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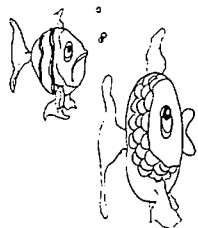
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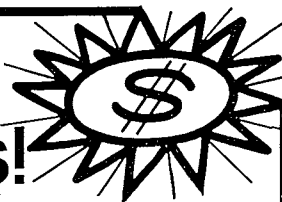
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Vol. 124, No. 4, November 1982
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FEATURES

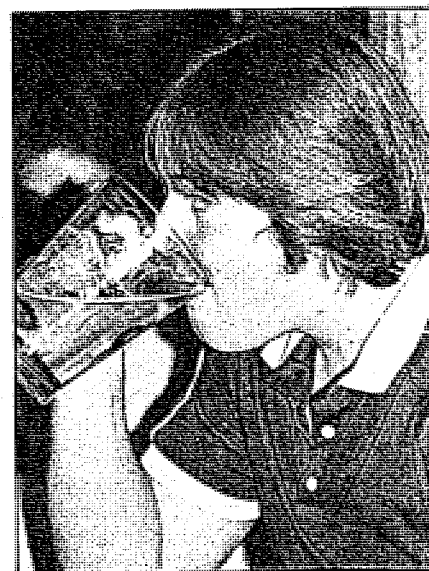
- 2 **John Gardner: Lover in the Bestiary**
A tribute . . . Prof. Eileen T. Bender
- 4 **Academic Life Isn't Antisocial**
Dome life . . . Bill Cavanaugh
- 4 **Looking Out to See In**
Comparing Georgetown to N.D. . . . Tom Cushing
- 8 **The Unnatural and Incomplete Act**
The question of premarital sex . . . Laurie Giunti
- 9 **The Catholic Family**
The Pope speaks out . . . Janet Drobinske
- 11 **Alcohol's Place at Notre Dame**
Why do we drink? . . . Brian P. Couch
- 14 **The Dance: A Lost Art**
Raiders of the Lost Art? . . . Kathleen M. Curran
- 18 **Movie Review: The French Lieutenant's Woman**
A screenplay . . . Charles D. Ignacio
- 24 **The Creation of a Book**
Inside the Juniper Press . . . Evelyn Venables
- 26 **Avoiding an Education**
Avoiding Arts and Letters? . . . Jim Hennigan

REGULARS

- 12 **Photo Essay/Flashback** Dan Price
- 16 **Gallery** Theresa Kloska
- 20 **Perspective/From Stereotypes to Friendship** Pat Pitz
- 22 **Poetry**
- 25 **Books/A Modern day Fairy Tale** Jeb Cashin
- 27 **Culture Update** Beth Healy
- 28 **Fiction/Dome Air**
- 32 **The Last Word**

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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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page 11



page 14

John Gardner:

Lover in the Bestiary

by Professor Eileen Bender

was to be his last novel, *Mickelsson's Ghosts*. With deadpan wit, he cites every major modern thinker who might conceivably have furnished his own mind with ideas ripe for fiction. It is a romp, and he outdistances his hounds.

Because he was a gifted mentor, critic, and colleague, those of us who were patrons, students, and readers and who profess to study literature now mourn the passing of John Gardner. In recent years, we have seen him as playful and eccentric, finding ourselves actually as well as figuratively in his path as he roared past on his motorcycle, a leather-jacketed white-maned Viking, a troll of a man. Gardner was a quirky and brilliant writer-in-residence.

Like the child in us, he loved monsters. Given the chance to know Beowulf, he felt obligated to introduce us to Grendel and did so with compassionate and serious intent. Throughout his life, he showed a mordant conception of the academic bestiary, but exploited it not as a target of satire but as a realm of possible transcendence and transformation. In one of his later novels, a trendy academician, lionized, towers over the crowding jackals; yet, only pages later, forces mass in the cruel weather to numb and chill him, imprisoning him in the ramshackle lair of a reclusive ancient historian and his grotesque, gigantic son. The result is the monster-child's brilliantly imagined vision of prehistory, *Fred-dy's Book*; the erstwhile scholar-hero is marvelously reduced to a lilliputian agent and conveyance.

Gardner frequently articulated his thoughtful and original critical views. He read his contemporaries with sensitivity and unusual objectivity. If his *On Moral Fiction* seemed anachronistic, it had the virtue of bringing Tolstoy into the battle of the books. He produced other long critical pieces which make delightful reading, whatever their other merits. His study of Chaucer's life was praised but also drew charges of plagiarism. Disturbed, he countered with partial refutation. Gardner finally dealt with the accusation in the way he knew best, in the "acknowledgments" that preface what

That last novel treats the rich and bewildering experience of another academic hero, serving time as a philosopher-king in Gardner's own residence, SUNY-Binghamton. *Mickelsson's Ghosts* is a spacious and ambitious novel, much-maligned and perhaps even willfully misread. The hero is not, as Gardner was, a member of the "Anguish" department, but a teacher of classic philosophy, a fitting alter ego for his creator. Yet he is even more absorbed in reconstructing a home for himself in the Endless Mountains nearby, a place crowded with ghosts from personal history and a communal past. Mickelsson brings down the house almost literally in a primordial struggle with a maddened and fanatic colleague; resilient, he survives whatever life sends him: university and community politics, spectral visitations, and a rising chorus of creditors and claimants.

The novel is remarkable for its classroom scenes, where the life of the mind seems vivid and real. Students—ingenuous, disrespectful, passive, half-baked, arrogant, fragile, willing to take all manner of risks—are the novel's real heroines and heroes. *Mickelsson's Ghosts*, for all of its preoccupation with the intellectual and historical past, is a love-piece for the young. Amazingly, no critic has yet remarked about the novel's illustrations: a group of superb and evocative nature photographs by Gardner's son.

Interestingly—and, from our vantage point, a chilling note—the eccentric and careless Mickelsson risks his own charmed life in the winding and treacherous roads between the SUNY campus and the Endless Mountains. He is given a reprieve by his author to salvage his unspent resources as teacher, lover, and father. Surviving, John Gardner's agent-provocateur gives us a way to remember and mourn his gifted visionary creator, and muse at life's uncanny mimicry of art. □

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Illustrations:

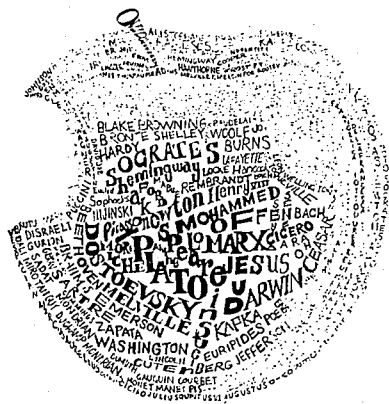
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Is Liberal Education Falling Short?

The cover of the October issue. Alas, there are worms in our apple. For the record, the proper spellings for the misspelled names are: Brunelleschi, Buddha, Bunyan, Caesar, Cervantes, Cicero, Fra Angelico, Gandhi, Heidegger, Kafka, Pythagoras, Rubens, Thales, and Vespasian.

NEW ADVISORY BOARD

Scholastic Magazine is pleased to announce the creation of its new advisory board. The board, consisting of members from faculty and staff positions in the University, will meet once a semester and is designed to provide input to the editorial staff in all aspects of the magazine's production.

Scholastic views itself not only as a sounding board for students, but also as a journal in which all members of the Notre Dame academic community can express their ideas and views. *Scholastic* Magazine recognizes that it can provide an opportunity for increased interaction among faculty and students by promoting serious discussion of intellectual and social issues.

The editorial staff hopes that the new advisory board will bring the ideas and experience of our talented faculty outside the classroom and

that the final result be a higher quality publication for the Notre Dame community.

The board members for the 1982-83 academic year are:

Prof. Elizabeth Christman, American Studies

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Fr. Mario Pedi, Assistant Director, Student Activities

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Dear Editor:

The recent issue of the *Scholastic* (October, 1982) which is devoted to the issue of liberal education displays a striking cover by Marc DeJong which is in the style of the more stylish covers of the *New Yorker*. The intriguing design of an apple formed by the names of the great men of the civilized world (I don't think there were any women mentioned!) does much to encourage a reader to pick up and examine the magazine.

However the apple has a few worms in it. Fascinated by the calligraphy of the cover design, I proceeded to work my way through the labyrinth of personalities and noted that many of the names were misspelled. This is an unfortunate mistake for a cover which was intended to promote the liberal arts. I am afraid that the cover itself proves that the liberal education may indeed be falling short.


Sincerely,

Robert J. Hohl

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TO ALL FICTION WRITERS

Entries to *Scholastic* Magazine's Premier Fiction Contest are being accepted until December 4. This contest is open to all Notre Dame and Saint Mary's students. The *Scholastic* Editorial Board will judge all entries and from them select the three best manuscripts. Cash prizes will be awarded, and the winning entries will be published in the January issue of *Scholastic*. Manuscripts must be limited to 2,000 words.



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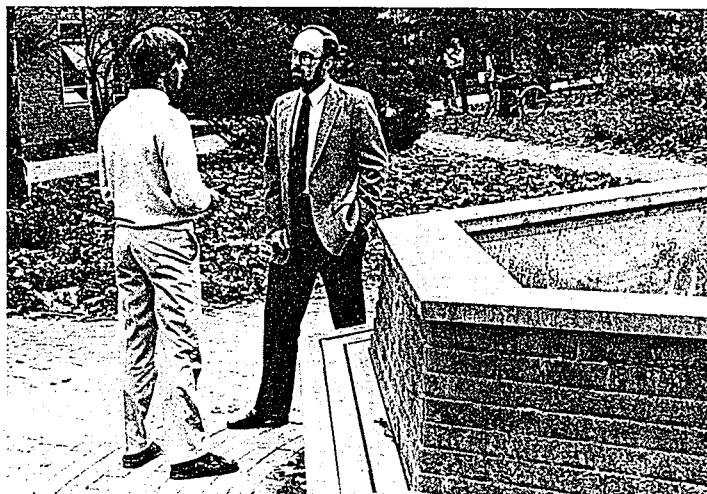
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Academic Life Isn't Antisocial

by Bill Cavanaugh



Why are our intellectuals in our closets? Why do we stare suspiciously at any peer who uses hand gestures or the word "therefore" in conversation beyond the classroom context?

Woody Allen's short story "The Whore of Mensa" involves a lonely young traveling salesman of joy buzzers and the satisfaction of his purely intellectual cravings by a call-girl service of eminently educated women. For a price, the "hookers" will come over and discuss any subject — Descartes, Yeats, anthropology. No commitments, just quick intellectual gratification. Pretty risqué stuff.

Such an operation would probably fare quite well here at Notre Dame. It would be a welcomed convenience for our closet intellectuals who, male or female, may discover that finding other students with whom to share intellectual interests *outside* the classroom is no mean feat. Indeed, any academic discussion between students which neither asks nor answers the question "Will it be on the test?" is a bit of a rarity.

Why are our intellectuals in our closets? Why do we stare suspiciously at any peer who uses hand gestures or the word "therefore" in conversation beyond the classroom context?

Although the above may be somewhat of a caricature, the general lack of intellectualism among students

and the low level of student-faculty dialogue at Notre Dame point to the disjunction between academics and student life here. As Prof. Walter Nicgorski put it in his statement on student life to the Board of Trustees meeting last spring, "Academic life is a set of weekly challenges for these very bright young people; it is confined to certain times and places. It is not expected that it would involve questions and considerations that might begin to pervade life and that would captivate one and begin to order one's life." The lack of a genuine involvement in one's course of study is troubling since it is the very purpose of a university to ignite and enkindle such an interest.

Before I address the causes of and possible solutions to the separation of academics and student life at Notre Dame, let me first make clear that I hope to approach the problem with a less than holier-than-thou attitude. I confess that I have sometimes opted to spend a Friday night dripping beer on my shoes rather

than squinting at subtitles in the Snite auditorium. I too, take a dim view of discussions in which the objective is to be the first to use the term "Kafkaesque." I must also admit that my interview of Prof. Vaughn McKim for this article was based less on the fact that he is Chairman of the Faculty Senate, and more on the fact that, being my former Core instructor, he is the only professor that I know well.

Apparently it is easier to recognize the prevailing problem than it is to deviate from the established norms of behavior on campus. We tend to fall into step with our fellows. As Prof. McKim observes, "any campus has an ethos which is really



Bill Cavanaugh is a junior Theology major from Saint Charles, Illinois.

Looking Ou

A look at how Georgetown U., considered by many our chief Catholic competitor, deals with the logistics of social life.

intangible but very real. Unless you consciously resist it you find yourself swept up in it." This situation is exacerbated at Notre Dame because the campus is isolated from a big-city environment, insulated from a plurality of ideas or life-styles.

This ethos, or the so-called Notre Dame mystique, has a significant influence on the type of student we attract in the first place. Prospective students have preconceptions of the University's athletic tradition and its somewhat parochial Catholic character. The result is that we attract students for reasons not entirely academic, and each new class, rightly or wrongly, brings with it preconceived ideas of how to behave.

Although the type of student we attract is certainly a factor, the focus of the issue should be on what the University does to reinforce student attitudes on campus. Prof. Nicgorski properly points out that every institution has a certain character and a certain accompanying reputation. The responsibility of a university is to develop the potential of its students, not complain about the people who come to it. Acknowledging that the students we get are very bright, Nicgorski admits, "There's an awful lot to work with."

In what ways, then, does Notre Dame reinforce student attitudes? Both Nicgorski and McKim are impressed with the idea that the arrangement of physical space on campus has a great deal of influence on the way we interact. Our physical environment seems to draw a distinct line between the academic world and

the social world; rather than carrying academic values into the social world, we have created two antithetical worlds.

The first problem with space must be the separation of students and faculty. No one comes to the remote faculty offices except on business. There are no lounges for students and faculty to meet regularly; class discussions that go on after the bell rings can be continued only in the hallway in most buildings. It used to be that coffee was set up in the library lounge every afternoon for students and faculty, but the lounge is now needed for meetings.

"What Notre Dame needs is more settings where the social and academic might more easily mix, where students and faculty . . . might meet more easily and naturally and to which they could adjourn for refreshment, conversation and entertainment," suggests Prof. Nicgorski. Perhaps the best model for any such future changes would be Hagger Hall, where currently classrooms, faculty offices, and readily accessible lounges are arranged into one location. Academic interests from the classroom can spill over into an adjacent setting whose atmosphere actually encourages the mixture of the social and the academic.

Dorm life highlights the second major problem with the allocation of space. As Prof. McKim points out, our system of stay halls, i.e., residences for freshmen through seniors, plays a major role in reinforcing the negative aspects of the prevailing ethos by exposing freshmen immedi-

ately to juniors and seniors who have had time to completely internalize this ethos. McKim suggests that we give some serious consideration to a return to freshman dorms and possibly separate dorms for each class. As it stands now, freshmen "don't have that year to try to figure out who they are, or what kind of place this is, or what they want to do without having role models" imposed on them from the day they get to campus.

