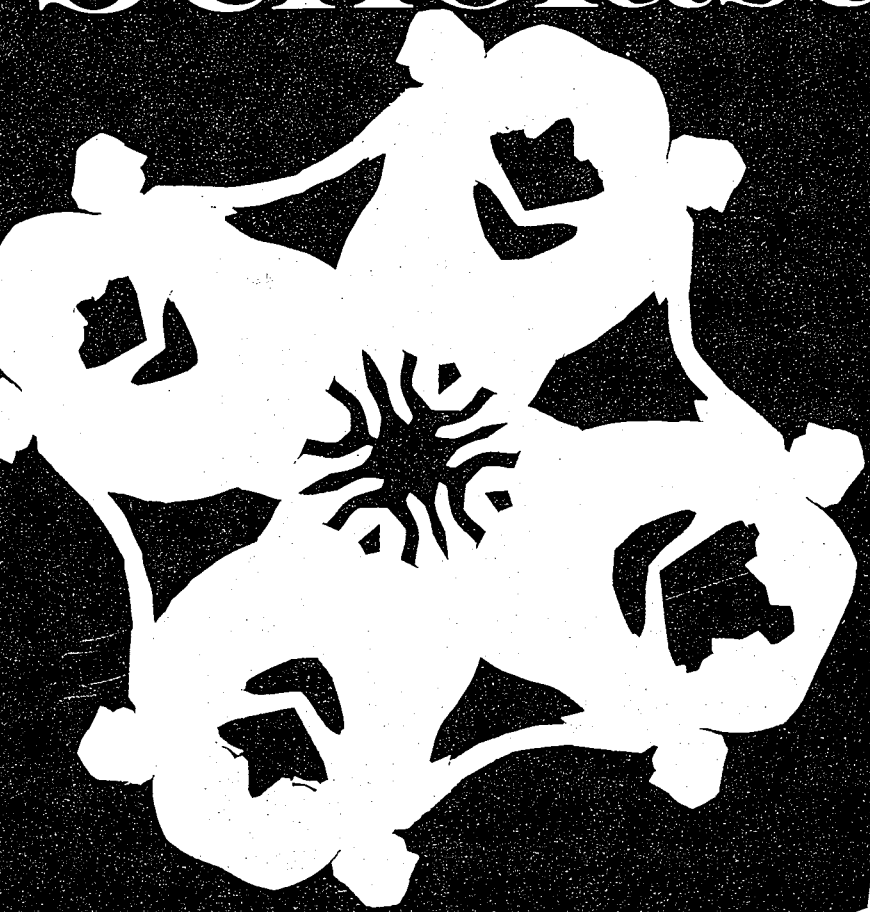


# Scholastic

December, 1980





**Scholastic**  
wishes the Notre Dame-St. Mary's  
**Community**  
a safe and happy holiday

# SCHOLASTIC

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## FEATURES

- 4 *Seeds of Change* Nathan Stone
- 6 *A Call to Eucharist* Gus Zuehlke
- 8 *A First Step Into the future* Dan Moore
- 10 *The Regan Victory:  
What Happened and What Now?* Prof. Charles E. Rice

## REGULARS

- 12 *Fiction/You're Only 21 Once* Tom O'Toole
- 14 *Gallery* August Jennewein, Robert Wade
- 20 *Poetry/Letter, As We Exit Now  
In the Museum of Natural History,  
A Story for Anthony* Liz Blakey  
Molly Wolfe
- 22 *Fiction/The Life and Times of SA0133* Mary Pigott
- 25 *Perspective/From Rudolph to Webster* Dan Keusal
- 26 *Music/Guitar Impressionism* Dan Gonzales
- 28 *Theatre/"He" Speaks* John Davenport
- 31 *The Last Word* Chuck Wood

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# Seeds of Change

by Nathan Stone

I'm sad tonight. My heart is aching, I guess. But it's not aching over a lost love as it sometimes does. Nor is it aching out of longing for some future love, the woman I have yet to meet.

My heart is aching tonight because it is too tired to be angry. It has been angry for so long it can't keep going.

My heart is aching tonight because it can't figure out why. It is like a child tonight, who was rather innocent and got beaten up for the first time. It looks up, brow knit, puzzled, hoping maybe it was an accident, but knowing that it wasn't, and unable to discern why.

I'm very sad tonight. My heart is aching. It is aching over a round table split by greed. It is aching disillusioned by mankind. And it is aching, longing with youthful hope.

I am very sad tonight. I am like the father of my aching heart. I see it come home battered for the first time. I see it puzzled. I see it ache. And it makes me sad, because I, the father of my heart, know that this shall not be the last time my heart comes home battered, learning the ways of the world. I, the father of my heart, wish that my heart did not have to learn. But I am sad because I know it must.

Today, one of the boys from the neighborhood came and said, "I want to show you this." Bernardo. Never one to waste words, he is an inconspicuous fellow generally. He took from his breast pocket a sheet of paper, folded up tightly. It was a poem, one of his many poems, written in blue ball point on graph paper. I unfolded it and held it under the light to read it.

"Adios a un Amigo" was the title. "Goodbye to a Friend." I started reading; Bernardo sat down on my bed and leaned back on his elbows, feet resting lightly on the floor. I closed the door. The poem went something like this:

Today I know that you are  
There with the Lord and perhaps  
You are seeing how even now  
Injustices  
Like what happened to you  
Continue.

That's why I want to tell you in these lines . . .

My friend, I know that your death  
Was not in vain.  
I know that even there above,  
You will continue the struggle.  
I would ask you  
For the strength that you had  
So that I can keep up  
All that you taught me.

I know that you were betrayed,  
Shot down by those bastards  
Clad in green,  
Who think they are tough  
And macho  
Because with their guns they can act  
Brave.

But my friend, I tell you  
That they and all the ones like them  
Are a miserable, lousy lot of  
Hypocrites.

Goodbye, my friend.

"A friend of yours?" I asked.

"Yes."

"From around here?"

"No, from school."

Bernardo has a serious, soft-spoken manner which seems almost artificial in a kid of sixteen. He has the face of a man of many years. He has the face of what he is struggling to be. Yet the eyes betray the emotion and the pain and the youth.

He looked up at me, head tilted down and to the left, dark brown eyes set into the top of the sockets, and glancing off to the side from one moment to the next.

"How did it happen?" I asked.

"Shot in the back." Abrupt and unemotional.

"Was he in jail?" I asked.

"No. They hadn't even arrested him yet. He was shot in the street. In Quilicura."

A series of images went through my head. I saw a young cop in his first months in the uniform, not quite hardened into what he symbolized, and not used to carrying a machine gun.

"Halt!" he calls out to a darkly clad figure twenty yards ahead. The figure does not halt, and through clenched teeth the right index squeezes off about ten rounds. The dark-clad figure jerks forward and falls. To the young cop, it seems to fall for a long time. In slow motion. The machine gun feels suddenly very heavy and icy cold. The cop sweats.

Then I imagined it another way.

The secret police, dressed like any other working man, but not talking, are standing at the bus stop in the dark watching the people get off. They follow the darkly



clad figure, and when safely apart from other people, the two secret police men get closer to the youth. One of them pulls a high-powered pistol. One shot through the heart, and the victim crumples. Neat and professional. The rumor is started that this youth was a victim of terrorists. The story does not reach the newspapers.

Bernardo continued.

"He wrote poems too. One day he was writing one of his poems on the sidewalk with some chalk. I read it and I said to him, 'I think that's very good.' That's when I first met him.

"I went to his house a lot. Last week, his sister came

to school and told me not to come to the house anymore, that my friend had been killed, and it was not safe to come. She said he had shown a poem he had written to a fellow who was an informer for the police."

I could not immediately assimilate all that he was telling me. I could see it all. I understood it all, and yet I could not quite feel it, not yet. Empathy had not yet overtaken me. I was holding it back, afraid of it. The shock and horror would settle in some hours later.

After a silence, he said, getting up to go, "Well, I wanted to tell you. I thought someone should know." He looked at me searchingly.

"Here," I said, "wear my hat. It's starting to rain." He accepted the gesture, and putting on my brown knit hat, he walked out alone, gently closing the green wooden gate behind him. He held his shoulders back, his gaze straight and expressionless. . . .

It is only at this late hour, alone in the quiet darkness, that I am beginning to feel the pain and the anger Bernardo feels. He has lost one of those special friends, a hero, a model, an idol—the sort of friend only the adolescent can have. He wants to cry. He wanted to say a few things to his friend and now he can't. He never will say them. He never will learn all that his friend had to teach. He feels anger for authority, for all the people who order, dictate, and terminate other people's lives without humanity, sympathy, or understanding. He imagines their faces, close-shaven, short greying hair. He imagines their gestures, decisive, orderly, seeming to create a stone barrier with heavy-looking hands that have short clean nails. He imagines their uniform, a symbol of the internal uniformity these "old men" seem to have. They think the same, and they speak the same, and they act the same. They are a wall. He wants them to be, and had once thought they were a source of warmth, security, affection, and wisdom. Now he knows their uniformity is a lie, and he hates them.

Bernardo feels fear and anguish, as trying to turn back the clock two weeks, he imagines his dear friend's execution. He imagines the chill feeling, the moment of paralyzing fear. He cannot imagine the physical pain. Rather, he imagines visually the entry of the bullet. Did it enter in the back and explode in his friend's chest cavity, destroying his heart, lungs, and blood vessels? Not sure. He imagines it entering the back of the neck. He imagines the head of his dear friend and the moment of the bullet's impact, perforating and collapsing. Then, he backs the bullet up two centimeters and stops it there, to say goodbye to his friend. He doesn't imagine the body's collapse onto the pavement. He doesn't imagine the twisted shape of the legs, nor does he imagine the twitching of the flesh after death.

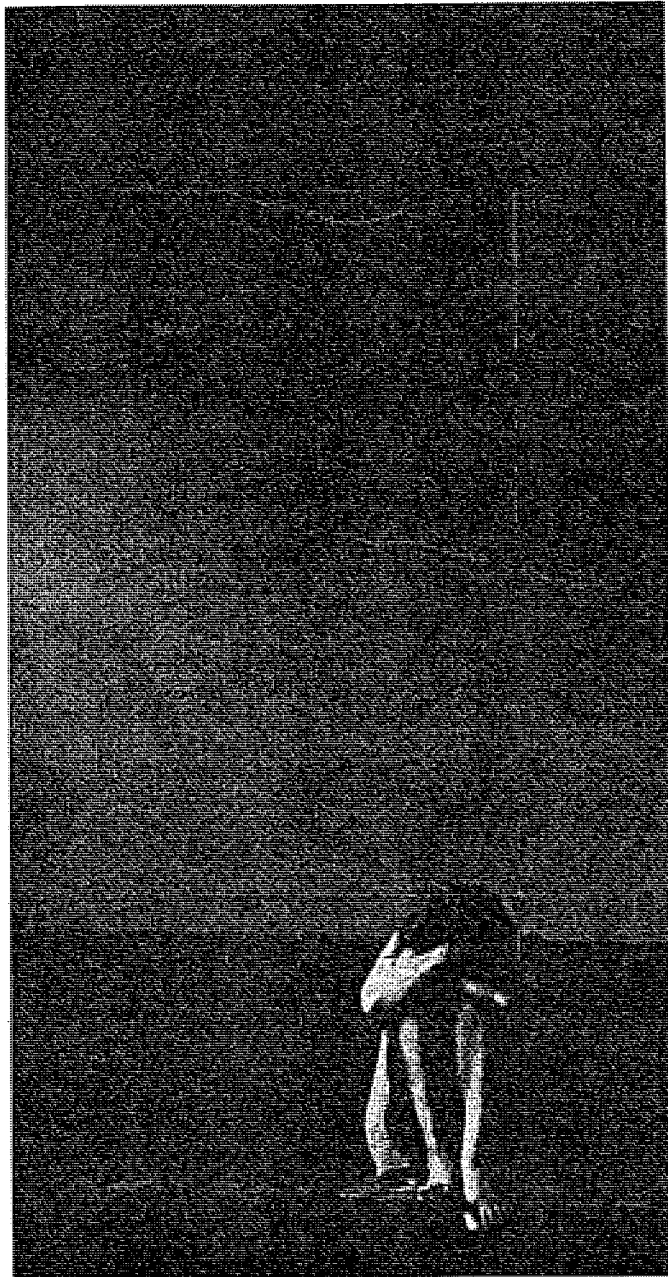
Bernardo's imagination follows the spirit of his friend rising upward out of the body, leaving as the bullet enters. He imagines his friend reviewing Santiago under clouds, and its suffering millions. He imagines his friend weeping.

He imagines the cold flesh. Climbing into bed, Bernardo looks down at his body, and imagines the thighs hard, cold and ugly, devoid of all the spring, the motion and the warmth that are life, youth, and freedom.

"What right have they . . . ?"

This is what he thinks to himself. And the fury begins to generate within him. □

*Nathan Stone is a 1979 graduate of this university, living in Santiago, Chile, for two years as a member of the Holy Cross Associates program overseas.*



*I am alone with the beating of my heart*



# A Call to Eucharist

by Gus Zuehlke

*(In light of this Advent season, this article is offered to the Notre Dame-St. Mary's community for reflection and inspiration.)*

Last year on All Saints' Day, Father Hesburgh gave a talk on the Eucharist and then celebrated Mass at Flanner Hall. During the same week, Gerald Ford, Jack Anderson,

walk 20 miles, I would start walking tonight. . . . If I had the choice between being President of the United States and being able to celebrate the Eucharist, there would be no contest, I would choose the Eucharist. . . ."

According to Fr. Hesburgh, this fundamental loyalty to Jesus in the Eucharist could not be asserted

There are many who will now complain "this is not revolutionary, this sounds like the elementary Catechism!" not realizing that the Eucharist is the most revolutionary celebration which man has ever known. In the Eucharist the transforming power of Christ's death and resurrection is celebrated. We are called to share in this spiritual transformation *now*, not just when we die.

In a very basic way Fr. Hesburgh was challenging his audience to re-examine their loyalty to Jesus in the Eucharist. Is our loyalty to Christ being slighted by other loyalties? Are our priorities of sacrifice and prayer being overshadowed by our temporal concerns and desires? When Fr. Hesburgh was questioned about how this loyalty could be integrated in an institutional context, he responded with the biographical example of St. Thomas More. More worked within the system, a system loaded with corruption and sin. When the ultimate test of his loyalty to Christ occurred, he gave up his position of power and eventually surrendered his life. "Every Christian will face that point of ultimate testing wherein he or she will be called upon to give it all up to God," reflected Fr. Hesburgh.

Not everyone responds to the call of Christ in his life. Fr. Hesburgh gave two such examples. In the first, Fr. Hesburgh pointed to those who found the promise connected with the Eucharist intolerable. Many of Christ's followers left Him when He spoke about eating His flesh and drinking His blood. People became disillusioned, because they thought it was a type of cannibalism. Fr. Hesburgh's second example of a person's rejection of Christ's call was the story of the rich young man who went away sad because of his refusal to give up all that he possessed and follow Jesus. "Do not go away sad," Fr. Hesburgh said, quoting John Paul II, "follow Christ."

