

Scholastic

April/May, 1982



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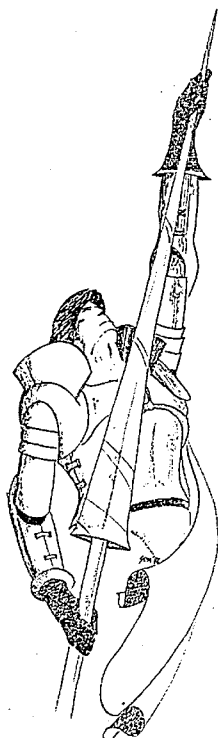
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Vol. 123, No. 8, May 1982
Notre Dame, IN 46556

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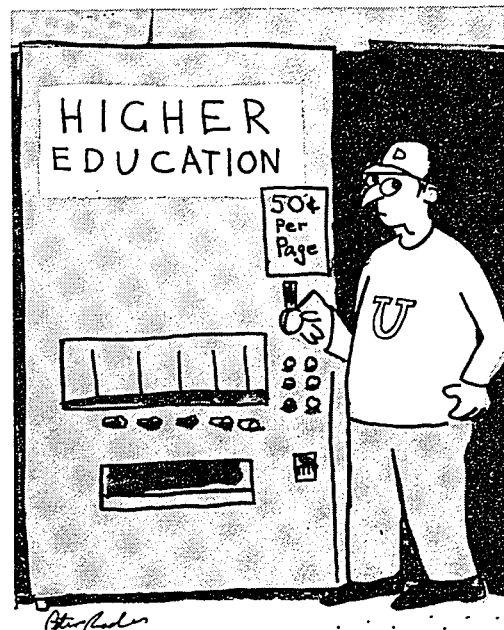
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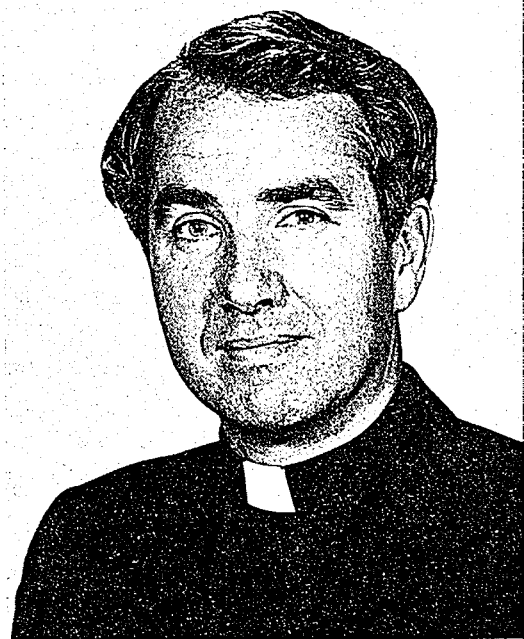
The magazine is represented for national advertising by National Educational Advertising Services and CASS Student Advertising, Inc. Published monthly during the school year except during vacation and examination periods, **Scholastic** is printed at Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ind. 46556. The subscription rate is \$7.00 a year and back issues are available from **Scholastic**. Please address all manuscripts to **Scholastic**, Notre Dame, Ind. 46556. All unsolicited material becomes the property of **Scholastic**.

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Photos:

p. 17, courtesy of Associated Press; p. 28, courtesy of Kit Bernardi; p. 11, 47, Mike Delany, p. 29; Colleen Harrigan; p. 20; courtesy of Information Services; p. 23, 45, Steve Kaine; p. 24, 38, Tamera Mams; p. 4, 15, 48, Pat Pitz; p. 12, 13, 24, 25, 30, 31, 39, Robert Wade

Cover:

Twila Kitchen

Advisor:

Fr. Mario Pediti, O.S.B.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:

Before Chuck Wood graduates and, sad to contemplate, goes on to other pursuits, he deserves at least a modicum of public recognition for his excellent work as editor-in-chief of the *Scholastic*. The March issue, which has reportedly become something of a collector's item on campus, is a case in point. With one blatant but excusable exception, each of the pieces on Catholic education at Notre Dame is both thoughtful and thought-provoking. Collectively, these articles raise or at least suggest almost all of the profound questions about Catholic education which we

as a university community must continually pray over and critically reflect on.

Wood's own typically insightful column points to a problem that disturbs at least some of us on the faculty, viz., the widespread penchant among Notre Dame students for dismissing as "that religious stuff" our attempts to articulate and give a reasoned defense of various aspects of the Judaeo-Christian world view. ("Don't worry so much about how these philosophical questions relate to religion," wrote one disgruntled student on his evaluation form for Philosophy 201.) My suspicion is that

ABOUT THE COVER . . . Art Excites Intuitive Activity . . .

Susanne K. Langer
Philosopher

This issue's cover exhibits the art of Twila Kitchen, a senior art major at Saint Mary's College. The works shown on the cover are two paintings which were included in her comprehensive portfolio and exhibition.

Front cover: "Paolo's Piano"; 24" X 32"; xerox, acrylic, oil on canvas; 1982.

Back cover: "Corby's Guitar"; 24" X 32"; xerox, acrylic, oil on canvas; 1982.

Twila, commenting on her work explains that "intuitive activity extends beyond the creative process in the studio. In viewing my multimedia paintings and photography, you, the viewer, will arrive at an understanding of the central themes through your own intuitive activity.

Each 24" X 32" piece consists of an 11" X 14" xerox of my personal black and white photography integrated with washes of acrylic and oil paint. This is achieved by transferring a xeroxed copy of my black and white photography using a saturation of lacquer thinner on the xerox and the unstretched, unprimed canvas run through a printing press. For my purposes, photographic technological reality is mixed with a traditionally illusionistic medium enhancing one another in one final image."



this attitude stems in large measure from the twin maladies noted by Al Neiman—the general lack of interest among our students in their Judaeo-Christian philosophical and theological heritage, and the failure of many to understand that the overriding question for committed Christians is always: “How do my Christian beliefs, practices and values bear upon this?” We may not always agree on the answer, but being a Christian entails always asking the question. Cardinal Spellman and Dorothy Day had at least *that* much in common, and it's no small matter.

The interview with Stan Hauerwas raises a distinct set of issues. I will refrain from commenting on the troubled and somewhat ironic situation in the theology department, though I cannot resist pointing out that none of Hauerwas' books has caused consternation among the Catholic bishops of Australia. Instead, I want to press a more general point that applies to the whole University and especially to the College of Arts and Letters.

Some of us who are in deep sympathy with the ideals of Catholic education outlined by Neiman are saddened by the sectarianism now emanating from the Golden Dome. We enthusiastically welcomed Father Hesburgh's recent address to the faculty as a signal that the Administration was about to make a more serious effort to stop the creeping secularization that has infected many of our departments in their quest to attain respectability. And we heartily agree that an *essential part* of this task is to seek out and hire committed Catholics who meet our high academic standards. But, sadly, recent events at least give the impression that some in authority see this as the *whole* task.

What of the many positions for which no qualified Catholics are available? How are we to fill them? Would we be satisfied with a faculty composed of just committed Catholics and what Hauerwas calls “functional atheists”? That would be a far cry from the image set before us by Father Hesburgh:

“It is difficult, if not impossible, to educate anyone in anything in a Catholic university if in many ways one indicates that he or she does not think faith is really important, dismisses prayer as a waste of time, considers the Good News really a fairy tale in this rough, tough world of ours.”

The point is simply this: we must seek out qualified committed Protestants and Jews with the same fervor

with which we seek out qualified committed Catholics. If there is a Hauerwas or a Plantinga for every Kannengiesser, we will not have failed to realize the persistent dream.

Alfred J. Freddoso
Philosophy Department

Dear Editor:

From the magnificent front cover to the thought-provoking “Last Word” by Chuck Wood the recent issue on “Does Catholic Education Exist?” was well-conceived and beautifully executed. Congratulations!

Since the Theology Department was a focus of many of the responses to the query, and since from within the department only one view of recent changes was presented, I would like to add a few remarks. I am one of those in the department who also are strongly committed to ecumenism, yet who are pleased with the “redirection” and who do not feel there is anything odd about a Department of Theology in a Roman Catholic University being Roman Catholic. But all of that needs clarification.

First on the issue of redirection: To seek Roman Catholic faculty who can teach the substance of Catholic theology does not mean to abandon the vision of an ecumenical department. Quite the contrary. As one who for many years has been active in ecumenical dialogue, especially with Anglicans and Lutherans, I know that before one can engage in fruitful dialogue one must know thoroughly and be committed to one's own tradition. Furthermore, as one who was director of the collegiate program from 1977 to 1981 I know that the awareness that the department needed to move in the direction of more and better theology in the Catholic tradition, particularly for undergraduates, is not new.

On the issue of Roman Catholicism: I speak now as a historian of Christianity, and as one who freely chose to become a member of the Roman Catholic Church at age thirty and who periodically has had to rethink and renew that commitment. As a historian I must say that the Church I belong to is much older, and possesses a much richer tradition than the Churches which emerged from the sixteenth-century reformations. The Catholic Church is ecumenical by nature, in that it is a universal household of faith and contains within itself the same patristic roots as Eastern Orthodoxy, the same scriptural heritage and

loyalty as Protestantism, along with systems of law and custom which, for better or for worse, it has gathered from its fourteen centuries of Latin enculturation. The Catholic Church is also renewed and on pilgrimage, as so well described in Sr. Ann Ida Gannon's article. I know very well what it is to be Catholic and to teach Catholic theology. So, I am certain, do my Catholic colleagues. Since the Church is old and new, immense and complex, we may seem to disagree in our definitions. But at a deeper level we agree to a degree not always distinguished by our non-Catholic colleagues, whom we love and respect even when they do not completely understand what we are saying. We also seek to prepare for the Church of tomorrow. We also reject a “Church of Power.” Yet our long memory, which is part of being Catholic, tells us that we cannot escape history, nor reject all that history has given us. We knew that power is a curious entity that does not depend upon size. Catholics are often much freer within the great structure than those who see only the structure can imagine.

What I wish to say is that I do not see the redirection of the Theology Department as a move toward becoming restrictive and reactionary. Rather I see it as a move to strengthen the voice of Catholicism at the center so that we may fulfill our duty of education toward our students and their families, and enter more fully into the dialogue with other Churches, other religions—indeed, with the world—and grow toward a unity which rejoices in diversity.

F. Ellen Weaver
Department of Theology
Assistant Chairwoman

Dear Editor:

The cover on your March *Scholastic* was especially attractive and beautiful. For that, credit is certainly due to your photo editor, Pat Pitz. However, many of us are interested in the basic credit, the subject source of his photo. A specific window from Sacred Heart Church maybe?

Rev. Anthony J. Lauck, CSC
Director Emeritus
The Snite Museum of Art

Photographer's Response: Thanks for pointing this out. And you are correct, the March cover is a photo of a stained-glass window on the east wall of the Sacred Heart Church.

—P.P.

Move Over Rockne--- Women Are Here to Stay

by Molly Noland

It is halftime at the Notre Dame/LSU game. Tears well up in alumnae's eyes as the Fighting Irish band — oldest marching band in the country — leads the fans in the traditional "Notre Dame Our Mother" and "Notre Dame Victory March." When the show is over, the drum major struts 20 yards ahead of the band, leads them off to the sidelines, and quickly removes the cumbersome "shako" hat that adds to the stifling September heat. Suddenly, cries of "it's a girl!" echo throughout the audience as Toni's dark brown hair falls to her waist. No one can believe that Notre Dame, the school known for its red-blooded, all-American men, allows a girl to lead its band!

Even after ten years of coeducation, many people are surprised that women exist at Notre Dame. For one hundred-thirty years, the image of Notre Dame as an all-male institution was planted in peoples' minds and nurtured by the performance of such heroes as Knute Rockne, George Gipp, and the Four Horsemen. Imagine the frustration the first 325 females faced when Notre Dame opened her sacred doors to them back in 1972. Not only were the women thrown into a predominantly male environment with a student ratio of seventeen males to every female, but they were challenged everywhere they went to live down the legend of Notre Dame as a "he-man" muscle factory.

Those who did acknowledge the existence of women in the Notre Dame community usually placed them across the street at St. Mary's College. "I go to Notre Dame," one coed would declare. "You mean St. Mary's—Notre Dame is all men," was the usual correction.

Though this was, and is, a common misconception, it causes frustration for many Notre Dame women. Notre Dame women, both students and faculty, have come a long way since the beginning of coeducation in 1972. In many ways, the changing role of women at Notre Dame has paralleled the changing role of women in American society. As women in society are becoming more comfortable with their role in the working world,

women at Notre Dame are becoming more comfortable at the University. In the past ten years women have been a part of Notre Dame as undergraduate students. They have integrated themselves into almost every facet of the University, and have broken into areas previously reserved for men.

With the current male-to-female ratio at 2.7 to one (1900 women and 5100 men), women are not the novelty they once were. According to Sister John Miriam Jones, Assistant Provost, those first few years were difficult adjustment years. "Their numbers were so few, women were very uncomfortable the first three

being the very first women at Notre Dame."

Sister John feels that this resentment at being singled out led to a tendency for the women to blend in by mimicking the men, so that they dressed like them, talked like them, and played like them. One alumna, Anne Marie Berges, '78, discusses the issue on a recent survey Sister John conducted concerning the "womanhood" of Notre Dame women. "I think many of us tried to blend in and be as 'dome-ish' as possible. A skirt in the Dining Hall was suicidal, unless you craved attention. Wearing jeans, looking plain and being rowdy might excuse you from being rated publicly while trying to make your own sundae."

Another alumna, Patricia Kay Andrews, '77, writes of her experience at Notre Dame; "culture shock describes my first year and the pervasive social situation. I left sophomore year to escape it."

Dr. Josephine Ford, a professor in the Theology Department, was the first woman to receive tenure at Notre Dame. She recalls that, on the whole, students and faculty members were very helpful to women faculty. But when it came to seeing them as peers, most of the men retained their old traditional beliefs and practically ignored the woman's point of view. "At first, the faculty women were not respected by the administration or peers. When a woman said something, men would pass it over. But when a man said the same thing, it was a great idea."

In the 1972 classroom, Dr. Ford noticed a hesitancy on the women's part. "Because they were so few in number, they seemed intimidated and afraid to alienate the male students by showing intelligence. It was almost as if they played the role of the dumb blonde."

The scarcity of women students was clearly the most significant barrier to a normal atmosphere in the early years. Most people figured that to increase the numbers would automatically eliminate the problems. Emil T. Hoffman, Dean of Freshman Year of Studies, agrees that more girls would improve the Notre Dame



or four years. They often felt self-conscious, as much attention focused on them."

In addition to women receiving constant attention from the students and faculty members (they were often singled out to give the women's point of view—even on issues that didn't matter either way) all three major networks frequented the campus that year to find out what it was like to be a woman at a predominantly male university. "Those first women felt they were speaking for the whole of womanhood," explains Sister John, "as a result, they began to resent being asked how they liked

atmosphere, but numbers are not the only solution. He feels that attitudes and methods for dealing with students are important as well.

"The first year of coeducation was the worst year of my career. I had been used to teaching class like a drill sergeant, and the guys loved it. They needed the discipline. I finally realized that girls are different than guys, and they must be treated differently."

Though he admits that girls often tried to blend in with the men in the early years, he sees women today, both at Notre Dame and in society as a whole, getting the job done without losing any of their womanhood: without "blending in with the guys."

Women at Notre Dame are getting the job done and are more visible as the years go by. In the ten years of coeducation, Notre Dame has seen two female valedictorians: Marianne O'Connor '74 and Nancy Haegel '81. This year, Ann Elizabeth Weber and Jacqueline S. Bollas will share the honor as co-Valedictorians, a suitable climax to the tenth-year anniversary of female enrollment at Notre Dame.

In the campus media, women are using the pen in their struggle to be recognized and have captured every chief position, at one time or another, of all the campus publications. Beth Healy will serve as the second female editor of the *Scholastic* for the 1982-83 year, and Marianne Laferty has been named the first woman to head the "Notre Dame Lawyer." She will be in charge for the 1982-83 year also.

Last year, Beth Huffman jolted the Notre Dame sports world by serving as the first female sports editor of the *Observer*. Huffman recalls that though she faced some resentment from students who did not know her, most people were more than helpful. "The coaches and players went overboard to help me. The only problems I had were getting other people to take me seriously."

Huffman ran into many people who were shocked to see a woman as sports editor at Notre Dame. "Many people still think Notre Dame is all male . . . I thought it was until a few months before I went to college; that's why I went to St. Mary's for three years and then transferred."

At Notre Dame today, women are doing more than writing about sports. Through ten years of hard work by students, advisors and coaches, Notre Dame now has six varsity sports for women. They include fencing, tennis, swimming and

diving, volleyball, basketball, and field hockey. This is especially impressive, considering the fact that just five years ago, only two varsity sports existed for women: tennis and fencing.

Sharon Petro is the first woman to serve as chairman of the Physical Education Department at Notre Dame. She considers the women's athletic division here in a "growing stage" that has come a long way since her arrival five years ago. In 1977, Petro was the only woman coach on the staff. Today, there are four women head coaches for the six varsity sports.

In many ways, the changing role of women at Notre Dame has paralleled the changing role of women in American society.

But where would women be without a representative in government? A significant circumstance of the tenth-year anniversary of women at Notre Dame is the presence of Tara Kenney as the first female student body vice-president. This is a clear illustration of the changing role of women at Notre Dame. When a woman ran for vice-president five years ago, she carried only her home dorm of Lyons.

Kenney views her duties on a "genderless" basis, but believes the presence of a woman in such a high cabinet position is beneficial to female students. "By leaps and bounds, women are taking over," Kenney exclaims, "I can't wait until a woman runs for president."

Women are visible in other areas of student life as well. This year's drum major is Toni Faini, and last year's was a woman also. In the traditionally male-dominated Army ROTC, women hold two of the six ranking positions. In the Army women are treated like men. "If you can prove you can do it, they won't stop you," explains Maureen Fitzgerald, Major of the Army ROTC unit. "I wouldn't want anything handed to me . . . people can't say I got something just because I'm a girl."

At Notre Dame, as in the "real world," women rarely get things handed to them simply because they are girls. Senior Class Vice-President Barb Favret feels that women must

work harder than men to gain respect. "Notre Dame is a good preparation for the business world because women here must prove themselves in a male-dominated atmosphere. Notre Dame alumna Donna Sue Bunda, '80 summed up this belief with the following: "If we (women) can survive at Notre Dame, yes, we can survive anywhere."

But now that we're in the tenth year of coeducation, administrators and students are looking past "survival" and toward a period of equality. Sister John feels that though we are now in a period of normalization, there is much that can and should be done to speed up the procedure. More female role models, more female students, and perhaps even an equal-access system of enrollment are possible solutions to the current problems.

The problem of the need for more female role models, or more female faculty members and administrators, has existed since the beginning of coeducation at Notre Dame. In 1977, the first formal report on the current status of coeducation was published. It contained discoveries, surveys, and recommendations concerning the welfare of both women and men at Notre Dame. One of the conclusions of this report was that Notre Dame had a pressing need for more women in professional positions. Five years later, we still have only five women administrators and twelve tenured women. There are approximately 350 tenured men.

Kathleen Maas Weigert, assistant dean of the College of Arts and Letters, feels that an increase in women faculty and administrators will benefit the men even more than the women. "It is for her (Notre Dame's) young men students that she needs women in every field from academic to administrative to athletic and beyond."

Weigert backs this belief with several reasons. First of all, she feels that "it is all too easy for the young men to slip into and feel comfortable with the Catholic, male, clerical tradition out of which many of them come and in which Notre Dame thus continues." She believes this all-male tradition has contributed to the view that women are not peers, but only peripheral distractions to the central concerns of this place. Having women in every position at Notre Dame is a reminder that women can be, want to be, and will be a part of the total endeavors of Notre Dame.

Other reasons include a need for men to abandon their notion of

(cont'd on page 46)

Senior Essay:

Looking into the Brain

"That a woman is quite a different being from a man, and a being that we do not yet know, at least only quite superficially—yes, I am sure of it."—Vincent van Gogh in *Dear Theo*

by Laurie Tychsen

In many ways it can fairly be said that the coeducational system as it operates at most institutions of higher learning, particularly those originally designed for men, constitutes a part of van Gogh's "we." My senior essay attempts to explore the theme of women and learning, focusing on the way in which both the educational system, and modern society in general, have failed to account for the distinctive features of the feminine mind. The first part of my essay examines the changing role of women in society, as it bears on the family, and the entrance of women into the work world. The latter parts analyze the differences between men and women (intellectual and psychological), as they are evidenced in social science research done over the last ten to fifteen years, and the more descriptive differences written about by psychologists and philosophers.

My overall concern throughout the essay is with the lack of attention given these differences, despite a significant amount of evidence to support them. Much of the rationale of coeducation has been that there are no real differences between the way in which men and women learn, and think; at least not enough to warrant real changes in the way in which each is taught various subjects. Further, the prevalent thinking seems to favor an attitude that women should be prepared to pursue careers in an identical fashion as men. The last part of my essay will attempt to point out some of the dangers of this kind of attitude. The section of the essay included here deals with the empirical evidence from the social sciences of the cognitive differences between men and women.

I would first like to examine some of the important differences between the way men and women think. It is important to note here that much of the evidence which supports these differences emerges from research done by social scientists in the last ten to fifteen years. Though nearly all of the scientists and researchers will admit of the great influence of

socialization and cultural conditioning on the differing development between male and female thinking, many agree that the recent research lends more support to the biological or "nature" side of the controversy over the origins of these differences.

Though there is some disagreement over specific issues, the experimental data generally indicates the existence of several significant physical, emotional, social, and intellectual differences between men and women . . . the experimentally documented psychological variations between men and women appear significant indeed when compared to the expected range of variation among members of each sex. The data from experimental psychology supports the view that men and women are not interchangeable units but are two different types of human being.

What adds weight to the significance of the recent finding of social scientists is that many concur on the actual evidence of these differences, despite real disagreements on the degree to which they are culturally conditioned or biologically determined. Many agree that there is a dynamic (as opposed to a static) relationship between the biological "givens" of individuals and the culturally influenced or developed characteristics of human behavior. This dynamic relationship can be seen as a continual interaction between biology and culture.

It is not my purpose to assert definitively in this essay what the exact balance between the biological and cultural factors is. Instead, I think it is valid to point to the differences which social scientists have uncovered using various methods and to examine them carefully. For whatever reason the differences exist, the fact is they do, and their existence profoundly shapes the way in which men and women perceive reality and acquire information about their world, and thus behave towards it in various capacities. And it is only by

understanding these differences that we can hope to work with them in educating men and women, by perceiving better how each learns and absorbs information from his environments. Even if, as some people would argue, it is necessary to modify greatly the educational and socialization methods which operate now, ignoring the natural differences and naturally developed characteristic differences is foolish.

For it is only by understanding how men and women generally tend to think and perceive and learn that we can influence the ways in which they do these things. And certainly there are exceptions to the general pattern—it would be foolish to deny any. Further, to admit differences is not to pronounce any judgement on the value of these differences, just as to state that there are differences which seem to be generally manifest between men and women is not to absolutize these differences.

