

# Scholastic

May, 1981



Senior Works



I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately,  
to front only the essential facts of life,  
and see if I could not learn what it had to teach,  
and not, when I come to die, discover that I had not lived.

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Photo: Ansel Adams



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MAY, 1981

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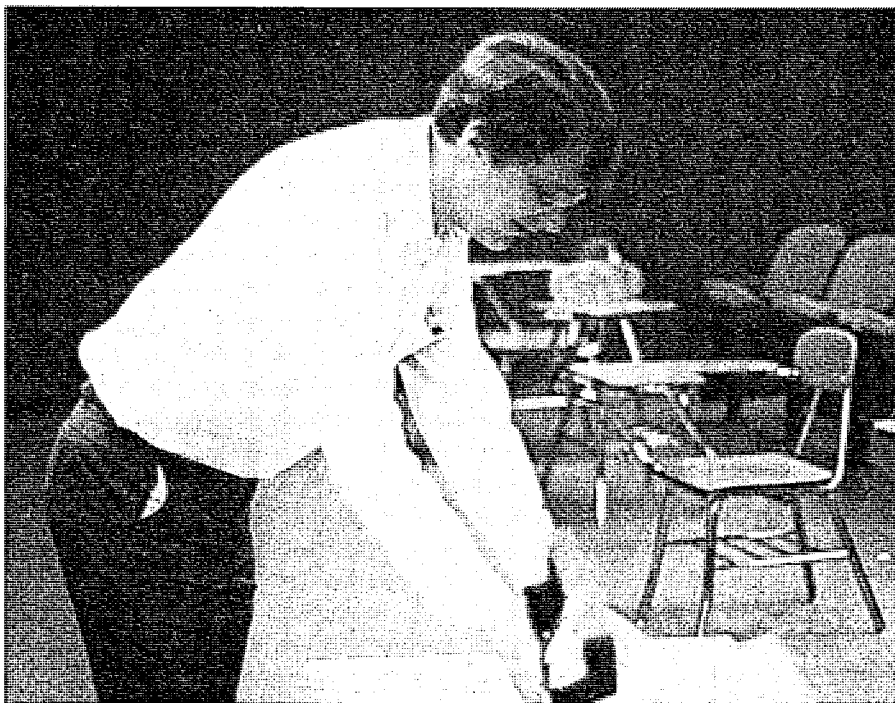
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Rich Hunter---

# Senior Fellow

by Eileen Wirley



Rich Hunter

The professor, a tall, dark-haired man in his thirties, explained the judicial process at Notre Dame: "The judicial system that students must go through at Notre Dame is a joke," he charged. "Watch this — I'm Dean Roemer — judge. Phil here is naughty in his dorm, although we all know he didn't break parietals, because no girl is blind enough to go out with him. Anyhow, I, Dean Roemer judge, am forced to see Phil, and I decide that this University doesn't need this naughty, ugly student, and I expel him. Phil claims to have gotten a raw deal, and tries to appeal the case. Who is he sent to? No one but ME — Dean Roemer, court of appeals!"

At this point, the professor grabbed the curtain that framed one side of the blackboards in the auditorium, and repeatedly jumped in

and from behind it, alternately yelling, "Dean Roemer — judge! Dean Roemer — court of appeals!" The students laughed appreciatively.

The professor whose classes at N.D. are frequently entertained and enlightened by such antics is Dr. Richard Hunter, who has been elected Senior Class Fellow by Notre Dame's Class of '81. He is a dynamic teacher, as well as an active participant in student activities at Notre Dame. Jim Stein, a member of the N.D. varsity soccer team, which Hunter coaches, describes him as a "workaholic." Most of Hunter's work is devoted to Notre Dame, his first love.

Hunter is an assistant professor in the Notre Dame College of Business Administration, primarily teaching classes about business law. He is also a practicing attorney, but he has no

law office *per se*. Hunter regards the law as not just a business, but rather a way of life, so he practices it throughout the course of his day. His practice is integrated with his teaching, and so he knows the topics he encounters in his classes from personal experience.

Seated in his small ACC office, surrounded by soccer pictures and coaching awards, Hunter caught up on a soap opera and then explained, "My whole life is teaching. I would never let my law practice interfere with that. So if I do any law work, it is as an adjunct to my teaching — with people from Notre Dame, or students, or things like that." He believes that N.D. should stress teaching rather than research or consulting, which in many cases detract from teaching.

Hunter thinks that his primary purpose at Notre Dame is to teach, to be around young people, and to be of service to them. He loves teaching at the University, but is dissatisfied with the large size of his classes, which he regards as a deterrent to his teaching ability. He has asked the chairman of his department to reduce the number of students in them. Saint Mary's has invited Hunter to interview for a teaching position there.

He remarked, "I have two big sections again this semester, with 160 to 170 in each section. It makes it very difficult to deal with the students as I'd like to on an individual basis, without knowing who the kids are, what kind of ideals they have, and the kind of people they are. Physical testing is only one method of knowing what a student knows. If I can communicate with a student, and talk about law with him, and talk about what he knows about the legal system, then I can more fairly evaluate him."

One of Hunter's students remarked that his classes always fill up first,

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despite their large size. The student regarded himself as lucky to have made it into Hunter's class, evaluating the professor as "excellent — he makes legal points easy to understand." Another student remarked, "I learned more in Hunter's class than I have in any other course."

During one class, Hunter walked up and down the aisles in Hayes-Healy auditorium as he taught. He held a large Huddle cup with a straw in it as he lectured without notes. His lecture style is perfect for note-taking, as well as for maximum understanding and interest. Hunter speaks loudly and repeats key phrases, and then provides interesting, and often funny, examples in the students' own slang.

While explaining bankruptcy, he feverishly proclaimed, "I think the debtors should be put in the stocks, where the people can throw tomatoes at them!" He paused and grew more serious. "No, not really, but it should be more equitable. What about the creditors? The laws say: Too bad, you schmuck — eat it." Examples like this are easily remembered, so they help get the point across.

Hunter frequently uses students, usually athletes, in example scenarios in class. He thinks it is great when the stars on the playing field can get down to earth and cooperate in his demonstrations. One day a group of football players recreated a train accident, and as Hunter recalls it, "Here these big shots on the field are up here making dummies of themselves, and I'm here, too. I think the kids appreciate it. They see that jocks are people too. It's a strength of the class." Hunter has a deep respect for athletes at N.D., since they do well in class without being given special breaks in the work load, even with daily sports practice.

Hunter is very much involved in Notre Dame athletics, primarily as coach of the varsity soccer team. He has never played soccer, although he has officiated in the game since he was 15 years old. Hunter coached at his *alma mater*, St. Rose High School in Belmar, New Jersey, for two years while he taught there. When he came to Notre Dame to teach, he was a referee for the club soccer team, and was asked to coach. He did, and pushed for varsity status, "which the athletic board, that means Father Joyce, granted in 1977." Hunter has since led the team to a cumulative 77-21-3 record.

Coach Hunter loves soccer. Pointing to his two file cabinets full of

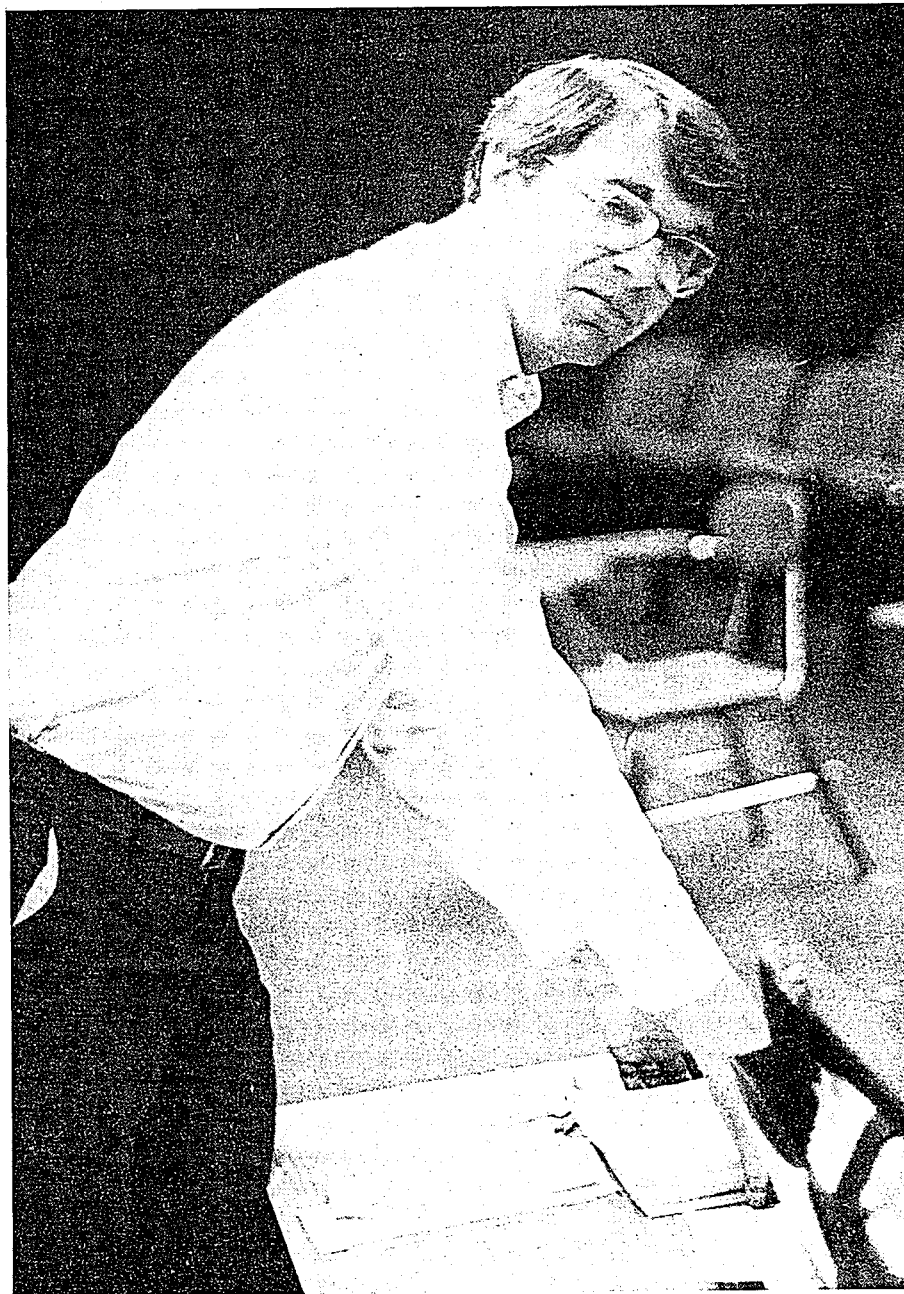
soccer information, he explained that half of coaching involves managerial duties and paperwork. The most brilliant player in the world cannot be a good coach unless he is willing to do the administrative chores, without which there would be no N.D. soccer program.

Hunter makes a special effort to get to know the players in his program, and often takes them out with their dates to the M. R. Falcons and other local Polish clubs for some drinking and polkaing. Player Jim Stein remarked that Hunter prefers that his team call him "Rich" instead of "Coach," and tries to achieve a big-brother type of relationship with the team members. Hunter not only gets no pay for his job as coach, but, according to Stein, he himself pays for whatever the

soccer budget does not cover, amounting to thousands of dollars each year. Hunter bought a van for the soccer team to travel to away games in, and he also pays for the gas that goes into it.

During the fall of 1980, a letter in the *Observer* criticized Hunter's coaching behavior, and Hunter apologized in a responding letter. He recently remarked, "It hurts a lot. I don't think anyone in any of the sports programs puts as much time into the program and gets to know the kids as much as I do. But, I've always felt that I can react positively to criticism, and can adjust my style of behavior to that criticism."

According to Stein, although Hunter has never played soccer, he *cont'd on page 30*



# Is He Gonna Cruise the Miracle Mile?

## Aragon On the Run

by Tom O'Toole



Chuck Aragon Setting the pace . . .

Coming out of "Recent American Poets" class the other day, a friend and I were discussing the proceedings.

"Granted, the poems are over-long, and frustrating to follow—"

"And pretty boring," was my "jump-in" judgment.

"Well, that too, sometimes. But being poets, I guess they have to say it their own way."

"But being PEOPLE, shouldn't they try to share their insights in a way EVERYONE can understand. . . . I mean, what's the point of saying anything if no one's going to listen?" but by this time my companion had forsaken our conversation for yodeling at a pretty girl down the quad, and I was forced to keep my musings to myself.

It was in such a frame of mind that I mounted the steps of Morrissey Manor to attend my interview with the mighty Irish miler Mr. Charles Aragon. Having recently become the first runner in Notre Dame history to break the four-minute barrier, Chuck certainly deserved the celebrity he was recently receiving . . . and yet, hadn't he always been a consistent performer here, holding school records in events ranging from the half-mile to the "five"? Such incongruities always make me, if no one else, wonder, and so my first inquiry, after we got our introductions out of the way, was "Why?"

"The 'mile' always seemed to carry with it a kind of glamor," said Chuck, "and was always able to generate a kind of excitement you don't find in the other events. Nobody knows what a good time in the 'quarter' is, but a good time in the mile is something a lot of people can relate to. So a record there is something I can share with everyone."

"That's just what I said!"

"Huh? I don't—"

"Oh, nothing, Chuck. A previous conversation," I explained, collecting my thoughts, sorting out what to ask next. "But if the mile event is so important in terms of sharing your skills with the uninformed masses, why did you wait so long to try the event?"

"I never really thought about it that way," Chuck confided. "In high school I had always been strong in the half-mile (a modest way of saying he ran the fastest 800-meter time in the country his senior year) so I just figured I would continue in that event when I came here. Notre Dame already had a lot of good milers, so the half was where I fit into the team's plans. Coach would ask me if I wanted to try it on occasion, but there were other guys who wanted the chance, and since I was doing well in the half, I would leave it to them. But this year a couple of the milers got injured, and Coach really had no one else to go to. So I said yes. I guess it was a matter of maturity."

"To mile or not to mile" then was a question that had remained quite a while in Chuck's head, but he answered it quite quickly once he took it to the track. Aragon matured into a world-class miler in the matter of a month, running his first race ever in that event January 23, and climaxing his climb by beating Olympian John Gregorek and the four-minute barrier with his 3:59.92 time on February 28.

"It was like a fairy tale," remembered Chuck. "I had run 1:49 half miles for four years, but once I started running the mile and got close to four minutes, all my classmates started wishing me well, and people I didn't even know were calling or writing me with their support. So breaking the mark became a very emotional thing, and yet before the race I had a very tranquil feeling about it, like I knew I was gonna do it. Like a fairy tale. Only it really WAS one, because this time it came true."

But now that the dining hall salutes and the sub-four-minute-mile parties have subsided, I asked Chuck if he could separate the real from the romantic concerning his record run.

"It was a very personal thing . . . yet it wasn't. It was very self-satisfying, because of the glamor surrounding it . . . yet I didn't run the mile for glamor. It was satisfying because I could share it with people and feel their support. Support is a mani-



... and later, sitting in place.

festation of people's love, and since a lot of my identity is bound up with my life as a tracker, the record was a fruit of all their work also, and their achievement as much as mine."

"Is there any one name or names along the way that were instrumental in making you the runner you are now?"

"They were ALL important—my coaches, my friends, my family . . ."

"But no one specifically that your success was due to—"

"I know EXACTLY who my success was due to," returned Chuck, "and I thank God every day for what He's done with me. But I also firmly believe that 'To those who are given much, much is expected,'" said the man who passes his time with those at Logan Center on those Saturdays he is not passing others for time on the track. "I got a lot of satisfaction from reaching that (the sub-four-minute-mile) goal, for in a sense it was a repaying of God." And also a cue to keep running.

But running, like most anything in life, is easy to do when everybody else is behind you. And although Aragon himself says he never asks for anything in his races other than "the guts to compete," any athlete knows that those "guts" are much easier to come by in record-breaking wins than heartbreaking defeats.