My reaction, and the reaction of most of the students with whom I talked, is favorable to a return to freshman dorms. However, such a transition would require quite a drastic change in our thinking about the dorm system and a loss of much of the cohesiveness that the stay hall provides.

An innovation in the use of dorm space that would perhaps be easier to implement would involve sections of large seminar courses such as Core meeting evenings in the dorm. All the students in a particular section would be from the dorm where the class is held and would thus know each other socially as well as from class. Prof. McKim notes that such a system is used at Yale to help break down the barrier between academic and social relations.

This kind of innovation would be but the tip of the iceberg in curriculum reform. There should be an increased concern for seminars, especially at the freshman and sophomore levels, in order to allow more

t to See in

by Tom Cushing

I suppose that all of us, having made that relatively uninformed decision at age seventeen or eighteen to attend Notre Dame, spend a good part of the next four years critiquing that choice. After only a month or two of college life, we are much more qualified to weigh the attributes of a school and to recognize what appeals to us, so we put our own school on trial to judge how well we chose. This scrutiny is healthy for a university, insuring that we confront its unsatisfactory elements and, hopefully, that we recognize its positive ones. Fac-

tors comprising the social life and atmosphere garner quite a bit of attention in our self-examination of Notre Dame. Since we are all aware of those local issues, we would do well to observe the social life in similar communities outside of our own to help us gain a new perspective on a timeworn topic.

I have spent the last three October breaks visiting Georgetown University, and making something of a comparison of my own. Georgetown, set in a very fashionable neighborhood of Washington, D.C., has a student body comparable in size to that of Notre Dame, with graduate and undergraduate numbers coming to about 8,000. Georgetown is recognized as one of the preeminent Catholic universities, an accolade Notre Dame aspires to claim also for itself, and it is my own impression that the students admitted to both schools share roughly the same qualifica-



Tom Cushing is a senior English major from Chicago, Illinois. This is his first contribution to *Scholastic*.

tions. Georgetown, a private institution run by the Jesuits, is well endowed, but not nearly so well as Notre Dame. Their fund equals about 60% of our own. G.U. seems to be as apt a candidate for comparison to Notre Dame as there is.

The most salient contrast between the schools to any visitor to Washington from Notre Dame is Georgetown's urban setting. This school stands in the midst of the city's high-rise district. The famous neighborhood of narrow streets, lavish townhouses, distinguished residents, and countless boutiques lies immediately outside the front gate of the campus. The most popular shopping and late-night stretch in the city, M Street, is a five-minute walk from the University, and The Mall, featuring the Capitol, the Smithsonian museums and the Washington Monument, is a twenty-minute trip by bus.

A trip to the bars on M Street, while a common venture, rarely is the sole excursion for an evening. It is simply too expensive to hang out and drink there for very long. D.C. is a very expensive city, and this is the most expensive area. Unlike secluded Notre Dame, apartment life is the rule rather than the exception at Georgetown, so students are forced to interact economically in the community. Costs for groceries, housing, and eating and drinking out demand that students spend quite a bit.

Because of Georgetown's location, it has been unable to expand as Notre Dame has to meet increasing housing demands. Only freshmen are guaranteed housing in dorms. After that, only a mere one in five students applying to live in dorms wins that opportunity in the lottery. Two large apartment complexes have been built on campus in the past ten years

to ease the problem. Chances for a group of four or five students to win one of these units in the lottery range yearly from about one in ten to one in fifteen. These apartments cost students approximately \$225.00 per month with the cost of utilities. Similar accommodations at the Campus View Apartments $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile from the Notre Dame campus cost each resident \$130.00 per month. Georgetown also owns numerous townhouses in the neighborhood which they rent as apartment units for roughly \$200.00 per month per student. Chances of winning one of these are about one in thirty. The

vice students participate in some sort of internship before graduation.

The location of the university determines a great part of its character. People pay a lot to live there and they earn it back by working there. Often politically interested people choose Georgetown, and being in the Capital further encourages student interest in political issues.

On campus, an ingenious student group plays a great role in the quality of student life. This group, known as the Corp, formed in 1970 for the purpose of suing the university on behalf of the students in response to

"In the field of the most belabored of social issues here at N.D., I must say that Georgetown has come much further than Notre Dame since our almost simultaneous conversions to coeducation."

remaining option for housing is to rent privately in the neighborhood and face higher costs, varying distances from campus, and landlords reluctant to rent to students.

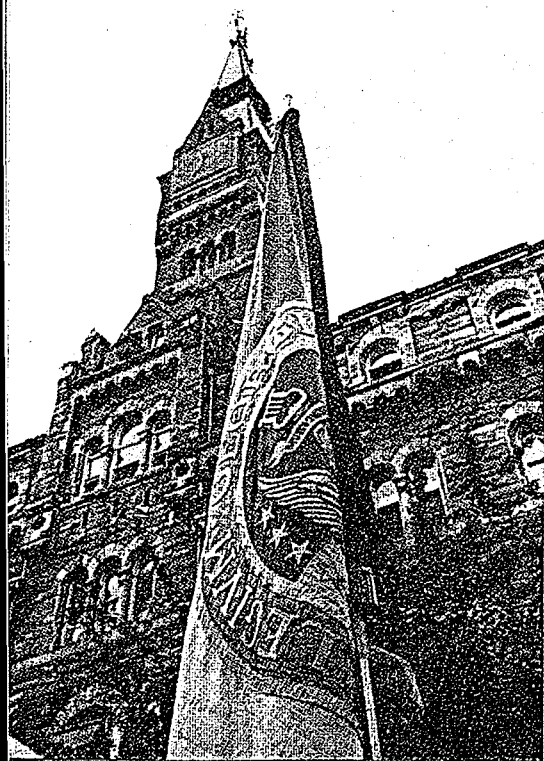
To combat the high cost of living, many students work. It seems as though very few people go to class, take a nap, eat dinner, study and go to sleep. Students all appear to have something else to do, and going to work is the most prevalent. In fact, some G.U. students estimate that 50-65% work, at least off and on, at some job. Being in the city provides them with easy access to jobs, mostly in shops and restaurants in the M Street area.

Another opportunity for outside employment is the federal government and its related agencies and interest groups. Positions and internships, often unpaid, in legislators' offices, with lobbyists, with attorneys, and in various other areas are available to interested and motivated students. The university even acknowledges some of these jobs for credit. Many people choose to go to school in D.C. for these opportunities and to make early inroads in prospective fields of future endeavor. One economics/pol.sci. student estimates that a full one-fourth of the political science, economics, and Foreign Ser-

vice students participate in some sort of internship before graduation. The Corp has since evolved into a group, run by students, which acts to improve student life. Its most noteworthy addition to the school was the formation of a network of not-for-profit services. The Corp rents space on campus and employs students to run a small food store, a great sub shop, a typing service, a travel agency, a record store, a toiletries shop, and a storage service. The active daily use of all of these services and shops by students testifies to the success of the Corp's efforts. It makes sense that members of a community can provide their own services and earn fair wages without profiteering at the expense of the students. Thanks belong solely to the determination of the students.

Most of the Corp's activity centers in the basement of the Healy administration building. Healy Basement has undergone extensive renovation in the past ten years and is now the center of student social activity on campus. It is not a particularly large facility, roughly comparable in size to the first floor of our own ad. building including all the offices. As well as housing the popular sandwich shop and food store, a TV lounge, a game room, a couple of comfortable and quiet gathering rooms, and numerous booths for eating or socializing, it is the home of The Pub. A small bar serving beer

Georgetown's Healy
Administration Building



and pizza, The Pub opens daily for lunch and closes around 2:00 a.m. This, too, is student managed, although not under the auspices of the Corp. It features music with a d.j. nightly and a band one night a week. Serving the cheapest beer around (\$3.60 pitchers) and centrally located, The Pub is a popular spot to meet, eat lunch or dinner, dance, drink, or just hang out. The eighteen-year-old drinking age makes such a facility possible as an appealing and ordinary element in student life.

It is difficult to gauge how much of a focus on drinking and problem drinking exists on the G.U. campus.

“Notre Dame students do possess more of a sense of pride and camaraderie than the members of most other university communities . . . returning flocks of alums and their dollars attest to that.”

This October, when I last visited Georgetown, the school was promoting an alcohol awareness week. How concerned the administration is about student drinking is difficult to tell, however, as well as how much emphasis the students themselves place on drinking. By my judgement, though, students at Georgetown drink as much as those at Notre Dame, although they pay more for it.

In the field of the most belabored of social issues here at N.D., I must say that Georgetown has come much further than Notre Dame since our almost simultaneous conversions to coeducation. After just more than a decade since the first admission of females to G.U., there is a daily interaction between young men and women which seems natural and open. This success has come about as a result of parity in numbers of males and females in the community and of females and males being housed in the same buildings (in dorms and apartment buildings.) The external focus on the issue of both sexes attending the same school does not exist. No quota determines that classes are likely to include only a handful of women, and no policy determines that one building is a place for females while another is a place for males. Hence, people are not encouraged to act as if there should be segregating differences between the sexes, and casual acquaintances and friendships come natu-

rally. Of course sexual tensions amongst adolescents occur everywhere, but at Georgetown they are not institutionally fostered.

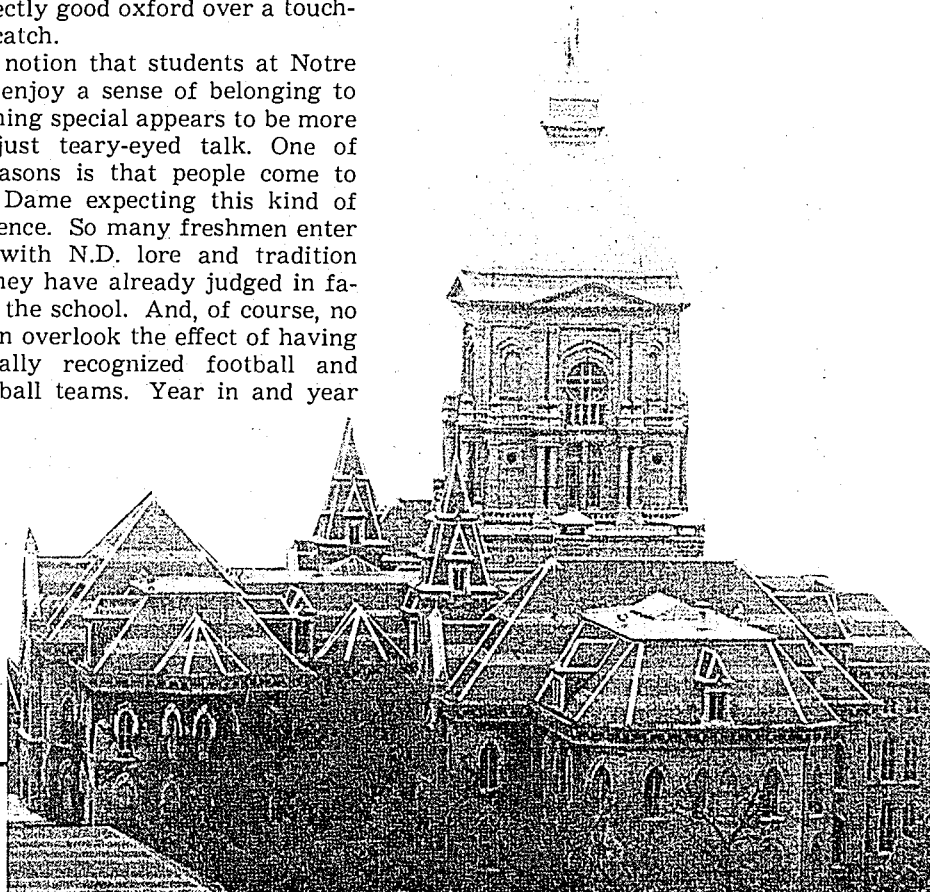
In defense of the social system at Notre Dame, I cite the more relaxed and comfortable life-style prevalent here. For one thing, I do not remember ever seeing a Georgetown student wearing plain gray sweat-pants. This in itself is no great indictment, but it illustrates the fact that students there are much more bound by an expected and adhered-to code of dress. It seems that it would be very difficult to look sloppy for a day at Georgetown, even if that is

out, athletics provide thrills and memories which help to bring students together under the force of shared experience. Whatever the reasons, Notre Dame students do possess more of a sense of pride and camaraderie than the members of most other university communities.

Gripes about lacking social facilities, a lousy dating atmosphere, and barren South Bend arise each year when a slow week or two afford aggravated students a chance to reflect. Coeducation, student input concerning party regulations, and functional social space each take their annual turn, along with other issues, being benignly ignored by Notre Dame's administration. Recognizing how other institutions handle these problems can be quite instructive. Most of the improved situations observed at Georgetown have come about as a result of student effort and a concerned, progressive administration which is relatively in touch with students' feelings. Elements of this chemistry are obviously lacking at Notre Dame, and many changes will be very slow in coming. Most people leave Notre Dame quite happy with their experience, though. Returning flocks of alums and their dollars attest to that. Maybe just staying at another school for a few days rather than analyzing their policies and facilities can give us more of an insight into what is right at Notre Dame. □

how you felt. This phenomenon is an outgrowth of a somewhat more pressurized atmosphere. Whether the pressure is socially applied by peers, institutionally applied by the school, or practically applied by having to go in to work, it certainly is present. There is much less time for relaxation, and you will almost never find a spontaneous quad-ball game. After all, who would want to risk staining a perfectly good oxford over a touchdown catch.

The notion that students at Notre Dame enjoy a sense of belonging to something special appears to be more than just teary-eyed talk. One of the reasons is that people come to Notre Dame expecting this kind of experience. So many freshmen enter sated with N.D. lore and tradition that they have already judged in favor of the school. And, of course, no one can overlook the effect of having nationally recognized football and basketball teams. Year in and year



The Unnatural and Incomplete Act

by Laurie Giunti

Current magazine articles on premarital sex are so scarce, that it seems the media no longer consider this conduct a newsworthy issue. Few recent magazines take an interest, let alone a moral stand, on premarital sex. Though research can be found on extramarital sex, incest, group sex, homosexuality, and even sex for career advancement, articles advocating premarital sex are practically nonexistent. Statistics on premarital sex are available, but it seems that the media so accept the practice of premarital sex that articles are no longer reported on its moral value. The only current publications that take up the question of the morality of premarital intercourse are Christian Doctrines, especially those published by the Catholic Church. Even these periodicals have very little information explicating the issue of premarital sex specifically, as they tend to encompass all of human sexuality. These religious doctrines assume that one intuitively knows the moral evil in premarital sex, so they do not spell it out. Neither is morality spelled out in most popular periodicals on sexuality, in which the mechanics rather than the morality of premarital sex, is discussed. There is research on the frequency of premarital sex, the variations of premarital sex, contraception and premarital sex, yet these articles never explain why one would engage in premarital intercourse in the first place.

In *Sexual Morality: A Catholic Perspective*, premarital sex is defined as "any [sexual] intercourse before marriage, whether with one's future marriage partner or someone else." The question is — is premarital sex a moral act? Is it right? Is it wrong?