In this section of the essay I would like to briefly cite some of the evidence from empirical studies done by social scientists which provide grounds for the argument being developed here. The evidence is drawn from biologists, biochemists, physiologists, and psychologists alike. The research indicates certain differences in the development of the male and female brain, beginning at the embryonic stage of life and continuing through adolescence. It appears from some of the research that the development of the male and female brain parallels that of the genitals and is closely related to the sex hormones. Other research indicates differences in the two hemispheres of the brain. The brain is divided into a right and left hemisphere, which are joined together by the corpus callosum. The two hemispheres serve different functions in the cognitive processing of the brain which occurs during learning and any mental activity. It appears that the two sexes use the two hemispheres differently, and may even favor one hemisphere over the other in performing certain mental tasks and in the overall use of the hemispheres in any learning

process. All of the evidence serves to lend much support to the assertion being made in the essay that men and women do indeed think differently, and that this difference cannot simply be accounted for by cultural conditioning or environmental influences.

From the hypothalamus, the center for sexual drive, to the cerebral cortex, the seat of thought, scientists have found consistent variations between the sexes. The causes of these variations, they say, are the sex hormones—the male androgens and female androgens and progesterones that are secreted by the sex glands and carried through the blood stream to distant parts of the body. . . .

Scientists are not convinced yet that actual physiological differences in the structure of the male and the female brain exist, but they do see evidence for believing that “the development of the brain parallels that of the genitals.

If the fetus is a boy, they say, the testosterone that produces the male sex hormones also masculinizes tissue in the hypothalamus and other nearby structures deep within the brain. New data suggests that if the fetus is a girl, estrogen secreted by the ovaries feminizes brain tissue in the surrounding cerebral cortex.

Studies have been done of children who, because of genetic disorders or prenatal exposure to drugs, experienced sex hormone imbalances (the males were exposed to feminizing hormones and the females were flooded with testosterone—the male sex hormone) which researchers believe caused the children to assume opposite sex role behavior. That is, the girls acted considerably more tomboyish than the girls in the control group, and the boys were much less aggressive in play situations than the boys in the control group. One group of boys experienced a return to normal role-behavior when, during adolescence, their bodies were able to properly produce the male sex hormone.

To the world, they looked like girls when they were younger. But their bodies were actually flooded with testosterone . . . they were able to adjust easily (they later assumed male roles) because hidden in the girl's body was a male brain, virilized by testosterone before birth

and activated by another rush of testosterone during adolescence.

Some scientists would deny that brain structure determines behavior, and assert that instead cultural experiences can masculinize or feminize the brain. Though some studies lend support to this claim, much more research is needed before its validity is warranted. These scientists would see the hormonal secretions as triggered by certain sex-role behaviors, generally engaged in by one sex but not the other. However, most scientists admit that certain types of role behavior are influenced by the sex hormones.

From research performed with animals some scientists have concluded that hormones affect behavior by imprinting a code on the brain, “just as light can stamp an image on film.” Says physiologist Robert Goy, “Throughout life, hormones activate the code, much as a developer brings out an image on film. Whether the animal behaves like a male or a female depends on the code.” Other studies performed by neurobiologists, involving the hormones, reveal that sex hormones are central to the masculinization or feminization of the brain. This was discovered by studying receptor sites (specific places in the brain where hormones collect) in the hypothalamus at the base of the brain stem.

The receptors are located at the same sites in both sexes, but because each sex has its own characteristic mix of hormones, male and female brains function differently . . . receptor sites are hormone-specific; a testosterone site, for example, is insensitive to estrogen . . . once hormones pair up with receptors, they mold the structure of the brain by directing nerve cells to manufacture protein. Early in life, the proteins build nerve cells, creating permanent structures that may exist in the brain of one sex but not the other. Later in life, the proteins produce the chemicals that enable one nerve cell to communicate with another, and precipitate various kinds of sexual behavior.

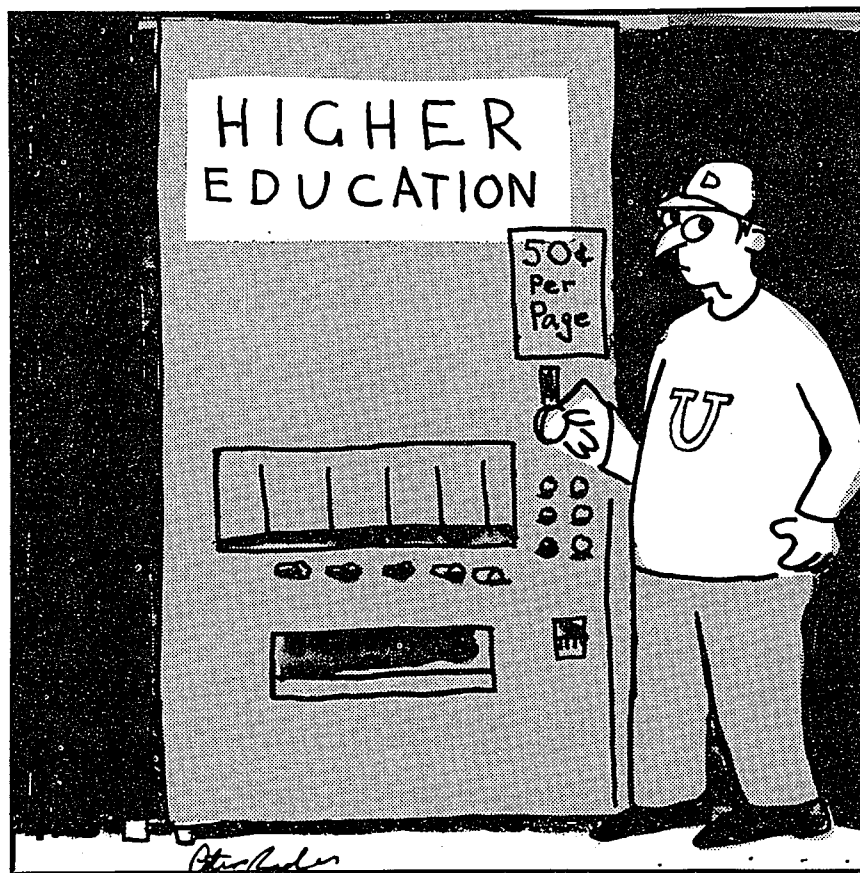
Scientists have also discovered differences in the cerebral cortexes of male and female mammals. In male rats the right hemisphere was thicker than the left, and in the female the reverse is true. However, the size of both can be altered by sex-hormone injections, researchers found. One neuropsychologist at the University

of Chicago, Jerre Levy, is convinced from her own research and that of others that changes in the size of the cortex as a result of hormones may also be responsible for the organization of the human cortex. Her theory is that the cortex is different in men and women due to hormonal secretions that alter the organization of the two hemispheres of the brain early in life. Levy has focused her research on what is called the brain's “laterality,” which refers to the separation of the roles performed by the right and left hemispheres. Levy discovered some of these differing roles while studying epileptic patients whose hemispheres were surgically separated to control seizures. The hemispheres, it was discovered, could operate independently of one another.

It is important to note before continuing here, the differing functions of the right and left hemispheres. The right specializes in the perception of spatial relationships, such as the ability to visualize objects rotating in space. It is also the center for the appreciation of music. It processes information in a spatial and intuitive (as opposed to sequential or analytical) way as compared to the left hemisphere. The left hemisphere controls the linguistic and analytical skills. It takes in information bit by bit, processes it in linear, logical fashion and carries on verbal and mathematical reasoning. It is very verbal and uses language to communicate with the outside world. The right hemisphere never speaks. It thinks abstractly, processes information in a spatial and intuitive way. . . .

Levy discovered differences in abilities that seemed to vary with gender. Men performed best on her tests requiring spatial-visual reasoning, and women those dependent on linguistic skills. By performing light/sound tests on men and women to determine the laterality (separation of the roles performed) theory, Levy discovered that the right ear and eye are more sensitive in women than men, and the left in men. Her experiments were based on the well-known fact that light and sound perceived by the eye on one side of the head travel to the hemisphere on the other side for processing. From these studies she is convinced that the right hemisphere dominates the masculine brain, and the left the feminine. Levy supports her theory with research from another psychologist who found that children reaching puberty earlier than is normal have

(cont'd on page 40)



Buying Term Papers

A Practical Way to Improve Your Academic Performance

by Pat Pitz, General Manager

Going to college has a lot to offer – more now than ever before. And, more than ever before time is of the essence in getting the most out of your college education, not to mention the real learning experiences offered by extracurricular college life. Sure, learning takes time, but like many students you may be wasting much of your time learning how to learn. We at Pacific Research understand research and writing and would like to pass the benefits of this understanding on to you.

(Quote from a term paper catalog.)

There is hardly a college student today who can walk down the halls or across the campus without being tempted by companies advertising term papers for sale. These companies make such seemingly harmless claims as:

A practical way to improve your academic performance and writing capabilities.

An end to unnecessary suffering

caused by crowded schedules, missing books at the library, hard-to-find information, and lack of technical know-how. (Both from Pacific Research, Seattle)

Have a virtual library at your fingertips in a few days. (Author's Research Services, Chicago)

Save time and improve your

grades! Send \$1.00 now for your 340-page, mail order catalog. (Research Assistance, Los Angeles)

Closer examination reveals that these friendly "research assistance" companies are actually in the business of selling term papers and other assorted plagiaristic paraphernalia. And most of these are not small,

fly-by-night enterprises operating out of old warehouses. They are large, successful businesses that have been around for years, owning offices in prime locations of large cities. They have the money to advertise nationwide and publish high-quality catalogs—some up to 400 pages long.

The term paper business has become a multimillion-dollar industry, and the papers it offers are not the standard "canned" term papers written by college freshmen on subjects like Shakespeare or Karl Marx. A student can order anything from a custom term paper or take-home final exam, to a M.A. thesis or even a Ph.D. dissertation written to specifications. Or, a student can choose a Xeroxed copy of a previously written term paper from a list of over 10,000 research papers on file. Subjects range from "Marriage Customs and Sexual Mores in Siberia" to "The Marketing Approach to Starting a Disco Roller Rink." The catalog lists the title, description, number of pages, number of footnotes, and the number of bibliographical references of each paper. And, although they will not accept personal checks, most companies will take Master Charge, Visa, money orders, Western Union orders and even C.O.D.s.

Custom Research

Of course, the so-called "original" research paper is the product that has revolutionized the term paper industry. For \$7.50 to \$12.50 per page, a student can custom-order the topic of his choice. Pacific Research insists:

Our service is simple: you tell us what you'd like covered, and we'll produce an original study. Your instructions can be as specific or as general as you wish. We can follow any theme you'd like examined, develop whatever argument you want developed, or elaborate on any concept you'd like reviewed. Our finished product is a typed, double-spaced research paper with footnotes and bibliography if desired. Charts, illustrations, an outline—you name it, we'll provide it.

They also suggest that customers list any books or articles that the paper should refer to or use as footnotes. The buyer must simply indicate the level of proficiency at which the project should be written, give the date by which the paper must be completed and include a phone number where the customer can be reached in case the writer has any questions.

If a student does not need (or cannot afford) a whole research paper, Pacific Research will, instead, compile a complete bibliography (\$5.00 per source) and/or outline (\$30.00) on any research topic the student requests. If that's not enough, they also offer an editing service (\$3.00 per page) where the student sends in his own paper and the staff writers proofread the paper, correcting all grammatical and stylistic errors. And just when you begin to think that they have included every possible way to "help" the student, they add, "And, for a small additional fee, we'll retype your paper, incorporating into it all the changes we've suggested."

If you're a graduate student, don't fear, the price of a custom paper for graduate level studies is a mere \$10.00 per page. Pacific Research says that thesis assistance generally runs about \$15.00 per page, but all other companies offering thesis and doctoral assistance quote no-price, saying that prices vary according to the nature of the research.


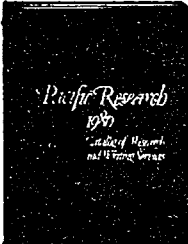
The Legality of Term Paper Operations

"But isn't that illegal?" you may ask.

Well, obviously turning in one of these papers is plagiarism, but the legalities regarding the sale of term papers aren't quite so simple. You see, some states have laws prohibiting term paper operations while others do not. And even though it may be illegal for a term paper company to operate in a certain state, it is still allowed to advertise its mail order catalogs in that state. Furthermore, before a customer is allowed to buy a paper he must sign what is called a "disclaimer" which states that the paper will be used for research and reference purposes only.

Recently I spoke with New York's Assistant Attorney General Adrienne Collier, who took part in a raid of a New York City term paper firm last year. Term paper companies are illegal in New York State and it is her responsibility to investigate any firms accused of offering papers for sale. In a telephone interview she explained that New York's statute prohibiting the sale of term papers states that "they (the companies) cannot sell term papers or other written assignments to students with the knowledge that the students will then submit those papers." She also pointed out that the disclaimer about research purposes will not hold up in

Term Paper Blues Cured!

<p>Research service offers college students long-sought relief</p>  <p>The big news from Pacific Research is... a solution at last to the student's term paper problems... An end to the unnecessary suffering caused by crowded schedules, missing books at the library, hard-to-find information, and lack of technical know-how... A practical way to improve the health of your academic performance and your writing capabilities—not to mention your peace of mind.</p> <p>The simple prescription is: Order one Pacific Research Catalog, for just \$1.</p>	<p>The 400+ page 1980 Pacific Research Catalog gives complete details on the services provided through the convenience of mail order.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Over 10,000 research papers on file • Quality custom research • Writing/editing service • Thesis planning and research assistance <p>SPECIAL BONUS!</p> <p>Order now and for just \$1 extra get The Pacific Research Guide to Writing Effective Term Papers—a complete how-to booklet that explains the process from A to Z.</p> 
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An example of a term paper catalog advertisement taken from a bulletin board on campus.

court, saying, "They have you sign it, but they know what you're going to use it for."

The latest raid, involving a company called Collegiate Research Systems, was set up by a group of undercover agents posing as clients. During the raid everything on the premises was seized, including records which revealed sales of approximately 500 term papers per month. Students were even calling in, asking about their papers, while the raid was taking place. The company's gross income was discovered to be about \$20,000 per month during one of their busier months.

Teachers' Views

And what do teachers think of all this?

To find out, I telephoned Dr. William Green, professor of English at Queens College in New York. Dr. Green became involved with the term paper problem in the early seventies when he served as the representative from Queens College in a number of hearings before the New York State legislature. These hearings ultimately resulted in New York's anti-term paper law. Today, he acknowledges that the law has certainly decreased the problem, but admits that the ads are still very visible, so his troubles are not completely over.

Dr. Green said he knew several teachers in his department who had received term papers that had been purchased. He noted that some teachers are even starting to order catalogs for themselves so they can look up a paper that seems suspicious. However, he says that an instructor finds it very difficult to confront a student he suspects of turning in an unoriginal paper. "You just don't want to put a student in that situation. You'd kill the initiative of a possibly brilliant student. And it's hard to condemn a student for turning in work of professional quality when that's exactly what we want from him," he explained. When I asked him if he had, or thought he had, ever received a paper from a term paper company, he paused, and then strained, "Personally, I have to say, I don't know; because that's one of the interesting things. What you're dealing with here, in the insidious things, are professionally written papers; and unless you find some way of tracking it down, you have a very difficult problem."

Another college official who was annoyed by the rise of term paper companies in the early seventies was Dr. Archie C. Epps, dean of students

at Harvard. "The companies were flourishing here," he recounted in a recent telephone interview, "so we went after them. It was outrageous." He continued, "I didn't work on the legislation, but I was one of the first ones who raised the cry." Within a short time, a group of colleges in the Boston area cooperated with one another and finally decided to hire a lobbyist to combat these firms that were undermining the values of higher education.

Working closely with Harvard in the never-ending battle against Massachusetts term paper companies was neighboring Boston University. Samuel McCracken, assistant to the

*A student can order
anything from a custom
term paper or take-home
final exam, to an M.A.
thesis or even a Ph.D.
dissertation written
to specifications.*

president of Boston University, explained that B.U. was the college that actually brought a term paper company to court, which consequently led to the anti-term paper law. The court found this particular firm guilty of "defrauding the public"; as a result, its files were seized and handed over to Boston University. B.U. found the names of about a dozen of its students in the company's records. The students were later dealt with by the chairmen of their individual departments. B.U. then made the records available to all other Boston colleges.

Fr. Thomas R. Fitzgerald, former academic vice president at Georgetown University, recalls that when the first term paper company surfaced in Washington, D.C., there was some alarm as to what it would mean. He remembers, "At a faculty senate meeting, there was a discussion about what could be done. And, of course, not a great deal can be done." (Term paper companies are still legal in Washington, D.C.) Fr. Fitzgerald, who is now the president of St. Louis University, believes that the issue has "sort of dropped out of sight," and that the initial alarm may have been in excess. As he put it, "It's kind of like the atom

bomb; we've learned to live with it."

One person who has not learned to live with it is Dean Middleton, chairman of the academic ethics department at the University of Colorado. Dr. Middleton told me that any student caught turning in one of these term papers would immediately be expelled. Even though a case has never been brought to his attention, he says he is still suspicious. The academic ethics office maintains a collection of catalogs from every term paper company advertising on campus; these catalogs can be used by any teacher suspecting a deceitful paper. Dr. Middleton insists, "I know it's going on. It's just a matter of catching them." He began to elaborate on what a nuisance the ads were and how he would rip them down whenever he saw them on campus when, as if to regret removing them, he admitted sinisterly, "You know, I'm really looking with glee to finally catching a student red-handed — so I can nail him to the wall publicly."

The Students

After a long search for students who have actually turned in purchased papers, I encountered a student majoring in business at a Denver college who seemed to have no qualms about admitting that he had purchased several papers for high school courses. "It was a fad. Everyone in our high school was doing it," he remarked as he lowered the volume of his enormous stereo system. He then sat down, opened the bottom drawer of his desk and, after a brief search, pulled out a catalog from Research Assistance, a term paper firm based in Los Angeles. He explained that being from Los Angeles made it easy for him to obtain these papers; the Research Assistance office was only a short drive from his high school.

This student claimed that for one assignment in high school, half the class turned in papers that they had ordered from Research Assistance. The paper was for an English course which required each student to write an in-depth report on any well-known author. "We went into the office, read a few papers on our author, and picked out the best one. We bought them the same day," he said proudly. He then added, "As we were leaving, we saw a truck in back (of the office building) delivering boxes of new catalogs. After the guy went in, we grabbed a box, threw it in our car, and handed them out at school the next day." He recalled, "I

think I got a 'B+' " adding, "I probably would have got an 'A' if the curve wasn't so high."

A few snickers burst out from two of his friends who had wandered in during our discussion. They picked up the catalog and began leafing through it with great interest. He ignored them and continued by telling me about a friend he had freshman year who had purchased two papers which he turned in to two different philosophy courses. He remembered that his friend received an "A" on one paper and a "C" on the other. When I eagerly asked if there was any way I could get an interview with this person, he grinned and said, "He's not here anymore. He flunked out at the end of the semester."

Problems at Notre Dame?

Sure it may be going on at other schools, but is the buying of term papers a problem at Notre Dame?

Robert Waddick, dean of the College of Arts and Letters, believes that there is "really very little at the undergraduate level." Although he is occasionally confronted with plagiarism problems, he has never had to discipline a student for turning in a paper purchased from a company. He said he assumed that if there is any of it going on, it is not a widespread problem. However, he added, "I know there is concern. A letter was circulated by the dean of students at one time instructing teachers and maintenance personnel to remove all notices from the bulletin boards if they found them."

Dr. Edward Kline, director of the freshman writing program, had a slightly stronger attitude toward the advertisements, insisting, "In the freshman writing program, we have approximately forty teaching assistants who are instructed to rip every one of those ads off the wall when they see them." Dr. Kline maintains that the problem is almost nonexistent in the freshman writing program, but concedes, "If it has been done, we haven't caught it."

Although I could not find any students who would admit they had turned in purchased term papers at Notre Dame, I was able to speak to one Notre Dame student who admitted that he had bought a paper from a catalog for an English assignment during his senior year in high school. The course required the students to write an eight-page term paper on a topic of their choice. He seemed rather dissatisfied with the paper saying, "I only got a 'C' on it."

My work is better than that. I just didn't have time; I was working."

He maintained that the paper, entitled "Witchcraft in America" (\$24 from Pacific Research), was poorly written and that he had to fix it up quite a bit. He confessed that it was a mistake to turn it in, but excused himself saying, "I just needed something to turn in. I didn't care what I got on it."

Buying a Term Paper

To find out whether or not term papers from a catalog really are written as poorly as this student had said, I decided to order one myself. Dr. James Sterba, assistant professor of philosophy at Notre Dame, agreed to evaluate one of these papers and even put a grade on it. For the experiment, I simply turned to the philosophy section of my Pacific Research catalog and, after quoting a few topics to him, we decided on a five-page paper (which was all I could afford) entitled "Kant and Rawls on Justice and Fairness." Dr. Sterba chose this particular topic since he has done extensive work on both of these philosophers.

The paper arrived two weeks later. Before reading it, Dr. Sterba pointed out that most of his assignments are very specific and require certain readings, but said he would evaluate this one as if the assignment were very general such as "compare two philosophers." After reading it, he told me that the major problem with the paper was that it contained no footnotes (papers five pages and under often contain no footnotes. Most papers over five pages do, however). He said he was immediately suspicious because the writer approached the subject from the standard Marxist point of view, yet used no footnotes giving credit to Marx.

He did admit, however, "It's a good paper in terms of its ideas and it would have been perfectly fine if the person had only footnoted." On the other hand, he wasn't quite sure whether a teacher's assistant would have recognized the problem when grading the paper. About the grade, Dr. Sterba was forced to admit, "With a few well-placed footnotes, the paper would receive an 'A'."

The Cause

The cause of the rising number of term paper companies is difficult to explain; yet it would be a mistake to put the total blame on the students.

More and more, it seems that colleges are seen as nothing more than businesses: a student pays money for a degree which enables him to

make more money. Knowledge and a good education don't necessarily pay the bills; high paying jobs require a college degree. Buying a term paper is merely a part of the whole education business. Samuel McCracken of Boston University speculated on the cause saying, "When our society starts to judge a person's success by his salary, then these term papers become more tempting." He feels that the colleges are as much to blame as anyone, insisting that since most colleges now leave ethical conduct out of the curriculum, students don't worry whether it's right or wrong.

"In our age, we are getting an increasingly lower premium on literacy, and some students see papers as a frivolous requirement—hardly educational. They figure, 'Why not play the game and take the easy way out? After all, it's no crime, there are no victims.'"