In the two examples cited by Fr.



and Carlos Fuentes visited the campus. These three men may have overshadowed the impact of Fr. Hesburgh's talk in the minds of many Notre Dame students, but the nature of the statements he made was truly revolutionary. If one were to place the importance of what he said in an eternal perspective, the statements of Ford, Anderson, and Fuentes pale in significance. "If the only way I had to celebrate the Eucharist tomorrow morning was to

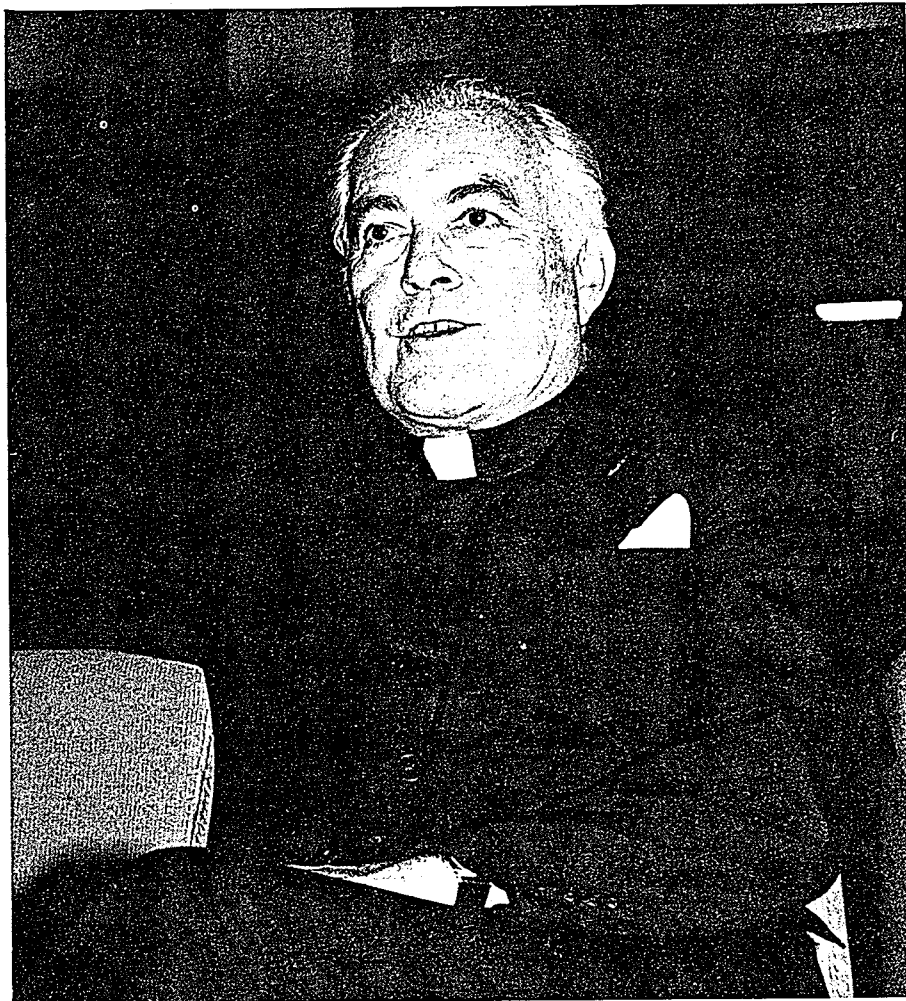
without a great sense of unworthiness. Yet, by the Lord's command we receive this sacrament, the celebration of the one sacrifice of Jesus on the Cross. There is no great religion which is without some concept of sacrifice, and the greatest of all sacrifices was when God sacrificed Himself once and for all on the Cross. It is through entering into that mystery that we have the power to do all the things we are called to do.

Hesburgh, we see two possible reasons why persons do not follow Christ: either they do not believe in Him or, if they do, they still refuse to yield their wills to Him. The very solution to these problems offers us the medicine for much of our spiritual and metaphysical sickness. If we do not receive Christ present in the Eucharist, we should receive Him. If we do receive this Sacrament often and it seems to accomplish little in our lives, then the problem is with our will, which is refusing to follow Christ.

It is this refusal to heed Christ and His words that characterizes the "sin of the world" which we ask the Lamb of God to take away during the Mass. We desire this redemption as we pray to be elevated by our response to God's grace. We feel in the Eucharist, as Fr. Hesburgh said, our unworthiness before God. Fr. Hesburgh stressed a fundamental vision flowing from the Eucharist: that caring is motivated by a complete and willing self-sacrifice, by dying to self in order to care for others. "We should never stop trying to become a saint. We should never stop trying to love." He could not think of a stronger foundation for sainthood than daily Mass, nor a means to love outside the power of Christ manifest in the Eucharist.

During the sermon Fr. Hesburgh discussed some keys to sanctity. He asserted from the reading of the day how opposite the state of the world was from what the Beatitudes said about man. Christ said "Blessed are the poor"; He did not exalt the rich, as they seem to be so exalted in the world. After treating those simple sayings from the Gospel as a truly revolutionary message, Fr. Hesburgh hit his hand against the lectionary and said with a smile, "You know, I did not make this up. This is what the Lord Himself said." What is at stake in this call to sanctity is eternity.

We would do well to remember that this call to be saints has a



historical relationship at Notre Dame with the Eucharist that is deep in the University's heritage. The campus' fundamental self-understanding needs to be regrounded in the Eucharist. We can recall that the late Cardinal O'Hara, former President of Notre Dame, was a great and fervent proponent of daily Communion, a devotion which spread from Notre Dame throughout the Roman Catholic Church in America. Fr. Hesburgh was speaking not primarily as the President of this University or as special United Nations Ambassador, but as a celebrator of the Eucharist and as guardian of this Eucharistic tradition. Our spiri-

tual shepherd calls this campus to the banquet of *the Shepherd*. Though we are like sheep wandering astray, each taking his own way, this Shepherd, the Lamb of God, calls us to celebrate our own redemption from the estrangement we experience here and in the world, with God and with our neighbor. In calling us to the Eucharist, Fr. Hesburgh's message is clear as is the message on the statue in front of the administration building. Christ is saying *Venite Ad Me Omnes* — come to me all of you. □

*Gus Zuehlke graduated in 1980 from the College of Arts and Letters with a degree in Theology.*

# The Foreign Aid Question---

## A First Step into the Future

by Dan Moore

Notre Dame is indeed fortunate to welcome into its community this year former Governor of Ohio and director of the Agency for International Development (US AID), John Gilligan. To hear Governor Gilligan speak about foreign assistance is to wake up after a comfortable sleep to find a very disturbing picture of reality. His comments are alarming not so much because they depict the terrible condition of life that most of the world's inhabitants must face every day, for most of us already vaguely know something of this. Rather, they are alarming because they demonstrate how little we in the United States actually do to alleviate this situation.

In general, the Western world is not unaware of the frightening level of existence that makes most of the Third World a hell on earth. We are able to see, through the camera-man's eye and through his sense of hard sell, images of what were once human beings that starvation has turned into ghosts and shadows. And while it is true that the less newsworthy stories, the stories of places where starvation and malnutrition take their deadly effect more slowly, and so less spectacularly, rarely get aired in the press, we do know that most people living in less-developed countries live meagerly. Yet our perceptions about what we are doing to remedy these problems are usually far off the mark.

Western aid, and particularly US aid to the less-developed nations, has been decreasing steadily since the 1960s. During the heyday of foreign aid the US dedicated about 3% of its Gross National Product for the rebuilding of West Europe and Japan with very little help for less-developed countries. The success that these programs met is something of which all Americans can be proud.

Yet it soon became evident by the late 1950s and early 1960s that political rather than humanitarian considerations were the primary motivation in foreign aid transfers for the Third World.

By 1962 the United States was dedicating only one-half of one percent of its Gross National Product for foreign aid. Most of the aid went in the form of military assistance to countries that were threatened by internal and external communist threats. It was about this time that President John Kennedy began expanding the aid program by creating the Peace Corps and the Alliance for Progress. These institutions were formed primarily to assist in meeting the basic needs of the poorest groups of people, and to help less-developed nations with large construction projects such as dams, bridges, and road systems.

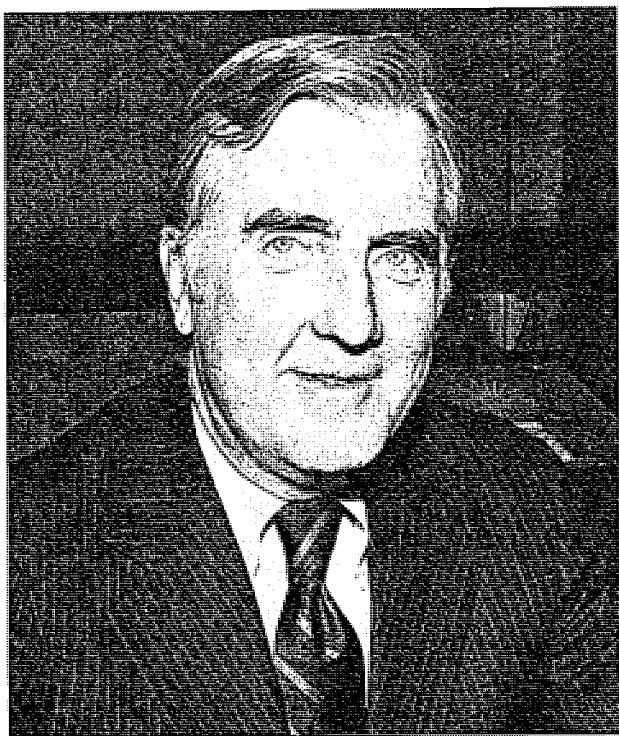
Eventually, with the advent of the Nixon administration, the foreign aid picture became susceptible to budget cuts and manipulation. The

Vietnam War drew most of the money allocated for foreign assistance to military help for Southeast Asia. Development assistance withered slowly. Today, of the seventeen industrial nations that give foreign assistance, the US ranks sixteenth in aid given as a percentage of GNP. Today we spend eight billion dollars on foreign assistance or one-quarter of one percent of our Gross National Product. (This assumes that Congress will pass the foreign aid package which has yet to be voted on this year.)

Even this figure is misleading for it does not relate the concentration of the money. Of the eight billion we spend, four billion is routed through international institutions such as the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank. These multilateral institutions grant aid in many forms, primarily through loans which increase the debt burden of developing nations. The remaining four billion dollars is routed through the Agency for In-







John Gilligan

ternational Development. One-half of this goes to Security-related items for eight nations, and of this, 85 percent is used to pay off the Camp David Peace Accords in military assistance to Egypt and Israel. The remaining two billion dollars is distributed to fifty-five countries. This aid is in the form not of money but of experts who are trained in technical fields to meet basic needs of people. Such fields include land reform, health care, and education.

Foreign aid has become relatively insignificant in this country for a number of reasons: 1) Detente and the new "correlation of forces" have mistakenly eased the fears of many global politicians who maintained that aid was a means of drawing Third World nations into the free world camp. 2) The fact that in the past aid did not perform the miracles it was supposed to perform, has forced many former advocates to abandon the cause. 3) Most of Congress looks forward to voting against foreign aid because it is the one time many of them can vote against increasing the budget without incurring the wrath of constituents or an interest group. 4) Finally, foreign aid has no real proponents in this country anymore. Many of its liberal advocates of the past have seen foreign aid used as a political weapon in the 1960s and are thus reluctant to use it again. Conservatives generally have been opposed to it, though ideologically this should not necessarily be.

The sad fact is that while aid levels have decreased, the need for aid has increased tremendously. It is time for the people of America to once again break out of their isolation and see the world for what it is. It would be easy to withdraw into our own corner and ignore what is going on throughout the world, to say that there is nothing we can really do anyway and leave it at that, to abandon the world's cry for help because there will always be poor people. Yet we have a commitment as citizens of the world and as human beings to make our world a better place. We have an enormous potential to make the success stories of the Third World the rule rather than the exception.

This will not require an extraordinary sacrifice on our part. In fact if we only spent the amount of money we now spend on dog food for helping the poor of the world, we could more than double current expenditures for development assistance. What it will require is an awareness on our part of what is happening in the world around us, a boldness to make the effort to see more clearly the problems we all face together as human beings. This is a special responsibility for our generation, for if we close our eyes to the tragedies of today, are we not condemning ourselves for the future?

It is clear that arguing for a change in government policy concerning foreign aid will be akin to

arguing in a vacuum, if morality is used as a base. For better or for worse all governments regardless of ideology or rhetoric act only in regard to their national interests. These interests are primarily security related and economic, and only secondarily humanitarian. Nevertheless, in the long run it is wholly in the interest of the United States to promote an equitable development of the Third World. With the effects of the oil crisis we are only now beginning to see how interdependent our world is becoming. There can be no doubt that we will live to see a much more integrated world where all nations will depend on others. The time has come for the United States to realize this, and to help those who depend on us today, for tomorrow we may well depend on them.

Our generation at Notre Dame is described time and again in the media and on the campuses as the "Me" generation. We are not idealistic, it is said, but practical. Our emphasis, we are told, is not on bettering the world but on getting ahead. Ours is the generation with no cause but itself, with no fiery passion for ideals but with a craving for a secure future, for self-gratification, and for the answer to everything — money. Let this be our cause then. Let us begin to make ourselves aware of the world around us today, so that we might make it a better place to live tomorrow. We have more talent and potential than any generation in history and we are able to learn from the mistakes of our predecessors. Calling for an overhaul of US AID would be a first step in demonstrating to the media and to our leaders that we do care. It would be a first step in showing that we have responsibility, it would be at least a first step. For if our generation does not lead the United States into the future, who will? □



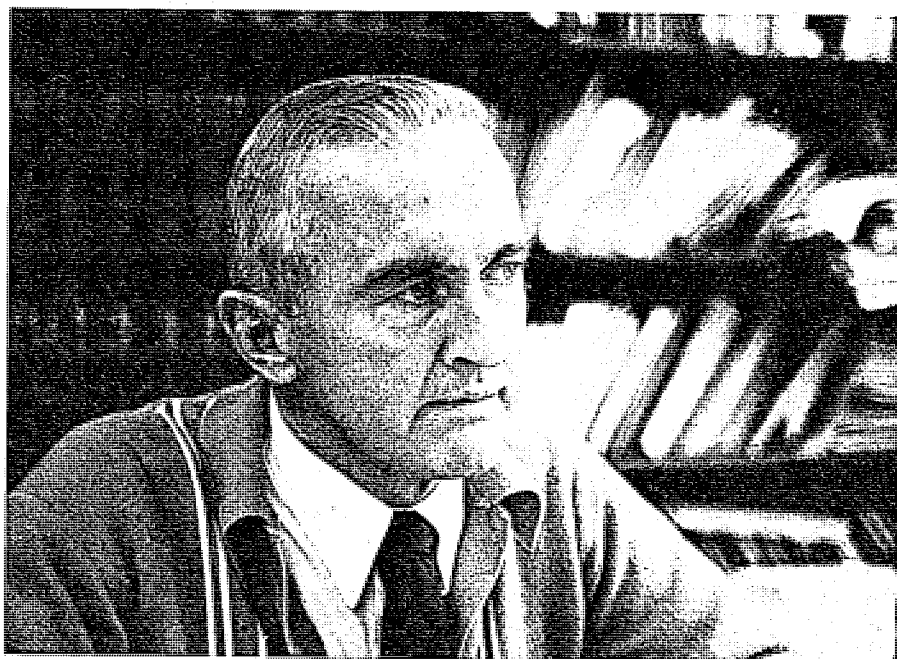
# The Reagan Victory. What Happened and What Now?

by Prof. Charles E Rice

"Always, Winning Washington Is Easier Than Running It." So ran the headline on the *New York Times*' Week in Review section on the Sunday following the surprisingly easy victory of Governor Reagan in the 1980 election. [*New York Times*, Nov. 9, 1980, Sec. 4, p. 11, col. 1] An understanding of why Reagan won—and won so handily—could help us in anticipating what he might do with the Presidency. However, none of the theories offered to explain the Reagan victory can be wholly proven correct.

It is debatable whether the Reagan victory resulted from popular agreement with his positions or displeasure at the demonstrated incompetence of President Carter, or both. A *New York Times*-CBS News post-election poll showed that "one registered voter in five changed his or her mind about whom to vote for, or whether to vote at all, in the last four days of the Presidential campaign, and about three-fifths of that group made a change that hurt President Carter." [*New York Times*, Nov. 16, 1980, p. 1, col. 3] Iran and the economy were the issues that seem to have hurt President Carter most among those late-shifting voters.