This state of affairs was made painfully clear to Chuck at the NCAA's this year. The meet took place in March when Chuck was still being lauded for his first fast grasp at the crest of "Mile" success, and his more than mild-mannered pace

against Gregorek not only got him an NCAA invitation, but marked him as one of the preface favorites. This time though, the fairy tale did not come true. For though Aragon rode in on the wave of "Support" wearing the slicker of "Glamor," he left stripped and shipwrecked finishing second in his heat with a time of 4:16, which failed to qualify him for the finals. And for Aragon, THAT was simply failing.

"After that race, I thought I'd never run again," said Chuck in all seriousness. "It's like when you screw up a test that you thought you did well on. You feel so crappy and that emotion so strikes you you wonder if you're in the right major. Before that race I felt like I had been climbing up a ladder, reaching for and grabbing each rung, and then right when I was reaching for the last one I slipped and fell all the way to the bottom." Chuck paused, concentrating, then continued. "The only worse feeling is to finish a race feeling you've not given it your all. I ran hard; I felt tired and my glucose was drained and all that. I just hadn't run up to my potential."

Potential, though, is a very tricky question, especially when it involves athletes. Their days are short, while the numerical standard by which they are measured against, in these days of quartz watches, remains crystal clear. As for the mile event, the mythical event from days of yore and the glamor event of the age of speed, the standard is particularly challenging: Record-holding Englishman Sebastian Cole was *cont'd on page 31*

# The Professor

by Rosemarie Lawrence

My first experience of Professor Thomas Stritch was when I took his Mass Media course in the spring semester of 1980. On the first day of class, he announced that our final would be given at the next class meeting. Sure enough, he came to class equipped with blue books and essay questions, and we took our final exam. I realized then that this class was going to be different from any other that I had taken at Notre Dame. I can remember him saying that since the final was over, now we could enjoy ourselves in class. We did.

Thomas Stritch's beige trench coat, fisherman's hat, and grey briefcase have become his trademarks on campus. Many American Studies students recognize this short, stocky professor by his garments and call to him as he walks across the campus. He responds with a friendly wave and a warm greeting, and rarely forgets to call the person by name. His voice has been called a "basso profundo" and flows in a rich, bubbling laugh when he is amused. He has a pleasing habit of keeping his blue eyes fixed on people's faces when he talks with them.

These characteristics describe only the outer Stritch. A member of Notre Dame's Class of '34, he returned to Notre Dame in 1935 to join the faculty. For nearly thirty years, he served as the head of the Journalism Department, and with Professors James Withey and Edward Fischer, he helped organize the American Studies program. He is interested in politics, and served as editor of *The Review of Politics*, a University of Notre Dame Press publication, from 1974 until 1976. He has written about art and Notre Dame for the

Notre Dame magazine. In addition to these campus activities, Thomas Stritch has been an active figure in South Bend's art and social circles. "I'm a gregarious person," he explains. It's no wonder that Professor Fitzsimons once remarked that he thought Tom Stritch was "the font of all knowledge."

With such a background, Thomas Stritch makes a good professor of American culture. He knows art and American life because he has experienced it. His approach to teaching is fresh and lively. Unfortunately for present-day students, he teaches only one class each semester because he is "semiretired." Professor Stritch is so energetic that it is hard to try to make him fit into the stereotyped retirement scene, complete with rocking chair. Instead, he is always meeting someone to go to a museum, a play, a presentation, or for lunch at the University Club. At any rate, students are lucky to get class cards for a Stritch class because of class size limits and his popularity.

Once in his class, I found him an intriguing lecturer. He paces back and forth in front of the class with his hands tucked into his back pockets. One of his classes is in Room 102 of the Business Administration Building, and the blackboards are mounted so high on the walls that when he wants to write high up on the blackboard or point to a map hung from the top edge of the board, he will stand on a chair and continue to lecture. This action brings smiles and often chuckles from his students, but he retains his dignity no matter what.

With twenty or fewer students in his class, he encourages everyone to participate. "A class should be like



a party in some ways," Professor Stritch said, "except that there is one person in control, directing the effort. The atmosphere should be relaxed and people shouldn't be afraid to talk freely." This attitude is attractive to me because there are few opportunities at any school to learn in small groups.

"To be sure, large classes are necessary at times," he remarked, "such as Dr. Hofman's chemistry class. The kind of subject affects teaching style as well. An accounting professor can't teach such a disciplined subject in a loose manner. Classes in culture are relatively easier to teach."

During the spring semester of 1981, Professor Stritch taught a course in Southern culture. A Nashville, Tennessee, native, he has experienced customs and life in the South and created this class which explores Southern society, history, literature, politics, and religion. Professor Stritch is the personification of the genteel, well-mannered Southern gentleman who does everything with a flair. His background is reflected in his lectures as he tells of his mother recounting local genealogies, outlining how all of the neighbors are related by marriage or blood, and dismissing those people who do not belong by saying "they are from away from here." He has also remarked that domestic Southern cooking is the best in the United States ("corn bread is best when made with bacon grease"), but Southern restaurants, on the whole, are not worth trying.

In a section of the course dealing with Southern literature, Professor Stritch refers to prominent Southern authors as if they are his best friends. In fact, he has met and known some of them quite well. The locus of Southern literature is at Vanderbilt University in Nashville, and as a reporter for a Nashville newspaper, he had ample opportunity to meet them.

Professor Stritch's firsthand knowledge of these authors helps his teaching. In one session, he referred to "a time when I knew four or five American poets and writers, all Pulitzer Prize winners, who ended up in the boobyhatch. Offhand, I recall that they were Robert Lowell, Sidney Snodgrass, Randall Jarrell, John Barryman, and Hayden Carruth. Of these, Randall Jarrell committed suicide, perhaps because he lived such an intense life." This close-up view of these people helps students to understand the forces at work behind

the writings of some Southern authors.

Perhaps the best part about taking a class from Professor Stritch is that he does not allow anyone to become a bore in class. In one Mass Media session, a student was offering a contrary opinion and continued to speak for several minutes. Instead of interrupting him, Professor Stritch listened patiently, one arm folded across his chest and his other hand cupped over his mouth. When the student finished his soliloquy, Professor Stritch put his hands back in his pockets, shook his head, and replied, "I must disagree with you on that." Then he smiled and continued his lecture. Most of us were amused, but the student was embarrassed. That episode taught us to put our thoughts into as few words as possible.

I have also learned to use fewer words when writing papers for Professor Stritch. He asks for three- to five-page essays for his assignments and expects us to live with these guidelines. One writing assignment in Mass Media asked each student to evaluate the effectiveness of his hometown newspaper with respect to its community impact. Professor Stritch had about forty papers to read, but no two were alike. In that exercise, he made us think and write about our own experiences.

The next paper we wrote in Mass Media was about prime time television. I made the mistake of trying to write what I thought he would like to read instead of what I thought. When he returned the papers, each one had a slip of paper stapled to it with his typed comments. Mine was about two lines long and said, "Not even the charm of your writing, which is considerable, can save this paper. You never really developed any of the ideas presented here." I do not remember the grade he gave that paper, but it was probably the worst I have ever gotten from him. His comment was accurate but he sweetened his criticism by praising my style, as though he regretted having to criticize my work at all.

When Professor Stritch gives written exams, he usually says that he gives them because he has to. When he returned the mid-term exams in Culture of the South, he remarked, "We've all been through the quiz mill before—I want to do enough to keep us academically respectable." He doesn't want to know how many facts we can memorize in class; instead it is more important to him to

see if we are absorbing anything at all in class. He once said, "Facts and figures are nice to know, but getting a feeling for the subject is more important." This is especially true in Stritch courses: Arts of America, Mass Media, and Culture of the South.

Stritch's classes are never the same from semester to semester because he has "a horror of repeating myself." Instead, he teaches for the students, doing his best to prevent boredom and to get the students to learn in spite of themselves. His teaching style has changed over the years he has spent at Notre Dame, becoming "more relaxed, partly because I am old, and the longer I teach, the less afraid I am of making a fool of myself in front of a class." I think he knows that students learn better when they enjoy class, and I find it easier to remember his remarks when he stands on a chair or does something else unusual.

Along the same lines, his characterizations of average American TV viewers as "Joe and Mary Six-pack" stick in a student's mind better than a cut-and-dried definition of them. When describing author Allen Tate, Professor Stritch said, "He married money and, of course, I recommend that to all of you." Everyone in class looked at each other and burst out laughing; I am sure we will remember that Allen Tate was one of very few financially secure writers.

I enjoy taking classes from Professor Stritch because I like his style and admire him. Granted, there are many students who do not like a broad-based, loosely oriented class, and they should not study under Stritch. For those of us who enjoy him, it is unfortunate that we cannot spend an entire semester attending concerts and operas, walking through art galleries and cities, reading great books and fun books, debating with him and learning about ourselves, and getting a truly liberal education. The only impediment to that would be finding a student with an extraordinary amount of energy needed to keep up with him. At the same time, we would be depriving other students of the experience of a Stritch class. Thomas Stritch is a Notre Dame treasure that must be shared with others so that more people can enjoy the richness of learning from him. □

*Rosemarie Lawrence is a senior American Studies major from Sherburne, N.Y.*

## Girl Friends

by M. M. Philbin

"I can't believe this — talk about timing! — we all get in at the same time!" Lauren laughed.

"Sit down. I want to hear about everyone's evening."

"Do we have anything to eat? I'm starved."

"Well, who starts?"

"Actually," Teresa pointed out, "not *everyone's* here yet."

"Here is some of that leftover crab dip."

"Close enough," Liz took charge, "we've got a quorum, 5 out of 8. June 1st session of Culbertson House Moonlight Madness is now called to order."

"Oh great — that stuff's good."

"OK girls, on a scale from one to ten, Rate Your Date!"

"Can I use 'negative infinity'?"

"There's half a box of Triscuits on my shelf."

"Oh Susan! boo! hiss!"

"Seriously, I'm so glad you guys are all up. I had to talk to someone. I had a *terrible* evening!"

"Terrible." They made fun of her accent.

"Susan, you know you didn't!"

"Geez, I'm so hungry I could eat this whole thing!"

"What do you mean—you have!"

"How can you guys say that?"

You guys never believe me, but I'm serious. I had a terrible time."

It was hard to believe her with that smile and those eyes, but then, it was hard for any of them to be depressed when they were together.

"I'm serious, you guys."

"Pass the crackers, please."

"Tell us about it, Suse."

"Well, he is so gorgeous, and so rich — you wouldn't believe how rich he is. I could have had everything I wanted . . . !" she checked herself, "Not everything, I know monetary matters are not the most important."

"Doesn't sound too 'turrible' to me."

"It's hard to explain. We just didn't get along. Next to him, Mike just seems so . . . neat . . ."

"Neat?"

"Tell all."

"I don't know; it's all my fault I admit. I don't know. It's hard to explain."

"Neat?"

"That makes me feel better because I don't know what you're talking about."

"Did she just say 'neat'?"

"I'm not at all interested in him. I'm glad I went out with him though. I mean, this was my dream come true. He's been my crush for two years."

"Your crush — and you've been denying you even like him all along. And we're supposed to believe you now?!"

"You guys just don't understand! I just want to go out with Mike."

"Susan's in love."

"Actually, I don't know about either of them. Mike and I will just end it at graduation. I won't even think about guys anymore."

Liz turned to the others, "And the amazing part is she really thinks she's fooling us. We're not retarded you know!"

"Susan's in love."

"Why are you getting red, Susie? What rosy cheeks you have!"

"Susan's in love! I hear the whatchamacallits whispering above . . ."

"You guys just don't understand!"

But they did, and they knew it.

"Hey — is that you Julie?" The door clanked shut.

"Well, the big question of the evening . . ."

"What?" Julie looked genuinely unaware.

"Any more Triscuits?"

"Did you have a nice time?"

"No, try these pretzel rods; they go great with the dip."

"Yeah, alright."

"OK, now really, Jules?"

"No, really, it was alright."

"Forget it, I'll just use my fingers."

"How come you all acted so shocked when I did that before?"

"Lauren — we didn't get to you — how was your evening?"

"We didn't want you to eat like that when people were around."

"It was great. I really had a lot of fun. No romance or anything—"

"People — what are we?"

"— but a really good time."

"Piglets!"

"At least we're not pigs."

"Give us time."

"You know," Anne joined in, "I had fun too, I think you and I, Lauren, are the only ones who had a plain ole good time, with nothing to worry about."

"I had a nice time." Julie insisted, "I just don't think he did."

"Hell, who cares?" Anne teased. "It didn't even occur to me to think

about what he was thinking!"

"We have some sherry left. That's what *Glamour* magazine advises for late night breaks."

"What brought that up?"

"What happened with you, Liz?"

"Look at that smile!"

"Nick and I had a really nice time."

"Those pretzels are making me thirsty."

"Why do things always happen on the last day of the semester? This is the way it was last year too."

"So, go get the sherry."

"Shows what a bunch of chickens we all are."

"Chickens — I thought it was piglets."

"Oh, we're a very talented group of girls," Lauren observed. "We've even managed to all get on the same subject."

"Well, we won't have to worry about it happening again," Susan sighed.

"That was short-lived."

Their chatter fell silent, as the meaning of Susan's last sentence hit them. This would be the last time; "real life" isn't divided into semesters.

"So, continue . . ."

"My Dad gave me the sherry—"

"Not you, Teresa! Liz—"

"You know, I've really got a problem —"

"That good of a time, huh Liz?"

"Lauren!"

"Do you like him better than Bob?"

"There's the problem. I really like Bob. But then, . . . I really like Nick. I could go either way . . . then again, what am I worried about? With graduation less than a week away, I'll never see either of them again."

"What will Culbertson House do without us?"

"What will we do without it?" several voices chimed.

"No problem, girls. We can get an apartment and live together," Liz paused, and added dramatically, "and to hell with all the goddamn men!"

"What was that?" A new voice questioned.

"Bout time you arrived, Patty!"

"What time is it?"

"It's 5 to 5."

"I've got to go to bed. Gimme a pretzel."

"How was your evening?"

"Wild." Patty sighed in disbelief of even the memory.

"Should I make some popcorn?"

"Honestly, I've had the wildest evening I think I've ever had in my life."

"Well . . .?"

"We don't have any left?"

"Both John and Mike were there."

"We ate all that popcorn!"

"Who's Mike?"

"The guy I was with . . . after John."

"I don't believe it!"

". . . and before John!"

"Wait a minute. Start from the beginning."

"I've got to go to bed. I'm exhausted."

"Sounds like you ought to be."

"Wish we all had such hard times."

"Who is this Mike-guy?"

"He goes out with Megan."

"Your sister?"

"Yes."

"Patty . . ."

"What?"

"Go to bed."

"Remind me to tell you about it in the morning."

"No problem; you can count on us."

"True friends. Good night, everybody."

"Night, Patty."

They watched her up the stairs.

"That's wild."

"That's what the lady said."

Anne broke the reverie with admittance to her own. "Tom'll be here tomorrow; I don't want to go out with him anymore."

"Just get rid of him," Susan promptly replied.

They all reflected on this a moment.

"I hear cyanide works well,"

Lauren suggested.

"I can't get rid of him, He's my security blanket."

"None of us are Linuses. Remember girls: we have each other."

"Liz, you are a beautiful woman," Anne's Count Dracula voice assured.

"But, just the same, you are not quite what I'm looking for . . . I don't ask for much! I just want someone to say 'hi' to me now and then. God, he said hi!! I can't sleep!!!"

"I just wish Mike and I would do something once in a while," Susan ventured.

"Tell him. I'm telling off Tom. In

fact, just tell Mike to call Tom. He can pass everything along."

"OK, we've settled another romance. Who's left to come in?"

"Just Jill."

"She's with Mike tonight."

"We seem to have a penchant for Michaels here at Culbertson."

"Alas, 'tis our fate. We are all doomed to marry 'Mr. Michael Wrights'."

"Who do you think'll be the first to get married?"

"We haven't played this game in a while!"

"Listen to tonight's conversation! You'd think all we do is talk about guys!"

"Or food."

"No," Lauren corrected them, "all we do is talk. In a few years it'll be paychecks and business trips — or dirty diapers. The topic is immaterial."

