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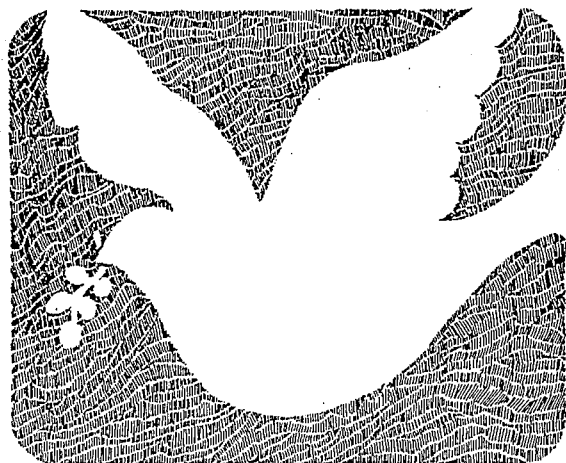
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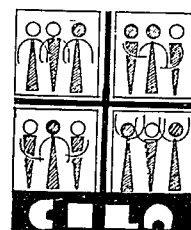
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SCHOLASTIC

SCHOLASTIC

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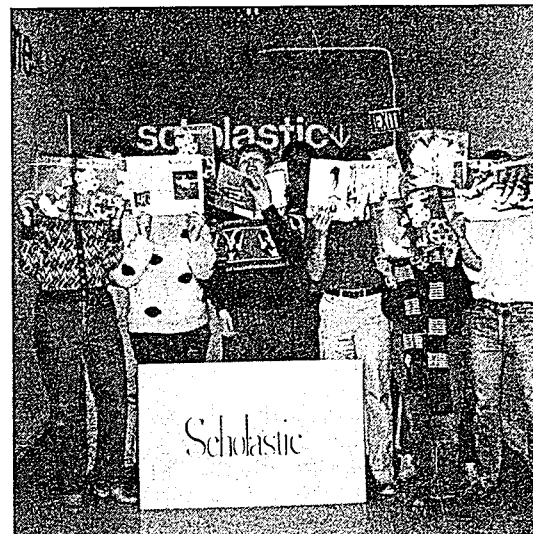
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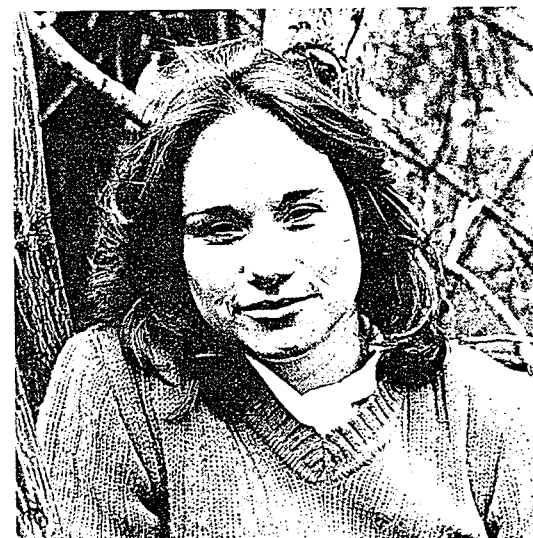
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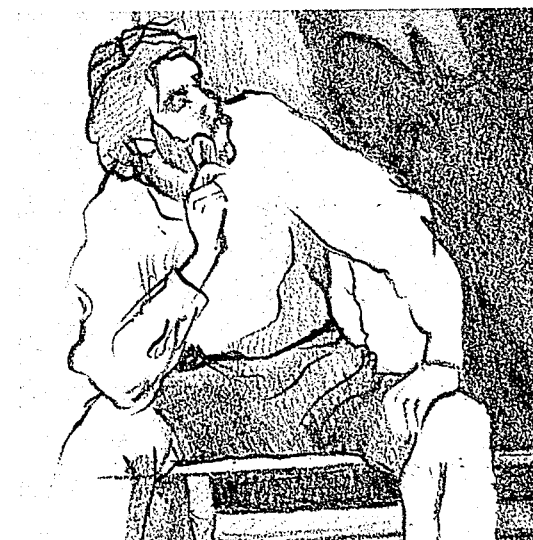
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Up Front

by Clay Malaker

'Twas the night of production
And it still was not clear,
If a topic for this column
Was anywhere near.

When all of a sudden
There arose in my mind
A way to get me
Out of this bind.

Original or elegant
It surely was not,
But I new for this season
'Twas right on the spot.

To proceed with the idea
It surely is time,
Before you die from this
Crummy old rhyme.

What could be more valuable
than a gift from the heart? Why,
the answer is simple. It's a gift
from the heart published in
Scholastic. Here is my gift list for
Scholastic personnel, and other
miscellaneous and sundry persons.

To Chuck Wood, Editor-in-Chief:
Aspirin, Valium, a Pulitzer Prize,
and something really interesting
for your upcoming Last Word.

To Ed Kelly, News/Sports
Editor: A press pass to the 1984
Republican National Convention so
you too can be part of the right
Party.

To Jane Zwerneman, Culture/
Fiction Editor: An on-campus
parking pass, and your own pri-
vate collection of records and books
to review at your liesure.

To Beth Bradley, St. Mary's
Editor: A stopwatch to record the

blistering speed with which you
lay out articles.

To Mark Bustamante and Dan
McGrath, Copy Editors: An un-
abridged dictionary, so we won't
look like the "Observer," and one
free semester of Spelling 101.

To Pat James, Business Manager:
A petty cash fund that balances
at the end of the month.

To Brian Graham, Advertising
Manager: Your own set of wheels
so you can obtain more advertising.

To Mike Mulligan, Layout
Editor: The new title of Associate
Art/Photo Editor, and one mile's
worth of rules and borders.

To Eileen O'Meara, Photo Editor:
Your very own Xerox machine,
and a trip to the sixties.

To Randy Raciti, Distribution
Manager: The first Scholastic van.

To Tamera Mams, Art Editor:
Unrestricted space for art in the
issue of your choice, and the option
to be my boss for a night.

To Angie Adamson, Ex-Photo
Editor: A personal answering ser-
vice and one year's supply of No-
Doz.

To underclassmen members of
the Staff and Board: As a bribe
to take over some of these editorial
positions next year, thirty pieces
of silver.

To Notre Dame Athletics: Better
luck next time.

But seriously folks, get through
finals in one piece, enjoy your
break, and come back ready to go
once again. Have a Merry Christ-
mas and a Happy New Year. □

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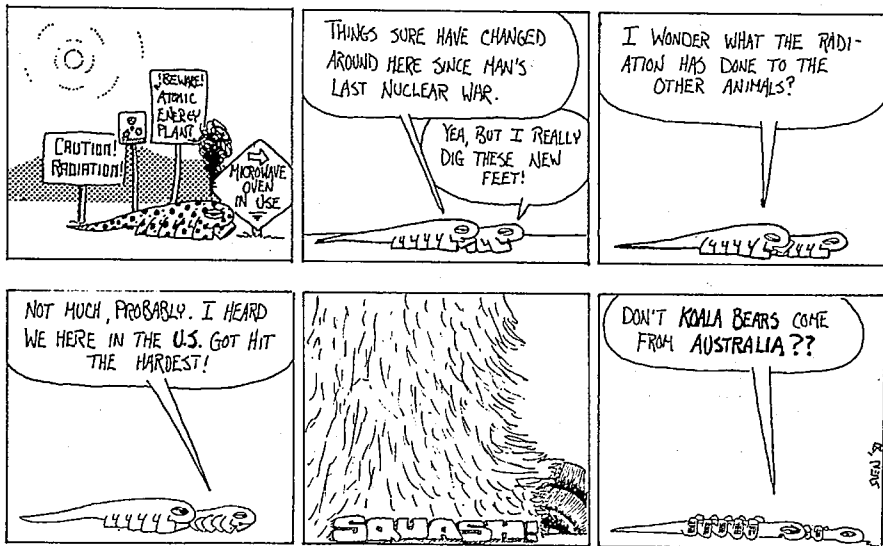
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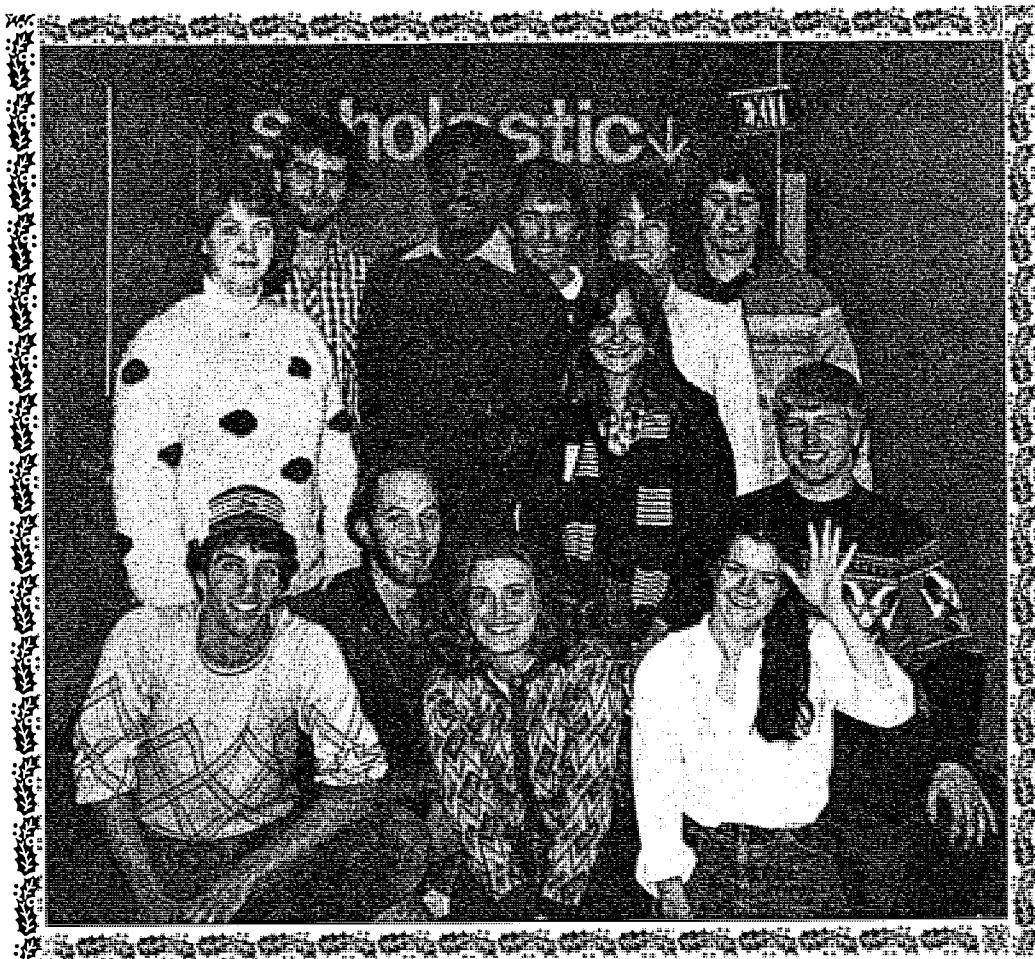
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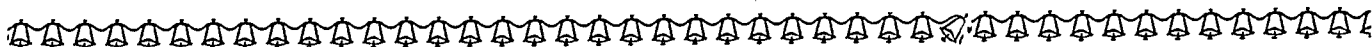
by Sven Johnson





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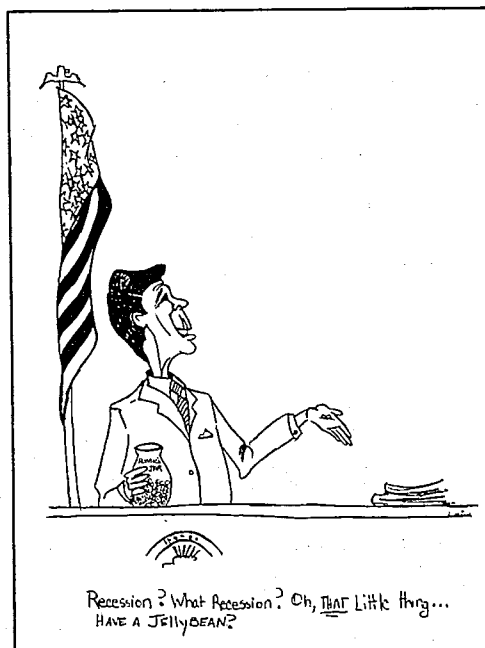
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Dignity Vanquishes Tyranny

by Lynn Vanhousen

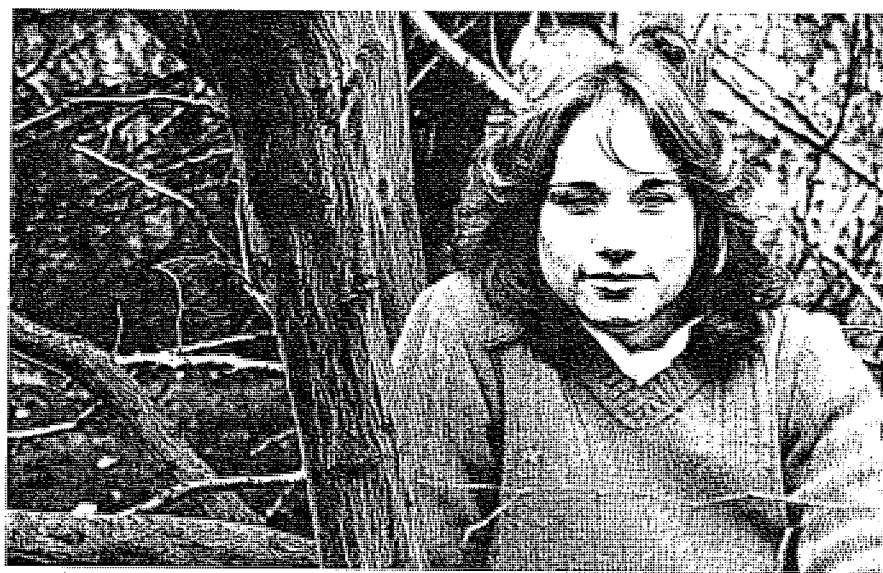
Writing in November about what you did over the summer seems a lot like pardoning yourself at dinner for burping at breakfast, often, however, something doesn't hit you until much later, and then the need to finish the matter is far greater than any sense of time.

In order to recapture my summer experience, I have to go back to mid-July. What's more, I have to re-travel many miles, 4,000 I think, to return to that land which had once been only an ethnic joke to me: Poland.