It would be a mistake, however, to reduce the Reagan victory merely to a last-minute switch prompted by lack of confidence in President Carter or by a transient dissatisfaction with the current state of the economy. The voters not only retired President Carter, they also gave walking papers to a dozen Democratic senators and nearly three dozen Democratic representatives. In most of these races the losers seemed to be basically identified with welfare-state liberalism. The Republicans captured control of the Senate and cut by half the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives. It is fair to say that there was something more at work here than a passing mood of hostility to one man or momentary resentment of the failure of his



Prof. Charles E. Rice

policies.

There is reason to believe that the 1980 election results were part of a trend that began perhaps twenty years ago—a trend of increasing dissatisfaction with the economic consequences of welfare-state liberalism, with the intrusions of big government, and with our weak and vacillating performance overseas. John Kennedy won the election in 1960 on a promise to "get America moving again," to eliminate the (later to be proven fictitious) "missile gap," to improve the efficiency and responsiveness of government, etc.

Four years later, Senator Barry Goldwater could perhaps have been elected had it not been for the trauma of the Kennedy assassination, the consequent unwillingness of the American people to have three presidents in little more than one year, and the successful media effort to portray Goldwater as a drooling maniac intent upon tearing up Social Security cards and incinerating, in mushroom clouds, little daisy-picking girls. (A similar character-

ization of Governor Reagan was attempted this year and might have succeeded had the Carter-Reagan debate not shown that Reagan is not the sort of fellow who "eats his young.")

The Nixon elections of 1968 and 1972 have to be described as endorsements by the people of less government, fiscal responsibility, and a strong foreign policy. At least this is how Nixon presented himself, though the reality was different. He was aided by the Democrats' 1972 nomination of George McGovern, who can best be described as the flip-side of Barry Goldwater. The difference is that Goldwater's extremism was largely a media creation. McGovern's was real, and how could Nixon or anyone lose against that? President Nixon, of course, blew it with Watergate. The 1976 election of President Carter is primarily explainable as a reaction to this scandal. An interesting confirmation of the overall conservative trend, however, can be seen in the fact that President Ford, himself fairly popular and no extremist, was almost denied renomi-

nation in 1976 by a Governor Reagan who articulated clearly the underlying trends of discontent with big government, the economy, and foreign policy.

The Carter presidency, therefore, can fairly be viewed as an interregnum, brought about by Watergate and unable to survive the enduring discontent occasioned by the inevitable failure of liberal policies at home and abroad. Seen in this light, the Reagan victory is merely the latest manifestation of a basic trend toward popular endorsement of the ideas that government should live within its means, that it should not intrude too deeply into people's lives and that it should be strong in foreign affairs. As with all such theories, however, this cannot be proven. It is conjecture, but I suggest it is no less credible than other explanations of what happened.

There is another element, however, which contributed crucially to the 1980 results. This is the rise of the pro-family, pro-life coalition exemplified by the Moral Majority and right-to-life groups. This element has been growing beneath the surface as the moral tone of American society has deteriorated over the past two decades. The Supreme Court abortion decisions of 1973 brought one element of this coalition into the open. But the other, the overall pro-family element, has come to the fore only in the last two years. The impetus for this has been provided by the Christian political movement, which in turn has been energized by television evangelists such as Pat Robertson, Jim Robison, and, principally, Jerry Falwell.

*U.S. News and World Report* described this movement as "a full-scale revolt by the 'sleeping giant' of American politics: 50 million 'born again' Christians, most of whom are Protestants, plus 30 million morally conservative Roman Catholics and a few million Mormons and Orthodox Jews." According to Pat Robertson, "we have enough votes to run the country. And when the people say, 'we've had enough,' we are going to take over."

This pro-family and pro-life movement is a reaction to the aggressive promotion by government, the media, and, a trendy clergy of a secularized, amoral society characterized by: the legalized slaughter through abortion every year of the equivalent of the population of Houston; the legitimization of homosexual activity as an alternative life style; amoral sex

education in public and, in some places, in parochial schools; government-promoted contraception; a rising tide of pornography in print and on the electronic media, etc., etc.

No more than two years ago this movement found its political voice in the emergence of Reverend Jerry Falwell's Moral Majority. The Moral Majority believes that supporters of biblical morality have as much right to seek to influence public affairs as do the supporters of secular humanist morality. The Christian political movement appears to have provided the cutting edge to the more general movement of discontent discussed above. In their first national election, in 1980, they claimed, with justification, to have provided the margin of victory in a number of significant elections.

Unlike some other elements of the Christian political movement, the Moral Majority does not endorse particular candidates. Rather, the organization encourages its adherents to register and to vote in accord with moral principles as they see them in the Bible. Parenthetically, this sort of approach is not unprecedented. It was the basis of much of the civil rights and anti-war campaigns of the 1960s and 1970s. Such activity is, of course, protected by the First Amendment guarantee of the free exercise of religion. Nevertheless, Falwell and other television evangelists have been attacked by various pro-abortion and other liberal groups for allegedly violating the separation of church and state, whatever that means.

In October, a well-financed effort, People for the American Way, was launched to counter in the media the "threat to our nation and to our pluralistic society" posed by the evangelical political movement. People for the American Way is an assortment of clergy and others under the leadership of television producer Norman Lear, the moral leader who gave us such examples of his vision of the American Way as *Mary Hartman* and *Maude*. Incidentally, to the extent that the shaping of the American future comes down to a choice between the vision presented by Norman Lear and his followers and the vision of Jerry Falwell and his associates, it appears that the American people will have the good sense to choose the latter.

In the 1980 election, the pro-family, pro-life movement achieved remarkable success. The pro-abor-

tion National Abortion Rights Action League, evidently after long and serious consideration of the returns, announced on the morning of November 5 that the people voted for a change in economics and foreign policy and "they didn't vote on the issue of abortion." The results, however, indicate that abortion and other pro-family issues were deciding factors in several major Senate and House races.

The Life Amendment Political Action Committee, for example, announced during the campaign its "hit list" of Senators and Representatives whom it sought to defeat precisely because of their pro-abortion stands. Of the eleven major targets on the LAPAC list, nine were defeated, including such leaders as Birch Bayh, Gaylord Nelson, John Culver, George McGovern, Frank Church, and others. Other pro-abortion candidates, however, survived, including Senators Gary Hart of Colorado, Robert Packwood of Oregon, John Glenn of Ohio, Christopher Dodd of Connecticut, and such Representatives as Robert Kastenmeier of Wisconsin and others.

The "hit lists" of LAPAC and other pro-life groups tended to coincide with the target lists of various evangelical and conservative political action groups, evidencing the impact of the coalition of pro-life, Christian evangelical and traditional conservative pressure groups.

This coalition, incidentally, owes its success largely to the post-Watergate election reforms which allowed extensive political spending and activities by political action committees (PACs) which act independently of any candidates. The 1980 campaign saw the entry of business PACs into the arena on an extensive scale. It is, of course, unlikely that the Congress elected in 1980 will withdraw its encouragement of such PACs.

There seems little question that the Reagan Administration will move aggressively to keep its promises on reducing overall government spending, deregulating the economy, and strengthening our defenses. It remains to be seen, however, whether and to what extent President Reagan will satisfy those who supported him because of the social and moral issues. The outcome here can be measured by two issues—abortion and the tuition tax credit for non-public schools.

(continued on page 31)

# You're Only 21

Once?

by Tom O'Toole

## Characters:

*Tom O'Toole*, a senior at Notre Dame

*Billy*, a freshman

*Bobby, Berry, and Benny*, more freshmen

*"Blotto" and "Bleppo"*, two students outside liquor store

*Kid #1 and Kid #2*, two juvenile boys outside store

*Mary Ann and Mary Fran*, two SMC chicks outside store

*Cashier* inside store

*A Football Player* inside store

*Extra Manager* inside store

Act I takes place inside Tom's typical-looking dorm room. Tom's conversing with Billy, a somewhat shy, subdued freshman from down the hall.

*Billy*: So how does it feel to be twenty-one?

*Tom*: About the same as it did being twenty.

*Billy*: Really? But don't you feel any . . . older?

*Tom*: Maybe a day or so.

*Billy*: Wow! You can actually feel yourself gettin' older EVERY DAY now?

*Tom*: Yeah, you go quick when you get to be my age. Of course, some days you feel it more than others. For instance, sittin' here talkin' with you just now, I feel like I've aged about ten years.

*Billy*: Really? Well, it is kind of humid today too, you know.

*Tom*: No, Billy, I don't think it's the weather so much as . . . YOU!

*Billy*: (astonished) Me!

*Tom*: Yes, Billy, I'm afraid so. Now that I'm a MAN, it just wouldn't look good for me to be associating with a young carefree freshman anymore. People might think I'm reverting into a second childhood or something.

*Billy*: But TOM you mean I won't see you anymore?

*Tom*: I'll still wave to you in the john.

*Billy*: O Tom! (starts to sob)

*Tom*: Relax, Kid! I was only kiddin'! I told you, it's really no big deal.

*Billy*: But what about all the great things you can do now? I mean, legally!

*Tom*: Such as?

*Billy*: Well, you can go see X-rated movies!

*Tom*: That's right! In fact, I was gonna go out and catch a couple skin flicks just as soon as I finished my *Why Modern Morality Is a Mess* paper for Theology. Then again, if I put it off until after . . .

*Billy*: Sometimes I get the feeling you don't take me seriously.

*Tom*: That's not true. I was a freshman myself once and even though I have to shave just about every day now, I still remember pretty much how you feel. So if you ever need someone to buy for you, just ask.

*Billy*: You mean it?

*Tom*: I'm a MAN of my word now.

*Billy*: Gee, thanks! (rushes out of the room but to Tom's surprise, he returns about five seconds later.)

*Billy*: (slowly and softly) To-o-o-m?

*Tom*: Ye-e-e-s?

*Billy*: Could you buy a little beer for us?

*Tom*: (laughing) Well, that was quick. But I guess I can't back down now. Whatdaya need? A six, a twelve?

*Billy*: I think it would probably be cheaper to buy in cases.

*Tom*: I've underestimated you, Billy. The kid already knows the market! A case, then? (Billy shakes his head) But you said . . .

*Billy*: Cases. We need fifteen of 'em. Of course, I'm sure my roommates wouldn't mind if you bought the cans separately, as long as it came out to the same number . . .

*Tom*: Fifteen CASES?

*Billy*: Or 360 cans would be fine, too. A little variety might be nice.

*Tom*: Fifteen CASES!!

*Billy*: And a bottle of Lambrusco for Benny. He can't drink beer. Stomach problems or something.

*Tom*: (mumbling to himself) Fifteen cases!

*Billy*: Something wrong, Tom?

*Tom*: No, no. It's the humidity. . . . Do you have the . . . wow, I've never seen a hundred-dollar bill before . . . be right back (waves weakly; and mutters to himself as he walks away). I was a freshman myself once . . . but fifteen cases? (end of Act I)

## Act II

Act II takes place in front of and within a large liquor store. The act opens with Tom marveling at the neon sign atop the structure.

*Tom* (reading): "Alcohol Palace, The Wino's Wonderland." Yeah, this looks like a good place to buy "a little beer." (enters)

The inside of the massive store is arranged in countless rows of stock, and each aisle is labeled just like a supermarket. At the entrance of the store are shopping carts and store flyers, which Tom takes as he enters. Tom begins strolling wide-eyed through the store, enchanted by the surroundings.)

*Tom*: Would you look at all this stuff! (begins to absentmindedly pick up bottles and examine them) There's a funny-lookin' bottle . . . Wow, there's a WORM in there! Just so long as its dead . . . 140 proof! I guess you gotta be a "Wild Turkey" to drink it . . . would you looky here! Twenty bucks for a bottle of wine that's been sittin' on the shelf for twenty years! No wonder it doesn't sell. (By now several customers have started to listen to his running commentary, and when he finally straightens up he sees several pairs of eyes staring down at him. This snaps him back to reality, and he recalls his mission, making a beeline straight for the beer, and begins loading his cart. He continues the process for several minutes until his quota has been reached. He is breathing quite heavily by the time he finishes.)

*Tom*: Fifteen! God, I must be getting old! Now for

that Lambrusco. (tries to push the cart and nearly knocks his breath out when it won't budge and his chest collapses against it.)

*Tom:* Jesus! Is this mother heavy! He tries again but this time his body sinks lower to the ground as he continues to lose footing. Suddenly a football player spots Tom's dilemma. The player lifts Tom up, hurls him on top of the shopping cart, and proceeds to wheel him up to the checkout counter.)

*Football Player:* The first thing you gotta learn, O'Toole, is that you never buy more booze than you can handle.

*Tom:* (sarcastically) Thanks. I'll remember that. As they reach the checkout counter, the player walks away, and the cashier stares puzzledly at the seemingly abandoned stack of booze before her. She peers around it in every conceivable direction before she notices Tom atop the stack.)



*Cashier:* What do you think you're doing?

*Tom:* (innocently) Just trying to buy some beer, ma'am.

*Cashier:* Very funny! Now let's see some ID's.

*Tom:* Here's my school ID (lets it flutter down to her) and my driver's license (does the same with this) and ... let's see ... OH! How about my bank card? It's a good picture, don't you think?

The cashier, who has collected the fallen ID's, is now exchanging glances between the cards and the real thing, who is smiling down at her. This inconvenience seems to irritate her, until she decides she no longer wants to put up with it.

*Cashier:* Get down here where I can see you! (Tom seeing no room in the aisle, shrugs and jumps directly onto the counter, inches from the startled cashier.)

*Cashier:* (jumping back) My GOD!

*Tom:* No, but I do look much better in person.

(Trying to appear undaunted, the cashier continues to look first at Tom and then at the cards, apparently unable or unwilling to come to a decision.)

*Tom:* Well?

*Cashier:* (with a defeated mutter) Happy Birthday.

*Tom:* (smiling broadly) Thank you!

*Cashier:* (coldly) That'll be \$99.97. (hands her the bill. She looks at it, then looks again, but then being satisfied with its genuinity, is now puzzled over where to place it in her drawer.)

*Tom:* Never got one of those before, eh?

*Cashier:* (exasperatedly flings bill in drawer and withdraws three coins) Three cents is your change. (with forced smile) Thank you and come again.

*Tom:* Thank YOU. And I will. (pulls cart out the door. As he pulls the cart down a steep grading, he gradually loses control of the cart, decides to get out of the way of the runaway vehicle, only to see the cart heading straight for two unsuspecting students. Tom yells and then covers his eyes. A big "bouff!" is heard. Finally regaining courage, Tom looks up, amazed to find the cart and its contents still intact, balancing neatly against the rather sizable stomachs of "Blotto" and "Bleppo," who appear both unscathed and undaunted by the incident.)

*Tom:* Blot! Blep! You guys all right?

*Blotto:* Except our pride, man. I mean, like, people've told us we've had beer bellies before, but no one's ever tried to make us prove it! (they laugh loudly.)

*Tom:* (still nervous) Really, guys, I didn't mean ...

*Bleppo:* That's okay, O'Toole. We've survived a heck of a lot more beer than THIS before. (Again they look at each other and laugh uproariously.) What I want to know is, how much of the spoils is ours?

*Tom:* Well ... I ... You see ...

*Blotto:* Hey, we understand, Tom. We don't like Stroh's anyway, do we, Blep?

*Bleppo:* Naw ... (with that they nod, to each other, take a deep breath, and propel the cart back at Tom using only their stomachs. They laugh again at his startled "catch.")

*Blotto:* But what we was thinkin', was that if you can't let us in on any of this cargo, why don't you let us borrow your passports so we can heist some of our own?

*Tom:* You mean my ID's? Gee, Blot, I'd like to, but I don't know if you'd quite match the ...

*Blotto:* No problem. I'll just say I got a tan and a haircut.