Advocates of premarital sex claim that premarital sex should be left entirely up to individuals who are involved provided that proper contraceptive precautions are taken so that the moral predicament of abortion can be avoided. What about the moral predicament of the sexual act itself? According to *Marriage Among Christians*, "Sexual union means per-

sonal union and if a man and woman have not merged their two lives into one, sex does not tell the truth." Sex is to celebrate what marriage means. It is the sign of total commitment and belonging to another. If the individuals engaging in sex are not married, then their actions are untrue, and hence, immoral. In the Catholic tradition, sexual intercourse says "I am yours, we are bound to one another without limitation or condition, I love you totally and forever; and through this physical

Sexual union means personal union and if a man and woman have not merged their two lives into one, sex does not tell the truth.

union I speak my complete surrender." Sex outside of marriage loses this message. There is an inconsistency between the action and its meaning. Sexual intercourse is such a personal, intense, intimate act, that to engage in it outside of marriage is to desecrate this act.

The book, *Ethics: Theory and Practice*, points out three advantages to engaging in sex before marriage. One of the professed advantages is "the gaining of sexual experience which may often be lacking in so-called lifetime marriage situations." The argument is raised that sexual ability does not come naturally. I guess this book is saying that one should practice sexual techniques before marriage to avoid any postmarital fumbling. The act of marriage is as much, if not more, an act of spirit and soul, as it is an act of body. Sex should be a culmination of love, feelings, devotion, and commitment, not a result of prowess or experience. Learning through intercourse can help a couple to grow together; prior experience is unnecessary. Fr. James Burtchaell says, "Any couple which

imagines its major frustrations and antagonisms come from sexual clumsiness has a real problem, but it isn't pelvic."

Another presumed advantage to premarital sex is "the discovery by a couple of whether they are sexually compatible or incompatible prior to committing themselves to some kind of marriage contract." This is the theory commonly stated as "I wouldn't buy a car without test-driving it; I always try on clothes before I purchase them, etc." A marriage partner is not an object which must be "tested" before any commitment can be made. Sex is *complementary* to a marriage; it is a joyful celebration of a union. Sexual intercourse is not supposed to be a trial run before marriage; it is the exchange of love after marriage. Sex is a pledge of love and commitment, not an audition for marriage possibility. Sex is contingent upon marriage, rather than marriage being contingent on sex. Also, if a couple shows compatibility in morals, outlook, goals, feelings and desires, as any couple contemplating marriage should, then compatible sexual inter-



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course will follow, because intercourse is much more than an act of the body. It is the love and commitment shown in the act that are important, not the techniques and practiced skills. Few people would even date one another if they felt they were incompatible. Therefore, it seems inconceivable to imagine that any couple considering marriage could be so incompatible that they must use sexual intercourse as a gauge for their potential commitment.

The final "advantage" of premarital sex presented is "the pleurability of sexual activity." This view of sexual intercourse is especially appalling, for there is no necessary commitment or pledge of love, just a desire for sensual pleasure. This is the familiar, self-indulgent cry of "if it feels good, do it." Because it

lacks the total pledge of love, which is marriage, sexual intercourse outside the bond of marriage does not ring true, and is an act of self-indulgence. Premarital sex is not the selfless exchange of love that celebrates the union of two souls because of the lack of commitment. Instead, the focus is on one's self, rather than one's partner, thus reducing sex to an act of self-gratification. Advocates of premarital sex argue that to ignore their desires for sexual intercourse would be unnatural. They point out that they would not have these desires if they were not meant to be filled. St. Thomas Aquinas well answers this claim when he says that it is unnatural for man to act animalistic because "there is in every man a natural inclination to act according to reason; and this is to act accord-

ing to virtue." He also says "the will does not desire of necessity whatsoever it desires." This quotation means that we do not necessarily have to have whatever we desire. I do not necessarily need new clothes, but I still desire them. Desire can lead us astray, rather than being a natural guide, for "it is the will by which we sin." Man's reasoning and intellect should overcome his physical desires for premarital sex, as sex in this context is not a true act. It is not necessary for man's happiness, and goes against man's reason as well as his inner eye of goodness. To engage in premarital intercourse is to act against reason, against virtue, and therefore against nature.

Man's capacity for reason is what places him above the animals. To ignore this reason, to act against

The Catholic Family

by Janet Drobinske

On October 6, 1982, Fr. Edward O'Connor presented a lecture to the Thomas More Society based on a recent apostolic exhortation. The exhortation was the result of the work of a senate of bishops convened to assist Pope John Paul II in the preparation of a fall 1981 document entitled *On the Family*. While a seemingly typical church document in its density, Fr. O'Connor notes that it is representative of a new trend in documentation in that it utilizes the talents and information of the international senate, and is only finalized by the Holy Father, who gives it its ultimate structure and tone. In addition, unlike previous church documents on Christian family life, the recent Pope John Paul II exhortation possesses a strongly hopeful and positive quality.

The document acknowledges contemporary difficulties in Christian living, and while problems are made evident, so is the reader made aware of the solutions made possible through authentic love. While the Holy Father does not dismiss the world's difficulties as negligible, neither does he give a light treatment to the positive qualities of modern Christian family living. He notes there has been an improvement in the situation of the family, including greater attention to interpersonal relationships and the recognition of women to a broader extent.

Yet there also seems to be a degradation of certain values in the family, among these the greater amount of personal freedom spouses grant to each other; the demise of parental authority; and the matter of contraception. The Holy Father indicates what he considers to be the root of the negative phenomenon, deeming it

"It is selfishness that the Pope cites as the cause for the trend toward diminishing family size . . . it is not recognized as a gift or a blessing, but rather as a danger which should be avoided."

"a corruption of the idea and experience of freedom." The pope elaborates, yet, simply put, he is referring to the greater consciousness of self and one's personal desires — the act of selfishness.

It is selfishness that the Pope cites as the cause for the trend toward diminishing family size. This trend, interestingly, extends from the richest of countries to the Third World nations. While the motives differ, the result is the same — human life is not respected as the fabulous blessing it is. In the poorer countries, the Pope says, a concern for the necessi-

ties for the already existing family discourages parents from desiring additional children. In the more affluent areas, it is a desire for personal wealth and the consumer mentality that inhibits parents from conceiving, in addition to a growing concern for the future world situation. Thus, life is not recognized as a gift or blessing, but rather a danger which should be avoided.

In special sections of the document, the Holy Father addresses the subjects of divorce, women, and contraception. In his treatment of divorce, the Pope reaffirms the traditional view, "What therefore God has joined together, let no man put asunder." Yet what the Pope adds to this is crucial. He introduces the idea of a "New Heart" possible through marriage, and that it is this new heart which enables couples to fulfill the ideal of eternal, indissoluble love. The Holy Father then praises those families that have persevered in their love, caring, and mercy to overcome the modern problems of family living. The Pope supports the traditional view of the post-divorce condition of Catholics, saying those who have broken a sacramental union should not enter a new one. When they agree not to, divorced Catholics reaffirm the authenticity of fidelity, a fading quality according to the Pope. He encourages and supports this affirmation of faith.

Act . . . (continued from page 9)

the intellect, and engage in premarital sex, especially just for pleasure's sake, is to act animalistic rather than human. Man's humanity is lost when he thinks only "about pleasure; for this is common to animals," says Aristotle. "Self-indulgence would seem to be justly a matter of reproach, because it attaches to us, not as men but as animals. To delight in such things [eating, drinking, sexual intercourse] and to love them above all others is brutish." Premarital sex strips one of a good reputation in the eyes of both man and God. If one truly loves another, the good name of that other would far outweigh any gratification derived from sex. To engage in premarital sex is to love that act of sensual pleasure more than one's partner, and therefore, the act is self-indulgent and unloving. "In most things the error seems to be due to pleasure; for it appears good

when it is not. We therefore choose the pleasant as good."

Not only is premarital sex unnatural by being animalistic, it is also unnatural as it is, in itself, a contradiction. Sexual intercourse, by its very nature, is generative. One of the purposes of intercourse is to produce offspring. The act may be one of intimacy, and an expression of love, but it also has the primary end of reproduction. Premarital sex denies this purpose, as couples engaging in this act do not wish for conception. Individuals practicing premarital sex feel it is their obligation to provide proper contraceptive precautions; yet this is contradictory to the natural end of their actions. It is natural to preserve human life and to ward off any obstacles preventing it. By employing contraceptives, premarital sex does not preserve human life, and is an obstacle to it. Therefore,

premarital sex does not belong to the natural law.

Sex is an intimate, loving act of total commitment. It is the gift of one's self. To wait until marriage for sexual relations shows true love, honor, and respect. Sex and marriage are inseparable. Sex is a special action proper only within marriage. I love my parents, but definitely not in a sexual context. I love friends, both male and female, yet in a friendly way. Intercourse is a communication between spouses. It is a natural, loving, human way to celebrate marriage. It is a personal embodiment of pledged love, and it is the physical expression of a spiritual, emotional and total union. Sexual intercourse before marriage is a violation of the meaning behind this action. It is a distortion and a misinterpretation of what should be the ultimate expression of marital love. □

Family . . .

(continued from page 9)

So, too, does he encourage an increasing awareness of women in the Christian family. The Senate devoted special attention to women, calling for equal dignity and responsibility as a part of the reciprocal giving proper to marriage. While the Pope maintains that women should have equal access to public functions, in addition to their role as wife and mother, he warns against a degradation of the recognition of women in the latter respect. He cites a major flaw in the contemporary women's movement in that in the magnification of the image of women outside the home, they have degraded the traditional role of women as life-givers; it, the act of bearing children, has been belittled. The Pope warns against detracting from the value of motherhood in order to make the alternative image of women more available and attractive. Since it is, however, often necessary for financial reasons for both parents to seek an income, the Pope then addresses the importance of the husband's attitude in this situation. He must respect the personal dignity of women, and not represent a figure compelling his wife to work outside of the home. He urges husbands to promote society to conceive that a prosperous and fulfilling lifestyle may be achieved if women's work within the home is honored and respected.

Finally, the Pope addresses the subject of contraception, and in this he supports the "Humanae Vitae" of

Pope Paul VI. Human life must be recognized as a gift from God, he stresses, a blessing that symbolizes the love of man and woman, an affirmation that the love they share is open to new life. The pope acknowledges that the contemporary society has made contraception very attractive, and he believes this is due to an absence of God's love in people's hearts, and the failure to recognize that this love is stronger and more capable than the fears they possess.

The Pope proposes that sexuality is only a part of the whole person, a part of humanity that cannot be made to stand alone. When sexuality is torn away from humanity, when it is isolated and recognized as a single entity, this serves to lessen its value.

A crime against sexuality is committed then, for it is not seen in its proper role, which should be a manner in which to express a complete self-giving. This "snatching out" of sexuality from the whole person detracts from conjugal love. The use of contraception highlights this concentration on merely the sexual aspect of love in that it does not allow a total offering of self, in mind and body.

In addressing the topic of contraception, the Pope presents the image of the church as both teacher and mother. The church serves as teacher in that through the church, the norm, the moral law, is proclaimed and explained. In the role of mother, the church is able to understand the problems people experience in adhering to the moral law. The Pope offers

this analogy to convey that the church does recognize the difficulties modern families may face in reckoning with church doctrines in modern society.

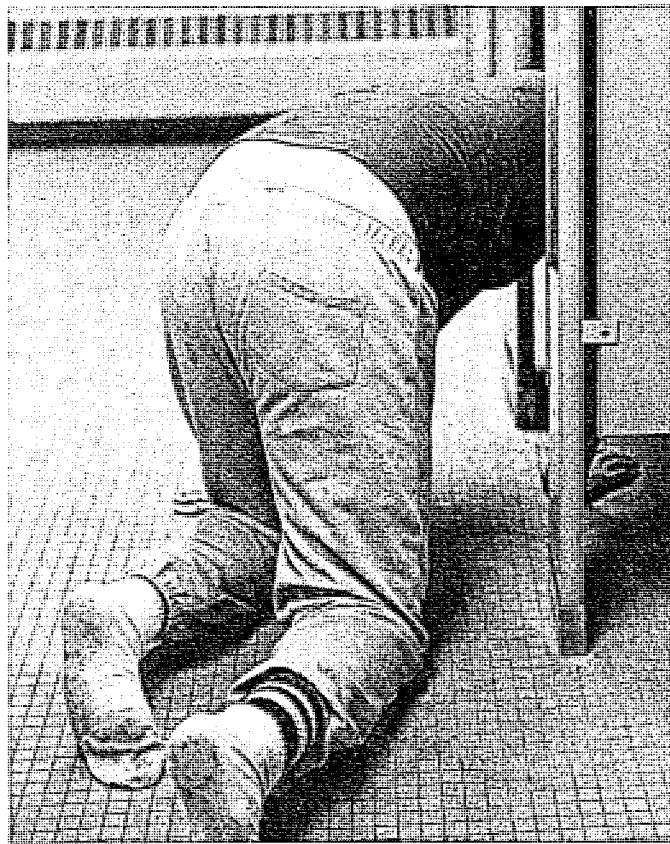
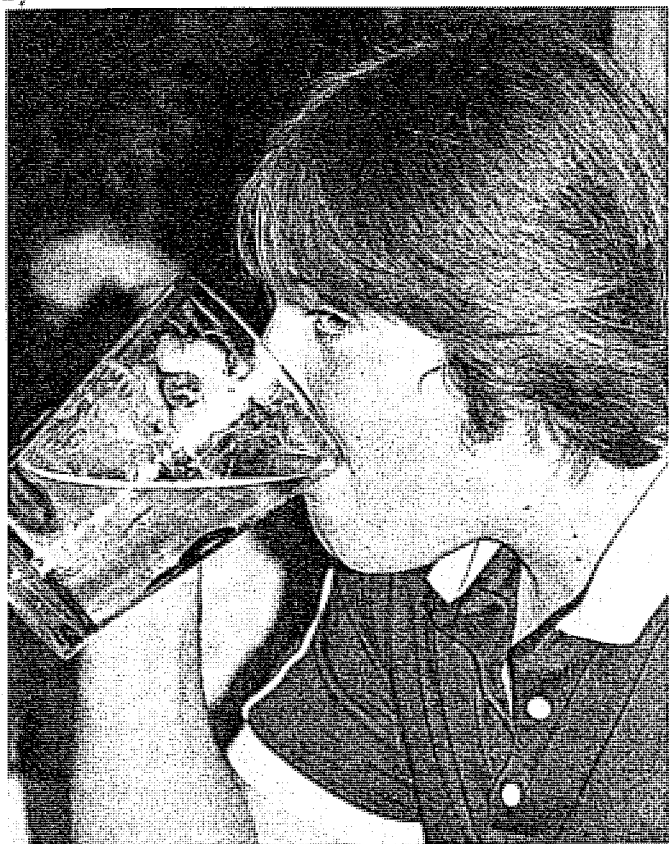
The essential qualities of the exhortation are its contemplation of modern problems and the solutions possible through love. Fr. O'Connor repeatedly stressed the positive tone to the exhortation, stating that the optimistic view is helpful, because families may then attempt to deal with their difficulties through the blessings that they do possess. *On the Family* offers a refreshing look at the prospects of Christian family living, praising the wonder of "life and love" in a community of persons. □



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Alcohol's Place at Notre Dame

by Brian P. Couch



Alcohol use at Notre Dame. It's a popular topic of late. We're all more than familiar with the drinking habits of Notre Dame students and we've all come to our own conclusions about what the alternatives, causes and consequences of heavy drinking are. The question to be answered, however, is whether or not we see the current alcohol-oriented social climate at Notre Dame as acceptable.