Lublin is a medium-sized city in southeastern Poland. It is the home of the Catholic University of Lublin, a university which claims the rather awesome distinction of being the only Catholic or private university in Poland, and one of the few behind the Iron Curtain. It has recently acquired another mark of distinction: Pope John Paul II studied and taught there.

This university was where I would be for the next six weeks. Ostensibly, I would study Polish and absorb as much as I could from lectures on history, culture and socioeconomics. My real motives, however, were more covert. I wanted to witness the evolution of Solidarity. I wanted to become a part of this historical movement, even if it meant falling victim to a Russian invasion.

And should there have been an invasion, I was certainly in a vulnerable location. Lublin is only 70 miles from the Russian border and as a Catholic stronghold already has a history of ideological clashes with the Party. Though the invasion never occurred, despite American



media assurances, there were a number of Soviet soldiers in town. Their only duty, as far as I could see, was to guard a WWII monument which had fallen victim to an "anti-Soviet" attack only weeks before my arrival.

There was, however, another reason behind my decision to go to Poland. I find it very attractive to live in a society, even temporarily, where right and wrong are clearly delineated. Such seems to be the case in Poland, at least with respect to Solidarity and the issues it pursues. At the core of this 10-million-member union are matters pertaining to human rights. This movement is declaring to the world that it values a truthful press, an elected government, and the freedom to determine its country's place and course in the world.

Thus I came to label "wrong" as the "enemy" and identified him as

an ideology and the means of maintaining that ideology which sought an effective quelling of these human assertions. Initially, I saw this foe as an intangible one. In order to shroud him in reality, I located him in a building I passed every day on my way to class: the local Communist Party Headquarters. Yet, as I began to see, the enemy had integrated everyday life far more than I had imagined. I found him in the taxi with me—an inherent part of the food coupons the driver clutched and shook as he bitterly related that food had been more plentiful during WWII. I saw him in the words of the women, all usually looking 15 years older than they were, who stopped me in the street to ask where I had bought my cans of fruit juice. And then I recognized him in my reply as I told each of them that I had bought the juice at the PEWEX, a

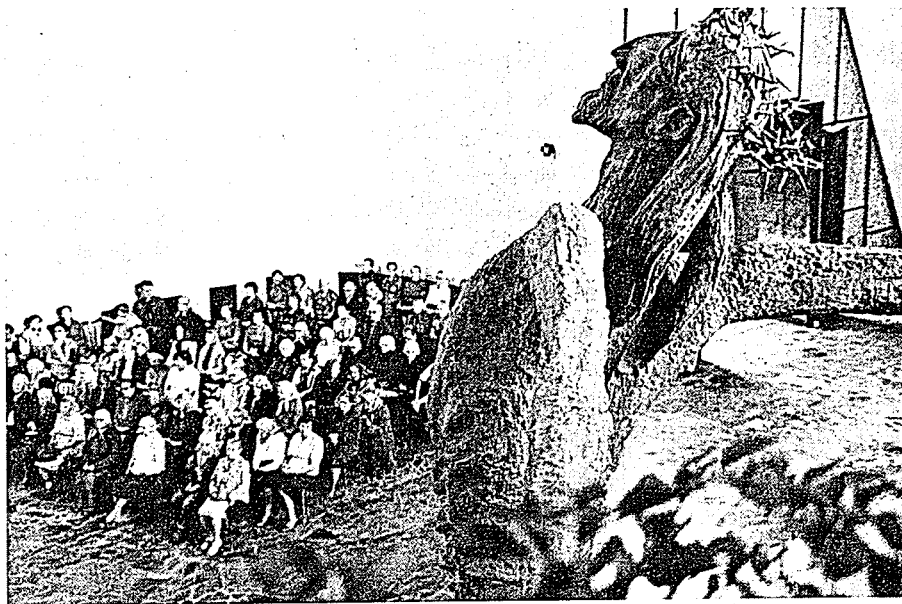
store which accepts only U.S. dollars.

I then began to realize that the enemy had so pervaded the lives of these people that he had in some cases become personified. It was he, for instance, in one of the few waiters with food or beer, who refused to serve my Polish friends because they couldn't return the "favor." It was he who began shoving in a queue for washing powder, causing a young woman to suffer broken ribs. Suddenly I began seeing him in me, as I bargained for an even more advantageous exchange on the black market; as I haggled with taxi drivers, explaining that the reason we could afford to visit Poland was because the costs were so low; and as I dined on pheasant and champagne in private restaurants in Warsaw, the bill rarely amounted to more than \$2.00.

But little by little I came across unmistakable signs that the enemy could be indeed vanquished. These were the times when friends and strangers alike invited me into their homes and served cookies, cakes, and coffee—all things which had become valuable commodities. Or the time the caretaker of a synagogue in Krakow proudly showed us his temple—one of the few not destroyed in the destruction of WWII. And the vanquisher was there when a young Pole gave us a personal tour of the ethnographic museum he worked in, even though it was closed for the day, as he carefully delineated authentic Polish culture from the Soviet-imposed transgressions.

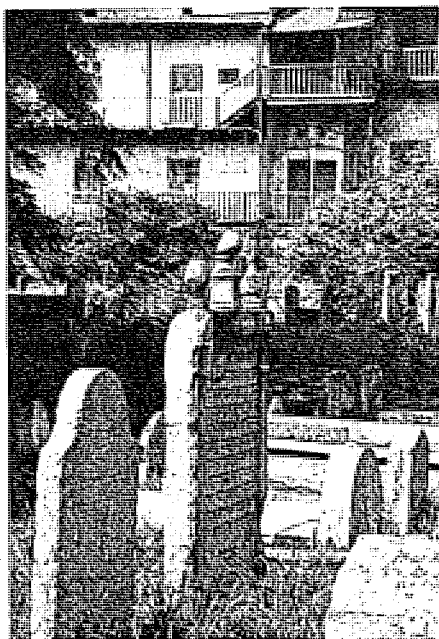


Statue of Lenin in Nowa Huta



A church in Nowa Huta

This same young Pole considered it his duty to take us to Nowa Huta, a town outside of Krakow constructed by Stalin as a model industrial community. Though an imposing statue of Lenin dominates the plaza, the real tribute to the town lies a few blocks away in the form of a Catholic church. Though the authorities had decided there was no



Jewish cemetery in Krakow

need for a new church and thus refused to allocate funds or materials for its construction, the church was built nevertheless—by the hands of determined men and women, without the use of sophisticated machinery or the state. Because of and in spite of that fact, this church is one of the greatest pieces of modern architecture I have ever seen.

Now, as the gray day reminds me once again that it's November and that I've been home for over 2 months, I realize that my impressions are indelible. I will never shop in a grocery store here without thinking of the Polish shops which looked like they had just had a successful going-out-of-business sale. I still can't look at expectant mothers without thinking of their Polish equivalents who worried whether there would be milk and food for their babies. And I'll never be able to read the news reports of ever-worsening conditions in Poland without thinking of the people who had been part of my life for 6 weeks, and whom I had to leave behind.

Other Americans who had also studied in Poland this summer often expressed their thankfulness for being from America, the land of ease and plenty. I felt the same way as I drove to MacDonald's my first day back in this country.

But now the words of one Polish friend came back to me: Why did you abandon us in WWII? Should I have explained to him the ways of politics, the mechanics of peacemaking, or the delicacies involved in maintaining a balance of power? Instead I recalled the anxious inquiries as to American attitudes toward Polish events and the smiles and warm acknowledgments those times I wore my Solidarity T-shirt. And rather than answer him, I could only murmur, "I hope you'll never have to ask me why we abandoned you now." □

Lynn Vanhousen is a Senior Arts and Letters major.

Understanding Ulster---

Bobby Sands and Ireland's Historical Tragedy

by Jason Joyce



On May 5, 1981, Bobby Sands died in Maze Prison, which is better known as H-Block, 13 miles south of Belfast, Northern Ireland. Sands had been fasting for 66 days in the hope that the British government would again allow imprisoned members of the Irish Republican Army to wear street clothes and be exempt from prison work. By granting these privileges, the IRA captives would in effect be granted the status of political prisoners. The American press regularly publicized the demands that Sands was striking for, but at the same time did an injustice to him by not accurately representing the complexity of the issues. The IRA had existed since the Easter Rising of 1916, and the problem in the North for 300 years before that.

In 1603, James I ascended to the English throne after the death of Queen Elizabeth. Ulster had always put up strong resistance to the English, and it was felt that by uprooting a great many Scottish and placing them in Ulster, the recalcitrant Irish could be replaced by others loyal to the Crown. The Irish were thrown off their land and became tenants to the new Scottish landlords and farms. The conquest of Ireland was made complete in July 1690 when William of Orange, then the Protestant king of England, de-

feated James II, the last English Catholic monarch, at the Battle of the Boyne. This day has since become one of the greatest holidays in Protestant Ulster.

Once the subjugation of the native Irish was complete, the British, who were always wary of creeds other than those of the Anglican Church, instituted a series of acts, the Penal Laws. These included not allowing Catholics to be educated abroad, disarming the natives, and banishing all Roman Catholic bishops and clergy. The Catholics, now stripped of much of their land and right to practice religion, continued to resist the Crown covertly by practicing Catholicism in private or congregated in secret meeting places. Over the next 200 years, the Irish spirit of nationalism manifested itself in risings of 1798, 1848, 1867 and 1916. This patriotism was not merely revealed in the Catholics. The 1798 rising was led by Belfast Protestant Wolfe Tone. The struggle for Catholic emancipation in 1827 was directed by the Irish Protestant and patriot Daniel O'Connell. Autonomy from England was a goal shared by many Irishmen, both Catholic and Protestant.

The Easter Rising of 1916 created a watershed in Irish history as the Divided Free State can be directly

drawn from it. In 1921 a treaty was made which separated the 26 southern counties from direct British rule. Only the 26 were included because at the time there was a Protestant majority in the Ulster region. The Protestants in the north felt that if they were included in the south, the total Catholic majority would oppress the Protestants. But the goal of the IRA was a Republic of Ireland, not a divided one. This split in the treaty caused the Irish Civil War, fought mainly in the South between pro-treaty Catholics and anti-treaty Catholics. The implications of this war remained clear: Ireland was a nation, and this revolutionary spirit would not cease until a unified Ireland became a reality.

All of the violence and direct ideological oppression over the states of Ulster made the Protestants even more wary of the South. They trained a militia in the event that they would someday have to fight to preserve their ties with Britain. Unfortunately this wariness also extended itself into the governing of the Ulster population that remained Catholic. Legislation was passed that discriminated against Catholics in housing, jobs and other areas of civil rights. Such discrimination remained legal because of the disproportionately small representation that the

Catholics received in government. Because of the gerrymandering of the election districts, even in some areas where Catholics had the majority population, they received only a minority in representation. In the late 1960s a Civil Rights movement began which attempted to redress the wrongs. From these peaceful civil rights marchers grew the "troubles" of today.

In 1969, a Civil Rights March was attacked by a Protestant mob led by Reverend Ian Paisley. Violence erupted, and the Catholics found themselves largely defenseless. The British Military were brought in, originally to protect the Catholics. This soon deteriorated from both accusations that the soldiers were anti-Catholic and with the emergence of the Provisional IRA. By 1972, Ulster was guarded by 20,000 British soldiers, and the IRA was planting bombs daily. During this period the British army was being attacked from both sides. The situation became more hopeless as the Provincial government fell and London gained direct rule of Northern Ireland.

The violence from both sides has polarized the political climate whereby all attempts to find a moderate solution have been sabotaged from both sides. Ian Paisley is as unyielding in his aggressive Protestant Unionist stance as is the Provisional IRA with their Militant Republican stand. The IRA contends that they are at war with the British government. They point out that they now direct their attacks to mainly military personnel and targets. They also take their war into Britain itself where military assassinations are not uncommon.



It is unlikely that Britain will ever be able to solve a complex issue by merely military means: the IRA will always have a certain mass appeal that will not be stamped out. To expect might to crush tradition is unrealistic. The conflict then cannot be viewed as simplistically as Catholics shooting at Protestants and vice versa. The struggle is for nationalism between Unionists and Republicans; a struggle for equal civil rights; and of course, a struggle between Irish Catholics that have been oppressed for 300 years and Anglo-Irish Protestants who for the past 300 years have called Ireland their home. The mixture of religion, politics, and civil rights creates an emotional atmosphere which leaves little

room for rationality and unfortunately, for peace.

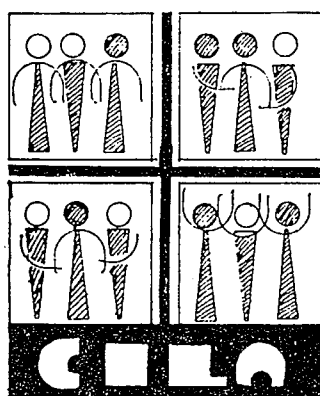
Bobby Sands demanded clothing and freedom from prison work, manifestations of the war situation. Prime Minister Thatcher, when standing firm on the issue, proclaimed, "Crime is crime is crime." She must have been referring to ordinary street crime for she couldn't have been speaking of Bobby Sands. Sands was a gunman and should not be defended under humanitarian dogmas. He was arrested for arms' possession. But, he was not granted a trial by jury, nor allowed a writ of habeus corpus. Instead he was held under the "Special Powers Act" and convicted in a special court. The British used unorthodox means to convict Sands however, once convicted he lost his special status. There is good reason for not having the trial by jury, for the IRA would threaten to kill jurors and/or their families. But this does not justify the revocation of his special status, rather it emphasizes the complexity and the gravity of the situation.

Three hundred years of violence cannot be terminated with semantic arguments. Understanding the history behind such violence in the North does not imply complete comprehension, but it does help. □

Jason Joyce is a Senior American Studies major who spent his sophomore year in Maynooth, Ireland. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.



Ulster Still Stands Firm . . .



Marty Jimenez: Affirming The CILA Ideal

by Luann Duesterberg

In the rustic meeting room of the old lodge in the center of Camp Tamarack, a summer Boy Scout camp where the Community for the International Lay Apostolate (CILA) holds its orientation weekend, a tradition since 1973, members gathered around the fireplace as chairperson Martha Jimenez began to light the traditional candles. "We light candles because they are a symbol of light in the darkness," she explained. "A sign that teaches us to be lights for our fellow human beings in the darkness of an unjust society, just as Christ teaches us."

Then, she picked up her guitar and began to sing a song — one she had written herself.