*Tom:* I was thinking about the ... description.

*Bleppo:* Let's see. (he snatches the cards from Tom.) five-nine, one hundred twenty-five pounds ... I guess he's right.

*Blotto:* Yeah, I'm too tall. (they laugh again.)

*Tom:* Besides, I was just in there five minutes ago to buy these fifteen cases. I think she might still remember me.

*Bleppo:* Yeah, I can dig that. (pauses as if in thought) But since you and her are such good friends, whadaya say you be an ambassador of good will and go buy the beer for us?

*Tom:* I guess there's nothing wrong with that ...

*Bleppo:* 'course not. These places THRIVE on steady customers.

*Tom:* But I ... I mean SHE ...

*Blotto:* You want her? Then go for her, 'Tooles! And while you're at it, six cases of Mic.

(continued on page 18)

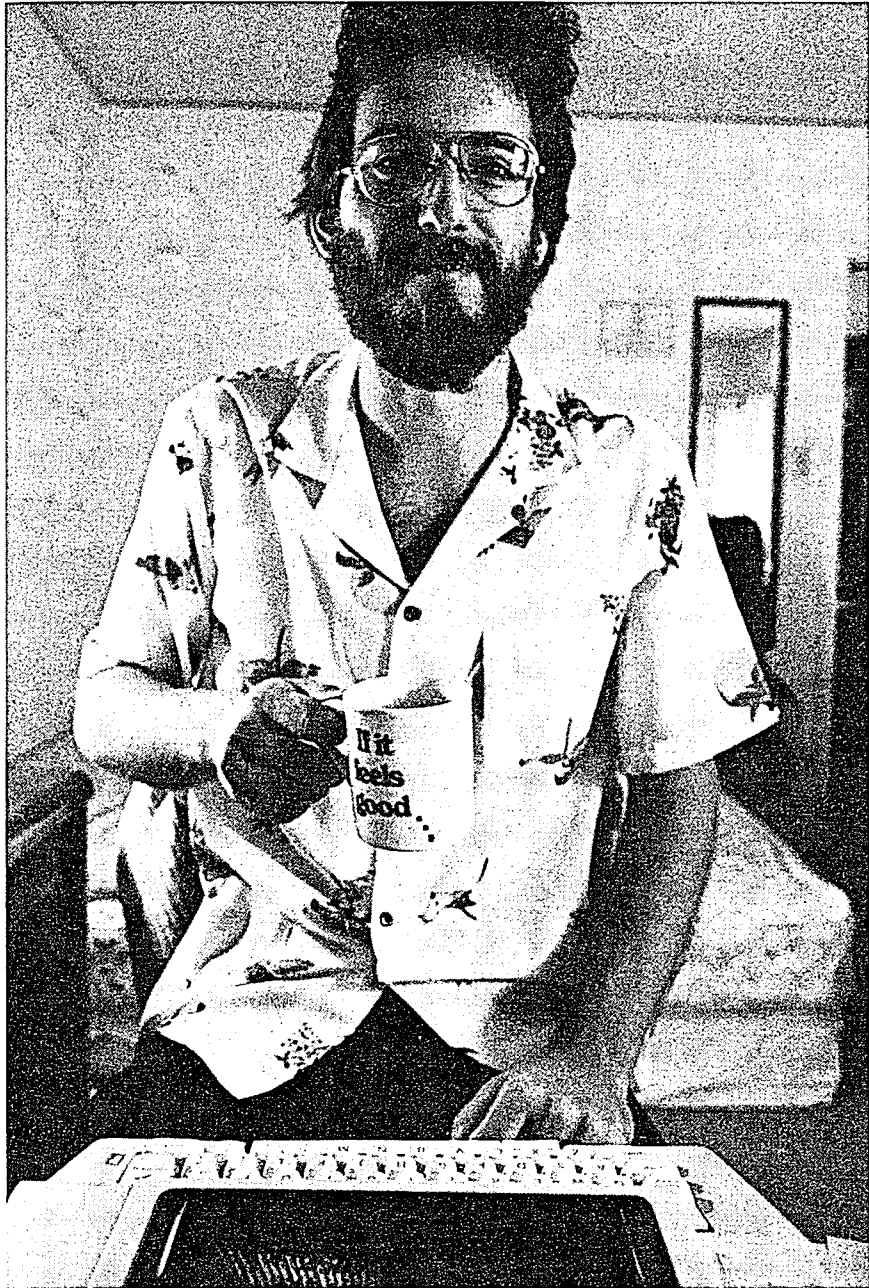


# Gallery

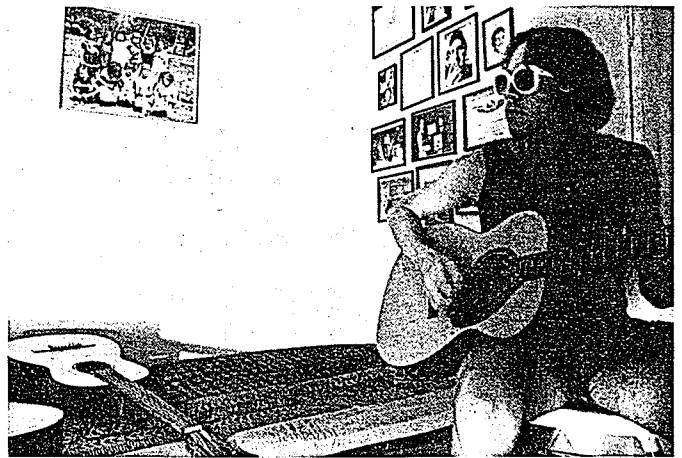
by Auggie Jennewein

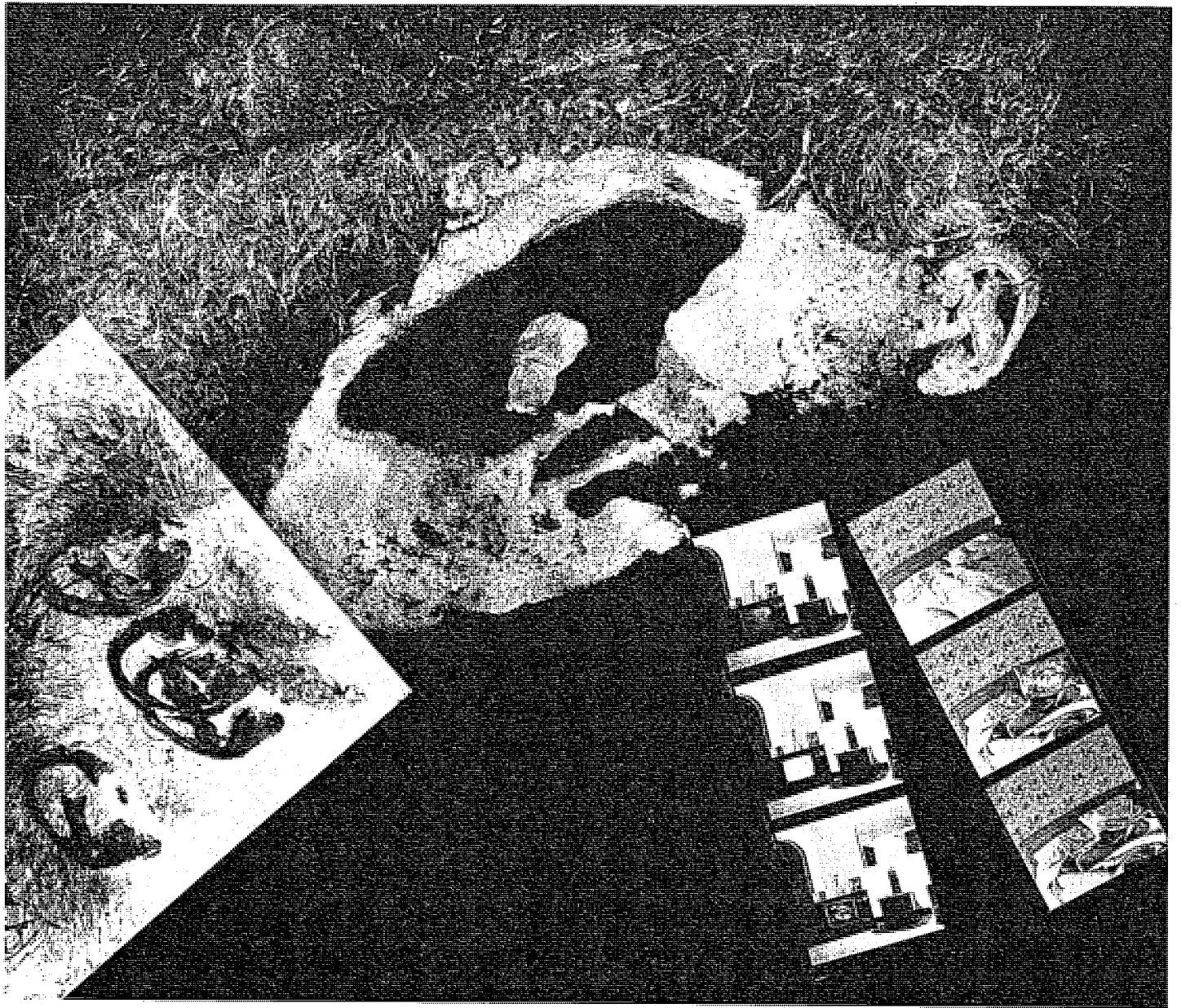
I'm asked, Why do you take photographs? Well . . .





... that's why





## Self Exposures

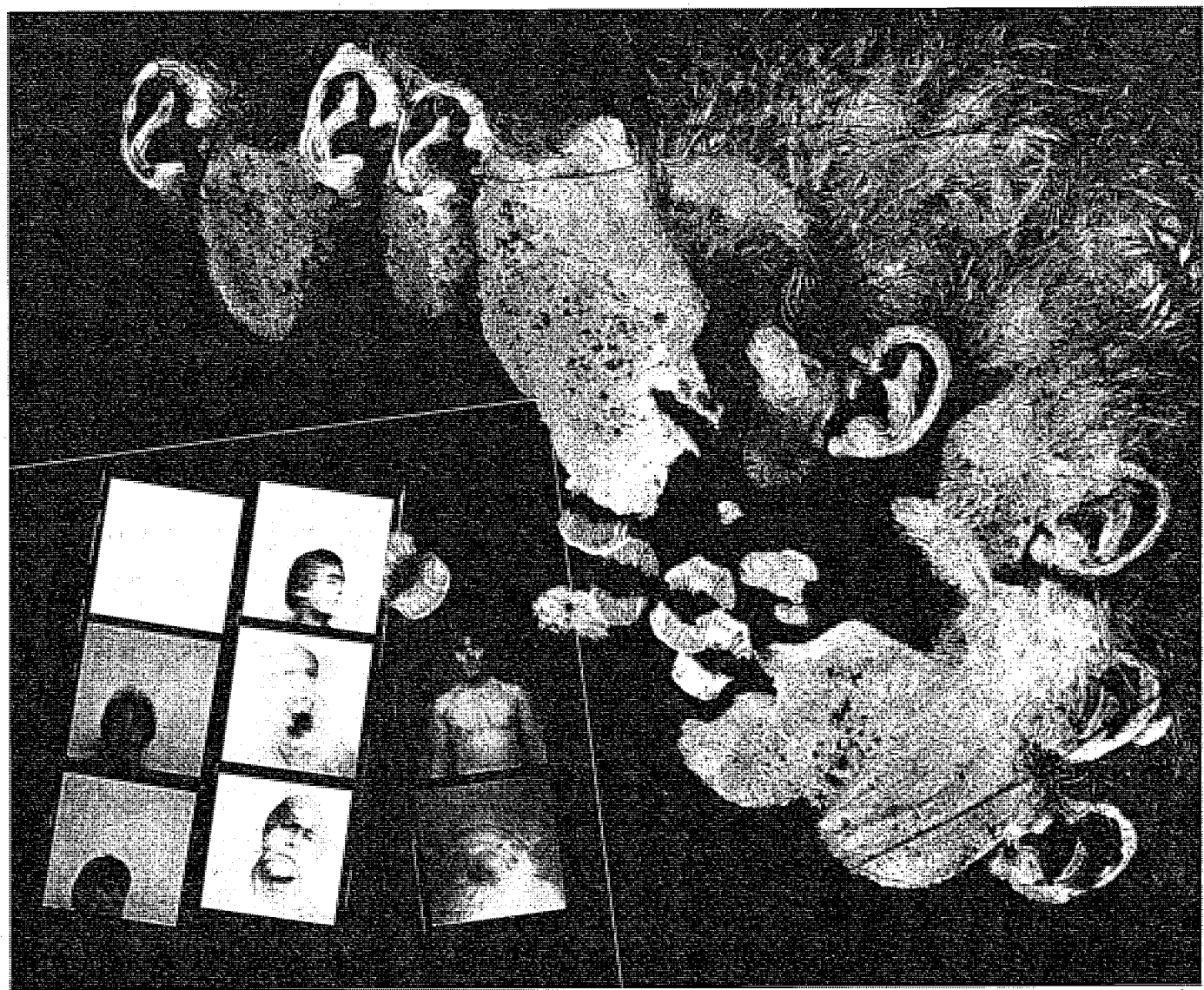
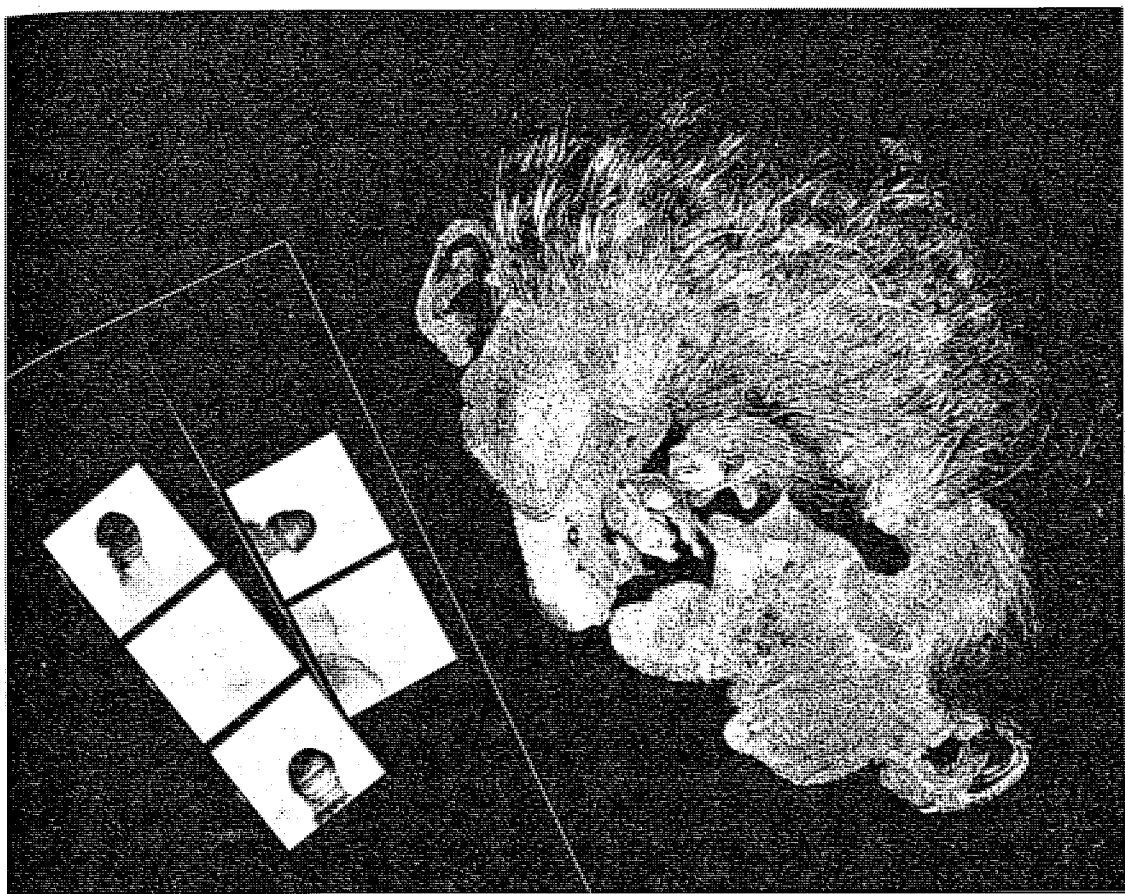
by Robert Wade

For in the immediate world, everything is to be discerned,  
for him who can discern it, and centrally and simply,  
without either dissection into science, or digestion into art,  
but with the whole of consciousness, seeking to perceive it as it stands:  
so that the aspect of a street in sunlight can roar in the heart  
of itself as a symphony, perhaps as no symphony can:  
and all of consciousness is shifted from the imagined, the revisive,  
to the effort to perceive simply the cruel radiance of what is.

