mistake women have been grating against. Let the *Scholastic* writers and the ND community share hopes and hesitations concerning the communication between men and women. Let them waken what has been sleeping too long in our respective genders, rather than numbing whatever sensitivity is present through cynicism.

Sincerely,

Michelle Quinn '78

Innsbruck Interview

by Mark Pizzato
Tim Grothaus

Imagine 40 college students, taken from their homes and placed on a deserted island together for one year. Yes. Innsbruck, Austria, that forbidden land of ice and snow, that treacherous mountain of rock, sticking out sore-thumbedly from the vast wastes of Central Europe. Innsbruck—our home for a year.

Yet, ask any of the survivors the often-repeated question, "How was it?" and you'll get quite a different description from what you would expect (comments such as "fantastic!" "wonderful!" abound). How could the hellish isolation of a tiny foreign crater in the Austrian Alps be a fantastic fantasy, a marvelous wonder? Were these poor students brainwashed by the Red League of Austria? Or could there be some truth to the very slowly growing

rumor of paradise on earth through the Foreign Study Program? To obtain the answers to these and other tremendously critical questions, I interviewed one of the students who recently escaped the torture of "a year abroad"—Myself.

I: Hi! How've you been? I haven't seen you for a long time! Where were you?

MYSELF (after a long pause): Innsbruck.

I: Oh! Fantastic! Wonderful! How was it?

MYSELF: Rotten!

I (recovering from the left hook): Really?

MYSELF: No. Only kidding. It was the most fantastic experience of my young life. It was wonderful. Sorry for the punch.

I: Oh, that's all right. I've got

plenty of teeth. But tell me about your experiences.

MYSELF: Got a year?

I: No, I have a class in 10 minutes. By the way, did you ever go to class over there?

MYSELF: Never.

I (recovering from the right hook): Nice seeing you again.

I met Myself again the next day (when he was in a better mood).

I: Hey, wait up! I forgot to ask you something yesterday. I know you had the time of your life in Europe—travelling, skiing, drinking beer—but wasn't it difficult to live in another country, I mean to adjust to a different culture and all?

MYSELF: Yes. It was.

I: Well . . . did you ever get lonely?

MYSELF: We all did. Especially the first four weeks at Klessheim (Salzburg). Every morning we'd mob the mailboxes hoping for letters. That one pay phone in the hallway became our lifeline—as soon as we figured out how it worked.

I: Did you see much of Salzburg?

MYSELF: Of course we did—even though we lived well outside the city at a beautiful eighteenth-century Baroque palace . . . in renovated horse stables.

I: Sounds lovely.

MYSELF: It was and always will be in our memories. Especially the "Kamml."

I: They have those in Austria?

MYSELF: The "Kamml" was the local Gasthaus, the bar where we all went after dinner and drank beer—like camels.

I: A taste of Austrian culture?

MYSELF: Yes. Our first.

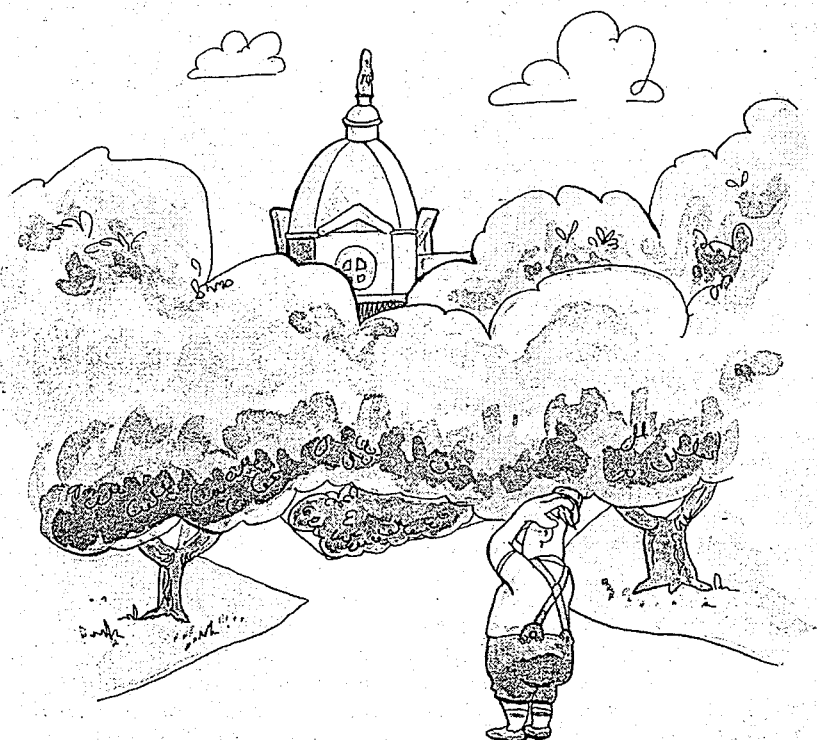
I: And?

MYSELF: And what?

I: Well, I've got to have more than that.

MYSELF: Why?

I: I'm writing an article for *Scholastic* magazine about the Innsbruck Program and . . .



P. Byrnes.

MYSELF: So, what do you want?

I: More stories! It sounds like all you did was drink beer.

MYSELF: No. We travelled a little, too. Why, one time in . . . no, forget it.

I: Why?

MYSELF: It's impossible. Even after a hundred stories, and a thousand pictures, you would never really appreciate the experiences. You weren't there. You'd just get bored.

I: It must be difficult to return to Notre Dame.

MYSELF: That's the hardest part of the year. Over there everything is new and different and interesting. Here . . .

I: Wait a minute! I thought it was "rotten" over there.

MYSELF: Only in Denmark. Bye.

I: Stop! Just tell me one thing that happened to you last year.

MYSELF: You really want to hear?

I: Yes!

MYSELF: O.K. I changed. I had my roots torn out from under me, and I was left floating, drifting with nothing to stand on. I was forced to find a base: confidence, security, strength in Myself.

I: I think I know what you mean.

MYSELF: It was very difficult. But it was terrific! With all the places I visited and all the people I saw, the biggest thing that happened was . . . I grew up. I found Myself.

I: Yes. I understand.

MYSELF: But I was wrong. I thought I fully found Myself. I came back as a snobby European, looking down on all the silly, naive Americans. (You're only 200 years old, you know.)

I: I was wrong?

MYSELF: Yes. When I thought I had found Myself, I really did stop finding Myself. I lost him. I stopped growing.

I: Hello?

MYSELF: Then I was *really* alone. The deserted island was here — at "home." I had no home. So I reached out again. I got down off the pedestal — it was crumbling anyway. I started saying, "Hello?" again. I started seeing the new, different, and interesting things here in this country. I realized how good it felt to be an American, knowing now how many people wish they were. I met new people around me. Here at Notre Dame I found Myself.

I: Yes. Pleased to meet you. □

Mark Pizzato
and
Tim Grothaus

Roaming O'er the Emerald Isle

by Sean F. Faircloth

Dear Family,

I'm here in Doug's room listening to a Bruce Springsteen tape on cassette, dreaming of the ecstasy of playing a record on my good old Zenith Allegro on the day of my return.

I think I shall begin by relating my epic journey to Northern Ireland.

DAY 1: I decided, despite Doug's decision not to "feel the tension" with me, that I must press on alone. I stuffed underwear, camera, toothbrush, contact lenses, case in my parka pockets, grab my copies of *Ulysses* and *Europe Since Napoleon* and was off. Arrival time: 8:15 p.m. After considerable wandering and inquiring, I was directed to a youth hostel two miles out of town. In my haste to leave the south, the one thing I had forgotten to do was keep informed on Irish current events, or perhaps I should say currency events. There was a bank strike in Ireland (North and South) which prohibited the exchange of foreign currency. So, I was off in enemy territory at 10:30 p.m. on a Friday night with 15 meaningless Irish pounds and twopence English. I wandered desperately in search of charitable cashiers or hotel clerks who might exchange my money. No dice. Ancient anonymous philosopher say: when in doubt, find other college students. So I get on the bus to Queens College, Belfast, informing the bus driver as I hastily exit that I cannot pay the fare.

I arrived at the Queens College Student Union Pub. I managed to get past the decrepit old men who check for student I.D.'s and I mingled. The trouble was that northerners have such thick, almost Scottish accents, that I caught only occasional clues as to what they were saying. After striking up a con-

versation, I would throw in something subtle like, "Well, I'd love to buy you a pint (of Irish beer), but the fact is I'm stuck here alone in Belfast with no money and *without anyplace to stay*." My first few attempts failed. Finally, I met Ian and Glynnis. They offered me a bed at their place. Ian had thrown a large party the previous night and many people had stayed over. I slept in the "party room" which was a sea of mattresses and party debris—the final touch being a single red light bulb to bring a decadent air to the room.

DAY 2: I wandered the streets of Belfast which were far less tense than I expected. Once one becomes accustomed to men scampering around the streets with their fingers on the triggers of machine guns, the place is quite run-of-the-mill. Ian said he never had any trouble, and if you mind your own business and remain out of the parts of town that don't cotton to your type of Christianity there's no problem. From what I saw I would concur. There is, of course, the odd and innocent person shot by the IRA or UDR (Ulster Defense Regiment) by mistake, but on the whole it must be three times safer living in Belfast than in New York, L.A., or any other large American city.

The police stations were fun . . . surrounded by barber wire fences and cameras at the electric-locking entry gate. I went in to try to get an official tour of the trouble spots under the guise of being a reporter for N.D.'s *Scholastic* magazine. I got an official "NO" instead. I was directed by a soldier to a "trouble spot." Blown-up houses. No big deal. The IRA has been on a slowdown in the past few years. Only Protestant, UDR types, and, of course, famous, innocent people (e.g., Mountbatten) are to be wasted. I thumbed and

bussed to Portrush on the far north coast. Beautiful town, but dusk when I arrived. I went straight to a Bed and Breakfast place where I haggled the proprietor down from nine to four pounds with a dinner included.

DAY 3: I took a walk on the beach. It may have been northern Ireland, but Portrush is the most peaceful place in the world. I thumbed to Giant's Causeway, a very impressive sight surrounded by ocean cliffs. Slow cooling lava on a flat surface formed these almost perfect hexagon and octagon pillars. I walked on the pillars to the algae-covered area which is only exposed at low tide. I talked to a man and his kids who were scraping off the algae with knives to fry up and eat. They said the algae is only in season once a year, and they had to scrape it while it was ripe. We talked about "the troubles" as they are called here, and he said it never affected him in the least. Except for the fact that the economy was ruined by jittery foreign investors (or lack of the same), he wouldn't even have known there were troubles.

After several rides and hours, I arrived in Derry (Londonderry to the British). The town struck me as much more tense than Belfast. Two Protestant fellows gave me a lift in and they, even though I said not to bother, drove to the bus station on the Catholic side of the river which bisects the town. They got lost and ended up in "Free Derry," an area which is literally run by the Provos (IRA). Instead of the usual "support the IRA" graffiti, I saw things like "Join the IRA now." I could tell these boys were shaking in their boots. Understandably so. The IRA actually conducts its own spot checks. They will stop a car, and either confirm your Catholicism or knee-cap you on the spot, and then steal your car for use in a future bombing. Being a certified Irish-American, these Protestants tell me, I was in no trouble, since we, more than any other group, finance such "idealistic endeavors." We left that part of town quickly, only to be spot-checked by the British. Their methods are not quite so thorough, and we came away unscathed.

I decided, after thanking the fellows for the lift, to wander about a bit with my camera. I thought an impressive shot might be a picture of British soldiers, machine guns in hand in front of the police station. I waited for soldiers to come along. In short order the metal gate opened and I was curtly directed to "follow me, please." They stuck me in a little

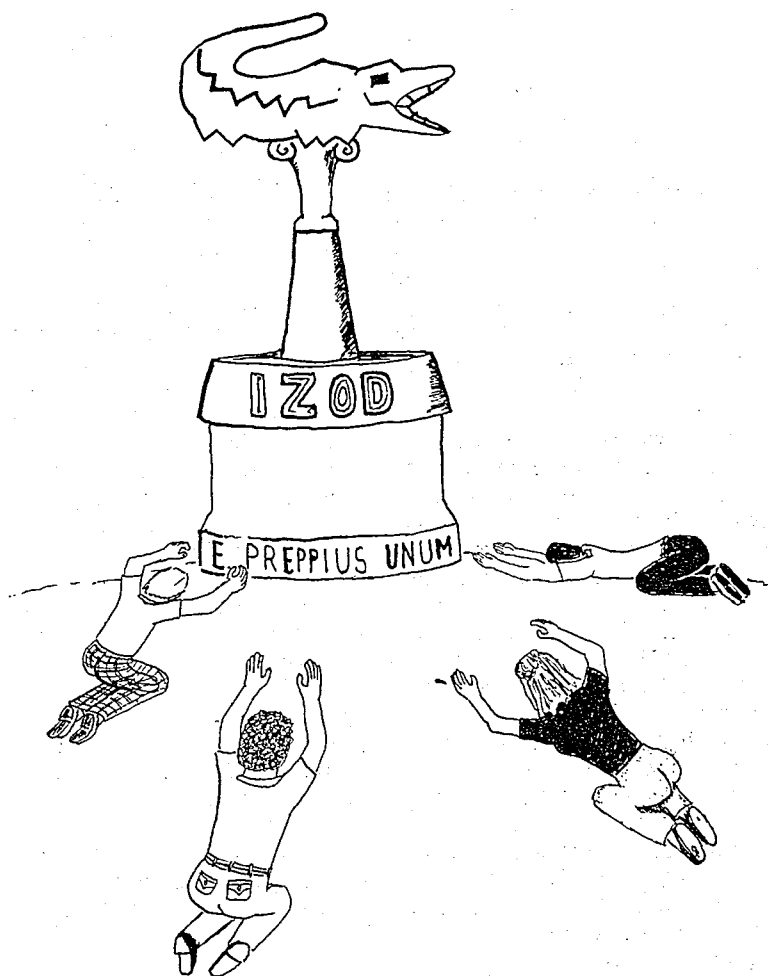
room, confiscated my camera, and started rattling off questions. I guess I had picked up a bit of an Irish accent because they refused to believe I was American until I showed them my passport. The detective was very serious and self-important and read every page of my English notebook. The sergeant was much more relaxed and seemed satisfied to peruse the personal notes on the back of my wallet photos of Carol, Jane, and Terri. He kept scratching his stomach, and asking, "So you fancy yourself a lady's man, do ye?" This I enjoyed. Just like the movies. After a half hour I was released. I got a Bed and Breakfast for three pounds and had 25 pence to thumb back the 120 miles to Maynooth. I got a lift from a very friendly but ignorant trucker and avid Presley enthusiast. He was all for the IRA, but had never been north of the border and knew about as much as your average Bostoner.