Look around you . . .
What do you see? There are people
dying so needlessly.
They've got hunger — ah! to
spare,
And all they ask is that you share
— if you dare — to show some

Love and hope and charity, all we
need to set us free.
No more hunger, no more pain, no
more poverty.

See the years go — oh so fast,
As our tomorrows become our
past.
As for the future, what has it to
bring?
Only our present offering . . .

Martha Jimenez, a junior Program of Liberal Studies major, is this year's chairperson for CILA. "As chairperson, Marty reflects what CILA is all about," says Mary Ann Roemer from the Volunteer Services Office. "CILA is committed to service, to learning, to sharing, and to celebration. To know Marty is to see these commitments in action."

"I see my position in CILA as one in which I can discover more and more about myself and about the questions and challenges of the world," Jimenez reflects. "The community service aspect of CILA, for example, serves as an excellent base for learning, sharing, celebrating, and serving."

Jimenez was unanimously elected chairperson last spring. Though CILA changes with each new chairperson and group, Jimenez said, it still retains its overall commitment to Christian values.

CILA began in 1960 when Father Larry Murphey, M.M., in his graduate course, "Church and the World,"

extended his philosophy of Christian service beyond the borders of the local community, increased awareness, and raised consciousness to the group of interested students.

These students then developed "summer projects," a summer of service in places like Peru, Puerto Rico, and Mexico. Though the groups encountered many difficulties in funding, language barriers, and transportation in the early years, Fr. Murphey was most impressed by the personal and lasting relationships the groups developed with the people they served.

Students returning from these projects began to look for other outlets and soon brought their service to the community of South Bend. The need to stress education of social justice issues sparked the development of the education committee and as the group grew sharing of experiences and celebration also became standard CILA functions.

Today, CILA has such depth and scope that Jimenez has trouble defining it. "All summer, I was frustrated because I couldn't define CILA — I was going to be chairperson and I couldn't even express what it meant! All I knew was that I cared for people and people here cared for people. And I believe that if you let



CILA Chairperson Martha Jimenez

people know there is a need to serve and provide a means of meeting that need, they will respond. CILA is that vehicle for response."

Cecilia Schickel, a close friend and fellow CILA member, said that Jimenez gets her warmth and love for people from her family. "When I visited them in San Antonio in October, I left with an armload of gifts—something from each member of the family."

Jimenez, her dark hair and eyes and her brown skin revealing her Mexican descent, calls her family an extended family. "It's part of the Mexican culture for all the family members and relatives to live together, or in the same vicinity. My being at Notre Dame is actually a break with this tradition." Her parents, Rogelio and Enriqueta; a sister, niece, and grandmother live in the "family house" in their neighborhood in San Antonio. Cousins, aunts, uncles, and brother Roger and his family live nearby.

A great part of her home life is spent in bridging the gap between her Mexican and American heritages. "I used to spend my summers as a child in Allende, Coahuila, near the Mexican border," she describes, pronouncing the Spanish name with an accent. "It's a different experience living in that culture. It's more relaxed, less mechanized. We would invent our own fun—often a mix of both cultures. My brother and sister and I would bring our 'give-a-show projector' and charge a nickel for the children to come see the shows. Then we would go to the market and buy strawberries and *tamarindos* (candies) from the *vendedores* (vendors) for everyone."

Her love for her family and her pride in her culture are major influences in her life she said. "It was very hard for me to decide to come to Notre Dame—away from my family and my culture. My parents wanted me to go to college near our home, and I almost decided to do so. But my grandmother encouraged me to come here, to learn to stand on my own and experience a new culture, and when I visited the campus that winter, I knew I would accept the challenge."

She admits that she often longs for a taste of her culture here and will frequently cook Mexican delicacies in her popcorn popper for her roommates and friends. And it is not uncommon to see her conversing in rapid Spanish with the Mexican lawn-keepers between classes, or with the dining-hall workers at din-

ner. "In a small way, it keeps our culture alive," she says.

Her major in the Liberal Studies Program has also challenged her. This major includes many required classes, a lot of reading and writing on a variety of subjects, and seminar/discussion classes that encourage the interaction of ideas. Said Jimenez, "It is a major that makes you think and question: 'What is life all about? What am I doing here? What is the purpose of my education?'"

In the same vein, CILA's strongest attribute is that it invites people to question, claims Jimenez. "We want to question why there are inner-city problems and inconsistencies. We want to question what social justice is. CILA doesn't pretend to give any answers, but the important thing is to question, to make people aware, to educate."

EDUCATION

CILA's education committee, led this year by Mary Ann Fenwick and Mary Soule, sponsors an annual education workshop on a controversial issue to promote community awareness. Group discussions on a variety of topics are held regularly and newsletters go out to the 300 members once a month in an effort to inform the community. And general meetings in the Memorial Library lounge on alternate Sundays provide the opportunity for the group to meet and discuss issues and plans.

Jimenez, at the general meetings, will enthusiastically divide the group into smaller groups to discuss topics on a personal level. "I want to see more interaction at the meetings," she emphasizes—with an enthusiasm that Beth Dominick, CILA Community Service director, describes as "incredible excitement and energy in facing new challenges." Jimenez added, "I want to draw in the experienced members of CILA to tap their knowledge and to generate their questions. If they begin to question, then new members will question, and this energy and awareness will spread to the rest of the campus."

Jimenez also sends newsletters to the 26 other social concerns groups on campus in an effort to coordinate their efforts. Smiling, she recalls her first impressions of CILA—the motivation for this task. "I had the preconceived notion that CILA was some elite society with a franchise on goodness. And just to get in, you had to do something called an 'Urban Plunge!' I thought that CILA

thought it was the only group with potential for serving others. This view changed quickly as I came to know more about CILA, or rather, the people that comprise CILA. There is much diversity in CILA, and even though it is a community of students sharing similar concerns, the members do not alienate themselves from other service organizations on campus."

Jimenez affirms the ideal that CILA promotes sharing and caring among the group with each warm embrace with which she greets her friends and CILA members at each meeting (hugs have become her trademark, members say). "She is a very huggable person," says Steve Mangine, CILA Summer Project director. "Her dedication and sincerity make CILA very special for me. Even though she is very busy, she always takes time to express concern and care for the other members of the group."

SHARING

Sharing in community life is an essential dimension of CILA. Every September, in order to enhance this sharing and to introduce new members, CILA holds an Orientation Weekend. Sixty to 70 students and faculty meet at Camp Tamarack to share presentations of summer projects, goals for the year, and ways of serving through CILA.

In expressing CILA goals, Jimenez replied thoughtfully: "CILA does not have a franchise on goodness any more than it can claim to solve the world's problems. More important, it attempts to make a statement. It says here is an organization that teaches something vital; something lasting—the need to care for people, the awareness of a world outside the University, and the possible responses of a concerned Christian. If we can get one person to question and then take that awareness with him after graduation, CILA's existence will have made a difference."

SERVICE

The core of CILA is service. It began with a small group of men whose international concerns led them to Latin America for summer projects, and grew to include a wide range of service functions. Projects

(cont'd on page 15)

Perspective

Some Thoughts On Berrigan

by John Murphy

After hearing Father Dan Berrigan speak and celebrate Mass and discussing his subject matter with friends and acquaintances, for some strange reason I felt the call to put pen to paper for the first time in my Notre Dame career. What I feel the need to offer here is possibly not so much a rabid defense of Berrigan as an attempt at explanation, and I modestly elect myself for the job.

When I tried to give a quick summary of Berrigan's work to a friend, ("He smashes nuclear weapons with a hammer.") I was answered with a puzzled "How absurd!" The feelings of much of the audience for his talk was that he could be more effective if his "escapades" weren't so extravagant, and even Fr. Hesburgh proclaimed his admiration for those who were really doing something about arms control rather than in the whimsical fashion of a caveman fighting a dinosaur with a wooden spear.

Well, in literally following the gospel message to beat swords into ploughshares, though the consequences be imprisonment, I don't think Berrigan is really being whimsical. He might better be compared to the small boy fighting the giant Philistine armed only with a small slingshot and stones—an equally preposterous proposition. Berrigan has been to Latin America and seen poverty and hunger. He's been to Vietnam and toured the war museum to see the horrors of battle. He's pondered the spectre of nuclear war with the prospect of millions dead and untold suffering. The question is, compared to such injustice, what

else could possibly be called absurd? When the best and the brightest use the most money to create machinery whose actual function is to kill, how can we call someone who takes any steps to end this absurdity absurd?

During their trial for burning draft records at Catonsville, the Berrigans' defense rested consistently on the statement "Burning paper is not as bad as burning children." Surely none of us would dispute the value of children over the value of paper. But we have distanced ourselves from the consequences of our

**"He is probably
more realistic than
anyone you will
ever know"**

actions. The tax-payer no longer connects his signature on a check to the buying and use of weapons which kill children. The engineer no longer connects the work he performs on missiles to the destruction they might wreak. The ROTC student no longer connects his service to the call to kill which may someday come.

We have rationalized and evaded and disguised. We have masked our actions and created an illusion of scenarios and enemies and threats. We have twisted our values and priorities to the point where our representatives in a far-off land could burn children and yet some of us could still refer to this as a "noble venture." If any of us really knew the truth of what we are doing—the actual disaster possible from our

attempts at "defense"—then in that moment of enlightenment there could be no more rational act than to beat upon missiles with a hammer.

Berrigan was asked frequently "What can we do?" and much of the audience felt he did not answer. But he came to Notre Dame to issue a call to conscience as much as to produce a concrete result. Development of conscience is not always served by statements of "Do A, B and C and you will be right." And when he did mention actual steps (such as tax evasion, protests at local military installations and working for unilateral disarmament motions), his reception was cool at best. One questioner asked, "If we were to disarm tomorrow, wouldn't we be left vulnerable?"

Berrigan answered this best the next day at Mass when he spoke of the scandal that Christ on the cross is to His Church. Christ said turn the other cheek, forgive 7 times 70 times, give up your life to save it. And in the end He offered Himself to be murdered without resistance. But today His followers place their faith in extremely precarious systems of national defense, attempting a fragile hope in unreliable machines rather than in Him. A Tower of Babel is built on every military base by those who would convince themselves of their own greatness. In the garden, did Christ request His apostles to hide Him, lest He be vulnerable to the approaching soldiers? Yet we proclaim Him as our God. Of course, many would say, "Yes, but we must be realistic." I know, it's fine to be idealistic, but Russian tanks are extremely practical.

But who is being realistic here? Generals and politicians and professors and journalists sit in their ivory towers and lecture on the "price which must be paid for our way of life" and other noble and honorable *ideas* which appeal to patriotic sentiment. But those who have paid are the dead of Vietnam, the widows, the fathers without sons, the permanently disabled, the deformed children of Agent Orange. Those who will pay are the countless innocent victims possible in a nuclear war. For the price of war is paid in *life*, and *that* is reality. Berrigan does not speak from any ideology or lofty concept other than his belief in life, life in Christ. He is probably more realistic than anyone you will ever know. □

John Murphy is a senior in the College of Engineering.

Poetry

The Fist

by John McGillvray

I Saw

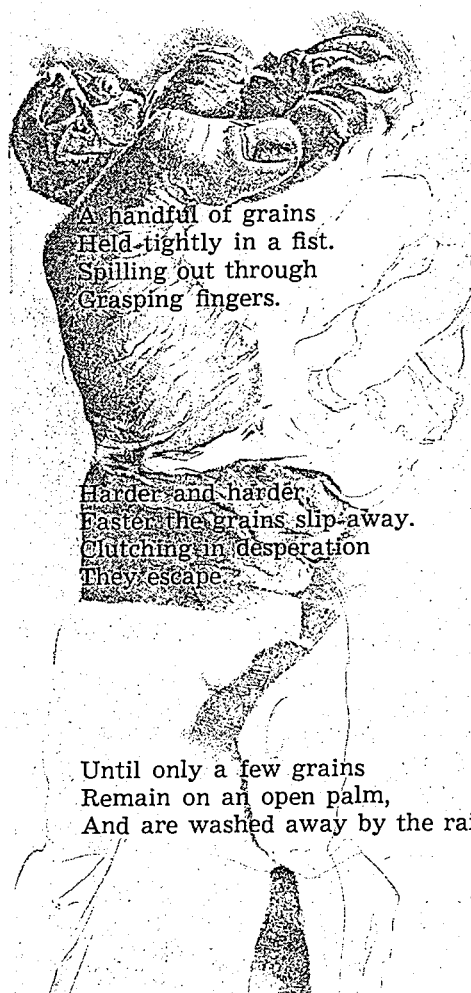
I saw a house between two hills
the wind is blowing yet it stills
if winters warbler 'ere found out
that would be the end of me

I saw a line between two others
the ruler grows but not as brothers
'ere they reach, but never touch
the celts and us apart from such

I saw a two between two twos
calendar fool, this brings no news
but if you look down rows of four
a different thought, but little more

I saw a space between two eyes
the connection not; I realize
a feeble hope for second view
the christian ethics from the jew
I saw a bird, I think it's you
please tell me what it's like to be.

Anonymous



A handful of grains
Held tightly in a fist.
Spilling out through
Grasping fingers.

Harder and harder
Faster the grains slip away.
Clutching in desperation
They escape.

Until only a few grains
Remain on an open palm,
And are washed away by the rain.

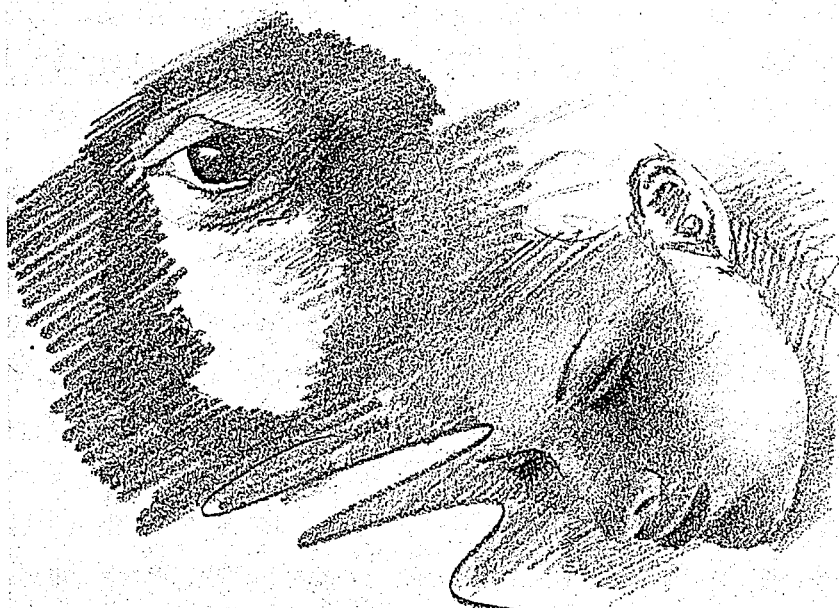
Madness Made Clear

by Kraig Culbertson

As shadows cross my face,
The fear of the Truth,
Of the certainty of the unseen
Which evades,
On me doth try.