And it is in these terms I would tell you, at all leisure,  
and in all detail, whatever there is to tell:  
of where I am: of what I perceive.

*James Agee*





*Bleppo*: (hands him money.) Cold cash for cold cases.

*Tom*: Right. (trudges in. This time he is all businesslike, going straight for the beer. Wasting no time loading, he is soon back at the checkout counter.)

*Cashier*: You again?

*Tom*: You said, "come again."

*Cashier*: Fifteen cases wasn't enough?

*Tom*: Better to be safe than sorry.

*Cashier*: Better to not piss the manager off the first day you're legal is what they say around here.

*Tom*: (trying to be helpful) Want to check my ID's?

*Cashier*: (shaking her head) You're a trip. Now take your money and run.

*Tom*: Thank you. (takes his change but leaves his shopping cart.)

*Cashier*: AND your booze!

*Tom*: (doubling back) Almost forgot. Thanks again!

*Cashier*: Don't mention it. (under her breath) Please!

(As he walks out, Blep and Blot, who were watching in the window, greet him while relieving him of their beer.)

*Blot*: Couldn't tear yourself away from her, eh?

*Tom*: Actually . . .

*Blep*: Don't be modest. She's got it all over you!

*Tom*: You can say that again!

*Blot*: Well, go for her, man! You're only twenty-one once. (the two depart.)

*Tom*: (to himself) That's what you think.

(As Tom walks toward his car, two juveniles are seen going over some plan to themselves. As Tom begins to pass, the first gives the signal, and the other begins their routine)

*Kid #1*: (so Tom can overhear) You're CRAZY! He's seventeen at the most!

*Kid #2*: But I saw him go in the store just a minute ago!

*Kid #1*: Haven't ya ever heard of fake ID's?

*Kid #2*: I dunno. He looks too dumb to be able to pull that number.

*Kid #1*: Probably slipped a fiver to the cashier.

*Kid #2*: At least.

*Tom*: (who has obviously been listening the whole time and is now becoming fed up.) I am TOO twenty-one!

*Kid #1*: Prove it.

*Tom*: (triumphantly) Do these look fake to you?

*Kid #1*: (examining ID's) Well I'll be damned! (nonchalantly reaches into his pockets and pulls out some coins) A six a' Blatz.

*Tom*: What!

*Kid #2*: I know, but it's all we could afford.

*Tom*: Oh no!

*Kid #2*: Really, it's okay, mister. We drink it all the time.

*Tom*: Well I'm not going to . . .

*Kid #1*: We said we BELIEVE ya. What are you, a sore winner?

*Tom*: (giving in) You're lucky it's my birthday or I wouldn't be in such a good mood!

(This time Tom rushes into the store, practically sprinting from the door to the beer to the checkout counter.)

*Cashier*: Cutting down, I see.

*Tom*: (breathing hard) I'm in training.

*Cashier*: Don't work too hard. You might become respectable or something.

*Tom*: I think I'm a little too far gone for that. (runs out.)

*Kid #1*: Whoa!

*Tom*: I wasn't about to steal this.

*Kid #2*: Just makin' sure. (they disarm him, and each pulls off a beer from the six pack. Then, going over to the store window, they beat on it until they have the Cashier's attention, then pop the beers open, take a big chug, and run away.)

*Kid #1*: (waving to Tom) So long, sucker!

*Tom*: I hope you get sick!

(This time Tom finally gets to his car, finishes loading the original purchase into his trunk, gets in and is ready to start the engine when he hears a knock on the window. He turns to see the bright, smiling faces of Mary Ann and Mary Fran, two similar looking and giddy SMC chicks. For a while he pretends he can't hear them, but when they motion him to roll down the window, he knows he is doomed.)

*Mary Fran and Mary Ann*: (in unison) HELLO TOM!

*Tom*: (weakly) Hello.

*Mary Fran*: I bet you don't remember our names.

*Tom*: Yes I do. (they wait)

*Mary Ann*: Well?

*Tom*: Bob and Fred.

*Mary Fran*: You're so funny!

*Tom*: I'm a riot. (hopefully) Need a lift back to campus?

*Mary Ann*: No, but how nice of you to ask! Wasn't that nice, Mary Fran?

*Mary Fran*: He's so SWEET! All we want to do is ask you a simple, little question. Are you . . .

*Tom*: Yes.

*Mary Ann*: Silly. You didn't even hear the question yet.

*Tom*: In fact, it's my birthday.

*Mary Fran*: Well how do you like that! Well I think that calls for a little song, don't you?

*Mary Ann*: After being so nice to us? It's the least we can do. (they are about to start "Happy birthday" when Tom stops them the only way he knows how.)

*Tom*: Before you waste your voices on me, is there anything I can get you in the store?

*Mary Fran*: Why, he's read our minds again! I do believe that boy is getting to be dangerous.

*Tom*: Have ID, will travel. Now what do you girls need?

*Mary Ann*: To make it easy on you, Tom, we wrote it all down!

*Tom*: Wrote it . . . (watches Mary Fran unravel the list, which stretches to the ground.) Oh no.

*Mary Fran*: As easy as 1, 2, 3!

*Tom*: What about 4, 5, 6, 7, . . .

*Mary Ann*: Silly boy!

*Mary Fran*: Hurry back!

(This time Tom moves through the store slowly, hitting every aisle, and just as if he were grocery shopping he asks clerks, compares prices, and looks for specials. He goes over the list several times, and when he is confident he has found everything, he slowly maneuvers his cart into the checkout lane once more, only to find behind the counter, along with the cashier, the manager also.)

*Manager*: What kind of an operation do you think you're running, O'Toole?

*Tom*: I was just . . . stocking up.

*Manager*: (to Cashier) How many times has he been in here tonight?

*Cashier*: I lost count.

*Tom*: (defensively) It was only four!

*Manager*: FOUR!!



*Tom:* (as an excuse) It's my birthday.

*Manager:* So I've heard. Listen, O'Toole, we got a very strict policy about buyin' for minors around here, and if you keep trying to make us out to be fools, it's gonna be a long year for the both of us. Now I HOPE I don't see you in here again for a long time.

*Tom:* I hope so too, sir, I mean, I think this should hold me for a while.

*Cashier:* How long a while?

*Tom:* I promise I won't be back tonight. (makes a quick exit. As he enters the parking lot, he spies Mary Ann and Mary Fran making out with two male patrons on the hood of his car.)

*Mary Fran:* Oh, he's back! Hello, Tom. We missed you.

*Tom:* I'm sorry I kept you waiting.

*Mary Ann:* But we didn't mind, did we, Mary Fran?

*Tom:* No, really. I'm thinking of opening a delivery service.

*Mary Fran:* Silly boy! (they walk away with the booze and the boys, but just as they are about to vanish, Mary Fran stops.)

*Mary Fran:* Hey! We almost forgot to sing!

(Realizing his cue, Tom jumps into his car, revs up the motor, blasts on the stereo, and the scene closes with the duet struggling to be heard above the roar.)

### Act III

The action takes place in Tom's room, where the four freshmen have now gathered. They have made themselves at home, watching TV. They are devouring his birthday cake, and making a general shambles of the room as Tom and a cartload of beer make their long-awaited appearance.

*Bobby:* Finally!

*Barry:* Yeah, that cake made me thirsty.

*Benny:* What took so long? You remembered my Lambrusco, didn't you?

*Billy:* (acting as a spokesman for the exhausted Tom.) He sure did. And fifteen cases, all the same kind.

*Bobby:* (checking for himself) They're barely cold!

*Berry:* What good is that?

*Benny:* (motioning to Tom.) Better bring 'em down to our room, and stick 'em in the fridge right away.

*Tom:* I'll stick you . . . where's my cake?

*Billy:* You said I could have a piece, remember?

*Tom:* But it's gone!

*Billy:* But Tom, you KNOW it's impolite to eat in front of others.

*Berry:* Too much frosting if you ask me.

*Tom:* The only thing I'll ask you is to get out!

*Berry:* (to others) What's with him?

*Bobby:* Who knows? Let's blow, you guys.

*Benny:* Thanks for the warm beer (all exit except Billy and Tom.)

*Billy:* I'm sorry about the mess we left, Tom. I can help you clean it up if you want.

*Tom:* That's okay. I doubt it was your doing anyway.

*Billy:* And the cake. I should've known.

*Tom:* Don't blame yourself.

*Billy:* And I know the guys really do appreciate the beer, even though they don't sound like it. Was there any trouble?

*Tom:* Trouble? Why should there be trouble? I'm twenty-one, remember.

*Billy:* I keep forgettin'. (is about to leave, and comes back) Happy Birthday, Tom.

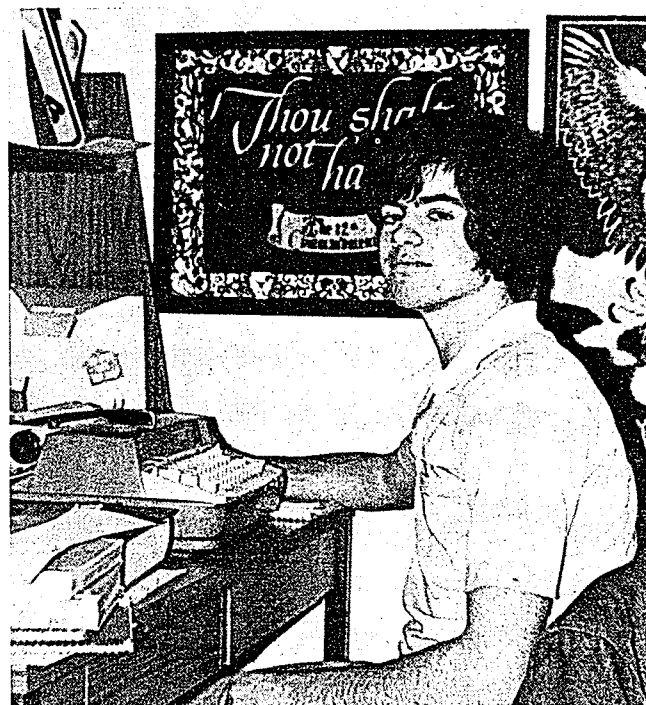
*Tom:* Thanks, Bill. Now get lost.

*Billy:* Bye! (exits)

*Tom:* After that excursion, I think I deserve a cold beer myself. (walks over, opens his fridge, and finds it empty except for a can of Hawaiian Punch.) Those BASTARDS! (takes can in his hand, and in his frustration squeezes it so hard that the can bursts and he is drenched by its contents. At first this upsets him even more, but as he comes to the realization of his feat, a glimmer creeps into his eyes, a smile comes over his face, as he begins to flex his newly discovered muscles.) Wow. I never did THAT before. (calls) Hey Billy! Com'ere! Wanna see what you can do when you're twenty-one?

And the scene closes.

THE END



# Poetry



Liz Blakey

## Letter

by Liz Blakey

I give myself, my love, to you.  
Each day with pain,  
I feel my desires to give you my fullest love  
You may not think my love is complete  
Because of socially learned feminine games  
But I play because if I did not—

I would never leave your side.  
If I did not state my separateness,  
I could not help melting into you and your life.  
I'd want always to be with you  
But you want that not.  
And when you don't at a certain event  
I force myself away once and twice,  
In order to stay alive.

My love expresses your perfect boyish man.  
Your mind, a brilliant child  
Experiencing, touching the gifts of this world.  
Your heart, a playful, yet faithful puppy  
That will run but not stray.  
Your body, a Greek statue of a noble thoughtful young  
man  
Slender, soft, but strong and smooth.  
You move with purpose, energy, thoughts racing as you  
walk.  
Your eyes spark while ideas burn forth on constructive  
confusion,

ideas more complete, for they  
never end connecting.

Your arms encompass me and make me part of your  
moments  
When around you, and you round me,  
We complete each other and love is unspoken known.  
We compete with each other and love undeveloped is  
grown.  
We converse with each other with words only to lovers  
known.

## As we Exit now

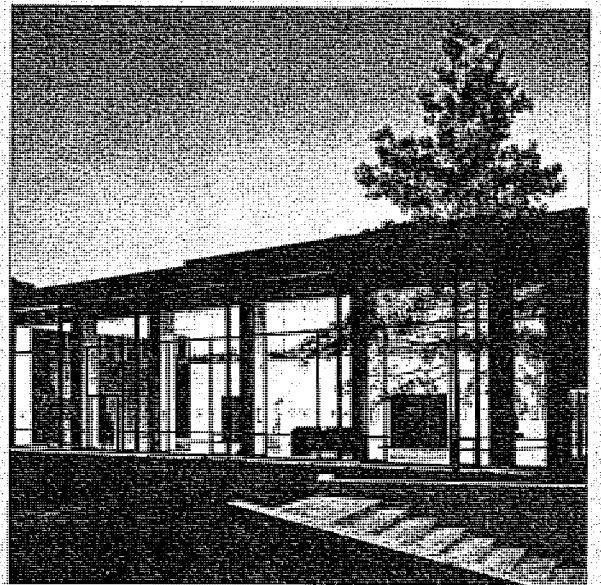
by Liz Blakey

As we exit now  
From the cave of our childhood  
And enter unto the beautiful  
Springtime rain of our youthful  
Free years,

A warm spot remains  
In our hearts, an ember from the  
cave,  
And we can retreat to that glow and  
blind innocence of  
Our dark damp caves, when it rains  
Too hard upon us.

Eventually we will walk  
Over that distant mountain  
And it will be clear day and clear  
For us what life has to shine and  
give.

Someday, we will pass  
Unto the clouds.



## In the Museum of Natural History

by Molly Woulfe

It's really humiliatin',  
you're just standin' there,  
admiring the panda

when they spring from behind the  
primates  
slap you against the wall,  
slam you against the wall.

"So, hey, baby, what time is it?  
C'mere, give us a kiss.  
Got any money, honey?"

dirty denim  
pressing against you.

And you're scared as hell,  
but you still twist, and spit,  
"A guard's over there, I'll . . ."

A sudden, shocking, jolt,  
and your face cracks against glass,  
sinking past

those glass eyes  
that watch you  
choke on your cry.



Molly Woulfe

## A Story for Anthony

by Molly Woulfe

while other eight-year-olds  
wed their Barbies off to Kens  
(in the eyes of God and Mattel)  
I was into *Wonder Woman* comics  
and no way in hell  
was *my* doll gonna be laced  
into a silken straitjacket,  
real seed pearls or not!

no, my Barbie was Queen of the  
Amazons,  
in a short tunic, with silver shield.  
she climbed the tallest trees  
and swam the wildest seas  
and laughed at the sailors  
who lay apple-sized diamonds before  
her.  
and the other Amazons marveled at  
her wisdom.

and when Francie, a mere archer,  
eloped with G.I. Joe, he beat her,  
and when she returned weeping to  
the tribe,  
Barbie had him seized and bound,  
and we all stoned him.

so there you are, baby—  
wanna risk my flints?