He paused for a moment, then quickly interjected, "But there are victims!" He recalled that during one of the court hearings involving a Boston term paper company, one of his colleagues concluded his testimony by telling the court that he sincerely hoped that someday, a term paper executive would find himself on an operating table and suddenly see one of his customers in a surgeon's gown, coming at him with a knife. □



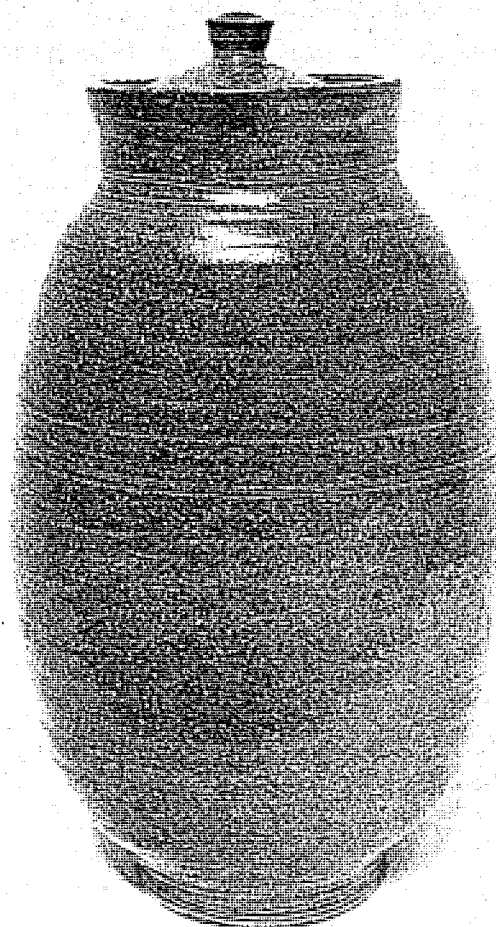
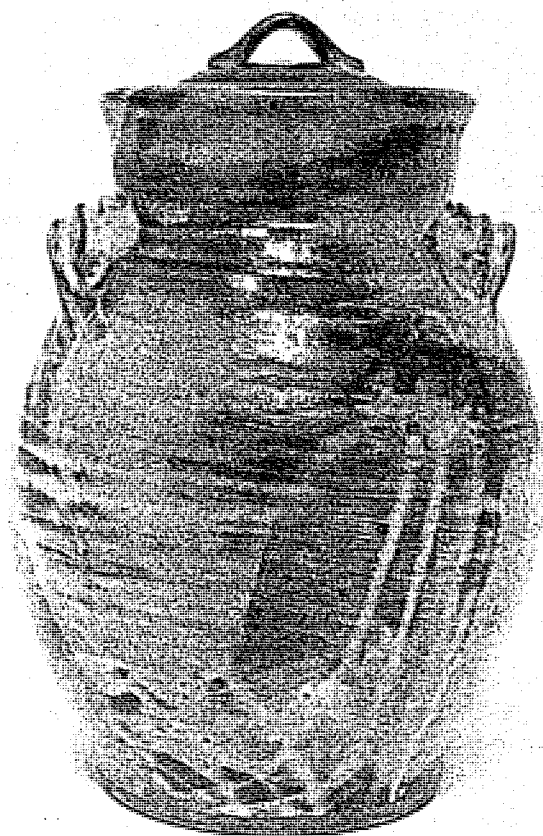
Pat Pitz is a first-semester senior American Studies (Communications) and Theology major from Loveland, Colorado. Pat returned to school this semester after working on a full-time internship with PM Magazine at a television station in Portland, Oregon.

Gallery

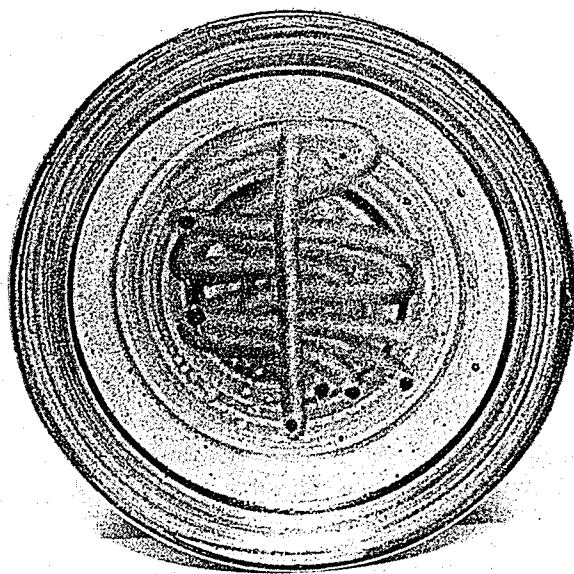
The Art of Function: The Work of Peter Lochtefeld



*Peter is a senior who will
receive his B.F.A. in May.*



In a society where the vitality of craftsmanship is secondary to the economy of the machine, good handcrafted items are too often placed upon pedestals and thought of as "Art." In a way, this is unfortunate. The real beauty of functional pottery can only be truly realized through its use.



Aléna and Phil, two students at the University of Notre Dame, attended a Valentine's Day Formal this year. Aléna asked Phil out and they each paid their own way, \$6.50 per person. He picked her up at her room and they walked to the formal, which was held at the Morris Inn. They were both dressed in black. She wore a short, black dress with $\frac{3}{4}$ length sleeves, a low v-neck in the front and the back, plus a split coming up from the hem in the front. The dress was made of a very soft crepe de chine and was highlighted with a silver belt. She wore black heels and a camel-colored wool coat—it was winter in South Bend, what else would you expect? Phil wore a black tuxedo, white shirt, white gloves, white socks, black shoes, and a black and maroon cummerbund. They had not planned on wearing the same color, it just happened by coincidence.

It was a cold, slick, snowy night. They walked, or should I say slid, all the way to the Morris Inn. It was a dinner-dance and when they arrived, everyone was seated and ready to begin dinner. Suddenly someone yelled, "They have arrived, everyone give them a hand." With that, they were greeted with a standing ovation.

This was a typical formal, except for the standing ovation. She asked him out, he picked her up at her room, he didn't bring her a flower or corsage, and she paid her own way. They were good friends and there was no romantic involvement.

Although this is normal for Notre Dame, it is not how most dates, for formals and proms, are conducted. This caused me to wonder if things were always like this at Notre Dame—after all, tradition is a big thing here. So I did a little research to find out what formals were like in the past.

"It was a romantic time. Everything was dreamy. You may think that this sounds silly but the 1940s was an era when all of the men were handsome and distinguished and the girls were all beautiful," says Mrs. Mary Jo Anastasio. Mrs. Anastasio, then Mary Jo Leahy, attended Saint Mary's from 1946 to 1950. She and her friend, Mary Prebys, who attended Saint Mary's from 1944 to 1948, were shocked to discover that girls have to ask guys out at Notre Dame.

"We never called a guy," said Mrs. Prebys, "not even to get a class assignment. That was out of the question. But we always had dates for formals." (Mrs. Prebys was formerly

Mary Schwertely.)

"Everyone looked out for each other," said Mrs. Anastasio, "it was like a buddy system. There was no romantic involvement, it was more of a friendship thing, and we hung out in groups. Our friends in the group made sure that we all had dates."

I found this to be different from the current social norms on campus. Unless a girl gets help from her roommate or a friend she is practically on her own, as far as finding a date for her formal. Then she still has to find a dress.



"We always wore long dresses," said Mrs. Anastasio. "I remember the dress I wore to the Notre Dame Sophomore Cotillion (Spring of 1948). It had a navy crepe top with short sleeves and a plaid taffeta skirt. There was a high collar with a peek-a-boo neckline that consisted of a circular opening below the neck,"

Remnants of Dance Cards and Orchids

by Jacquelyn Burns

she said. This was daring for that time period.

Today, finding a formal can be a problem because the selection is limited, winter formal dresses are hard to find, and girls have little use for a long dress; therefore, it is a waste to spend a lot of money on one dress. However, this was not so with the girls who attended both Notre Dame and Saint Mary's dances in the past.

"Girls always bought complete outfits," said Mrs. Prebys. "This wasn't a one-shot deal, a formal dress wasn't worn just once but three to four times a year to different events. When a girl bought a dress, she also bought shoes, a handbag, a stole and gloves, plus any accessories that she needed," she said.

"But you never wore the same dress twice with the same guy," Mrs. Anastasio added. "The most popular place to buy formals was the Frances Shop—it used to be located next door to Robertson's downtown—it was the most expensive store and had the most unusual dresses. Some girls even wore fur stoles, mink, etc."

This all sounded good, but still I wondered about the girls who did not attend Saint Mary's. How did they get invitations to Notre Dame formals? If we use the present male population at Notre Dame as any sort of representation, you would think that the formals of the past had to be all stag or else failures. Right? Ironically, this was not the case.

There are records of Notre Dame formals dating back to the turn of the century. This was in the days when the Illinois Club and others like it were new on campus and gave big balls and dances. The young men would often write home and invite the young ladies of their choice to attend.

Now, 300 miles is a long way to ask a girl to come, in order to

attend a dance with you, yet as I have said before, the Illinois Club is something new, and one with the proper spirit must understand that the Illinois Club Dance was very much out of the ordinary run of things, and that being the case, he did not in the least feel that he was asking much. And to go right he must have, because of his position among the afore said elite, the most handsome partner that could be found, as she happened to be his cousin, she must be the one.

So he wrote to her, and not only invited her but insisted that she should come—she was his cousin.

This excerpt from "To You" is an account of a 1906 formal written by Mr. Robert L. Bracken, who was, at that time, a senior and a member of the *Dome* staff. The dance was held in the gym, which is now the field house. The men were required to wear black coats and ties and most of the women wore silk dresses. And even though Saint Mary's girls were asked to attend the dances, it was common to ask a girl from "home" to attend. The girls often stayed at the Oliver Hotel in downtown South Bend—it has since been rebuilt and is now called the Americana. Rooms were \$3.00 a day for an American plan room and \$1.00 a day for European plan rooms. In addition, they had special rates for young college men on the weekend of formals. The Oliver was a plush hotel, complete with a restaurant, salon, and manicure facilities.

This custom of inviting young ladies to come from out of town continued for a long time. Paul R. Conaghan, who was an undergraduate and Law School student here from 1918 to 1925, donated his scrapbook to the Archives of the University. It is rich with information on formals, including written invitations and dance cards from balls and cotillions. The Sophomore Class Cotillion of 1919 was held at the Oliver Hotel. Among the guests, who also served as chaperones, were several professors and their wives, including Professor and Mrs. Knute Rockne.

One member of the graduating class of 1957 was Mr. Ed Healy. He invited his girl friend, Pat Hargreaves, whom he later married, to attend his dances and formals. Mrs. Healy came from San Antonio, Texas, to attend formals with Ed. She received a formal invitation and, along with other young ladies, stayed with Mr. and Mrs. O'Neal, who lived on Notre Dame Avenue. The O'Neals, an elderly couple whose children had

grown up and moved away, had a "sort of boardinghouse," charging \$1.00 a night.

"There was always some sort of keepsake from the formals for the girls," said Mrs. Healy, "usually a charm for a bracelet. One year it would be a 'key to my heart' charm, another time a football with an ND insignia. There weren't any dance cards then."

Mrs. Anastasio remembers dance cards. "We always had a dance card to keep, to remember the dance," she said. "The girls would keep track of the guys that they danced with, in some cases the songs would be printed on the card and the dance that they did would also be recorded."

The Sophomore Cotillion of 1919—Paul Conaghan's—had a dark blue suede dance card with gold-embossed lettering on the cover.

According to Mrs. Healy, "The boys paid for everything and I always got a corsage, although I never bought a boutonniere."

Mrs. Anastasio also received corsages. "Roses weren't too big back then," she said, "they were considered dumpy. If a boy really wanted to impress a girl, he bought orchids—those were popular flowers—or camelias—they were the most expensive. We always got a flower. Wrist corsages were the new thing, and when we wore a strapless gown, we pinned them to our handbags."

Aléna received neither flowers, a dance card, nor a keepsake. The music at her formal was provided by a disc jockey who played the songs most requested by the crowd. Since it was Valentine's Day, everyone wanted to hear "Love Valentine" by Michael Henderson—an oldie but goodie—and "Teach Me Tonight" by Al Jarreau—a remake of the 1950's hit.

"In the '50s the class dances were held in the LaFortune Student Center Ball Room—it was new then—and they always had a big name band," said Pat Healy. "'Oh My Papa' by Eddie Fisher was our favorite song."

"'Star Dust' was one of the most popular songs when I went to Notre Dame formals," replied Mary Jo Anastasio when asked about the top 40 hits of the Forties. "Also, 'Slow Boat to China' was big too. The dances were usually at the Palais Royale, which was on the second floor of the Morris Civic Auditorium and we always had a popular big band."

Paul Conaghan danced the One Step with Dot Miller to the tune of "Since I Met Wonderful You" and

they did the Fox Trot to "Garden of My Dreams" from the 1918 Follies. Their music was provided by the Donahues Orchestra.

Aléna and Phil did nothing together before the dinner-dance and they attended another party afterwards. They stopped by his room to talk to his roommate and then he walked her home. Because of paretals, Phil left at 2:00 a.m. John, a fourth-year architecture student here, attended a Saint Mary's formal this year. The only differences between the two dates were that he bought his date a corsage—a carnation—and the dance was held at Century Center, so his date rented a car. John and his date had a few drinks beforehand and in both cases, Aléna's and John's, there was a cash bar at the formal. It was a couple of hours of fun and then it was over. It was not this way in the past.

"A typical formal weekend," according to Mrs. Healy, "would begin on Friday afternoon, when the girls arrived in town. Friday night we went out with several other couples to the Volcano, a pizza parlor. On Saturday we went to Tower Hill and had a picnic and the formal was that night. We went to dinner beforehand and usually came straight home

(cont'd on page 39)



Jackie Burns is a Junior American studies major from South Bend. This is her first contribution to Scholastic.

Christianity in the Marketplace

by Chris Rowland and Rich Preuss

Since the Second Vatican Council, the Church has increasingly engaged in dialogue with other aspects in modern society. The polemics of the past have faded and now the Church is attempting to enter into fruitful discussions which focus on the common areas shared between herself and different religious, political, philosophical and economic ideologies. Thus, for example, the term "separated brethren" is a more appropriate way of describing members of Protestant denominations than is the preconiliar term, "heretics."

One of the most significant dialogues affecting Notre Dame students is that between the Church and the economic community. A symposium at the University on May 3-5 will address Pope John Paul II's encyclical *Laborem Exercens* (On Human Work). Father Oliver Williams, C.S.C. and John Houck, professors in the Department of Business, have invited some of the best theologians, ethicists, and corporate leaders in America to present papers dealing with John Paul's encyclical and the idea of co-creation held therein.

An understanding of certain trajectories of the Second Vatican Council is necessary as background to the *Laborem Exercens* and its relationship to Notre Dame students. The first important trajectory is the concept of dialogue. Without dialogue, discussion on economic activity could easily degress to a polarization between the Church and the business community. The Church must be able to speak with business leaders throughout the world. Secondly, the Vatican Council's trajectory of *aggiornamento* is vital.

Aggiornamento is the notion of communicating the gospel in a manner which modern man is more disposed to accept. It puts the gospel more in line with modern reality. However, it is important to realize that *aggiornamento* does not propose to abandon the Christian tradition. Its object is to enrich the tradition of the Church and integrate it into the Church's teachings. Thus *aggiornamento* puts the Church's teachings into a historical context,

preventing them from becoming static and rigid, and allowing for new development and insight into dogma while preserving tradition.

With these principles in mind, one can examine the traditional teachings of the Church regarding business activity, and add to them the modern experience of the Christian community. The Church's traditional views of business activity can be found in part in St. Thomas Aquinas' writings.

St. Thomas holds the Aristotelian principle that all things have a nature and all natures have an end in which they are perfected. The end results from the effects of various causes. Man has an end that consists in his ultimate happiness. This ultimate happiness is the beatific vision in which the soul is completely absorbed in the contemplation of God. The cause which effects this end is the gift of grace.

Grace is a supernatural gift which God infuses into the soul of man and which becomes the basis for the virtuous life. Grace gives man the power to develop virtue and attain perfection. Grace in that it is supernatural raises man to a higher nature wherein his end becomes God and he directs all of his actions toward this end. Grace deifies man by allowing him to share in the Divine Nature and infusing a disposition toward virtue within the soul.

Thus, according to St. Thomas' theology, all of man's activities must be subordinated to his supernatural end. The spiritual order takes priority over the natural order, the formation of virtuous persons is primary and it becomes the end of human activity. Economic ends are therefore subordinate to spiritual ends. There is no separation between public economic morality and private morality since all activity is directed towards developing a society of virtuous persons. It is precisely this tradition which the Church professes.

St. Thomas' view of economic activity is somewhat limited by the medieval society in which he lived. The economy of his time was for the most part agriculturally oriented. There was little upward mobility be-

tween classes. Each class was held to perform a specific function. There was no correlation between one's social position and function and God's plan for man. Society was static and the creation of wealth was viewed with suspicion. Theologians feared that the mercantile system would whet the acquisitive appetite, which would be counterproductive to the development of virtuous persons. The result was that medieval theologians saw little need to change the social structures of their society and placed an emphasis almost solely on the cultivation of a life of Christian virtue.

Since the *Wealth of Nations*, written in 1776 by Adam Smith, the medieval economic views have fallen by the wayside. Smith presented an economic theory in which the creation of wealth was received in the best interest of society. Each person in pursuit of self-interest produces goods and services which are sold competitively in the marketplace. This competition creates an efficient economy where wealth can be increased by increases in productivity. Smith's ideas linked wealth with productivity and placed work at the center of obtaining wealth. The static view of society in turn gave way to a dynamic economic system in which class mobility became a more real possibility.

The Church now faces the problem of a worldwide economy oriented by technology. The medieval view provides some insight into the problem with its emphasis on the development of virtuous persons but its static view of society is antiquated and fails to deal with modern reality. Thus, in *Laborem Exercens*, Pope John Paul II attempts to deal with the problem of integrating Catholic theology with modern economics.

Pope John Paul II, in his encyclical on human work, defines work as being any human activity, whether it be intellectual or manual, that is somehow related to human nature. From the beginning man was called by God to go forth and subdue the earth, which occurs through work. John Paul's encyclical commemo-

rates the 90th anniversary of the encyclical *Rerum Novarum* which stressed that the Christian vocation included not only salvation of one's soul, but also that man should work to improve the social conditions of the world. The Pope wants to start from the ideas developed at the Second Vatican Council on the relationship between the Church and the modern world, and to develop a spirituality of work that is applicable today.

In the second section of the encyclical, entitled "Work and Man" the Pope uses the Book of Genesis as the starting point for this discussion on this issue. In it we read that mankind was created in the image and likeness of God and was called to subdue the earth. Implicit in this is the indication that men and women must work in the world. That is, part of mankind's "likeness" of God is the capacity to create, which is work that directly reflects the creative activity of God. The work involved in man's capacity to create includes developing the Kingdom of God and making the world a just and humane place.

they want to be. Thus a person's work activity includes this process of "self-realization" as a virtuous human being and the effort to bring about a more just and humane social order by means of economic progress. However, the true dignity of work is found primarily in the development of the person and secondarily in the kind of work the individual does. That is, the value that a person has is not found in their work situation, but rather in the fact that he or she is a particular human being, created in the image and likeness of God.

This theory has important implications for the structure of worker relations. The Pope criticizes relationships where the worker is treated as an instrument in the work process rather than as the creator or maker of products. This is a reversal of what is established in the Book of Genesis. Man should not be treated as a mere means of production or another "cog in the wheel." This reverses his true dignity as a maker or creator. Rather, man's work must allow his dignity to flourish.

In the third section of the encyclical,

vidual human value. According to John Paul II, the Church's view is sufficiently different from the "collectivism" of Marxism and the liberalism of "rigid capitalism," that everyone ought to reconsider such economic practices in light of the Church's teachings regarding them. We ought to find ways to both improve the state of the world, protect, and enhance the dignity of man.

Another issue that is closely related to the dignity of workers is the rights of these workers. This is discussed in the fourth section of the encyclical, "Rights of Workers." This issue is particularly relevant to the employer-employee relationships. The Pope is concerned about the various kinds of exploitation and injustice that takes place in these relationships, both on the individual level and relationships in the work environment, as well as between highly industrialized countries and developing nations. Again, there must be efforts made to bring more justice and equality in these relationships. The Pope also discusses the issue of employment. Provisions should be made for decent employ-



The Pope continues his discussion by making a distinction between the object of work and the subject of work. The object of work is basically the dominion of man over nature which is brought about in and by work. This can be seen in agriculture, industry, and intellectual pursuits, both in academics and commerce. The key issue, according to the Pope, is technology which has advanced at an incredible rate and has changed man's conception of work in a drastic manner. He sees technology as an ally of man especially with regard to man's task of subduing the earth.

The subject of work is man. Part of the process of subduing the earth includes the effort to make the person grow and become more virtuous. John Paul II stresses that since a person is in the "image and likeness of God," he or she is capable of action that is well-planned and rationally thought out. The person is also able to make decisions about his or her self, about the kind of person

lical, entitled "Conflict Between Labor and Capital," John Paul II discusses obstacles that prevent the development of man's dignity in the process of work. He focuses on the conflict between "capital" (owners/holders of means of production), and "labor" (those who lack the means of production and who share in the production process). The Pope points out that the Catholic Church's position has been that "labor" has a priority over "capital." Resources, means of production, etc., are meant to serve man. Man, in sharing in the creative activity of God, has primacy over nature and all that comes from it, including the means of production. However, throughout the history of man, and especially with the development of industrialized economies, these roles have been reversed. Such economies have committed a "fundamental error" by viewing human work as something to be used only for the purpose of economic gain. Such a view places material gain over and above indi-

ment for all those who are capable of work. He emphasizes that men and women have an intrinsic right to work. In addition, they have a right to fair and just wages and other social benefits, such as health care. The Pope also points out that workers have a right to form associations to defend the rights and interests of the workers. These unions can be seen as a "mouthpiece" for the workers' struggle for true justice in the social order. They also have the right to strike, as long as the strike is conducted within certain limits and under just conditions.

Finally the Pope discusses "Spirituality of Work." He believes that since man is created in the image and likeness of God, man shares in the creative activity of God. In other words, we are all co-creators with God.

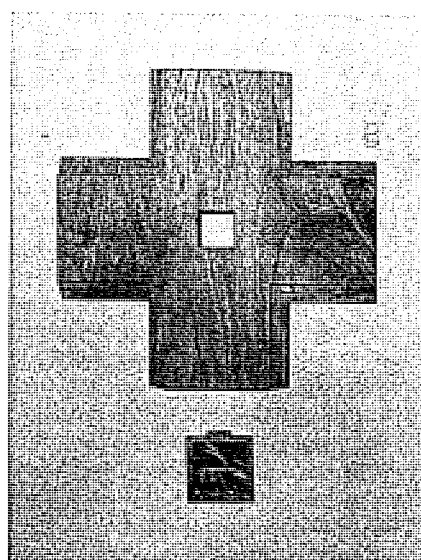
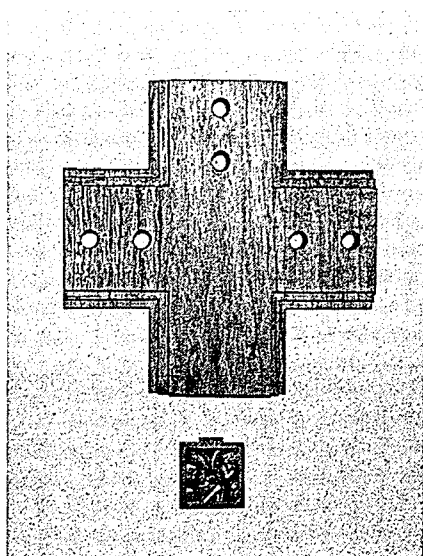
(cont'd on page 40)



Photo Essay:

Symbols of Faith

by Steve Brown



When you're 18 years of age, the duration of a college education can seem like a lifetime. But May 1982 is right around the corner and here I am wondering how five years have gone by so quickly. Now comes the time when we concretize the ideas we have learned in school. Right? We have been hearers, now we shall become doers.

I had a unique opportunity to be a doer this year. Last semester, Bro. Ed Luther (my Rector) asked me to design the stations of the cross, a large chapel cross, and a circular stained-glass window to complete the renovation of Morrissey's chapel. My first reaction was to humbly decline as my time to be an architect had not yet come: I was not ready. There is a profound difference between studying and actually doing it. However, with encouragement from my professor, Jaime Bellalta, I accepted the project and here are the results (minus the stained-glass window which will be completed next year).