Their conversation paused.

"You know . . . I don't think any of us will be married for a while . . ."

"Neither do I."

"Maybe Jill . . . but not even her . . ."

The pauses grew longer between each phrase. Like a little wind-up toy, after marching at top speed, it measuredly began to slow down.

"What time your parents getting here tomorrow?" They all understood Julie's question: parents . . . dinner . . . graduation.

"Early. I still haven't finished packing."

"Oh yeah—you! It takes you two weeks to pack to go home for a weekend."

"What do you mean?" Lauren responded, "I pack fast; I just throw everything I own in a suitcase."

"That's right," Liz confirmed.

"Freshman year I couldn't believe you — at Thanksgiving break your suitcase was so heavy, I about died."

"Don't exaggerate, dear."

"I was the one carrying it, remember?!"

"That's right! You carried it on your back all the way across campus! I really appreciated it."

"Thanks," Liz replied sarcastically.

"Better late than never . . . thanks," Lauren echoed.

"I think I'm going to bed. I'm just too tired, even for gossip."

"Mortal sin, Teresa: thou shalt  
*cont'd on page 15*

# Arthur's Folly

by Lance Mazerov

Now we have a SWAT team and a K-9 corps. Maybe we do not need them, but when Council promised Norton the Safety Director's job, Norton promised Council the best and most modern police protection: there would be no cop killings during his tenure as Safety Director.

You must understand 1972:

We are the largest suburb of a typical industrial city that is not quite considered part of the Eastern Establishment and that is not quite considered part of the Midwest. Governmental decisions are still determined by party bosses in smoke-filled rooms, just like in fiction. Council knows how it will vote before it convenes; public discussion lends simply an air of legitimacy to the proceedings. The machine knows this; the opposition party accepts this. After all, we are a democracy. Even Frances, the maverick tax collector, who arrives conspicuously five minutes late, dragging her full-length mink on the floor, knows her opposing views — opposing simply to further her own political career — will be heard, but rejected outright. But that is good press for Frances. You see, her husband publishes the weekly tabloid.

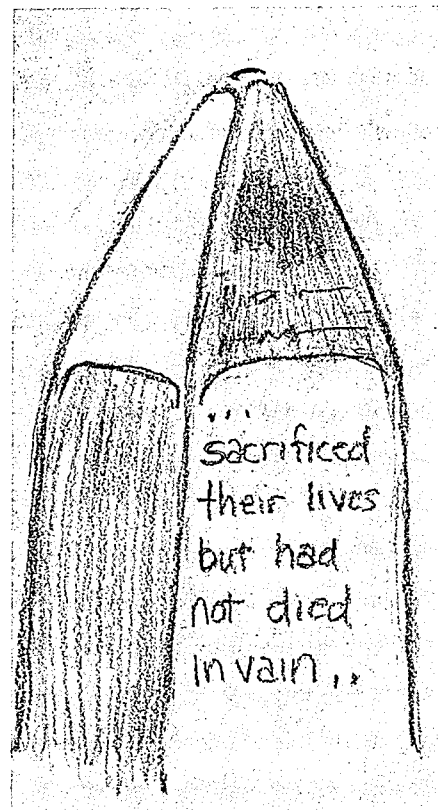
A few upstarts support Frances, but back in 1972, the Third Force was harmless. At times, she even supported the machine. "I gave a buck to back a cop," was her campaign to promote the image of our suburb. And as tainted as the machine was, it worked. Garbage was collected every Tuesday morning, the schools were rumored to be some of the best in the state, municipal bureaucrats never went on strike, and the police knew how to do their jobs.

Scandal, however, hit us during the March thaw of that year. I was washing the winter salt and road

dirt off my mother's Dodge on a mild Saturday afternoon. Mr. King, who was washing his bright red Riviera and listening to the radio, let out a loud "Jesus Christ," and then yelled over to me, "They just killed two cops at Crossroads!" Within the next few minutes, the entire neighborhood must have heard because everyone — adults and children — stopped what he was doing and clustered in various cliques, wanting to learn more. Something was imposing on our safe middle-class existence. We were frightened.

Crossroads was a modern shopping center on the edge of the township. As soon as the various stores opened, they were vandalized, burglarized, or robbed. No one thought Crossroads would survive, partly because of the vandalisms, burglaries, and robberies, mainly because Village 21, billed the largest mall east of the Mississippi River, would be opening within the year. And it was only three miles away, though in a different borough.

That night on the local news we learned the "they" who had "just killed two cops at Crossroads" was Jeannette Johnson, a black woman — then we called her nigger — convicted twice of attempted armed robbery. A store owner notified the police that the store next door was being held up. The police responded within minutes. Johnson mowed them down. Two backup units surrounded her and subdued her. They first thought she was a man. And it is amazing that the other cops did not kill her when capturing her.



Parentetically, the two slain cops were white. We had no black cops in 1972. Though if we did, Jeannette Johnson probably would have shot at black cops just as she did shoot at the two whites.

It is ironic — maybe horrific is a better word — that I remember the murderer's name, but have forgotten the victims'. Maybe this is because Mike Uman, a neighbor of mine, later told me that he was originally appointed her public defender. He convinced one of the other public defenders to take her case because he had moved into the neighborhood three months earlier with his new wife and new baby and did not want crosses to be burned on his Jewish lawn. Maybe I remember Johnson's name and not the cops' because writers like Norman Mailer write bestselling "true novels" about the executioner, and not about those the executioner executed. For whatever reason, I remember Jeanette Johnson got life in prison. I, however, do remember the week of the funerals.

On Sunday, whether or not the municipality had the authority, all flags were ordered to be flown at half-mast for the rest of the week. At religious services, prayers were offered for the slain officers and their families. That day we did not want the Father of Jesus to love sinners; that day we would have refused to accept the existence of such a Father of Jesus. It was a very



serious affair. On Monday, Mr. Zalasky, the principal with the green suites, white socks, and crew cut, made a special announcement over the P.A. system. He recounted "our tragedy" and urged us seventh and eighth graders to bring in loose change during the week to contribute to the special fund being established for the families of the slain cops. We all knew someone who knew the two cops, and we wanted to associate their deaths with John's, Martin's, and Bobby's. Only the two cops were closer to us. It did not matter that most of us had never met them. Then the wrong thing happened: the majority of the class cheered — because Mr. Zalasky announced that school would close for half a day on Wednesday, the day of the funerals. He went on to explain that school could not close for the entire day because we would lose state funds. I remember Melissa Sheasley looked at the rest of the class, broke into tears, and ran out of the room. You see, we later found out that Melissa was a neighbor of one of the murdered cops.

Discussions in civics class that day centered around "our tragedy." The typical seventh-grade response was, "Give the nigger the chair." Mr. Holzer, a professed Independent for McGovern, tried to temper us, reminding us that under our Constitution every person accused of a crime has the right to a fair trial. He, however, thought Johnson's punishment should be death if she were convicted. We all were oblivious to the governor's fiat: the state would execute no one during his tenure. That was one of the few campaign pledges the governor ever kept. Many of us have never forgiven him. With the insight of hindsight, I am amazed that the discussions that day concentrated on the slayer and not the slain.

We brought our coins to homeroom during the rest of the week. Some of us even went without ice cream at lunch to contribute; others simply asked their parents for quarters. But everyone gave something because the student council offered a ten dollar prize to the homeroom that contributed the most money. The prize money was to be used for a party at the end of the year.

Attendance did not decrease dramatically on Wednesday. Melissa, however, was not there.

Mr. King, who first informed me of the shootings, picked up three of

us around noon. We drove past the James W. Evans Funeral Home, which was half a mile down the road from the municipal building. It was fitting that our slain heroes — they were our slain heroes — should be at Evans's. Evans was the closest thing we had to a town patron. Two years earlier Evans's plane crashed on a highly publicized mission of mercy to some place no one seems to remember. There were no survivors. Evans left a wife and three daughters who would be forced to live in his myth. Mrs. Evans donated the two copper caskets for our slain heroes.

The lead story of the local news that night was the funerals. The two cops were buried ten yards apart at the memorial cemetery. A squad car, its lights flashing, its siren silent, escorted the funeral parade. It was our riderless horse. The entire off-duty police force of the suburb was there in uniform.

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But everyone gave  
something because the  
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a ten dollar prize to  
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most money.

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Various other cities in the state sent two cops each. The governor sent two state troopers. But the message that was sent to us which bore witness to the universality of our tragedy was the two Alabama troopers sent personally by the Honorable George Corley Wallace, the epitome of law and order, and the Presidential aspirant

Chief Arthur knew there had to be an investigation of his department. Beyond the immediate tragedy was the scandal. Were his men inadequately trained? Chief Arthur considered the question to be outrageous, but for insurance purposes, he announced that a monument would be erected in front of the municipal building, dedicated to "the glory" of the two policemen who "had sacrificed their lives but had not died in vain."

I blanked out the rest of Arthur's eulogy. I remembered the passage

in *A Farewell to Arms*. My father kept *A Farewell to Arms* on the bookshelf in the family room, but after the second chapter I felt a seventh grader should not be reading this, at least not in front of his parents. But when Arthur said the cops "had sacrificed their lives but had not died in vain," I repeated Frederic Henry out loud: "I was always embarrassed by the words sacred, glorious, and sacrifice and the expression in vain. We had heard them, sometimes standing in the rain almost out of earshot, so that only the shouted words came through . . . now for a long time, and I had seen nothing sacred, and the things that were glorious had no glory, and the sacrifices were like the stockyards at Chicago if nothing was done with the meat except to bury it. . . . Abstract words such as glory, honor, courage, or hallow were obscene." My parents looked at me. I felt ill.

Chief Arthur got his monument — a polished granite cenotaph, four feet by three feet by three feet, with a sloping top — engraved with the profiles of his two slain men, their names, their years of birth and death, and that saying about sacrifice and not dying in vain. Arthur laid the first flowers at our monument — two dozen red roses. For some weeks after the dedication we citizens took special pride in our monument. Someone laid some type of flowers there every day. We were not about to forget our tragedy.

But Arthur's fears were substantiated. There was an investigation and Council demanded Arthur's resignation, even though he was not found culpable. Arthur refused. Council sued; Arthur countersued.

Much has changed in our suburb since 1972. We have a new home rule charter. At least four members of our police force are black. Frances, after serving for five years in the state legislature, decided that she wanted to be mayor. No one stopped her. Contributions for the victims' families stopped long ago. Arthur won his suit, but Council abolished his job and created the Safety Director's position. Norton got that. And he gave us the SWAT team and the K-9 corps. Jeannette Johnson still is in jail. The price of real flowers is outrageous, so plastic flowers now ornament Arthur's Folly. But Norton, who lost his job last year, fulfilled his promise: there were no cop killings during his tenure as Safety Director. □

# Cafes Are Open Places

by Tom Perruccio

There are several round tables scattered around the dimly lit room. Each is covered with a checkered tablecloth. At one table there is seated an old man with a graying beard. He is a large man and his clothes are quite worn. He is attempting to read a book of poetry but is continually adjusting his glasses and squinting his eyes in order to see the words more clearly in the dim cafe's light. Through the main door of the cafe a dishevelled young man enters and, with a series of suspicious glances around the room, approaches the old man's table and sits down. The old man never looks up, he simply reads a passage from the book aloud.

OLD MAN (SERGEI): Cafes are open places, inviting rich lies, incredibly ancient stains, smokey from incense, saturated and sparkling from incantations laden warmly with certainty and doubt. False committees battle constantly, established metaphors with anarchic illusions leaning into nothingness, bent sideways by fantastic malleable molten structure. Facelessness spirals squarely outward, defining reasonable latticework of volcanic theory, ethereal emptiness and impossibility, erupting upward touching heavens sparingly. Empassioned filled, tears righteous, godlike, echoing all truth and freedom's love in bloody spirals fall. . . . Well, what do you think?

MARTIN: Think? About what?

SERGEI: About the poem.

MARTIN: What poem?

SERGEI: The poem I just read.

MARTIN: I'm sorry but I've got other things on my mind.

SERGEI (chuckling): Like what?

MARTIN (Lowering his voice and glancing around the room.): Is it safe to talk here?

SERGEI (chuckling again): You give us too much credit Martin. If the time ever came that they were looking for us, you wouldn't find any of us here. Oh no, we would all have exiled ourselves from this fair land, with heartfelt sorrow of course, and gone to cause trouble somewhere else. In short, I think it's safe to talk here.

MARTIN: You talk too much. Now listen, has Antony been here yet?

SERGEI (Lighting his pipe.): No . . . No . . . he hasn't. (Removing the pipe from his mouth.) He's going to be a bit late. Something about picking up some bread for his wife. You know, family responsibilities.

MARTIN (sarcastically.): Family Responsibilities! He and his wife grow fat off bread while everyone else starves. He makes me sick. All his talk of the worker and the revolution. Hah . . . but that doesn't stop him from living in that fancy flat of his! (Sergei looks on, amused.) If a real worker ever approached him he'd turn to butter.

SERGEI (Seeming to enjoy the thought): Well, you may have a point there, but it seems to me that we've all got to eat. A loaf is no feast for me. (Patting his stomach.) And by the way, you don't appear to me to be an emaciated proletarian.

MARTIN (annoyed): My death by starvation will not in any way serve the revolution!

SERGEI: Serve the revolution eh? And now who's to determine how much girth one needs to do that?

MARTIN (Fighting to maintain his composure.): Senile old man! Does nothing matter to you? Are you so old that you can't feel the suffering of others? Do you lie awake at night with the cries of starving

children in your ears? I do! Do you have nightmares of mothers standing in the snow, waiting in line for scraps of bread for their babies? Never having enough, watching them waste slowly to death? Well I do! (Pounding his fist on the table.) Once you've seen it, it never leaves you, you can never be rid of the horror of it, never! . . . Never! (Regaining his composure.) Never.

SERGEI (Reaching out to Martin's hand.): We all think we are the only ones. (Sergei relights his pipe. Nothing is said for a few minutes.) There are others, you know. At least take what little comfort you can in that. (At this point Antony, who has been listening to the entire outburst walks up behind Martin's chair.)

ANTONY (sarcastically.): So what has gotten our young radical so bothered? Did your anarchist friends run out of bombs? Did they postpone their revolution again? What a shame. (Martin fights to keep his composure.) What a terrible shame. All they needed was one more bomb to put in some marketplace and the world would have been liberated!

MARTIN (Quietly looking away from Antony.): At least . . . (A little louder.) At least I'm willing to do something, anything. Thank God I'm not like you! Sitting around quoting all that trash about Dialectic Materialists. You will never be anyone's vanguard spouting all that crap to the workers.

ANTONY: Dialectical.

MARTIN: What?

ANTONY: Dialectical Materialism. You said it wrong, and I'm sure you have no idea what it means.

MARTIN: Who the hell cares what it means? It's all useless theory anyway. You can't live on theory!

Life takes action!

ANTHONY (Amused.): Martin, if you weren't a total imbecile you might understand it all a bit better. It never says that we just wait around. We all believe in action, but when? That's the big question. You . . . you want to run out and tear the whole thing down. No plans, no preparation. Just tear it all down and then leave us all out in the dark. Well me and my friends, we want a little bit of light to see by after it's all torn down. The time must be right the masses must be ready. It's all a matter of history. It's a science like any other. The time for action will inevitably come and no amount of destruction will hasten its coming.

MARTIN: Science! I suppose you've put us all under some microscope and seen it all! You forget one thing though, we're not microbes, we're people. Every day we wait people suffer. How the hell can you just sit back and watch! Leave revolution to the revolutionaries and science to the scientists.

ANTHONY (unperturbed): Martin, as I said, I never expected you to understand. No, it's a matter of time and education. In time you will understand. You'll see I'm right, trust me.

MARTIN: Tell that to those hungry people in the street. See what they say about it! Do you think they'll wait with you? They want action, now!

SERGEI: And my friends, what do you tell them when the bullets start to fly, eh? In either case it's them who will pay the price for your impulsiveness (Pointing to Martin.) and your theory (Pointing to Antony.).

ANTHONY: Prices must be paid.