Passion and crystalline pictures
Pierce into hungry darkness
And cries are slowly stilled
By that very despair
From whence they came.

And as sovereign eyelashes
Rush through the thickest of air,
Light is born.
For she is there.



Dedication in More Ways Than One?

by Beth Healy

PASQUERILLA HALLS

The weekend of November 13-14, the University of Notre Dame celebrated the dedication of Pasquerilla East and West and the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pasquerilla's donation of the necessary funds for the construction of the new dorms. The Pasquerilla family and friends joined University trustees and hall residents in recognition and gratitude for their donation. Now that the dust and excitement have somewhat settled, it is interesting to examine the implications of such a donation. The Pasquerilla's contribution far exceeds dollars and cents. The halls have and will continue to have an impact on the University of Notre Dame. Just what the new dorms will add to life at Notre Dame and the image of the Notre Dame graduate in society remains largely unrealized. What will this new place and these women contribute to the Notre Dame "Family"?

The immediate reaction to the new dorms revolves around the increase of the Notre Dame female population by 500. The Pasquerilla Halls create places for these women. Beyond the actual numbers, it should be noted that many of the Pasquerilla residents are transfer students and freshmen. They bring to the University varied backgrounds and experiences. In another sense, they remain ignorant of the powerful Notre Dame tradition and the stereotypes which surround the University. By all indications of the personality, desire to learn and wealth of talent among these women, both the University and they are enriched by the chance to make their homes at Notre Dame. They are fresh blood to be added to the University circulatory system. Yet isn't this the case with all admitted students? Is this the creed behind Notre Dame admissions? However, one question, based on past experience, whether or not these students can guard their individuality.

The potential is great. An upswing in numbers cannot go without altering the awareness of women at the University. The Pasquerilla Halls break Notre Dame tradition in their

very foundation. The donation was dedicated solely for the construction of *women's residences*. For the first time in their ten-year history, a place was designed for women. There was no remodeling of bathroom facilities, nor added laundry rooms. No alumni will ever be able to enter Pasquerilla East or West proclaiming the "good ole days" when the hall abounded with men: before flowered curtains and knickknacks tainted the rooms.

Often, the female identity at Notre Dame becomes entangled in a web of stereotypic images. The Notre Dame woman is supposedly highly competitive, career-oriented, feminist, independent. She is everything the charming, frilly, coquettish, husband-hunting Saint Mary's woman is not. What rubbish. Be it at N.D. or SMC, such stereotypes are equally pejorative and reveal the deep lack of respect and understanding about women. This can be evidenced by the strained male/female relationships that persist. Indeed any woman accepted at Notre Dame is competitive. Algebra tells us that only X number of women can occupy Y number of places. But by the same token, the



X's are still women. Ideally, some sort of synthesis between the images and relationships among students should result from the influx.

Increased numbers should also extend the female influence at Notre Dame. In terms of administrative politics, for example, we should be able to move towards diminishing the apparent bias that exists against women faculty members in the administration. Might the Notre Dame student body expect more than just two tenured women professors during the next decade?

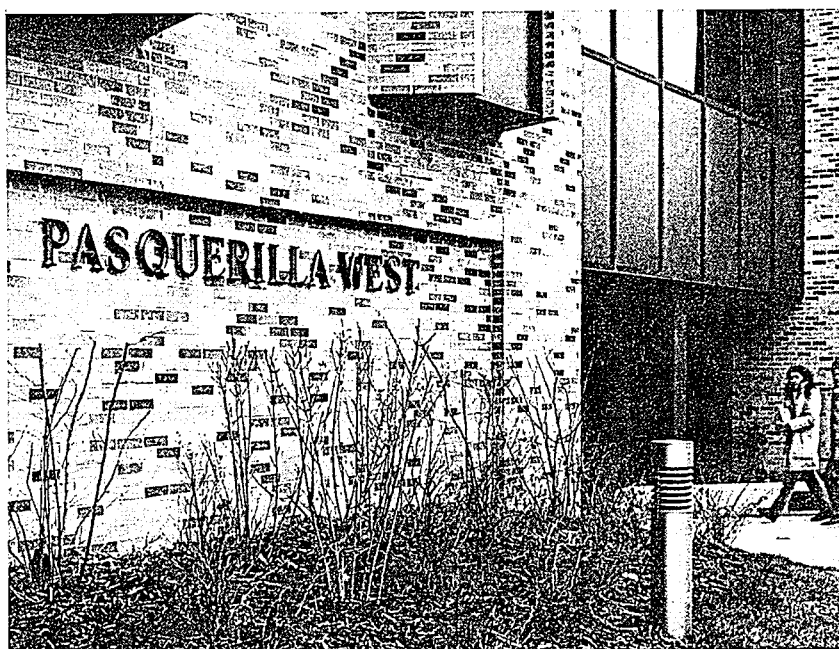
Harnessing such potential is another problem. In the comfortable blanket of university life, Notre Dame women appear to have nestled into a passive routine. They fail to react to any sexual discrimination which operates. How can Notre Dame justify the fact that women are not even entitled to University Laundry Service, whereas men drop off their clothes on Wednesday and pick them up all clean and folded. Frankly, I get sick and tired of going for change, buying soap and folding socks in the suffocating laundry room. When it comes down to fundamental inequalities, where has that "competitive drive" gone?

One would think that increased numbers will increase female involvement and interest at Notre Dame. Ideally, if the female popula-

tion is on the rise in the classroom and dining hall, so will their influence be felt in all aspects of student participation, i.e., the tenure board, student government, varsity athletics.

In this tenth anniversary of women at Notre Dame, Pasquerilla East and West stand as milestones in the development of coeducation at Notre

Dame. Five hundred more women will make a difference. However, the type and importance of that influence depend upon how those women accept the opportunity. The dedication of Pasquerilla East and West and the tenth anniversary can mark a renewed dedication to the identity and development of women at Notre Dame. □



Breaking traditions . . . making new ones

Marty Jimenez

(Cont'd from page 11)

now range from visits to community nursing homes to workshops on Nuclear Disarmament.

For Jimenez, service is an important dimension of life. After college, she would like to do a year or two of volunteer service and then perhaps go to law school. Knowledge gained from continuing education, she claims, is the power to help others in need, the power to change unjust situations. "I'd like to work in my own community of San Antonio," she continues. "When you work where people know you personally, where they know your family, it is important that you believe in the statement you make."

In service, the danger of apathy and frustration in awaiting results is present. "I know for myself," admits Jimenez, "that when I see a powerful movie on nuclear war or hear an impressive lecture on Latin America, I'm ready to change the

world, then after about a week when I see that no progress can be made, my enthusiasm begins to wear off. I've worked this year to prevent experienced CILA members from getting burnt out and losing enthusiasm. We try to get together socially to build trust and friendship and to discuss common problems."

CELEBRATION

Celebration has become an integral part of CILA. Throughout its history, CILA has built up a tradition of gathering to celebrate, providing everything from hayrides and square dancing to Masses, singing, and prayer.

"Marty is wonderful in supporting social activities," relates Beth Dominick. "And always when we are together, Marty will take out her guitar and everyone will sing—and usually join in with homemade instruments like a spoon and ash tray," she quips. Mary Ann Roemer adds, "It is through her music that

Marty brings out the depth of her character. Her guitar and her songs will always be an important part of her life."

Whether celebrating or sharing, questioning or serving, she is, Steve Mangine claims, "the type of Christian leader that Christ taught us to be. She strives to lead others by serving them and not by dominating over them."

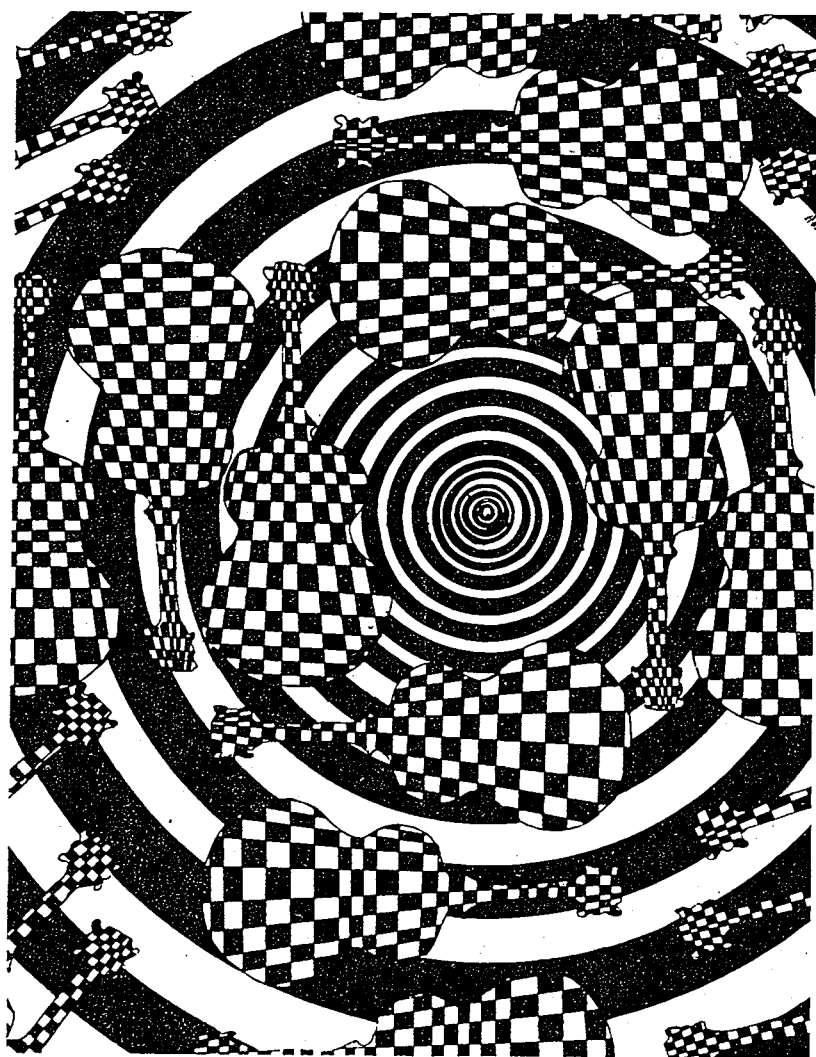
"CILA is like a little bee that stings you every once in a while," Jimenez concludes, "to remind you to look at your life, to look at your world and ask, 'Can I be happy with it? and if I can't, what should I do about it?'" □

Luann Duesterberg is a senior American Studies major from South Bend. She has written for the yearbook and is currently working for the Office of Information Services on an academic internship.

Gallery

PORTRAIT OF AN ARTIST

Ellen Margaret Hackl



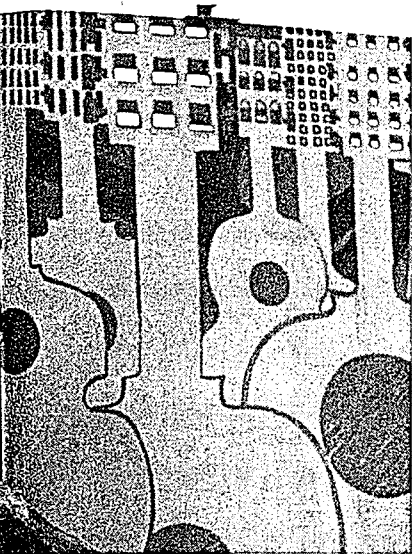
Strictly Two-Toned;
ink and watercoloring; 9½ in. × 11 in.; 1981.



*Ellen Hackl is a senior
major at Saint Mary's College.*



Rock Around the Croc;
oil and latex on canvas; 4½ ft.

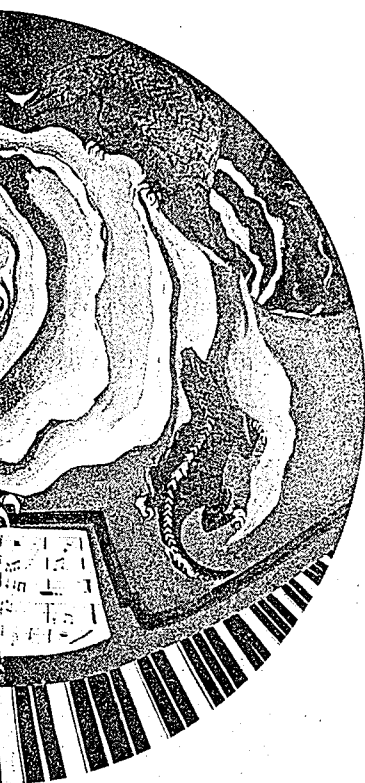


As an artist and musician, contemporary music plays a major part in my life and my work. In my paintings I try to express how contemporary music sounds to me and how it affects me. I want people to hear this music when they view my paintings.