The idea to use butternut wood for the crosses occurred to Bro. Ed last summer when the beauty of the wood's grain caught his eye while touring the workshop of his brother-in-law who is a professional woodworker. Butternut trees generally grow in groves in Wisconsin. The trees that were used for this project were from an area that was untouched by the glaciers of pre-history. The soil in that area is probably the original crust of the Earth. The project took on a particular significance for Bro. Ed's brother-in-law as he had never executed any religious art.

The project also took on a particular significance for me because now I had the chance to concretize my ideas on what religious art should be and how one could portray the passion and death of Christ. The crosses were conceived as symbols of faith to be touched. The crosses were to have a distinct textural quality as Christ always used his personal touch when he walked this earth. He was and is real. The scene depicted in scripture that truly inspired me was the time when Thomas put his hands in Christ's wounds. I have portrayed the reality of our Lord's wounds and suffering by the holes which reach completely through the thickness of the wood. The two shapes of the holes, circle and square, are used with a multiplicity of meaning:

1. The circle represents Divinity while the square represents Humanity. They are in dialogue with each other just as Human nature now sits at the Father's throne.
2. The square represents the number 7 on the stations. This takes on added significance as there are 7 stations on each side of the chapel as well as the presence of 7 sacraments in the Catholic Church.
3. On the large chapel cross, the square becomes the sword wound in Christ's side while the circles represent the nail wounds of our Lord.

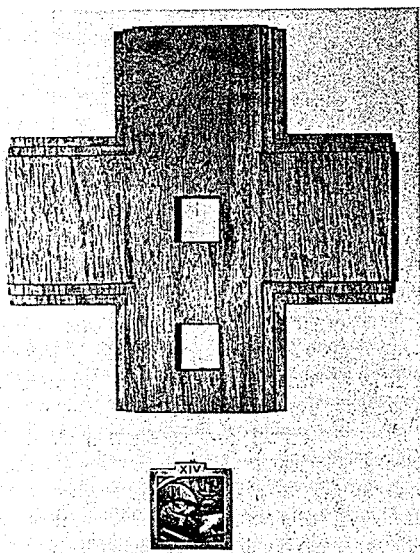
There are several other important aspects of the design. The twelfth station, the Lord's death, is given special significance when the central square is dropped down to the lower quadrant of the cross which previously had not been violated. The fourteenth station's design mitigates the finality of the Lord's death with the placement of the second square to the central position. Hope of the resurrection is symbolized by this gesture. This idea is possibly an effective way to reunite the Lord's resurrection to his death without having a fifteenth station.

As a person striving to become a conscious Catholic, I realized that my designs would have to be in accordance with the spirit of Vatican II which some say is the future of the world as well as the future of the Church. What is the spirit of Vatican II? We can ascertain this by looking at the five major thrusts of the documents:

1. Active participation of the faithful rather than the spectatorship of the preconciliar Church.
2. Aggiornamento — an updating of Church observances which can be modernized.
3. Ecumenism — to nurture whatever those aspects of the Church which can contribute to the unity of all Christians.
4. The shift from a polemical stance to a dialogical stance.
5. Nouveau Theology — more emphasis on the Bible.

I will leave you to decide whether or not I have succeeded. I would also like to invite you to visit Morrissey's chapel and see the crosses for yourself. ☐

Steven Brown is a fifth-year architecture student and an R.A. in Morrissey. He will be starting his graduate studies at Harvard this fall.



Excerpts from:

The Church of the Poor Devil

(Reflections on a Riverboat Voyage and a Spiritual Journey)

by Professor John S. Dunne, C.S.C.

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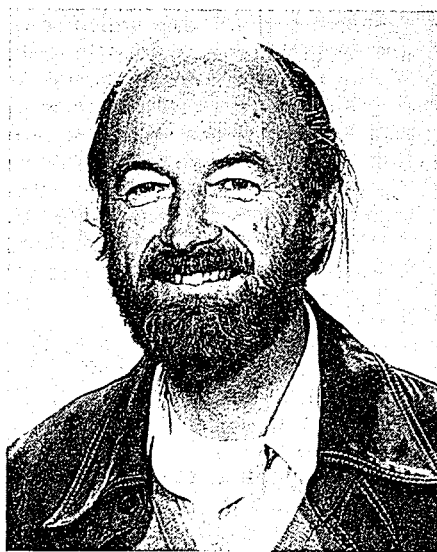
Chapter 1

A riverboat full of people, rich and poor. A voyage up a great river, from its mouth at the sea towards its sources in the interior of the continent. An image of human life and of the human journey in time. Once I went on a riverboat up the Amazon, from Belém on the coast to Manaus in the interior, a distance of a thousand miles and a voyage of five days (1).

One scene from that voyage is especially clear and distinct in my memory. It occurred on the first day out on the river. There were two kinds of accommodations on the riverboat: the cabins and the hammocks. The poor had hammocks on the lowest and the middle decks; the rich, and I among them, had cabins on the middle and the upper decks below the sun deck. On that first day we sailed past many small huts along the riverside where poor people lived off the river and the jungle. As we passed, women and children from these huts came out in small canoes to meet us. People in the riverboat began throwing clothes out into the river, and those in the canoes would paddle quickly to retrieve them. In the riverboat people were shouting and cheering and laughing. In the canoes people were not laughing but looking up at us with a kind of wonder, though they would smile when they succeeded in retrieving the clothes. Someone beside me said, "Do you see who is throwing the clothes?" Then I looked and saw that the clothes were being thrown from the lower decks. It was the people from the hammocks who were throwing the clothes and doing most of the shouting and cheering and

laughing. The people from the cabins were only watching.

It was as if the people from the hammocks shared a life with the people in the canoes, while the people from the cabins stood outside of that life. As we went on, nevertheless, the people from the hammocks began to mix with the people from the cabins. At first they were timid about coming to the upper deck — they would come to the bar, buy a soft drink and quickly drink it while looking about them, and then hurry back down to the lower decks. After a while, though, they began to become bolder and take chairs on the upper deck or sit at tables there with one another and play dominoes. I began to meet people from the hammocks and talk with them. Our usual life began to dissolve with all its distinctions, and we began to become one with one another in our companionship on the voyage. I began to feel that I was being admitted to the richness of a life that I had only observed when I saw them throwing clothes to the people in the canoes.



John S. Dunne

As we journeyed towards the sources of the river, we seemed to be journeying also towards the sources of human life.

I saw a vision of good and evil there on the Amazon. There was an eclipse of the human essence in the class distinctions with which we began our voyage. Then, as the voyage went on and the class distinctions began to dissolve, there was a shining forth of the human essence, a disclosure of the richness of human life. "The human essence is no abstraction inherent in each single individual," Marx has said. "In its reality it is the ensemble of the social relations" (2). Or is it the other way around? Is the human essence present in the individual but eclipsed by the ensemble of the social relations? Does it shine forth in the individual when the social relations are transformed?

1. A VOYAGE TO THE SOURCES OF LIFE

In the riverboat I saw the richness of human life both in individuals and in people together. I suppose the human essence, therefore, was present in individuals and also in the relations of people with one another. It was present in a man carrying his child on his shoulders, in an adolescent girl from the hammocks, smiling shyly at a young woman from the cabins, in two men sitting at the table playing dominoes, in two young women walking one behind the other and laughing, in a woman from the hammocks sitting on the deck floor among men, in a man with a telescopic camera taking shots of the jungle, in the bartender opening beers and soft drinks, in two boys wrestling with each other on the deck floor. *What is the human essence?* Surely Marx is right when he says it is "no abstraction inherent in each single individual." It is something too rich to be an abstraction,

and yet it is present in each single individual and every one of them reveals some aspect of its fullness.

I saw something else, however, when I looked at people's faces to see if they were happy. Looking at people's faces in this way is something I had done as an adolescent boy, gazing at face after face, searching for happiness, hoping to find someone who was happy and to learn the secret. This time I saw something more like a poverty than a richness of life. There was a grim look on the face of the man carrying the child, for instance, a hardness contrasting with the softness of the child, although there was the softness and the tenderness of him actually carrying the child on his shoulders. He was a man from the hammocks. "In its reality," Marx says of the human essence, "it is the ensemble of the social relations." There is indeed a reality about the ensemble of the social relations, real enough to block the way to happiness, to condemn this man from the hammocks to a desperate struggle for existence. Still, it seems to me, the ensemble of the social relations is not itself the human essence. That is why there is hope.

We are shaped by the ensemble of the social relations, according to Marx, but it is we ourselves who shape the social relations. "Men are products of circumstances," he says, but "it is men that change circumstances" (3). The people from the hammocks and the people from the cabins were divided by their circumstances, but they were able by mingling with one another to dissolve, at least in image, the class distinctions that divided them. Are our circumstances then the sources of our life? Or are the sources of life within us? It seemed to me on our riverboat voyage that we were discovering the sources of life within ourselves. As we voyaged to the sources of the Amazon, the many tributaries that issue into it, we were coming also to the sources of our own life, the inner resources that make us capable of changing our circumstances. We were on the way, though we never carried through, to the ultimate sources of the river. We went only as far as Manaus where the greatest of the tributaries, the Rio Negro, issues into the Amazon. Similarly, in our journey to the sources of human life, we went only so far as to discover the richness of human existence. We were traveling, though, in the direction of the ultimate sources of our life.

If I were to complete our voyage

now in thought and come to the ultimate sources of human life, I would come upon the source of evil as well as that of good. Like Marlow in Conrad's story of a riverboat voyage up the Congo, I would come to the "heart of darkness." But if evil is "an eclipse of the human essence," as I am conceiving it, and not the human essence itself, I would come ultimately to good, to the heart of light. Let me try and carry the voyage through, all the way to the heart of light and of darkness.

I hope "to make contact," as Dag Hammarskjöld says, "with that in human nature which is common to all men, indestructible, and upon which the future has to be built" (4). I hope to make contact, that is, with the human essence. On a voyage to the sources of life, a voyage together like ours, there is an experience of "passing over," I call it,

I saw a vision of good and evil there on the Amazon.

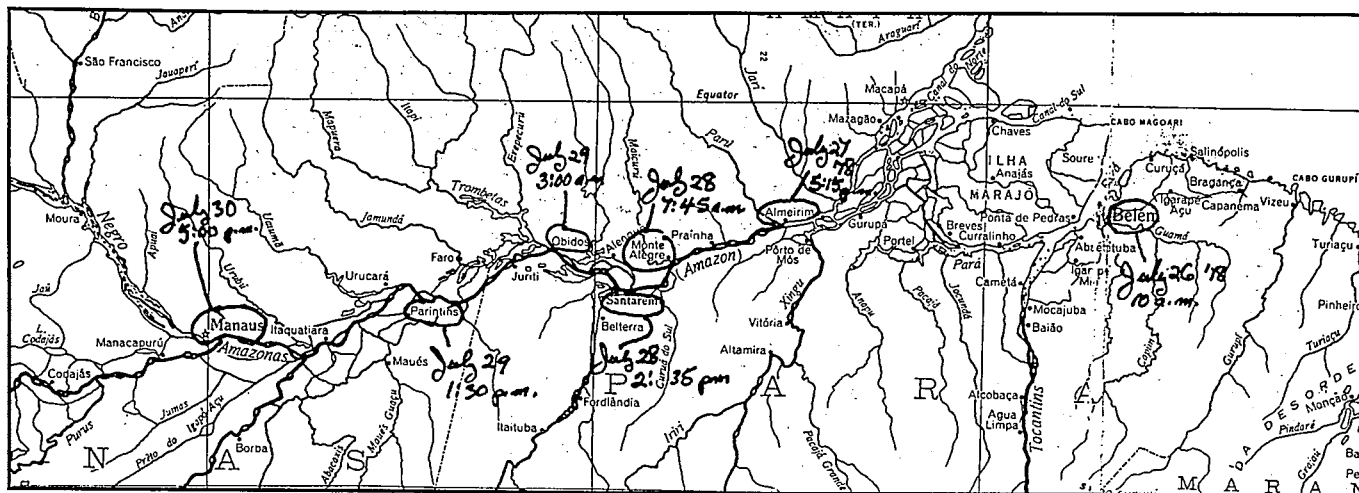
of people entering into each other's lives. Here is where I hope to discover the human essence. Is it possible for a person from one social class to understand one from another, for someone from the hammocks to understand one from the cabins, for example, or for someone from the cabins to understand one from the hammocks? Is it possible for a person from one society to understand one from another, for someone like me from North America to understand one who lives on the Amazon or for someone there to understand me?

"No, it is impossible," Marlow says when he is about to tell of his voyage up the Congo. "It is impossible to convey the life-sensation of any given epoch of one's existence — that which makes its truth, its meaning — its subtle and penetrating essence" (5). Yet that is just what I would like to convey about our voyage up the Amazon, "the life-sensation," "that which makes its truth, its meaning — its subtle and penetrating essence." I do believe it is possible, nevertheless, for "its subtle and penetrating essence" is the human essence; it is what we have in common. "It is impossible," Marlow says. "We live, as we dream — alone." Yet if we do live alone as we dream, then our aloneness itself

is something we have in common, something we can convey to one another and understand. Let me take our aloneness as my starting point in "passing over."

There is such a thing as an aloneness without privacy. That is the experience of aloneness I found among the people from the hammocks. Privacy is freedom from the company or observation of others. There was little privacy in the hammocks. The people there seemed accustomed to living always in the company of others and being always observed by others. At the same time there was an aloneness I could see in them, the basic aloneness of human beings who have their own hopes and fears, their own dreams and daydreams, their own thoughts and choices. Music was playing constantly on the ship's phonograph, popular music from the interior of Brazil. It was the music of the people from the hammocks and was enough to crowd out any feelings or thoughts of their own and fill their mind with those of the collectivity. Still, they did have feelings and thoughts of their own. They were accustomed to the music as they were to company and observation. Some had an aloofness about them, as they stood among others, not attending to the company of the others or the eyes of others upon them, not listening to the music, but looking at someone or something in the distance. Their aloofness was an aloneness, I could see, and it was not taken away or even diminished by their lack of privacy. It was a removal in feeling and interest, a distance from the others who were thronging about them.

I found another experience of aloneness among the people from the cabins. It was the aloneness of people who have the experience of privacy, who are able to live without the constant company and observation of others, who are even able to travel, as these people did, at great distances from their dwelling place and from those who are most connected with them. A person who enjoys privacy can experience a loneliness, a longing for companionship, for the presence of others. There is a special word for this in Portuguese, *saudade*. It means "longing," especially longing for those who are absent. One of the people from the cabins, a young woman, spoke to me of this word. She was feeling the absence of her lover, far away in São Paulo, the young man she was soon to marry. She was lonely and very conscious of her loneliness and



Map of the River Voyage

had a well-chosen word for it. That suggests to me that although it is a basic human feeling, something that can be shared by all human beings, *saudade* is a very conscious kind of loneliness and longing. It even has a history: it is the theme of the Fado ("fate"), a kind of song that was first sung in Brazil by those who had come from Portugal, then carried back to Portugal itself, and now regarded as the traditional folk song of Portugal.

I brought still another experience of aloneness with me from North America. It too was a loneliness, a longing for companionship, for the presence of others, but not so much for particular others who were absent. Rather it was an indefinite longing for intimacy, for relatedness, a feeling of being alone and wanting to be unalone. "Not only does democracy make every man forget his ancestors, but it hides his descendants and separates his contemporaries from him," Tocqueville says of democracy in North America. "It throws him back forever upon himself alone and threatens in the end to confine him entirely within the solitude of his own heart" (6). The loneliness I brought with me was just this feeling of being separated from all others, of being thrown back upon myself and confined within the solitude of my own heart. Thus it was not like *saudade*, a loneliness based on connection with others, a longing for persons with whom one is connected. Rather it was a loneliness based on disconnection, and so it was an indefinite longing for some kind of connection.

Privacy and lack of privacy, connection and lack of connection, all these situations existed on the riverboat. All of them belong to "the ensemble of the social relations." Aloneness, on the other hand, be-

longs to the human essence present in each single individual. If I wish to understand the poor and their lack of privacy, or to understand the longing that comes from connection with others, I must take my stand in aloneness. No doubt, my starting point is the most alone conceivable, privacy and lack of connection. Still, there is an aloneness, as I observed, that can exist in connection, like that of the people from the cabins, and one that can exist in the lack of privacy, like that of the people from the hammocks. If I pass over, therefore, from my own aloneness to theirs, I begin to understand how my aloneness is not simply privacy and lack of connection. I can see a way of saying "No man is an island." If my aloneness were unshared, were simply privacy and lack of connection, I would be an island. As it is, I realize I am "a piece of the continent, a part of the main" (7). My aloneness is shared. It is that of the continent, the main.

Say I pass over to the people from the hammocks, going over from my privacy to their existence without privacy. The worst thing about being poor, it has been said, is that "it makes it almost impossible for one to be alone" (8). It makes it almost impossible, that is, for one to have privacy. As I see what it is like to live without privacy, I realize I want to be alone. Before this point I had been thinking I was lonely and wanted the company of others, but the sight of people crowded together in the hammocks makes me realize how aloneness is something desirable. Yet when I see also how the people from the hammocks can be alone in the midst of their lack of privacy, how in spite of everything they have their own thoughts and feelings, I realize we have aloneness in common. The person from the

hammocks can know as well as I do what it is to live in the solitude of one's heart. There is a difference between us: I have privacy and the person from the hammocks does not. Yet there is common ground: we both live in the solitude of our heart. Really we live in the same solitude. It is as if we lived in the same wilderness, the same desert or the same forest. We can meet there.

Say I pass over also to the people from the cabins, going over from my lack of connection to their connection with others. We also can meet in solitude. The people from the cabins, or the ones I came to know, seemed to live out of their human ties. When I saw how much human ties could mean, how intensely a person could long for the loved one who is absent, I began to realize how indefinite my own longing had been. I had been longing simply to be unalone, to find someone or something. It was not that I had no human ties. Rather I had not been living out of the human ties I did have. The loneliness I brought with me from North America, the loneliness of being thrown back upon oneself and confined within the solitude of one's heart, I began to see or I see now as I reflect upon it all, was not due to a lack of human ties but to a disregard of the ties that actually exist.

Here are two thoughts then, the thought of being alone and living out of the human essence within oneself and the thought of being unalone and living out of human ties. What if I put these two thoughts together? Robert Louis Stevenson speaks in "An Apology for Idlers" of those who have "not one thought to rub against another, while they wait for the train" (9). That image of rubbing one thought against another is a helpful one here. If I rub one of

(cont'd on page 44)

Arts and Letters: Senior Statistics

by Dean Waddick

Editor's Note: The following reprint is a speech Dean Waddick made for the Arts and Letters Forum at Junior Parents' Weekend, 1982. It offers a ray of hope for seniors' success and incentive for juniors to begin planning for next year. The statistics mentioned are part of a yearly study done by Dean Waddick on the postgraduate plans. The statistics for the Class of 1982 will not be available until late June.

I am the Assistant Dean of the College—a position defined by students as a “mouse in training to be a rat.” I understand that the students invited five (5) of the campus characters to attend and have been trying to figure whether or not this is an honor.

I arrived at the University of Notre Dame in 1842 with Father Sorin. Professor Tom Stritch was already here at that time teaching a course in Arts of America to Potawatomi Indians and Professor Leader was doing the stained-glass windows for the original log chapel. Later he started to teach a course called Art Traditions which many of you have taken. You can tell which students have taken the course because they develop an eye condition from studying “slides” in the hallway of O'Shaughnessy Hall and have a tendency to study their student ID cards for long periods of time in order to evaluate the quality of the picture. I am a bit awed by the presence of Dean Burns and Professor Liz Christman because students define a Dean as

A person who leaps tall buildings in a single bound . . .

Is more powerful than a locomotive . . .

Is faster than a speeding bullet . . .
Walks on water . . . and gives policy to God.

They define a Professor as a person who leaps short buildings in a single bound . . .

Is more powerful than a switch engine . . .

Is just as fast as a speeding bullet . . .

Walks on water if the sea is calm and talks with God.

Unfortunately they define an Assistant Dean as a person who falls over the doorstep when trying to enter a building . . . says, “look at the choo choo,” wets himself with a water pistol . . . plays in mud puddles and mumbles to himself.

The Dean's Office in our College is divided into two parts—the Dean and Associate Dean deal with strategy—budgets, programs, grants, faculty, etc. The Assistant Deans—myself, Don Sniegowski and Kathy Weigert deal for the most part with tactical matters—registration, graduation, requirements, counseling, etc.



Dean Waddick

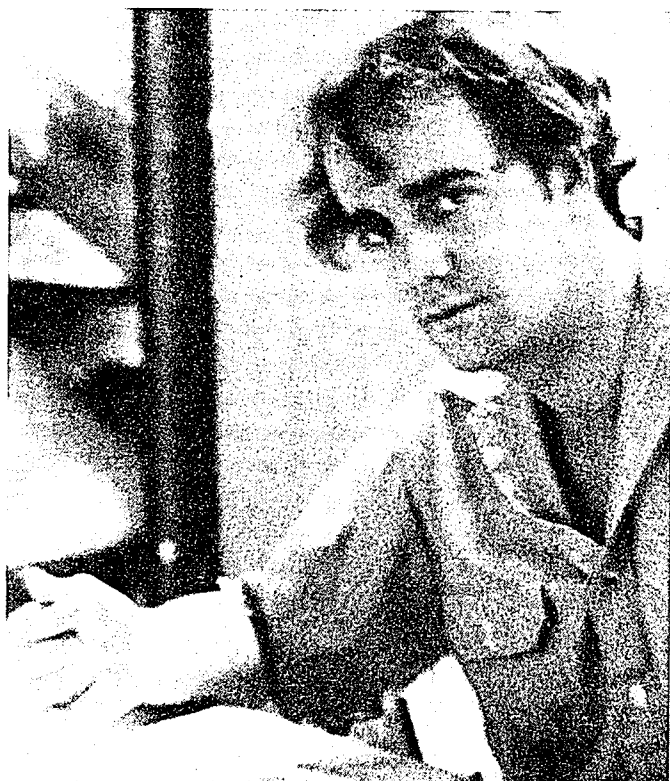
Our first contact with students is usually during the second semester of their freshman year when they choose an undergraduate college. We participate in a program designed to orient them to the College and then register them for courses which they will take during their sophomore year. In the sophomore year we try to help them select a major and offer assurance that the choice of major is not earth-shattering. Sometimes we deal with double majors, triple majors and quadruple majors with pass-or-run-options. We somehow survive all of this and the students disappear into departmental wombs during the junior year and begin to emerge again during the spring to discuss plans for life after graduation.

Last year our graduating class in the College of Arts and Letters followed a variety of paths. Sixteen went to Medical Schools, one to Dental School, twenty-four to Graduate Management Programs, sixty to Graduate Schools and one hundred thirty to Law Schools. Lest you all have heart attacks thinking, “Doesn't this education ever end?” let me reassure you. The largest group in last year's senior class (154) accepted jobs with an average starting salary of \$15,940. A sizable number (50) went to Military Service as commissioned officers (24) or Volunteer Service (26). There has been an increasing tendency in the past few years for students to “stop out” for a year or two prior to continuing their education. This is a healthy thing which enables the student to get away from the woods in order to better see the trees. Sixteen years is a heck of a long time to be in school!