I am more convinced than ever that the IRA is idiotic. The average Protestant and Catholic in northern Ireland get on quite well. The man on the street doesn't care in the least

whether he's run by the Parliament or the Dial (Irish Parliament). He only wants to keep inflation down and make his car payments just like everybody else.

In fact, your man in the north, as in Ireland generally, just may be a cut above the average rat-racer in the States. The people I met here, Protestant and Catholic, are as a rule, friendlier and more courteous than Americans. Perhaps our media should study these aspects of Irish culture so that America would be well-served to evaluate parts of it—such as their lack of emphasis on material wealth and their friendliness to complete strangers. Living in Ireland, it is astounding to think of the number of people back home who find it necessary to own electric can openers and garage door openers. I do not mean to picture northern Ireland as a paradise. It is not, but it is ridiculous that the press in America emphasizes only one aspect of life here to the point that the reality is completely distorted.

By the way, about the cost of being a sophisticated man of the world



Jerusalem:

Beauty in the Midst of Turmoil

by Fred Dougherty

I used to think that movies shot in Israel were overdramatized. However, during this past summer in Israel my view was modified. The nation of Israel is so rich in natural beauty that it does indeed seem appropriate to portray it with awe. Yet in the midst of this setting is internal social turmoil basically between two worlds—Arab and Jew.

The white mini-van moved down the highway toward Jerusalem. Meanwhile the sun slowly set. I mentioned to one man that a few of us student-archeologists were planning a trip to Akko, a predominantly Arab village. He momentarily became silent. "Well, don't worry," he said, "you all look like Christians." I wondered what he meant.

On drawing near Jerusalem many of the city's sites became visible. We passed to the right of the Mount of Evil Council, the ironic location of U.N. buildings. "Beware of the food you eat in the Old City," warned a woman in the front seat. "You'll be all right if you stay away from the Arab places," chimed in a young American Jew. "Also," he added, "do

not go into the Old City at night. It's really not safe." The image of a big, motley Arab ready to pounce came to mind.

Curiosity overcame us, and that night a friend and I somewhat courageously went into the Old City to meet some friends of his from Rome. The walk seemed a bit dark and shady, though safe. When we returned to the apartment later we found that one of the young Jewish men had waited up for us. I was impressed by his exceedingly cautious but genuine concern.

Jerusalem seems to be something of a microcosm of humanity. Significantly the Holy City is important to the three great monotheistic religions: it is the center of Judaism, the birthplace of Christianity, and after Medina and Mecca, it is the third holiest city of Islam. One easily notices the religious as well as the political tension of the city.

Christians form a very small minority in Israel—2.3% of the population. There are, however, many Christian shrines, convents, and monasteries many of which are

maintained by Franciscans. It is often helpful and sometimes necessary to use French in order to stay at these places. ("Oui, et mais comment peut-on le refuser de Notre Dame?")

Most Christians in Israel are Arabs. Moreover many Christians are leaving the country. In Bethlehem, the population of Christians has dropped from 90% to 50% in the last twenty years. Part of this drop in percentages is due to a relatively high Moslem birth rate. However, many Christians do leave, saying they feel caught in a bind, neither fully accepted by the Moslem or Jew.

The two predominant ethnic groups are the Jewish Israelis (85% of the population) and the Arabs (mostly Moslem and some Christians). For the most part, members of these faiths are physically indistinguishable. It surprised me to find that there is no longer any pure Israeli blood, but that the nation is a combination of Mediterranean, Middle Eastern and European heritages. I also expected the Israeli Jews to be more religious. Not so. In fact, my experience concurred more with that of a Saint Mary's student who spent five weeks in Israel this summer. "It's incredible how worldly it is over there. In the holiest of holy lands people are so unholy," she commented.

At one time a majority of the Jews found unity in the temple in Jerusalem. The last temple was destroyed in 70 A.D. In the Diaspora the synagogue has been the focus of Jewish identity. Now in modern Israel, many feel that it is not necessary to attend the synagogue. They believe that the identity of the Jew is to be in Israel.

One-third of the Israeli Jews are generally considered to be of the Orthodox wing of Judaism. The Orthodox have authority over religious affairs in Jerusalem, and the Orthodox rabbi is the only legal representative of the state for Jews.

Five weekends after my first trip to Jerusalem I decided to take the advice of a foreign student I had previously met and visit an Arab village. It was a very difficult place to find. After taking a bus to one location and hitchhiking to another, we still had about six miles more to walk and hitchhike under the hot Israeli sun. Finally we caught a ride. The driver was puzzled by our desire to visit the village, but he took us there anyway. He let us off at the rectory of a Greek Catholic priest.

The village was rather bleak and

dry-looking. We entered the first door after the gate, and an elderly woman whom I presumed to be a nun came into the room. I slowly told her that we had come to see the priest. While we waited for him she served us a small but cold glass full of cherry Kool-Aid. The village no longer had much water, as the water system had broken down, and the Israeli government would not fund a new one. So the villagers were forced to purchase water at a city some seven miles away. I suddenly felt very honored to be given that little glass of Kool-Aid.

Soon the priest arrived. He was a very articulate, vibrant man of about thirty-five years with dark features and sparkling eyes. He related his story to us. His family had lived in another village nearby, long ago. One day Israeli soldiers visited the Arab village. At first the villagers welcomed them, but then the soldiers told the people that they must leave for a few days for some sort of testing. They were never allowed to return. "This sort of thing has gone on everywhere," said the priest. "The Jews have been among the most mistreated in the world. What happened in Auschwitz was terrible. But what it did to them was fill them with fear. Now they use some of the same tactics on us."

This instance of persecution is not isolated. All Arabs are required to put special stickers on their cars. Arabs are not permitted to even touch a gun, and have limited voting rights.

"Would you want democracy or theocracy?" the priest asked me. I was silent, not understanding all the details of what a theocracy entailed. "The Israelis (Jews) want to be a special people with a form of democ-

racy among themselves. Others, however, are to have no rights. All we want is to live peaceably here. Can you deny us this?" Again I did not want to answer.

Last month, I often recalled that conversation. Then while at home for a weekend, I met a Palestinian graduate student from the University of Michigan. He was vehement in his criticism, "What can I tell you about the Israeli/Arab situation? Look at an Israeli village, look at an Arab village. You've seen them. One is thriving; the other is dirt poor. It often has no water or electricity." He talked for a couple of hours citing several other injustices inflicted upon the Arabs. I had the feeling he could have continued the discussion even longer. Perhaps the most moving story he told was about his best friend who was shot and killed in a public demonstration over the bulldozing of a building. His wife, an American, was even more bitter than he. In the United States we usually do not experience anything like this.

Now I had even more to think about than before. After several weeks my ideas on the Arab/Israeli situation came into focus. The complexity of the issues for a long time had me confused. I felt that both sides in the conflict were right and both were wrong. On the one hand, the Jews have long been persecuted and have a legitimate right to a land in which to live. The Arabs, on the other hand, also have a claim to the land their families have occupied for generations. The Israeli Jews are a shrewd people; they have been both brilliant and relentless in their determination to survive. The Arabs, however, seem to be bearing the brunt of their abu-

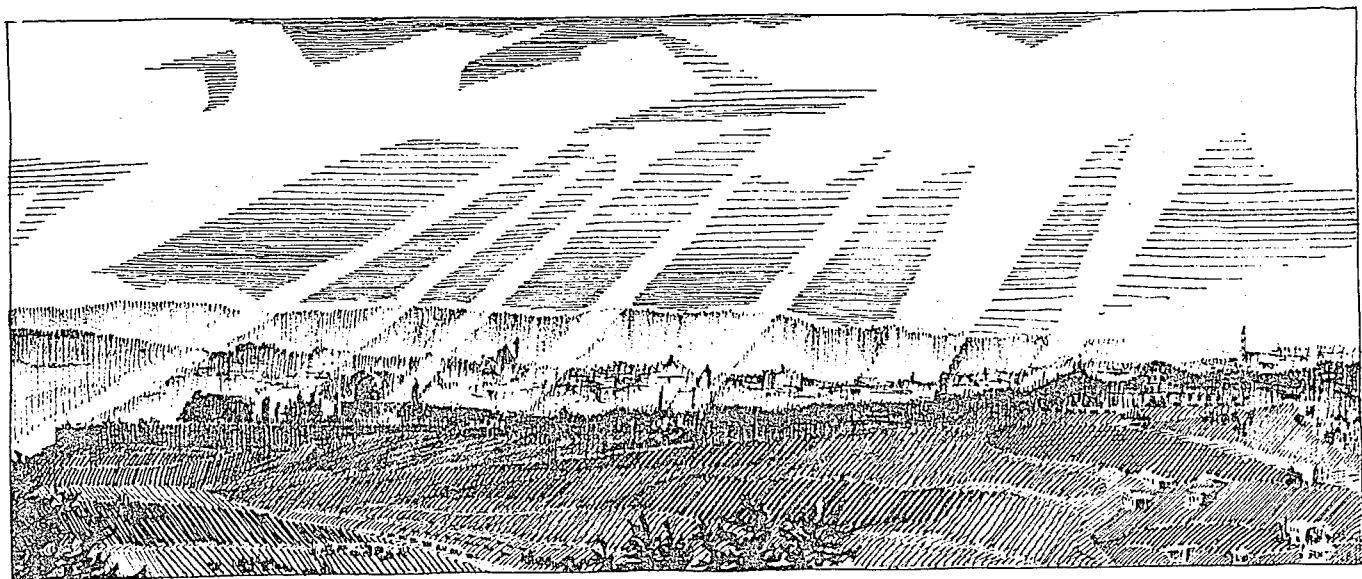
sive behavior.

It is a difficult subject for me to approach. Christianity sprang from Judaism, and I have reverence for that tradition. Further, I am aware of the danger of Moslem fundamentalists, e.g., Khomeini. I seem to have been indoctrinated to think of Arabs pejoratively, though most of those whom I met were very amiable.

However, I have finally concluded that, in essence, the problem is not social, political, or religious. The reaction itself may be, but the problem is not. My response to the Arab/Israeli crisis rests on a belief that every human being has certain basic rights, and indeed, a basic human dignity. Only when a group becomes dangerous to society, should it lose its fundamental rights. So if Palestinian Arabs live peaceably in Israel, it is both inequitable and unjust to rob them of their human dignity.

Although the politics of the situation is understandably complex, the availability of water, electricity, sanitation, etc., is basic to human life and dignity. Clearly a thorough, unbiased investigation into the provision of these essentials would be very revealing. This was requested recently and was rejected by the Israeli government.

I recall the stark contrast of the turmoil between the Arabs and Jews with the peaceful background of the land. The Jewish people have rightfully received international sympathy for the way they have suffered. However, this is no justification for the world to condone the abuse of Arab rights. It seems that the United States, in particular, should examine and question the practices of its ally. □



A Year in Rome...and You Are There

by Michael Molinelli

I expected a grand metamorphosis to take place once I stepped foot onto the soil of Europe, but none took place. I looked around; I looked at myself. I was still me: terminally Molinelli.

* * * *

It's not that living in Rome has no effect on you. It's just that the change is so subtle that you don't realize where you are until you look back to where you've been. Your concept of time certainly changes. The old buildings in Rome are the remains of the Empire. The new ones are those built as recently as the 15th century.

The "hotel" in which you lived was built before Columbus discovered America, and the plumbing was put in shortly thereafter. It, being a "new" building, was built on the ruins of the Theatre of Pompeii, an old building in which Julius Caesar was knifed. (By the way, Pancrazio's is a restaurant inside those very same ruins and the perfect place to spend the Ides of March. Try the Monte Bianco.)

Yet, time was always running out, and the countdown began every morning. Rome wasn't built in a day and you couldn't see it in a year. Besides, you didn't spend all your time in Rome. Austria and Germany were just a night train away. Another night train and you could reach Denmark, Spain or France. Soon you absorbed yourself into the landscape of Europe. You began to call that spot on the Seine behind Notre Dame your own. You had your bread, wine and cheese there; you staked a claim. The construction of Gaudi's Cathedral in Barcelona became your personal project. The streets of Copenhagen were your winter wonderland, and every wurst stand in Germany was your dining room. But Rome was always home. There was a big difference between visiting and living. You visited Amsterdam; you lived in Rome.