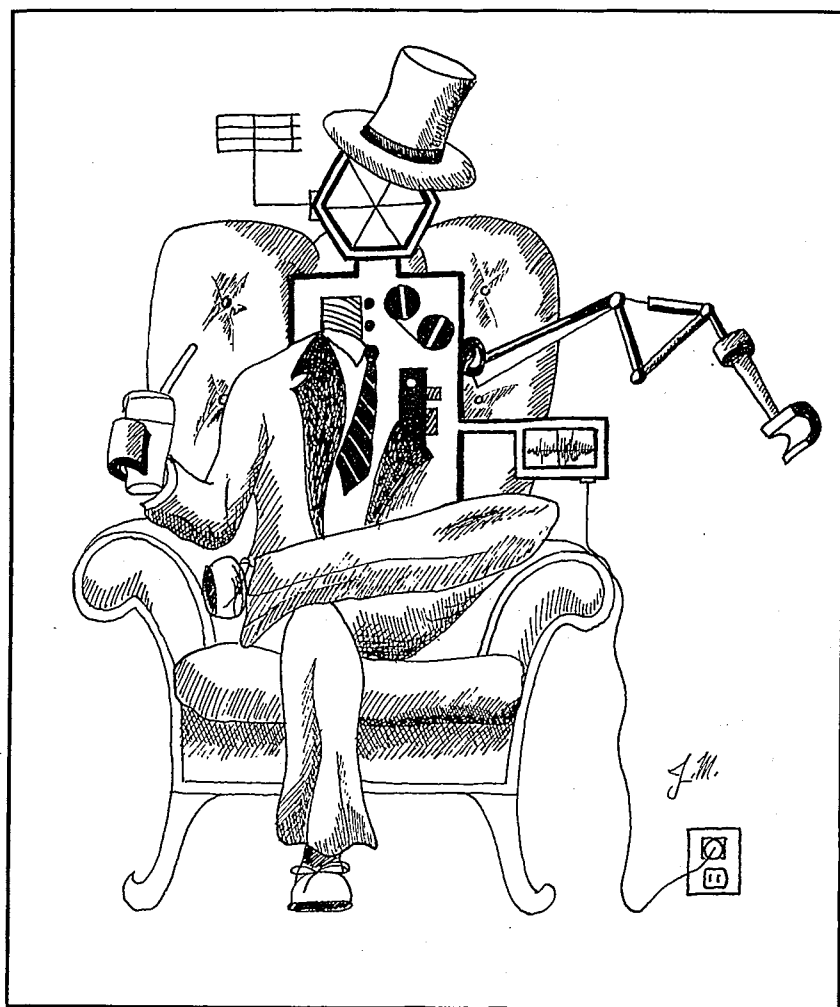
## Awakening

As I stood by my window  
Watching the dark seep over the  
land  
I cried.  
Cried for what I was  
What I am  
And what I could be.  
I turned away from where I stood,  
Afraid to think about yesterday,  
Afraid to face today,  
And afraid to look at tomorrow.  
The night was warm  
And as I walked through the wet  
grass  
Watching the sun die over a lonely  
world  
I realized that life is only what we  
choose to make it.  
To take the steps  
To know, understand, learn,  
To feel the pain  
And after feel the joy  
That only after having felt real pain  
The joy real happiness can bring.

Anonymous

# The Life and Times of SA 0133

by Mary Pigott



Prime Minister Malignant eased himself into his favorite chair facing a large bay window. Outside he could see the sun setting over the ocean. The ocean had a cold silver look to it except on the horizon where it was streaked with orange. The Prime Minister glanced at his watch and sighed contentedly, 5:53 exactly. It was nice to know that some things maintained perfect order regardless of all exterior factors. He pushed a red button next to his chair which put the time lock into operation. He was now locked in the circular room and could not get out, nor could anyone enter for the next eight hours,

He leaned forward and flicked on the SA 0133 which stood between him and the window. It immediately began to hum. Across the screen flashed — Good evening, sir, ready to begin when you are. — Malignant began setting dials and pushing buttons to review the Daily Reports of the district officers. There wouldn't be anything of great importance in them because anything out of the ordinary was classified into the Special Reports program. Malignant only reviewed them once a week, on Friday nights, just to keep on top of things. One always had to anticipate the future. The screen lit up. — 432 members of the Artists Union were relocated to the construction work experience program. Physical Awareness protesters' group relocated from A3 primary schools to B2 secondary schools. Computer programmers in building 15 exceeded work inefficiency range restrictions. Granted 24 hours rest break, . . .

Grumbling grey clouds, thick murky sea  
spindly black stacks, floors on floors  
square glass eyes, unblinking reflections

clean beige carpet, flatly soft  
murmuring soft lights, flashing red, green, yellow  
excited ticking humming, edgy anticipation  
wires, buttons, dials, keys  
dead bolt, wife two children, spaghetti  
kitchen, yellow curtains, tile floor  
coffee, swirling cream, pillow and blanket  
grumbling grey clouds, thick murky sea

189 cases in cancer compound diagnosed as inevitable and released from life. Twenty-nine births, fourteen marriage contracts. . . .

She woke up with a start. She wanted to let the excitement in her take control but quickly stifled it with her regular routine of washing and dressing. It was her twentieth birthday, the turning point of her life. She could almost feel the blood racing through her veins. She had passed all the preliminaries. Her sexual responses were normal. Her reproduction system checked out all right. She had no detectable diseases. She passed the domestic engineer test with ease and the psychological examination rendered her mentally healthy and adaptable. She had always longed to be a wife and mother. She glanced at her watch. Her appointment with the Nuptial Contractor was in 40 minutes.

She sat on her bed and took a last look at the dormitory where she had spent the last four years of her life. She remembered vaguely how frightened she had been when she had first arrived. It hadn't taken long to fit into the routine. One didn't remain self-conscious for long when one wore the same pale blue dress, ate the same food, worked the same shift, and attended the same classes as everyone else.

She sighed and gathered her possessions into her new backpack: her hair brush, toothbrush, deodorant, hair clips, underwear, scissors, Kleenex, socks, nutri-pills, manuals, and a regulation size photograph of her parents with their arms around each other. She sighed again and wondered about who would be taking her place in the dormitory, sleeping in her bed. The two girls who slept on either side of her came up to shake her hand and wish her luck. They were only nineteen. All of a sudden that seemed very young. She went to the office to sign the departure forms. Mrs. Canster, a widow of ten years, smiled at her and said it was nice to have known her.

She walked into the special elevator and programed it to the Nuptial building. The only other place it could be programed to was apartment complex 6 or 7 for single working women, primary or secondary district I dorms for teachers, the hospital, or the Institute for the Maladjusted. When the elevator went below ground level, a small red light came on. Soon it stopped and the doors on her left slid open.

She crawled into the dark tube-vator, and carefully lay on her back, not moving within the narrow confines of the tube. The door at her feet slid closed and the tube sped through the tunnel. It stopped three times on its way for tube traffic running across its path. When it did she felt the tube behind her gently bump into hers and wondered who was in it. Finally it stopped and the door at her head slid open letting in a burst of light that made her squint.

Fifteen minutes later the Nuptial Contractor had completed programing the information which she had given him. He unhooked her from the lie detector test and called for the escort. The escort led her down long white halls until they reached the Nuptial dormitory. Here she would have to wait until her program could be matched with that of a compatible male. By the fourth day she was worried. In the four days she had waited she had seen many women come and go. She wondered what was taking so long.

On the fifth day she was summoned downstairs for the signing of the contract. The computer had found her a match of equal status and she would be married. He was reasonably handsome, although a little on the short side. His occupation was computer programer, level C. He smiled at her and she blushed. They shook hands. She slid the small silver ring she received upon entry at the dormitory off her left hand and onto her right hand. He produced a small yellow ring and slid it onto the finger which the silver ring had been on. They signed the contract and then they kissed. The Nuptial Contractor handed them the computer program which listed their privileges, restrictions, and future location. She would be allowed to have two children. He congratulated them. They got to know each other quickly. They were satisfied with each other. Once in a while,

during his break at work, he programed the computer to compose sonnets for her from his terminal. . . .

Malignant skimmed through the rest of the thirty-five district reports. They were all pretty much the same. He then readjusted the buttons and dials to view the New Innovations program. First on the list was Destiny Park. Destiny Park is mainly successful due to therapeutic psychological effects produced in participants, rather than population-reduction effects. It appeals to potentially rebellious lower class workers who believe their free wills to be restricted. One out of ten people are terminated per ride. The rides have become more successful since ride fees have been charged. Middle-class participation is increasing. Upper-class participation is almost nonexistent. Worker attitudes are improved in areas where Destiny Parks have been established. Evaluation: Evident success. Increase availability. STOP.

By the time Malignant finished programming orders and recommendations into the SA 0133 for the New Innovations program, the stars were shining brightly over the ocean outside his window. The foamy waves crashed into the shore in a ceaseless swelling and breaking. He could see Orion clearly shining out from the rest of the stars. Before he started on the Minor Crisis program, he decided to indulge himself in a few minutes of a 10 Years Ago Today program. He set the dials and buttons and the screen lit up with a descriptive list of the major events that happened ten years ago on March 18. — 1) Tube-vator transpo sequence: expansion construction into District 23-25 completed. Now ready for operation. 2) Dr. Emile Lanock, famous scientist, inventor of Nutri-pills strain 2, suffered a nervous breakdown and was transported to the Institute for the Maladjusted. . . .

Dr. Lanock slowly walked down the narrow hall. On one end of the hall was his bedroom, containing a cot, a dresser, and a shelf with a few old novels and a dictionary on it. On the other end was his laboratory which contained billions of dollars' worth of equipment. Although he walked slowly, he was in a state of elation. He had just had five hours of much-needed sleep and he was ready to review his finished report. Waiting for him in his laboratory was a small test tube which contained a mixture that Dr. Lanock had spent almost his whole life as a research scientist developing.

In his youth, Dr. Lanock had isolated a certain type of bacteria which killed almost every known type of cancer cell. Unfortunately, it also destroyed normal cells. Dr. Lanock played with the idea of developing an antibiotic which would make normal cells immune to the bacteria, while leaving the cancerous cells susceptible to it. This idea which his mind had entertained as a youth became an obsession with him in his later years.

But just eight hours earlier, Dr. Lanock had confirmed the fact that he had finally developed the antibiotic which kept rats with cancer that he had infected with the bacteria from dying. When he realized his success, he had sat down in his chair feeling a dull sense of awe and a peaceful fatigue. He had sat in his chair with his eyes unfocused, staring at the cages for almost an hour. Then his heart had quickened with the fear that the rats had survived the bacteria by a fluke of nature, and that it wasn't really the antibiotic that had done it. He hurriedly performed the experiment several more times with more rats. The initial results were confirmed and Dr. Lanock sat down again to write up a report of his experiment. It took him a very long time. The fatigue and elation worked in his brain to put





him in a silly, punchy mood. He talked to the rats, giving them names and telling them they would be famous. He smiled off into space and thought about his wife who was deceased. And he carefully and painstakingly set down the results of his experiments in a detailed report. He cleaned up the laboratory and then slowly walked to his room where after lying on his cot for a long time, he drifted off into sleep.

As Dr. Lanock walked down the hall in his state of quiet elation, he wondered if maybe the whole thing hadn't been a dream. After all, he had gone a very long time without sleep, aside from that which he had just awakened from. He reached the laboratory door and pulled out his key to unlock it. Taking two steps into the room, he froze, stunned. Not one cage held any sign of life in it. All his rats lay stiff on their backs. He hurried to his desk gasping for breath. The report was gone. He rushed to the refrigerator where the test tube was. Nothing, it was empty. Dr. Lanock stood frozen by the refrigerator for just a moment gripping the open door with all his might, until his knuckles were white and his hand hurt. Then his hand slowly relaxed and he sank to the ground. Two men dressed in ordinary clothes who had been waiting by the door gently lifted him and carried him to the basement where the tube-vator was programmed for the Institute. . . .

Malignant shook his head sadly. He had forgotten that March 18 was the anniversary of this unfortunate occurrence. He had liked the old Doctor, but his discovery would have disrupted things drastically. The balance between births and deaths was a delicate thing. Malignant read through some more of the program and then reset the buttons and dials to the Minor Crisis report. Malfunction of transpo sequence in district 8, thirty-nine people killed in high-speed tube-vator collision, system currently out of commission. Probable cause: human error. Earthquake destroyed or damaged eight buildings in Sector 7. Death count currently uncalculated. Five inmates of the Institute in district 11, four men and one woman escaped, killing two guards in process. . . .

"Take that, you pea brain. Bomp, Boom, Boom, Bippo!"

"Will you come on! Can't you see he's dead, Moose? Now hurry. The others are waiting."

"Just wanted to make sure, Bossy."

"Ok, ok, c'mon, I see them waiting up ahead."

"What was that guard doing patrolling so far from the fence, Boss?"

"I don't know Melon, probably bird watching. Now let's get the hell outta here. Where's Lily?"

"In yonder bushes, Boss, takin' a leak."

"Great. I don't know what is wrong with that woman. Here she comes."

"Burt! God am I glad to see you! What took huh?"

"Moose was giving me a demonstration of the human anatomy from the inside out. Now let's go. I figure we should be halfway down the mountain by daybreak and we're already behind schedule, You ok, Goon?"

"Umm, umm, I'm good, Goon's good."

"Ha ha hah, Goon's good, Goon's good, hah ha ha."

"Shut up Moose. Ya damned morons. Everyone single file. First me, then Lily, then Goon, then Moose, then Melon. Melon don't you let anyone get behind you. Got that?"

"Yeah, Boss."

"All right now no more talking."

"No more talking? Whaddya mean no more talking Burt? Who's gonna hear us out here? We're free now.

No talking's the rule in there. I wanna tell stories."

"Jesus Christ, Lily, can't you close that mouth of yours at all? We're not free yet. We have a long way to go. Now everyone stick together."

"You're not very nice to me Burt. I'll just wait here. You can just go on without me. You didn't have to take me, ya know."

"Oh Lily please. I wanted you to come. I just don't want us to get caught. So just whisper, like me. Ok?"

"Ok, Burt, I'll do whatever you tell me to do."

"Thatta girl."

"What are we gonna do when we get to the bottom, Burt?"

"We're going to walk around and act like everyone else, Lily."

"Oh, yeah? How we gonna do that? We gonna tell Moose and Goon just not to talk anymore?"

"No Lily, of course not. They just won't talk when they're around other people."

"What other people, Bossy? I don't got ya straight on this one yet."

I'll explain to you later Moose."

"Ok, Bossy, you explain to me later."

"Burt, maybe we shouldn't leave the mountain. Maybe we should just find a cave and tell stories all day. Don't you think that would be fun? 'Cause, Burt, I'm scared to go down there."

"Yeah, Bossy, big crowds of people yelling and running around. They get me real mad sometimes and then I'm in big trouble, Bossy. I want stories."

"Damnation! I have had it with this."

"Burt!"

"This ain't gonna work, Lily. This just ain't gonna work. I figured once we got out of there, things would be ok, but this just ain't gonna work like this."

"Don't I get to have a baby?"

"Hey Bossy, I forgot. I wanna go into McDonald's and eat cheeseburgers. Remember? Huh, remember? You said, Bossy. You said I could go."

"Oh Jesus Christ."

"Boss, hey boss, Moose is getting behind me. So is Goon. Goon's crying, Boss."

"All right, all right, all right. Everybody calm down. Everything's Ok. Lily's right. We ain't gonna go off the mountain. We're just gonna stay on it and live here. And Lily's gonna tell us stories. Is that ok with everyone? Does everyone wanna hear stories?"

"Yeah, Bossy, Lily tell stories."

"Ok, and when we get hungry I'll sneak down to the bottom and get some Nutri-pills."