A lot of my time each fall is spent with students who plan to enter Law School or go on to an MBA program. About 130 of last year's liberal arts seniors applied to Law Schools. There has been a dramatic increase in Law School applications over the past sixteen years and each year every available seat in the entering class of the nation's 172 ABA-approved law schools is taken. At present there are 125,397 law students in ABA-approved schools and about 34% (42,122) of the students are women. Our job in the college is to make sure that our students make informed decisions. Our specific job with juniors who are interested in the study of law is to get them moving during the spring semester and during the summer between their junior and senior years. We provide information on applications, letters of recommendation, resumés, statements of purpose, interviews with Law School representatives, talks with attorneys, and the Law School Admissions Test. We encourage them to join the Pre-Law Society and urge them to attend special programs that this group sponsors. We urge them to sit in on classes at our Law School and talk with law students. We encourage them to apply to realistic

(cont'd on page 41)

Gallery



Mike is a senior art major at Notre Dame



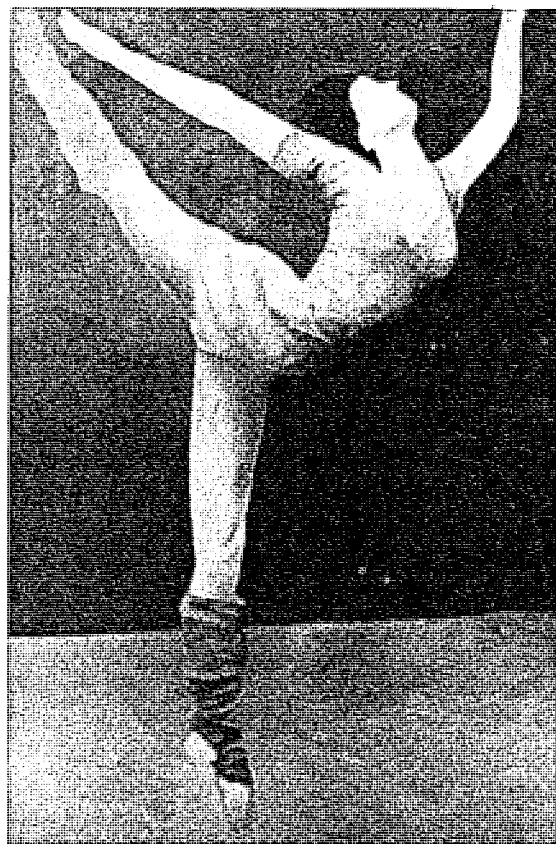
Dancer #3; 32 × 36 in.; Oil on Canvas; 1981.

"In my work I attempt to share my experiences with friends through the art of music."

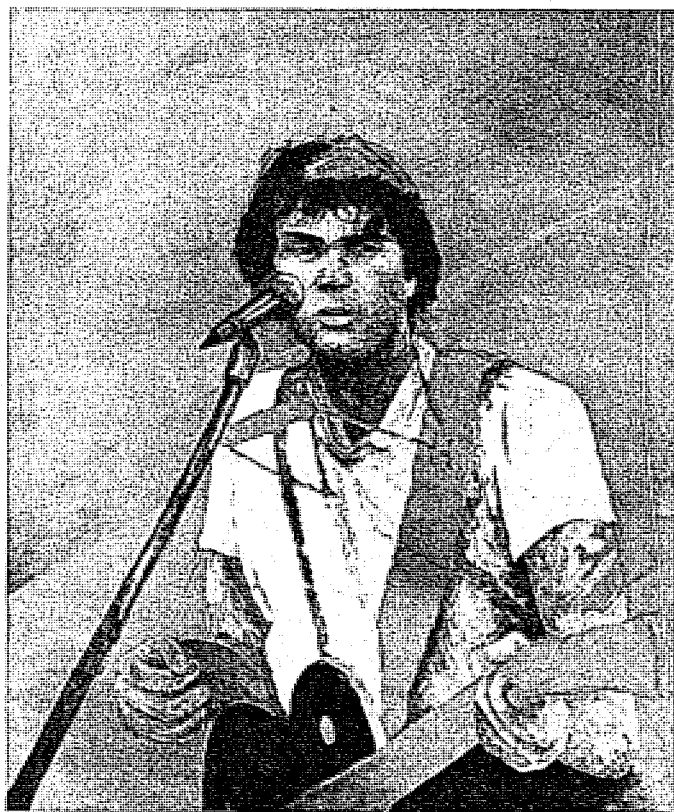


Rastar Tommy, 11 × 14 in.; Drawing; 1982.

tempt to visualize my
ends, music, and life
tistic media . . .”
mike russell



Dancer #9; 24 × 36 in.; Oil on Canvas;
1981.



Sir Young; 24 × 30 in.; Oil on Canvas; 1981.

Fiction

The Pyre

by Jeff Powanda

Alison straightens her glasses as she gazes at the photograph. It is a photograph she had taken three days ago, a photo which appeared two days ago in the *Herald*. She is proud of the photo, yet uncertain. She is not sure of her accomplishment. She has certainly seized an exhilarating moment on film. Photographs such as this one win awards. She tells herself all of this and yet one depict life at the extreme, at a moment most testing, most emotional: it is when the photo captures man at his most human moment that it steps into the higher realm of art. She tells herself all of this and yet doubt still remains.

The photo was taken outside a brownstone in the downtown section of the city. It was mildly cool on that October afternoon, such pleasant weather and such a clear sky that Alison decided to walk the ten blocks from the deli where she had eaten lunch to the Herald Building. As she was walking she noticed on the side of a building two young boys playing on a rusted fire escape six floors above the ground. Alison paused to look at the boys. They appeared to be brothers, their faces were so much alike. One of the boys was taller and stronger-looking, perhaps eleven years old. The other boy appeared to be about seven years old.

The older boy was chasing his younger brother down the fire escape. The little, dark-haired boy was quicker. He looked up at his brother as he ran down the iron steps and tantalized him with annoying comments, "You're so slow, Joey, you couldn't catch a snail," and "Joey, you run like a girl." Joey, the older boy, fell as he was climbing down one of the ladders. He crashed down the remaining four rungs and landed sitting down on the steel platform. The younger brother stopped running. "Joey, are you all right?" He ran up the one flight to his brother. Joey was rising, brushing orange rust off his pants.

Alison had taken her camera out of its case to take a picture of the boys playing. As she focused for a snapshot, she heard a voice call out to the boys. "Get down from there. Joey, Jeremy, get off that fire

escape right now!" The boys' mother, a widow, stood on the sidewalk looking up at the boys and clutching a bag of groceries to her breast.

"Aw, Ma. Come on. We're not doing nothing," yelled down the older boy.

"You know that it's not safe. Get back in the apartment this moment or you'll get the whipping of your life."

The boys lazily started to ascend to their apartment on the seventh floor. The mother still looked after them with concern. As the boys' feet slapped onto the ancient, rusted steel, Alison could hear an eerie moaning from the structure. The boys stopped. They stared down at the metal monster whom it appeared they had angered. The fire escape whined and released its grasp from the building. Somewhere in the framework a steel rod snapped. Then another piece cracked. The boys shook with the restless structure. Then, with an almost human sigh, the fire escape fell apart. It broke as easily and as quickly as one might crush a brittle autumn leaf. The break took place at the eighth floor of the building; the rest of the framework clumsily descended to the ground with the two boys trapped inside the plummeting cage.

All this time Alison had kept her camera poised for a photograph. When the fire escape tragically collapsed she reacted quickly and pressed the shutter button.

This was the photograph: The two boys were suspended in midair amidst the falling wreckage of the fire escape. The older boy was above the younger, his arms and legs were spread as if he were skydiving. The younger boy below him was falling horizontally with his back to the ground. His slender body was arched like a bow and his mouth was opened in a scream of terror. The photo was taken from such an angle as to include in the right foreground a small profile of the mother's face looking up as her children plummeted towards the ground.

The caption underneath the photo read as follows: Joseph Andrews (top) 11, and his brother Jeremy, 7,

fell six stories yesterday when a fire escape they were playing on outside their building collapsed. Jeremy was killed by the fall and the crushing blow of the steel wreckage. Brother Joseph remains in critical condition in St. Vincent's hospital. The mother, Barbara Andrews, is pictured in the right foreground looking up in horror.

"Alison. Alison, come here, will you please?" It is the voice of the managing editor of the *Herald*, Steve O'Brian. He peeks his head out from behind the frosted pane of his office room door and beckons her to come forward. Alison rises from her desk and walks slowly over to him, so as not to gain attention. She thinks that people might look at her, might examine her like a photograph as she makes the short walk to Steve's office. It is an utterly foolish thought; everyone is busy in the newsroom. Their only care is the deadline.

She enters Steve's office and shuts the door behind her. She smiles nervously at Steve and runs her hand down the side of her skirt as if to make certain that everything is straight and in order.

Steve smiles. "Come on, Alison. I'm not going to bawl you out, so don't be nervous. Before I say anything, let me tell you that I'm very happy with the work you've done. Especially this month. Your pictures really are great."

"Thanks, Steve." Alison drops her head in humble embarrassment.

"I called you in because I've got something to show you. Today I received a letter-to-the-editor from a Mrs. Andrews. She's the lady —"

"In my picture."

"Correct. And she's written a letter directed at the photographer and those persons who chose to run the photo."

"What's the fuss?"

"Alison, yours was a very emotional picture. A great picture. You should win a prize for it and you probably will. I'm afraid it's hit too hard, though. People have complained. We've gotten calls. Anyway, I just wanted to show the letter to you before we put it in. It's my decision to run it in tomorrow's edition. I don't want you to be upset at all by this. We regard your talent very highly."

Steve picks up the letter from his chaotic desk and hands it to Alison. Alison reads slowly.

Dear Editor,

Two days ago my family suffered through the most grievous,

heartbreaking nightmare that it has ever experienced. In a terrible accident, one that I witnessed in agony, my sons fell to the ground when our fire escape collapsed. My youngest son, Jeremy, was killed. Joseph, his older brother, is in the hospital, his condition now stable. Mere words cannot describe our pain and suffering in the face of such a tremendous catastrophe. I feel as if my life has had the rug pulled out from under. I pray for the soul of Jeremy, that he may be content at the side of God. I pray also for my son, Joseph. I pray that he will be able to face the many months it will take for him to recover. He may never walk again.

My family will overcome these hardships. However, we ought not to have to endure the hardship that the *Herald* places on us by invading my life in its most profound moment of misery and allowing the entire city to leer at us while we are amidst a time of unbearable tragedy. The photograph printed in yesterday's paper was an invasion. It was an invasion of my life, of my privacy, of sadness that was rightfully only ours. I will not share my tears with you or anyone else who mocks my misfortune. Your photographer who took the picture can only be an unfeeling leech — a leech who sucks the tears from victims of tragedy. You watch us from a careful distance analyzing our pain and our sorrow.

I do not ever want to relive that terrible moment when my sons were suspended over the street to face certain catastrophe. Yet, you have done that. You have not only done it for me but for thousands of people. You are sadistic. I imagine you place a photographer at every intersection to wait for an accident to occur, perhaps to snap a photo of someone squirming for life. You exploit pain and violate privacy. You do not reaffirm life, you debase it. You are not a responsible newspaper. You are the lowest of pornographers.

Barbara Andrews

Alison is finished reading. She hands the letter back to Steve. She straightens her glasses even though they do not need straightening.

Steve says, "I just thought you should see it before we ran it. Accept it as nothing more than the opinion of someone else. It's certainly not my opinion."

"That's okay, Steve. You don't have to apologize." Alison appears disturbed.

"Well, I *am* sorry. Because you do good work, Alison. And I don't want you to be upset by this."

Alison's eyes are red. She sniffles once. "If I wasn't upset by it then I'd be exactly what the lady calls me: an insensitive leech." Alison turns to leave. Before she reaches the door she hears Steve's voice.

"Alison."

She turns toward Steve. She looks down to hide her swollen, red eyes.

"Have lunch together?" asks Steve.

"No. I mean, I think I'd rather be alone. To think over some things."

"You sure you're all right?"

"Yes."

Steve steps forward and gently lifts up her chin with his hand. She blinks once and a small teardrop falls down her cheek.

"Sure?"

Alison nods quickly and rushes out the door.

Alison rides on the subway. Some days she spends hours on the subway. She is fascinated by the people. She never feels threatened.

While on the subway Alison absorbs the faces of the people around her. She sees depression, anxiety, bitterness, strength, hope, and love all on this crowded subway car. She removes her Nikon from its case and takes a photograph of the people. It is a tender photo. The only action in the picture is done by an elderly lady who is turning toward the camera. She has a look of fright on her face. She is like those African tribesmen who insisted the British explorers not take photographs of them: they thought that the camera stole part of a man's soul. Enough photographs could turn a brave warrior into a ghost. This lady on the subway does not wish to be a ghost.

Alison exits the subway at the next stop. She does not know why she leaves at this stop. Perhaps it is because she has frightened the lady. She rises up into the hazy sunlight of the city, greeted by automobile horns, screeching tires, and the frantic footsteps of a pedestrian army. She is at peace as she gazes across the avenue, where a graceful marble building rises in powerful splendor. It is the Oppenheimer Museum of Modern Art. She crosses the avenue and disappears behind the thick, protective walls of the museum.

Wherever Alison turns the museum offers an arresting image. It

is all art, art no different from what she strives for with photography. She is dazzled by these images and feels as though she has entered a sensual dream. She gazes at the painting in front of her. It is called *The Pyre*. It is one of 16 oil paintings in the exhibit by modern artist, Jackson Cooper. She steps closer and bends her head forward to observe the detail.

"It's a mean painting," a ghostly voice beside her declares. She is startled. She was not aware of anyone else in the room. She turns to see a handsome, blond-haired teenager. "I'm sorry," he says. "I didn't mean to frighten you."

"No, it's okay." She turns to the painting. "It's a strange painting, don't you think?"

The boy does not say anything. He simply steps up beside her and together they observe *The Pyre*. It is a painting of a car accident. It shows a close-up view of the driver-side window, behind which is the cloudy figure of the young driver. Evidently the car has been in a terrible accident. The side of the red vehicle is smashed. Fire, in orange, swirling brush strokes, surrounds the scene, inside the car and out. The driver has his badly burned hands on the window. He is pounding. His whole body is pushing out at you, the observer. The window, as well as the flesh of his hands, appears to be melting from the heat. The boy in the car knows he is only seconds from death, the car door will never be opened in time, his body will soon be enveloped completely in flame. His blue eyes, painted in brilliant clarity amidst the blurry atmosphere, are opened wide in horror. His mouth is stretched in a scream that begs to be heard, that stings in the heart of the viewer, and now remains captured forever on canvas. Alison is clearly disturbed by the painting. The young man does not seem pleased or interested. He is simply angry.

"It's a cruel painting," says the boy. His voice seems to break for a moment, as if on the verge of crying. His blue eyes shyly glance away.

"Yes, it certainly is." She looks at the boy and then nervously down at the blood-red carpet.

"You know," the boy says, "everything about the accident is real. Cooper really saw the accident. He's one of those callous people who run to the scene when he's heard there's been an accident. He stares at the helpless victim as the flames

(cont'd on page 42)

Perspective

Senior Year in College

A "Never-Never Land"



Kit Bernardi

I would like to correct a false perception concerning the daily existence of a college senior: an underclasswoman tends to associate a free and easy life-style and a carefree, fairy-tale existence with senior year in college. The underclasswoman soon to become a senior approaches her final semesters with a false sense of security. She starts the year off as "top of the heap, queen of the hill, A #1" only to discover that beneath that solid base the ground is shifting and giving way. Senior year in college is not a stable, safe, and secure period of time, but a period of transition colored with excitement, anticipation, and fear. I believe that waking up to the reality of senior year in college makes it the most difficult time in my college career.

During the first few weeks of school, the incoming senior has candied visions of her final semesters dancing in her head. She dreams of a class load of only twelve credit hours consisting of courses like Ballet, Photography, Social Problems, Marriage and Family, and Art Traditions, two of which are taken for a pass/fail grade. The senior's "Shangri-La" class days are only on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, beginning at noon and ending at three o'clock in the afternoon just in time for happy hour. A weekend in the senior's "Never-Never Land" proverbially commences at Senior Bar when beers are only 25¢ from nine to eleven p.m. and culminates on Sunday in Corby's, Nicky's, or Bridget's. But soon the senior wakes up to the reality of her last year in college. It is not one big party like she had dreamed of as an underclasswoman. Having achieved senior status I now realize that the party is almost over!

Beneath that air of self-confidence gained by four years of life at college, the senior is insecure, confused, and scared; continuous questions about the future plague her mercilessly. "What am I going to do when I graduate?" is the most frequent and all-encompassing question every senior toils with. The big concern is finding a job. Within the first few days of the fall semester everyone fights for an interview slot with the next recruiter visiting the Career Development Center. The duplicating department is clogged with orders for resumés to be printed by the dozens. Every senior in college owns a dark blue interview suit, a white, high-necked blouse with a bouncy bow tie and navy blue or black high-heeled pumps. The dining hall buzzes with news of who got offers from what firm and who didn't. Soon the Liberal Arts majors begin to wonder if they shouldn't have majored in accounting instead. If one can't get a job, one can always get engaged.

The senior not involved in the great job search or husband hunt spends her Friday nights and Saturday afternoons planted in front of the typewriter filling out endless applications to law schools or graduate schools. She, like all the other seniors, anxiously checks her mail daily in search of that GRE, LSAT, or GMAT admissions ticket; that letter of acceptance or that invitation for a second interview with the firm of her choice.

While looking into the crystal mailbox for a ticket to the future, the senior, at the same time, tries to preserve the past. The college senior is preoccupied with storing up memories of "good times." She carries her pocket Instamatic camera everywhere she goes. Constantly reminded that this is the last home football or basketball game as a student, the last Florida Spring break in Fort Lauderdale with her pals, or the last formal, the senior strives to make the last of everything the best. Consequently, she is torn between social activities and her studies, but due to peer pressure, the social obligation usually wins. The trite excuse for

ignoring work offered to the confused senior by her peers is that it is the people and the "good times" she will remember ten years from now and not the grade she got on this test or that paper. The real possibility of not sharing this moment with her friends once again lures the college senior from her studies. But then aren't grades the main reason she is in college? The senior constantly bounces between the two opposing poles of social and academic obligation in her last semesters. Peer pressure and academic commitment create confusion for the senior. She is forced to keep her priorities in perspective and even sometimes ends up altering them.

As ridiculous as it all sounds, the senior sometimes wonders why she is in college at all. Sure she realizes that her further education better equips her to face the "real world" but the salient question is "How?" It seems as though college is an extended paradisaal state protecting her from the cruelty of the "real world" where it is dog-eat-dog and where the "almighty buck" reigns. She dangles over the yawning abyss of the "real world" with excitement because it is something new and different while at the same time she fears being gobbled up and spit out.

I really don't mean to paint such a glum, negative picture of senior year in college. My intention is to illustrate some of the frustrations a senior feels when she realizes that the glamorous, idyllic life of a senior is a myth. But there is consolation. All seniors experience the same confusion, fear, and frustration that accompany the threat of change from a predictable situation to something new, different, and arbitrary. The experience of instability the senior shares with her classmates is fertile soil for new friendships to take root. The need to discuss problems of the future unites the graduating class into a strong whole. The senior quickly becomes cognizant of the elusive quality of time. She is forced to make the most of opportunities when they arrive and decide which ones to take advantage of. She soon realizes

that the source of her confusion is choice. Never before in her life has the young woman had so many choices for her future. And what makes it frightening is that she is prepared to make the decision and to make it independently.

Because of her previous successful college experience, the young woman has proof that she possesses the qualities necessary to succeed in the outside world. The college senior realizes that this is the first of many major changes she will encounter in her life; this may be the most stable of all positions she will ever be in prior

to a transition. The confusion and frustration that accompany choice are healthy and productive. They feed her drive to not only survive in the "real world," but to succeed.

Conflicting feelings of stability and confidence, on the one hand, and fear and insecurity on the other, characterize senior year. The senior comes to realize that her dream of her final semesters was indeed a "Never-Never Land," never to come true. Senior year is not a dream, but a reality that prepares her to realize her dream of the future. It is a period of growth and transition for the

young woman. While enjoying her reign as queen in the college world, she is aware of inevitable usurpation and fear, yet has hopes and dreams of the unknown. Learning to cope with conflicting feelings and a changing world distinguishes senior year in college from any other period in her college career. The senior experience is the most true to life, and is therefore the most difficult time in a college career. □

Kit is a senior English Literature/History double major from St. Charles, Ill.

College...just the beginning

While sitting on the fire escape outside Senior Bar, a friend grew nostalgic as she looked out at the first tailgater of the 1981 football season. "This is our last-first football game," she said, and I laughed at her sentimentality. I realized that the LSU game kicked off the final round for us as seniors, but I've never suffered from the last-times syndrome and could offer her no sympathy.

Senior year has now wound down to its final weeks and still I have no time for nostalgia. It's difficult for a senior to look back at her past four years and get the proper perspective of it all, especially when she still finds herself in the midst of writing projects, exams, and Campus View parties. Yet, even in the rush of the daily activities, I am aware that an important period in my life is coming to an end and a major transition is at hand.

"Ah, college," people will tell you, "it was the best four years of my life; it doesn't get any better." I can't believe in that statement. A

college education is preparation for life, not the climax in itself. Although I've certainly lived, and "lived it up," in my four years at Saint Mary's, I'm not closing the chapter in May on the unrestrained drive to question, to probe, to grow, which has characterized my college years.

True, the nine-to-five grind may be an abrupt awakening when we're used to sleeping up to, and sometimes through, a 10 o'clock class. But the real world, and the responsibility that world implies, is what we've been preparing for through our college years. If that college education has been meaningful we should be up to the challenge of not only applying what we've learned, but of expanding our knowledge and continuing our growth.

At this point I can't be nostalgic. I can't reminisce. Sentimentality can be put aside for future years, for reunions and football weekends. I'm not looking back as the carefree college days dwindle, I'm looking forward.



Ellen Gorman is a senior from Ohio, Ill. She is double majoring in English Literature and Writing.

Saint Mary's has helped me to build the foundation for my future, for she has encouraged a thirst for knowledge and experience which will never be quenched. Now is the time for me to build on that foundation. My education is only beginning. □



Elizabeth Tranel

A Guide to College Survival

Every fall we all receive a little box called a survival kit. Such kits can come in handy if your luggage doesn't arrive when you do, but being a senior, I figure it is my civic duty to warn all underclassmen that there is more to surviving four years of college than a good supply of shampoo.