MARTIN: And better sooner than later.

SERGEI: You're both so smug, but tell me what would happen if someone came up to you and told you to march up to the Army's guns? I dare say your enthusiasm would wane a bit. Tell me where you both will be when the shooting starts?

ANTHONY: If I were any use with a gun I'd be up front. But the truth is, I'm useless with a gun. I'd be more danger to myself than to the enemy. I'm much more useful in the background. Education, now that's the key! The people have the righteous anger and we, the vanguard, have the path.

MARTIN (Sarcastically): Oh, let them dodge the bullets while you dodge the murderous invectives

of opposing theorists. A fair trade don't you think? Let's be frank, we both know that men of action have no choice but to be at the head of the revolutionary cadres, leading them to victory!

SERGEI: And death?

MARTIN: Yes, and death. It's a sorry thing that men must die, but it's for their own freedom. Their names will live on as the heroes of the people.

SERGEI: It seems to me that the rewards you offer aren't all that appealing to me.

MARTIN: Well perhaps you've never suffered enough yourself to feel strongly about anything. In desperation men will *do* anything.

ANTHONY: Exactly. Things will inevitably become so bad and the people will become so enlightened that they will spontaneously, in an outburst of brotherhood and unity, cast aside the bonds of economic slavery!

MARTIN: He's right! To a degree. But I say now is the time. No one need wait any longer, I'm certain that it can work now!

SERGEI (applauding): How convincing. How neat. I sincerely hope nothing gets in your way, but things always do. Tell me, what if you're wrong? How will you explain it to those dead heroic peasants and their children?

ANTHONY: Wrong? You really don't understand do you? It isn't a matter of right or wrong, it's a matter of natural progression. It's a matter of inevitability. It will happen and that's all there is to it. It's scientific.

MARTIN: Bunk! Don't listen to his claptrap, Sergei. People don't die for theories, they die for a better life, for freedom! How can freedom ever be wrong? The truth is, it's always right to pursue justice no matter what the cost! That's your problem Sergei, you don't want to take chances. You're not willing to go where your heart takes you.

SERGEI: True. True. I just don't trust hearts all that much. I'd much rather have hearts, minds, and bodies all intact and acting together. When they're not, all three seem to be lost permanently. Let me be frank, I admire you. At times I wish I could be like you, young, full of ideals and action, but then I remember the blood and pain you'll cause! But far worse than that is the callous and unfeeling way you pass off your responsibility for it! Blame historical necessity or impulses of the heart, I don't care, it won't matter.

You will be responsible! Yes you! Can't you admit to your own responsibility or are you so afraid of it that you must hide from it in abstract theories and emotion! How can you judge the costs of abstracts. They have no substance, no form. It is dark warm blood that will stain your hands, not abstractions! If you can hide from that reality, if you can only point to theories and emotion, if you can only accuse them, how can you ever be honest with yourself? If you can't take responsibility for it, how can you ever judge costs? Tell me. Tell *me* that I must die! Tell me it's all for history. Tell me it's all for emotion! Then try to hide the blood on your hands! Tell me it's not there and then see if I believe enough to die for you. (Sergei turns to face Antony.) And you! You let others prove your theories in front of guns, letting them use your certainty as a shield! See how many bullets it will stop! You're both children, children! (Sergei sits back in his chair. It is as if he has released thoughts that have rarely, if ever been communicated.)

You say that I cannot feel the suffering of others, but you are wrong. It's not that I cannot feel, it's that I feel too much! I can't take the responsibility for acting any more than you can. You feel no responsibility and I feel too too much. You two see glorious ends and I see bloody steps in between. How can I act when those steps stand out so clearly? I . . . I am frozen. I am weak. (No one speaks for two or three minutes. Antony and Martin are both totally overwhelmed by Sergei's torrent of thoughts.) And this, this is why I both love and hate you. You two are strong. You're not frozen like I am. You're free to act. Nothing can bother you. You both have goals and nothing will keep you from them, not a sea of blood, not anything! You both would gladly face the consequences of your actions because it is not you who is acting, it's some abstract ideal. But I, I am afraid to, because it is I who is acting! The faces of the dead would haunt me, but I'm sure that they'd be invisible to you, just like the blood on your hands. (Silence) I know what you're thinking. "That Sergei, what a sentimental old fool, hiding behind his purity. Does he think the hungry give a damn for his purity? Can they buy bread with it? Can *cont'd on page 14*

# Poetry

## *La Sonrisa del Amor*

by Timothy Hayes

Todos los hombres saben bien  
Que en la vida hay mucho bueno—  
Pero los tantos no se sonríen,  
No tienen amor en el seno.

¿Porqué la vida viven así?  
¿Porqué no se dan ellos al amor?  
¿Quiéren vivir no viviendo casi?  
¿Quiéren oír el de muerte clamor?

No es posible que estos todos  
Quiéren la vida tan hech trizas!  
No hacen más que buscar los modos.  
De vivir que no duelen más.

Es la verdad del mundo veloz  
Que el amor es el que lo vuelve.  
No hay ningún que nosotros solos  
Que las malas superasolve\*!

Debemos ora, sonreírnos!  
En este modo solo salirá  
Nuestra habilidad de reírnos,  
y ora el amor regirá.

All men know well  
That in life much is good—  
But most do not smile,  
Do not hold love in their hearts.

Why do they live life so?  
Why do they not seek love?  
Do they want to live almost not living?  
Do they want to hear the cry of death?

It is not possible that all these men  
Want life so torn to pieces!  
They do no more than seek the ways  
Of living that do not hurt so much.

It is the truth of the swift moving world  
That love is what moves it.  
There is no one but we alone  
Who can survive and overcome its evils

We ought now to smile—  
In this way only will arise  
Our ability to laugh,  
and then love will rule.

\*superasolver: superar + resolver — to overcome and solve.

### Cafes

*cont'd from page 13*

they keep warm with it? How many lives does he think his purity is worth? You're right if you think those things. (Sergei picks up his book and flicks through the pages.) Someone once wrote that one should not be afraid to get one's hands dirty, to plunge them right up to the elbows in blood and flesh. Well I can't! Not even up to the wrists, not even that far. Maybe some day I'll be ready to put aside my purity. But until then let me sit here frozen in this chair, frozen in this cafe, searching for a way to put this anguish to sleep forever. . . . Though . . . though, it just might be that it's only anguish that lets us really see clearly and it's only clarity that

holds us back from acting foolishly. (He stops flicking the pages and starts reading a page to himself.) Well? (He looks up from his book as if expecting Antony and Martin to be gone.) Go away from here, both of you! Just let me sit here and think of simple, brighter things. The time will come when it won't matter how I feel, I'll just be forced to act, just be forced to lose that purity I value so much. Then you can gloat. But until then, go! (Both Antony and Martin exchange glances and then stand up and walk toward the door. Sergei never looks up from his book, Only his voice is heard.)

SERGEI: Of course, I think I love you more than I hate you. □

*Tom Perruccio, a senior Government major, will be a Psychology graduate student next year.*



## Girl friends

cont'd from page 9

not sleep."

"Look, I've been doing pretty good all week long."

"That's true, Ok, we'll let you by this time."

"Me too?"

"Make that 'us too?'"

"You guys are gettin' old."

"What do you expect; we are soon to be college grads." Anne quipped.

"Night Teresa, 'night, Anne, 'night Julie."

"Night, you guys."

Julie turned off the porch light so it wouldn't shine in the drapeseless windows. The three girls sat in the semi-darkness of the front room, in the center of the familiar rust-colored rug. Most of the furniture had already been packed.

"Just us three, Angels," Susan began.

"Just like old times." After a moment, Liz continued. "John will be here tomorrow. I don't want to see him."

"You hide in the closet. We'll tell him he got the date confused, and you graduated last weekend—"

"—and by now are off conquering the world!"

"And you can tell my parents I'm off in Europe . . ."

"Why not just go there—us three? We could hop on a plane tonight."

"Paris!"

"No—I want to go to Rome!"

"You and that Italian blood, Liz!"

"No. Let's go to Sweden!"

"It would be such fun to travel together . . . you know, we've spent a lot of time together, but classes never blow-off time."

"Oh, I don't know. We've blown off a hell of a lot of time together . . ."

"I mean vacationing."

"How 'bout when you and me went out to visit Susan after Freshman year? Or when we went to Florida?"

"OK, so I was wrong. But let's still go to Europe."

"When?"

The girls upstairs had settled down, the house was quiet and dark. Lauren looked at her two companions. Rather, the three studied each other. It had been these three since the beginning. She loved the others, but still, down deep, she knew there was something special about these two. These three, Lauren counted in herself. No, she said, this oneness.

"Is your whole family coming?" Liz broke the silence.

The other two nodded.

"Here." Susan offered the bag of

pretzels, "we're almost out of them. Last round, girls."

Lauren wanted to take Susan's hand and Liz's hand. She wanted to touch their hair, to kiss them and say she loved them. She smiled at the memory of in-house "Sappho" jokes. She was glad they were graduating. Now she would have an excuse to hug them, to be sentimental—maudlin. Girlfriends. The more you said it, the stranger it sounded, but who ever says it?

"I don't think I can sit here any longer," Susan whispered.

"Did you cry at 'The King and I'?"

Susan nodded.

"So did I."

"Then, I think we'd better clear outta here, quick." Liz added.

"Good night Susan. Good night, Liz."

"Good night, Lauren."

"Good night, Susan."

"Good night, Liz."

"Don't forget good night to John-Boy."

"No, that's your department, Lauren. You're the TV fan."

"No," she said, "it's 6 AM. Good morning." □

*Madeline Philbin is a senior from Oak Park, IL.*

## Get help from people who've been there before.

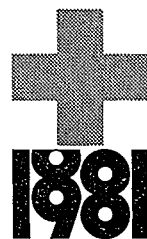


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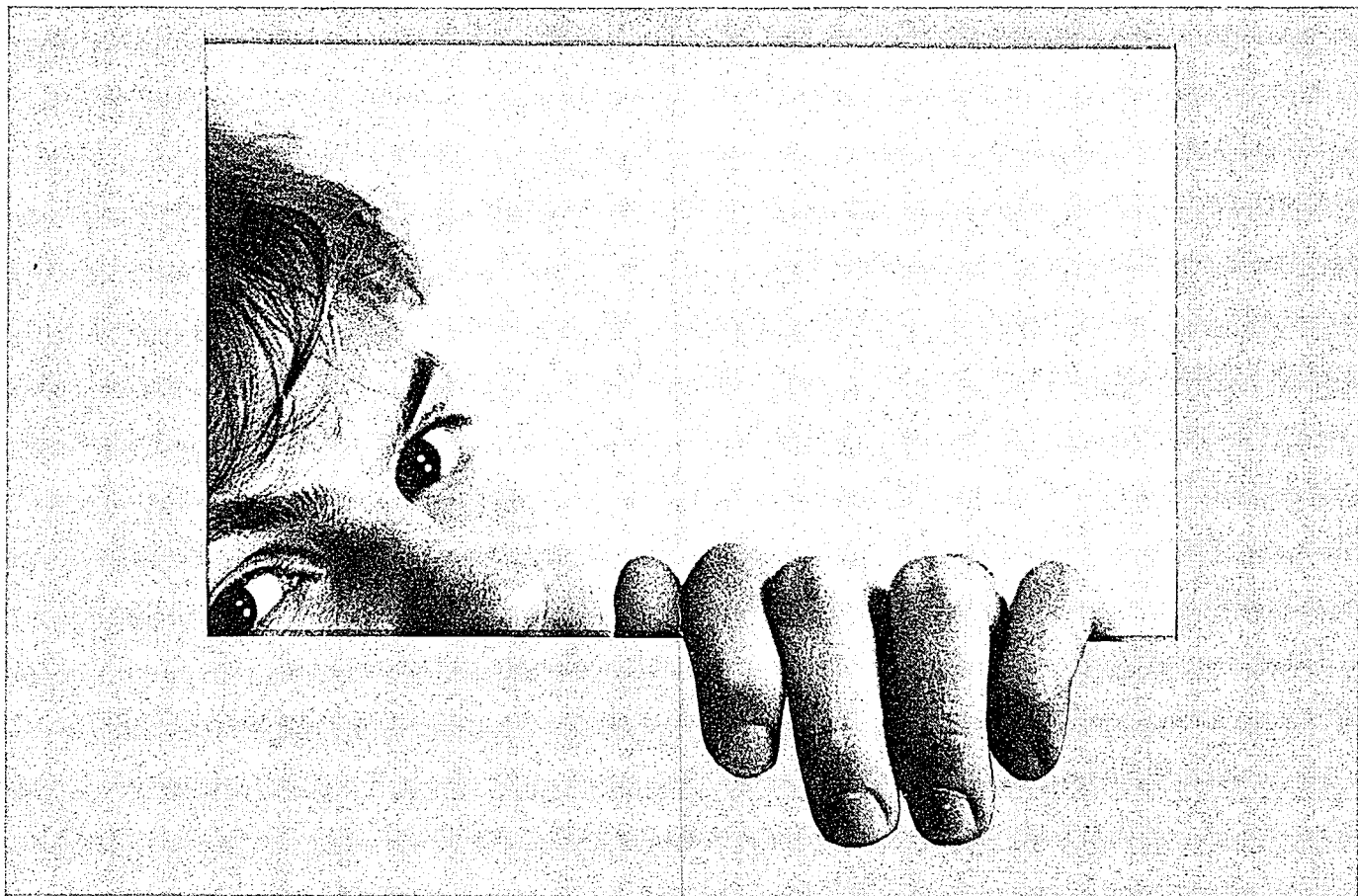
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# Gallery