Everyday living takes on a greater thrill. Since you have faced the challenge of knowing what you ordered at many of Rome's restaurants, you can never have fun in a restaurant in the United States again; ordering

in English is too easy. Even getting groceries became an adventure. For you have gone food shopping in Campo dei Fiore, the open market older than any A&P, and you have fallen in love with the grand chaos. You have put on your sweats and run over to St. Pete's just to mail a few letters and have become the center of attention. (In Europe warmups are the rule; no one wears sweats. Some Italians were enthralled by them. The only other time they had seen them was in the movie *Rocky*.)

You've had lunch nearly every day at Vittorio's pizza place, and you've waited extra long for that tray of prosciutto. (To get to Vittorio's: face the Pantheon, make a direct left and stop at the store with the ND

leprechaun sticker.) Oh yes, the Pantheon, the greatest preserved monument of the Roman Empire, is yours too. You've walked by it so often you barely gave it a second glance... *but it's yours!* So you cringed every time a tour bus pulled up, and all the people went to the nearest postcard stand to buy pictures of a building they've never been inside of. Tourists... Yech!

You did everything to avoid being labeled a tourist, but sometimes you fell into traps. You took a gondola ride in Venice, jumped into Bernini's fountain in Piazza Navona and threw Frisbees off the top of the Leaning Tower of Pisa. You posed with Venus de Milo in the Louvre, greeted the gargoyles on Notre Dame, and used the toilet on the Eiffel Tower

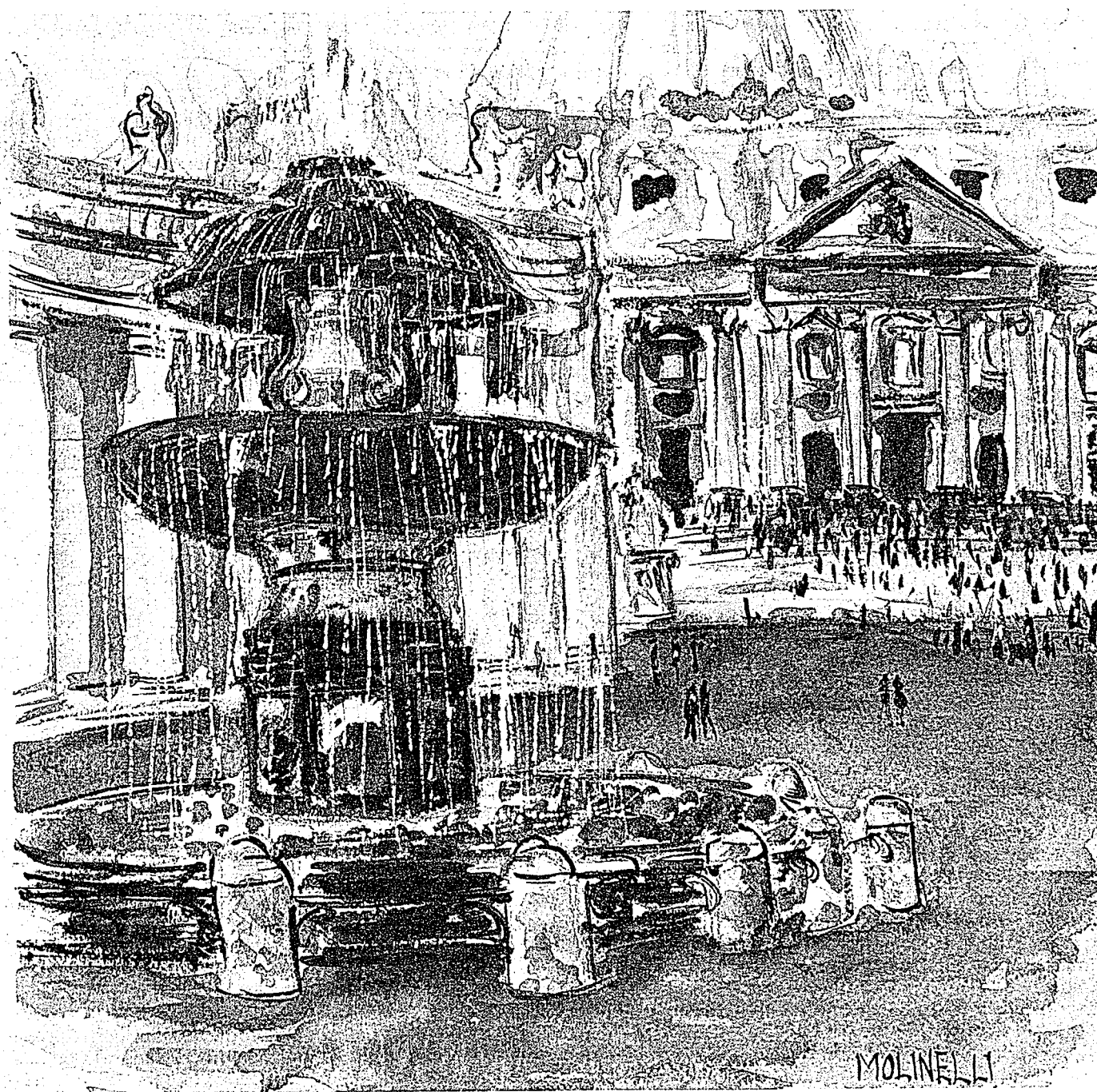


even though you didn't have to. You took a picture of a "nobody" riding a horse-drawn carriage out of Buckingham Palace, spent New Year's Eve in Trafalgar Square even though "nothing" happened, and enlisted the help of two Germans and two Japanese to get a picture of you crossing THE Abbey Road. You made your meccas and did all those things you've heard about. Why else is there a Europe?

There was, however, an overload point. A point at which you became tired. You'd seen enough of the Gothic "Madonna and Child" to make you run directly to the renaissance rooms. You'd spent the day in Florence visiting seven museums and you suffered from visual indiges-

tion. (For a quick break while in Florence, go to the world-renowned ice-cream parlor, Vivoli's. Try the mousse.) And when you got tired you began to make mistakes. You wanted to head south to Naples, but when you woke up, the Mediterranean was on the wrong side. You were going north. You arrived in a city when everything was closed. You discovered a hotel in your guidebook doesn't exist anymore, or you had miscalculated the currency exchange so that the Coke you just had cost you five dollars. You were tired, but you had to do something because this was your last chance. You began to actually wish you were in South Bend during a blizzard so that there would be nothing to do.

It was the little things that kept you going. While doing a watercolor, little Italian school kids talked to you and asked you if everyone in Brooklyn really knew Kung fu. It was enjoying a baseball catch and the stares in Piazza Navona. It was the opportunity to get around by yourself and know you could really be alone. It was looking up relatives and meeting the sister of the grandmother you never knew. It was the night walks to St. Peter's or a conversation under the Arch of Constantine. It was the realization that you may never return again or if you do it could never be with the same friends at the same age and with the same carelessness. It was Rome, and it always will be yours. □



A New World Order?

The Trilateral Commission

by Thomas Loughran

The time is drawing near for Americans to decide upon their leadership, and with those leaders, the probable course of America's future. During this period of reflection on our country's goals and values, there has emerged a growing concern that Americans are not being offered a choice in leadership which reflects the diversity of American opinion on these issues. This concern has been expressed principally through the conservative press, although similar cries can be heard from dissenters across the whole of the political spectrum. The organization which bears the brunt of such criticism is the Trilateral Commission.

To the average American, the single most interesting feature of the Trilateral Commission is its membership. Among some one hundred American members, (or former members), the Commission boasts: Jimmy Carter, President of the United States; Walter Mondale, Vice-President; National Security Advisor Zbigniew Brzezinski; former Secretaries of State Cyrus Vance and Henry Kissinger; Secretary of Defense Harold Brown; Republican Vice-Presidential candidate George Bush; and independent Presidential candidate John B. Anderson. The list continues. But to understand the significance of the list, we need to know a little about the organization itself.

The Trilateral Commission consists of some 300 influential men from three Western industrial centers—North America, Western Europe, and Japan. Founded in 1973 by its North American Chairman David Rockefeller and its former Director Zbigniew Brzezinski, the Commission's aim is to promote international cooperation between these three centers as a preamble to the development of a "new world order."

The Trilateral Commission is an international ancillary group of the Council on Foreign Relations—a group which is itself the target of criticism akin to that directed at the Trilateralists. Since its inception at the end of the First World War, the

influence of the CFR on U.S. foreign policy cannot easily be overestimated. All but two Secretaries of State since the mid-1920's have been CFR members. Presently the Council's ties with the Trilateral Commission are substantial. David Rockefeller, the founder and North American Chairman of the Trilateral Commission, is also Chairman of the CFR board of directors. Of the CFR's 25 board members, no fewer than 13 (including Brzezinski) are also Trilateralists. (It is an interesting aside to note that among the 12 non-Trilateralists on the CFR board, we find Notre Dame's own Rev. Theodore Hesburgh.)

The foreign policy objectives recommended in the CFR's 1980 Project are none other than the Trilateralist aims—the creation of a new global political and economic system to replace the existing one. Perhaps the principal spokesman for this "new world order" is Zbigniew Brzezinski. In his book, *Between Two Ages* (1971), he states: "Movement toward such a community will in all probability require two broad and overlapping phases. The first of these would involve the forging of community links among the United States, Western Europe, and Japan, as well as with other more advanced countries (for example, Australia, Israel, Mexico). The second phase would include the extension of these links to more advanced Communist countries. . . . Moreover, such a community cannot be achieved by fusing existing states into one larger entity. . . . It makes much more sense to attempt to associate existing states through a variety of indirect ties and already developing limitations on national sovereignty."

It is fairly clear how the Trilateral Commission fits into the creation of this international system. It is not through the cooperation of governments that this new world order will come about; rather it is through "indirect ties." As Trilateralist Richard N. Gardner of Columbia wrote in the April 1974 edition of *Foreign Affairs* (a CFR publica-

tion): "In short, the 'house of world order' will have to be built from the bottom up rather than from the top down. It will look like a great 'booming, buzzing confusion,' to use William James's famous description of reality, but an end run around national sovereignty, eroding it piece by piece, will accomplish much more than the old-fashioned frontal assault. . . ."

It is through informal channels of cooperation, then, that this new world order will be brought about. This cooperation is primarily economic, as a glance at the Trilateralist membership list indicates. The following business interests are represented directly on the Trilateral Commission: Deere & Co.; Hewlett-Packard; Texas Instruments; Honeywell; Weyerhaeuser; Boeing; Kimberly Clarke; Shell Oil; Kaiser; General Mills; Sears; Exxon; Caterpillar; Coca-Cola; Ford; General Electric; General Motors; Fiat; SONY; Nippon Steel; Mitsubishi; Toyota, and others. Banking interests include Chase Manhattan; Bank of America; Wells Fargo; First National City Bank; Bank of Tokyo; Fuji Bank; and others. In fact, through a complex system of stock holdings and interlocking directorates, every major international bank is represented on the Commission.

Because the Trilateral Commission and the CFR have primarily Wall Street-Eastern Establishment roots, these organizations have come under fire from both the political right, which sees socialism in the making and from the left, which sees yet another capitalist expansion. Apart from these extreme positions, few Americans—until recently—have ever heard of either the CFR or the Trilateral Commission. Indeed there has been virtually no coverage of these organizations in the national media. Adherents to conspiratorial views point again to the membership of these organizations in explanation.

Between the Council on Foreign Relations and the Trilateral Commission, the following media organiza-



The Trilateral Commission

A Private North American-European-Japanese
Initiative on Matters of Common Concern

tions are represented: *Time*, *Newsweek*, *U.S. News and World Report*, the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, the *Chicago Sun-Times*, the *L.A. Times*, the Gannet group, and the *Wall Street Journal*; and to a lesser extent than these others: CBS, NBC, ABC; *Foreign Affairs* and *Foreign Policy* magazines. The list is longer still, but its significance is already apparent.

Nineteen high-ranking members of the Carter Administration came from Trilateralist ranks, including the President, Vice-President, National Security Advisor, the Secretaries of State, Treasury, Defense, the Deputy Secretary of Energy, the chairmen of the Federal Reserve Board, and the U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations. As of March 15, 1980, there were only 92 North American members on the Trilateral Commission. All above listed members of the Executive Branch of the U.S. government are *former* members of the Commission, due to the Commission's ban on participation in that branch for active members. On the face of it, the media coverage of this phenomenon has not been adequately proportional to its significance for national and world affairs.

There is a full spectrum of opinion regarding the significance of the Trilateral Commission, the CFR, and their ties with the Executive Branch of our government. Just what the aims are of these organizations is clear. A report presented at the plenary meeting of the Trilateral Commission May 30-31, 1975, at Kyoto, Japan, closes as follows: "Close Trilateral cooperation in keeping the peace, in managing the world economy, in fostering economic redevelopment and alleviating world poverty will improve the chances of a smooth and peaceful evolution of the global system." The April 30, 1980 edition of the *Wall Street Journal* featured an article entitled "Foolish Attacks on False Issues," in which David Rockefeller writes: "My point is that far from being a coterie of international conspirators with de-

signs on covertly ruling the world, the Trilateral Commission is, in reality, a group of concerned citizens interested in fostering greater understanding and cooperation among international allies." Designs such as these certainly have a *prima facie* attractiveness about them.