"Cheeseburgers!"

"Yes, and some cheeseburgers too. And we'll sleep under trees 'kay? It'll be fun. Now, Lilly, you start the first story. I'm gonna go get the food. By the time you're done with your story, I'll be back. But if I'm a little late, just everyone lay down and take a little nap."

"Let me go with you Boss."

"No Melon. You stay here and keep Lily company, and listen to her stories. I'll be right back."

"Ok Burt, be careful. Hurry up."

"Don't worry Lily. Just everyone relax and stay right there. Lily, you tell a good long story. And don't worry if this takes a while. . . ."

Prime Minister Malignant had long been considering a new regulation which he wanted to get onto the books: any person who had lived in the Institute for the Maladjusted for over three years and showed no sign of rehabilitation or no indication that they could be trained for some kind of work would be terminated.

*(continued on page 31)*

# Perspective

## *From Rudolph to Webster*

by Dan Keusal

During a conversation I had with my mother over October break, I mentioned that the one thing I would especially like for Christmas this year is the Webster Dictionary of Synonyms. When one considers that I aspire to be a writer someday, the request seems perfectly ordinary. It certainly appears to lack any hidden meaning.

When I shared the story of the conversation with my roommate, he said something that made me realize how much meaning was embodied in my simple desire for that book: "If someone had told you years ago that someday you'd be asking for a dictionary for Christmas, you'd have said they were crazy!"

His comment sent my mind wandering into the past, back to the time when I was a typical ten-year-old from a typical middle class family in typically middle-class Gaithersburg, Maryland. It was a time when I, like most every other ten-year-old, anxiously awaited Santa's annual shipment of toys and games. To show our reciprocal good will, my brother Andy and I would leave a fair assortment of Mom's homemade cookies and a glass of milk on the fireplace. We would then trot off to bed wondering if Rudolph would arrive before the sandman.

Christmas morning found Andy and I waking at the crack of dawn, despite Dad's effort to postpone the inevitable in favor of some extra sleep by unplugging our alarm clocks. After waking our three baby sisters with a not-too-careful tiptoe down the hallway, we would spring into the master bedroom and provide Mom and Dad with a unique alarm clock service.

After what seemed an eternity—Mom always seemed to need a few minutes to orient herself to seven o'clock—the Keusal's would make the long-awaited dash down the stairway to the family room where a mountain of gifts lay under the tree. The next hour was characterized by "oohs," "aahs," "thank-yous," and Mom's repeated urgings to open our gifts slowly since "Santa spent a lot of time wrapping them and would want you to enjoy them longer." At the end of it all we each had a personal mountain attesting to Santa's generosity.

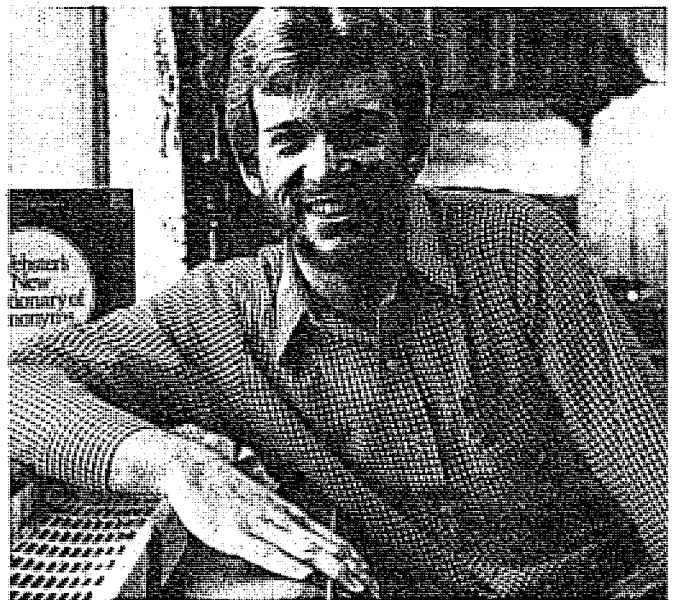
After all the immediate debris was cleared away, we would put on our Sunday best and head for St. Martin's for Sunday Mass. Looking back, it would be easy to remember this as an anticlimax, but my parents always seemed to throw in just the right amount of reminders about the "real meaning of Christmas" to make the manger scene stick in my mind at least until the first toy broke.

About the only thing I can say I lacked at Christmas is the snow that never fell in Maryland. Mom's shared memories of twenty-five white Christmases spent in Illinois instilled in me over the years a peculiar identification with and love for Bing Crosby's classic song. . . .

It was during my high school years that the change from electric football to dictionaries began. It was

during those same years that my family, like so many others, began to feel the pinch of a sagging economy. To any poor family from a ghetto in New York City our tree would still have looked like a pretty fair sampling of the local toy store, but by our standards it was definitely on the decline.

Gradually the manger scene and all that it symbolized worked its way into the forefront of my Christmas thoughts. The reminders about the "real meaning of Christmas" began to ring as loudly as silver bells. The trip to St. Martin's became as important as the trip down the stairs. The glitter of the holiday sales paled in the light of another gift—that of God's son, sent to this world as our savior. I suppose the seeds of this realization were inside of me all along. I had only to open my heart to the call of God's spirit.



Dan Keusal

The sight of snow falling still elicits from me "oohs" and "aahs" similar to those that filled the family room on Christmas morning, and "White Christmas" will ring from my guitar more than once during the holiday season to come. My heart will probably grow a little warmer when I stroll through Lakeforest Mall back in Gaithersburg and take in all the glitter. All the traditional joys of Christmas will add to the peace this holiday season will bring me. But I believe in my heart that they are all less important than the birth of a small child nearly two thousand years ago. □

*Dan Keusal is a sophomore History Major.*

# Music



Alex deGrassi

## Three Studies in Guitar Impressionism

by Dan Gonzales

impact are the hallmarks of the music of deGrassi, Ackerman, and Walters, and the moods are infinite; energy, light, darkness, ecstasy, melancholy, people, and places are but a few of the dimensions which are expressed through the skill and imagination of these artists.

At a time when most established performers in popular music continue to peddle the same tired formulas, and the so-called "New Wave" movement mass-produces endless quantities of material of questionable quality, it is both relieving and exciting to discover contemporary music that is refreshingly expressive and at the same time artistically creative. Currently popularized by musicians such as Alex deGrassi, William Ackerman, and Notre Dame's own Rick Walters, this innovative creation known to some as "guitar impressionism" is building a reputation for itself across the country.

What is guitar impressionism, and what's so great about it? Objectively, this term is used to describe a fusion of several musical traditions, including jazz, folk, and rock, employing unconventional techniques such as modal tuning, the use of harmonics, and the steel string guitar's own unique acoustic qualities in the performance of its material, in addition to traditional methods. Any discussion on this cerebral level alone, however, fails to bring out the nebulous essence of guitar impressionism, and raises doubts about its significance: why bother listening to this when you can get the same music without unnecessary embellishments?

This, as I indicated earlier, is a one-dimensional argument; there is a real difference between guitar impressionism and modern popular music, and that difference is found in its intensity. Sensation and visual

In their concert at the Annenberg Auditorium of the Snite Museum of Art on October 19, William Ackerman and Rick Walters performed once more before the Notre Dame community, and again they played with the intensity with which they were received. It was a homecoming of sorts for Rick, who attended Notre Dame until 1974 and last performed here at the beginning of the year, but he opened the concert as if he had never been away. Beginning with "Unicorn Dream #2," Rick led the audience over the landscape of his emotions and imagination, from the eerie depths of "St. Thomas" to the bouncy bluegrass rhythms of "Poor Boy Long Way from Home" to the strong serenity of "Valerie's Song." He revealed for his listeners a wide spectrum of feelings and experiences.

Headlining the bill, William Ackerman was equally impressive, if not more so. Opening his set with "The Wall and the Wind," Will prepared the audience for the variety of pieces he was to perform for the rest of the evening. He continued with "A Tribute to the Philosophy of James Estell Bradley," a complex composition with a folk flavor and a tinge of melancholy. Other songs such as "Garden," "Anne's Song," "Barbara's Song," and "The Bricklayer's Beautiful Daughter" projected vivid images, ranging from the bucolic countryside to a woman's subtle beauty and character, holding the audience spellbound. The evening reached its peak with Will's "The Rediscovery of Big Bug Creek, Arizona" and "Seat-

tle," as the primeval majesty and raw power which accompanied the visual impact of these two selections simply overwhelmed everyone present, including myself. It was a very special evening on all counts.

To return to a discussion of this genre, though deGrassi, Ackerman, and Walters all fall under the general rubric of guitar impressionists, they each have their own characteristic qualities. In fact, there are certain significant differences among the three of them. Much of this apparent contradiction, however, can be traced to a general ambivalence toward this categorization held by each of these artists.

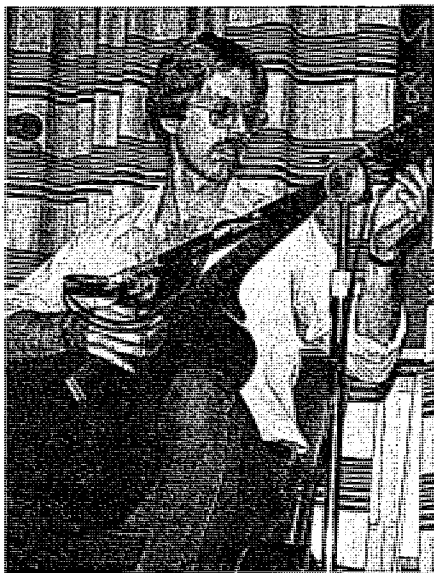
A striking illustration of this situation can be observed in the emphasis which each guitarist places on certain aspects of his own music; while deGrassi tends to stress the visual impressions elicited by his works, harking back to the classical impressionists of the turn of the century, Ackerman sees his music in terms of both the setting and the mood, and Walters bases the significance of his compositions on more emotional factors. Nevertheless, this does, then, raise a serious question: Is guitar impressionism actually a relevant classification for this type of music? It can be argued that "guitar impressionism" is simply a reaction to popular music's lack of imagery and emotion which has evolved in recent years, much as folk music, "New Wave," and disco developed in reaction to a musical stasis. This so-called genre encompasses too broad a variety of music to be viewed as a discrete entity.

All this notwithstanding, any attempt to categorize nonrational forms of art such as music is for the most part irrelevant and ultimately doomed to failure in the face of the art itself; the use of categories is simply a mental tool, and will always fall short of describing anything that has limits beyond the rational processes of the mind in the realm of the intuitive. As such, the problem is not in the classification of guitar impressionism, but rather in the expectation that this classification will reveal everything about the music that there is to know. What is certain, then, is that, despite some common influences, each guitarist is his own unique combination of talent, taste, maturity, and personality, and he and his music can only be understood on those terms. With this, I leave it up to Alex, Will, and Rick to explain individually who they are, what they are playing and why.

While he was an undergraduate at Berkeley, Alex deGrassi first began to develop his own distinctive mastery of guitar music. He drew upon a wide variety of influences. "While I was at Berkeley," relates Alex, "I began to try to find a personal style of guitar playing, and my main models were people like Leo Kottke and John Fahey. Also, strangely enough, Keith Jarrett, who is obviously a piano player, was another big influence on my work in the direction of jazz. A lot of the songs on my first album *Turning/Turning Back* were influenced by this."

When asked about his views on guitar impressionism, Alex, not surprisingly, was ambivalent: "I think it's a fair summary of the content of the music; after all, there was at the turn of the century a school of classical music that was called impressionism—Satie's titles were often visually impressionistic, for example, and the music was very much so. What I would like to see it called is something maybe a little more down-to-earth, like American steel string guitar, since it is in a folk setting, really. Since it's already seemed to have picked up 'guitar impressionism,' I guess I can live with it."

Although Alex's guitar playing is somewhat hard to describe, he is unquestionably the most technically advanced of the three; the rich textures and clear, impressive images of songs such as "White Rain," "Inverness," and "Turning/Turning Back" are all valid testimony to this. Ultimately, all opinions must rest on hearing his unique music, since it is so evocative. "I feel that there is a strong visual context to be found in the music," Alex concluded, "and that this visual context may



Rick Walters

also even well be an ambience, a general atmosphere for the music to develop."

Of the three guitarists, Will Ackerman is perhaps the most business-like and pragmatic, perhaps due to his position with Windham Hill Records: "It's important to remember that music is a business, too, and that if any of our music is going to reach an audience, it's got to be commercially successful." Paradoxically, he is also possibly the most intuitive in terms of composition: "Often what I'll do to write a song is go into the woods or the forest with my guitar, and then just tune it until I find a chord that fits just right with the setting and with my mood, and take it from there."

While Will, too, is not entirely sure of the exclusive use of the term 'guitar impressionism', he acknowledges that there is a common ground: "A lot of the music is influenced by the work of Leo Kottke and John Fahey, but there is no real central influence. Alex deGrassi *was*, however, the first to begin combining these threads into a form."

"As far as I'm concerned," observed Will, "people are tired of the same blues interpretations and scales over and over and over again. It's time to get down to writing some real music for a change." In this sense, as well as professionally, Will is a certified success; songs such as "Processional," "The Death of the Virgin Spirit," and "Anne's Song" from his latest album *Passages* (WHC 1014) are majestic tributes to nature, man, and the talent of William Ackerman.

*Winter Songs/Self Portraits*, Rick Walters' debut recording on his own Erebus label, is at the present time the culmination of the creative forces of this artist. "The reason I gave the album that title," explained Rick, "was that I had done most of the writing for it during the winter, and a lot of that influence is reflected in the songs on it."

An intensely emotional, private person, Rick saw the format of guitar impressionism lending itself well to his own personal and musically creative needs: "When I was here at Notre Dame, I did a lot of travelling around the area playing clubs and coffeehouses, along with playing at the Nazz about every weekend. After I left in '75, I went into retirement for about three years. One night, I was listening to some music with a friend of mine, and we heard one of Will's tunes. We couldn't believe it! The music was so great we wrote to him, nominat-

ing him for the best guitarist since Leo Kottke. Not realizing what he was getting into, like a fool he kept in touch. I've been doing this music ever since, and I find it very satisfying. I write about things that are very personal, and I don't like to always reveal my deepest feelings; with an instrumental format, I can write music that is at the same time very meaningful to me while leaving interpretations open to the audience."

Being a newcomer of sorts to this genre, Rick has also been influenced by recent trends. "Leo Kottke was one of the first influences on my playing," explains Rick, "and both Will and Alex, along with a dozen or so other guitarists, include him among the primary influences on guitar impressionism."

"What I am trying to do now is to start a classical tradition of sorts for the steel string guitar," Rick concluded. "One reason this is such an important project is because there is so much room to work with, so much untapped potential. The thing I want to say that I feel is most important as far as my music is concerned is that it is emotional. For me, the major purpose of art of any kind is to make the viewer or listener have an emotional response to that work of art. Through my music, I hope to make my audience stop and feel something, cause them to reflect on things they may have not ever experienced before. If I do this, I feel I've accomplished something."

"Inverness" . . . "Seattle" . . . "Northern Lights" . . . The very names reveal powerful images and moving themes. However, the true test of the impact of these compositions lies in the experience. This is some of the most emotive, innovative, and sensual music that I have heard in years, and it would be tragic if these artists were to fail due to lack of popular support. At the present time, each one of these guitarists is on tour, trying to cultivate a broader audience for this unique style of guitar music. Give them a try; you won't be disappointed. □

*Dan Gonzales is a senior Government major. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.*

# Theater

## “HE” SPEAKS

Who is HE? . . . HE is coming. . . Are you ready for HE?—all these questions were part of the publicity department's campaign for the first major production of the Notre Dame/Saint Mary's theatrical season, *He Who Gets Slapped*. This year marked the first time that the ND-SMC Theatre presented a main stage production in the month of September. Why am I writing about a play which is almost two months old, when at this very moment the ND-SMC Theatre is preparing to open the next two major productions of its 1980-81 season? The answer is twofold: 1) because of the unusual and difficult nature of the play itself; that is, after seeing the show people felt bewildered about its meaning and significance, and 2) because a great many students and faculty approached me and told me that they would be very interested in knowing what the play was really all about.