Social responsibility lies at the heart of any civilization. Yet, I cannot help but wonder how well the spirit of responsibility is fostered at Notre Dame with respect to drinking. Is alcohol necessary for people to socialize? If people have to have alcohol to put them in a sociable disposition, something is most definitely wrong. Drinking to lose one's inhibitions creates a different person. Some people have two different manners, one for the weekdays and one for the weekend blitz. The Notre Dame campus has its own Jekyll and Hyde personality.

With alcohol as a fundamental ingredient in relationships, instability abounds. Relationships founded in part or in whole upon interacting with the effects of alcohol cannot be

as sincere or true to form for the individuals as possible. This is simply because alcohol can change people's attitudes, perspectives and judgment.

Dr. Wayne Pellegrini of the Psychological Services Center and his colleagues recently completed a survey case study of Notre Dame students and their drinking habits. Although it may play a role in a few cases, a lack of social life as a major cause of heavy drinking at Notre Dame is laid to rest by the survey. The survey reveals the number of freshmen coming to Notre Dame as moderately heavy to heavy drinkers is equivalent to, if not greater than, the number of people who drink heavily while at Notre Dame. Pellegrini emphasizes the fact that incoming students drink and use drugs just as a cross-section of university students anywhere do. In fact, experimentation with and use of some harder drugs is higher among Notre Dame students as a whole.

Alcoholism is a topic most people scoff at. After all, "I can handle my liquor." Notre Dame, however, has a problem with alcoholism. How many of those who drink heavily at Notre Dame have missed class because of a

hangover, gotten a lower grade because of drinking too much, gotten into a fight after drinking or been criticized by someone they were with because of their drinking? All of these are possible signs of a drinking problem. Drinking problems are often developed in college and continue throughout a person's life. Drinking with the boys can turn into a few beers to get in the mood for class, a few drinks to forget the day, a bottle of wine to lose the blues or half a six-pack to get rid of a hangover. A person's emotional outlook can become dependent on alcohol.

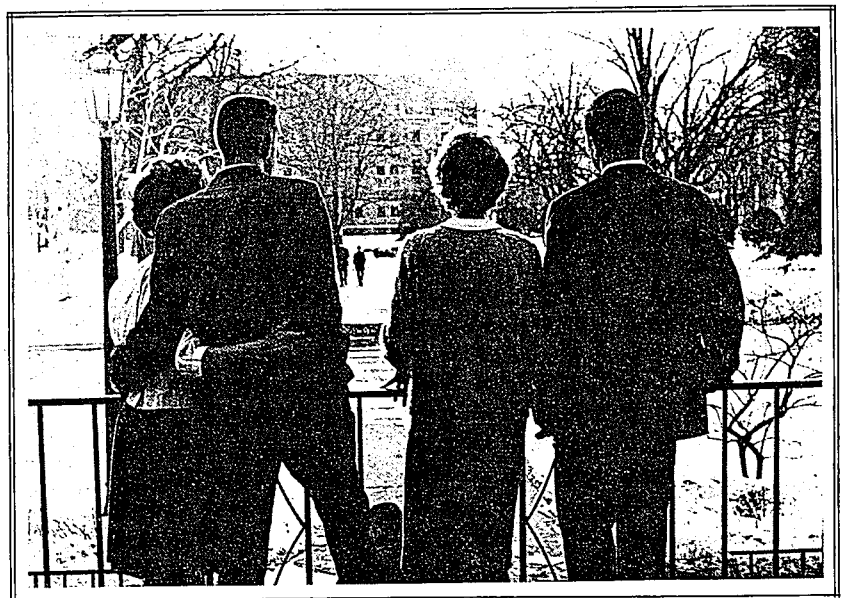
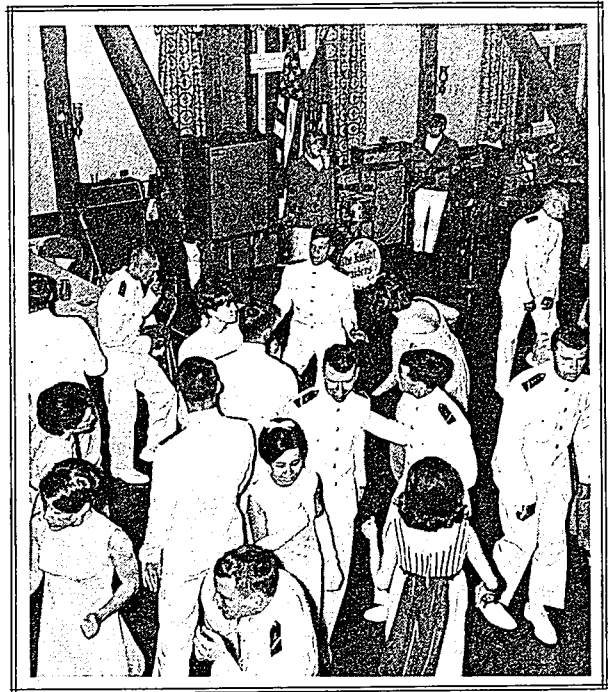
Alcoholism is present at Notre Dame but alcohol abuse amongst Notre Dame students is just as present and a more widespread occurrence. Drinking just to get drunk or needing to drink to have a good time are signs of not wanting to face reality. They go along with a failure to grow up. The attitude among many people is "let's have our fun and forget about everyone else." The abuses at some parties on campus would lead students into a great deal of problems with a landlord in the "real world." A prevalent misconception

(continued on page 29)



Flashback





The Dance: A Lost Art?

Shall we brush off the velvet gowns
and try to fit into Mickey's dinner
jacket?

by Kathleen Curran



As I watched men and women get "down . . . down . . . down" to the beat of "Rock Lobster!" (the B-52's), I could not help but laugh, wondering what Sr. Madeleva would have thought. As President of St. Mary's College from 1934-61, she would have been amazed at the dramatic changes St. Mary's and Notre Dame dances have met.

Waltzes and Jack Chapman's Orchestra are topics of conversation in convalescent hospitals—not in the North Dining Hall. "Long peach transparent velvet gowns, with circular skirts banded at the hem with wide strips of black" are in closets collecting dust (or in antique stores selling for \$235). Men's dinner jackets are worn only by stuffed Mickey Mouses. The Huddle is no longer the dance hall—it's the place to get coffee ice cream for a dime less than at Baskin & Robbins.

Now "iggy-bops" and Bruce Springsteen rule. Desirous dresses are sleeveless (so arms are able to fly wildly through the air) with slits up the side (so the "iggy-bop" style is not hampered). Men wear sport coats—which are usually discarded

within a half hour after the start of the dance—and loosened ties. And dances are held in hall basements or off campus. ("But Giuseppe's floor is so sticky!")

Yet the memories of the former dances remain. St. Mary's College was known for her Sunday afternoon "Tea Dances." Held in the business wing of LeMans Hall (where students today pay their fines for putting nails in the walls), they were about the only chance for St. Mary's and Notre Dame students to intermingle. These informal parties lasted from 2:00 until 4:00 p.m.

Sr. Bernadette Marie, C.S.C., reminisced about them with a twinkle in her eye. "The boys would line up on one side of the room and the girls on the other. It seemed like almost everyone felt like a wallflower. There was a certain timidity—which was even more difficult to overcome in those days than it is now."

A 1951 Notre Dame graduate, Thomas Anselman, was most struck by the presence of the chaperones. "With the nuns standing around watching, there wasn't much dancing. Conversation was innocuous. It

was almost a somber atmosphere—with dim lights and not much movement at all. Yet, this was to be expected during those times."

St. Mary's was also known for its formal dances. The Senior Ball, Junior Promenade, Sophomore Cotillion, and Freshman Formal were all integral parts of the students' social life. Orchestra music, long full gowns, and orchid corsages were predominant.

In this formal atmosphere, the girls were inspected by their residence directors before their escorts arrived. Sr. Bernadette recalled, "If backs were bare, or necklines too low, the girls were given scarves to wear with their dresses." Upon passing inspection, the girls would introduce their dates to Sr. Madeleva. And all students were required to sign in and out.

Other formal dances were held which were not class sponsored. Mission dances or "Charity Balls" were common, especially before Thanksgiving and Christmas. The Inaugural Ball, the first formal dance of the year, was also held annually.

Most of the dances followed foot-

ball games, thus, they became known as "Football Victory Dances." The spirit of the game was carried through to the dance. Notre Dame paraphernalia was used to decorate the dance halls. And the dance programs always carried the University's insignia.

"Palms, ferns, and an electrical Notre Dame sign lent an atmosphere of suavity to the Palais ballroom on that evening" ('33 *Dome*). "Big Notre Dame blankets were used to cover the seats in the Turkish room next to the ballroom and gave the appropriate Notre Dame air to the dance."

Unlike today, the Notre Dame dance air did not carry the scent of alcohol. Drinking before, during, or after any dance was absolutely forbidden. If a student was found patronizing any dance hall where beer or liquor was sold, he was subject to immediate expulsion by the Prefect of Discipline.

Around the midcentury, more dances were held on campus. The Old Fieldhouse (where art classes are held now), LaFortune, and the Navy Quonset Center (now torn down) became the place for Notre Dame men to "mix" with the St. Mary's women and St. Joseph's Hospital Nursing students. Mr. John McNamara, a 1961 Notre Dame graduate, pointed out that these were "well-attended because there was really nothing else to do. We had to be in by midnight." Mr. Bill O'Neill, a 1957 graduate, reinforced this. "Even married students still went to the dances. It was the only thing to do."

Less formal dances included the WAA Informal, the Sodality dances, and the Winter Carnival. "Eager to relinquish the more formal attire of dances of the winter months, the girls appeared in airy chiffons and gay prints" (1932 SMC Yearbook). "Dancing to jukebox melodies concluded the evenings." (And the evenings were always concluded promptly at midnight!)

The University of Notre Dame also sponsored many dances. As apparent in the 1922 yearbook, *The Dome*, Notre Dame men saw their University as a citadel for dance. "As we possess local orchestras with extraor-

dinary musical talent, and dance palaces boasting exceptional facilities . . . we compare favorably with those of the most socially progressive schools in the country."

These dances were regulated, too, as they were at St. Mary's. The Faculty Dance Committee approved only a certain number of dances. (As mentioned in *The Dome*, 1931, "Their charm lies in their fewness.") Dances could not be held during Lent, Advent, or on Holy Days of Obligation. The dance halls were restricted to the Oliver Hotel, the Tribune Building, or the Palais Royale. Men were not permitted to go to dances "stag." (But as one alumnus remembered, "That still did not eliminate crashers!") They began at 9:00 (no couple could enter after 10:00) and ended at 12:00.

Notre Dame's dance policy revolved around the idea that academics was most important, and other pursuits such as athletics and social entertainment would fall into place. As summarized in the 1924 *Undergraduate Manual*, "Legitimate social activities are, of course, never discouraged. But both faculty and students recognize that social diversions are of secondary importance to the activities of study." (How would the 1924 faculty and student body react to one of my favorite philosophies, "Never let academics get in the way of a REAL education!")

Through the 1930s, the Faculty Dance Committee permitted only six formals: the Senior Ball, the Junior Promenade, the Sophomore Cotillion, and formals sponsored by the Knights of Columbus, the Monogram Club, and the Law Club. Ten informal dances were sponsored.

The majority of the men's escorts were from nearby colleges—primarily St. Mary's College and St. Joseph's Hospital Nursing School. Yet, "Girls from every state of the Union have been guests on these occasions." ("Hometown honeys" were even around then!)

Both he and Mr. McNamara agreed that although regulations had been loosened, there were still many more restrictions than placed upon Notre Dame students today. Being disrespectful, disregarding curfews, even parking illegally could all result in being reported to the feared Prefect of Discipline—the notorious "Black Mac" as he was known by Notre

Dame students in the fifties and sixties.

Yet, as Mr. McNamara was quick to point out, "We followed the rules. The years of protest took place in the sixties." This attitude was found in the early years of Notre Dame's history, too. Disliked rules were rarely broken. Jokes were made about the censors being removed from the yearbook and "placed upon the young ladies' dresses."

Today jokes are still being made about St. Mary's and Notre Dame's rigidity. ("Do you mean to tell me St. Mary's girls are allowed to smoke cigarettes? And Notre Dame boys can wear gold chains around their necks?") Yet, restrictions are lessened. Unlike fifty years ago, women are wearing pants and they do not have to climb through windows to visit men. Lights are not turned off in Notre Dame's dorms after midnight. "Black Mac" is not suspending students for antagonizing professors.