Conservative Barry Goldwater offers a somewhat different analysis of Trilateralist aims. In his book, *With No Apologies* (1979), Goldwater writes: "In my view, the Trilateral Commission represents a skillful, coordinated effort to seize control and consolidate the four centers of power—political, monetary, intellectual, and ecclesiastical. All this is to be done in the interests of creating a more peaceful, more productive world community. . . . What the Trilateralists truly intend is the creation of a world-wide economic power superior to the political governments of the nation-states involved. They believe the abundant materialism they propose to create will overwhelm existing differences. As managers and creators of the system they will rule the future."

A strikingly similar analysis from the opposite side of the political spectrum is offered by sociologist Laurence Shoup in his book, *The Carter Presidency and Beyond*. In his discussion of the men and the organizations which comprise "the top of the pyramid of American capitalism," Shoup writes, "While the government implements public policy, it is these individuals who formulate it in private planning and discussion organizations, the most important of which are the Council on Foreign Relations . . . and more recently, the Trilateral Commission. . . . The normal functioning of these policy-planning organizations involves not only the advance planning of America's foreign and domestic policies, but also the selection and training of individuals who then enter the government to implement those policies."

The goals, then, of the Commission and the means by which these ends are attained are clear and gen-

erally recognized by Trilateral Commission friends and foes alike. The motives behind the Commission's actions are the primary issue in dispute. Council on Foreign Relations member Irving Kristol writes in the April 16, 1980 issue of the *WSJ*: "Some of the correspondence I have received from readers of the *Wall Street Journal* paints the Trilateral Commission as a kind of sinister conspiracy to 'sell out' American interests to any or all anti-American regimes. Though something like this 'sell-out' frequently occurs, there is no sinister conspiracy behind it—only well-meaning people who define our national interest in terms, not of sordid realities of power conflict, but rather of an 'interdependent world order' in which the 'anachronism' of conflict will finally be discarded."

Critics of the Commission often question the "well-meaningness" of many Trilateralists. Claiming profit-oriented motives rather than humanitarian ones—often cited is the fact that more than one half of the annual profit of David Rockefeller's Chase Manhattan Bank comes from overseas operations—critics reject the Commission's self-portrayal as a group of "concerned citizens." Regardless of motive, however, it is clear that the CFR and the Trilateral Commission have had and continue to have a great deal of influence on American foreign and domestic policy—an unelected influence.

When the Executive Branch of the American government is taken almost entirely from a 100-man organization, and when *all three* 1980 presidential tickets include members of that same group, questions arise concerning the representative character of the government. These questions, unfortunately, have not been given the national attention that they seem to warrant. □

Thomas J. Loughran is a graduate student in Philosophy. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.

Fiction

Kaleidoscope

by Doug Kreitzberg

Grandpa is sleepwalking again.

The dawn light, fingering its way through my bedroom window, traces his silhouette faltering down the hallway. He stops in front of my door, tittering and swaying as he vacantly stares into the recesses of my room. I peer from the woolen folds of my blanket and know he does not see me, does not see past my doorway. His mind is somewhere far off, mired in a dream that draws his body through the house. I can hear the nicotine raspiness of his breathing inhaling and exhaling in an uneven meter. He coughs and moves down the corridor. I hear the living room floorboards creak beneath his feet and the sound of something (Mom's photograph?) falling from a small table. I see his shadow clinging to the wall outside my room, fading in and fading away. I turn over on my back and stare at the ceiling.

The air outside is cold. The morning dew laces the edges of the window, blurring a grove of trees enveloped in the wind's orgy outside. Shapes dance before me in erratic unison, now in clusters, now separate, like the color fragments of a child's kaleidoscope.

Searching through the corners of my room, I see Grandpa standing in our hallway on the evening he moved in with us five months ago, after Grandma's death. As he stood there with a warped suitcase in one hand, the other hand nervously snuck into the pocket of his faded black trousers, he reminded me of a drawing Grandma had given me of an old man leaning against a fencepost and chewing a piece of straw. They both had the same figure, gaunt and angular, and the same sorrow-etched face. Grandpa had not lost the weathered features of his farmhood youth.

I shifted uneasily from one foot to another and mumbled a broken "Hello" when Mom bustled out of the kitchen and broke into an open smile. "Hi, Papa, I was just in the kitchen making some tea. Here, let me get your bags. Come in and get comfortable!" Mom took Grandpa's arm and guided him to a chair in the living room while I went for the tea. Her voice rose over the whistling of the kettle.

"Isn't that a nice chair? We've had that since we moved here. Hasn't needed to be reupholstered once. I straightened up the room in the back for you and put extra blankets on the bed. It's getting cold out. Billy, where's the tea?"

I entered the living room with two cups, handing one to Mom and one to Grandpa. Mom's smile was weaker as we sat down together on the sofa, and for the course of that evening we failed to draw any conversation from him. He just sat in his chair cradling the brown-spotted ceramic cup, staring into the steamy swirls of his tea, and cocking his head every now and then to the sounds of passing cars or the playful shouts and screams of neighborhood children.

Early the next morning I discovered Grandpa

sleepwalking when I looked up from my chair in the dining room to see his bed-tousled figure listlessly make its way from the hallway to the kitchen. Softly bumping against a lamp shade and the refrigerator, he went to the kitchen cabinets, which he opened with mechanical precision. His face seemed serene, yet vaguely quivering, and his red-rimmed eyes were empty pools of green. As he shut the last cabinet door, he muttered something inaudible and moved back into the hallway. I waited until I heard his bedroom door close before I silently drew myself out of the chair. The house was still, dumb to Grandpa's movements, except for the sad tick-tick-tick of an old Austrian cuckoo clock which hung on the living room wall.

Grandpa fades away from my room as silent figures now skulk across my walls to the refrain of rustling leaves. Grandpa's in the kitchen. He mumbles to himself. The leaves respond.

I remember one time when I was young and we went over to Grandma's and Grandpa's for a Sunday dinner. Dinner over, plates washed and stacked, leftovers wrapped, Grandma's apron folded and put away, everyone was sitting in the living room: Grandma and Grandpa sat on the sofa conversing in low Austrian tones; my brother Pete and I raced imaginary cars within the grooves of a tan shag carpet; and Mom was deciding which show to watch on the television set. The aroma of coffee and roast turkey still commanded the air, filling me with warmth and happiness.

Pete had just run my "car" off the "road" when the cuckoo bird chirped the hour. Although the walnut clock had occupied a place on their wall for as long as I could remember, the reedy clucks of the wooden bird caught my attention for the first time. I looked up at the rich texture and painted inlays constructed to depict a small barn. The gears within whirled and clicked to the tempo of the softly swinging pinecone weights. The numerals shone with an obsidian luminosity. But, just to see and hear the clock strike the hour was not enough. I had to feel the clock: to surprise the cuckoo bird with prying fingers.

"Mom," I asked, "can I touch the cuckoo?"

My mother turned to me. "No, of course not. You'd probably break it. It's one of Grandpa's antiques."

"Vroom!" sputtered Pete, crashing his hand against mine.

I focused on Grandpa. His face was buried in a shadow and a cigar trembled in his hands. The racetrack faded from my mind and the carpet became, once again, a carpet. "Can I touch it, Grandpa?"

Grandpa forced a smile. "If it were only mine to give, you could handle it all you want. But it isn't." He stared coldly at the burning end of his cigar. The popping of guns and stampeding of horses came from the TV.

"Whose is it?"

"It's Henri's." The words rolled from his lips into the air. Both women went rigid.

"Who's Henri?" I asked.

"Vroom!" cried Pete again, racing behind me to pinch my neck.

"Who's Henri?" I squealed falling back to Pete and giggling with delight.

The air was thick with something I didn't understand. Grandpa slowly put out his cigar and watched the smoke curl around his fingers. Grandma uncrossed her legs and clutched at the hem of her dress. Mom turned up the volume on the television set. Pete was laughing and pulling my hair.

"Who's Henri?" I giggled, wrestling away from Pete. Straightening my shirt, I insisted again.

"Who's Henri?"

Grandpa moves into the living room. His shadow bounces off the walls. I roll over, grabbing onto the bedposts, and prop my hand on the pillow. Grandpa says something, and I look over to the wall: his shadow is not there.

The priest ended his eulogy, and Grandpa sprinkled dirt over Grandma's coffin. The July heat had given this day no reprieve and the gravestones that dotted the sloping hills of the cemetery baked in the afternoon sun. Mom and I turned and made our way over a pebble-strewn path to our car. Buzzing locusts reverberated among the RYANs, HENDRICKSONs, CONNORs, WORTHINGTONs, and BISHOPs that fell before us as we walked in silence. My head was swimming, and I had to wipe off repeatedly the sweat that beaded on my eyelids when we reached our station wagon. As I turned to gaze towards motionless Grandpa, I recalled the time Grandma spoke about the past to me one morning two months ago, when she helped unpack the cuckoo clock that was to hang on our wall. I pushed away the matted straw and drew the clock out of the box when I noticed a faded inscription on the back: "Henri, Liebe Mutti, 1909." I looked up at Grandma.

"Who's Henri?"

Her soft reply hung in the densely moist air that surrounded my mother and me in the cemetery. "Henri was Papa's younger brother." Sunlight bounced off the marigolds, daisies, and roses that were scattered among a few graves. "He died." A slight breeze disturbed the uppermost branches of distant trees. I felt nothing except the sweat that dripped from my shirt. "He was shot by a German corporal who forced . . ." Hand trembling and body exhausted, I leaned against the hood of the car. I could feel the heat through my pants. ". . . who forced Papa's mother to choose, between her sons, who was to die." I felt dizzy as the heat wrapped around me. ". . . Papa was the one . . ." Grandpa slowly moved toward us; tears and perspiration creased his face. Preparing to leave, I dug into my pockets for the car keys. Mom swayed, red-eyed in the heat. Grandma's lips had stopped moving but I still heard her voice.

I hear a dog's bark through the wind and the trees and the shadows on the walls. The hound's cry is strained and whining, and I imagine the weeping of a woman before a small hut in a dark forest. I see the woman's soiled face pleading mercy. The top of her dark woolen dress is laced with tears. A hand slaps her face leaving a reddish tinge on one cheek. Grasping the cuff of a soldier's jacket, she attempts to kiss a silver button only to be struck in the chest by a rifle butt. As if in a trance, she makes her way to

the hut and extends one arm through the doorway. One of two huddled figures crouching within the hut cries, "Mutti!" and reaches for the shaking arm. The other figure is quicker, though, and it is he who grabs the mother's hand and embraces it. The woman draws her child out into the clearing, and letting go of him, buckles over with uncontrollable sobs. The soldier takes the boy from the mother and pats the child's ruffled blond hair. The child looks back at his mother who cries in the folds of her dress. The soldier brings the boy closer to him and whispers something. The child laughs. Drawing a revolver from his holster, the soldier cocks it at the back of the laughing child's head. The child inside the hut pokes his small face through the doorway and utters a soft, quiet, "Mutti?" The shot from the gun echoes through the pines, startling a flock of blackbirds.

Grandpa slams the front door. Alarmed, I jump out of bed, hastily grab a bathrobe, and slip into the hallway. From the living room window, I see that he is outside amidst a swirl of wind-kicked leaves. His white hair dances around his scalp as he stands there shivering in the dark. Swiftly yet quietly, I cross the room to the door and step outside.

"Grandpa?" I whisper, fighting back the cold.

He doesn't answer. Instead, he gazes fixedly at the sky.

"Mutti?"

The glow from the East becomes brighter and the stars fade and wash away. Yet, I know they are still there.

Doug Kreitzberg is a Junior in English. Kaleidoscope won the 1980 Sullivan Award.



Gallery

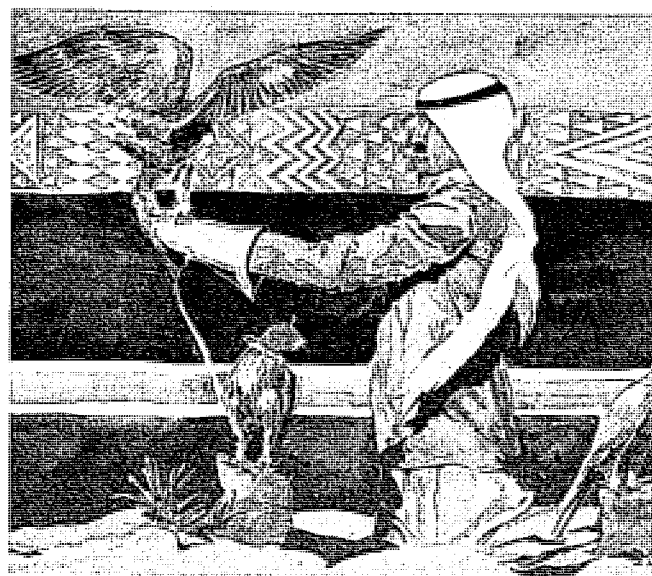
This month's Gallery presents the work of a few of the Scholastic Staff Artists.