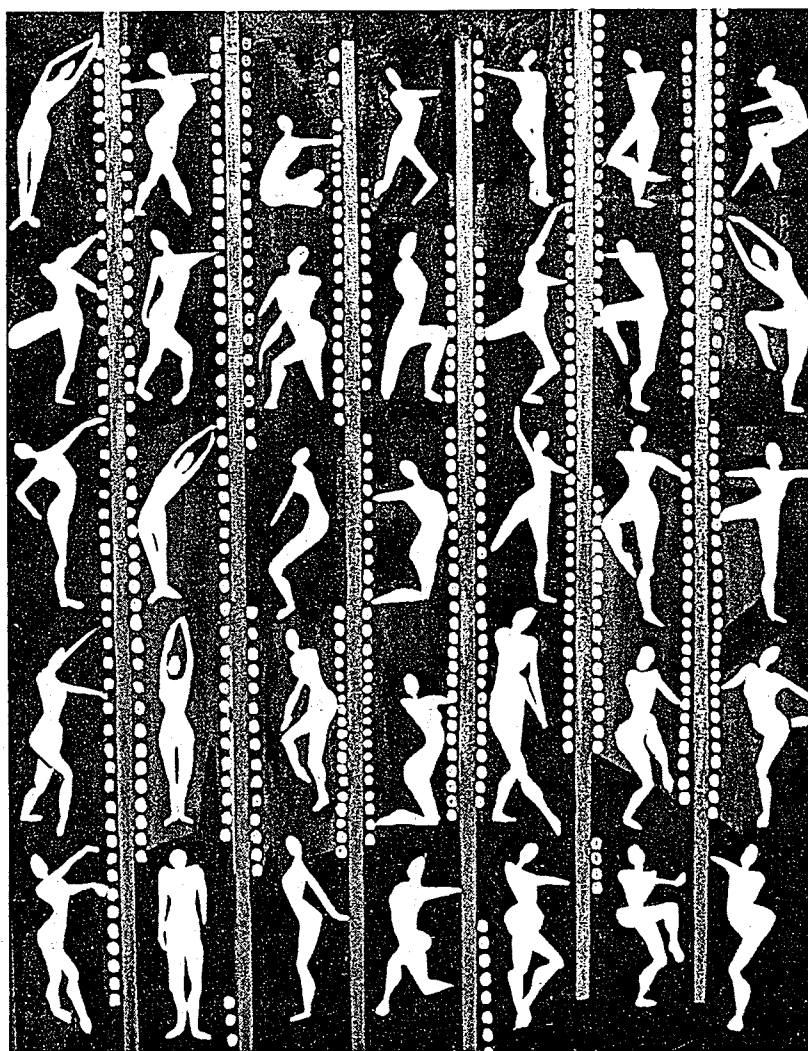
My colors are used in their purest hues to shock and stimulate the viewers' eyes in an effort to relate the similar effect that modern music has on the listener.

In anticipating the content of my future work, I intend to continue working with the theme of musical instruments "as long as the music never stops."

senior fine arts
Mary's College.



diameter, 1981.



City Sounds — Unfinished;
latex on canvas; 5 ft. X 5 ft.; 1981.

A Saint Mary's Woman

by Elizabeth Bradley
St. Mary's Editor

Let me introduce you to a real Saint Mary's woman. Hildegard Vargyas has been associated with Saint Mary's for about sixty-one years. Her life at Saint Mary's began when she started in kindergarten in 1919. Her mother worked as a maid for the school and the convent. Before Hildegard was born, the nuns told her mother that they would provide Hildegard with strong academic and spiritual guidance as soon as she could start school. Since there were no day students, Hildegard moved away from home and into the dormitories with children her same age but in a completely different income bracket. There were no scholarships at that time, so Hildegard became one of only three student aids at the school in order to help her parents pay for her education. Even when she was very young, she worked three hours a day, every day, dusting the dressers in the dormitories. Hildegard was a member of the "Lifers Club." These members were the students who spent their entire academic life at Saint Mary's. Hildegard graduated from preparatory school in 1928; from the academy in 1932; and from the college in 1937. In the 1930s there were about 800 students and all were required to take the classes "they" thought you should take. Since Hildegard was not from a well-to-do family, the sisters wanted to prepare her for the future. They required her to take 22 credit hours each semester. Hildegard majored in Sociology and minored in French, Math and Commerce. Her education also included eight years of French, six years of Latin, one year in Greek and her parents taught her her native tongue, Hungarian, when she was home on breaks. (She can still speak them to this day.)

Mass, eating, and sleeping were tightly regulated. Every morning



Hildegard in prep school

everybody got up for church, regardless what faith they were. The dining hall was set up with many different tables, and each table spoke a different language. The students were only allowed to speak the language designated at their table. When she sat at the French table, she lived on bread and butter for a long time until she learned how to ask for the other foods. The meals began with an inspection of the cuffs and collars before they ate . . . if they were dirty, the uniform had to be changed. The dinner routine was run by a series of bells. The first bell rang when Sister Madeleva came in. After grace the second bell rang and the students were allowed to sit down. The third bell signified commencement talking; the fourth bell demanded silence; the fifth bell meant to rise; and the sixth bell started the final grace. They left the dining hall in rank, table by table. Hildegard referred to Saint Mary's as a West Point Girls' School: "time was not your own." Lights went out at 9:00 and the nuns made their rounds to make sure everyone was in bed.

It sounds like Hildegard was a little robot for 17 years, but nothing could be further from the truth. To put it another way, the nuns knew



Hildegarde very well. Hildegarde and her friends liked to see how much they could get away with without getting caught. They would occasionally "skive to town" and get hamburgers, pies and so on to have a feast or party after hours in their rooms. They had to constantly listen for the nuns making their rounds in order to turn off the flashlight and hide the extra girls. They could not listen for footsteps because the nun's shoes were padded, but their beads were a dead giveaway. When the alarm was sounded, the girls darted to their hiding places. Some girls would hide in the closet, (but they could not stand because their feet could be seen, so they hung onto the bar and lifted their feet up), and the remaining girls would hide under

Poet Graduates



—Photo by Priddy
Miss Hildegarde Vargyas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Vargyas, 809 W. Jefferson boulevard, was graduated June 2 from St. Mary's Academy. Miss Vargyas was class poet for 1932, and vice president of the Rosary Sodality. She was also active in athletics, and served as publicity manager for the school paper during her senior year.

Hildegarde graduated from high school second in her class

the beds. Some of these get-togethers did not go unnoticed, but the sister was usually "a softy" and left the room saying, "the one under the bed should hide her leg." At times the nuns were subject to some of Hildegarde and her friends' pranks. The nuns usually got up at around 4:30 or 5:00 in the morning when a big bell was rung outside. One night Hildegarde and her friends went outside at 1:00 in the morning and rang the bell. They ran away and watched the nuns from a distance get up and scurry around getting ready for the new day. "I was a holy terror, I really was . . . especially in prep school," Hildegarde told me about a Sunday, right before she was allowed to go home for a weekly dinner, when she sat down at the piano and played "Home Sweet Home" to make all the other girls homesick and cry. "I didn't care, I was going home at 1:00" . . . but she did not go home at all that Sunday. The nuns told her parents when they arrived to pick her up, that she would not be going home for dinner that week. Her parents agreed with the nuns: "If you hadn't done anything wrong, they wouldn't have punished you."

The social scene has changed tremendously since Hildegarde attended Saint Mary's. The students were allowed to go to the Notre Dame games, but they had to be back by 5:00 or be campused. To be campused meant that the next weekend the violator had to stay on campus and report every hour, on the hour, to the library. Another big difference was that there was no regular dating. The guys were allowed to visit Sunday afternoon and to sit in the parlor with their dates and talk until 5:00. Every once in a while, a guy would bring playing cards, but as soon as "the beads" were heard, they were quickly hidden. You know how it is—no lady would play card games!

After Hildegarde left Saint Mary's, she was faced with the problem of finding a job—during the Depression. She went to the Studebaker Company and applied for a job. Because of her excellent background in foreign language, clerical work and so on, she got a job translating in the export parts division the same day she applied. She was gradually promoted to administration and advertising where she had to learn to speak Portuguese. In 1955, she and her parents moved to California,



Hildegarde in 1937

where she got a job at The Bank of America. "My education was so varied, I could step in anywhere." In 1958, her family moved back to South Bend where Hildegarde held different positions around town, including Notre Dame. After Hildegarde's parents died in 1975, she decided she would stop working and live off the money she had earned and her parents had left her. When the vice-president of Saint Mary's, Brian Reagan at that time, found out she quit working, he half-reprimanded her for not using all the knowledge she had attained and asked her to come to work for Saint Mary's part-time.

A couple weeks passed and Hildegarde was working a full forty-hour week. Hildegarde has worked in about twenty to twenty-five different departments in six years. She worked in the Education Department and got it accredited, assisted the Nursing Department in obtaining its accreditation, and has just finished working on the Sociology Department's accreditation and expects to get it soon. One of her favorite departments is the Alumnae Office because she works with many of her classmates' and friends' names and contributions to the college. Hildegarde feels she is still continuing her education at Saint Mary's. Since she has been back, she has kept up on the advances in the field of sociology (her major), by working in that department, and learned how to work with the Memorex and computers. Hildegarde's relationship with Saint Mary's is a unique one. Her staff ID card sums it all up: Instead of the year of employment on the card, "indefinite" is written . . . "that means 'till death do us part.'" □

Fiction

An October Day

by Greg Bachhuber

October is a time of preparation on a Wisconsin farm. Harvest is over, and the long ordeal of winter looms on the horizon like the Canadian cold fronts shoving down from Hudson Bay. The grain must be stored, the machinery oiled and lubed, and the endless lines of rust-colored snowfence must be secured like World War I barbed wire. All these arduous tasks are done with an air of demoralization, for they signal the inevitable. Wisconsin winters are cruel and cold as death grips the countryside of rolling, wooded hills.

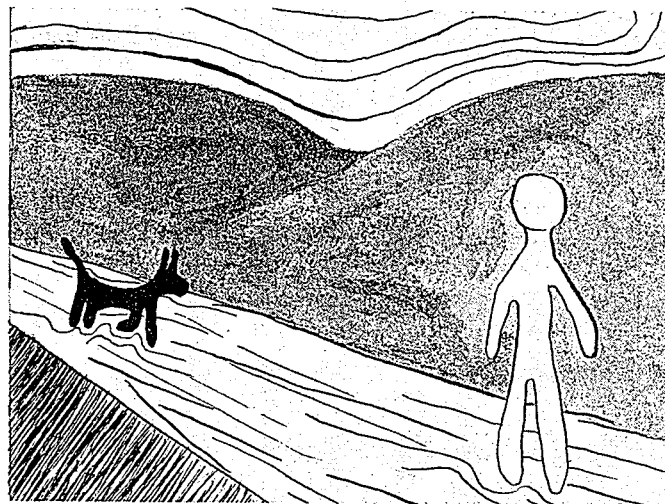
One late October afternoon I stepped out of the breezeway door and sounded a shrill whistle. The sky was clear, holding only the high cirrus clouds in the north that were the heralds of the months to come. It was brisk outside, sweat-shirt weather, but the wind was calm and the sun warmed my face. From the barn, the milk cows were mooing as they rambled into the parlor, and hearing my call, Pepper came trotting from around the barnyard, ears perked high. He was caked with mud from helping Dad with the chores.

Tongue always hanging sideways and tail always wagging wildly, Pepper was the perfect farm dog. Half of him was German shepherd. The other looked collie, but we were never quite sure. For seventeen years his brown-spotted white form had herded cows and chased birds until I had automatically made Pepper and the farm into a single thought, always linked in my mind. He was more than a dog. With me from my first days, he was family, another brother. Pepper ran stiffly and slowly that day. Arthritis had turned his muscular stride into a painful, jerky hobble. He was blind in one eye and had stopped eating the week before. Sadly, I picked up my case leaning on the house and headed up the path through the buildings to the top of the hill.

Our farm is nestled on the edge of one of the largest marshes in the United States, the Horicon National Wildlife Refuge. The marsh sits in a basin like a giant bathtub, ringed by gentle bluffs overlooking its sea of cattails. The farm is on one of these bluffs, and from the hill Pepper and I were heading to, one could see for dozens of miles the vast refuge where each fall Canadian geese in the hundreds of thousands stop on their way south.

I slowly walked the path, staying in one of the brown tracks made by the tractors on the way to the fields. In his younger days, Pepper would have roamed the hay looking for pheasants as I walked, but now he trotted by my side, nuzzling my hand with his mouth to be petted. His wiry fur was grimy. Pepper had never been bathed or even let in the house, but all farm dogs were like that. Whispering in our ears, a breeze cooled our faces. High above, a "V" of geese veered towards the marsh, and sparrows in the fence-line sputtered nervously from tree to tree, always keeping ten feet ahead of us. I sighed and looked down at my friend. I scratched his ears and spoke dog-talk to him. The sun was low on the rim of the marsh.

Alfalfa grew on the hill that year. It was lush and green, knee-deep and smelling like summer rain even in October. Pepper was immersed in it as the road ended in the field, and I had to lift my feet as I walked so that my boots would not get tangled in the grass. Eventually we reached the lone tree at the crest of the hill, a stark oak that seemed to always watch over the farm like a guardian. Being as dark and powerful as it was, the oak was never cleared from the field. The tractors just plowed around it respectfully. The oak stood there, framed in the west by the sun as I rested my case against its trunk. The hole that I had dug the day before remained next to the big tree.



I knelt down beside my dog in the sweet hay. He nuzzled my hand and licked my face, and I held him close. The sun was sinking now, and its reflection on the marsh below danced and shimmered in the channels. The wind grew calm. The farm became quiet, anticipating. Only the light from the sun spoke, bathing the valley and the bluffs on its sides with golden whispers, and I knew the time had come.

I always thought there was something evil about a veterinary hospital. Maybe it was because of the antiseptic smell—the place reeked of chloroform, and the stacked cages of sick dogs and cats seemed like prisoners on death row, just waiting to die. Pepper had never been to that place. Doc Neal had always given the dog his shots when he came out to inoculate the herd. It seemed right and dignified that my Pepper would never have to go there, never leave the farm.

Rising, I took the length of rope from my coat and tied Pepper to the tree. He looked at me quizzically by turning his head sideways, like when he was a puppy, and then he sat down. I unzipped my case and removed the steel-blue Remington, at the same time saying to myself, "He's seventeen and the winter will be so cold. He's seventeen. He's seventeen. . . ." I raised my rifle to my shoulder as I cranked in a shell, but I had trouble seeing. Since the time I was seven, I had been taught to squeeze the trigger, but as I lined the barrel up with my dog's ears, I yanked it. My shoulder jerked, smoke and fire flew out of the barrel, and my oldest friend turned a bloody cartwheel into the sweet alfalfa hay. The report thundered off the bluffs and rolled into the marsh below.