**Kevin Kane**

*Self Portrait*



**Francoise Poinsette**

*Self Portraits in Light*



**Doug Garafolo**

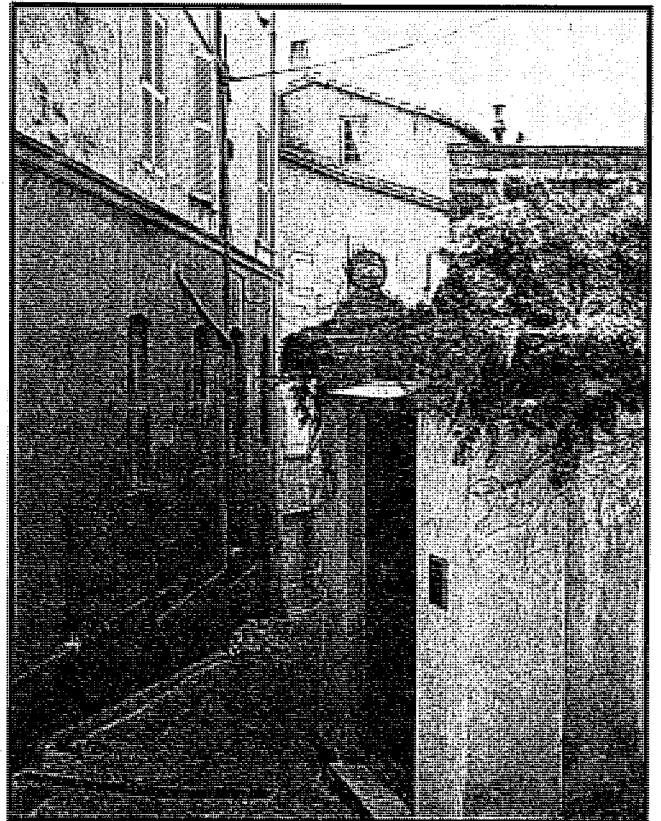




**Francoise Poinsette**



**Kevin Kane**

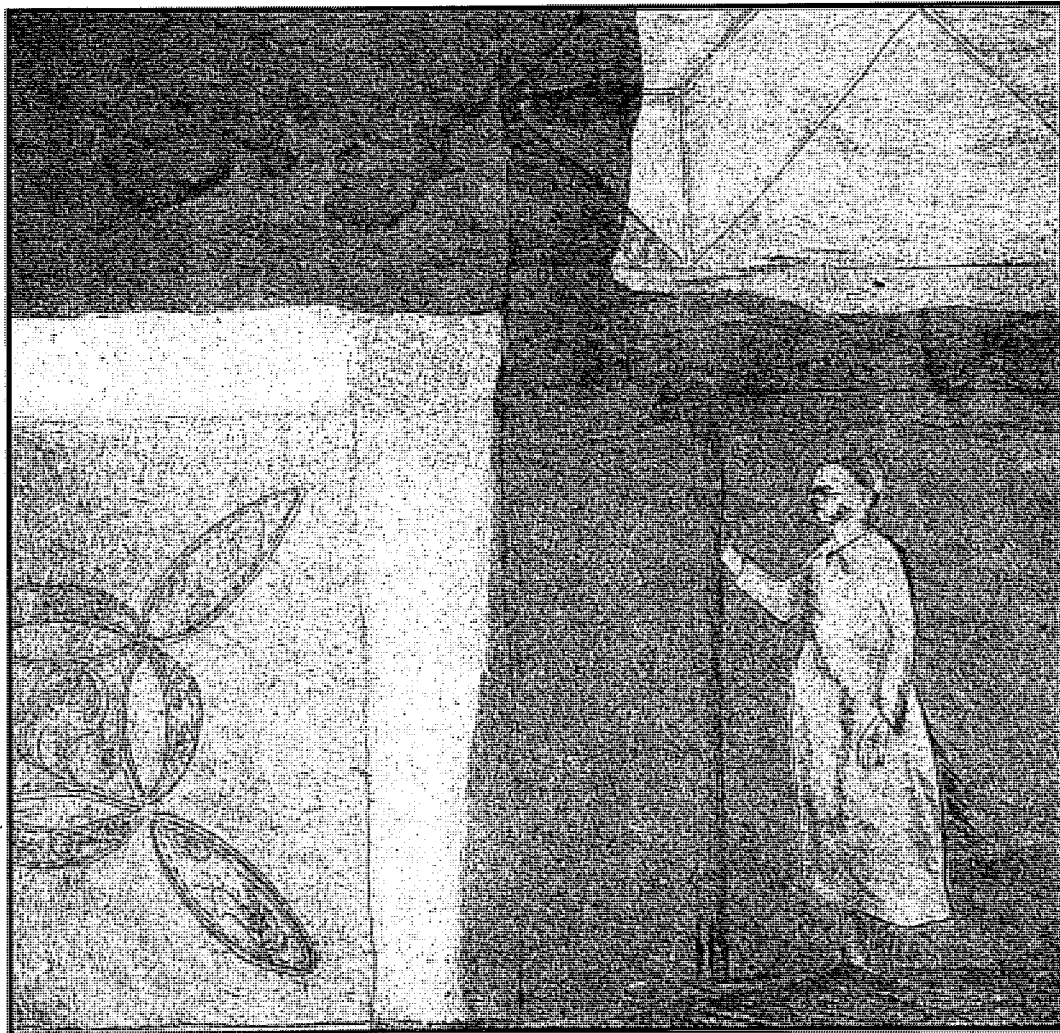


**Giselle Batacan**

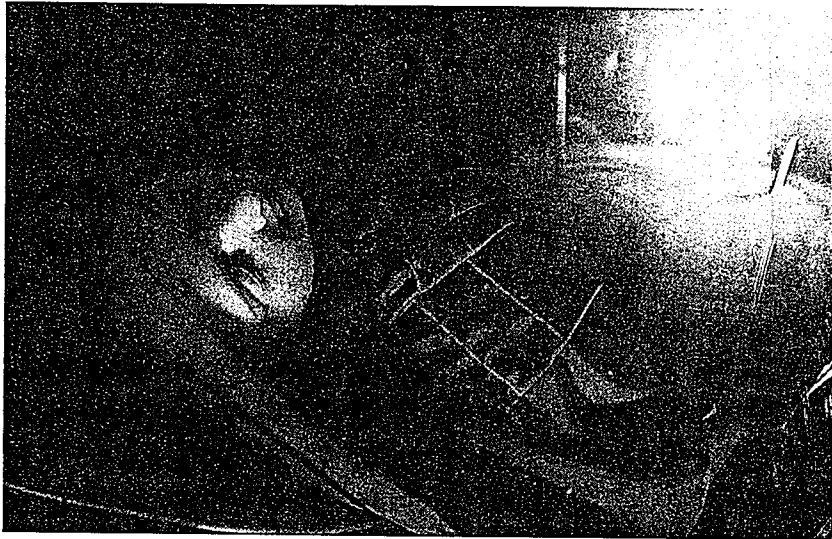
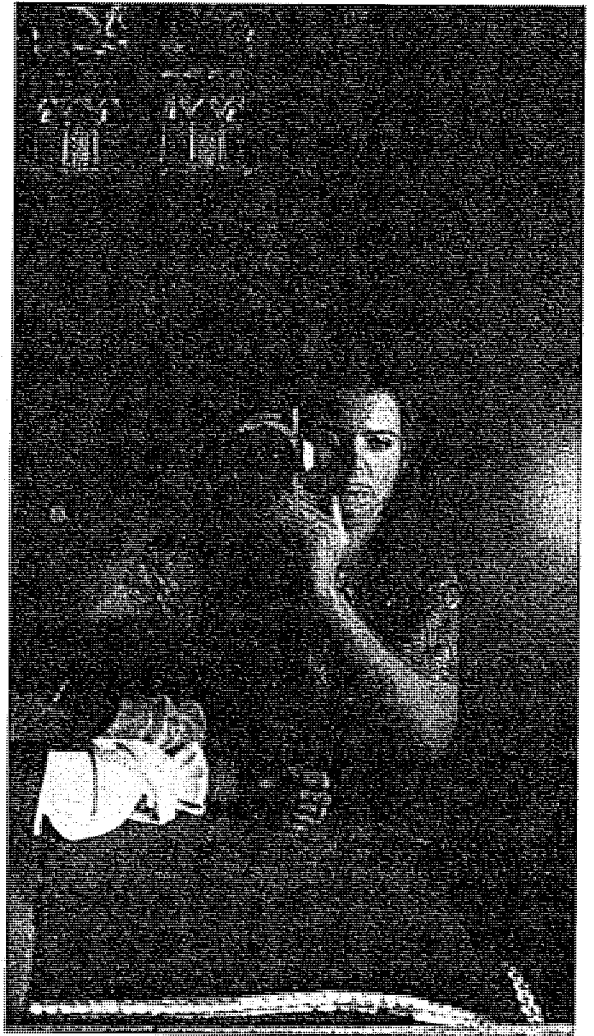
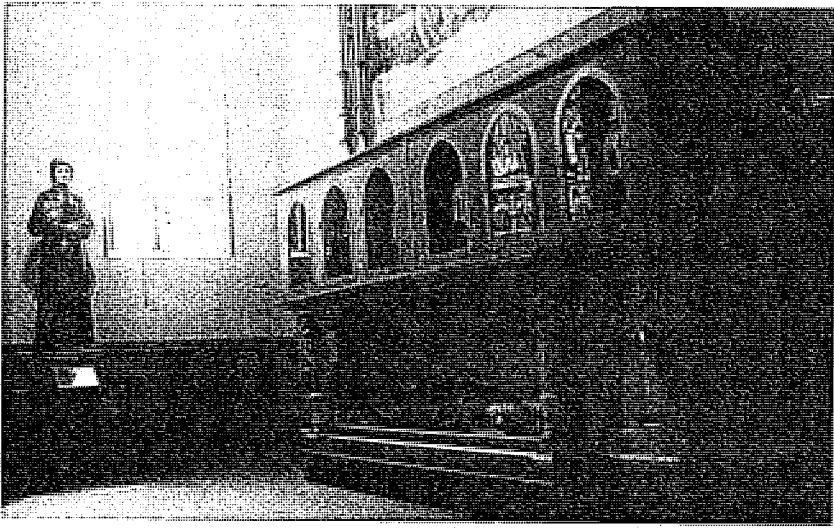




**Giselle Batacan**



**Giselle Batacan**



I)  
5 images  
delirium

black and white somber medium  
evolving composition show  
case of ideas—  
a procession judging men  
commentary under  
glass.

*delirium.*

II)  
5 images  
delirium

burlap walls track  
light stars internal space—  
*a box for things*  
enclosed pictures  
under ceiling  
tiles.

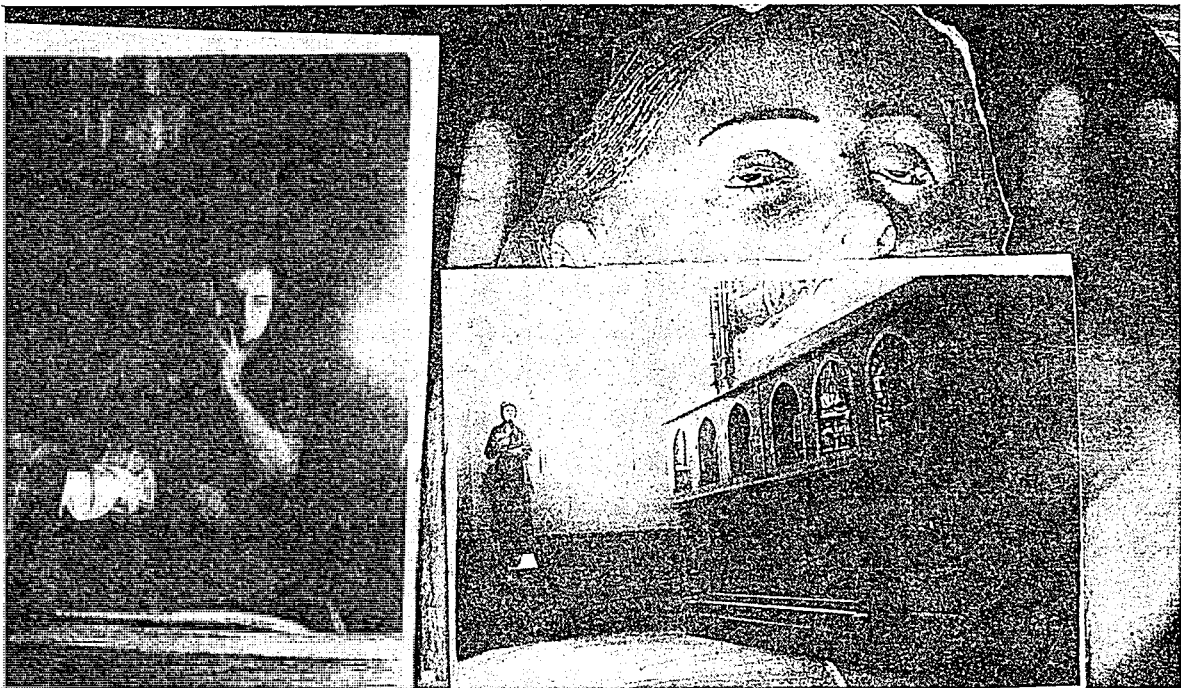
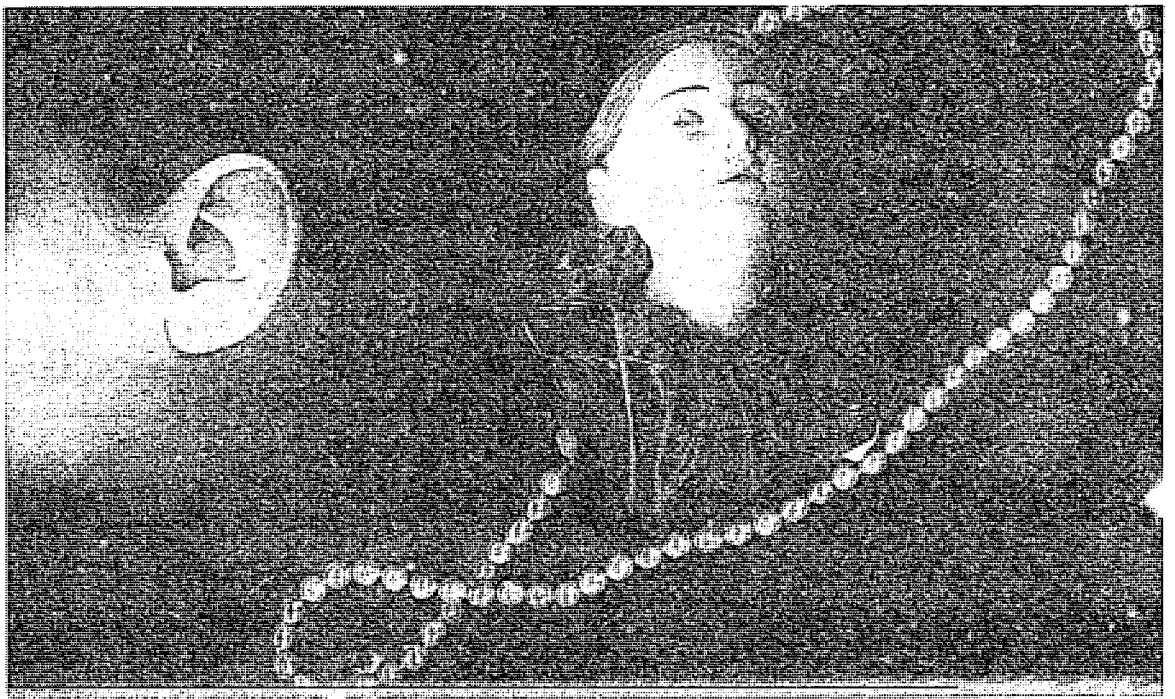
*delirium.*

III)  
5 images  
hung in cruciform

array of structure  
grass and snow-laced boxes—  
images of men and  
things unknowable except  
in ink and stone

interlockig forms in  
space

*delirium.*  
SCHOLASTIC





# Books John Matthias: That Ancient Charge

by Dennis Leavens

And I remember What you wanted me to do. That ancient charge: to read whatever evidence in lives or lies appears, In stones or bells — transform, transfigure then whatever comedy, catastrophe or crime, and thus Return the earth, thus redeem the time. "Epilogue From a New Home: For Toby Barkan."

*Bathory and Lermontov* John Matthias Translated into Swedish by Göran Printz-Pahlson and Jan Ostergren. Illustrated by Douglas Kinsey. Kalejdoskop Editions. Distributed by Notre Dame Bookstore. \$10.00.

*Contemporary Swedish Poetry* Translated by John Matthias and Göran Printz-Pahlson. Ohio University Press. \$7.95.

*Five American Poets: Robert Hass, John Matthias, James McMichael, John Peck, Robert Pinsky.* Introduction by Michael Schmidt. Carcanet Press. Distributed by Persea Books. \$7.95.

*Introducing David Jones.* A Selection of His Writings Edited by John Matthias. Preface by Stephen Spender. Faber and Faber. Distributed by Merrimack Book Service. \$8.95.

John Matthias, Professor of English, has recently had four books become available to the Notre Dame community. Three were published in 1980, and the fourth, *Five American Poets*, though published in 1979, has only recently been made available in the United States. The four volumes display Matthias's far-ranging poetic interests, as a glance at the titles demonstrates. Two books, *Bathory and Lermontov* and *Five American Poets*, contain original poems by Matthias, combined with other original art, Douglas Kinsey's striking monotypes in *Bathory*, and verse by Matthias's colleagues and contemporaries in the American anthology. *Contemporary Swedish Poetry* is a slim volume containing work from the last three decades of fifteen Swedish poets. *Introducing David Jones* is an introduction to the work of the great Welsh poet containing excerpts from his three full-length

works, *In Parenthesis*, *The Anathemata*, and *The Sleeping Lord*. These four volumes display Matthias's breadth, as there is work from England, Sweden, and America, selections from the '30's to the '70's, original work, translated work, and editorial work. We are fortunate to have these editions.