Francoise Poinsatte



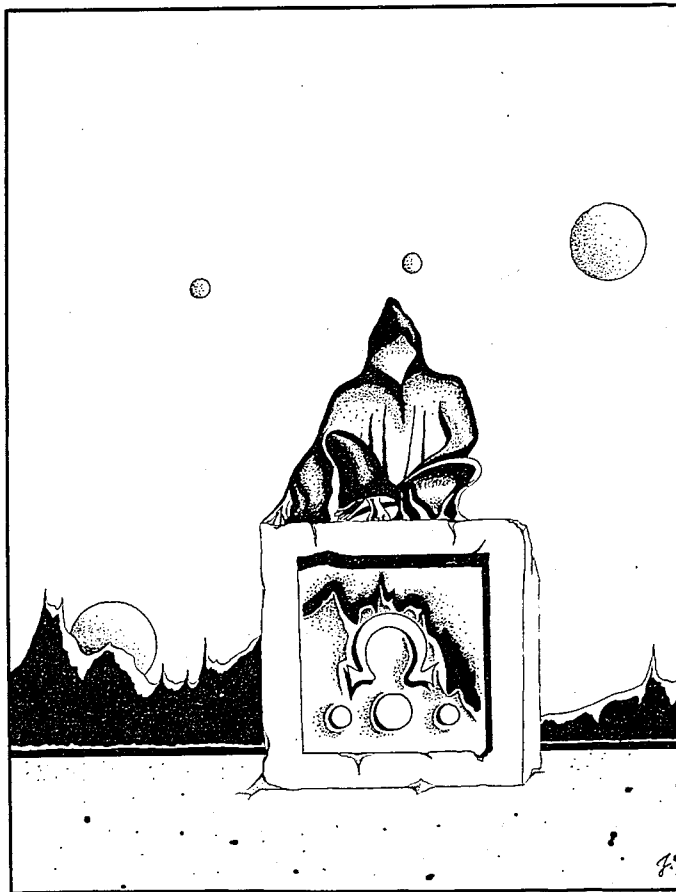
Justin Loustau
Washington Hall



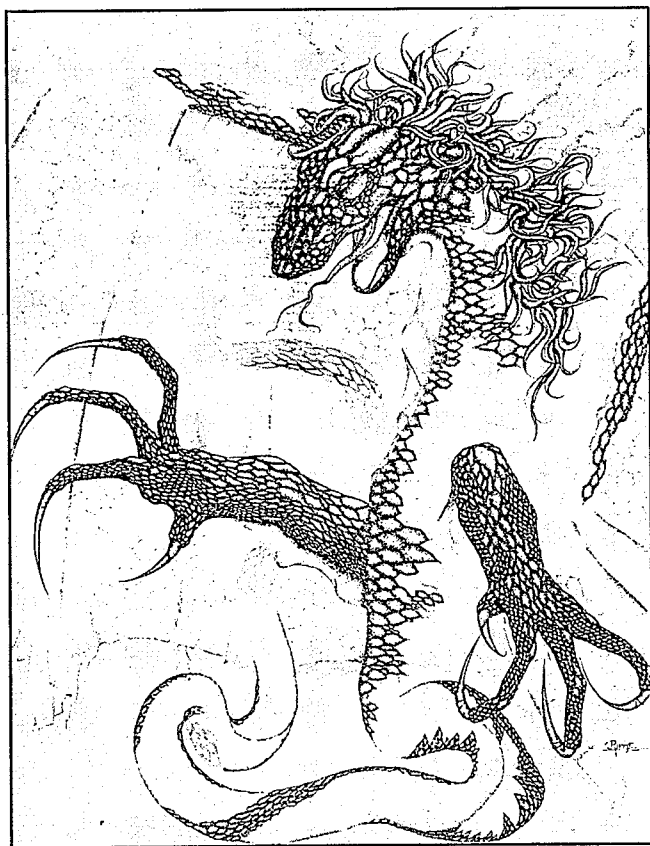
Justin Loustau
The Falcon Trainer



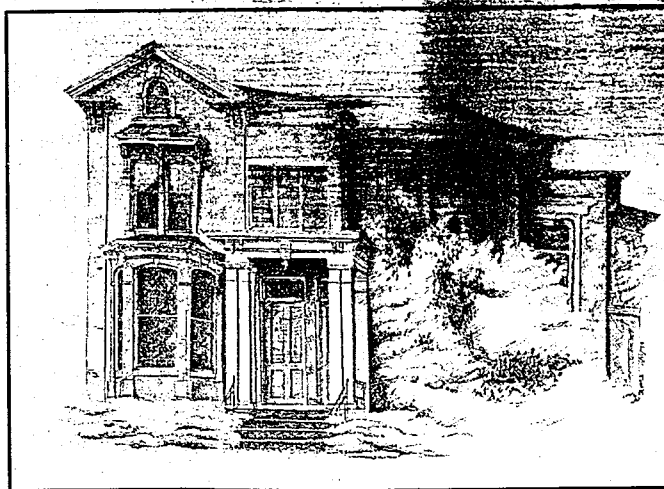
Brigid Mast



Joe Musumeci Jr.



Jeff Ripple
Dragon



Jeff Ripple
House in Minneapolis

From The Summer Cinema Fare:

by Ken Scarbrough

As I sit at my desk in my wonderfully air-conditioned room in New Orleans, I have cause to think of the heat that awaits me outside. Some anthropologists have remarked that the automobile provides the American with what he perceives to be his own self-contained and self-controlled universe. Well, I must feel the same about my home at the moment on this hot, humid, and rather unpleasant day.

Unpleasant is an adjective that not too strongly characterizes the summer of 1980. Oh, certainly, there have been the bright moments. Yet, the heat wave, the furor of politics, the media's inundation of our lives with it, the tenuous and portentous state of international affairs, the decline of the auto industry, etc., have all contributed to the general dour feeling I get in my stomach upon thought of this summer. So, I sit in my "self-contained universe" and muse upon the "current state of affairs."

Part of this summertime malaise has emerged in the motion picture industry. Fortunately, Hollywood is getting the message that the American worker with his shrinking dollar is not going to shell out \$4.00-\$5.00 to see such gems as *Bronco Billy* or *The Blues Brothers*. I can only lament the fact that a movie like *Friday the 13th* has proved to be a monetary success. However, two movies of this summer have differed themselves from the rest in critical attention and, for the former, monetary success: George Lucas' *The*

Empire Strikes Back and Stanley Kubrick's *The Shining*. Although charges of escapism have been leveled at both films, they provide an interesting perspective upon this summer and upon that feeling of comfort, control, and security we feel as we drive our "self-contained universes," or write in our air-conditioned rooms.

Both movies hark back to something "timeless" within the human psyche: the re-creation of a play of death and of rebirth. *The Shining* represents a "taking down" of the "elaborate edifice" of civilization "stone by stone."¹ Throughout *The Shining*, we "hear," in Nietzsche's words, Silenus, a companion of Dionysius "whisper" with irony:

Ephemeral wretch[es], begotten by accident and toil, why do you force me to tell you what would be your greatest boon not to hear? What would be best for you is quite beyond your reach: not to have been born, not to be, to be nothing. But the second best is to die soon.²

The Shining is a disturbing film—pure Dionysian frenzy. *The Empire Strikes Back* is the polar opposite to *The Shining*—pure Apollonian affirmation of life, rebirth. Both films recapitulate archetypes that have existed in world literature for ages.

Now, I realize that I am undertaking something almost quixotic here. After receiving positive reviews from the New York press as exemplified by Jack Kroll of *News-*

week lauding *The Shining* as "the first epic horror film," it has almost been universally thumbed. Of course, *The Empire Strikes Back* has been accused of being only gadgetry with no substance, trite, etc. In the words of one Notre Dame professor, I may be "placing a full suit of armor on a pygmy" by writing this essay. Nevertheless, the attention devoted to these films and the perspectives they give on the present insist that we go beyond value judgments and enter the "traditions" that inform these films.

Firstly, I reject the notion that both films are pure escapism. Ostensibly, *The Empire Strikes Back* is a cartoon cast in all the prodigious glories of Hollywood upon the screen. The dialogue is cliché, the action quite unexemplary, and the ending flawed. However, there exists in the whole *Star Wars* concept a faith in the Eternal, a trust in the fact that the grave cannot contain the Lord. The movie displays a scheme found in almost all epics and romances from *Gilgamesh* to *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight* to *The Lord of the Rings*: the mysterious birth of the hero, his growth and education in the wild, the presence of the wise old mentor who has experienced the "harrowing of hell," the perilous journey, and the death-struggle. The famous literary critic Northrop Frye traces all these archetypes back to the Bible as the all-informing myth of our culture:

The Bible as a whole, . . . pre-



Apollo and Dionysius Emerge

sents a gigantic cycle from creation to apocalypse, within which is the heroic quest of the Messiah from incarnation to apotheosis. . . .

When we do look back into it, we find that the sense of unified continuity is what the Bible has as a work of fiction, as a definitive myth extending over time and space, over invisible and visible orders of reality, and with a parabolic dramatic structure of which the five acts are creation, fall, exile, redemption, and restoration.³

The redemption and restoration of society come in the final two stages of quest-romance: what Frye calls the *sparagmos* or tearing to pieces of the hero and the *anagnorisis* or recognition scene of the reborn hero.⁴ In *Star Wars*, Ben-Kenobi allows Darth Vader to kill him so that Luke Skywalker, Han Solo, and the others might triumph. Although dead, Kenobi's influence continues as a part of the greater whole of the Force. Therefore, he is both symbolically and literally reborn in the movie and his influence continues into *The Empire Strikes Back*. Those familiar with *The Lord of the Rings* cannot help but notice the similarities between Kenobi's death and rebirth and the wizard Gandalf's death-struggle with the Balrog, rebirth, and recognition scene with Frodo and Sam. Some have suggested that the temptation scene in Luke's Gospel may have uncon-

sciously or consciously shaped the death-struggle at *The Empire Strikes Back*'s end: one feels that Darth Vader's temptation of Luke Skywalker upon the raised platform bears more than a chance likeness to Satan's temptation of Jesus.

Certainly, the figure of Jesus is the apotheosis of all quest figures who undergo the experience of death and rebirth. Of course, as Christians, we believe that the Gospels express more than certain recurrent literary archetypes. Interpreted in this light, we may give *The Empire Strikes Back* the secondary title *The Apprenticeship of Luke Skywalker*. Under the guidance of Yoda, Luke experiences the "harrowing of hell"; like Sir Gawain in *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*, Luke is subjected to chaos with only the internalized norms of civilization to guide him. Like Gawain, Luke survives the test but does not completely pass it. Gawain cannot resist the Lady Bercilak's offer of her girdle to aid him in his battle with the Green Knight; Luke attempts to confront Darth Vader before he has reached the stage of Jedi knight. In all these tales, the hero is confronted with the chaos that exists within man, the "Mr. Kurtz" in all of us. And just how successfully the hero meets this challenge determines the salvation or destruction of society.

Both movies meet as their characters find themselves in the Pit confronting the demon that resides within man. As an Apollonian film, *The Empire Strikes Back* affirms

that man need not be caught in a cycle of eternal demonic recurrence; rebirth awaits those who survive the "harrowing of hell." As a Dionysian film, *The Shining* presents the Torrances as characters who have, in solitude, confronted the wisdom of Silenus—what Ernest Becker calls the "school of anxiety," the realization of man's basic "creatureliness."⁵ Yet, there exists for Kubrick's characters no higher reality that renders intelligible the heinous visions to which they are exposed.

As Nietzsche describes in *The Birth of Tragedy*, the *principium individuationis* is an illusion: we are all creatures whose individuality is an illusion of our minds; we are really not detached from nature around us.⁶ In *The Shining*, the Torrances stand in relation to the illusion of the *principium individuationis* in a similar manner as do the characters in Nietzsche's description of the "Transfiguration" by Raphael:

In the lower half of his "Transfiguration," through the figures of the possessed boy, the despairing bearers, the helpless, terrified disciples, we see a reflection of original pain, the sole ground of being: "illusion" here is a reflection of eternal contradiction, begetter of all things.⁷

When the Torrances' son Danny lapses into a fit of "shining" upon knowledge that he will be spending a winter at the Overlook Hotel with his parents as caretakers, he sees



visions of a river of blood pouring from the elevator doors of the hotel. Watching this, we may get intimations of the Schopenhauerean/Nietzschean raging sea of the Cosmic Will.⁸ Many have attacked Stanley Kubrick's and Diane Johnson's screenplay as an emasculation of the Stephen King novel. Well, that the hotel does not burn down in the end of the movie as in the novel can only serve to reinforce the notion that the Torrances experience nothing supernatural; not fortuitously does Kubrick present each character's perceptions of the hotel's "phantoms" differently. The Torrances experience a horror, a confusion that the "classical mind" experiences by watching the shattering of the *principium individuationis*. For Nietzsche, man cannot "truly" know this world; our attempts to represent the world symbolically through language result ultimately in illusions. Man's condition resembles that of one stranded in a rowboat in a raging sea. We trust in our rowboat and attempt to limit reality only to the rowboat.⁹ Of course, at any moment, the craft may be swamped by a wave.

Similarly, the Torrances attempt to maintain the Overlook Hotel and cling desperately to the *principium individuationis*. Yet something greater, like the raging sea, prevents them from ever controlling their lives in the hotel. They cannot accept that they belong to a whole that ultimately is unknowable. They refuse to "sing" the Dionysian dithyramb, refuse to accept that death brings only a return to an "original oneness of nature."¹⁰ The characters in *The Empire Strikes Back* belong to or fight against some greater whole. However, the characteristics of this greater whole are ultimately knowable for those who are initi-

ated into the Force. There can be no such initiation in *The Shining*.

The Overlook Hotel possibly serves as a metaphor for the Cosmic Will—those who inhabit it during the winters are "asked" to give up the illusion of their individuality and to sink back into the collective. This is "all work and no play" for Jack and sheer terror for Wendy and Danny. For me, *The Shining* has little to do with things outside of man. Rather, the film concerns the breakdown of the reality principle; the realization that the "phantoms" are creations of creatures obsessed by their own mortality, frightened by the lack of certainty man can find in nature. The demonic smile of Jack is the smile of irony—nothing his creative powers can produce will transcend death—all is ephemeral. In this summer of such portentous natural calamities as Mt. St. Helens and Hurricane Allen, *The Shining* only serves to reinforce the idea that man really knows very little of certainty in this world; with all the glories of technology, we still remain helpless in front of the final irrationality of existence.