Poetry

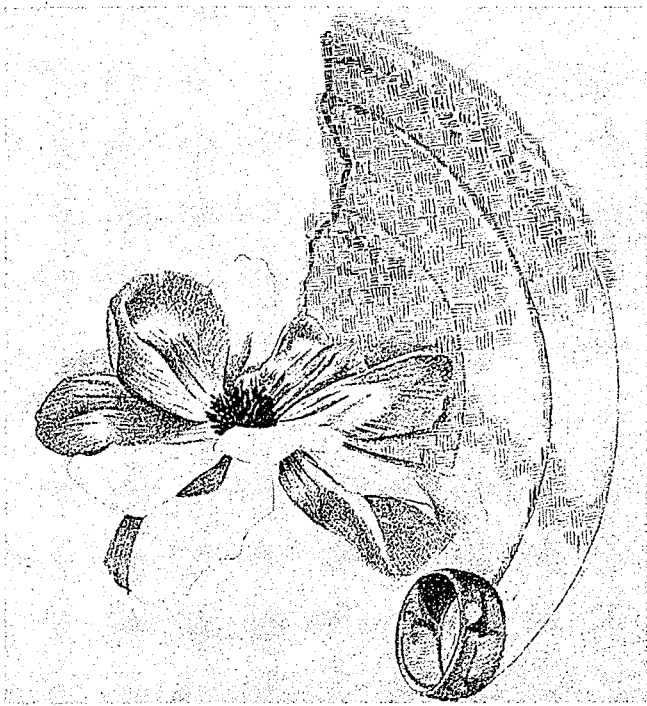
Extinction

by Mary Powel Jabaley

Hurl guilt-bombs at yourself:

The unicorn is only killed by deceit.
You are covered with the muddiness of guilt
And the treacherous blood in the lap of the virgin
Wash with opaque but crystalline droplets of guilt
As the trees converge to hide the forest
The guilty metallic cover of winter clouds —
Armored knights with fatal steel flashing through
mist
And striking the grey-blue-blue-grey of the unicorn
Both now sink into the ground.

Who once was king shall never be king again.



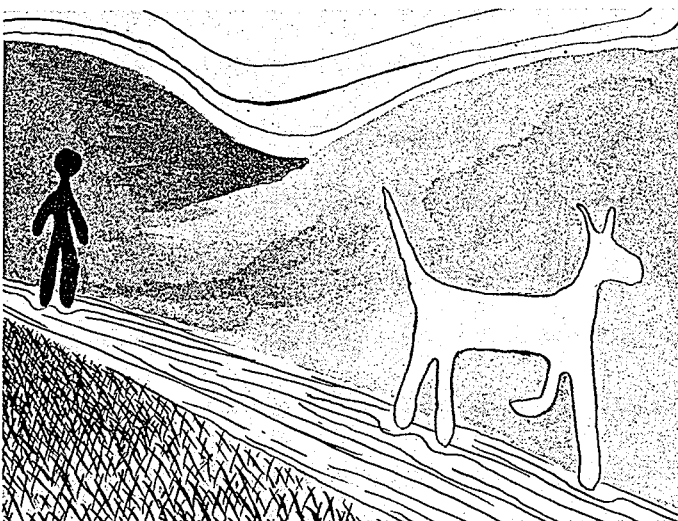
Mixed Marriage

by Mary Powel Jabaley

No plate is broken so hard
It will not be mended—she thought.
What we love is the cabinet above the sink
Where we keep the broken pieces
That we hide away with plans to do
So much of everything someday.

But even if the glue would stick, there would always
be that scar.

So maybe I'll create remembered
Happiness from things that never were —
A flower of Susan's, and Mother's gold band,
And the solid white that Father gave to John
For his bride, when Lily found outside
A piece of colored china, and brought it to our cabinet
Because she likes the color blue.



October Day

(cont'd from page 20)

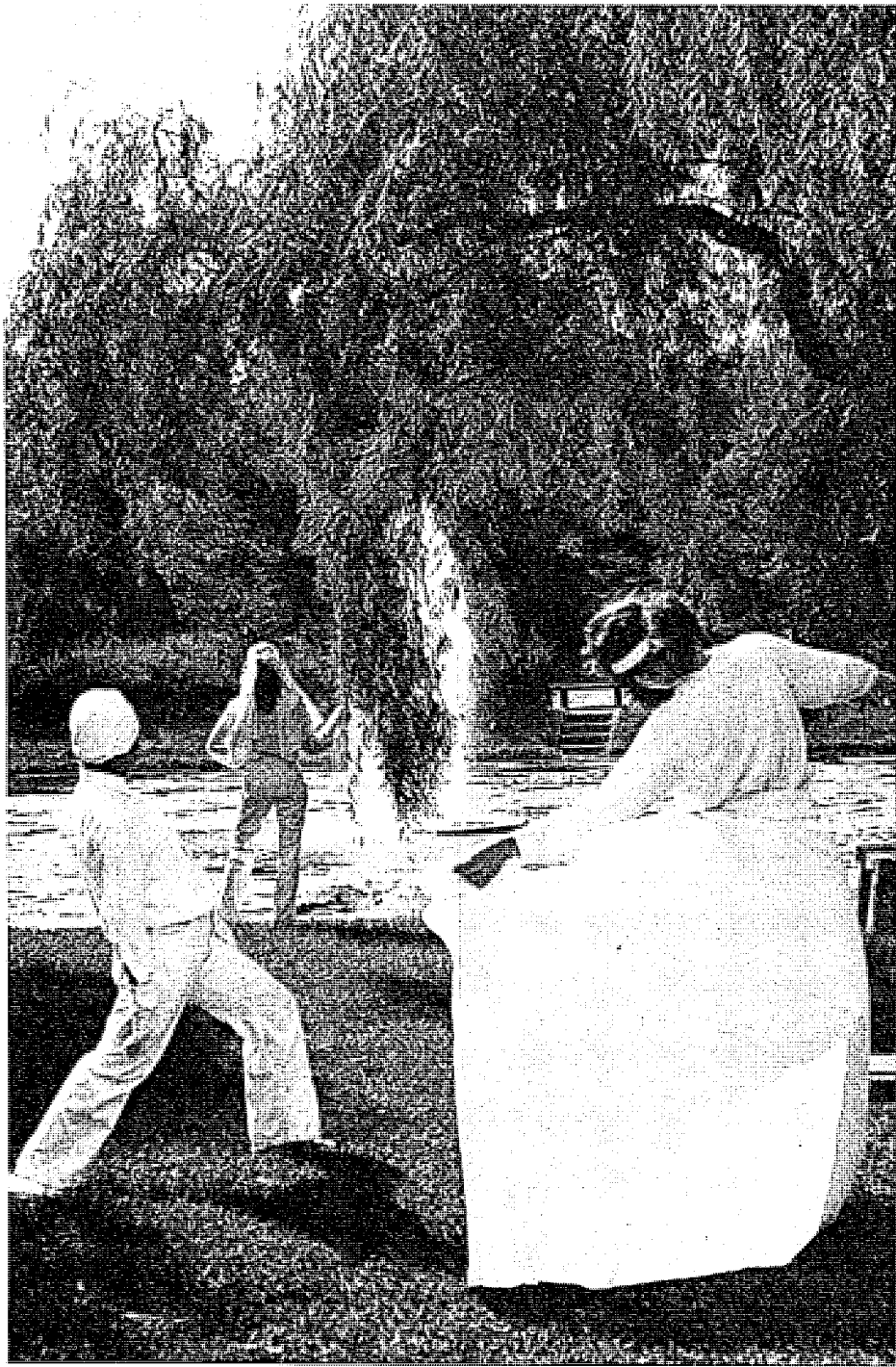
I buried Pepper in that shallow pit and walked by myself, for the first time, down the path to the barnyard, silent in the setting sun. The farm seemed less for Pepper's passing. After that day I never felt the same about the farm, my family, or my childhood again. The next year I would leave for college and nothing would ever be the same. Yet today, as I run through the memories of green Wisconsin hayfields, or remember the times I spent exploring autumn woods and secluded clearings, a large white dog with a tattered ear and a hoarse bark always runs with me.

*In the sun that is young once only,
Time let me play and be
Golden in the mercy of his means. . . .*
—Dylan Thomas

“What’s the buzz? . . .

“Sometimes we feel overlooked on campus as an important contributing department. This piece enabled us to be visible to a large portion of the student body and the response was both interesting and beneficial to all of us.”

— Colleen Zufelt





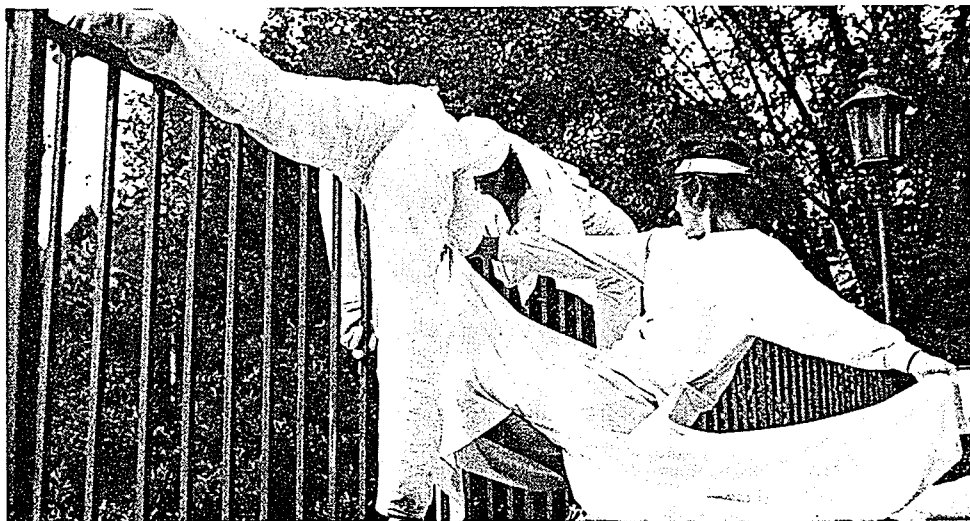
On September 24, 1981 something "happened" within the environs of the Saint Mary's College community. . . .

Referred to as a "happening" by those who witnessed it, Veronica Robie, Eileen Lyons, Angie Michielutti, and Colleen Zufelt created art before their viewers' very eyes.

Tell me what's happening . . ."

"This sculpture is about a direct interaction with the environment and especially with the viewers. We, as human sculptural forms, dressed completely in white, were able to see and hear the reactions to our endeavors. We danced separately for a time then created forms together over a great deal of the campus. Our poses lasted up to a minute at a time."

— Angie Michielutti



Sometimes referred to as environmental sculpture or performance art, this mode of artistic creativity and expression is a progressive and controversial form of modern art which can be accepted or rejected by critics. Despite one's position on the subject, its arrival in the Notre Dame/Saint Mary's community is appreciated as an exciting expansion of our cultural viewpoint.

Fiction

Harry's World

by Greg Swiercz

Harry lay motionless in his sofa bed, wondering why in the hell he was up so early. Sunlight poured into his one-room apartment through the south window, forcing him to squint his bloodshot eyes. Scents of cheap perfume, stale whiskey, and flatulence blended to produce a membrane-irritating haze that hung stagnant in the still air. With considerable effort Harry reached over and yanked the crinkled blanket across his shoulders. A pair of panty hose flipped up and hit him in the face. Julia's, he thought. She had a habit of forgetting things in Harry's apartment. It gave her sufficient reason to return and claim her lost articles. Harry didn't mind. In the three months since Holly had left him, Julia proved to be an adequate substitute, and was a lot of fun for Harry. Through his grogginess, Harry then realized why he had awakened at such an early hour.

The travel alarm suddenly performed its morning duty. Harry snatched the ringing timepiece and hurled it at the wall. The glass and metal pieces scattered in many directions. He was meeting Holly for lunch today.

The station house seemed unusually busy as Harry strolled past the groups of blue-shirted men. He always attracted stray comments and digs, for his uniform consisted of worn-out jeans, a green fatigue jacket, and a Yankee baseball cap.

"Hey, Ruskin, I hear you're gonna bust some 13-year-olds today."

Harry never allowed remarks to go unanswered. "Yeah, Saulk, I'm just goin' after that punk that outran you last week from that liquor store holdup."

"Aw shit, that bum knew every passageway in the neighborhood."

"Go back to helping old ladies across the street." Harry ignored his reply and headed for the locker bay.

Chico was sitting hunched over by his open locker as Harry approached. The two had worked together for nearly four years. Chico was about the only friend Harry had on the force. Harry's violent and unpredictable temper never allowed for many people to get close to him. His choices of friends were strictly his own, which alienated many of his former partners. He was a good cop and he was "street smart," having grown up in the streets he now patrolled. He didn't tolerate anyone above his own rank, but always got the job done; his way. Chico understood this.

"Hey Harry, how's it goin', man?"

"Okay."

"Why don't you come by the house tonight, man. Rosalita is making some of her world-famous chili, and, ay chihauhua, there's always so much of it left over that I'm forced to eat it for the next *FOUR DAYS!* And man, you want to know what that does to my insides, man?"

"Nah, but thanks anyway."

Chico was taken aback by Harry's indifferent attitude. "What's the matter? You sick or something? Last time you came over for chili you ate half the damn pot!" Chico, realizing what he had just said, wished he had been born mute.

"Last time I came over with Holly."

"Hey, man, I'm sorry I brought it up, but it's been quite a while since you two split up, and I—"

"And you what? You thought I was through with her?"

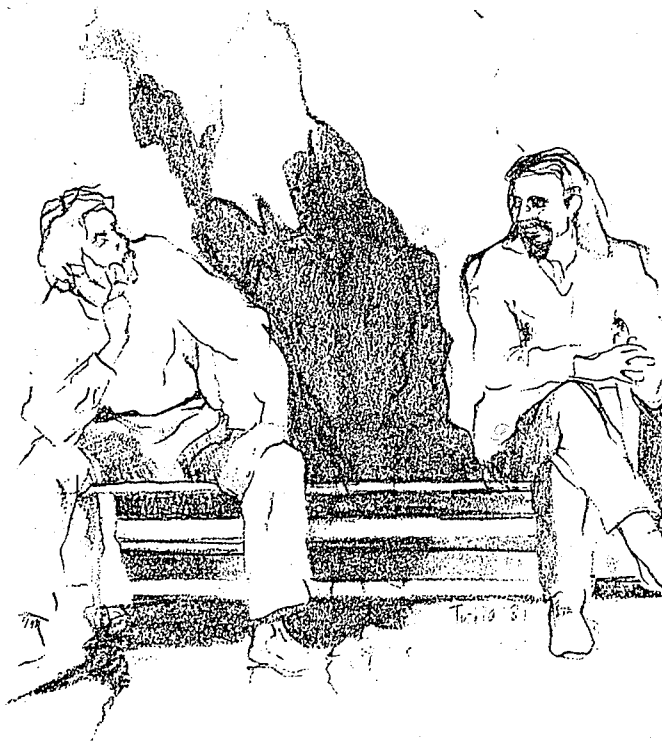
"Well, sure man."

"How can I be when she won't let me?"

Chico was becoming confused. "What do you mean?"

"She called me last night to let me know she's in town. She wants to talk to me."

"Talk to you?" Chico mocked with a resounding belly laugh. "She said a lot when she walked out on you. She didn't even have the guts to tell you she was calling it quits."



"Aw, GO TO HELL!!!"