Because of the fewer regulations, the 1980's dance atmosphere has dramatically changed. St. Mary's and now Notre Dame women have no qualms about inviting men to a dance—even if it is only four days before. Priests and nuns are no longer patrolling the dance floors, warding off any "public displays of affection." And the number of dances is far from limited; my roommate got asked to four (nearly five) in one weekend. (Times have not changed enough, though, for her to share a

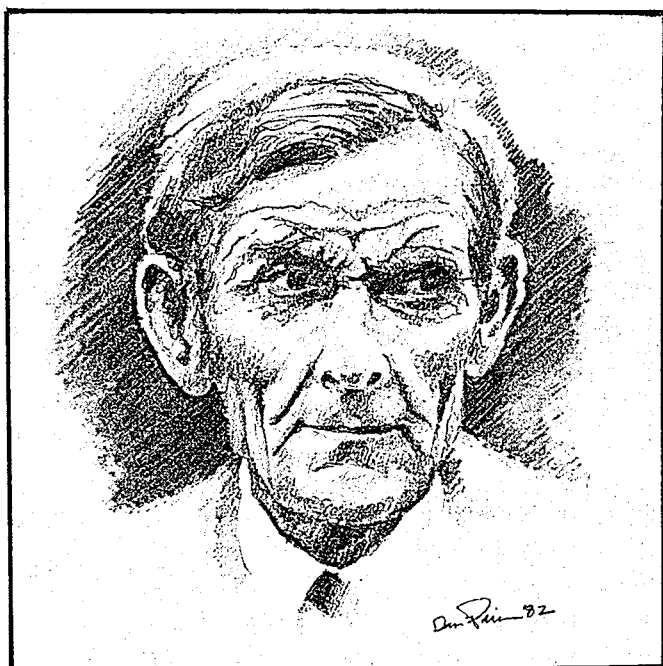
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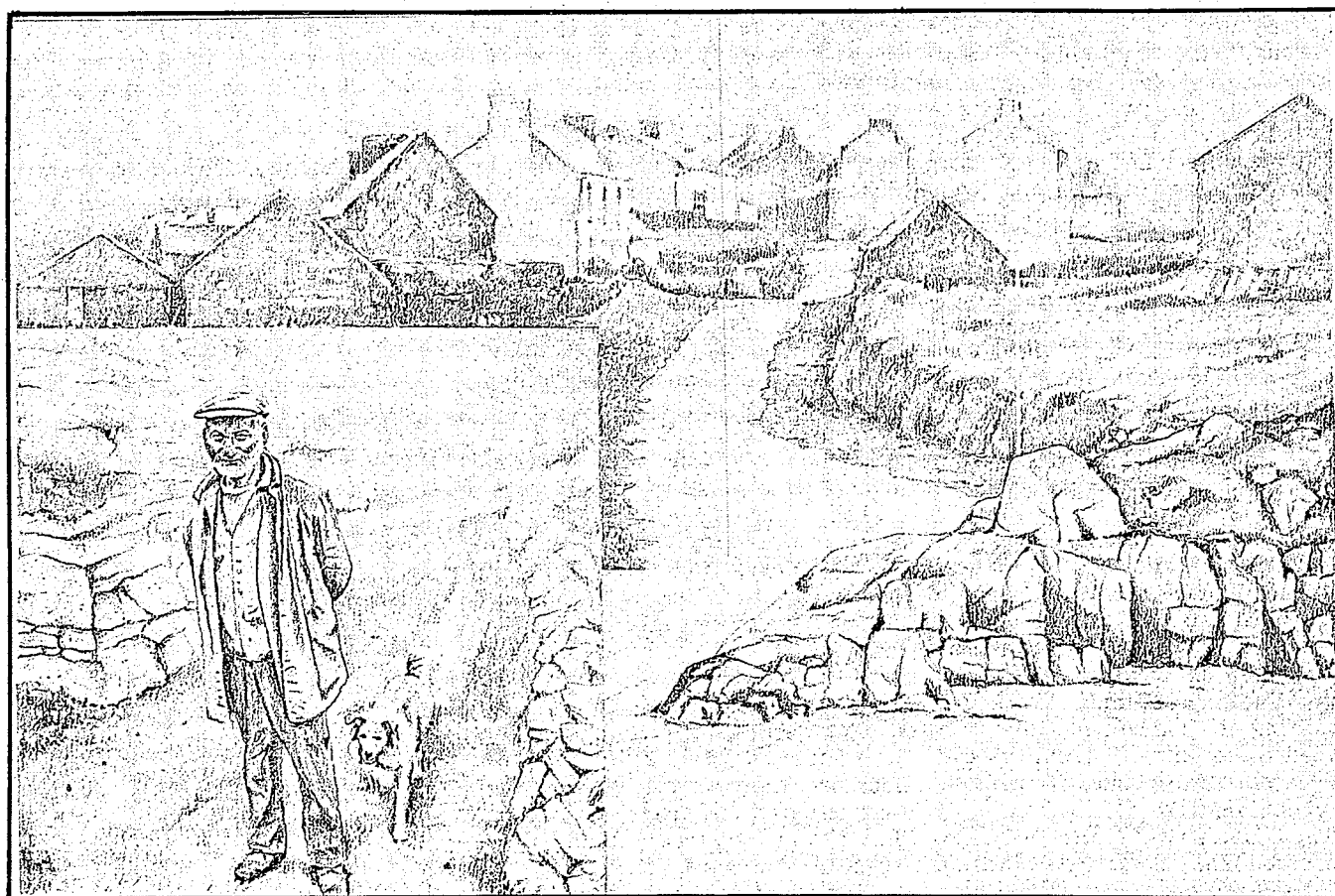
Kathleen Curran, a sophomore at Saint Mary's, is from Mishawaka, Indiana. This is her first contribution to Scholastic.

Gallery

EXPRES



Orange Order Pencil 6 in. x 6 in. 1982



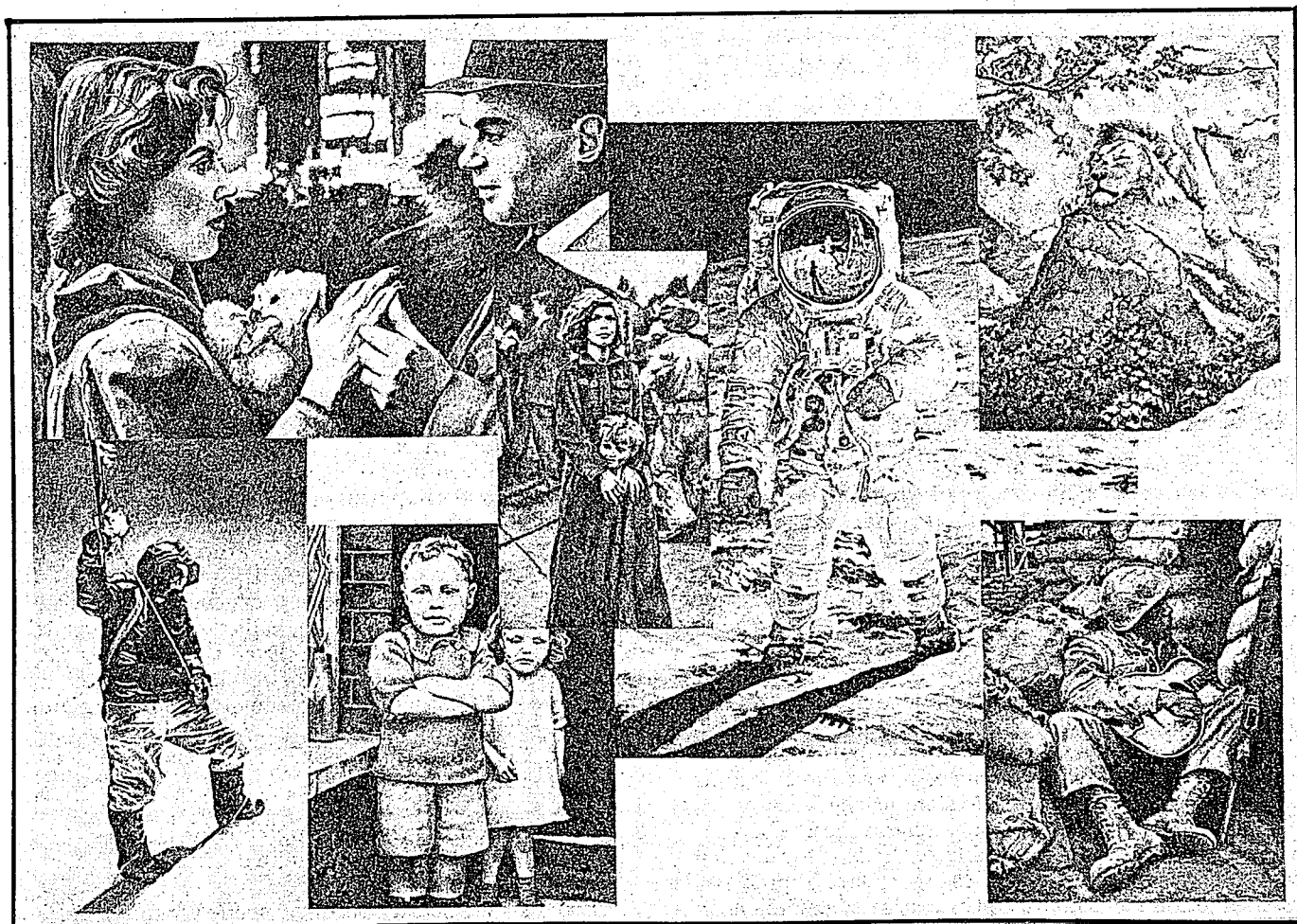
Untitled Prismacolor and pencil 8½ in. x 12½ in. 1981

The beauty in reaching out to some unique way has a different experiences, emotions contributing to a person working with facial expressions seem to and complexity of basically concerned

art seems to lie in
people. Each person in a
different collection of ex-
pressions, and thoughts con-
ditional response. I enjoy
expression in that ex-
pression capture the subtlety
emotion which I am
d with in my artwork.

A black and white charcoal or pencil portrait of a woman with her eyes closed, looking slightly downward. The drawing is expressive, with visible shading and texture. The signature 'Dan Quinn '82' is visible in the bottom right corner.

Marlene Dietrich Pencil 6 in. x 6 in. 1982



Untitled Pencil 11½ in. x 16½ in. 1981

Cinema

The French Lieutenant's Woman

by Charles D. Ignacio

A SCREENPLAY:

WHEN ACTING BECOMES OBSESSION

The French Lieutenant's Woman (1981). Directed by Karel Reisz

* * *

1. INT.—QUINN'S OFFICE—AFTERNOON 1.
Medium shot of Phil walking into Quinn's office with first draft of review.

PHIL

Quinn, you'll have that rewrite done today? You know this issue's gotta be out by the end of the week and I got tons of other stuff I hafta proofread yet.

2. Close-up of Quinn at his typewriter. 2.

QUINN

Yeah, I know. It'll be done by 7:00.

3. Medium shot of Phil, looking over Quinn's shoulder. 3.

PHIL

So how's it coming? (Pause.) Wait a minute, wasn't the *Time* article called "When Acting Becomes Alchemy"? Yours sounds too much like it.

4. Close-up of Quinn. 4.

QUINN

Think so? Okay, how about "Acting As Obsession"?

5. Close-up of Phil. 5.

PHIL

Yeah. Better.

FADE OUT:

* * *

ACTING AS OBSESSION

The French Lieutenant's Woman (1981) Directed by Karel Reisz

Time calls its acting "alchemy," *Newsweek* claims it is "one of the most civilized and provocative movies of the year," *After Dark* places it "high on the list of the year's best motion pictures—outstanding," and *New York* magazine labels it "unforgettable." But does *The French Lieutenant's Woman* really live up to all these plaudits? Certainly as film it is original and daring in its premise: a Victorian romance interwoven with a modern-day love affair. True, it is directed by internationally distinguished filmmaker Karel Reisz and based on the popular novel by John Fowles; its screenplay is by renowned British playwright Harold Pinter. But ultimately, the film swallows itself whole in an effort to become "art," the parallel love plots finally collide in confusion rather than merge into something coherent, and the obvious striving for aesthetic perfection in acting and film technique comes across the screen as a strained attempt at cinematic significance.

The main culprit for this camouflaged mess is screenwriter Harold Pinter. In keeping with the multileveled novel's discourse on the nature of fiction, Pinter has provided a complex dual plot that cares to comment on the medium of film. His intentions in his thesis are laudable but the result as a film is a failure.

* * *

6. Close-up of Carolyn, reading review over Quinn's shoulder as he continues typing. 6.

CAROLYN

What does "laudable" mean?

7. Medium shot of Carolyn and Quinn. 7.

QUINN

It means . . . hey! You're not supposed to be reading this yet! It's not ready.

CAROLYN

I don't mind. (Pause.) Aren't you done yet? You said we'd go out to dinner tonight.

QUINN

Carolyn, you know I gotta get this thing done today. Look you're not even supposed to be here when I'm working. If you want to read it, just sit over there and try not to be too loud, OK?

CAROLYN

OK.

* * *

We are presented with a film that weaves Fowles' story of *The French Lieutenant's Woman* with a present-day parallel love affair between the leads in a fictitious film being made of the original novel. If this sounds confusing, so is the film, which breaks the distinction between these two separate plots and violently beats them together in the equally ambiguous ending. Pinter's fabricated contemporary protagonists compete for the viewer's attention with Fowles' leads in the original Victorian romance. Unfortunately, neither wins. While the relationship between Pinter's Mike and Anna starts out strong and slowly disintegrates, Fowles' love story of Sarah and Charles emerges triumphant in the end. This is all well and good, until the fine line between actor and character begins to blur and the performances become more important than the performers themselves.

Cinematographer Freddie Francis successfully achieves distinction between the two stories by keeping the nineteenth-century sequences in a soft blur while leaving the modern passages in sharp focus. But the camerawork in the Victorian story is too controlled, the costumes, scenery and atmosphere are recreated realistically to the very last detail, and the overall effect is intricately stylish to the point of coldness — what *The New Yorker's* Pauline Kael calls "overblown spareness" in her review of the film. Even the music by Carl Davis is excessive in its attempt to elicit sympathy for the nineteenth-century couple, sometimes lapsing into an awful rhythmically wavering score reminiscent (sic) of Jerry Goldsmith's work in "Hanover Street" and "Somewhere in Time. . ."

* * *

8. Medium shot of Phil reading copy of Quinn's review as he walks into Quinn's office. 8.

PHIL

Sounds good so far. Only you spelled "reminiscent" wrong. It's R-E-M-I-N-I-S-C-E-N-T; no "I" after the "C." Oh hi, Carolyn.

CAROLYN (VOICE OVER)

Haven't seen you for a while, Phil. Isn't this something?

PHIL

I'll save my comments 'til after I'm done reading it. You'd better keep away from the door so the big boss won't see you. Oh, Quinn, how were "Hanover Street" and "Somewhere in Time"?

9. Close-up of Quinn at typewriter.

9.

QUINN

Awful.

10. Close-up of Phil

10.

PHIL

Oh.

FADE OUT:

* * *

... reminiscent of Jerry Goldsmith's work in "Hanover Street" and "Somewhere in Time."

Not even the highly touted performance by Meryl Streep in the dual role of nineteenth-century Sarah and modern-day Anna can save the picture from ...

* * *

11. Medium shot of Carolyn and Quinn.

11.

QUINN

(to Carolyn)

How does this sound—"overindulgent artistry"?

CAROLYN

Hmmm. I think I like it. Yeah, it's catchy.

Why don't you call it "Overindulgent Artistry"?

QUINN

What?

CAROLYN

Why don't you change the title to "Overindulgent Artistry" instead of "Acting As Obsession"?

QUINN

Phil already said he liked "Acting As Obsession," but that's a thought.

* * *

... overindulgent artistry. Actually, Streep's acting itself is a case in point. As Miss Sarah Woodruff, the "French Lieutenant's woman" of Lyme Regis, Streep plays the role to perfection: every facial expression suggests Sarah's innermost thoughts, every line is articulated in precise British rhythm, every pause seems like a calculated silence. Perhaps Streep's performance is a bit *too* perfect, her technique a mite *too* immaculate. Her meticulous acting ability is certainly commendable but it draws too much attention to itself while one views the film. It is as if Streep wants the audience to know that she is playing the actress, Anna, who is in turn playing the enigmatic Sarah in the 1867 romance. It is difficult to ...

* * *

12. Medium shot of Sally coming into the office with some coffee.

12.

13. Long shot of Sally, Quinn, and Carolyn.

13.

QUINN

Hey, Sal, how do you spell "immerse"?

SALLY

I-M-M-E-R-S-E. (Smiles.) Here's your coffee. (Proceeds to exit.)

QUINN

(to Carolyn)

Isn't she great? She's my walking dictionary. (to Sally) Oh, Sal, thanks for the coffee.