So, *The Shining* ends with Wendy and Danny's escape and Jack's death and assimilation into the frightful recurrence of that demonic hotel. As we walk out of the theater, we can only hope that our "creatureliness" means something to a higher reality that may pass judgment upon this world.¹¹ We get no certainty from the Eternal; we can only search. And, as in *Heart of Darkness*, the Faust myth, and, later, in *The Shining*, the search carries man to the depths of irrationality. Kubrick's *The Shining* is 2001: *A Space Odyssey* internalized; however, Jack, Wendy, and Danny receive no directions from a stone obelisk. There is no guidance from the Eternal; only

the whisperings of Silenus.

Consequently, *The Empire Strikes Back* and *The Shining* are two "dialectically" opposed films. Both place man in a fallen condition, as a creature born "between urine and faeces."¹² *The Shining* denies that man can achieve redemption of any sort; *The Empire Strikes Back* affirms that redemption is present for those who can face the challenge of the "harrowing of hell." In one, man collapses into little more than a murderous beast; in the other, man can redeem himself through something greater than himself and "join place with the angels." Both films make us realize that life is always a tenuous experience. Our attempts to assert dominance over the world as symbolized by the air-conditioned car are ultimately as effective as Jack Torrance's tenure as caretaker of the Overlook Hotel. Pure escapism these two films are not. □

¹ Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Birth of Tragedy from the Spirit of Music*, trans. by Francis Golffing (New York: Doubleday & Co., Inc., 1956), p. 28.

² *Ibid.*, p. 29.

³ Northrop Frye, *Anatomy of Criticism* (Princeton: Princeton Univ. Press, 1957), pp. 316 & 325.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 192.

⁵ Ernest Becker, *The Denial of Death* (New York: The Free Press, 1973), pp. 87-88.

⁶ Nietzsche, p. 33.

⁷ *Ibid.*

⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 22.

⁹ *Ibid.*

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 27.

¹¹ Becker, p. 90.

¹² St. Augustine quoted in Sigmund Freud, *Civilization and Its Discontents*, trans. by James Strachey (New York: W. W. Norton & Co., 1961), p. 53.

A New Look for ND Student Players

by Bill Lawler

Judy Garland: *"My mother can make the costumes and we can use my grandfather's barn!"*

Mickey Rooney: *"Hey! We can do a show!"*

Is there anyone in the entire world who has never dreamed of "show biz"? The vision that drives thousands to Hollywood and Broadway is probably present in all of us, and there are some people who are getting the chance to live this dream here at Notre Dame. The group is the Notre Dame Student Players and the play this semester is "A Shot in the Dark."

The Student Players is a group that has existed on campus in one form or another for the past eight years. Started by a number of students who wanted to produce plays independently of the ND/SMC theatre department, the group was placed under the sponsorship of the Student Union. After the founders graduated, the players went through a period of inactivity, but have been revived in recent years to produce such well-received shows as "You're A Good Man Charlie Brown!" Even though the Players were successful in many aspects, the need for a more organized structure that would provide a sense of continuity and professionalism within the group was apparent.

This year, the Student Players have entered into a new phase of their development under a program conceived by last year's Cultural Arts Commissioner, Dave Ellison. In the past, the Commissioner had been personally responsible for the choice of plays and directors. This put great demands on his time and was also dangerous, given the possibility of a commissioner being selected whose background in drama was limited. Responsibility for the Players has now shifted to a group which is headed by the Contemporary Arts Commissioner, but in which most of the decisions are made by members



of the Players themselves. Now, the next show for the group is to be selected by previous directors and technical assistants. Thus, the people who work on the first play have some input into the second semester show and so on.

This system is meant to benefit the Players in two ways. First, the directors and actors can pass their experiences on more easily, and secondly, the group will develop the abilities of people who cannot or do not wish to become drama majors, yet still want to have an opportunity to work in theatre.

The plays scheduled for this year are the mystery-comedy "A Shot in the Dark" made famous by the late Peter Sellers in the movie of the same title, and the award-winning Broadway musical "Pippin." "Pippin" will open in February; rehearsals for "A Shot in the Dark"

from tryouts and rehearsals to performances. Sometimes doing all of this is very difficult without anyone standing by telling us what to do or how to do it, but when you're finished, there is a real sense of personal accomplishment."

Nicole Candiano, a member of the cast, echoes this sentiment. "There is something very special about working with other students. We all feel like we have a share in the show, so I think maybe we all try a little harder to do our best. After all, it really is *our* show!"

There are three freshmen, three juniors, and one senior in the cast of three women and four men. And though they are enthusiastic about acting and stage production, none of the members have been in a Theatre Department production for reasons varying from lack of time to lack of nerve. As Paul Pisarski, one

People seem to be the biggest asset of "A Shot in the Dark." One of the freshman actors, Pat DePace, gives his reasons for trying out as a desire to meet people and "to become involved." Indeed an enthusiasm for getting involved marks the attitudes of all the people in the show. This spirit is much needed because of some very difficult technical limitations. The Players have no "home" theatre, or equipment of their own so they must rely on the Communication and Theatre Department for a great deal of assistance. "The people in the department have been very helpful," says Beckman, "and we are all aware of how much we owe them. Professor Leff in particular has been very helpful in scheduling space for us to rehearse and also with giving us advice about what is and what is not possible in terms of the set." The cast is aware



have already started, and the "new" Student Players seem to be off to a good start under the direction of Mary Kay Beckman.

The fact that Mary Kay is the director is as indicative as anything else of the goals of the Student Players. Mary Kay, a junior English major, has never before been a "full" director, though her experience on stage is quite extensive. However, she sees her inexperience in being "the person in charge" as an incentive rather than a drawback. This is also true for the Players as a whole. She says, "The idea is for students and only students to take a script and learn all about the process of theatre,

of the male leads says, "I've always wanted to be in a play, but I never thought I'd have a chance of getting a part. I knew some of the people involved in the show, so I figured that I had nothing to lose, and now I'm really looking forward to doing the show." Assistant director Lisa Lennon is glad the production stresses the opportunities of amateur theatre. "I think that there is a very good feeling about the play. There is a lot of pressure about the rehearsal schedule and technical things like lights and sound, but everyone seems to handle the pressure very well because we're learning together."

that many of the difficulties facing the production must be overcome by staying up late and doing a great deal of hard work, but looking forward to opening night makes it worthwhile.

"A Shot in the Dark" will be performed Oct. 3, 4, 9, 10, 11, and if the energy and talent of the cast are any indication, it will be a show to look forward to. And if the new organizational structure creates the necessary continuity and professionalism, the Student Players should provide good, enjoyable theatre to Notre Dame and St. Mary's audiences for a long time. □

Filming the Knute Rockne Story

by Lance Mazerov

Despite the ninety-degree temperature Cliff Robertson wanted a cigarette and a cup of coffee. He had just smeared his makeup when he wiped the sweat from his forehead. Though this scene was consuming more time than anyone expected, Robertson managed to maintain a sense of humor: "This is the only business where they'll say, 'That was perfect — Now, let's do it again.' This is a business that thrives on exaggeration."

The business, of course, is acting. The "they" is the discriminating director. In this case the script is *Knute Rockne: A Coach for All Seasons*, a made-for-television documentary filmed on the Notre Dame campus during the last week of August. This half-hour program, narrated by Robertson and directed by Ann Zane Shanks of Comco Productions of Los Angeles, is part of the "American Life-Style" series which includes such historic figures as Paul Revere, Mark Twain, Helen Keller, Pearl Buck, George Marshall, and George Eastman. The financial backing for this series comes from the United States Fidelity and Guarantee Company. The sponsor for the Rockne segment is Vansant and Dugdale.

From an impressive list of sports personalities, "American Life-Style" chose to film a documentary on Knute Rockne because of his amazing winning percentage, .897, and because of his character. He was an honest and innovative man, worthy of emulation, say those who knew him and have written of him. One line in the script captures the essence of this respect for Rockne: "You knew he was your better, but

the kind who made you feel better about yourself." Rockne's first love was football. After graduating from Notre Dame he turned down a medical school offer in order to accept the assistant coaching position at Notre Dame.

Mrs. Shanks, recognizable by her Notre Dame baseball cap, may have wished she had chosen a time different from late August to direct *Knute Rockne*. This woman, who the week before managed to stop all traffic on New York's 42nd Street for another one of her projects, should have been able to cope with returning Notre Dame students. Often, however, she was frustrated. First, many students did not know why there were television cameras on campus, but they decided to find out. It became a miniature case of crowd control. Second, many students remained oblivious to the entire proceedings. To them it was more important to move into their dorm rooms. They continued to hammer nails and saw boards. But that does terrible things to the sound track.

The filming of one scene in front of Sorin Hall—Rockne's dorm—was delayed numerous times for various reasons. A telephone rang and rang and rang. No one bothered to answer it. Finally, Mrs. Shanks ordered, "Answer that phone!" Someone did. This same scene was delayed again when someone on the Administration Building's steps had his portable radio on too loud. Mrs. Shanks said it would be a good idea if he turned it off. He did. At last the production company managed to get quiet on the set. The camera and sound were turned on. Action had started. But then the bells from Sacred Heart



Cliff Robertson



Cliff Robertson, getting hooked up for sound

Church began to chime. Mrs. Shanks' only recourse was to wait. She did.

Such delays were common occurrences. One scene called for a shot of the Notre Dame Stadium — the House that Rockne built — as seen from the roof of the Memorial Library. The filming equipment was lugged to the roof. But one problem remained: the construction workers at the new Stepan Chemistry Hall were making too much noise. Mrs. Shanks, who the day before had managed to get quiet on the set in front of Sorin Hall, walked to the edge of the Library roof and yelled the explanation of why she needed quiet on the set now. But there were good reasons why hardhats, who are making thirty dollars an hour, chose to ignore a woman wearing a baseball cap at the edge of a roof one hundred yards away. Mrs. Shanks settled for dubbing in the sound for this scene. Stopping traffic on New York's 42nd Street must have been a delight when compared to trying to get quiet on the set at Notre Dame.

Mr. Jay Kane of Notre Dame's Information Services, who worked dawn to dusk with the crew (as did two go-fers who were young Notre Dame alumni), patiently bore the brunt of Mrs. Shanks's outbursts of frustration. Having performed the role before, Kane understood.

Cliff Robertson, the Academy Award-winning actor, was not Vansant and Dugdale's first choice to narrate *Knute Rockne*; Hugh Downs was. But Downs' schedule was too

tight. "So," as production manager Matt Hintlian explained, "the sponsor turned to Cliff Robertson because he has a narrator's voice, like Hugh Downs and E. G. Marshall, two persons we have used before."

Robertson, graying a little on the sides, looked as if he had just returned from a Florida beach vacation. Everyone else was pale. But his tan was all in his makeup. And in the direct sunlight it ran. Robertson was constantly trying to blend it with tissue. To prevent his makeup from running onto his brown tweed sportscoat and pink shirt, he would wear a collar of tissue during outtakes. One woman, a casual observer of the filming, wondered in a stage whisper, "Can't he wear a neater collar than that?" Robertson just smiled, lit a cigarette, and drank his coffee. For some reason the same woman did not notice the masking tape on Robertson's tie and shirt sleeve. It looked as sloppy as the tissue collar, but it too served a purpose: it held his cordless microphone in place.

The intense heat and humidity during the last week of August also delayed the production schedule. Last-minute script revisions occurred. But because of the direct sunlight teleprompters could not be used. Revised sections of the script were printed in longhand on thirty-by-forty-inch cue cards. And if these revised sections did not appeal to Mrs. Shanks or if Robertson did not like the way the words rolled off his tongue, someone had to rewrite that

section, again in longhand.

As with all films, the scenes for *Knute Rockne* were not shot in sequential order. On overcast days the crew chose to film such indoor scenes as the chemistry laboratory where Rockne was once an instructor under Father Julius Nieuwland, who fifty years ago discovered synthetic rubber. Sunny days were spent on various spots around the campus.

One entire day was spent in the stadium. At six that morning Mrs. Shanks decided that she wanted a University of Notre Dame banner to cover the Mutual Broadcasting sign. The only such banner had to be borrowed from Sports Information, but no one climbed to the top of the press box to cover the Mutual sign. However, the banner was used — right behind the Notre Dame bench. And there were other problems. Metal railings that reflected too much sunlight had to be sprayed with a dulling compound. The camera could not pick up the stitches on the football. Three lights on the scoreboard remained lit even though the scoreboard was turned off. The field was not lined. And then there were the sound delays: an airplane flying overhead, a motorcycle outside, and a forklift inside the stadium.

No Notre Dame football player was used in *Knute Rockne*, although there is a scene in which someone who is dressed in a Notre Dame football uniform kicks a football to open the documentary. The documentary did not include a Notre Dame football player because he would have to have been paid, and if he were paid for his services as a football player he could lose his amateur status and be barred from playing college football. That is the rule. And there is precedent for it.

In June, 1978, Marc Kelly appeared as an extra in the movie *Fast Break*. It was his summer job. For his two lines and some basketball scenes he took home \$520. By February, 1979, Kelly was at Notre Dame and a walk-on member of the basketball team. Someone at the NCAA read about Kelly's getting paid to play basketball—before he became a member of the team—and ruled that because he was paid for his basketball talents he was ineligible to play college basketball. Kelly repaid the \$520 and the NCAA let him retain his amateur status.