"Hey Harry, cool down, man. Tell you something. I think you still feel for her." Chico waited for Harry to violently react, but he remained seated on the bench in front of his locker, clutching his mind.

"You know, Chico, you may be right."

The two undercover cops silently finished dressing. Chico was finished minutes ahead of Harry and ran to the nearest locker room exit and shouted, "Harry, *LET'S GO!*" He began flickering the lights, making it difficult for Harry to strap his snub-nosed .38 to his calf.

Harry couldn't help but chuckle at his insane partner. "Keep your pants on, you greasy Puerto Rican!" Harry appreciated the friendship of Chico. Chico was all Harry had.

Mornings on the East Side were tranquil and generally the safest times of the day, and this particular one was no exception. Harry didn't seem to notice the peaceful day, for visions of Holly dominated his thought processes. Chico let Harry have this time to himself, and drove the unmarked squad car to the stake-out apartment. The lookout had been set up to monitor a fencing operation going on in a local television repair shop. Harry and Chico had supposedly rented the apartment they were now entering, where, dressed in plain clothes, they acted as if they lived there. To further the room's credibility, Harry had even gone as far as to escort Holly up to the third floor. The following morning, he sent Holly home, and continued the watch on the shop. Harry was ingenious, as well as practical.

Harry anxiously paced the floor all morning. By eleven o'clock, Chico had taken all he was going to take. "GO ON! Get out of here! Get this thing over with."

Harry didn't want to face Holly. "I think I'll wait awhile, if you don't mind." Holly had a way of erasing Harry's gripes with her smile, and Harry was totally aware of this. He considered seeing her in an altered state, but dismissed the notion on account of his extreme honesty in an inebriated mood. She might find out Harry's true feelings toward her. She would have to work for that, Harry thought.

Harry arrived at Chez Jacques earlier than the planned time, so he sat down at the bar and ordered a Manhattan. His clothes poorly suited the surroundings of the fine restaurant, but Harry nevertheless frequented the place. The manager and Harry had come to terms concerning proper attire. Chez Jacques served him in his work clothes as long as Harry didn't cite the management for housing violations and the use of cheap foreign labor. Harry and Holly had often spent quiet evenings sipping wine and dining there, a custom that Harry missed deeply. Their three years living together had ended on a night after they returned from eating at Chez Jacques. Harry thought it appropriate to be meeting Holly here. It was only fitting.

The noon crowd was in full swing when Holly entered the restaurant. Harry couldn't help but spot her fur-lined camel coat with her golden hair cascading over the collar. She instinctively walked towards Harry's table, for Harry always sat at the same one. Her swanky strut was still sexy by Harry's standards. She approached with a cautious grin on her face.

"Hi, Harry."

"Hello." Pause.

"So, how've you been?"

"Okay." Pause.

"My, my. Aren't we talkative today?"

"Maybe because it's that I don't have much to say to you, did you ever think of that?"

"Damn it, Harry! Stop making this harder than it already is . . . I thought we could talk this through sensibly and—"

"Sensibly? You call walking out on me a sensible move? How am I supposed to act? You seem to think our relationship is on a revolving door!"

"Harry, I *HAD* to leave. Don't you see? I was struggling on account of you. We'd spend beautiful weekends together at the lake, or just in town, and Monday morning would come and I'd wonder if I'd see you walk in the door that night. I was at the point of wondering if I possibly could be in love with a self-destructive man that someday would get killed and leave me totally alone. I got scared and ran."

"Why didn't you talk to me about this? Maybe I—"

"Oh, sure. I'm supposed to come up to you and say 'Harry, guess what? I can't take you being a cop any longer, so what do you think of that?' I'm not that way."

Harry began fighting with the napkin under his drink. His reflections on Holly's words unnerved him to the point that he didn't know if he should scream or offer her another chance. In his anguish, he blurted out, "Why did you come back? Just to patronize me?" He stood up and flipped a five-dollar bill on the table. "Why don't you just go back where you were? I have nothing else to say to you!" Holly dumbfoundedly stared at Harry as he sped for the exit. The hostess, upon witnessing the scene along with the other patrons, quickly went over to console the sobbing woman.

Harry was already driving back to join Chico when he realized the extent of his outburst. His actions began to gnaw on his stomach. It was Holly. She had that effect on him. She left me and that should be final Harry thought. She's gone, and I must accept that. Harry pulled up to the curb and nearly flung the car door off its hinges. He couldn't accept Holly being out of his life. His job wasn't so important that it could separate him from the only person he ever cared for. He couldn't live with that, or without her.

Chico was agitated when Harry stomped into the apartment.

"Harry, glad you're back, man. I think somethin's going down. The traffic in the shop has been heavy. I mean all kinds of stuff. Almost like the last-minute shoppers on Christmas Eve, man."

"Sure sounds like it's going to happen soon."

"How did it go with Holly, man?"

"Aw, hell, I lost my head and yelled at her like a damn fool! She came crawling back and I kicked her away."

"Do you love her, Harry?"

"Yeah, more than I ever realized. Tell me, Chico, how does Rosalita put up with being married to a cop?"

"Well, we talked about it before we got hitched and decided that we wouldn't worry about the future, since the time we could share together was worth the risk. Sure, she gets shook when the TV shows cops getting wasted, but our love goes beyond worry. I can't picture my life without Rosalita."

"That makes a lot of sense."

"It does? Then start calling me 'Chico the Philosopher!'"

They both laughed long and loud.

Harry then decided that he must talk to Holly. His

feelings were too strong to ignore, and he had some important things to speak to her about.

Harry dialed the number of Holly's Aunt Marie, who lived just outside the city. She should know where Holly is, Harry reasoned.

"Hello? Aunt Marie? This is Harry."

"Oh, how are you, Harry? It's been a long time since—"

"Yes, it's been quite a while. Do you know where I can get in touch with Holly?"

"You sound worried. Is anything wrong?"

"No, I think everything is going to be just fine."

"She told me not to tell you, but she is in room 413 at the Grace Hotel."

"Thanks a lot, Aunt Marie. Bye."

"Good-bye Harry."

Harry tore off a piece of paper from an old grocery bag, wrote down the hotel name and room, and stuffed it into the breast pocket of his shirt. I'll straighten this out after work, Harry mumbled to himself.

At that instant Chico jumped to his feet, "It's going down! The truck and the goods are all there. I'll call for a backup."

Harry reached down to his calf and removed his revolver from its holster and placed it in his coat pocket. He and Chico met at the door and Harry whispered, "Nice and easy, you go to the passenger side of the car, and I'll act like I'm looking for the keys, and when I act like I drop them, I'll circle around the back of the car and we'll take them. OK?"

Chico nodded. He knew Harry always was smooth and levelheaded in a pressure situation. "Let's do it."

The panel truck sat squarely in front of the repair shop. It worked out that Chico would get a clear view into the truck as he moved towards it. Harry would follow Chico and go around to the shop front and take the men loading the goods. Harry's only worry was at what time the backup squad would get there. Not knowing how many men he would have to apprehend made Harry more anxious to see more cops around.

The two approached their car. Harry faked his lost key act and darted around the back of the car, towards the men coming out of the store. Chico pulled out his service revolver and shouted to the loaders on the truck, "POLICE, FREEZE!" Harry stopped two men trying to run by barking out "Hold it, or you're dead!" At quick count Harry tallied six men. Harry yelled to Chico, "Where the hell are those backups!"

Chico never got a chance to answer him. A seventh man appeared from the other side of the truck and fired. Chico spun around and let out a small yelp, and fell to the pavement.

Harry impulsively pumped four slugs into the man that shot his partner. At that moment, a black-and-white screeched up and two blue uniforms streaked towards Harry.

"It's about time, you deadbeats! Take care of these guys."

Harry went over to check Chico.

"Hey Chico, are you alright?"

Chico attempted to turn over from his face-down position, but his wounded shoulder wouldn't allow it. "I think I'm gonna make it, man. Could you tell Rosalita that I'm gonna make it?"

"Sure, pal. You just relax 'til the ambulance gets here."

Harry sat with his wounded partner until the paramedics carted him away. Harry thought about



how he was going to tell Rosalita. Moreover, he wondered how hard she would take the news. Harry then thought of his own situation, and became depressed.

Rosalita was shocked to see Harry without Chico.

"Where's Chico?"

"Rose, it's not serious, but Chico was wounded today when the stakeout came down. I came over to take you to him."

Harry listened closely to Rosalita's cries and worried thoughts of losing Chico. She feared for herself and her children. Her love for her husband made the fear of losing him more unbearable. Harry could detect frustration in Rosalita's words. He wasn't sure he could live with himself if he became the cause of grief towards someone he cared for so much.

* * * * *

It was nearly ten-thirty when Harry returned to his apartment. After taking Rosalita home, he stopped to have a few drinks at the tavern down the street from his place. He was trying to cope with the decision he was helplessly forced to make. After a few hours of unsatisfactory justification, he headed home.

He removed his coat and pulled out his sofa bed. While unbuttoning his shirt, he came across his grocery bag note. With a slow, tedious motion, he wadded it up and tossed it into the trash can. Harry then grabbed his whiskey bottle, reclined on his bed, and waited for Julia to come searching for her panty hose.

At the same time in her hotel room, Holly dried her tears and prepared herself for bed. She had to try to get a good night's rest, for tomorrow was a new beginning, and she hoped she would have the strength to face a new day. □

Exploring

by Dan Bell

She knows but does not know
 She cannot show
 For then would come
 What must not come
 The world is much too young.

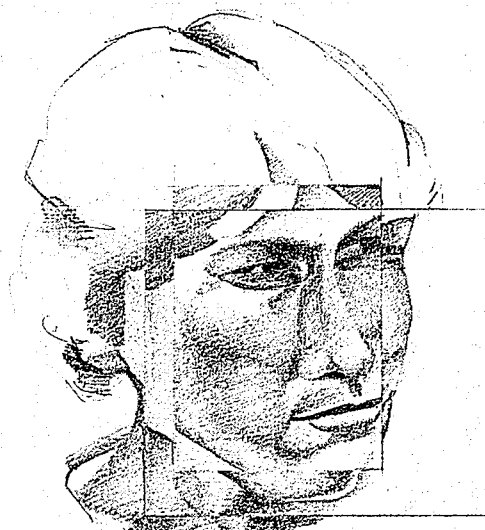
Too young this newfound world of hers;
 So much to see
 Too much to choose
 For choices mean
 A thousand roads not taken.

And yet his eyes
 They tell no lies
 She knows he cries
 But she must not know
 She cannot show.

The pressures of this newfound world
 Must they tag along?
 This Midas Touch
 It hurts too much
 Too many turn to gold.

And when she knows
 And if he shows
 And when he knows she knows
 Will he insist
 She knows he knows she knows?

For if he does
 The choice will fall
 And his will be one of the thousand
 Not taken after all.



Youth and Beauty

by Susy Roesger

I hated to come for you when you worked the late shift.
 You'd be leaning against a garbage bin in the dark
 and I had to strain to see your profile,
 so pale in the yellow buzz of the neon light.
 And though it was cold, we'd drive home with the
 windows down
 because you stank of french fries and grease.

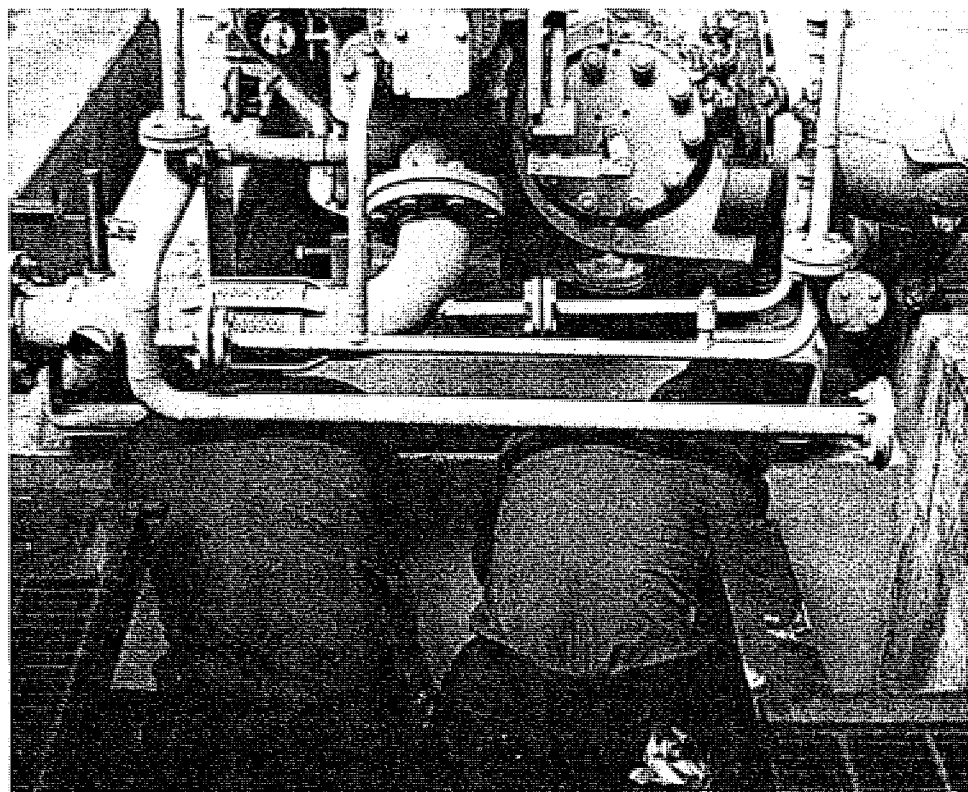
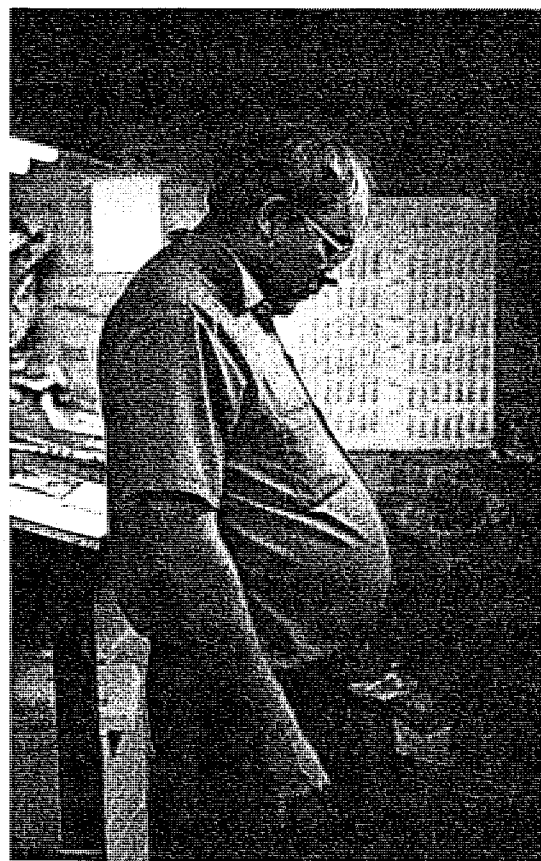
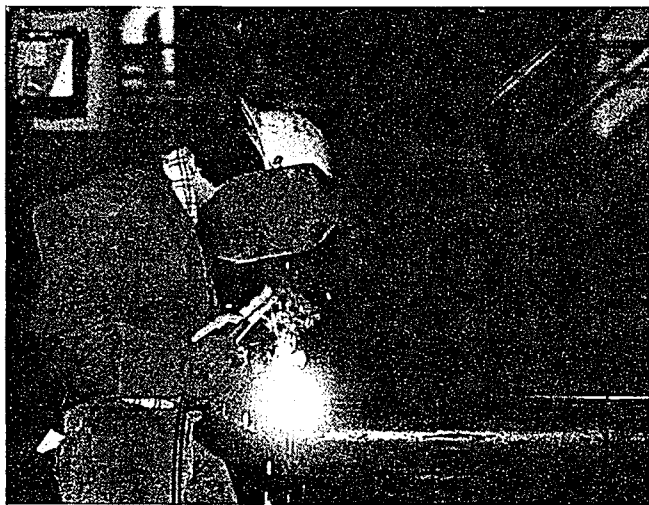
You were always older than the rest,
 sucking a Winston, wanting to look aloof
 instead of lonely, in the bitter wind of a crisp October
 night
 when we could hear the anthem played over the
 crackling speakers
 of the stadium as we drove past the school.
 There my friends huddled together in the bleachers,
 laughing behind mittened hands.
 Without you, I could join them.