* * *

... immerse oneself in the reality of the stories because of the constant reminder that one is watching a performance. Fortunately, this is not true of the other actors. Jeremy Irons successfully complements Streep's Sarah/Anna with his Charles/Mike. His acting never

gets as carried away as Streep's until the disastrous Pinter dual ending when he explodes in an overacted fit of anger. Fine performances by Lynsey Baxter, Hilton McRae, Leo McKern, and David Warner are also worth mentioning.

* * *

14. Close-up of Carolyn as she reads the review.

14.

CAROLYN

I don't think they're worth mentioning.

15. Medium shot of both, as Quinn looks over to Carolyn.

15.

QUINN

What are you talking about?

CAROLYN

These other actors in your review, I don't think they're that important.

16. Close-up of Quinn.

16.

QUINN

(Smiling)

Gimme a break, will ya? I get enough crap about my work from Phil.

CAROLYN

(Motioning that she is closing her mouth like a zipper while crossing her eyes and blushing prettily.)

I promise I won't say another word.

FADE OUT:

* * *

If we allow Pinter the liberty to exaggerate his actors' performances as a discourse on the ambiguous line between screen acting and real-life role playing, then he, director Reisz, and actress Meryl Streep have succeeded in creating a most thought-provoking film. In effect, *The French Lieutenant's Woman* is an actor's film, a movie's movie. It is a comment on the performer's craft, an examination of the form of filmmaking, and an exercise meant to mix the not-so-separate realms of film illusion and performer reality. However, if it is indeed an "actor's film," where does this leave the vast majority of the nonacting segment of the audience? Alas, the film's obsession with the nature of film ends up alienating the average moviegoer. Whatever interest was present in the Victorian romance of Charles and Sarah is gradually eroded whenever the contemporary love affair between Mike and Anna insists on interrupting the viewer's involvement in the very film that Mike and Anna are trying to create. Pinter is playing too many mind games with the audience and the mental exercise that it provides leaves the viewer visually and emotionally exhausted.

* * *

17. Medium shot of Phil and Quinn.

17.

PHIL

(Pointing) What does "it" refer to in this sentence?

QUINN

The film.

PHIL

I think you better put "the film" instead of "it."

18. Close-up of Phil.

18.

I don't know 'bout this so far, Quinn. All the other critics *liked* it.

19. Medium shot of both.

19.

QUINN

Just a different perspective, that's all. I thought that's what this magazine's all about.

PHIL

Right. Just don't expect a lot of letters to

(cont'd on page 31)

From Stereotypes to Friendship

by Theresa Kloska

"We're sick of hearing about stereotypes!" exclaims one frustrated student. "Notre Dame or St. Mary's—who really cares?" Classically stereotyped, Diane Domer is dark-haired chubby, and very very smart. Susie SMC is blonde, skinny, and utterly stupid. Recently, however, efforts have been made to dispel these notions once and for all. We are beginning to realize how ridiculous these stereotypes are.

The purpose of this article is not to squeeze any more out from an already wrung-out topic. It is not to "de-stereotype" the women in our college communities. Articles in past issues of *The Observer* have already done that. Instead, the purpose of this article is to suggest that we go one step further than merely dispelling stereotypes and tolerating one another. We should aim to be closer. We should aim to be friends.

Some of us came to our respective schools already knowing girls from the educational institution across the street, and the friendships we had made in high school continued into college. On the other hand, some of us never knew any girls from the other school and haven't really gotten to know any of them. Why shouldn't we just be friends with the girls from our own school? Is there any value in bothering to get to know the girls from across the street? The answer is a definite yes.

First, our two schools are tied so closely together in clubs, literature, classes, and other programs that it is

essential that we get to know one another. It is, after all, the ND/SMC Right-to-Life Club and not the ND Right-to-Life Club and the SMC Right-to-Life Club separately. The two schools have a single newspaper, *The Observer*, in common, and class credits in some courses, such as Communications, are interchangeable. Even foreign study programs are open to students of both schools. St. Mary's students, for example, can participate in Notre Dame's Angers, France, program, and Notre Dame students can participate in St. Mary's Rome, Italy, program with no problem at all. If we are to be efficient together, we must get to know one another. How can we work well together if we don't like or even know each other?

Second, it is essential to take time out to get to know one another simply for the sake of meeting new people. In order to grow as individuals, it is important to learn about as many different people as possible. That includes getting to know people from the other campus. Logically then, it seems as though friendships between women of the two schools would be very desirable, but in reality, stereotypes exist and this does not seem to be the case.

What are we so afraid of anyway? Do we fear that women in our rival school will be more successful than we in college and afterward? There really is no basis for that fear. Let's face it, the ones who are going to be successes in college and after-

ward are the ones who work hard and apply themselves. A woman's success or failure depends mostly on her individual determination, motivation and application of her talents and abilities, and not so much on the school from which she graduated. St. Mary's and Notre Dame are close enough academically that an employer would probably not place much emphasis on which school a woman attended as long as she was well qualified for the job.

A woman really should not be competing against other women anyway, whether or not those women are from her own school. She need only be competing against herself. Every good golfer knows that in order to do well in the game, he must concentrate on beating the course itself and his own previous scores—not any other golfer's scores. The same principle holds true in an academic situation. Each person must strive to make herself the best she possibly can be without worrying what others do or think.

There is another rivalry present among us which is not an academic rivalry. It is a social one. It seems to be a common belief that guys prefer one group of women over another. I'm going to take the liberty to say that (and guys correct me if I'm wrong) when it comes to friendships, guys don't care if a woman goes to St. Mary's or to Notre Dame. I repeat. Guys don't care. I've never once had a guy tell me, "Well, you're a very nice person Theresa, but I can't be your friend. You see, you go to St. Mary's and St. Mary's girls are dumb." The mere suggestion that anyone would even think to say that seems ridiculous, yet we seem to believe it ourselves. Just as the individual herself determines academic success, so too does the individual herself determine social success. It is silly to say that the school one attends solely determines whether an individual is a winner or a loser in either the academic or social field.

Given then, that a cultivation of friendships would be desirable, how can this be accomplished? It is ridiculous to demand that St. Mary's women march over to PE and PW in the name of establishing friendships, and to push Notre Dame women toward LeMans and order "Make friends!" No one can force

the friendships. We can, however, allow ourselves to get to know one another so that friendships have the proper environment in which to grow. How then can we provide this environment?

First, we need to plan more activities between women's dorms. Women's dorms often plan barbecues and picnics with men's dorms, but rarely with other women's dorms. Perhaps we should plan more of these "women only" activities. People can't get to know one another and form friendships until they are introduced.

Second, none of us should overlook the possibility of interchanging one of our classes with a similar one offered at the other school. St. Mary's women often do not hesitate to enroll in a class at Notre Dame in order to develop friendships with guys, but they often don't think of the friendships with other women that they could be trying to develop too. Mary D., a junior at St. Mary's, says, "Freshman year I enrolled in a communications class at Notre Dame, and thought I'd accomplish two things at once: I'd get a core requirement out of the way, and also get to meet some guys. I never really thought about trying to meet some of the girls over there. Well, I met some really nice girls and, as it

turned out, my best friend today is a girl I met in that class."

Some may say that it is too idealistic to expect that the stereotypes which have existed for years will suddenly disappear, but is this expectation really so unrealistic? Many neat things have happened already.

"Who really cares about the stereotypes?" is one opinion that has been reflected in several articles in *The Observer* recently. This is an indication that the stereotypes are already breaking down. Some Notre Dame-St. Mary's "women only" activities have already been planned in order to allow the women to get to know one another better. Keep these continuing and maybe these stereotypes will soon be forgotten.

The women of St. Mary's and Notre Dame are talented in different ways but still are very much alike. They study together in many of the same classrooms, and work together in many of the same clubs. They cheer together at the same football games, and laugh together at the same parties. Why pretend that they're so different by refusing to discard old stereotypes?

We are only in college for a few short years. During those years we have the opportunity to develop strong and lasting friendships. We

must not allow a trivial matter, such as which school we attend, to get in the way of developing those friendships. After all, the friendships we make now can go far beyond the four years here at college. They can, if we allow them to, last an entire lifetime. □



Theresa Kloska, a senior English major at Saint Mary's, is from Elkhart, Indiana. This is her first contribution to Scholastic.

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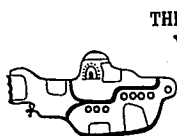
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Shiva Passes

*For a Student and Friend, Whose
"Journal" Provided Joy, Timeless-
ness and Light to her "Master";
with Remembrances of St. Augus-
tine and a Discussion of Iconogra-
phy.*

Icon of arching fire,
Archon of all desire,
Centerless, circuit-free
Movement of all degree:

Moment immolater,
Miracle abater
Is your destined part.

Memory misplacer,
Effortless effacer
Of the restless heart.

Being, from becoming. Substance, out of shadow.
Shiva passes; turns; would come again
To undo being, limit light.
Save us, Lord. . . !

Lord, save us, lass and master,
Lord, hear our simple call:
Let Shiva not dance faster,
Let him not dance at all,
Nor drum to dim reflection
What now is bright and clear.

Where have you come from, lass?
Words in a journal pass
Slowly the searching eye,
Slowly — personify
(Limitless light)

Their brief enchanted hours sustain
For them, renewed in thee again,
Though they seem to lose them.
Preserve for them from Shiva's powers
Their common days and private hours,
As you come to choose them.

Lord, all our days you know us —
Our mastered days, our lass-less days —
Our sitting down and our rising up:
Beforehand with us against the day-star's rising,
Afterward with us through the day's descending arc.

When we lose ourselves, you find us.
When we forget ourselves, you mind us.
When we fall you do maintain us,
When we drift, kindly restrain us.

Lord, let not our intersected times
Move unmeasured, nameless,
Through Shiva's consuming choreography.
Tether, Lord, dance-master Nataraja's five-gestured
form.
Still Shiva's drums, so none who dance dare doubt it:
Where stands the cross, there moves his dance about it.

And we, illusionless, home in thy heart.

by Professor John Lyon

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Dried Flowers

Stubborn, abandoned locust cages — only the shells remain.

There they sit, resting after a hard day's inactivity.
Relegated during my nightly reign
To a place of indistinction on the floor.
Away from my table throne!
Argue with that raving oriental rug,
And deserve each other,
Each preserved for frozen beauty's sake.

Deception: I will not cherish a straw,
Wear it in my hair as a rose.
Not for fear of injuring a tender, sensitive stalk;
A fledgling bird, but in deference to a brittle
Discolored carcass,
Remnant of purpose.

Do they worry about harming my
Scramble for life with
Cluttered death?
Rearranging dust, they
Speak: "Drop that pen! While you're up,
Silence that drone, Joni Mitchell.
Can't you see we're trying to sleep?
Bad enough the sun kept us awake before you."

Finicky eaters — each morning I deliver a ration
Of bread and water and they refuse my gift,
Their appetites satiated by dust and
Solitude alone, depositing more,
Our common air,
Even in the taking.

So vain they dye their hair
And know they need protection
From a homicidal landlord.
Pink and blue, they perch
Pawning colors
In place of life.
Their rent is overdue,
This month I will evict them.

by Kathy Murray

Sidewalk Swirls

Love is the rescue of a pavement-beached worm after
a storm

Or a freshly severed flower before a dance,
Waiting to die in beauty,
Perhaps because of it.

Oneiric-escape: I carry you to safety,
But you slither from my stretcher hands
(and the rain now long gone).

Or wilt in my ambulance vase
(and the dance still hours away).

Dead on arrival.

So many helpless.
Fleshy sidewalk swirls
Rowing toward grass.
To be your oars.
Fields of horizontal blossoms.
Eaten under the shears, dehydrating.
To be your soil and, of course, your rain.

Planning the rescue
(my garden could use "just a few good worms").

Thinking of the futility
(you die in spite of my splendid vase).

But these thoughts are love

When in profusion and on the same subject:

You.

by Kathy Murray

The Creation of a Book

by Evelyn Venables

It has arrived, hot off the presses. "It" is *The Frozen Maiden of Calpurnia* by Ralph McNerny, the most recent book published by Juniper Press. Juniper Press is the student-owned and -operated publishing company at the University of Notre Dame, under the direction of Professor Elizabeth Christman of the American Studies department.

This is the seventh semester that Christman has taught the course since coming to Notre Dame. She comments, "I'd been in publishing for twenty years [before going into teaching], and I wanted to use my real world experience in business to teach students something about that business."

They certainly seem to be learning. The eleven students in this semester's class have done all the work of a regular publishing company, though in an elementary form. They carry out all the phases of the publishing process: acquiring a manuscript, contracting for it, editing, designing, and producing it, advertising, promoting, and distributing it, accounting for sales, and paying royalties. The first order of business put to each of the students was to run for a position in the company. Depending on their particular interests and experiences, class members ran for the jobs of President, Corporate Secretary, Editor-in-Chief, Copy Editor, Designer, Production Manager and Production Assistant, Sales, Business, Advertising, and Publicity Managers. After this was settled, each class member invested \$35.00 (seven shares of stock) into the company. With these initial tasks completed, it was time to search for a manuscript to publish. They canvassed the Notre Dame campus, calling on faculty, students, staff, and other interested individuals who might have manuscripts suitable for publication by Juniper Press.

Since Juniper Press started off with capital of just over \$2,000.00, it could publish a book of no more than 100 pages. Also since the publishing process had to be completed in one semester, the manuscript had to be ready to go, with few changes

necessary. It was also important for the book to appeal to the Notre Dame-South Bend market. Juniper Press received several submissions and spent many class days deliberating over the various texts until the company decided on McNerny's *The Frozen Maiden of Calpurnia*.

Once the contract was made and the editorial department began its work, the production department began its frenzied job of turning the manuscript into a book. Armed with facts, figures and statistics from various printing houses in the South Bend-Mishawaka area, the production team worked to get the best contract for the company's limited funds. After reporting back to the entire class with the results, a printing company was chosen to do the work. The production staff also arranged to have Tony Penate do the artwork to go along with the text. The class members had already decided to typeset the book themselves, using the *Observer's* equipment to save money, and once the typesetting was done (after a sleepless night in the *Observer* office) and the artwork was completed, the book was sent off to press to be printed and bound.