Some scenes were shot off-campus. One involved boys dressed in 1920's uniforms playing sandlot football in a vacant lot at Lafayette and

Madison in South Bend. Children of faculty and administration filled the roles, playing (for the cameras) scrub football for an hour, complete with free soft drinks, a makeup specialist to cover a bloody nose, and a ten-dollar check for acting.

The expressed purpose of *Knute Rockne: A Coach for All Seasons* is, in the words of its production manager, "to entertain and to educate." It is a documentary, and therefore different from *Knute Rockne, All American*, the 1940 motion picture starring Pat O'Brien. Coincidentally, the 1940 motion picture version was shown to full houses at the Knights of Columbus Building the weekend before Mrs. Shanks and her crew arrived at Notre Dame.

Still photographs of Rockne's life and film clips from various Notre Dame games, obtained from the Memorial Library's International Sports and Games Research Collection, carry much of the visual burden of the documentary. Mr. Herb

Juliano, director of the Collection, and his associate, Mr. Chet Grant, who played under Rockne, were the principal campus consultants to the production. They also insured the accuracy of the script.

There is no Ronald Reagan portraying George Gipp's deathbed scene in the documentary. There is, however, an explanation of how the now-famous line "Win one for the Gipper," which was purged from the motion picture came about. As Gipp lay dying, he said to Rockne, "Sometime, Rock, when things look bad and the boys aren't getting the breaks, tell them to go in there in the last half and win it for the Gipper." Rockne never dreamed he would need to use the line. But eight years later, in 1928, it was Rockne's worst season. Notre Dame was the underdog in the Army game. Rockne told his team the deathbed story and Notre Dame won 12 to 6. Jack Chevigny, throwing the ball into the air after scoring one of

the touchdowns, said, "That one was for the Gipper."

The Knights of Columbus audience always snickered when Knute Rockne's name was pronounced Kanute. But Robertson explains in the documentary that the Norwegians pronounce the K. There also is an explanation of how the nickname "Fighting Irish" came about. In 1908 Notre Dame was losing. Fullback Pete Vaughn tried to rouse the team by shouting, "You're mostly Irish and not even fighting!" There are other such insights about Notre Dame and Rockne in the script, which was written by the producer's husband, Bob Shanks, after brief but intensive research on campus.

Many scenes of Notre Dame during the last week of August appear in *Knute Rockne: A Coach for All Seasons*. There is a panning of the stadium with the Sacred Heart steeple and the Golden Dome in the background. There is St. Mary's Lake. There is the Grotto. There is Sacred Heart Church. And all of this will be aired on WNDU and 150 other stations around the country some time early next year. The start of the football season or Super Sunday may be the best time to air the documentary, but the sponsor chose the spring because March 31, 1981, is the fiftieth anniversary of Rockne's death.

Robertson left campus on Friday of the shooting week. His tentative plans include a sequel to *Charley* which he hopes "will be as good, but not as sad." Despite the delays, the production company had a fun time at Notre Dame. Many persons on the seventeen-member crew threw a football around between takes. Every one of them had to have left the campus with some souvenirs from the bookstore.

About seventy-five hours worth of film was shot for this documentary. About seventy-four-and-a-half hours will be discarded. Seventy-five hours worth of film for a half-hour television show of this nature is not a lot. But everyone involved with *Knute Rockne: A Coach for All Seasons* agrees that this half hour will project an honest and good impression of Knute Rockne and of Notre Dame. □



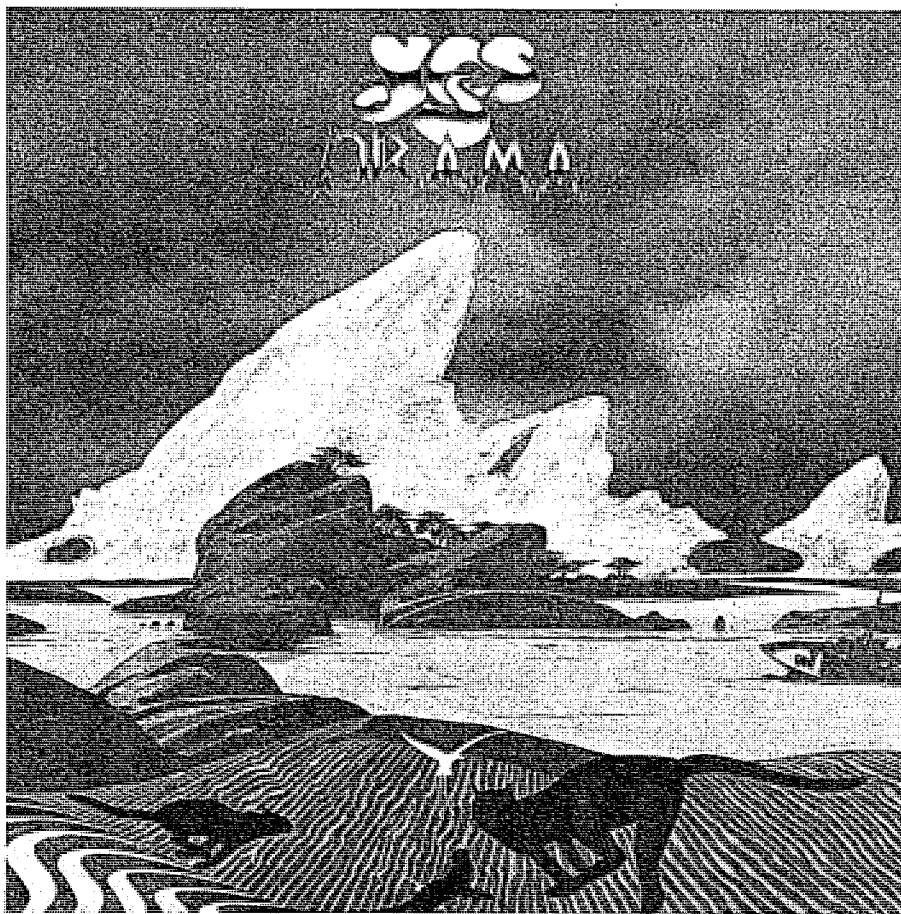
Anne Zane Shanks, producer-director

Lance Mazerov is a senior American Studies major. His involvement with the filming of this documentary was part of an academic internship with Information Services. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.

The Yes Drama:

Twelve Years of Pretension or Innovation?

by Thom Healey



Lead singer Jon Anderson and keyboardist Rick Wakeman are gone, yet Yes lives on. For a while it seemed that of the four most popular British progressive groups, only King Crimson had the good sense to disband before their music became stale and common. The other three, Yes, Genesis, and Emerson, Lake and Palmer, kept plodding away, making music that bordered on banality. With the departure of Anderson and Wakeman and the addition of Trevor Horn (vocals) and Geoff Downes (keyboards), Yes is making music that is no longer a mere reflection of their former work. Their new album *Drama*, the tenth studio album and the first in two years, marks a new beginning in the Yes story.

The first beginning of the Yes story was a bit more humble, and, except for fans of Yes lore, remains obscure to this day. In 1968 Jon Anderson met Chris Squire in a Lon-

don club where Anderson was sweeping up after the nightly show. They formed a trio with Anderson on vocals, Squire on bass, and Bill Bruford on percussion. Soon after Yes's inception, Tony Kaye became the keyboardist and Peter Banks, the guitarist. This lineup gained great critical success and limited public acceptance through the first two albums, *Yes* and *Time and a Word*, as well as through the live medium, opening for such acts as Janis Joplin and Jethro Tull. The music from this period is mostly original, except a few Beatles and Byrds songs that display Yes's roots. The critics were impressed not only with the quality of the songs but also with the quality of the musicianship. The first two albums show a precision of performance that surpassed the glut of popular music written and performed circa 1970.

One person who was dissatisfied

with Yes was Peter Banks. After the second album, he departed to begin a solo career and subsequently founded a band known as Flash. Yes first went to King Crimson guitarist Robert Fripp, but through a misunderstanding concerning the future musical direction of Yes, Fripp decided to remain with Crimson. Several months later Anderson saw former Tomorrow guitarist Steve Howe playing in a London club, and was very impressed with what he saw. Thus Howe became Yes's second guitarist.

The third album, *The Yes Album*, was the first to achieve success commercially, i.e., in America. It contains only six pieces, three of which exceed eight minutes. The extension of the lengths of the songs allowed the group more creative freedom to expand the songs' themes. Two of the pieces, "Starship Trooper" and "I've Seen All Good People," are actually

several separate yet interrelated themes that move smoothly from one section to the next, thus maintaining the flow of the entire song. *The Yes Album* brought Yes very close to the top of the rock ladder both through its critical acclaim and popular appeal. In retrospect, Yes was one move away from the top of the ladder, and that move came in early 1971 when Tony Kaye left the group. His replacement was the keyboardist of the Strawbs, Rick Wakeman. Wakeman, along with Keith Emerson, in 1971, was at the top of the heap of rock keyboardists.

In September of 1971 Yes entered the studio to record what remains their most famous album, *Fragile*. In this nine-song output, which features "Roundabout," the group explores the possibilities of making an album which is half group-oriented and half solo-oriented. Each member plays a solo piece, Howe's classical "Mood for a Day" and Squire's ethereal "The Fish" come off the best, and the group plays four pieces together. Of the group efforts, "South Side of the Sky" and "Heart of the Sunrise" stand out as being typical of the Yes sound. In each piece the four instrumentalists seem to be trying to outduel each other through sheer intensity. There are quick changes from utter urgency to halcyon harmony, from instrumental interchanges to either a solo or Anderson's rather cosmic lyrics. Here and on the next album, *Close to the Edge*, this formula brings Yes critical acclaim as well as phenomenal record and concert ticket sales. After *Close to the Edge* that same formula produces music that is initially pompous and pretentious, and in later years music that is form without content.

In 1972 came what many consider to be Yes's most accomplished work, the aforementioned *Close to the Edge*. The formula has been expanded to allow for the eighteen-minute title track. In the manner of *The Yes Album*, "Close to the Edge" and "And You and I" are thematically divided into four segments each. The three works ("Siberian Khatru" being the third) mark Yes's entrance into the realm of what many call "symphonic rock." (Jon Anderson: "I don't like the term symphonic rock. It sounds like strawberry bricks"—one example of Anderson's mental bent). The desire to make five musicians sound like fifty has been a desire of Yes's since almost the very beginning. Throughout *Time and a Word* an orchestra played, and the longer pieces on the two subsequent albums ap-

proached the orchestral sound of Yes's later works; however, *Close to the Edge* was Yes's first attempt at an entire album of rock as a viable art alternative. It was an incredible success; its wake produced a triple live album and a concert film, both titled *Yessongs*. This success also led to the departure of percussionist Bruford. He defected to King Crimson, and Alan White, a standard rock drummer from the Plastic Ono Band, joined in Bruford's stead. Although not the accomplished percussionist that Bruford was, he did achieve a formidable feat by learning, under pressure, the drum parts for all the concert pieces in less than one week.

After the tour, this new lineup went back into the studio to produce the first critically controversial Yes album. *Tales from Topographic Oceans* is a double album containing one song per side. Except for *Melody Maker*, every well-known music magazine panned the album as being thinly conceived, pompous, pretentious and an overreaching of the bounds of the band's talent. *Melody Maker*, in contrast, gave Yes their yearly "best" awards in the categories of: group, songwriters and bassist. Wakeman must have agreed with the critical consensus because after the *Tales* tour he left the group to become a full-time solo performer. After Wakeman's departure, the group attempted to recruit Greek keyboards wizard Vangelis, but to no avail. Yes then turned to Patrick Moraz of Refugee who joined the group in 1974 and appeared on *Relayer*. Moraz brought new life to the group via the jazz inclinations of his style.

Relayer contains three songs, all of which oscillate between the excesses of *Tales* and the accessibility of *Close to the Edge*. It received wider critical acceptance than *Tales*, for, despite the music, the musicianship of Yes finds its peak on *Relayer*. Squire's bass is ubiquitous; Howe now masters several types of guitars (electric, classical, sitar and steel) and Moraz has, in Chris Squire's words, "the ability to make machines sing." At this point, however, the group's members felt restricted and they decided that a rest was in order. From 1974 until 1977 the members concentrated on solo works. In '77 the group returned, but with one change. Moraz left to pursue a solo career and Wakeman, broke from his solo career, rejoined Yes.

The next two albums, *Going for the One* and *Tormato*, mark the slide in Yes's creative output. Although the former is still a work of repute,

the feeling that Yes is just going through the motions is becoming apparent. *Tormato*, a conspicuously uninspired work, seems an exercise in rock apologetics. If it was an attempt to get back to the basics, it failed. In contrast, *Going for the One* works, but the magic of *Fragile* and *Close to the Edge* is gone.

Two years after *Tormato* comes *Drama* and a rise from the abyss. Anderson is off writing syrupy love songs with Vangelis, and Wakeman is again playing scales on a solo basis. Once again new blood equals new life, and after its very apparent absence, the magic is returning. Both musicianship and vocals are fresh. In Alan White's words, "We enjoy what we're doing again." Squire seems to enjoy his new role of co-lead voice, and both his and Horn's voices complement each other in a very unstrained manner. Horn sounds a bit like Anderson, but his voice is not as high pitched (and for many not as grating). Downes, Horn's partner in the former two-man "techno-pop" group, the Bugles, does much to restore both Yes's symphonic qualities through background textures as well as to bring back the prominence that keyboards as a solo vehicle had in the early Wakeman years and on *Relayer*. Also, White, mastering not only the drums but also tympani, vibes, and assorted percussives, has become more precise and refined, reminding one at times of Bruford. And finally, Howe's guitar work should earn him his fourth straight award as "best all-around guitarist" in *Guitar Player* magazine.