The two long cycles of poems in *Bathory and Lermontov* appeared in Matthias's third volume of poems, *Crossing* (published in 1979), and followers of Matthias's work might ask why publish another edition. The answer is twofold. This volume is printed in Sweden and the poems have been translated into the Swedish by Jan Ostergren, and Matthias's collaborator on *Contemporary Swedish Poetry*, Göran Printz-Pahlson. The original English version occupies the top half of the page and the translation the bottom half. Students of comparative literature are provided with the raw material upon which to conduct their comparisons, and muddlers like myself are provided an opportunity to sound out the Swedish and experiment with cognates. More seriously, as Printz-Pahlson points out in his note:

As publication this book purports to be an experiment in that it presents, in an aesthetically pleasing packaging, poems which clearly are means to make up a book, and which never before have been printed within this format. The translations are to be taken as an aid to comprehension for the Swedish reader, but also to some extent as analytical tools in themselves. Nevertheless, they are intended first of all to be readable as poems in their own rights and do sometimes veer off to a considerable degree from the English originals.

We have here two sets of poems which competent scholars and students will be able to compare.

In addition, there are the monotypes. Douglas Kinsey, another member of the Notre Dame faculty, has provided eighteen illustrations —

reproductions of monotypes — depicting central moments or figures in the poems. There are figures of Matthias, Bathory, Lermontov, and scenes from the poems. To my uneducated eye, the reproductions seem of very high quality, and Kinsey's curiously angular yet full-bodied, gaunt yet muscular figures haunt the volume as those figures indeed haunt the poems.

Which brings me to the poems. These poems, about Matthias's trip from England to the United States on the Polish ocean liner *Stefan Bathory*, and his trip back to England two years later on the Russian liner *Mikhail Lermontov*, demonstrates his mature poetic technique. The poems include delightful word play, "Once I had a Polish friend, Zymierski. / He changed his name to Zane. / Dane Zane it became. (It's Zane Grey I blame.)"; humorous caricatures, in this case of Olga, the "cultural commissar" on the *Lermontov*, extolling the virtues of that liner:

The bridge is great, the ballroom is great,

The bars are great (and the booze in the bars): also

The bilgewater is great and the bureaus

In the Bureaucracy: great are the drawers

Of each bureau, the pencils and the papers inside,

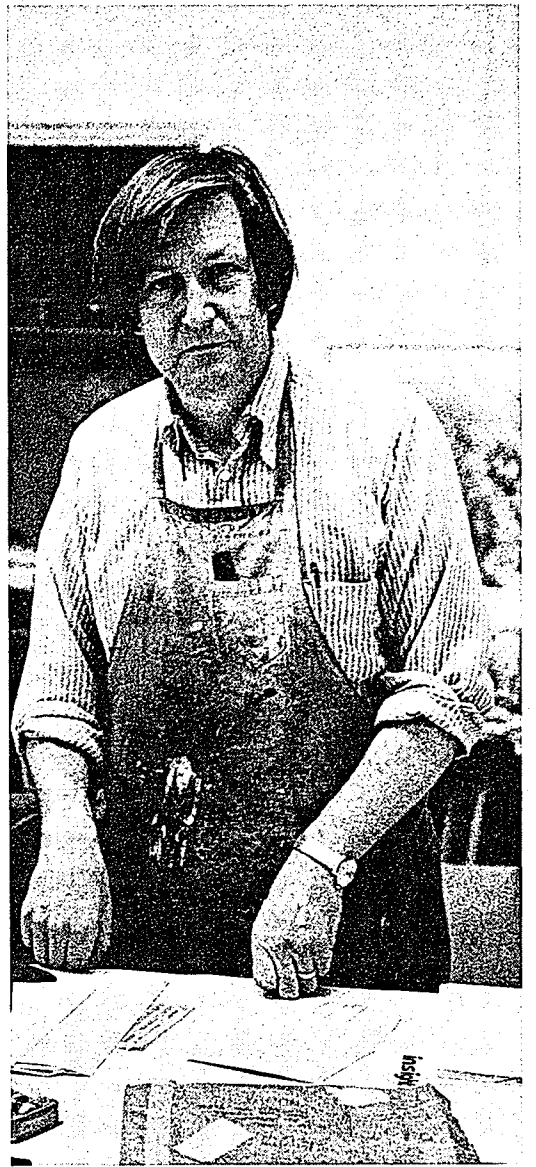
The paper clips and the pens.

But also the most serious of aesthetic questions are addressed, whether to immerse oneself totally into the world of art, or to use one's skills for social action: "Prospero whispers in one ear / And Lenin in the other." Opposite this last passage is stunning monotype of the wide-eyed, tortured poet with Lenin whispering in his right ear and Prospero in his left. The considerable impact of these lines is rendered enormously more effective by their visual counterpart. Kinsey's monotypes strike the reader several times during the book, enhancing and supercharging the words on the page. In addition, the facing





*Monotype from Bathory & Lermonter*



*Doug Kinsey*



*John Matthias*



war; later he became a Pentecostal, and married into "some money." The melodramatic details are handled so exquisitely that it is only in trying to summarize like this that they read like soap opera. The economy of language, the interplay of observation and speculation, and the maintenance of the loving lament come together in the final lines:

How old can you possibly be now?  
45?

Are you still saved?  
Do you think your father is in  
Hell?

Do you still smell of horses?

But I'm sure you own a tractor.

Tranströmer's poem presents a similar love lament for his country and its "Men, beasts, ornaments":

I don't know if we are at the be-  
ginning or at the terminal stage.

Recapitulation cannot be made,  
recapitulation is impossible. Re-  
capitulation is the mandrake root.

The anthology section displays the range of ten Swedish poets from the spare, economic lines of Jan Ostergren, to the expansive long lines of Tobias Berggren, to the erudite, allusive verse and prose poetry of Printz-Pahlson. No brief review can do justice to the work of ten poets, but I recommend especially the work of Friberg (particularly "The Growing"), Berggren, and Printz-Pahlson. There are many other fine poems in this anthology including Leckius's "To a Zen Monk," Johansson's "A Meditation," and Sonnevi's "Landscape."

*Five American Poets* does not attempt to demonstrate the range of American poetry, though there is considerable range with regard to technical means and poetic exploration; but, rather, unifies, in one volume, the work of five poets who studied under Yvor Winters at Stanford in the middle '60s. As Michael Schmidt points out in his Introduction, "to denominate them the 'last generation' of Wintersians . . . would be an error." But, as Schmidt rightly points out again, "All five poets evince one element of Wintersian discipline—in Matthias's words, 'sanity at work in poetry even where emotion is nearly intolerable.'" Perhaps Pinsky best sums up Winters' influence in his "Peroration, Concerning Genius," a remarkable poem

page monotype, with its haunting figures of Bathory and Lermontov, remains in the reader's memory as their names and histories occur in the poems. The combined effect of Matthias's poems and Kinsey's monotypes is extraordinary, and compelling to those who have no interest in the Swedish translations at all.

*Contemporary Swedish Poetry* has the shoe on the other foot, with Matthias acting as "junior partner" assisting in these translations, including some of Printz-Pahlson's and Ostergren's poetry. The book is divided into two sections. The first includes five longish poems on Sweden gathered under the heading, "Do

you know the country?" and the second, the "Anthology," contains the work of ten poets. In the first section, Sonja Akesson's "A Letter" and Tomas Tranströmer's "Baltic Seas III" are particularly effective in demonstrating "the paradoxical fusion of enlightenment, rationalism and otherworldly speculation" and "empirical scientific observation and relentless seeking after the divine order" which Printz-Pahlson identifies as the central conflict in the tradition of Swedish poetry. Akesson's letter is from a grown woman to her first teenage lover whose mother was slain by his mad father and who impregnated her before leaving for the

which ends with this picture of Winters:

As far as he was concerned  
Suffering was life's penalty; wisdom armed one  
Against madness; speech was temporary; poetry was truth.

In this insistence on poetry as truth, truth as aesthetic and truth as moral, these poets agree. However, their methods differ.

Pinsky, as he espouses in *The Situation of Poetry*, writes "discursive" verse, attempting to implement the "prose virtues" of poetry, for example, in this passage from "An Explanation of America":

Jefferson in his epitaph records  
That he was author of the  
Declaration  
Of Independence, and of the  
Virginia law  
Providing public education; and  
founder  
Of that state's University —  
omitting  
His 'high office' . . . as if it were a  
bound,  
Or something held, not something  
he had done —  
The ceremonial garment he had  
been given  
By others, with a certain solemn  
function  
And honor; eventually, to be  
removed.

The syntax is clear, the allusions are obvious, the imagery ("garment" and clothing imagery run throughout this section of the poem) is easy and natural. Not all Pinsky's poetry is this approachable, but a good deal of it is.

At an opposite pole are Matthias and Hass — syntactically difficult, obscurely allusive, cryptically imagistic. Both poets write poems that may be called discursive — Hass's "Spring" and "Graveyard at Bolinas," and Matthias's "Fathers" and "Friendship" are examples — but their more lengthy and ambitious works are much less "discursive." Hass's "Lament for the Poles of Buffalo" and "The Beginning of September" display his complex technique and experimentation with the prose poem. Matthias's "Turns: Toward a Provisional Aesthetic and a Discipline" is the most difficult poem in this anthology, and self-reflexively anticipates some readers' reactions, "I'm sorry, but I simply cannot understand this esoteric kind of thing." A less difficult, but no less successful poem

is "Epilogue From a New Home: For Toby Barkan."

McMichael, of these poets, is the most rooted in the ordinary, and displays, in this anthology, the least interest in the broadly historic, in cosmic speculation, and in encyclopedic verse. The excerpt from "From the McMichaels'" is the nearest to the enormity of scope found in Pinsky's "An Explanation of America" and Matthias's "Turns," but it is a family history, the passages in this anthology describing scenes and remembrances surrounding the death of the speaker's mother. Much more typical of the poems in this volume is "The Vegetables" which has, among others, sections subtitled "Corn," "Celery," "Potatoes." Despite these perhaps lighthearted titles, these are serious, often violent lyrics: "I [the corn quail] will be in your / Head with no way out, / Wings beating at the / Air behind your eyes." Much of McMichael's verse in this volume juxtaposes a gentle title or scene with a terrifying natural violence as in "Lutra, the Fisher" which is about an otter and ends with the lines "strewing over the kitchen floor / bones and vermilion gills."

The selection from John Peck's poetry demonstrates his wonderfully descriptive lyricism:

Like a fruit wine with earth  
Clouding its sweetness, color  
Of day's end, this cider  
Collects light from the window  
Of October —

Peck is a master of the visual image. His poetry is reminiscent, sentimental (in the best sense of that term), and lyric, but not without toughness and muscle: "But am aware of sky / As of scud over harbors — / Sheeted and stretched above / The snow poised on that bough."

*Introducing David Jones* is the fourth of these editions, and in this work Matthias acts as editor, selecting work from Jones's three full-length poetic volumes. This edition includes Part 3, and sections of Parts 4 and 7 from *In Parenthesis*, most of the Preface, all of Part II, and sections of Parts I and VII from *The Anathemata*, and three poems plus a section of the title poem from *The Sleeping Lord*. Jones's notes are appended to each section.

For those not familiar with David Jones, this book provides a fine introduction. Jones was a Roman Catholic Welshman, traditions essential to his writings. *In Parenthesis* and *The Anathemata* rely on Welsh epics

and Arthurian legend informed by a relentless insistence on the sacramental and holy in art, poetry, and signmaking of all types. *The Sleeping Lord* represents in some ways the fully envisioned Arthur, or, as Matthias says, "Hero, King, and Lord, attended by his candle-bearer, his poet, and his priest, he is everything our megalopolitan technological society denies." The making of poetry is essential to Jones's Christianity: "Unless man is of his essential nature a *poeta*, one who makes things that are signs of something, then the central act of the Christian religion is totally without meaning."

Presented with a book like this the reviewer can only throw up his hands and despair. The book is modelled on Eliot's *Introducing James Joyce*, and, as in two or three paragraphs it would be impossible to comment usefully on Joyce or Eliot — and Jones is considered by many to be an artist of that stature — so I simply recommend the book, for those interested in poetry, in religion, in Arthurian legend, in extraordinary vision, in the magic of the written word. This is difficult, brilliant poetry, and I would close with two passages from "The Hunt," the opening and the closing lines to give some indication of its tenor:

. . . and the hundreds and  
twenties  
of horsed *palatini*  
(to each *comitatus*  
one *Penteulu*)  
that closely hedge  
with a wattle of weapons  
the first among equals  
from the wattled *palasau*  
the torqued *arghwyddi*  
of calamitous jealousy  
\* \* \*

And the extremity of anger  
alternating with sorrow  
on the furrowed faces  
of the Arya  
transmogrified the calm face  
of the morning  
as when the change-wind stirs  
and the colours change in the  
boding thunder-calm.  
because this was the Day  
of the Passion of the Men of  
Britain  
when they hunted the Hog  
life for life. □

Dennis Leavens, a graduate student in English from Caldwell, New Jersey, makes his first contribution to Scholastic with this article.

# Perspective

by Kevin McShane

There are few articles that beg a response more than Father Griffin's article in *Notre Dame Magazine*. The article concerned a complex and abnormal situation in which Father Griffin absolved a man for being unfaithful in a homosexual relationship. My initial reaction was disappointment, mainly in the limitations of a confessor to help a fellow human being. In writing I wish to respond to the sense of hopelessness conveyed in the article. I could sympathize with Father Griffin, but I did not know to whom he was writing. The tone of the article suggested that he was writing another "Letter to a Lonely God." The question that stuck in my mind after reading the article was, why did Father Griffin write this article in *Notre Dame Magazine*, a national publication? I respect and admire Father Griffin for his integrity as a priest. I believe that for that one soul he did the best he could have done. In his article he brings up this point as a defense and coincidentally makes a plea to his reader to respond. My intention in this response is not to belabor the critical attack, but rather to offer my support and some insights into the situation.

There are several things going on in the Church that may have made Father's encounter more difficult. Since Vatican II the polemic shield of the preconciliar Church has been lifted. And Christians in the Catholic Church, both laity and priests, have been called to make contacts with all of the different groups in the world. The contacts should be on a more personal level than the Church had previously encouraged

and should be extended to all people, nations, and religions. This period in the church can best be described as a time of transition. The Church, in order to effectively serve Christ in the modern world, has opened dialogue with all the groups in the world. The present-day example would be the travels of Pope John Paul II and his often stated concern for justice and peace in the world. A scriptural example would be the dialogue between Christ and the woman at the well.

Father Griffin realized the need for dialogue and he approached this situation with extreme caution. Fortunately he did not merely retreat into a polemical sermon on the Church's stand on homosexuality. By not doing this he showed that he has truly adjusted to the changes in the Church. The intention of dialogue is not to condone the differences between the Church's teaching and the person's belief, but rather to reconcile and heal the split between man and God.

Since the Second Vatican Council the responsibility given the laity in the Church has increased. The Christian community is called to respond to problems in their society, and is especially challenged in such a permissive society as ours. And so, the Christian must seek to be stronger in his faith, as well as strive to live a full Christian life.

The sense of hopelessness expressed by Father Griffin must not be construed as a lack of faith, but rather understood as a longing for the backing and support from fellow Christians. This longing demonstrates the difficulties priests have experi-

enced in initiating the directives of Vatican II. Most of these difficulties can be alleviated through the laity's acceptance of their vocation in the lay apostolate.

The responsibility of the laity in the case of pastoral care for the person with homosexual desires is to give him the counsel and emotional support that he needs. The person also needs the opportunity to experience the fullness of Christian life, the life in the Body of Christ.

The sacrament of Penance can often be a time of healing and spiritual growth. Both the confessor and the penitent are blessed with God's grace and his infinite mercy. It is the responsibility of the priest to act and speak in the spirit, because he is participating in the compassion and forgiveness of the Lord. The priest must strive to act rationally with the faith that the Lord will work in all cases.

The Church is waiting with open arms for those who wish to worship Christ in the spirit. The Vatican Council has opened the doors to all peoples to worship in the Catholic Church. The call to worship God is also a call to serve God and your fellow man. The lack of faith in Christ or the underestimation of Christianity is an obstacle we cannot allow ourselves to construct. God's love and forgiveness are greater than any obstacle we can construct. Christ calls us to leave things of this world behind and follow him, for in him is eternal life. □

*Kevin McShane is a fourth year Architect Student from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.*



# Fiction

## WHAT COMES AFTER THE HOT DOG MAN

by Karl Love

At first he had gone in and out of the hospital, in and out, he said, like someone's cat always seeking the other side of the door. Then he was in most of the time, and when he came out it was a special, celebratory time for them. On her way to the hospital to pick him up, she always expected to find parades on all the avenues.