Survival is most often threatened by the Big Three problems: social life, academics, and the weather. The first two can be helped by individual management and creativity, but the third can only be helped by God. So,

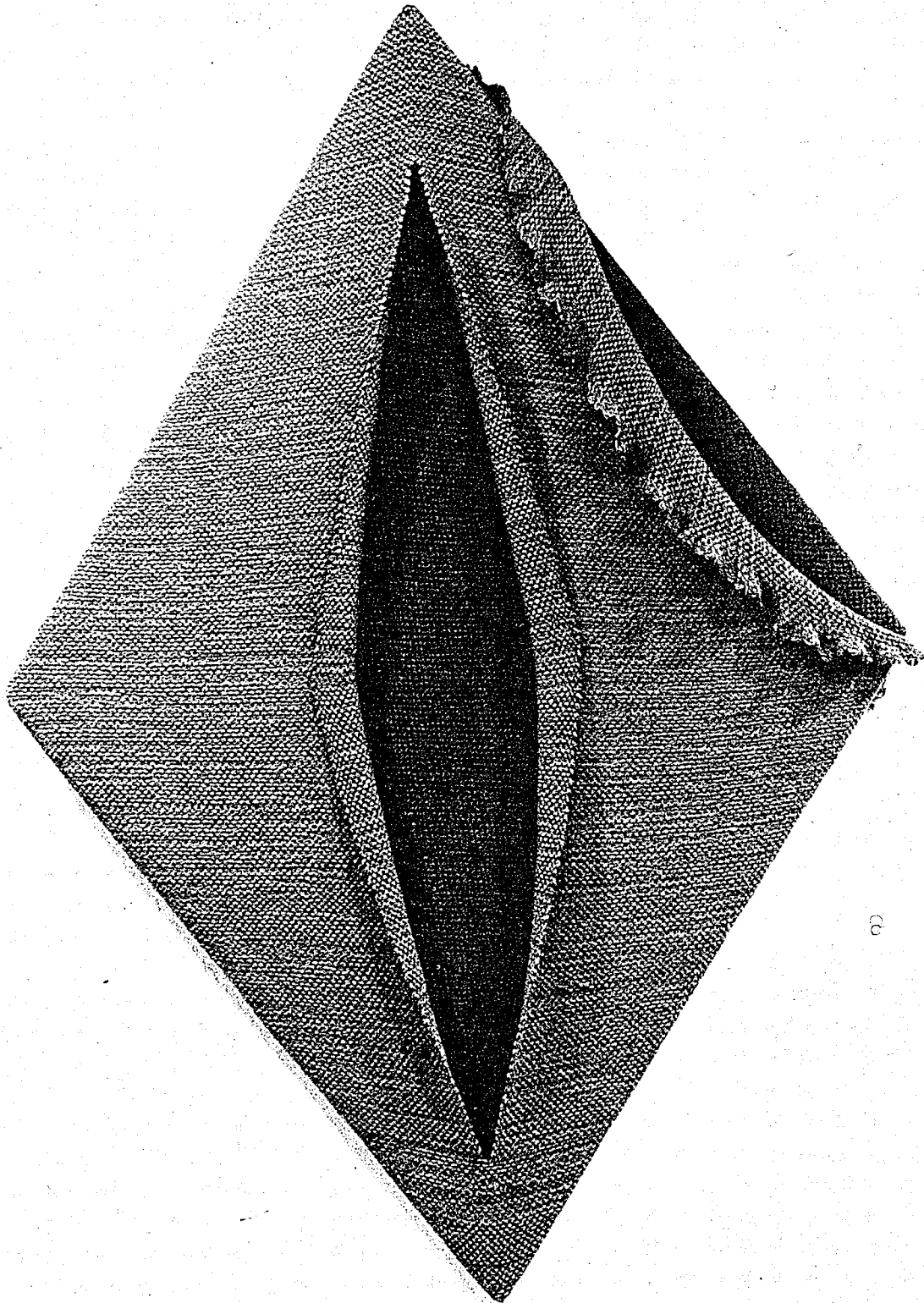
being firmly in the realm of fallible mortals, I'll stick to the first two.

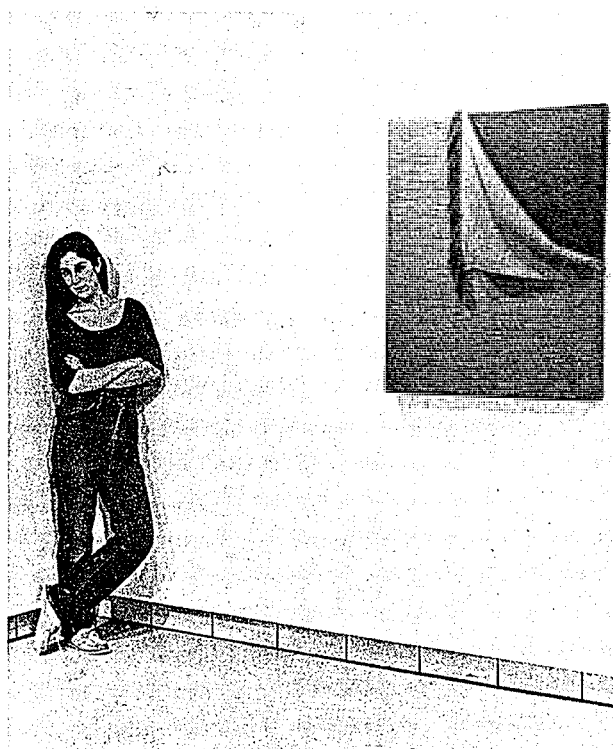
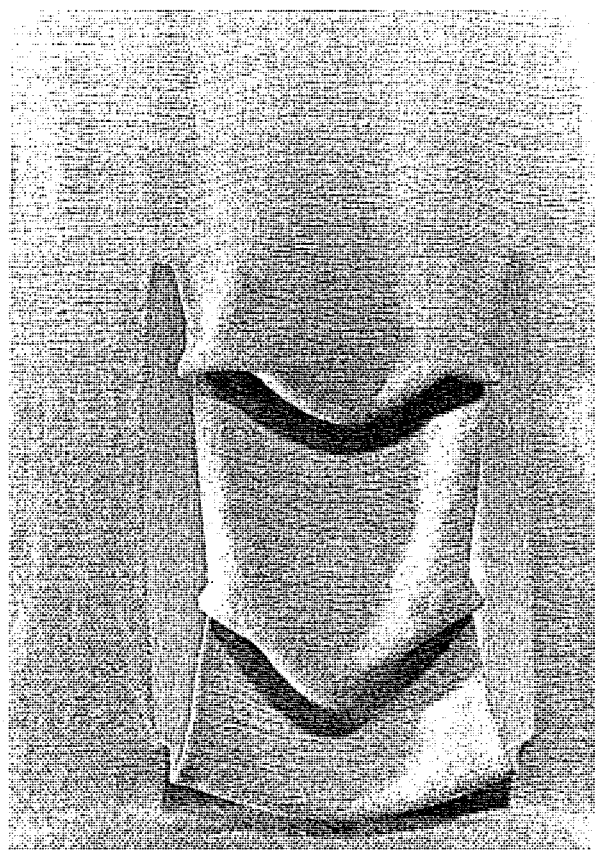
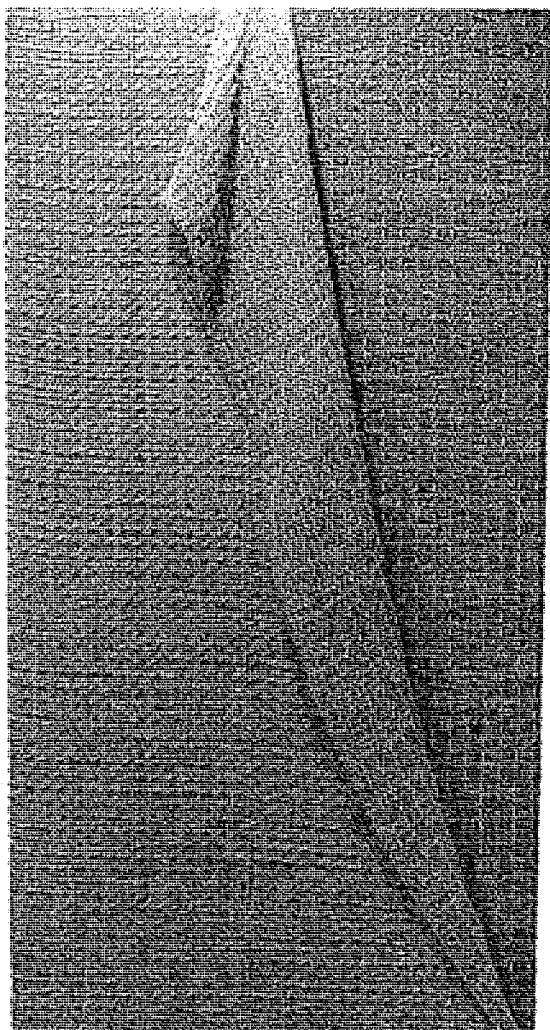
Dr. Victor Frankl, a WWII concentration camp survivor and the author of *Man's Search for Meaning*, once said that happiness is not something that can be pursued; it *ensues* when we use our talents constructively. This is a fairly weighty reference, but I really think that the blind chase for happiness is behind much of the dissatisfaction people feel with the social life here. Good

(cont'd on page 39)

Gallery

THE ORGANIC FORM





My work seeks to unify the rigidity of the minimalist art with the complexity of organic forms. I had originally planned to execute minimalist weavings by restricting myself to the most fundamental elements of art. However, in the process of working, a gradual metamorphosis has taken place, marked by the intrusion of progressively greater degrees of organic, non-minimalist overtones.

In past years, I have concentrated on creating organic forms within several different media. Working through minimalist ideals has allowed me to expose the most essential expressions of organic forms in their most rare states. The peeling layers, inviting openings, and soft undulations all serve to reveal organic forms in a state of utter simplicity.

weavings by Mary Pat Braet

Fiction

The drive down from Boston has taken a little more than six hours. What started out as a typically misty, damp New England October morning is now an almost painfully bright Pennsylvania afternoon. The sunlight streams through my windshield as I drive southwest along Route 202 from New Hope, but my thoughts are too far inward to be touched by it. The brilliant crimsons and ambers of the passing forests register only the faintest impression on my preoccupied mind. My thoughts fly briefly back north where most of the leaves have already fallen; those that remain cling tenaciously to their branches like survivors of a shipwreck who cling desperately to the splintered remains of their ship. The only thing is to hang on, to survive and hope for help even when none is possible. As a younger man, I regarded such resistance to the inevitable as the trademark of a fool; now, I know that the struggle counts for something. Sometimes, it's everything.

It has been almost ten years since I last passed this way and surprisingly little has changed. There is the odd new shopping mall or apartment complex, but for the most part everything is as I remember it. In one of her letters a couple of years after I had left, my mother had written that things were slowing down in the area; the spate of new malls and condominiums had subsided and central Bucks County had reassumed the relaxed, unhurried atmosphere in which I had grown up. After twenty-two years, I reflected the characteristics of that environment: calm, confident, wealthy, yet understated and a bit removed. Ten years away from it have also made their mark, and I will never again be as I once was. Too much of the outside world has intruded.

The old Baptist church with its adjacent graveyard sits at the base of my old sledding hill. I remember flying down it with the reckless abandon of childhood, conscious only of the joy of speed and unconcerned about the old wall that stood ready to greet those who had not yet learned the art of swift turning. That wall and I met on many occasions, as if I were trying to burst through it into the graveyard which it surrounded. At times I can still

Flowers For My Brother

by Paul M. DiNardo

see it looming in front of me—sometimes it's a person, sometimes it's a job, sometimes it's just a stoplight or a tree. I have grazed it once or twice, but thus far I have managed to avoid a collision. But I'm getting tired; ten years of swift turns have taken their toll.

As I turn onto Dark Hollow Road, I give the church one last look. The cemetery intrudes into the lower left corner of the rear-view mirror and suddenly I remember the flowers next to me on the seat. I had meant to stop there before I continued on my way. I guess it can wait, but I feel a sense of betrayal and guilt; after all, he is the one I came to see. Suddenly, the car drops with a sickening thud; the flowers scatter and the graveyard flies out of my hindsight. I slam on the brakes, but it is too late. Although the wheel is out of the pothole, I can tell by the way the car is leaning that the tire is flat. The road here is too narrow to stop and change it, so I have to drive around the bend up ahead where the road gets wider and flatter. The tire thumps like an angry tympanist as I start forward, careful to avoid the hole with my rear wheel. Rounding the bend, I see that there is space off to the right and I pull over, silencing my discontented drummer. I am careful to be far enough from the bend so that I am not surprised by a teenager trying to impress his girlfriend with a tight turn, as I had done in high school. I used to take that turn with my wheels screeching, flying around it so that Gina was flung up against me, clutching at my shoulders while I laughed at my cunning and my courage. I was always the best at turns, just as I was the best at everything else. I have only recently come to realize how difficult it must have been for my brother to accept that but accept it he did, or so he made me think. It wasn't until he missed a turn that

I found out what he really thought.

The tire is completely blown and my car leans like a drunk seeking support from a fire hydrant. It has just occurred to me that I have left my jack at home and there is no telling when someone is going to come by here. At two-thirty in the afternoon, the roads have always been virtually deserted. The only people on the roads are housewives hurrying home from the store so that they can catch the last few minutes of their favorite soap opera; it is doubtful whether they would stop and thus miss the chance to see if Mary will go through with her abortion or if Chad is still sleeping with Lisa. A flat tire is not high enough in priority to warrant stopping: it takes at least a broken limb and preferably some blood. I never cease to be amazed at the number of people blood can draw. If someone doesn't come by soon, I may have to slit my wrists.

Rather than sit and wait by the car, I start to walk down the road in the direction I was heading. The sun is still high in the sky, but the day has taken on a bit of a chill, or maybe it's just me. The place is not very far from here, but then, wherever I am, it never is very far from me. Knowing that it will stay with me forever still doesn't make it any easier to bear. Trying to clear my head, I think about the covered bridge which I am approaching. Outside of my family, it probably constitutes more of my memories of this place than anything else. It reminds me of the days before the accident, when we were that most basic of American clichés: one big, happy family. Walking up toward it brings on a rush of memories. . . .

. . . I remember the first time my father took me fishing. We spent the entire day catching sunnies and throwing them back, only coming home when my mother called for us across the field. Walking through the bridge, I stumbled, cutting my forehead. My father gathered me up in his arms and carried me the rest of the way home, comforting me all the while. . . . Or the time when I was holding hands with my very first girlfriend and my father came driving by and pretended not to know me. . . . Gina and I walked through the bridge arm in arm after we made love for the first time, stopping to gaze up at the stars through the cracks in the room. . . . And there was one time, just before the accident, when my

father and I went for a walk. We sat down upon the stone walls with our backs to the bridge and talked and talked. Those were the last civil words which we ever said to each other.

While I have been gone, I have only kept in touch with my mother. My father and I have not spoken since we almost got into a fight at my brother's funeral. He blames me for the accident, always has, and I must admit that, for a long time, I blamed myself. So I left. I said good-bye to my mother and I moved to Boston. I had a job offer there for a considerable salary with an international business firm and I would have done anything to get away from the old man. Until now, I had never come back. I wrote to my mother regularly and she always begged me to return, but I couldn't. I didn't want to face the accusing look that would be in my father's eyes.

My brother and I were both home for Thanksgiving. I was a senior in college, while he was just starting. I noticed the difference in him right away. When I had come back from school before, he had always been effusive in his greetings and we would soon go off by ourselves so that I could tell him all that had gone on since I had last seen him. This time, however, he was strangely reserved; when I called for him to come outside and talk with me while I chopped wood for that evening's fire, he demurred, telling me that he was going to meet some of his friends from school. When I asked what time he expected to be back, he shrugged and headed for the door. I came up behind him and grabbed his shoulder, whereupon he whipped around and knocked my hand away. I had never seen him wear the expression that was now on his face; I was too shocked to say anything, such was the resentment that I saw there. We stared at each other, silently, and then he turned and walked out the door. I stood there, motionless, trying to figure out what had just happened.

I never did get an answer. My brother came into my room that evening and asked if he could borrow my driver's license. He did not mention what had occurred earlier and neither did I; I merely reached for my wallet and handed him my I.D. He took it with a mumbled "Thank you," and left. Since I had turned twenty-one, I had often lent my license to my brother. I never told my parents, but I assumed that they

knew; there had been no problems before and I trusted my brother not to get into trouble. Still, something made me call after him to be careful. To this day, I wonder if he heard me.

Sitting here with my back against the bridge, I half-expect my brother to come walking through it, bouncing the basketball that he always took down to the park on the other side. Sometimes, he, my father, and I would go down to the park and play HORSE until my father got too tired. Then my brother and I would invariably play one-on-one; I would always win, due more to an advantage in height than an advantage in talent. As my father got older, he stopped coming with us, and we two would often stop under the bridge after our games. Sometimes we stayed there for hours, watching the creek through the cracks in the floor and throwing the ball back and forth. I can see where we carved our names in one of the wooden slats. I remember the day we did that — it was the same day that my brother beat me in one-on-one for the first time. I guess that he felt the need to commemorate the victory, and it was only through the use of threats against his well-being that I ultimately dissuaded him from carving the score into the beam. As a concession, I did allow him to put his name above mine. It's still there, some fifteen years later, my private monument to a lost brother.

As trite as it sounds, time does heal all wounds, albeit some to a greater extent than others. I no longer miss my brother in the aching way that characterized the first few years after the accident; the sense of loss has been diffused by the intrusions of a continuing life. But there are pains that remain, the residue of a resentment, the extent of which has taken me years to realize. Even now, I'm not sure that I fully appreciate the turmoil that was brewing within my brother. It would surface on those rare occasions when basketball games between us ended in fights, but I sloughed that off as normal sibling rivalry. Now, I'm not so sure. It may have been the first signs of dissatisfaction with having to follow my act. It truly was a tough act to follow, but my brother plugged away at it, all the while hating it, wanting to be himself, not me. If only I had talked to him, asked him, perhaps things would have been different. Perhaps the accident would never have happened. Perhaps, perhaps. . .

An approaching car rouses me from my reverie. I figure that I had better stand outside of the bridge so that the driver will better be able to see me when I try to flag her down. The sun has sunk almost to the horizon; I must have spent three hours lost in my own thoughts. I see the car coming down the road toward me; it's a new model, one of those that are advertised on T.V. as being better than the Japanese cars. I wonder if its jack will fit my car. I wave as the car comes through the bridge and the driver slows as he approaches. He stops about fifty feet away, just sitting there, and I wonder if there is any sort of problem. I can see that he or she is looking at me, sizing me up perhaps, wondering who I am. After a minute or so, the driver starts forward, obscured from my view by the glare of the setting sun across the windshield. The side door opens as the car pulls alongside of me and when I bend down to get in, a voice from the past greets me: "Hello, son."

"I'm almost not surprised to see you here," my father says, looking over my shoulder at the setting sun. "This always was your favorite place."

I don't say anything. I can't say anything. I had not even thought about the possibility of running into my father. In fact, I had deliberately not told my mother that I was going to make this trip because I suspected that she might attempt a reunion. Lord knows, I didn't want to deal with that. But now he's here standing before me and I've lost my words.

My father looks up at me expectantly, waiting for a reply. His gaze is a surprisingly shy one, like that of a child asking for help from a teacher on his first day at school. Gone is the anger that flashed between us when last we saw each other. At least, it's not apparent on the surface; most likely it lurks below, awaiting the words from me which will bring it to the fore, a tidal wave of recrimination. But those words are locked behind my lips.

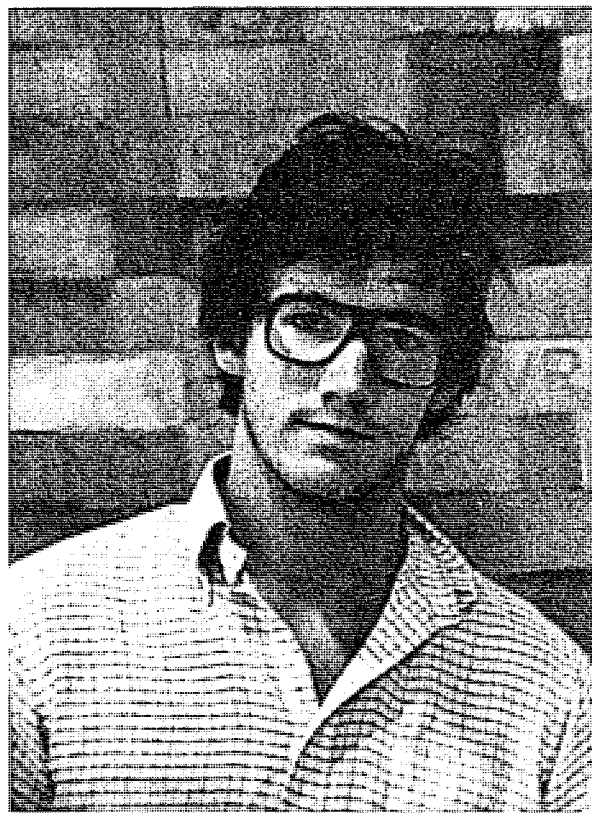
With a sigh, my father turns toward the bridge. His back is toward me, but I can still hear him quietly say, "What brings you back here? I don't imagine you came all this way to see me?" There is a bitterness in his voice that comes through in spite of the effort he makes to have this sound lightly

(con'td on page 42)

Gallery

Ironic Imagery: Bill Arzbaecher

I draw and paint pictures of people from photographs. The photos that interest me most are expressive of people smiling and laughing. These photographs are to me ironic because they are simply captured images, still and dead. When I work from these images I cannot help but add my own expression of the irony that I see.



Bill is a senior at Notre Dame. He will receive his B.A. in art in May.



Untitled; drawing and collage; 1981.



Portrait of Artist's Father; Oil on Canvas;
1981.

mm



Untitled; Oil on Canvas; 1981.

Poetry

BY ANGELA WAGNIAUX

Hey

Hey! I don't want —
I don't want —
I don't want to be
your Mamma,
your Woman,
your Old Lady.

Hey! I ain't
your foxy catch,
your clucking chick,
your panting lap dog.

And Why do you like me
in high High Heels?
Am I Not Tall Enough?

Maybe it's my
hip-swinging action
grooving with your
mammal-gland gazing
that you relish.

Well, I ain't no
Hors d' oeuvres,
no tray of desserts . . .

So Stop Pick-Pocketing My Pride,
man.

Miles From It

I saw FLASH
that was all.

Winds blew
and later dust
settled in my skin
—seething.

Fallout they cried,
ran, moaned,
scuffled and screamed

I kept slamming into things,
or people, or nothing

My eyes screech

Shelter—
is that what I want?
I think . . .
But

Much
makes me lose
my sense . . .
of what?

Existence
I think . . .

I Sit Wickered

I sit wickered on the
porch, cool cricket air
touching my grown skin.
And I remember the
gift of you — woods.
I celebrated with friends
your hickory vines
by flailing outstretched
across the ravine.
We howled in tribal
fashion through your
trodden passageways,
and
Devoured path-finders'
lunches in gentle clearings
Tapestried light shone
on our barefooted
rituals.
And you, my woods all the
while swung wide
like a loose-hinged
screen door to the
questions that we posed.

Wide Streets

"Wide streets and narrow minds"

so true . . . so true

the journey is necessary
in order to see

the crusted decay
the dacron stretch
the uproar descent
the railroad color-cross
the bloated hunger growl
the black-spark shots

that lie beyond.

BY MARY MCJERNNEY

BY ANN STRUHS

Tell Me

Tell me
the auburn sunset is
polluted air reflected.
Remind me
the silver moon is
a mass of dirty craters.
Rob me of my dreams.
Clear my rosy vision.

All in the name of "love."

Ceremonial

I cannot stop remembering
Mother's hand grasping mine,
fragile as china,
I thought it would break.
The strange tears in her eyes;
a presence not often seen.

Fr. Ward talked of their wedding day —
happiness and hopes
for children, home.
Some have come,
some have faded
into the
procession,
in then up,
down then out.

Bed of roses
on hard-oak casket;
Brothers' arms
carry the corpse;
cement chunks
date your existence.

After ceremony dinner —
pot-luck.
They discuss philosophy.
Who cares about Marx and Hegel?

He was my father.

With Best Wishes

Quietly addressed,
they emerge from their containers
with whispers of sorrow,
embraces of hope,
surges of strength.

Both painted and handwritten
the words rise from the paper,
producing tears to ease
the headaches that won't cease,
the shoulders too tight to shrug,
the hands that continue to shake.

In shades of grey and blue
they welcome you
to return.

A Senior's Lament

In this time of upheaval I like to imagine
I'm a redwood tree with deeply buried roots
That never moves from the spot where it fell
when just an acorn.

The redwood knows only stability and endurance
But I must deal with uncertainty and transience
As my roots are severed and pulled out of the
nurturing soil

Once again.