The music itself is both progressive and reflective. There is a definite newness to the sound, even, at times, to the point that Yes sounds like some of the groups it has spawned (Starcastle, et al.). There are also snippets of the past (in "Into the Lens," the piano section is one of the many bass lines from "The Fish"). But in the final analysis, the best statement about Yes's progression to and on this album comes from the lyrics of the album's final piece, "Tempus Fugit":

If you could see all the roads I
have travelled
Towards some unstable last equilibrium
Run like an athlete and die like a
Dead beaten speed freak
And answer to all of the answers
to-yes. □

Thom Healey is a senior philosophy major from Cleveland. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.

Demythologizing Welfare

Ed's Note: Terry Keeley spent his summer working for an antipoverty organization in Pontiac, Michigan. This opportunity was provided him by the Center for Experiential Learning and the Detroit Alumni Club.

Time was when it was fashionable to be concerned about the poor. Today's order is to clamor about changing, or even ending, public assistance. This seems a bit unsporting since so few really know much about the programs themselves. General Assistance, Aid to Families with Dependent Children, Supplemental Security Income and others have been debated time and again on congressional floors and now have an involved history bound up in countless public laws. The complexity of the system is overwhelming—even figuring out a food stamp budget is difficult without some help from Texas Instruments. The knottiness of the subject has made it easier for the general consensus to produce inaccurate and ill-educated ideas.

Consider for a moment the increasingly popular solution to the "welfare mess" of forcing the "lazy oafs" back to work. The suggestion is simply unapprised. To begin with, the greatest majority of those on GA, ADC or SSI are either unable to work due to certain mental or physical incapacities, or they are single parents who must remain at home with their preschool children. These people are not lazy; they are deprived. Job location and training programs, like WIN and JOBS, already screen every adult applying for aid to find appropriate employ-

ment as an alternative to public assistance, and they place as many people as there are jobs for. In places like Pontiac, Michigan, however, where the recession has pitched a quarter of the work force out on the street, cashier positions at K-Marts and the Big Boy are hard to come by. Regional unemployment becomes acute in an economic downturn, especially in areas that are heavily dependent on one industry. Many of the poor now manning the alleyways would leap at the first true work opportunity available. Only a remaining fraction would have to be convinced of the value of gainful employment.

Ultraconservatives are not the only ill-founded—many radicals have a predilection toward misstatement. Take as a case the charge that there are children starving in the inner city. The precept just is untrue. Emergency food closets, private or religious organizations which provide sustenance to anyone who evidences need, exist in every major city and most rural areas. It is just not the case that those who need food cannot find it. Federally subsidized lunch programs have been operating in every county of the Union for some time, and no child is left unfed regardless of his economic standing. And this lunch program continues into the summer, with boxed lunches being distributed in the heavily depressed urban areas. The lunches are not meager, but nutritious and filling—having eaten them all summer, I evaluate from experience.

There is waste and mismanagement in the programs, to be sure, and cynics will continue to rant about the half of the apple which goes uneaten rather than the half which is consumed. What is never-

theless astounding is the relatively low cost of the American Welfare State. In 1979, public assistance and related payments amounted to only 1.3 percent of our personal income, or a little under one percent of the GNP.* The actual dollar amount paid in 1979, 25.8 billion, is less than Carter's version of a balanced budget, now projected to be 32 billion in the red. These figures should calm those who fear that Ronald Reagan will try to balance the budget on the backs of the poor (not that his record in California suggests he would even try). Programs which maintain peace and provide opportunity to those who would otherwise have none are always affordable.

The extent of fraud is another subject in welfare economics of which so many profess a knowledge. The belief that artifice is the rule rather than the exception comes in part from the tendency of the press to inflate incidents where individuals are cheating and ignore incidents where recipients are not given their due. Those who are informed and honest will admit that the amount of fraud is not easily known—it depends much on one's definitions and inklings. Most social workers, for example, believe that a majority of ADC mothers babysit or take in laundry to earn extra income. Since this income often goes unreported, it is considered illegal and the mother could be punished. The workers argue, though, that businessmen are known to take similar advantages with tax deductions

*These figures and their related definitions are excerpted from the May 1980 edition of the *Social Security Bulletin*, p. 65.

... An Attempt

and that such white-collar crime is many times more costly to the system than a few dollars made by welfare recipients could ever be. The argument of justifying one illegality by another hardly impresses the teacher of logic, but it does raise questions about demanding more of the less fortunate than we demand of ourselves. Another type of swindling, cases where one person is collecting six checks in order to make payments on his Cadillac, is more accurately documented. In Michigan, less than two percent of the budget of the Department of Social Services is lost in blatant imposturing.

It is not difficult to produce other statistics which humiliate the calls for radical changes in the welfare system. Those who oppose any mode of affirmative action must better understand the extent of black unemployment and its attendant problems—this summer, forty percent of America's black teenagers were without work, and Liberty City burst into flames. And those who call for a rebuilding of the designated "inner-city poverty areas" must be informed that more than seventy-five percent of the families living in such neighborhoods have incomes above the statuted poverty level and a median income which, at the last census, was just twenty-six-hundred dollars less than that of the nation.

The recognition of the inadequacies of the extremist critiques would best not lead into a defense of status quo, however. Many problems remaining in public assistance programs prevent a more just social order from asserting itself. Good educational and recreational day-care centers have yet to be established in most states. Without qualitative centers for dependent children, neither ADC mothers will be

able to attend the professional schools and receive the training that will one day allow them to become independent nor will poor children receive the additional attention they need to effectively compete with their peers. So, too, transfer payments have yet to be structured in such a way that work disincentive and family instability are minimized. As ADC, GA, and SSI now stand, it is not in the recipients' interest to be married or to seek earned revenues from the private sector. Countless other problems exist too, and every detail must be carefully weighed for its contributions to equity and efficiency.

In describing the totalitarian elites of the 1920s and 1930s, Hannah Arendt speaks of a "superiority" that lay in the ability to immediately dissolve every statement of fact into a declaration of purpose.

Something much like this found its way to our shores during the sixties, and it would be well to guard against its return. To be frank, most accounts reveal a rather surprising level of success in providing the men, women, and children of this country with the basic needs for their proper development. The recognition of the accomplishments and problems of our welfare system should neither signal a need to toss programs aside nor to accept their inadequacies. Least of all should misinformation be the cause for our action or inaction. We are each, all of us members of a world where innocent children ever suffer. The responsibilities of such an appointment call for our attention. □

Terry Keeley is a Government Philosophy major. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.



—The Last Word—



In a very real sense, the writer writes in order to teach himself, to understand himself . . .

—Alfred Kazin

If writing is self-education, editing is a semester with twenty-eight credit hours. I had a glimpse of the troubles I might face as editor when a professor congratulated me on my new position . . . and then extended his condolences. But I got a better picture of the pressure I'd be under when a member of the basketball team who lives in my dorm (and who, when "over-the-hill" will still be stronger than I will ever be) warned me, "One bad issue, and it's your ass (*sic*)."

With such mixed encouragement haunting me over the summer, I thought I had a clear idea of the bad aspects of the job as well as the pleasurable ones. I didn't. Since the semester began, I have not let school, as the saying goes, get in the way of my education. And though there have been many meetings set (and some missed), and a lot of errands and clerical tasks, much of the work has been mental. The other editors and I have thought about the challenge of creating and running a magazine and then wondered how we'll ever live up to it. I have worried about losing the little sanity I have left. Then I have realized that I actually like this job and that things do have a way of working themselves out.

There is one problem, though, which will not simply "work out" without some help. This problem, which we hope to bring closer to its demise, is the identity crisis that plagues the *Scholastic*. There are too many people who classify the magazine either as a Less-Frequent-Observer or a More-Frequent-Juggler.

Anyone who has gone to the same school or been in the same group of friends as an older brother or sister and was perpetually referred to as "X's little brother or sister" will appreciate our situation; as "X's little brother," you could not deny the relationship, but you preferred having your own name and personality to define your existence.

Finding a personality for *Scholastic* will be difficult since there are many materials to draw from. The personality of the magazine will be a distillation of the

ideas and experiences we, the editors and staff, bring with us and the ideas, articles, stories, comments, poems and artwork that people bring to us.

Another challenge is finding a balance between the internal and external materials, for if the editors are excessive in promoting their personal preferences and whims, there may be a tedious repetition of themes or styles. On the other hand, if we cannot use our own tastes, values, and discretion when assigning and selecting materials, we might as well not be here, or we could work exclusively at becoming experts in production and layout, which might not be a bad idea.

The magazine's personality will reflect the interests of both the editors and our readers only if people write two ways: well and voluminously. Every student should feel free to come to us with an idea he or she would like to pursue. And since we are experimenting with a monthly format, there will be enough time to turn good ideas into interesting material for the magazine. Additionally, I hope to have ideas and articles from faculty members, University administrators, and perhaps from alumni also. Such a broad scope will allow us to be selective and still be representative of the thoughts, interests, and talents of the people connected with this University.

The goal of curing the identity crisis is a lofty one, but we have to start somewhere, don't we? I think we will enjoy teaching ourselves about attaining goals and learning about ourselves as we try. I hope you will enjoy helping us (when you write) and and following our progress (as you read).

And if you want to send congratulations now, feel free, but please reserve all condolences and threats of bodily harm at least until you read our second issue. □

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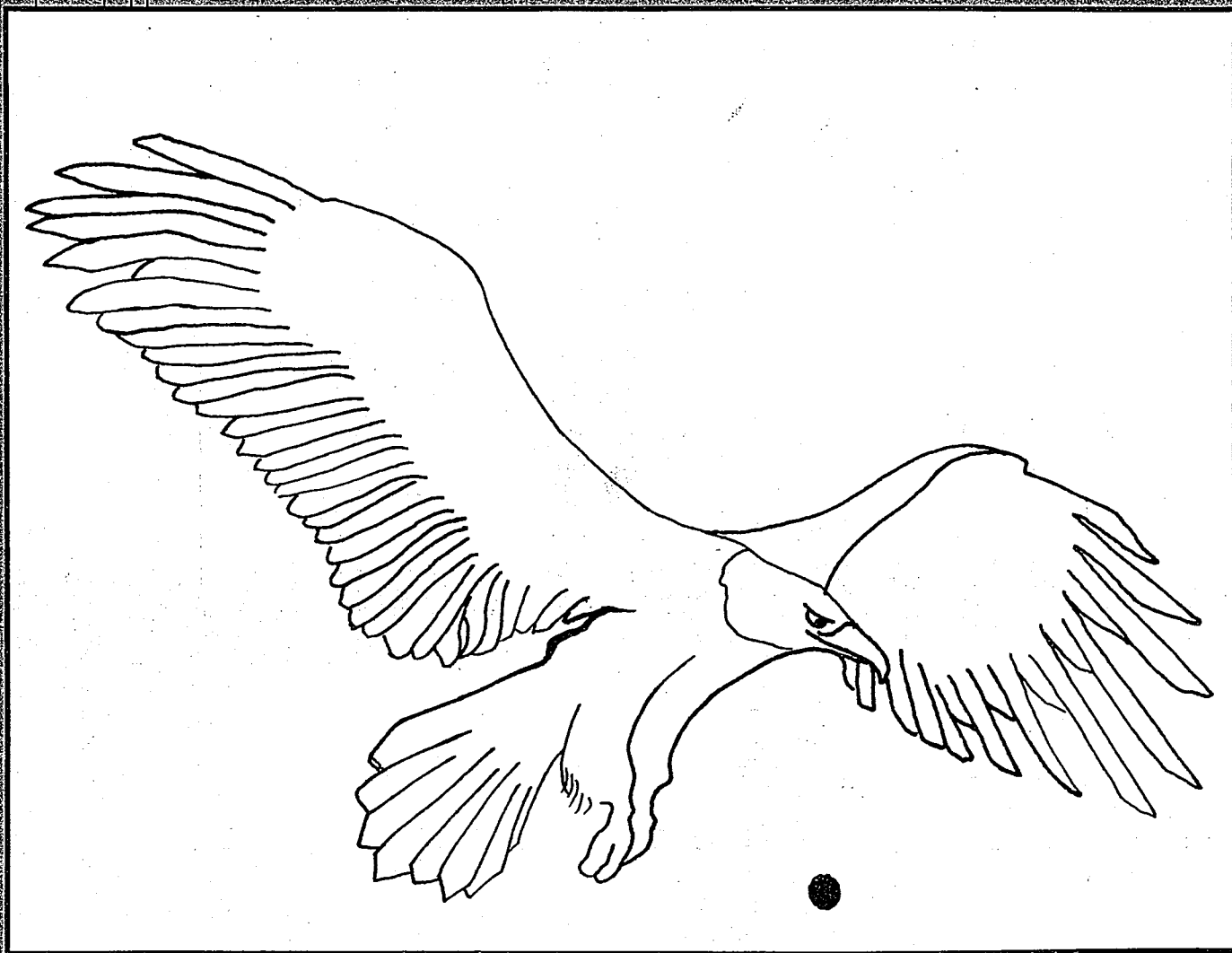
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