Now he was in the hospital to stay. She could tell from the way the walls of his room had settled around him. The last time he had been out, she had caught him referring to the hospital as home.

So he was at home in the hospital now. From the window of his room he could see a slice of brick wall and a wedge of Sixty-eighth Street, with a few young trees and sometimes the hot-dog man happened to stand in the right spot. "What comes after the hot-dog man?" he asked her when she arrived at the beginning of visiting hours. "What's going on around the corner? Across the street? On First Avenue?"

She was a photographer. Before he became sick, she had photographed him endlessly, mostly because she loved him, partly because he was always there with her when she needed a model. When he began to get thinner and weaker, she stopped taking pictures of him. The photographs seemed to foresee what was coming. They showed the bones under his skin before the bones began to be visible without the camera. Before long she stopped taking pictures of anything. She wanted only to stay with him or to think about him. She couldn't see anything else.

But then he began to send her out to the streets around the hospital to photograph whatever came next after his slice of view. She could not refuse him. She photographed the flower seller on the corner of York Avenue across from the hot-dog man, and the kids exploding out of the high school on the next block, and she photographed the girl who was the neighborhood dog-walker, walking seven dogs at once without anybody's tripping on anybody's

leash.

At night, when she wasn't allowed to be with him, she developed and printed these photographs in the darkroom he had built for her in one corner of their loft. He was an architect. He had designed and built every inch of the interior of the loft, but she thought he had fashioned her darkroom with particular care.

She took him the photographs and pinned them up for him on the wall near his bed. He liked them, but he wasn't satisfied. "There's a big city out there," he told her. "I'm missing it all. You've got to go out and get it for me and bring it back here."

She went out into the city for him and began to photograph buildings and details of buildings, for she thought that must be what he missed most in his isolation. But though he admired these photographs, he didn't ask for more like them. Handing them back to her, he began to talk about the Third Avenue Fair. One of his nurses had told him about the fair and he longed to see what it was like.

She brought him back photographs of a fat woman selling jelly apples and a politician forcing leaflets on people too cynical to vote for anyone. She photographed the stands of junk trying to make it as antiques, and the crêpes flipping over in the air and powdered sugar dusting everything like snow.

He sent her to both rivers for pictures of ships. After the ships, she photographed construction sites, with the sun glinting off hard hats.

By now, the walls around his bed were covered with photographs, like wallpaper whose pattern is never repeated. Doctors, nurses, and patients wandered in and out all day to look at her pictures. He joked that he should close on Mondays like all the other galleries in the city; he said any day now, they'd replace his bed with a rosewood desk and a stack of shiny catalogues.

He was growing weaker when he began to complain that the city wasn't the whole world. She had never cared much about the country, but now she rented a car and found

the right maps and she took trips out to the country to catch the turning leaves for him with her camera.

He began to talk about the little town upstate where he'd spent his childhood summers. "I wonder if things have changed much up there," he said, clutching the photographs of light playing through pale and dark leaves, shuffling through them so that the branches seemed to be moving right there in his room. "There used to be a cider mill."

On the afternoon he died, she was a hundred miles upstate, photographing his cider mill. While she was snapping pictures of the cider mill she had an idea for a series of photographs of towns that had changed and towns that had stayed the same. It would be interesting to do a similar study of city neighborhoods, she was thinking as she drove back to the city, speeding slightly, trying to get back to the hospital before visiting hours ended.

After his funeral, she went home to the loft alone, refusing all offers from their friends to accompany her. She went to the darkroom, not to work, but because it was the one place she was used to being without him. But she found herself working automatically, developing the film of the cider mill.

Breathing the chemical smells, watching the clock on the wall, she thought of how he'd sent her away from him, away from the hospital, out into the world in ever-widening circles. And she understood then that the photographs hadn't really been for him at all.

She left her darkroom and walked around the loft, touching the walls he'd built to enclose their love, and she told herself that she would spend the days and nights to come not grieving for him but photographing and printing, recreating the world that was over for him but not for her. For now she knew that was what he'd had in mind all the time. □

*Karl Love is a sophomore from Columbia, MD.*



# A Profitable Education

by Donna Teevan

Business majors are not the only Notre Dame students learning about the world of profit and loss. A few students from the other three colleges have taken on the responsibility of managing businesses of their own. Through these enterprises they have monetarily profited from their experiences, as they have gained insight into the demanding life of a businessman.

One of these student-owned businesses is MTZ Enterprises, Inc., which rents houses to people in South Bend. It is owned and managed by four Notre Dame students who wanted business experience and a chance to invest money they had saved. Mike Method, a part owner and Treasurer of the corporation, says that the firm now owns three houses and is planning to buy two more by August. Notre Dame students are living in two of the three houses MTZ now owns. A family rents the other house, though MTZ's main interest is in providing student housing.

MTZ Enterprises was born as a partnership over a year and a half ago when Method and three other students pooled their money to buy a house, intending to rent it to others. "It did not require that much capital to start. Everyone contributed roughly the same amount, and we were able to make a down payment of 12 to 20 per cent of the cost of the house," Method explains. MTZ Enterprises became a corporation instead of a partnership in September 1980, after buying two more houses. (The initials MTZ are the first letters of three of the partners' surnames.)

Because they are students, with no steady income, Method and his partners cannot get a conventional mortgage. They purchase their houses by land contract, i.e. directly from the sellers, with whom they negotiate the interest rates and other terms.

The partners have been using their profits to buy new houses and to renovate their other ones. Last summer Method insulated one of the houses and made the attic of another into a bedroom. MTZ also recently converted two of its houses from oil to gas heating. Method says that he expects the corporation to buy seven

more houses by the time he graduates in May 1982.

Method, a junior majoring in pre-medicine, views his business venture as complementary to rather than inconsistent with his goal of becoming a doctor. "It's important to work in the business world," he states emphatically. "Business is a part of life, so it's helpful to learn the ropes of the business world."

He and his associates intended MTZ to be "a long-term investment, not something we're going to fold up



Donna Teevan

when we graduate." Method expects to be active in the corporation even after he goes to medical school. He and his partners will probably hire someone to look after the houses when they graduate. Method says that he hopes that the corporation will have grown enough by then that the profits will not have to be completely reinvested, but will provide him with a supplementary income.

He notes that MTZ would like to buy a duplex soon. It is also considering setting up a liquor store in South Bend in a year or year and a half from now. Method speculates that "in the long, long run, MTZ might become an investment firm that can provide small businesses with capital."

Another student businessman is Pete Paganelli, a senior in American Studies, who had his own business renting electric golf carts to injured students on campus last year. Pag-

anelli's business began September 1979 when a recently recovered friend offered to lease the golf cart he had bought while injured. Paganelli was responsible for the cart's maintenance and for finding customers. In return, he received 40 per cent of the profits.

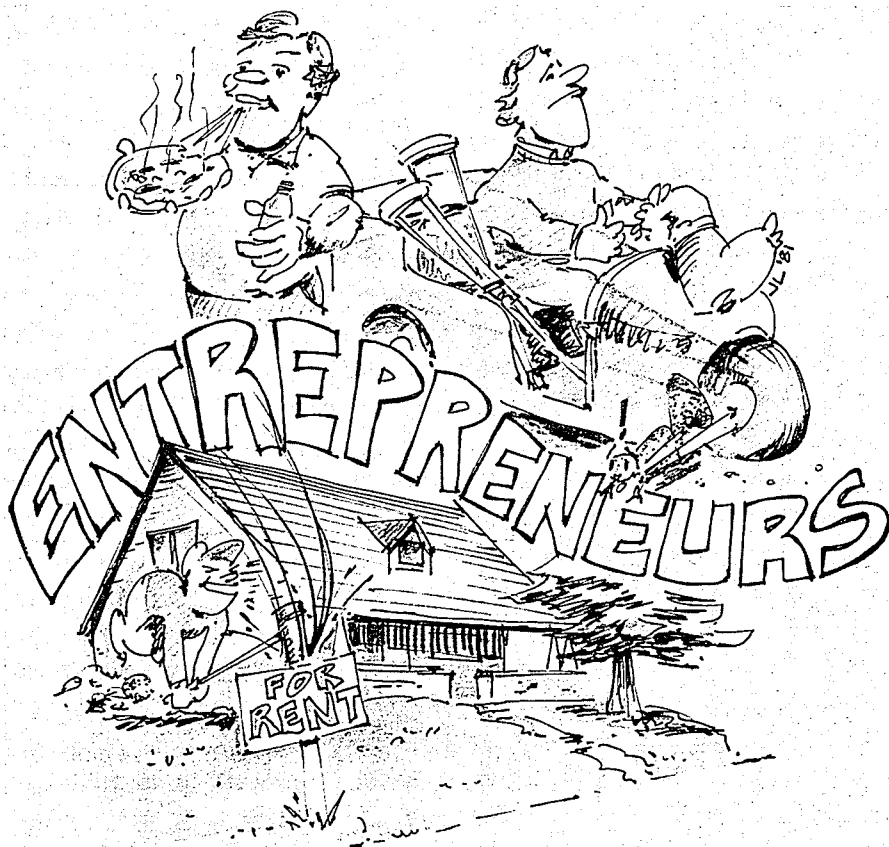
Two months later Paganelli bought another golf cart, of which he was the sole owner. This cart had also been used previously, but was "fairly new and had been recently serviced," says Paganelli. "I got the cart for a good price and paid for it with a down payment, followed by eight months of \$25.00 per month installments," he continues.

Paganelli had no trouble finding people who needed to rent the carts. Only the Athletic Department had golf carts on campus, and its first concern was for injured athletes. Paganelli directed his business toward nonathletes. He arranged for the Infirmary to refer patients who would need a golf cart to get around campus to him, since he was the only one at Notre Dame with a cart rental service. "The carts were almost in constant use," Paganelli recalls. "Except for two weeks in January when neither were used, both were going with only a day or two in between rentals."

To limit his liability in case of an accident, Paganelli drew up a standard contract, with the help of a few books, an accounting major, and a law student. The contract set forth safety rules that not only provided legal protection for Paganelli, but also protected the carts from abuse. The contract prohibited, for example, more than three riders (to reduce wear on the battery and tires) and restricted the carts to the Notre Dame campus.

Paganelli charged \$5.00 a day for the first three weeks of a rental and then offered a reduced daily rate or a flat monthly fee, depending on the needs of the customer. He says that he made about \$600 profit on the golf cart he had bought. The other cart yielded slightly less income for Paganelli, since he split the profits with the cart's owner.

Paganelli could not just sit back and collect rental fees, however. "I was constantly running around cam-



pus making repairs, especially to the older cart that I was leasing," he says. Several times he had to change a flat tire, for example, and once had to trek out to Carroll Hall in the middle of winter when a cart's brake lines froze. He was even called upon to make repairs when there was actually nothing wrong with the cart: "The person just wasn't thinking. He couldn't get the cart started and so he called me. When I got there I saw that he had the key turned the wrong way."

Although Paganelli had these minor mechanical problems to deal with, he did not have any of the severe cart abuse trouble that drove South Bend businessmen away from renting carts to Notre Dame students. Paganelli says that his customers took good care of the carts and did not "drive them into the lake or tip them on their sides when parked, as others have done in the past."

At the end of last year Paganelli gave up his business, despite its profitability, because it was taking up too much time. With each new rental, Paganelli would spend about two hours showing the customer how to operate the cart and setting up a place to recharge the cart's battery. He would then call the customer every weekend to make sure that the cart was working well.

The amount of time Paganelli spent on his business, therefore, de-

pended heavily on the duration of the rentals, as well as the frequency of mechanical failures. If one person rented a cart for a month, for instance, Paganelli might only have to spend the two hours to set it up initially. If several people rented a cart for short periods in one month, he would have to do the initial demonstration several times. Paganelli points out that his living off campus this year would have only made his business even more time-consuming, as he would have had to make trips to campus at odd times for repairs and demonstrations.

Paganelli's business experience might very well prove invaluable to him in the future. He is interested in a business career and plans to get a master's degree in business administration. Although managing his own business was often grinding, Paganelli says that "the experience was worth it for what I learned about taking responsibility and providing a service."

Another campus service and student business venture is the residence hall food sales enterprise. Each hall decides how it will organize its food sales operation, so management structures vary widely from hall to hall. In some halls, such as Stanford, 50 per cent of the profit goes to the hall and the other 50 per cent to the food sales managers. In Alumni the food sales manager receives a weekly salary from the hall

plus 50 per cent of the profits after the first \$500 of the semester, which goes to the hall.

Dillon, however, is one of the halls that allows residents to operate food sales as an independent business. The manager, who is chosen by the hall council from those applying, pays rent to the hall for the space his business occupies, according to current Dillon food sales manager Mike Hoban. Each semester the manager signs a contract with the hall establishing the rent (which includes utilities) and terms for its payment. Hoban says that last semester, Dillon food sales paid the hall \$1000 rent. After paying the rent and his nightly sales staff, Hoban split the profit, about \$500, with the business's accountant. At the beginning of this semester the hall council reduced the rent to \$600 for the semester, payable in weekly installments.

Hoban received his first inventory on credit from the distributors. "I got about \$1500 credit, and sales soon covered the bills as they came in," Hoban says. If Hoban had not been able to pay his bills, the hall would probably have stepped in to help him by reducing his rent, Hoban speculates.

Hoban's only restriction is the University's policy that food sales may not compete with the Bookstore by selling the same items, which has kept all food sales from stocking many non-food items. Otherwise, Hoban is free to manage the business as he pleases.

Hoban, a senior industrial engineering major, describes his year as food sales manager as "definitely a good experience, because I'd like to run my own business someday." He says that "by managing food sales I've learned how to handle basic business problems and how to work with people."

Hoban, Paganelli, and Method are just three among a number of Notre Dame students who have combined the academic and business worlds for a profitable education. Some students have been sending letters to parents offering to order and deliver birthday cakes from a local bakery to Notre Dame students for a few dollars more than the usual bakery delivery charge. Others make money cutting hair or typing papers. Certainly the value of their experiences as student businessmen cannot be measured in dollars and cents. What they have learned will never show up on a balance sheet, but will help them make a smoother change from cap and gown to business suit. □



## Rich Hunter

*cont'd from page 3*

is "an excellent people coach — he motivates his players." He goes to clinics, reads books on the game, and talks to professional coaches in order to improve his own coaching. Stein admits that the coach does get mad during games when he is frustrated either by poor officiating or lack of effort on the part of a player. Stein explained, "He tries to use psychology. He yells at the players who need to be motivated in that way, and he cajoles the ones who need to be treated less harshly. He's an above average technical coach. He's very intelligent, and he has learned a lot."

Hunter certainly is intelligent. In 1971 he graduated from the University of Notre Dame with a 3.72 academic average, having majored in Government and International Studies. He went on to Johns Hopkins for a master's in International Economics, studied in Poland, and then graduated from the Notre Dame Law School after 2½ years as a part-time student. He received numerous awards, including a law scholarship, a Fulbright fellowship, and other graduate honors. He also

was an RA in Morrissey Hall and president of the Young Democrats during his undergraduate years at Notre Dame.

Hunter is a loyal Democrat. He recently proclaimed, "I would never vote for any Republican for anything, under any circumstances." Hunter also learned the value of work from his father. Hunter stated, "My work product is the students. That's why I resent it if they don't come to class. My work is determined by how well they learn."

Hunter obviously loves the Polish culture. "My father is Irish; my mother is Polish. I'm Polish. I chose to be Polish." He learned the value of family, sharing, and caring from his mother and, as a result, he keeps in touch with his parents and his sister by phone, and visits as often as he can.

Despite his close family ties, Hunter does not expect to get married. Instead he dates different women. With all his activities, he would not have time to devote to a wife. "A woman and a family deserve better than second place. Notre Dame has always been first place with me. It's been my first love since the first time I saw it. It's the kind

of place I want to be associated with for the rest of my life. Of course, if I don't get tenure, I may have to change that view!"