The question you're probably asking yourself is, if the play was so difficult to understand, why should this writer presume to have a better understanding of the text than anyone else? The reason why I may have a few more insights into the nature of the play is that I was given the opportunity to play the leading role of HE—WHO GETS SLAPPED.

To me, *He Who Gets Slapped* is a play about life and learning; how one man attempts to thwart the ugliness and injustices of society by leaving society on a quest for another world; a world in which beauty, love, cooperation, and inner peace are possible; a world in which people do not continually have to hide behind different social masks in



John Davenport in *He Who Speaks*

order to be accepted; a world in which morality and virtue are still revered and respected instead of condemned and mocked; a world in which a person is respected and loved because of who he is and not because of what he has done. What is this ideal world to which I refer here? It is the supposedly tranquil and harmonious world of the child, represented in the play as the magical and mystical circus.

At the beginning of the play, a gentleman from the audience escapes to the circus and subsequently convinces the manager to accept him. Why? Because he sees in the circus world the simplicity and peacefulness so lacking in the fast-moving and impersonal world of everyday society. Upon admittance to the circus, the gentleman shows interest in becoming a clown, which ultimately results in the establishment of the He Who Gets Slapped character.

Ironically, this is a fitting role for the gentleman to assume because the character captures the essence of the gentleman's life in both worlds: first, the He Who Gets

Slapped character points to the gentleman's role in society as one of a successful personage who has repeatedly been slapped about in his bid for material success and a successful marital relationship, exemplified by the fact that the gentleman's writing partner had stolen both his writing ideas and his wife.

Secondly, the He Who Gets Slapped character suggests the role the gentleman wishes to play in the circus as one of the simple innocent-minded clown who makes others laugh at his own expense. As the play progresses, we see the gradual deterioration of the gentleman's idealistic attitude in relation to the circus world as it slowly becomes apparent to him that the anxieties and problems characteristic of society, such as intense competition, the pangs of unrequited love, and the savage drives for material success and social status, are not absent from the circus world as he once believed they were. Rather, they are actually a viable part of his so-called ideal world. This causes the gentleman, now the HE Who Gets Slapped character, to be



gin to question the possibility of there existing a place where man can live out his existence in peace and harmony with others.

Yet, throughout the play there exists the impression that the gentleman, now referred to as HE, honestly believes there exists somewhere a place where the aforementioned characteristics do exist. Why is this so? The answer points to another character in the play; namely, Consuelo, the Bareback Tango Queen, who, because of her innocent and pure loving nature, represents to HE that ideal world he continually searches for. Consuelo can be seen as the object of HE's hope and inspiration in finding the world he seeks. Because HE finally realizes that the circus is not a separate world, but simply another place plagued by the problems and injustices of society, HE begins to postulate the possibility of a third world—the world of the Gods in which man can truly have hope in finding everlasting peace and happiness.

HE tries to teach this discovered truth to the one person who he feels comes closest to possessing the qualities found in this ideal world of the Gods, namely Consuelo, whose mother, for her own selfish reasons, is trying to marry Consuelo off to some rich society man. Why does HE try to stop the marriage by attempting to persuade Consuelo that there truly does exist an ideal world in which the innocent and pure of heart reign supreme? Because HE knows, from his own experiences as the gentleman, how society can corrupt a person; how it can strip a person of his natural purity and innocence and turn him into an animal hungry only for the material possessions of the flesh. HE does not want Consuelo to lose the qualities which make her the kind of person everyone should strive to become, that is, a loving, caring individual.

As the play proceeds to its conclusion, HE realizes that there is nothing else he can do in order to persuade Consuelo or her mother to sacrifice or thwart the alluring aspects of society in an effort to keep and improve the qualities of life which are most important, to be a good, honest, and loving person. Because HE sees no alternative, he chooses to poison both Consuelo and himself for HE believes this course of action will provide Consuelo and himself with the only opportunity to find true peace and happiness before

the pressures and injustices of society strip them of their godlike innocence.

Thus, to me, *He Who Gets Slapped* can be looked upon as a somewhat religious experience. I believe the text can be seen as carrying the Christian message—that the most important goal in life should be to learn to love one another and to love God; this world is merely a stepping-stone to a more important world in which love of neighbor and the presence of God reign supreme.

How is this idea brought out in the play? I believe the gentleman represents all of humanity in its personal struggle on earth to find truth, the truth concerning what is really important in life. Is it more important to succeed materially in society at the cost of one's own principles, or is it more important to be seen as a loving, caring individual who has a deep personal commitment to God and to helping make the world a nicer place in which to bring up God's children at the possible expense of having to sacrifice worldly goods and social applause?

The gentleman sees that he can not find any kind of lasting peace living in a society in which a person's value and ultimate worth are contingent upon the ever-changing structure of society. To base one's worth on what society thinks of you, instead of believing in yourself by virtue of being a child of God, is to build your personal foundation on weak ground. The gentleman also discovers that wherever he turns, whether that be to the circus or any other place, he finds the same unsolvable problems he found in society.

Therefore, the gentleman concludes, as must any Christian believer, that the only real way to comprehend one's existence from day to day with all its trials and tribulations, is to postulate the existence of a God who loves man, tests man on earth, and will eventually set man free from the ugliness of earthly existence, and usher mankind into the beauty and peace of his heavenly kingdom.

I believe the gentleman finally realizes the importance of God's presence in every man's life, and therefore tries to convince Consuelo of this idea also. When all attempts at convincing her fail, and he sees the possibility of her godlike innocence being destroyed, the gentleman chooses death as the only means of salvation. I believe this choice should not be looked upon as a violent betrayal of God's commandment not to kill, but instead should be viewed as a last desperate attempt of one man to protect and cherish the beauty and presence of God, which is represented by the innocent and loving Consuelo.

So, what can be seen as the central message of the play, *He Who Gets Slapped*? The message that the gentleman wishes to communicate is that somewhere in the course of human life every person must sooner or later return to God, for God truly represents man's only hope of comprehending his existence, and offers man his only hope for a world of true peace and happiness. □

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John Davenport

(continued from page 11)

Governor Reagan and the Republican Platform pledged their support for a constitutional amendment to restore constitutional protection to the unborn child. Such an amendment, in this writer's opinion, must do three things. It must restore personhood to the unborn child with respect to his right to live; its protections must attach from the beginning of life, that is, at the moment of fertilization; and it must permit no exceptions in which a legal abortion would be allowed.

Senator Strom Thurmond (R.-S.C.) will become the chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee in January. Senator Thurmond, however, has spoken in favor of providing in a constitutional amendment for abortion in cases of rape, incest, and likely deformity of the child. He has also indicated his possible support for the wholly unacceptable states' rights amendment which would permit each state to decide whether to allow or forbid abortions and which would therefore permanently constitutionalize the killing of innocent unborn human beings in any state where a majority of the legislature so de-

cidated. The danger facing the pro-life movement is that an unacceptable constitutional amendment will be pushed through Congress and sent to the states for ratification. If that were to occur, the amendment would be unlikely to achieve ratification and it would neutralize for years or perhaps decades the effort to achieve a genuine reversal of the Supreme Court's abortion rulings. It is not at all settled what will be the posture of the Reagan Administration on this issue or whether it will even take a position.

With respect to tax credits for tuition paid to non-public schools, it is likely that President Reagan will move to redeem his pledge, and that of the Platform, to enact them. But there is a danger that, in a rush to achieve a "quick fix" of this and other problems, supporters of private schools will accept a tax credit or other aid formula which will be limited to those private schools which are accredited by state educational authorities. As church-state lawyer William B. Ball has correctly pointed out, this would be an invitation for expanded control over private schools by the "state educa-

tional bureaucracies." Here again, the posture of the Reagan Administration will be interesting to see.

In summary, it is reasonable to conclude that the Reagan Administration could itself be a transition to an era of less government, a restoration at least in some respects of traditional morality, and stronger defense and foreign policies. At least it seems clear that the pro-family, pro-life movement, far from having peaked, will not even reach cruising speed for two or perhaps four more years. In the meantime, the issue is whether President Reagan will merely rotate bald tires by staffing his administration with Nixon-Ford types or whether he will move to carry out his pledges and those of his platform. The issue, in short, may be: How much of a Reaganite is Reagan? If his successful, consensus-oriented administrations in California offer a clue, President Reagan will neither satisfy fully his supporters nor outrage his opponents. We can all survive that kind of administration. □

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(continued from page 24)

Tests showed that these people weren't happy and for a group of unhappy people, they used one hell of a lot of tax money. He made a mental note to bring it up at the next board meeting. This would be a good piece of evidence to support his case, especially if the five escapees weren't recaptured, although this was highly unlikely. They had probably been caught already.

The night had worn on considerably. His shift was almost over by the time he finished the Minor Crisis program and the Special Reports program. When the shift ended all the orders and recommendations of the five World Leaders, Prime Minister Malignant being one of them, would be categorized into objectives by the SA 0133. The objectives were then broken down into lists of things to be accomplished. Each of the 175 district officers received a list twice a week. The computer also made up lists for special task forces. The main objective of the system was to establish a perfect balance of things so that the whole system would eventually run by itself on pure inertia. Prime Minister Malignant knew that this would never happen. Things changed too quickly for anything to run smoothly without administered controls. There was always some friction somewhere to be smoothed out.

Malignant looked at his watch. One half-hour to go. He was about to look at the World Leaders' New Ideals program, when the computer screen began to show static across it. Malignant shifted uneasily in his chair. Then, without warning, the screen flashed — Entry into Major Crisis Program! Please Stand By. Repeat—Entry into Major Crisis Program! Please Stand By. Malignant sat alertly at the end of his chair. He felt a shudder of alarm run through his old tired body. This was rare indeed. The only time the computer relayed information

onto the screen without being directly instructed to by the operator was when someone entered information into the Major Crisis Program. This had only happened four times since Malignant had assumed role of Prime Minister.

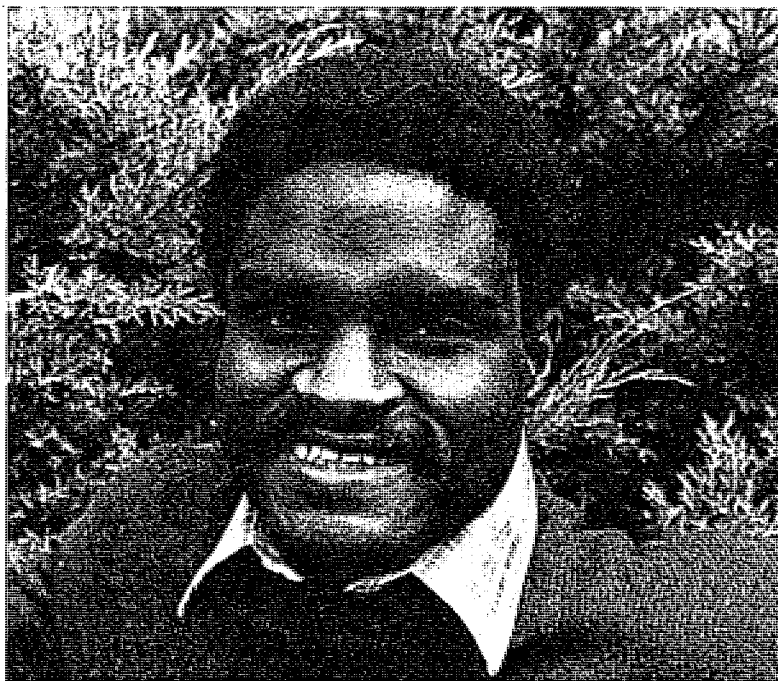
Seconds later the report came through. — Death report: Status: World Leader. Name: President Regina Marie Turnus. Cause: heart attack. Time: 12:18. Age: 63. Next Highest Ranking Officers: 1) George E. Dillon 2) Mikio S. Kang. Stand by for Profiles. — Malignant sat back in his chair and stared out his window. The stars twinkled at him defiantly. A quarter moon hung gracefully off to the side, just within his view. The waves crashed up against the shore. He quickly set the buttons and dials to play the New Ideals program. He felt uncomfortable, not because of Turnus' death, an adequate replacement would be found, but something which he couldn't quite put his finger on.

Dillon and Kang would have to play a game of computer kill which would involve intense computer strategies on their part to complete the objective. Whoever accomplished it first would be the next leader. The other opponent was executed. This was to insure that the leader, whoever it might be, could work under heavy pressure. Malignant fondly remembered his own victory twenty-one years ago. Again he looked out the window and the darkness which he usually found soothing looked all too vivid. He pushed a button which automatically slid heavy curtains across the large bay window and looked back at the lit screen. □

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# The Last Word

by Chuck Wood



Did you ever think your parents were just hopeless? I did. There was a time when I gave up on my parents. Sure they were doing a great job of providing for my sister and me, but that was about all I could say. I was convinced, for instance, that I was ridiculously more intelligent than my father.

Now that I am at least a little smarter than I was then (if I am getting my money's worth of maturity out of Notre Dame and time), I am beginning to see how ridiculous it was to even compare my intelligence with my dad's. The fact that he could provide for and negotiate within our family should have been enough for me to appreciate his ability.

One of my problems was the high ideals I set for him. Though I cannot state them concretely, I think they were too lofty, mainly because I had no idea of what it meant to run a family. I know it was my dad's competence and his love that fostered my ignorance. It is ironic that his protecting me from knowing all he had to do kept me from understanding how well he was doing it.

My respect for my dad has grown for many reasons. Among them is my getting to know several families in South Bend, strangely enough. The fathers of many of these families are Notre Dame alumni, and they have children as young as one month and as old as sixteen or eighteen years. So I've been able to see glimpses of almost all the stages of raising a family. What I've seen is a roller coaster of jubilation and panic, division and celebration, too much noise and too much silence. And though I still don't know very much about it, I think raising a family is an endeavor that requires a little luck, a lot of skill, and an overabundance of divine intervention. My father had and still has all three.

The circumstances of being away from home for most of the past two years have also added to my esteem for my father. And I think it is more than a simple case of "absence makes the heart grow fonder." I have gotten out of the direct discipline of home and

the rules that I used to view as absurd and arbitrary. As others who are also free from the "burden" of parental guidance have treated me the way I often treated my parents, I have found that many of their rules reflected a desire for simple common courtesy and common sense. ("When I say be home by one o'clock I mean *one o'clock*, not ten after. And if you're going to be late, call and have a good reason.") But beyond that, being away has begun to diminish the authority figure/provider image of my father. When that image dominated my perception I never thought about the man in his own right.

In fact, I'm not certain that it ever occurred to me when I was younger that Charles F. Wood was a person. He was always my *father*. I am becoming more aware of the man and of how the father has been a success because of the man's greatness.

That is not to say that I don't recognize his faults or have forgotten the disappointments. I don't know, for example, if I'll ever forgive him for not warning me about the reaction between newly shaven skin and after shave lotion. That stinging memory surfaces every time I take out my Norelco. Seriously though, seeing the faults is part of knowing the man. That is important for me right now, because I have to start thinking about what sort of man I will turn out to be. And though I don't plan to be a carbon copy of my dad (nor could I be), knowing the man provides a good example of the kind of person I hope to be.

Even without concerns for a role model or what I will be in the future, I am happy to know him; he is a clever man, who can start a conversation with almost anybody, and he can tell some great stories. I'm also glad he's been able to put up with me for twenty years, which is an heroic effort in itself, because only now am I smart enough to begin to comprehend what he has done and appreciate who he is.

Mostly, I'm glad he's my father and proud to be his son. □



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