Flowers

by Greg Bachhuber

Wild flowers grew once upon the hills of Khe Sanh
Even as the young flowers of a nation
tumbled out of helicopters in a morning mist
to die for the old men's dreams.
A bastion was dug into the peaceful hills
and the flowers were buried in the hidden bunkers,
an underground garden surrounded by wire
sandbags and claymores.
The youth of a nation. The flames of God.

Like minnows wriggling on a fishhook
the young men were bait,
Luring the young flowers of another nation
to the green, peaceful ridges.
The hilltops of Khe Sanh became death and gave death
to the Vietnamese that attacked it
to the U.S. marines in the underground garden
And to the wildflowers that grew
on the hills of Khe Sanh.

And then. . . .

The young flowers of the nation came back.
Those that died were buried in the ground,
perhaps to grow again.
But the withered flowers,
the ones who survived the explosions of twisted turf
the tracers and frags and arclights
the stench of decaying bodies and
the follies of the old men
Came back to the land and lies they loved.
And like all withered flowers
were forgotten in a mourning mist.

In February of 1968, two regiments of United States Marines were airlifted into an isolated area of northern South Vietnam, near the Khe Sanh fire base. The Marines acted as bait for the two North Vietnamese divisions (eight regiments) in the vicinity. At the end of the two-month siege, Marine casualties were 205 dead and 852 seriously wounded. Vietnamese dead were estimated to number between 10,000 and 15,000.



Senior

Photo

Sampler



Mike Mulligan

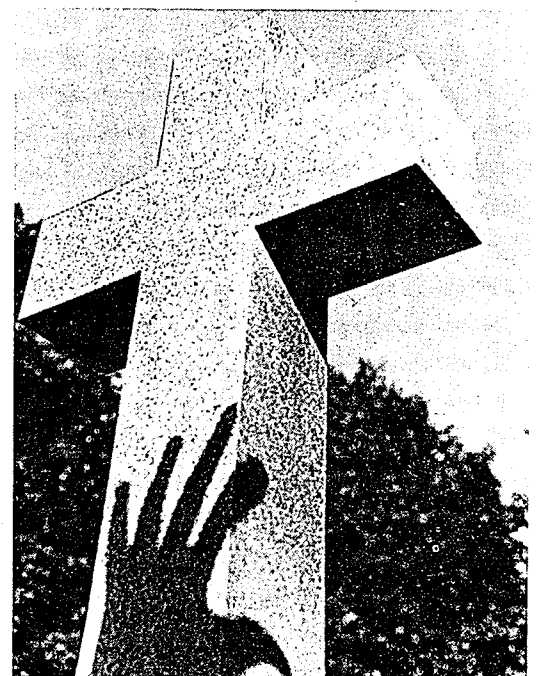


Mike Mulligan

Dan Ferris



Beth Domnick



Perspective—SMC Seniors (cont'd from page 29)

times don't exist without people who creatively seek out other people and activities they truly enjoy. Changes in parietals or drinking restrictions may have some positive effects, but the most basic ingredient for a good social life is a willingness to plunge into it with imagination and enthusiasm. This usually involves taking a risk. It also involves a willingness to contribute to the group whatever talents one may have. Since ND and SMC consciously search for students who will enhance the student body composition, it is probable that there is a wide variety of talent and interests here. It's a lot easier to survive and even enjoy your time here if you commit yourself to involvement.

Academics is the single most time-consuming part of college life, and it can threaten a person's survival. It can also be the most exhilarating aspect of a person's four years in college. It will be the main stepping-stone to life beyond graduation, so it might be simplest to just recognize that fact and stop denigrating its importance. There doesn't have to be a constant debate over whether a student's friends or his studies are more critical and lasting. They both are! A friend who's flunking out is usually not very happy and a friend who's preoccupied with school is usually only a half-friend. How seriously each person takes his studies is a private decision which may hinder or help personal development. The key here is balance. It's possible to survive either four years of "getting by" or four years of "throating it out," but the first case neglects the individual's responsibility to himself while the second ignores the community. Both extremes are sources of problems, problems that are *not* unique to SMC or ND.

Maybe the most important thing about surviving is remembering that college can be a lot more than just staying alive. College is more than just confusion and problems! It's a chance to experiment with ideas and at least partially determine your course in life: who and what to be. For me, that chance has been one of the most exciting things in my life. ☐

Elizabeth Tranel, a senior from Broadview, Montana, is an English Literature/Government Major at Saint Mary's College.

The Pyre

(cont'd from page 43)

the intense feelings of horror and grief that come from witnessing such a tragic event. She identified with the fear and the sorrow. She only wished that everyone could identify with the agony that these people must be going through.

Mrs. Andrews might say how the photograph, while sensitive and sympathetic, can only intensify her pain. She would say, however, that she is now beyond such pain; she will not allow it anymore. She will not allow it to interfere.

Alison might say that on that tragic day she delighted in the boys' playfulness, and then at the terrible moment it was her *own* sorrow that commanded her to take the picture. For surely, something horrible was occurring in front of her. Her instant decision to freeze it on film was concurrent with the frightening fact that that image would be forever frozen in her memory.

Yet, none of this, none at all, is said. Nothing need be said. Understanding and compassion precede all language.

Both women embrace tightly. They embrace in their common sorrow and regret. Their shoulders become dampened from each other's tears.

One thing is said, and that is this by Mrs. Andrews: "I'm going now to visit my son at the hospital."

Alison prepares herself to leave. She reaches the door, turns the knob, and proceeds to pull open the door when she hears Mrs. Andrews say:

"Would you like to come with me? It's night and it's dark and I'd prefer a companion."

Alison thinks to decline for fear of intruding. She does not decline, however. She remembers that her camera is no longer hanging around her neck. ☐

Formals

(cont'd from page 15)

afterwards. The boys had an 11:00 curfew on weekdays, 12:00 on weekends, and 1:00 on formal weekends. Besides, there was nothing to do in South Bend after 1:00 anyway."

Mrs. Anastasio said, "There were usually football games and picnics during the day but most of the Saint Mary's girls spent the day getting ready for that night. Saint Mary's was like a finishing school and Sister Katherine Marie would always tell us, 'You must always be properly dressed in case you meet a bishop.' So we never wore pants and the only time we were allowed to leave campus without a hat and gloves was for a formal and then we had to wear gloves, usually long ones. Because of this, you could tell a Saint Mary's girl whenever you saw one but still, you could never tell her anything!"

Both Mrs. Prebys and Mrs. Anastasio said they didn't eat at all before a dance and that no alcohol was served once they got there. "But you always knew where you could get it, if you wanted it," they said. They had to sign out when they left campus and their curfews were 8:30 on weekdays and 10:00 on weekends. The girls were allowed up to ½ hour after the dance to get home. They usually went on shuttle buses or in cabs; cars were rare.

Although there are a few exceptions to the rules—a few guys actually ask the girls out and pay, some guys buy corsages, and Phil wore a tuxedo—the fact remains that a typical formal evening is a bland date in comparison to the romantic dances of the past. Wouldn't it be nice if we could go back to that era when, "everything was dreamy, . . . all of the men were handsome and distinguished and the girls were beautiful?" ☐

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Essay . . .

(cont'd from page 7)

less lateralized brains; that is, their hemispheres are less specialized at performing certain functions and share more tasks. As girls generally reach puberty two years in advance of boys the findings have provided room for speculation that "the bundle of nerve connections, the corpus callosum, between the two hemispheres of the female brain have less time to lateralize, or draw apart, during puberty."

The two intimately connected hemispheres of the female brain would communicate more rapidly—an advantage in integrating all the detail and nuance in an intricate situation, but according to Levy a disadvantage "when it comes to homing in on a few important details."

Electroencephalogram measurements have been used to record the electrical events accompanying the performance of any mental task within the brain. These measurements have verified the theory of specialization of function in one hemisphere resulting in more efficient performance by the two.

When boys are involved in tasks employing spatial concepts, such as figuring out mentally which of three folded shapes can be made from a flat, irregular piece of paper, the right hemisphere is activated consistently. In boys, the fastest response always follows the presentation to the left visual field (right hemisphere). Girls, in contrast, continue to do their best when the task is presented to the right visual field, indicating that they use their left hemisphere for both visual-spatial processing and verbal tasks.

(cont'd on page 45)

Symposium

(cont'd from page 17)

The Word of God's revelation is profoundly marked by the fundamental truth that man, created in the image of God, shares his work in the activity of the creator and that, within the limits of his own human capabilities, man in a sense continues to develop that activity and perfects it as he advances further and further in the discovery of resources and values contained in the whole of creation." (p. 241)

Man imitates God through work and the manner in which he works. Men and women, by their various manners of work, ought to help one another become more virtuous people. At the same time they should work together in completing the task set before them by God—to fill the world with peace, justice, and charity. The Pope believes that as men and women fulfill their calling to work and labor, they also bear a small part of the Cross of Christ who bore a much greater burden of toil and work than any person ever could. Thus, through human labor, which is often tedious and difficult, humans share in the creative and redemptive process of God. We are

by nature and by calling co-creators with God. The Pope wishes that all persons may find a more profound understanding of human work in light of his "spirituality of work."

With respect to this University, the *Laborem Exercens* will give greater meaning to a business education at Notre Dame. Presently, the goal of the College of Business Administration is to achieve excellence in all fields of business. Its task is to not only provide the marketplace with students having a superior education in business but also to give its students a vision of being co-creators with God.

The College of Business Administration at Notre Dame is obligated to do all it can to encourage its students to adopt a spirituality of work. The business students, in turn, must cultivate such a spirituality. In focusing their understanding on the call to advance the Kingdom of God, they will see that fulfillment is not only gained by making money. Fulfillment will be seen as coming from doing work well and contributing to the common good. Profits will be seen as a means of attaining the common good.

The symposium on the encyclical *Laborem Exercens* in May will en-

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APPOINTMENTS OR WALK IN

able students to explore religious values in the economic environment. Professors Stanley Hauerwas, Barry Keating, Denis Goulet, Mark J. Fitzgerald, C.S.C., and administrator Ernest J. Bartell, C.S.C., will represent the University of Notre Dame. Many other distinguished scholars and business executives will join them: Michael Novak, Rev. J. Bryan Hehir, George C. Lodge, Thomas R. Donahue and Mary Cunningham.

The focus of the symposium will be threefold. The first part will deal with the theological concept of co-creation. Secondly, discussion will focus on the "middle way" of the Pope's social thought. This "middle way" is an economic course designed to avoid the pitfalls of both "rigid capitalism" and materialistic Marxism. The final aspect will be the implications of the Pope's "middle way" for corporate capitalism.

To date, this symposium on *Laborem Exercens* is one of the most important symposiums on the Pope's encyclical to be held in the United States. Following the symposium, a book of seventeen essays, designed for college business schools, will be published. For students planning to enter corporate life, the symposium will afford greater insights into problems facing the economic community and some answers to such problems.

Chris Rowland is a senior Philosophy major. Rich Preuss will complete a master's degree in Theology.

Senior Statistics

(cont'd from page 23)

Law Schools, and to keep other alternatives open, such as job internships. We try to assure that their applications to Law Schools are complete by the time of the Christmas vacation in the senior year.

Graduate programs in management (also called MBA programs) attracted 24 of the last year's Liberal Arts graduates. There are over 600 such programs in the country and about 150 of them are approved by the American Assembly of Collegiate Schools of Business. The duration of most of the programs is two years and results in the awarding of a Master's Degree in Business Administration. The purpose of this education is to produce a person who is skilled in decision-making and dealing with people. Some schools employ a "case study" approach (similar to the method of instruction used in Law Schools). Others are research oriented emphasizing computer applications and mathematics. Others use what is called an "eclectic"

approach which combines the two that I have mentioned. The MBA graduate is currently being sought by business concerns and starting salaries in middle management positions vary from \$15,000-\$22,500 per year. The field is beginning to become attractive to women and their chances for placement are as good or in most cases better than those of male graduates. Our job in the College is to acquaint our students with the excellent background that a liberal arts education provides for this training. We also counsel them on application procedures and the GMAT test which is a prerequisite for admission to all graduate programs in business. We encourage them to join the Arts and Letters Business Society, a group of students who plan either to attend MBA programs or go on to the world of work.

In short, there are many opportunities open to Arts and Letters graduates. We want the juniors to start moving now, this summer. Inevitably parents will be saying, "There's a real world out there, what are you going to do about it?" The talent is there and, as evidenced by the graduates themselves, does get put to use. We're here to help make it happen. □

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Flowers (cont'd from page 33)
conversational. It cuts through my mind's haze, suddenly unleashing a torrent of emotion; guilt, anger, fear flood my consciousness, battling for control. Anger wins out.

"You know why I came back," I assert hotly. I'll be damned if I'm going to indulge his self-pity. I glare at his back, openly hostile, waiting to see if my father will snatch at the bait of my provocation. He does not. Instead, he turns to face me, his eyes red with reflected sunset.

"Yes, I do," he says in that same quiet voice. "I was just on my way there. You know, he would have been twenty-nine today." He pauses, looking back up the road in the direction from which he came. "You should at least go and visit your mother. I've got some flowers that I'm taking — I take some every year — and I'll be at the graveyard for at least an hour or so. You wouldn't have to worry about my intruding; you don't even have to tell her that you saw me." He says this as if it were a challenge, the last test to see whether he lost one son or two on that November night.

"Maybe I will," I say defiantly, turning and starting to walk back toward my car.

"Where're you going?" my father demands. I hear him coming up behind me, so I quicken my pace. "Wait, son, please!" he cries out, but now I am running and he is left behind. I know that he can't keep up with me, so there's no sense in running anymore, but I enjoy the feeling of freedom that it imbues in me. It's good to get away from him again.

Three cars drive past in quick succession, piloted by men in open collars and loosened ties who are anxious to get home after a day at the office. They take the bend widely, perhaps startled by my crippled car and waving arms, slow momentarily, and then continue on their way. If I don't get this tire changed soon, it will be dark, and I still have the ride back to Boston tonight and work tomorrow. "Shit," I mumble under my breath. I hop up and sit on the hood, my heels kicking at the tires. Out of the corner of my eye, I can see my father trudging up the road toward me. His head is lowered; he seems much more bent than the figure with whom I had spoken only a few minutes ago. He looks up at me momentarily, and I can see that his face is set, fixed in its determination. The last act has begun.

"I've read the letters you sent your mother," he says. "She doesn't know. I found them by accident a couple months ago, every letter from the past ten years."

"Those letters weren't for you to read. You had no business . . ."

"I had every business. Like it or not, you're still my son. You can't run away from that . . ."

"Shut up."

" . . . I admit I made a mistake. I would have told you so myself, had you given me the chance. But by the time I had cooled off enough to think things through, you were gone to Boston and telling your mother that you hated me and hated this place and were never coming back . . ."

"Shut up. SHUT UP!"

" . . . No, you be quiet. You're going to listen to this . . ."

I pull my knees up to my chest and put my head down upon them, covering my ears with my hands. I can sense him standing over me, and in spite of my protective measures, his words penetrate my defenses.

" . . . For too long you've held the world at arm's length. You took your guilt and anger and built a wall around you to keep out the rest of the world. But you can't live like that forever, blocking out the past, safe within your little self-made enclave. Accept what's happened; I have. That wall may look high and thick and strong from inside, but give it a good shove and it'll come tumbling down. That's all it takes, and your mother and I are waiting for you here on the outside. We love you. We want you back home. We want to be a whole family again."

My father's insights strike hard at the core of my fears. They crystallize in my thoughts even as the words are spoken. It is like doing a difficult math problem that becomes so jumbled it is impossible to solve and you just give up and throw everything away. But then, someone comes along, patiently re-assembles it, presents you with the solution, and suddenly it all falls into place. You can see where you first left the path and the results of your wanderings. I can see the letters from Gina lying unanswered on my desk, the cursory correspondence kept up for a little while with friends from home, and especially the letters sent home, sterile except for the invectives hurled against my father. I can see every stone in the wall I have built; its foundation is deep and strong, the product of ten years' labor.

I open my eyes. My father is leaning up against the car, looking at me like a poker player who has bet everything on one hand and is waiting for his opponent to lay down his cards. I see in him the leaf that refuses to let go, that has held on for ten years waiting for a reprieve that probably will never come. Through the windshield, I can see flowers for my brother scattered across the front seat. The wall is too close now; there is no turning away.

In silence, my father and I begin the walk home. □

The Pyre

(cont'd from page 27)

surround him. And then he goes back to his studio and captures it all on canvas. Art, he calls it. It's a cruel mockery, that's what it is."

Alison no longer feels safe in the museum. She is uncomfortable. "I didn't know it was of a real accident. My God, though, it is real." To know it is real, that the boy is actually burning to death in the painting, sends a chill through her. "You can almost feel the pain that boy must have suffered." She pauses and looks at the boy. "He looks your age, the boy in the painting."

"He is."

She looks to the boy. Something is odd about his appearance. His blond hair is short and well-groomed. It glistens and smells of Brylcreem. He wears a red, plaid flannel shirt, tan slacks, and penny loafers. She stares at the penny loafers. They are new. They cannot possibly still sell such shoes, she thinks.

"How old are you?" she asks the boy. It seems improper to her now to have asked. He is a stranger, after all. But she wants to know the boy. Strangely, she thinks she knows him from simply gazing at the painting.

"I'm 18. I'll always be 18," he says sadly. He drops his head a little and brings his hand to his mouth to bite a nail. His hands, she now notices, are horribly mutilated. The flesh is torn away, burned away. His arm has been eaten by fire. She is not alarmed, but entranced. Events seem to flow by her like brush strokes on the canvas.

"Your hands," she says with concern, "do they hurt?"

"No, no, don't worry." He touches her arm to comfort her. She does not feel his grasp, but senses a cool breeze pass by her shoulder. "You can't know what it's like. You can

only know that it's over, that it's on canvas. Forever.

"While looking out through the window of the car I could see the whole crowd. I could see Cooper through the flames. Was he concerned? Did he care? Or did he just witness a moment of painful death and then ask himself, 'Is that real? Is that Death? Will it be that way for me?' Fear and mystery: that's what it is. That's all art ever is."

She wants to tell the boy that she cares, that every good person cares. She hangs her head while searching for the words. When she looks up to speak he is no longer there. He has vanished as quickly and as silently as he appeared. All that remains of him is the ghostly echo of his words.

She turns back toward the painting to look at the anguished face, the frightened blue eyes. It is the finely chiselled face of an 18-year-old boy, who died in a tragic car accident in 1967, driving home from his girlfriend's house. No one told Alison this, nor does she feel it to be imagined. She knows it to be true.

She stares at the painting for what seems an endless slice of time. Sorrow — that is all she can feel. She feels at fault for everything — for her photograph and for this painting. In the face of something so terrible, so sorrowful, what can she do? What can she do to help?

Upon returning to the Herald, Alison is approached by Bob DeWitt, the photo editor of the paper. DeWitt is a close friend of Alison's. The balding, rotund photo editor, although he cares little for the order of his appearance, does care for Alison, and he has guided her career with the *Herald* with the same patience and concern he would show for a daughter. He takes Alison by the arm, slaps the afternoon edition of the paper onto her desk and says in a serious tone, "Alison, something stinks about today's paper."

"Bob, what is it?"

"Alison, you know what it is. You shouldn't have let O'Brian sneak that letter in. It's a slap in the face for you and the entire photo department."

"Bob, I have no argument with Steve over the letter. It was his decision and a justifiable one." She pauses. "Look, Bob, thanks for your concern, but I really don't want to talk about this right now."

"Well, I want to talk about it. That picture was the best shot by any *Herald* photographer this month, perhaps this year."

"I don't need a pep talk, Bob. I'm

okay. I'm proud of my picture, of my work, though I'm not sure it's all proper. The mother of those boys was right to feel exploited."

"I don't want to hear any crap about exploiting someone else's suffering. You captured a great social tragedy on film. The landlord is being sued. The Fire Department is now inspecting every fire escape in the city. Warnings have been announced on radio and television about the dangers of children playing on the escapes. And it all comes back to you."

"Wouldn't all that have happened anyway?"

"No. Your picture made everyone conscious of the problem. Without the picture there'd be one dead kid and a lot of misery—without any hope for change."

Alison does not look at Bob, but stares down at her desk. Her lips quiver in an attempt to say something, but she hesitates and then remains silent. Bob notices her quiet anxiety. He touches her hand on the desk.

"Listen, Ali, you take the rest of the day off." Bob removes Alison's coat from the rack near her desk and slips it around her shoulders as she rises from her chair. "Come in tomorrow with a bright attitude. Because no matter what that idiot O'Brian thinks, the fact remains, Alison, that you're the best the *Herald's* got."

Alison smiles reluctantly at Bob's compliment. She embraces him with a quick hug. "Thanks, Bob. You may not always be convincing, but you're always kind."

Alison walks briskly out of the newsroom. Her eyes glance left and right at the busy people she passes. She glides through the door without interrupting her swift and nervous pace.

Alison rides in a taxi later that day. She has left her camera behind. There will be no more photographs today.

Dusk has stifled the glow of day. The city becomes illuminated with thousands upon thousands of glimmering lights. The headlights of the taxi eat at the night, plowing forward toward Alison's destination.

Alison holds in her hand a small slip of paper. On the paper is written an address. She is oblivious to the passing cars and the noise of the traffic as she fumbles with the piece of paper. She does not need the paper, because she remembers the address well.

The trip is short, but she wishes it were over sooner. The taxi roughly

halts. The cabby looks into the rearview mirror. "We're here, lady," he says. Alison slips the cabby some money and walks onto the sidewalk and through the entrance of a large brownstone apartment building. . . .

Alison knocks on the door in front of her as she fumbles with the slip of paper. "Who is it?" inquires a soft, female voice behind the door. The door opens as far as the chain permits. Apprehensive eyes stare out through the opening. "Yes? What do you want?"

"Mrs. Andrews?"

"Yes. Who are you?"

"My name is Alison Lock. I, uh, I saw the picture, the picture of your sons in the paper. I just thought, well, what I want to say is I'm sorry. For everything that's happened."

What follows is an unbearable canyon of silence. Mrs. Andrews stares at Alison. Alison struggles for something to say. She takes off her glasses, plays with them, hopes that they will provide her the articulateness she needs.

"Is that all you came to say?"

"No, I—"

"How did you get my address?"

"Mrs. Andrews, I don't wish to intrude. The picture, the picture of your sons . . . I took it, I'm the one. I'm the photographer who was there." Alison is on the verge of tears.

"Yes." This is all Mrs. Andrews can say.

"Today I read your letter and I've never felt so unsure about something I've done. I . . . I just can't . . ." Alison puts her hands up to her eyes. Tears stream down her cheeks. "I can't . . . tell you . . . how really sorry I am." Alison leans on the door frame. She turns and steps away from the door. "I'm sorry," she says. "I shouldn't have come."

Mrs. Andrews opens the chain and puts her arm on Alison's shoulder. She brings Alison inside and closes the door. She seats Alison on a sofa and runs off to fetch some water. She returns with a glass. Alison wipes her nose and sniffs. She takes the glass and drinks from it. In a few moments Alison becomes calm again. And what can be said between the two?

Mrs. Andrews might say how she did not intend the letter she wrote to the newspaper to cause such sorrow. She was rightfully angry when she wrote the letter, but she is past such anger. All that she wishes to remain is *hope*.

Alison might say how she took the photograph in hopes of capturing

(cont'd on page 39)

River Voyage . . .

(cont'd from page 22)

these thoughts against the other, a spark is kindled, and insight into the human essence. It is that we are sources of life to one another and yet we have the source of life within ourselves. Or better, we are sources of life to one another *because* we have the source of life within ourselves. It would be those who have not yet discovered the source of life within themselves who have "not one thought to rub against another, while they wait for the train."