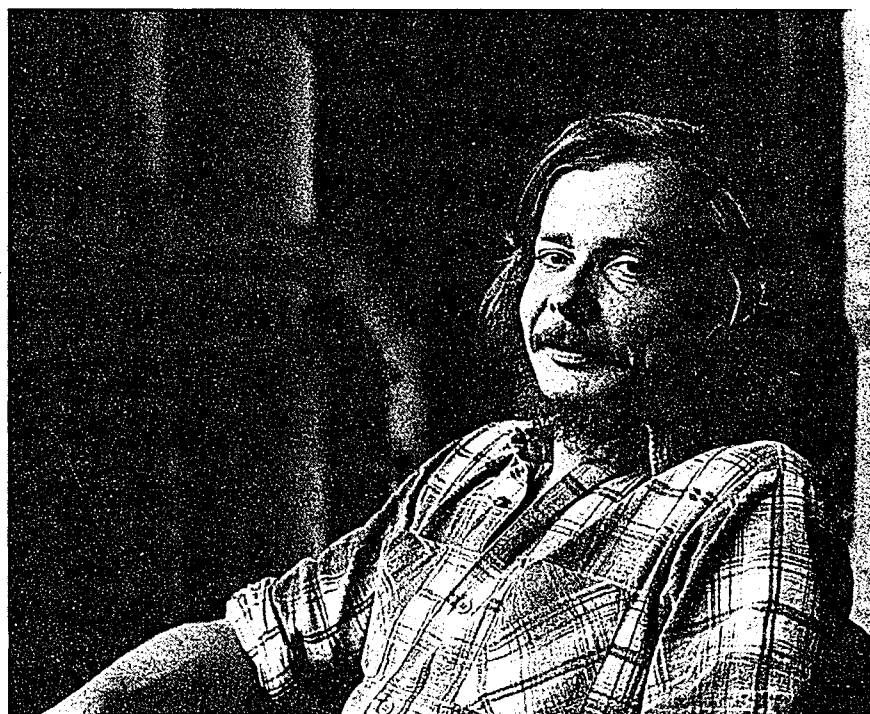
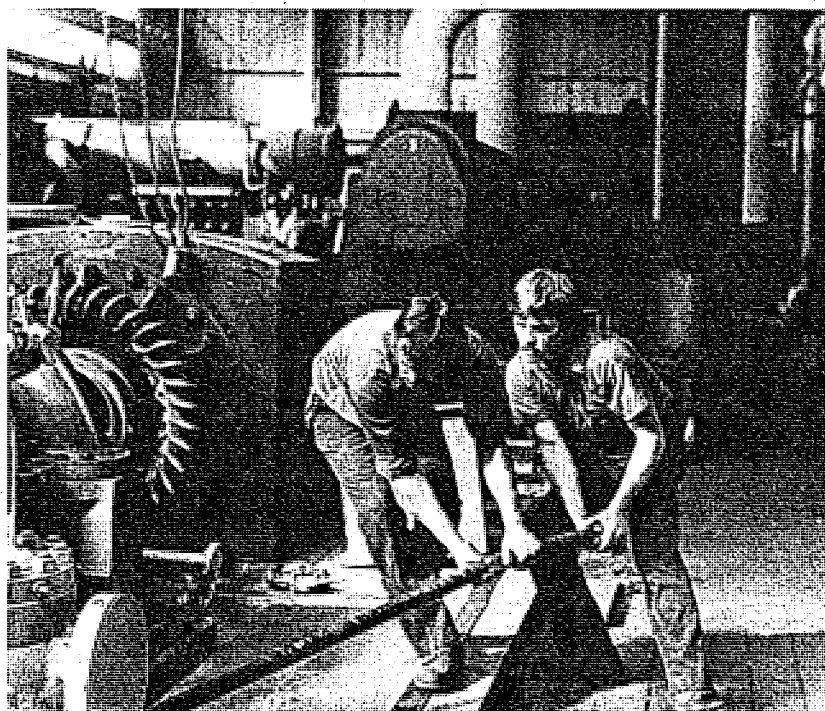
Sometimes I'd come for you early,
 and you'd be embarrassed to have me watch you
 flip burgers, as deftly as Joe Lindsey could toss
 that short, bobbing pass to win the game.
 Almost a smile, over the sputtering hiss of the grill,
 you, in the blue-striped cap that you hated to wear
 and those black, pointy-toed shoes,
 when everyone else wore Adidas.

Your silence bored me, so I'd take you home
 and fly off again to find my friends,
 and you'd be left alone,
 to smoke a little doobie behind the house
 while Jimi Hendrix picked it out for you
 through the window of your basement room.

You never went to a high school dance,
 or necked at a drive-in, or made the winning pass.
 Like my love for you, you went unknown.
 Your loss was then but mine is now,
 my brother.

Workers





What Ever Happened to James Danehy?

by Jim McClure

He works full-time as an industrial consultant for a firm in Chicago. He goes on regular trips to the East Coast as part of his work and works part-time as a radio announcer and programmer. When he has the time, he studies two languages as a hobby. He is also officially retired.

James P. Danehy, a former chemistry professor at Notre Dame, retired from the University in 1977 at the age of 65 even though he had no wish to retire.

Back in 1977, Danehy started a campus-wide furor which received national news coverage when he refused to retire from active teaching at Notre Dame. Danehy contended that age makes no difference if, as the Faculty Handbook states, "Tenure is permanence of appointment."

Article III, Section 10, of the Faculty Handbook states, however, that "A member of the faculty ordinarily retires and becomes emeritus on the first day of July following the faculty member's 65th birthday. . . . When a member is permitted to continue in active service beyond the date prescribed for retirement, service beyond that date will be on the basis of a year-to-year appointment, and the member will retire at the end of any service year unless reappointed for another year." The former professor said in an interview that the school's retirement policy is "completely contradictory to the official definition [of tenure]. If tenure is terminated by a birthday, there is nothing permanent about it."

More than 1,900 students signed a petition asking the University to continue Danehy's employment past July 1, 1977. The petition was the idea of the students and not Danehy, which indicated the professor's popularity with students, a popularity he gained teaching chemistry classes of

400 students up to the year of his retirement. The petition and a lawsuit filed by Danehy failed to reinstate the instructor.

Danehy pointed out that Notre Dame has never had a mandatory retirement policy and emphasized that the University's idea of retirement differed considerably from his. "I refuse to accept the word 'retired.' I was simply terminated. That's it, pure and simple."

"I refuse to accept
the word 'retired.'
I was simply terminated."

Only one-third of the professors emeritis from 1967 to 1976 were kept on for year-to-year employment. Danehy called this "sheerly capricious" and described the emeritus designation as "a Kentucky Colonel pin on your collar. That [designation] doesn't mean anything."

Today, Danehy is anything but inactive. He is employed as an industrial research chemist, a job he performed for sixteen years prior to joining the Notre Dame faculty in 1951. Although he misses the personal contact with students he enjoyed as an instructor, he has not

been hurt financially by the career change. "I'm making double what I could have been earning as a professor," Danehy smiled and added, "plus I get a Social Security check every month!"

Danehy's consulting work takes him to Chicago every week and sometimes involves visiting businesses in Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and New York. Other than the one day a week he spends in Chicago, Danehy stays at his South Bend home with his wife of 47 years, Margaret. The former professor works and researches in his Notre Dame office located at the old Chemistry Hall, where he was Father Nieuwland's last Ph.D. in 1936. The University provides office space to retired professors.

It is interesting to note that Danehy also obtained his undergraduate and master's degrees at Notre Dame in 1933-34. "I'm a triple domer," Danehy said.

Danehy is host of WSND-FM's "Sunday Morning Concert" and "Opera from Shakespeare," a program which airs in the evening. Danehy does both three-hour shows live, in addition to programming the "Tuesday Afternoon Concert."

Danehy, who easily looks ten years younger than his current age of 69, listed languages as a favorite hobby. "I'm studying Greek now, and I try to read something in French every day." Danehy and his wife also enjoy visiting their twelve grandchildren and one great-grandson, when the "retired" professor has the time, that is. □

Jim McClure is a senior American Studies major. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.



The Last Word

by Chuck Wood



Then one day it struck me. It came like an urgent call at dawn, a telegram in the middle of the night, a sudden tap on the shoulder that sends you six feet off the ground because you thought you were alone. It was a revelation which was awe-inspiring in its pure, indefatigable, and compelling simplicity (actually it was a suggestion from Dan Keusal which he mentioned while deciding what sort of not-at-all-inspiring meat was buried under the gravy at dinner once, and the suggestion lent support to an idea I had already been playing with in the back of my mind).

The message's power was its straightforwardness. It contained merely six words: "going," "try," "for," "themeless," "change," and "a"! I guess you had to be there; it was much more powerful when the words were in the right order: "Try going themeless for a change."

Themeless? What a concept! What would that mean for the structure of the magazine. Would it become a jumble? What would give focus to the first part of the magazine? Would student writers cringe as we all used to (and still do) when an English teacher said,

"Write about anything you want to" and did not give us a clue?

Now when I told the other editors about the idea, none of my questions seemed to occur to them. They treated the "themeless revelation" as if it were an early Christmas present. They were probably thinking, "We're not losing a focus, we're gaining a little freedom."

On the other hand, the freedom to write about anything may expose some facets of the identity crisis of the University. I've been thinking about this lately because I know what I would like to see both with themes and without them; *Scholastic* could be a place for people to feel free to bring out the Christian dimension in the ordinary happenings and the "big issues."

If we are supposed to become the well-rounded Catholics who are sensitive to the intellectual and practical aspects of our faith that this place talks about, why don't we put some flesh on the bones of that rhetoric? Maybe it is because there is no marrow inside those bones, no weight to that rhetoric to bring it down out of the clouds.

I have said this before, though less bluntly: the teachings that we students receive here do not necessarily encourage seeing our faith simply as childish games or nice stories that need demythologizing (though they seem to do even this from time to time), but neither do they discourage a merely adequate legalism or lukewarm faith (apostasy from indifference is more tragic than from cynicism).

I know there are some people here who are glad to see students liberated from what they see as immature, uninformed, superstitious faith. But there are certainly even more, myself included, who agree it is ludicrous and sad when students leave this place, less interested in fleshing out the gospel and having the courage to meet Jesus' challenge (in other words, "worse Catholics") than when they started.

There are people here, at all levels, working to combat the kind of trend I am talking about, and they need to continue and be more bold about it. Everybody takes this place so seriously, we should make sure we do so for truly serious reasons. And the true, serious commitments that people in this Christian place begin and pursue should be those which flow from the Life whose human beginning we celebrate on December twenty-fifth.

In Retrospect . . .

Excerpts from Scholastic's Past . . . Jan., '81

Change Rears Its Ineluctable Head*

Scholastic needs an Editor for the '81-'82 year
If interested in applying for this esteemed position, contact Chuck Wood.

*It's true this year: Chuck

is really leaving this time.

APPLICATION DEADLINE FOR
EDITOR, SCHOLASTIC '82-'83:

FRIDAY, JAN. 22.

CALL 8624, 3408, OR LEAVE NOTE
IN STUDENT ACTIVITIES OFFICE.

Culture Update

MUSIC

... at Notre Dame

Dec. 11 — Glee Club Christmas Concert — Carl Stam,
director, Washington Hall — 8:15 p.m.

... at Saint Mary's

Dec. 13 — "Lessons and Carols" Concert — Raymond
Sprague, conductor, Church of Loretto, SMC —
8:00 p.m.

ART

... at the Isis Gallery

Jan. 18-31 — "Graduate Thesis Show: Tany Martin —
Rotter" — Opening 7:30 p.m., Jan. 18

... at the Snite Museum of Art

Until Dec. 27 — "Life — The First Decade" — O'Shaugh-
nessy Galleries

Until Dec. 31 — "Bruce Onabrakpeya: Nigerian Print-
maker" — O'Shaughnessy Galleries

Until Dec. 27 — "Everett McNear: Drawings and Water-
colors" — O'Shaughnessy Galleries

Until Dec. 31 — "Christmas Show" — O'Shaughnessy
Galleries

... at the Saint Mary's Galleries

Until Dec. 11 — "Christmas Show" — Hammes & Little
Theatre Galleries (Tentative)

Until Dec. 11 — "Redbud Show" — Mareau Gallery
(Tentative)

Jan. 13-27 — "Barbara Rogers Visiting Artist" — Hammes
Gallery (Tentative)

Jan. 29-Feb. 24 — "Marilyn Bock — Tobalski Paintings"
— Hammes Gallery

Jan. 29-Feb. 24 — "Hicks Etch Print Exhibition" —
Mareau Gallery

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