Not only is Hunter active at Notre Dame as the varsity soccer coach, professor, director of Bengal Bouts, scorekeeper for girls' varsity basketball games, referee for interhall games, and supervising attorney for the Notre Dame Legal Aid and Defender Association, but he is also involved in the South Bend community. He loves South Bend, is a board member of the cancer society and the Michiana Soccer Association, and belongs to such social clubs as the Falcons, the Eagles, and the St. Joe's men's club. In addition, Hunter coaches two children's soccer teams. He says it is a shame that students are not more involved in the South Bend community.

Hunter's secretaries, Mary Carmola and Mary Pantzer, voted their boss a "10," and declared that he is concerned about them, and never pushy or bossy. Mary Carmola explained, "You want to do things for him because it's him. He's always there to help. He's efficient — the only area he lacks in is that he doesn't return his phone calls. But, he's such a busy man that it's no wonder."

Rich Hunter hopes to stay at N.D. As he sat in his office among his soccer memorabilia, he said, "I love it here. Everyone who works at a place like Notre Dame has a love-hate relationship with it. We love it because of the way it is. We hate it because of the things it could be. Robert Kennedy said, 'Some men see things the way they are and say why, others see the way they should be and say why not.' Notre Dame could be such a better place if we just had a little more spirit among the people who are working here — more dedication and more genuine concern for students. If there was any doubt at all within my own mind, I wouldn't be here."

And, if there were any doubt at all about Hunter's ability or dedication, Jim Stein would not be here at Notre Dame either. He stated, "I've learned more in soccer from Rich Hunter and the team than in three years of classes. I don't know if I would've stuck here if it wasn't for Rich. Rich made soccer fun, and soccer made N.D. livable." □

*Eileen Wirley, a native of Rochester, N.Y., is a junior in American Studies and Computer Applications.*

## Chuck Aragon

cont'd from page 5

recently clocked at 3:48.9. So to ask THE question to Aragon, still a babe in the rat race of the mile competition, in some ways seems unfair . . . but the days of wine and vine leaves are short, and perhaps the fact that athletes' lives are so fleeting and intense is also the reason their records are so short-lived.

The athlete then always has some attitude toward records, though it is often a curious one. There are those who maintain with monumental modesty that any record they have or might have achieved is due only to luck, fate, or good biorhythms, while others fiercely spit out that if they thought for one second that they weren't the best and wouldn't break every record in the book, there'd be no reason to be out there, and they'd be wasting their time as well as everyone else's. So it was with some reserve that I put this loaded question to Chuck, but it was with even more surprise that I heard his fresh approach to it.

"Do you think you'll ever break . . . that you have the POTENTIAL . . . to break the mile record?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know—that's great!"

But Chuck did not realize the startling honesty of his response, and I had to enlighten him as to its significance, as he in turn explained his stand. "There are just so many things it is contingent upon," he elaborated. "Health," said the runner who will be studying medicine next

year at the University of New Mexico, "can go at any time. The circumstances of life, the amount of time I'll have to devote to running next year, all have a lot to do with it. My main goal now is to become a good physician. But the facilities and the competition necessary to become a top miler will be there. If being a sub-four-minute miler is the best I'm supposed to be, then I'm content with that. But entering med school alone is not reason to give it up. I'll just run as long as I can keep it up. There's definitely room for modesty," Chuck summarized, "but there's also definitely room for self-confidence."

Competitive running, no matter how one sees it, is still an elite cousin to jogging, so on behalf of all the not-so-swift harriers who swarm the campus I asked Chuck if he ever went out to run just for fun. "All the time," he confirmed, "and when I do, I'm just a jogger like anyone else."

"Do you run a certain distance usually?" inquired the distancer of the speedster.

"I usually just go out for a time—maybe forty-five minutes or an hour. I may run four miles or ten depending upon how I feel. It's funny, Tom, but I never really thought about it that way. At this point in my life I need 'em both (competitive racing and jogging), but really tend to separate the two. When I practice or race I always think about time, but when I'm out on my own, I never do."

"What do you think about then?"

"Oh, things that happened during the day, or people. Sometimes I pray—"

"That's GREAT!" I exclaimed again.

"Is that so surprising?"

"Well, no, I mean I pray all the time when I run. But when people ask ME that question and I say that, they always think I'm crazy. But if CHUCK ARAGON says it . . . but anyway . . . that's great. Another thing people always ask me is whether I get tired of running. How about you?"

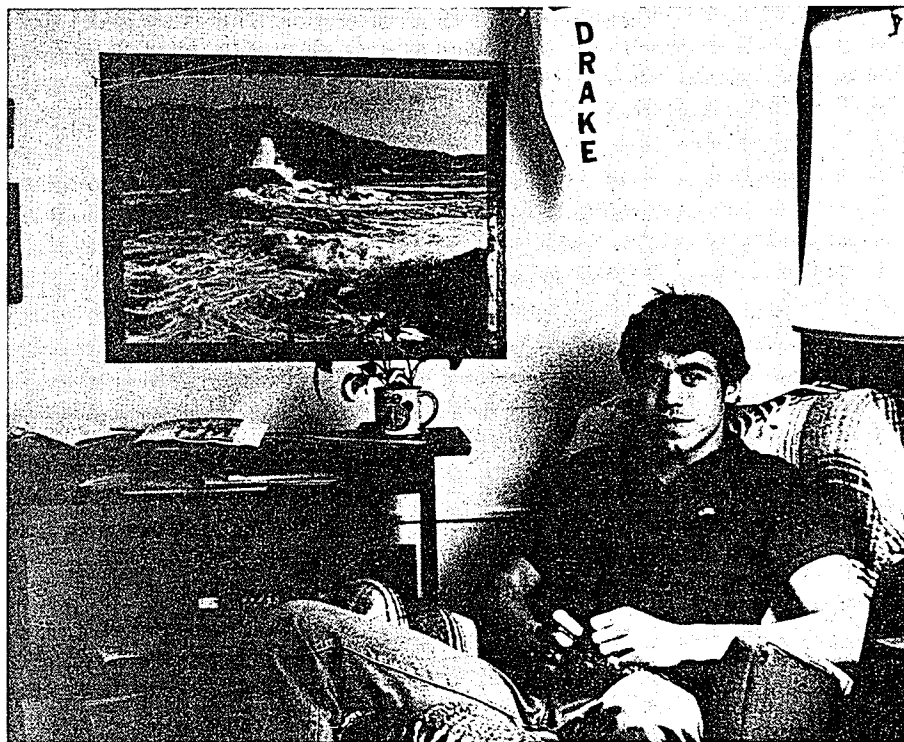
"Sometimes you'll wake up in the morning and your mind will tell you you're tired and you need more rest. But your mind can play tricks on you, because often when you feel that way your body isn't tired at all. But in a RACE, it's your body that gets tired first and your mind that tells it it's not. In the mile, your mind becomes a kind of cheerleader that makes you sprint the last lap, while in a cross-country race your body will feel great for the first three miles or so, but then it will start to hurt and it's your mind that has to push it past that barrier of pain. It's only then that the race really begins."

It was fascinating to hear the runner who told Bill Jauss of the *Chicago Tribune* "I haven't suffered enough for a sub-four-minute mile" talk about pain, but as much as I wished to pursue the subject, I knew my time had passed. Aragon's teammate entered telling Chuck to hurry out to practice, and he really had to run.

"Hey, thanks for coming!" exclaimed Chuck as I exited. "I really enjoyed talking to you. I don't know if you realize it, but I get a lot out of these interviews. Some of your questions really made me think, and they helped me to answer some questions for myself. So even if no one reads it, I still got something out of it."

Perhaps. Indeed, I would certainly like to think so. For as I sit here winding up my last *Scholastic* article, while my few faithful fans assure me that Chuck's fear about floundering readership are unfounded, one also has to realize this magazine is not exactly the *New Yorker*, and after a year of seeing the magazine used as paper towels and doorstops, it is nice to be able to think you have made a lasting favorable impression on at least a few. But even if no one should read this story, I still enjoyed listening, if not writing.

Because for those who know him, Chuck Aragon has a lot to share. □



# —The Last Word

by Chuck Wood

*I want to be in a Norton Anthology.*

*When I took literature and writing courses in high school, I thought it would be nice if someday my work would find a place in one of those venerable anthologies. I might be in luck if there is ever a Norton Anthology of Michiana Undergraduate-Run Magazine Nonfiction. Assuming I will never be so lucky, I would settle for . . . Monarch Notes. If there is ever a Monarch Notes critical summary of my works, that will be a sure sign that I have "made it." Of course, if I ever see such a thing, I might feel the same way a songwriter does when he hears a homogenized version of one of his songs in an elevator or a doctor's waiting room.*

*But my writing will probably never make it even that far, so I herewith present my own version of a Monarch Notes analysis of The Last Word.*

## THE LAST WORD A Critical Analysis

**Themes:** Mr. Wood believes that college life encompasses a most unnatural use of four years. His writing is concerned with the forming of identity that collegiates go through during that period. Wood becomes Everystudent in a search for self. But the reader may ask, "So what?" This is an apt question since almost every personal essay ever written is about someone's search for some self or the other. Thus, one might think that such essays can be excruciatingly trite . . . but we digress. The journey toward the self that Wood undertakes in his *Last Word* is meant to represent those of all college students, people who have one foot in their childhood and are about to put the other down in adult life. The reader may sense that Wood clings to the childhood side with all the tenacity his typewriter can muster; that aspect of his work will be explored below.

**Structure:** The first part of *The Last Word* is a phrase, saying, or observation that should hook the reader because it is so odd. "New Math and Vatican II" is a clear example of this. The reader must decide whether Wood can continue to create such hooks out of wherever it is he gets them. In the second section, Wood almost always dredges up some memory from his childhood. These jaunts down Nostalgia Boulevard can go as far back as third grade or merely jump back to the semester previous to the writing of his essay. Concerning these flashbacks, the reader should note several things. First, Wood seems to have had a childhood that conveniently fits into editorials that fit the theme of each magazine. Are they true events? Second, if they are true, why do they all seem to be connected with the school Wood has attended? Has he been an academic hermit all his life?

A third part of any essay by Wood is the Obligatory Pangborn Scene. Wood seems to think that it is up to him to heighten Notre Dame's Pangborn consciousness.



In the third volume of his exhaustive (exhausting) autobiography, *SMILE, When You Put My Last Name First*, Wood tells of his duty to set Pangborn as a city on a hill (which is a challenge in Indiana). The author took up this task when he realized that many people could not spell Pangborn correctly, and a sadly large number of female students did not know where the dorm was. Such phrases as "Because Pangborn is so close to the Rock and the lakes," and "I was going west toward Pangborn . . . I caught up with him in front of the bookstore . . . Then we reached the Pangborn steps," show that Wood tries very hard to manipulate his text to include a map to "The 'Born."

The final part of the essay reflects or reiterates the "hook" phrase of the first section. This is supposed to lend a sense of wholeness or closure to the structure. When this device hits the reader over the head with its connection to the beginning, this usually means Wood is trying to hide the fact that he had no idea where he would end up when he began the essay.

*That last observation would certainly apply to this Last Word. I did not know how I could end the thing when I began it. It is too bad that I cannot think of a clever way to wrap it up, because now this one may never end up in a Norton Anthology. And I want to be in a Norton Anthology.*

\* \* \*

Back in September in my first *Last Word* (How's that for Nostalgia and Closure?), I said that putting the magazine together would be a pleasurable challenge and a chance for a little self-education. I hope that everyone else on the Editorial Board found the challenge as fruitful as I did. I'm sure we all learned a lot about organization and chaos, tedium and crisis, achievement and exhaustion, and maybe even a little bit about journalism.

Everybody has taught something to everybody else, and that is probably the best part of this whole year. Eileen and Mike have shown me that I am not as artsy as I imagined myself to be. Tom has taught Dan and Donna how to appreciate a . . . unique style in a genre



to which they had never paid much attention. I could list more of these but I think one will stay with us longer than any other. That lesson came from Mike and Andrew, who have taught us all about the frustration, pain, and the necessity of compromise.

It is traditional to say "Good Luck" to the editor, board and staff for the upcoming year in the last *Last Word*. But since I am staying put next year, I can only wish Clay Malaker and the new members of the Editorial Board all the luck in the world since they are

stuck with me. Building on the fine job everyone has done this year, we will have less of a struggle with the magazine's identity crisis. But if I have learned anything, it is that crises come with the territory, and it is great to have survived them.

I hope we all make it through Finals. Let's hope the Campus survives whatever happens during Commencement Weekend. Everyone who has to come back in August, get a good rest and ideas for articles while you're away. Enjoy the summer. □

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Scholastic Magazine  
Indiana Collegiate Press  
News/General Interest Magazine of the Year  
congratulates the following for their  
award-winning contributions:

Nick Nikas—First Place, Best Informative Article,  
"Countervalue Vs. Counterforce" Nov. 1980

Lance Mazerov—First Place, Best Feature Story,  
"Filming the Knute Rockne Story" Sept. 1980

Ken Scarbrough—First Place, Best Review,  
"Inside Golding's Leviathan" Nov. 1980

Terry Keeley—First Place, Best Editorial  
"Demythologizing Welfare . . . An Attempt"  
Sept. 1980

Dan Moore—First Place (Tie), Best Interpretive/  
Investigative Article,  
"A Rare Optimistic Look at the '80's" Oct. 1980

Andrew Zwerneman—First Place (Tie) Best  
Interpretive/Investigative Article,  
"Controversy over Catholicism" Oct. 1980

Tom O'Toole—First Place, Best Column,  
"Reflections on the Game" Oct. 1980

Eileen O'Meara, Michael Gazzo—First Place,  
Best Cover Design, Oct. 1980

Jeff Ripple—First Place, Best Illustration,  
Illustration for "Countervalue Vs. Counterforce"  
Nov. 1980

Eileen O'Meara and Elizabeth Blakey, First Place,  
Best Photo or Art and Text Combination, "Paul  
Roche: The Orchestration of Language . . ."  
Nov. 1980

Chuck Wood—Honorable Mention, Best Column,  
"The Last Word" Oct. 1980

Kay TePas—Honorable Mention, Best Photo or  
Art and Text Combination,  
"Is There Still A Foundation for Hope?"  
Nov. 1980

Tony Walton—Honorable Mention, Best Review,  
"The Doobie Brothers, One Step Closer to  
What?" Oct. 1980

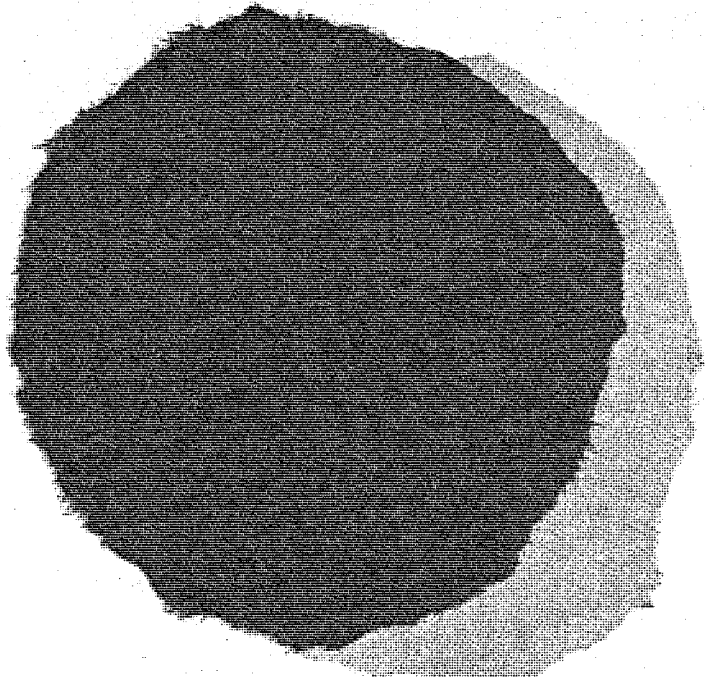
Editorial Board and Production Staff—First Place  
(Nov. 1980) and Honorable Mention (Oct.  
1980) Best Single Issue



Best Cover Design



Best Illustration



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