If the human essence were present only in man and woman together, say, and not in man by himself and woman by herself, then we would be sources of life to one another but we would not have the source of life within ourselves. So it would be also if the human essence were present only in "the ensemble of the social relations" and not in each single individual. As soon as I contemplate the idea of the human essence being present in man and woman together, I must admit, I can see there must be some truth in it. Freud's vision, if we were to translate it into these terms, would be just this, that man and women are sources of life to one another but do not have the source within themselves apart from one another. It is a vision of need: a human being is never whole but is always a being in need. Marx's vision is parallel: the human essence is present in human beings together, not in the small togetherness of man and woman, to be sure, but in the large togetherness of human society.

My experience of our voyage together on the riverboat points in the same direction, to a presence of the human essence in human beings together, in man and woman together, in all of us together. My experience of passing over, though, taking aloneness as my starting point, going over to the aloneness without privacy among the people from the hammocks and to the experience of absence and longing among the people from the cabins, points to a presence of the human essence in each single individual.

Presence is the key element in the experience. We are sources of life to one another because when we are together something becomes present among us, a richness of human life, what I have been calling "the human essence." The presence in all of us together, though, begins to be felt only when we begin to pass over and to enter into one another's lives. That is the way it happened on the river-

boat. At first, the human essence was eclipsed by the separations among us, especially by that between the people from the cabins and those from the hammocks. For me there was a further separation, between me and both those classes of people on the riverboat. The separations began to break down then as we began to enter into one another's lives. We began each to share more fully in the human essence that had been divided up, as it were, among us. To share life with others and lack privacy like the people from the hammocks, to have privacy and stand outside the life of others like the people from the cabins, to lack human ties or not live out of the human ties one does have like me, is to have something of the richness of human life and to lack something of it. When we began to enter into one another's lives, we began to come into a kind of fullness of life. It is then that the human essence began to shine forth among us. It is then that its presence among us began to be felt.

Its presence makes me think of the presence of God; its eclipse and its shining forth make me think of the eclipse of God and the shining forth of God. I think of that now as I reflect upon it and try to complete our voyage in thought, carrying it through to the ultimate sources of life. At the time, however, while I was on the riverboat, I thought only of the richness of human existence. Our voyage, it is true, seemed *meant* somehow, even at the time, and to that extent God seemed to be at work in it. What I encountered on the voyage, nevertheless, seemed to be something human. As I carry it through now in thought, therefore, shall I look for the source of human life in God?

Marx says of Feuerbach that he "resolves the religious essence into the human essence" (10), and Marx himself goes on to resolve the human essence into "the ensemble of the social relations." My experience, our voyage together and our entering into one another's lives, is leading me in the opposite direction, from the social relations to the human essence and its presence among us. Shall I take the further step now, from the human essence to the religious essence? As I understand it, "the religious essence" is the image of God in human beings. It is what is spoken of in Genesis, "So God created man in his own image, in the image of God he created him; male and female he created them" (11). It is present, as the words imply, in man and wo-

man. Feuerbach has it the other way around, that man has created God in his own image, in the image of man he has created Him. Thus Feuerbach "resolves the religious essence into the human essence." But he never says what the human essence is. If I do the reverse, resolving the human essence into the religious essence, I am saying that human beings are in the image of God, that the human essence is a relationship with God, that we have the source of life within ourselves because God is in us.

Is there an inexhaustible source of life within us? That is the question, put in terms of our voyage to the sources of life. If our voyage seemed *meant*, it was because of the richness of life we discovered on it. But is the richness of life inexhaustible? A person might draw the opposite conclusion from an experience of boredom. "In the absence of conflict, of contending interests, of anguish and agitation," Herbert Read has Olivero say in *The Green Child*, "I had induced into my environment a moral flaccidity, a fatness of living, an ease and a torpor which had now produced in me an inevitable ferment" (12). Instead of "a richness of life" there is in boredom "a fatness of living." The "inevitable ferment" that boredom produces, however, the dissatisfaction that arises from an exhausted life, seems very similar to the indefinite longing for someone or something, the loneliness that comes from a lack of connection with others. That longing and loneliness, I found on our voyage, instead of being an ending, can be a starting point for passing over to others, for discovering a richness of life that has been hidden by the boredom and exhaustion of our social relations.

I heard a story while I was at Belém, before our voyage began, about a Spanish caravel at the mouth of the Amazon. It was a parable of exhaustion and inexhaustible life. It took place in the days of the great voyages of exploration (13). The sailors aboard the caravel were dying of thirst. The caravel was floating in the wide expanse of waters at the mouth of the river. The sailors were dying of thirst, that is, while they were floating, without knowing it, in fresh water. We are dying of thirst, the story seems to say, because we believe we have already exhausted the sources of our life, while in reality we are floating in a life that is inexhaustible. There is a darkness here, an unknowing and a dying, and there is a richness that is hidden, an inexhaustible life. □

(cont'd from page 40)

Thus, men would seem to have more "laterality," their cognitive functions being separately performed by the right or left hemisphere. Women, on the other hand, appear to use both simultaneously, or the left more often than the right, even for tasks which would seem to call for the right hemispheric control. Some researchers refer to women having a "diffuse awareness" and believe that women's brain activity is duplicated in both hemispheres due to the shorter amount of time the hemispheric regions have to draw apart during puberty. "Nerve-transmission mechanisms can thus call either or both sides of the brain into play on a given task." Levy, along with others, believes that this helps explain female intuition, since "women may be better able to coordinate the efforts of both hemispheres. This might explain why women seem to think 'globally' or 'intuitively.'" Men, on the other hand, "generally do better in activities where the two hemispheres don't compete with, and thus hamper, each other . . . and are able to concentrate more effectively on specific problem-solving."

More recent studies done by a neurophysiologist verify hemispheric specialization tendencies, though providing further ground for speculation over the extent to which environmental influences can predispose cognitive development. David Shucard, using electroencephalographic sensors, studied how three-month-old infants processed speech and music heard through earphones. Almost without exception the test showed evidence that the girl babies process both speech and music with the left hemispheres and boys with the right. However, adults of either sex would, in normal cases, process the music on the right and the speech on the left.

According to Shucard, this difference indicates that the sexes favor different hemispheres early in life. Not only do they become more adept at the specialties of the favored half, but the extra stimulation in turn enhances the development of that side.

Thus his research provides evidence that the two hemispheres develop separately, one maturing faster than the other, the difference in rate depending on whether one is male or female. Shucard believes that the preference for one hemisphere over the other may account for differences

in verbal and manual proficiency, as well as behavioral patterns.

Roger Sperry, another neurobiologist from the California Institute of Technology, has also done extensive research on the hemispheres of the brain. Sperry's research has contributed a great deal of information about the right hemisphere and the relationships and communication between the two hemispheres. Sperry's research has lent support to the prevalent theory on the development of the hemispheres.

The prevalent theory on the matter holds that the two hemispheres of the brain develop at an equal rate albeit along separate paths and are equipotential in all functions until around age five, when the hemispheres lose their ability to act interchangeably, each moving into its own specialty, apparently in response to genetic programming due to evolutionary advantage.

Thus, as Sperry suggests, "It could be that females in general, if exposed to mechanical toys, would be more adept as adults at this kind of mental ability."

If Jerre Levy is correct in her theory of females' brains being largely dominated by the left hemisphere, and males' by the right, Sperry's research provides some room for further speculation on the significance of the left/right domination pattern. Said Sperry following his investigations,



Each hemisphere has its own inner visual world, each cut off from the conscious awareness of the other, . . . each of the separated hemispheres appears to have its own private sensations, perceptions, thoughts, feelings, and memories. Neither hemisphere knows about the experience of the other; our hemisphere remains oblivious to the existence of the other. . . .

Psychologists interpreting Sperry's findings see this oblivion as "maintained throughout our lives. Each lobe of the brain sees the world through the same eyes, hears through the same ears and, generally by virtue of living in the same body, has the same experiences as they develop."

It is interesting to note that Sperry has concluded from his work that "our educational system and modern society generally discriminate against one whole half of the brain," meaning the right hemisphere. He feels the educational system is totally geared to the development of the left hemisphere with its emphasis on the analytical, linguistic skills.

Sperry's research does seem to lend support to the heredity side of the nature/nurture controversy. But, more to the point of the argument of the essay, his research and that of others cited here, provides a sound basis for asserting that intellectual differences between men and women do exist. What the implications of this evidence of the differences are for the educational system will be addressed in the latter part of the essay. I think the implications of these differences should be especially significant for institutions that were originally all male, and were designed for men, but later became co-educational. I would like to close this section of the essay by quoting one psychologist's statement regarding the significance of the male and female brain research:

Minds are not infinitely malleable in response to their experiences. Certain brain circuits appear to be genetically preprogrammed to develop in certain ways. *Perhaps most far-reaching is the fact that the psyche seems inextricably embedded in the physiology of the brain.* □

Laurie Tychsen is a senior in the Program of Liberal Studies. This is her first contribution to Scholastic.

Culture Update

MUSIC

... at Notre Dame

April 29 — Christine Lindsay, pianist — 8:15 p.m. — Annenberg Auditorium — Admission \$2.00.

ART

... at the Snite Museum of Art

April 18-May 16 — Annual Student Exhibition — O'Shaughnessy Galleries.

April 18-June 13 — Retrospective Works of Ambrose Richardson, F.A.I.A. — O'Shaughnessy Galleries.

April 25-June 27 — Manuel Alvarez Bravo; Two Portfolios — Print, Drawing and Photography Gallery.

(gallery hours: T-F, 10-4 p.m., S-S, 1-4 p.m.; Closed M.)

... at the Isis Gallery

April 26-30 — Martin Smith and Peter Rodes — Student Exhibition.

May 7-21 — Indiana University Printmaking Exhibition.

(gallery hours: M-F, 10-4 p.m.; Closed S-S)

... at Saint Mary's

Through April 28 — Margo Hoff Paintings — Moreau Gallery.

April 30 — Faculty-Student Show — All Galleries.

(gallery hours: M-F, 9:30-12, 1-3; Sun, 1-3; Closed Sat.)

Move Over Rockne

(cont'd from page 5)

women as the "nurturant, feeling helpmate" and a need for men to view marriage as a "conjugal unit," rather than as a lopsided relationship where the female is secondary to the male.

Increasing the number of women students is another way to normalize the University. Notre Dame currently accepts 500 women and 1250 undergraduate men. Although far from equal access, it is a major improvement from the days of the seventeen to one ratio. By September of '83, the figures should read 2100 women out of 7300 students, where it will stay until the numbers are evaluated again.

If Notre Dame ever reaches a system of equal access, a problem will arise from the housing system. Sister John feels that "We're past the point where we ought to be taking male halls and making them female halls. That would engender a resentment at this point in our history that would not be worth doing. . . . Either we have to have mixed dorms, or we have to have some other way in which to have flexibility instead of a set number of places in women's halls and a set number of places in men's halls."

Some people feel that coed dorms would greatly improve the social situation at Notre Dame. Students would come to view each other as friends and neighbors, almost as siblings, rather than as "members of the opposite sex." And since there seems to be an obvious lack of "neutral social space," a system of coed dorms would provide additional places where men and women could meet, outside the classroom, without the risk of turning into a pumpkin when the parietal bells chime twelve times.

In the meantime, students must rely on the efforts of Tara Kenney and other concerned students to push for a new Student Center so we may have adequate "neutral space" to develop more normal male/female relationships and thereby accelerate the normalization of Notre Dame.

Women at Notre Dame are very much concerned with the issue of social space and better male/female relations. But what about female-female relationships? Are they not important as well, and necessary for Notre Dame women to be accepted as peers?

Sister Marietta Starrie, Lyons Hall Rector, feels that women's relationships with each other are crucial. She came to Notre Dame from Oberlin College in 1977. Since then, she has seen little change in undergraduate women's attitudes: "Women here lack interest in women's role at Notre Dame—they are more interested in job prospects than in changing stereotypes."

Sister Marietta feels that women are still second-class citizens at Notre Dame. In order to change certain discriminatory policies and to change the existing stereotypes and attitudes, women are not doing enough. "I find women at Notre Dame less willing to develop woman-to-woman relationships. Women should be more supportive of each other."

Some women at Notre Dame, very much interested in supporting each other, have formed a women's caucus. The caucus, whose goal is to "serve the women of Notre Dame as an informational organization," is at least the fourth such organization started on this campus.

Kathleen Weigert was one of the founders of the first women's group back in 1972. "After two years it fizzled. Most women didn't feel a need for a women's group. Rather than getting much accomplished,

they are basically a psychological support group."

This year's caucus, founded by Mary Ellen Sternitzke and Elizabeth Feehy, hopes to serve the women of Notre Dame on two levels: education and awareness. They see Notre Dame as still a traditionally male university with little or no means to service the individual needs of its women. "By forming support networks and discussion groups, we feel we can bring out many of the problems women are facing today and try to solve them. . . . But the major problem is that the Notre Dame women don't realize they have problems or that they can be changed."

"Change" has been the password for Notre Dame life in the past ten years. To go from an all-male University, both in numbers and attitudes, to a place conducive to natural male/female relationships will take much longer than the ten short years of coeducation already behind us. Sister John sees normalization as a step-by-step process in which women gain a little bit more every year. And little by little, step by step, Notre Dame women are making themselves seen and heard on an equal basis with the men. The biggest obstacles blocking the path are some lingering chauvinistic attitudes and stereotypes. But this is a societal problem. As women establish themselves more firmly in society, we will be better respected and accepted at Notre Dame. Until that time arrives, we must make the best of the opportunities Notre Dame offers by getting involved in Notre Dame life. I think it's about time for the legend of Knute Rockne and his all-American men to move over just a little—women are here to stay. □

Molly Noland is a junior American Studies major. This is her first contribution to Scholastic.

—The Last Last Word—

by Chuck Wood



Huge sigh of relief.

Here is some advice for any junior in the future who happens to become editor of this magazine: if people (supposedly your friends) start to tell you to think about being editor in your senior year "for the sake of continuity," become deaf, become rude, become a hermit, but don't listen to them. That is unless you're crazy enough already so that the additional insanity won't show visible scars.

Luckily, that description fit me perfectly. How do I know? Well, because I was crazy enough (pardon me, my tautology is showing) to listen to my friends' "continuity" arguments and do this job for another year.

Actually I have to admit that *Scholastic* has given me more education than insanity. For instance, I have learned that one cannot speak simply of *Scholastic* as some monolithic entity out there. There are several ways of talking about the magazine. In the interest of broadening your horizons, I thought I would share a few of those ways with you.

1.—*Scholastic* as ballast.

This one comes from my good friend, Mike Meeks. Mike has been invaluable help in distributing the magazine, and he was more than happy to carry the thousands of copies we run of each issue when winter came around. The extra weight, it seems, kept his car from ever getting stuck or sliding. I was glad to know our work does have practical use for *someone*.

2. I edit therefore I am; *Scholastic* as source of identity.

So there I was, sitting in my best friend's car waiting for both of our cars to warm up. It was the last night of Christmas vacation, January 1981. We were in the neighborhood of a mutual friend who had given me a farewell party (at which I was greeted with a "farewell cake" that read, "Go Terps, Beat Irish."); it was a nice, quiet, suburban Maryland neighborhood just beyond the D.C. border in Prince George's County.

Now while we were sitting there, a police car turned the corner and drove by us. "They're coming to get us," my friend joked. I laughed, and we kept talking, that is until we saw that same cop car come back down the street, with high beams on, and pull up

right behind us just in time to be joined by *another* cop car pulling around the corner, blinding us with its high beams, and driving up so we were blocked in.

What you have to understand about that moment is that P.G. County cops are not exactly well-known for liking Blacks or Long-Haired Youth of any race. Greg, my friend, is of the Caucasian persuasion, but he definitely had long hair at the time. And even though I had recently received the obligatory haircut-during-Break, I am definitely Black. The fear of the unknown loomed large in both our minds.

To make a long story short, someone in that nice, quiet neighborhood was worried about the two of us strangers sitting on their block. Since both of us live about ten minutes away, in different directions, one of the cops, upon finding out our addresses, expressed his concern for our being where we were as well. Perhaps we were a bit . . . out of our element?

The other policeman had gotten out of his car by this time and told me to get out and join him. In a situation such as this, so etiquette and common sense say, one ought not to make any "false moves"; for some reason, I did. You see, Greg, being a true friend, had a few *Scholastics* on his dashboard. And as I got out of the car I grabbed one of the magazines. To this day I do not know *why* I did that. What was I planning to do, beat the guy into unconsciousness with it? Ask him his opinion of that month's Gallery?

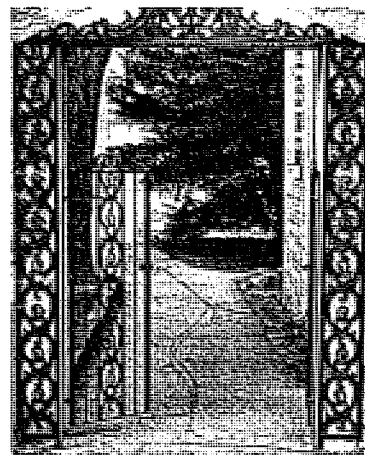
Luckily, he flinched but did not shoot. We went through the normal frisking routine. He asked me what we were doing there; I tried to tell him: it was my last night in town, we just came out of a party at that house over there, best friends, cars warming up, Notre Dame. . . . He did not seem very interested. By this time I felt pretty stupid holding this magazine in my hand.

But then . . . he asked me for positive identification. What a perfect setup for me, Chuck "Flair for the Dramatic" Wood. My driver's license or ND ID would have been much too mundane; "How about this?" I asked him as I turned around and fluttered the pages of the magazine to the back page.

And there it was — "The Last Word by Chuck Wood" with one of those great portraits from the camera of Eileen O'Meara. Perfect.

They let us go about a minute later.

(Memo to Beth Healy: *Scholastic*. Don't leave home without it.)



(cont'd on next page)

The First Last Word

by Beth Healy

As the last lingering patches of blackened snow finally melt, harsh Winter winds yield to balmy April breezes. (Knock on wood.) Once again the seasonal cycle is complete and Spring arrives, as fresh and frail as new grass.



Spring is a time of turning over new leaves and lives, a time of change. With change, we are often reluctant to relinquish what we have come to call our own. Springtime at the University brings a reluctance to move on, to walk away, to let go and let leave.

I don't remember thinking much about the graduating seniors my freshman year. Last year, I knew

only a small handful of those who left in May. Now, three-fourths of the people I have worked to know and grown to call "friend" are checking out. I am reluctant to let them go.

I realize that my reluctance answers to the tingle of fear that races down my spine. "What will I do without them?" Unfortunately I am quick to consider my selfish interests and not theirs. That is not friendship. I too must let go believing that what I release will come back to me if it is really mine.

This Spring we set aside another portion of history. We celebrate ten years of the women's tradition at Notre Dame. Molly Noland's article reviews the past decade and finds that despite setbacks "women are here to stay." In honor of the recent Senior Formal, Jackie Burns peeks further into history to explore Notre Dame formals in the days when "roses were dumpy."

The Class of '82 leaves us with a memorable year: the dedication of the Pasquerilla dorms; unsuccessful football and basketball seasons (but we won't hold that against them); workshops and lectures on nuclear arms; the dining hall Deli Bar; the Nestle boycott; Father Hesburgh's decision to remain with us for five more years. In their article, Chris and Rich describe another upcoming event, the Business Ethics Symposium on Pope John Paul II's encyclical on human work. The Notre Dame symposium, May 3-5, will be one of the most important discussions on the encyclical in America to date.

Apart from the memories left be-

hind, what do seniors carry away from Notre Dame? Memories of parties, friends, football and finals appear most readily transportable. Yet, when memory fades, graduates should guard an even greater treasure.

Pope John Paul II says in his encyclical that man is a co-creator with God and should work with others to complete the task set before him by God, to help bring about his Kingdom by working for peace, justice, and charity in this world. As a Catholic university, Notre Dame is committed to helping students discover that treasure. It will surface, with time, and its value exceeds all skills and test scores. This Spring Notre Dame seniors should carry with them lessons for living intelligent, responsible, moral, Christian lives.

Chuck Wood recently described the editorial transitions at *Scholastic* as "the changing of the guard." Unfortunately, I feel no more like a guard than Margaret Thatcher does an American. I now realize that the Spring transition is in perfect keeping with the season, we are all as green as the new buds. Yet, unexperienced as we are, the 1982-83 *Scholastic* staff is excited about this new venture and pledges itself to the quality and direction the magazine has developed during the past two years.

This issue of *Scholastic* is dedicated to the Class of '82. Best of luck as you journey from this place to Chicago, Seattle, Santiago, Brussels, Brazil, Boston, Washington, Phoenix, South Bend. We will miss you. Stop back in sometime. □

(Chuck's Last . . . from p. 47)

The most important way to talk about *Scholastic* has been, for me, as a magazine with a Christian framework, both in what we talked about and how we talked about it. This is, and has been, a difficult goal to define and practice. And not everyone involved understood or cared about what I was trying to do.

We have not, nor did we want to, write about "religious stuff" all the time. But there is a way to approach the job of putting the thing together, a way to approach any job for that matter, that shows "where you're coming from." As editor, I have wanted everything in the magazine to come from the center of my life, namely my commitment to Christian beliefs that affect every facet of life and to developing a Catholic faith that means something from day to day. My editors and I have learned a lot about trying to

follow this approach without "preachiness" or pious snobbery.

During my first year as editor, I heard that there was a freshman in Badin who assumed that *Scholastic* had been a "Christian magazine" all along, and she liked it that way. This year, reports leaking out of Keenan tell of overhearing complaints about the magazine's becoming such a "religious rag." One way or the other, I'm glad someone noticed what we were trying to do. I hope almost everybody at Notre Dame and Saint Mary's did, and I hope you cared.

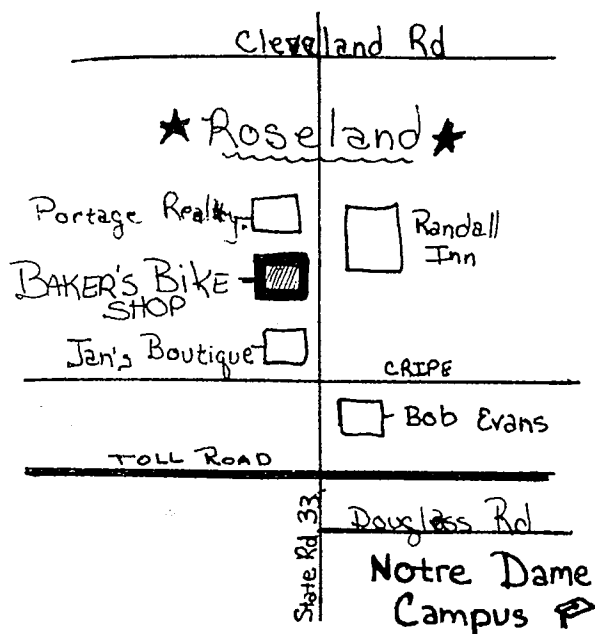
One thing I do know is I don't have to wish Beth Healy and her new staff "good luck"; in different ways, they all have the spirit, and The Spirit, to do a great job.

Thanks for reading; keep it up. □

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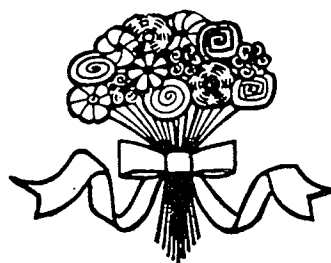
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