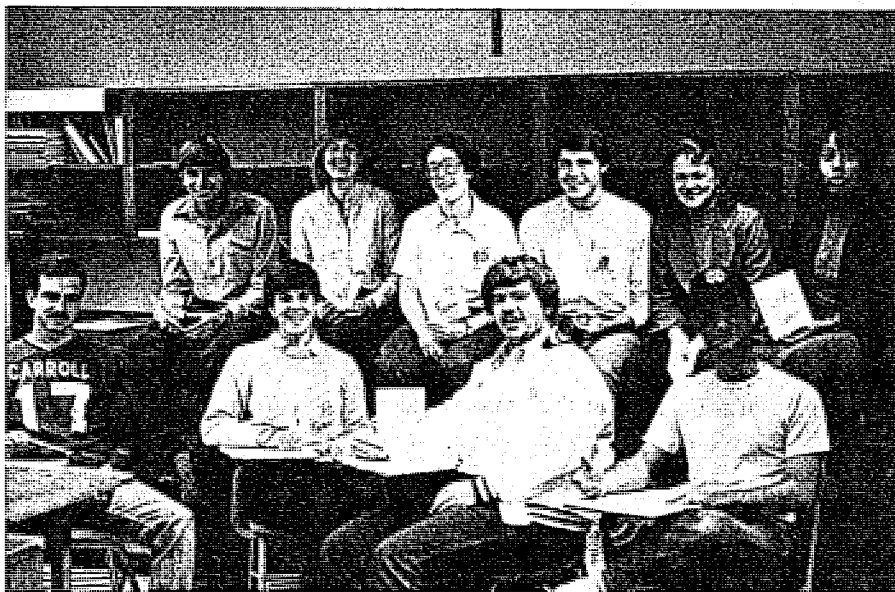
During this same anxious activity from the production staff, the sales staff (sales, advertising, and publicity managers) was gearing up for its sales campaign. Many phone calls were made; they contacted television

and radio stations, sent out press releases, prepared poster designs, and solicited some possible buyers (bookstores and book clubs).

All the class members left for fall break on October 22 anticipating the completion of the book upon their return on November 1. Now the book is finished and needs only to be sold. Juniper Press is enthusiastic about its new publication and the company members are urging everyone to buy McNerny's "witty, whimsical, modern-day myth." They are optimistic about sales and believe the book will appeal to young and old readers alike. Says Susan Selner, editor-in-chief, "It's going to be hard work, but I'm confident that the book will sell well."

The course has attracted an interesting variety of people—they are mostly American Studies majors, but there are also majors in the Program of Liberal Studies, Communication and Theatre, and English. Although everyone in the class may have different expectations for the course, all are drawn together in their common goal of producing a book. Selner comments, "The most rewarding aspect about the class is working with the other people and accomplishing something together that couldn't have been done alone. I think we work really well together—I'm kind of impressed with us!"

It is evident that the group has already pulled together during the



The 1982 Juniper Press Staff

A Modern-day Fairy Tale

by Pat Pitz

"That Calpurnia, a little alpine kingdom, itself, to the critical eye, frozen in ice, impervious to progress, in the world but not of it, should now house a block of ice containing a young woman for whom time quite literally stood still, was one of those lesser paradoxes with which the universe is replete and without which, both from a scientific and literary point of view, it would be a less interesting place than it is."

Ralph McInerny's new book, *The Frozen Maiden of Calpurnia*, is a delightful story that combines fantasy and humor. The book is a type of modern-day fairy tale which explores the classic story of a young king in search of a bride to share the royal throne. The story is set in the present yet takes place in a small kingdom, high in the Alps, isolated from the rest of the world by impassable mountain peaks on all sides. McInerny uses the modern setting to make fun of many of modern society's current problems and concerns, but as the story develops, references to the present fade and we are left with an amusing fantasy.

The plot of *The Frozen Maiden* unfolds when the king of Calpurnia, King Roy L, is unable to find a satisfactory bride in all of Calpurnia. Consequently, King Roy must search for a queen in the surrounding kingdoms. In the meantime, a group of travelers from Calpurnia come across a very strange and even miraculous discovery on their journey through the snow-covered Alps: They find a young woman — a very beautiful young woman — frozen solid in a huge block of ice. Unable to decide what to do with her, they agree to bring the frozen young lady back to Calpurnia where the



king can take charge of the matter. Once in Calpurnia, King Roy L immediately preserves the block of ice inside the town hockey rink where he consequently becomes enchanted with the lovely, mysterious figure encased in the crystal tomb.

Soon the royal historians uncover the identity of the frozen maiden. She is Princess Cynthia del Spada, who had disappeared on her journey to Calpurnia to become the bride of King Roy L's predecessor, King Roy IV, who had ruled over 1000 years ago. From here, the events of the tale become more complicated, but eventually the maiden is thawed back to life and becomes the bride of King Roy L.

The book is very well written and could be enjoyed equally by children, college students, and adults. The book is short — only 75 pages, including illustrations — making it ideal for light, leisurely reading. Some of the people and places in the story may seem rather allegorical at first, but soon we learn there is no deep, hidden meaning in the fairy tale and the moral is nothing more than, as McInerny puts it, "Many are cold, but few are chosen." McInerny's fine, descriptive writing, injected with humor, makes the book an enjoyable and suspenseful work of fantasy. □

first half of the semester. Everyone was more than willing to put in the extra hours that were needed to make the book just perfect for printing. Under the guidance of the production department, the class members proofread, typed, pasted, measured, and straightened until all

were satisfied with the end product. Through all the long hours, they've generated their own excitement and now they are all eager to promote and sell the book that they've worked so hard on and believe in so strongly. Selner mentions that the focal point of the class is "the

book." And that encompasses "hard work, excitement, cooperation, and learning about the publishing business. It's all so rewarding because it's ours — we did it."

Personal involvement seems to be

(continued on page 30)

Avoiding an Education

by Jim Hennigan

At Notre Dame, there is a Freshman Year of Studies program which gives students a chance to carefully select the college of their choice. Some students take a little more time than others.

Upon entering Notre Dame as a freshman, I enrolled in courses in the Freshman Year program which fulfilled the requirements of the College of Business Administration. Of course I experimented a little with some courses—just to be sure I should really be an accountant. It wasn't until my sophomore year, though, that I actually took courses in the business school.

I chose the School of Business Administration for several reasons, which seemed very good at the time. A degree in Accountancy from Notre Dame practically ensures the student of a job upon graduation. (That's no small consideration with the current state of the economy.) I also saw that the benefits of a business education included practical applications in everyday life, apart from the obvious on-the-job applications. I felt these were logical and seemingly sound reasons for choosing a career in accounting. They may or may not have had much to do with the fact that my father is an accountant himself. That I had never bounced a check until last semester was of minor importance. But, perhaps most important in my decision was a look at the other colleges in the University.

Prior to my freshman year, I examined the *Bulletin of Information* quite carefully. I first turned to the Engineering section, recalling an old desire to design bridges like my Uncle Bob. After perusing the degree requirements, I turned to an-

other section of the catalogue. Physics and those "higher" forms of mathematics have always been too demanding for me. Those courses have always invoked a sense of fear in me. I couldn't imagine ever mastering "Thermo" or "Fluids," nor did I care to give it a shot, knowing that my major awaited me somewhere else inside that *Bulletin of Information*. "Perhaps I could design a bridge without getting so technical," I told myself. A degree in Architecture was therefore next on my list, but not for long. I knew deep down that eventually I would want to study law, and to a high school graduate, Architecture just didn't seem like the way to go. Being an architect didn't seem to offer the "flexibility" that other majors did. In other words, if I wanted to change my major, I wanted to be able to do so without having to start college all over again. Besides, the Architecture Building was a long walk from my dorm.

The College of Science didn't get much consideration from me. I knew something about Science that many freshmen wished they were privy to before registering. I knew about the seven-question quiz every Friday in Emil Hofman's Chemistry 115 class. This was one obstacle that was unavoidable and I knew things would get tougher down the line. Besides that, I had visions of sitting next to Hewlett on my left and Packard on my right in Calculus class. "Who wants to compete for grades anyway?" I decided. On top of that, I had to consider my health. I get shivers every time I have a class in Nieuwland and there's a room across the hall with "Danger—Radioactive Material—Keep Out" posted on the door.

Arts and Letters was next, but the foreign language requirement (three semesters) terrified me. I had had four years of French in high school, but that meant I would only have to begin my three-semester obligation at least on the intermediate level. Arts and Letters also implied living in Manhattan's SoHo district for several years after graduation—unless one opts for the Peace Corps instead. I felt that graduating with a B.A. de-

gree was not compatible with the most remote chance of living in a house in the suburbs with a two-car garage, wife, 2.4 children and a dog. To me, Arts and Letters meant "chickening out," and I'm not one to walk away in the face of adversity.

You might call it process of elimination or plain old indecisiveness, but I was *determined* that the College of Business Administration was the right path for me. Freshman Year went without a hitch—for the most part—and that seemed to confirm my choice. But, it wasn't until my sophomore year that I had a chance to take a course in the College of Business Administration. Once the second semester rolled around, I was sure of one thing; business was not as interesting as I had hoped it would be.

I was very distressed that I was halfway through my "Notre Dame experience" and I didn't even know what it was. Barring the continuation of an unappealing business education, Arts and Letters was my only possible retreat. Such an alternative was not all that bad as I had enjoyed my Arts and Letters courses, and a B.A. degree is just as good a background for law school as any other. After a lot of thought and consideration, I opted for the liberal education over the more vocational training in the business school, just like Fr. Hesburgh wants.

So, now I'm getting the kind of education that will both serve its purpose in the future and keep me content for now. The language requirement has caught up with me, as well as a couple of other unforeseen "obstacles," but after two years, I'm no longer running away from an education. Some might say that an Arts and Letters major is avoiding an education, but putting one's future on the line is not an easy thing to do. After all, Rockwell International doesn't usually hire philosophy majors straight out of college. □

Jim Hennigan is a junior Arts & Letters student from Livingston, New Jersey.

ART

... at the Snite Museum of Art

Until Dec. 26 — The Golden Age of Dutch Art: The Dreesmann Collection — Print, Drawing and Photography Gallery.

Until Dec. 19 — Traditional African Art in the Britt Family Collection — O'Shaughnessy Galleries.

Until Dec. 12 — William Kremer: One-Man Exhibition — O'Shaughnessy Galleries.

Until Dec. 19 — Hedrich-Blessing: Architectural Photography 1930-1980 — O'Shaughnessy Galleries.

LECTURES

Nov. 16 — "The Faces of Power: Art, Politics, and Propaganda" — Robert Hughes, Art Critic for Time Magazine — 7:30 p.m. — Annenberg Auditorium.

Dec. 14 — "Michelangelo Sculture" — Dr. Charles Rosenberg, Asst. Prof. of Art History, UND — 12:10 p.m. — Annenberg Auditorium.

(Gallery hours: T-F, 10 a.m.-4 p.m.; S-S, 1-4

Culture Update

p.m.; Closed M)

... at Saint Mary's

Nov. 19-Dec. 13 — Dolores Milmo, Recent Paintings — Hammes and Little Theatre Galleries.

Nov. 19-Dec. 13 — Betsy Packard, Recent Sculpture and Drawings — Moreau Gallery.

(Gallery hours: M-F, 9:30 a.m.-12 p.m., 1 p.m.-3 p.m.; Sun., 1-3 p.m.; Closed Sat.)

MUSIC

... at Notre Dame

Dec. 8 — Golden String Quartet — 8:15 p.m. — Annenberg Auditorium — \$2.00 GA; Students Free.

... at Saint Mary's

Nov. 18 — Fall Choral Concert — Raymond Sprague, conductor — Little Theatre — 8 p.m.

Nov. 20 — Indiana State Choral Festival —

Raymond Sprague, coordinator — O'Laughlin Auditorium and Little Theatre — All day.

*Dec. 2, 3, 4, 5 — Christmas Madrigal Dinners — Regina North Lounge — 7 p.m.

Dec. 12 — Festival of Lessons and Carols — Raymond Sprague, conductor — Church of Loretto — 8 p.m.

THEATRE

... at Notre Dame


*Nov. 12, 13, 18, 19, 20 — The Maids by Jean Genet — Directed by Leonard Powlick — Washington Hall — 8 p.m.

DANCE

... at Saint Mary's

*Dec. 3, 4, 5 — The Little Match Girl — Based on the story by Hans Christian Andersen — Directed by Debra Stahl — O'Laughlin Auditorium — 8 p.m. (Dec. 5 — 2 p.m.)

(*For Ticket Information and reservations, call (219) 284-4626.)




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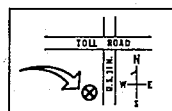
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standing of life and the world around us. Literally a university means turning things to one, interrelating and making sense of things." With this in mind, any course of study offered by Notre Dame should motivate the student to integrate his academic studies with the larger picture of life outside the classroom.

Unfortunately, a pervading careerism runs counter to the interrelating of academics and the direction of one's life. Although the emphasis on career is found throughout American society as a whole, some see the administration of Notre Dame as indirectly fostering such an attitude. One senior notes that "the Administration neglects the fine arts, theater, and music departments, and instead pours money into more career-oriented disciplines such as business and engineering."

Admittedly, the University Administration must be partially responsible for some of the problems which reinforce the separation of academics and student life. Sophomore Doug O'Brien suggests that in general the policy of *in loco parentis* is the cause of much of the problem. "Treating us like children projects an image onto us which can be detrimental to our maturing academically." The other half of the problem, however, must ultimately rest with the student body. Clearly our attitudes to a great extent help to widen the gulf between the social and academic spheres of life at the University. As Prof. McKim reminds us, "There are resources here for a student who's aggressive and intentional

about his life here to create a very good four-year experience." If we are serious about getting a true education in the great Western and Catholic traditions, we must begin to integrate what we study into all aspects of our lives. If we hope to claim that we are a great university in these traditions, we shall have to begin to act like one. □

Academic Life ...

(continued from page 5)

personal contact between students and regular faculty members. As Prof. Nicgorski observes, however, "One must not underestimate the tension that can exist between such a concern and that of making the University 'world-class' by emphasizing the increased presence of the well-known research scholar." Nicgorski believes the University must make the commitment to close contact between students and faculty despite the potential conflict with the University's research aims.

According to Nicgorski, "A university is a place where one is to try to put together a meaningful under-

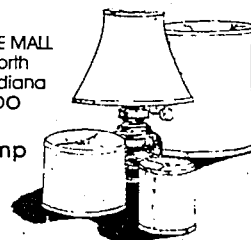
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Fiction

Dome Air

by Jeb Cashin



The room is plain. The walls are cinder block, decorated by one poster of Kermit the Frog with last year's playmate of the year. "Lucky frog," every guy always says. "Wonder where Jim Henson's other hand is?" Everyone laughs and everyone asks for another beer. Party party.

Tonight, though, is Wednesday, the room is fairly quiet with the door shut. The room holds two beds—one made, one unmade—with a desk at the end of each bed. Two mosquitoes hover over the only light. (The other lamp has an expired bulb.) In one desk chair sits a sandy-haired freshman, phone handle cradled on his shoulder, hands grinding the sweat from his palms into his jeans. Leaning forward. Listening. On the bed, back to the wall sits Fred, sniffing, with his knees tucked under his chin. He is not breathing well.

The screw-your-roommate is Saturday.

The dogbooks came out Monday.

But Blatz did not know about the Monday issue, so he had to wait until Tuesday to fall in love with Melanie—twenty-first page, row three, column two: Dancing, Painting, Playing the flute. Melanie. Melanie. Melanie.

Blatz listens, still rubbing his jeans. The other end rings a third time. He wonders if flautists really are inherently excellent kissers.

"Sure they are," Dan the senior had told him. "Their lip muscles are always firm—you know, well-developed." It made sense.

The phone is answered, "Hello." Two syllables to stop the charging heart of man, as he forgets what to say. A voice. Alas, the female voice.

"Hello?" Blatz remembers, rubbing off layers of skin. "My name is Fred." Actually Blatz's name is Blatz; Fred is his roommate. Fred sleeps in the made bed he is presently cowering on. Fred could not call Melanie for the screw-your-roommate this Saturday, as he tends to hyperventilate when speaking to girls.

Thus, Blatz has resorted to calling a girl for himself in the name of his roommate, Fred.

"Our dorm is having a screw-your-roommate this Saturday," says Blatz, "so I was just wondering if you would go with him—him, my roommate. His name is Blatz Cartigan; I think you guys have the same Econ class."

"I'd love to go!" says Barbara, sitting up off her giant, fuzzy, yellow Woodstock.

This room is neat, for now. The walls are plaster, decorated with oriental paintings from K-Mart, a big calendar of November with the first sixteen days crossed out, two posters of The Clash, one of New York, and a wall clock; the big hand tells the hour and the little hand tells the minute. Some obnoxious junior from her Latin class changed them

at the last happy hour. Happy happy.

"Actually," Melanie thinks, looking at the clock, "pouring vodka in the goldfish bowl and killing Moby was the obnoxious thing—changing the hands on the clock was sort of cute. So was the junior." She looks back to Barbara on the phone.

"Hold on a second," says Barbara into the phone. Covering the mouthpiece she whispers to Melanie, "Cartigan . . . with a 'C' I guess." Melanie is already passionately racing through the dogbook which was starred, double starred, and occasionally triple starred after hours of heated debate at the section meeting last Monday night.

On the other end, Blatz hisses to Fred, "She says she would love to go!" Fred starts coughing and gnawing on his right knee. Blatz has given up thigh-rubbing for phone cord-shaking—violent phone cord-shaking. Both males are elated. Blatz, because he has procured a date; Fred, because Blatz has procured a date. A girl. An actual girl.

Flip. Flip. Flip. "You think he might spell Cartigan with a 'K'?" Melanie whispers.

"I don't know," Barbara whispers back. "Hurry."

"Well you already said yes!"

Suddenly, but subtly and quietly, something knocks at the back of Blatz's celebrating brain. . . .

Tap. Tap. Tap. "Excuse me, old sport," says a sudden realization in Blatz's head, "but is this our love,

(continued on page 30)

Alcohol . . .

(continued from page 11)

tion among some college students is the belief that they have the special right to be as obnoxious, loud and abrasive as they like without fearing reaction from others. Being given the right to drink entails taking on the responsibilities of adulthood.

How do we go about changing the drinking habits? "Intervention not prevention is effective at the college level" states Dr. Pellegrini. He further claims that, "simply teaching people about alcohol abuse and alcoholism won't change lives. Confrontation of people with the problem forces them to acknowledge it." Pellegrini asserts that when a person is told by those around him of their disapproval he will stop to think and evaluate the situation. Approaching someone in a caring and loving but firm manner will do much more than any classroom lecture or pamphlet will.

If a situation in which alcohol abuse is persistent comes to attention, it cannot be ignored. Silence serves as confirmation. Letting a problem continue cannot happen if there is to be hope of responsible drinking. "As long as a person has someone to clean up after him without a word to contest his actions, the problem will live on," claims Peggy Cronin, also of the Psychological Services Center.

Notre Dame will have the problem of alcohol abuse until the students decide not to tolerate campus drunkenness. Damage to facilities, infringement upon others' rights and the guy down the hall prostrated over the toilet will be the price to pay until students put their foot down. Plain and simple, the people here have to be less tolerant of wanton drunkenness.

"The outlook needs to be changed from the very beginning" elaborates Cronin. "Instead of acclimating freshmen to a climate of alcohol-dominated socializing why not focus on nonalcohol-related events," is one suggestion from Cronin. Freshmen come to Notre Dame trying their hardest to fit in. Everyone here plays a part in fashioning their mold, so it is up to all of us to take responsibility for it. The Freshman Year of Studies, for example, does an admirable job of sponsoring nonalcoholic events in the social sphere. We need

to decide if we want to show them a life in which alcohol is used as a crutch for social life or an atmosphere in which people can enjoy life and control their own emotions and relations without foreign inspiration.

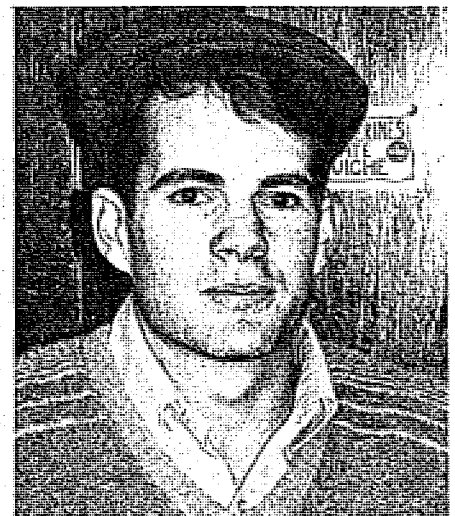
Although a lack of social alternatives is not the major cause of alcohol abuse at Notre Dame, a more diversified social calendar would certainly provide options other than alcohol for those who go along with the crowd because they can find nothing better to do. There exists at Notre Dame a lack of effective planning and foresight in the area of student social life according to student body president Lloyd Burke. Burke claims, "There is a need for the administration to create a position or committee in charge of student social affairs. The administration is currently involved with reactionary measures, they're constantly firefighting. What is needed is a forward looking plan to create more opportunities for student social interaction." Burke believes there simply isn't enough of a concerted effort put forth by the administration to design a program of student events; rather, everything is done piecemeal.

The lack of action and organization on the administration's part cited by Burke causes one to wonder how seriously the administration considers student social life. Granted, we are an academic institution, but the trade-off of healthy social interaction for academics has to reach some sort of equilibrium. We don't need to be constantly entertained, but providing viable avenues for students to create their own activities in the social field would be the least they could do. The trouble one encounters when simply trying to or-

ganize a concert on the quad can cause one to wonder if the administration wouldn't rather have the students drinking in their rooms. If they're serious about trying to rectify the problems with student social life they have to develop an overall plan of action and follow through with it.

Students have to and are taking the initiative to bring about social events they desire. The Student Union and Student Government along with countless clubs and organizations provide possible outlets. The administration needs to do its share but the students have to realize Mom's not always going to be around to think up fun and games.

I am not claiming alcohol has no place at Notre Dame. I am supporting a climate in which people are given and take responsibility for their actions. A responsibility they cannot handle when inebriated. There is wisdom in moderation. □



Brian Couch is a sophomore Engineering major from Chico, California.



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Creation . . .

(continued from page 25)

the crucial part in the success of the course and the survival of Juniper Press. Professor Christman observes that she has always had a good response from her publishing students. "Most seem to like it [the course] because it's very different. They enjoy having more to do, more of a chance to affect the way the course comes out."

It is yet to be seen how the course will turn out and how the book will sell. But it is certain that these students have learned a lot from their experiences with Juniper Press. They have surely become wiser from their mistakes along the way. Christman comments, "You can always learn from your mistakes. I don't consider that the success of the course depends on making money."

But Juniper Press *does* want to make money, or at least break even. With the camaraderie the class members have developed, they remain optimistic. After all of their hard work, they believe there will be good sales. As Selner says, "I'm sure we'll do well — it's such a high-quality piece of work." □

Evelyn Venables is a senior American Studies major from Winter Park, Florida. This is her first contribution to Scholastic.

Dance . . .

(continued from page 15)

few dates with her less-fortunate roommate!)

Yet, regulations are made lighter at the expense of tradition. The "Inaugural Ball" has been replaced by hundreds of "Screw Your Roommates." (What an enhancing title!) The electric guitar has taken predominance over the violin. And the only keepsake from the dances are the salt and pepper shakers from the Big-Boy. Shall we brush the dust off the velvet gowns and try to fit into Mickey's dinner jacket? I do not need any more salt shakers; I want a charm bracelet! Let's deamplify "Born to Run," relax the arms (but please don't turn down the air-conditioner!), and reinstitute the 1933 "appropriate Notre Dame air."

Dome Air . . .

(continued from page 28)

Melanie, on the phone? Did we ask for her? I don't think we did. This could be a roommate or a friend. Did we even dial the right number?"

"Wait a second," utters Blatz, his hands still over the mouthpiece.

"What's wrong?" asks Fred in between gnaws and breaths.

Blatz panics and hangs up.

Fred is cured. "Why did you do that?"

"I forgot to ask for Melanie," says Blatz. "What if that wasn't her who wanted to go?"

"But you gave your name."

"Yeah, but I'm not even in the dogbook. They'll never catch me. I'll deny the whole thing."

"I can't find him," says Melanie.

"He hung up."

"He what?"

"He hung up."

"Well you kept your hand over the phone long enough. He was probably insulted."

"I bet it was just another joke."

"Sick joke."

"Stupid boys."

"Yeah, stupid boys."

"Women!"

"Who needs 'em?" says Fred.

Blatz gazes ahead at the two mosquitoes floating over the desk lamp. Then he stares past them towards the approaching winter, and on past towards seven dances, many parties, an almost relationship, and a girl for one night in Florida. Blatz, the socialite. Fred is exhausted. He, too, stares at the mosquitoes, then on past towards only one try, a disaster, and on past to peace in the computer building

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Barbara hangs up the phone. Melanie goes to the calendar on the wall and crosses out this day in November. She then goes back to

the dogbook on her desk. Flip. Flip. Flip. Barbara returns to her giant Woodstock and curls up for a long winter's nap. □

Jeb Cashin is a senior English major from Atlanta, Georgia. This is his first contribution to Scholastic

Movie Review . . . (continued from page 19)

the editor agreeing with you. (Pause) By the way, it's 7:30.

QUINN

I know, I know.

FADE OUT:

. . . and the mental * exercise * that the film provides leaves the viewer visually and emotionally exhausted.

Newsweek claims that "the film's only drawback is the superlatives that sprinkle its reviews," and pleads, "Don't be put off by the reputation that precedes it, for it will surely live up to it." Alas, if this were only true. The majority of reviews are too concerned with comparing Reisz's film with Fowles' novel, and are too busy praising Pinter's brilliance in keeping with the spirit of the book, while neglecting to review the film independently as a form of art and entertainment accountable to its audience. Perhaps if Pinter had only kept to the original story of Charles and Sarah, then that in itself might have adequately contrasted the then and now, Victorian and contemporary society, in the viewer's own mind . . .

20. Medium shot of Carolyn and Quinn. 20.

CAROLYN

(Moving around Quinn and sitting on couch)
I loved it!

QUINN

(Looking up from his typewriter)
What, the movie?

CAROLYN

No, your review. Well, I loved the movie, too. I don't agree with you, but it's a really good review.

QUINN

Thanks.

21. Close-up of Carolyn 21.

CAROLYN

(Getting up)

Now can we go out to dinner?

22. Close-up of Quinn. 22.

QUINN

(Slow Smile)

(Pause) Yeah. (Pause) Then let's go see a movie.

(On their way out, Phil enters the office with his rough copy of review)

23. Long shot of Carolyn, Phil and Quinn. 23.

PHIL

Not bad, Quinn. I'd say this is one of the better things you've written all year. You done with the rewrite yet?

QUINN

Year. Here. (Hands it to him) Oh, I decided to change the title to "Overindulgent Artistry."

24. Medium shot of Phil and Quinn. 24.

PHIL

Sorry, Quinn. Just checked with typesetting. No room for a title in this issue. Just the heading, "Movie Review."

25. Close-up of Quinn. 25.

QUINN

Damn.

26. Close-up of Phil. 26.

PHIL

But you *do* get your name at the top after the heading instead of at the bottom of the article. Satisfied?

27. Close-up of Quinn. 27.

QUINN

No.

FADE OUT:

* * *

. . . Hopefully, the future holds a project more worthy of the talents and reputations of Fowles, Pinter, and Reisz. Unfortunately for the present, their cinematic collaboration has been unsuccessful. For in trying to be profound and thought-provoking, *The French Lieutenant's Woman* only becomes like Streep's portrayal of Sarah itself — strained, elusive, and ultimately unsatisfying.

—by Quinn Kurtz

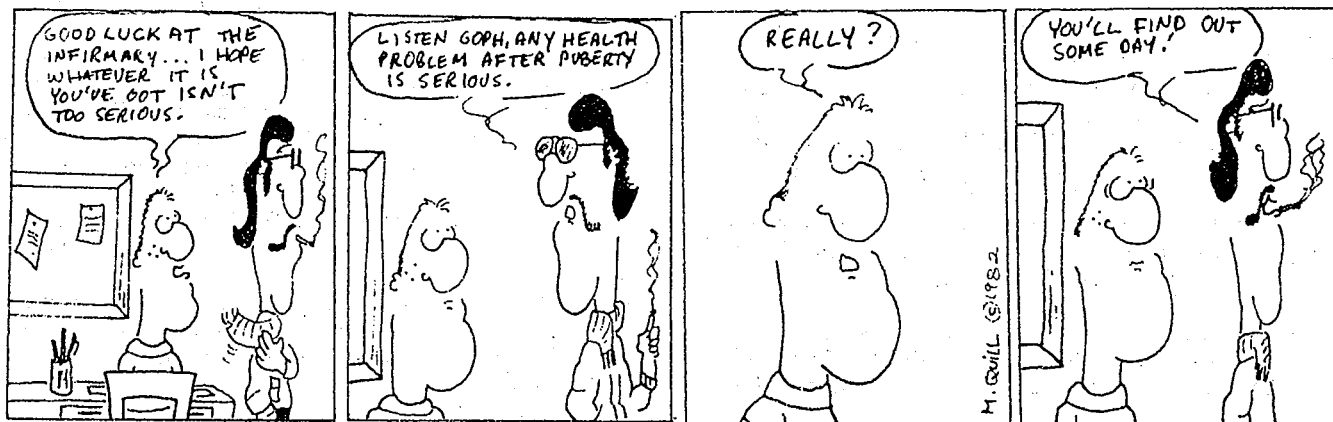
* * *

THE END □

Charles Ignacio is a junior Communications major from Richmond, Indiana. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.

Leave It to Gopher

by Mike Quill



—The Last Word—

by Beth Healy

You are my friend. I am yours. We are friends. So what?

In my twenty-one years of making friends I have come into contact with many people, made friends for many reasons. Reminiscing, as we seniors are prone to do, I am struck by the characteristics of friendships which have endured. In that friendship is a contract of love, it is indeed a very special gift.

When I was young, I remember using a sort of prefabricated measuring stick to choose friends. I liked Tammy Jo down the street because she had two names. (I'd never known anyone with two names before.) The girl next door was a real independent little thing whose parents worked, thus giving us more or less free rein of the house. Others ranked among my friends because they got to stay up past eight o'clock; or they got cookies for afternoon snacks; or they had a cute brother.

I now chuckle at the materialistic manner in which I measured my poor "friends." Perhaps that's why they are not my friends today. And while I'd like to say I have grown out of such childish perspectives, I realize that worldly friendship still tempts us to measure by the material, a profit-loss scale, so to speak.

How often we are drawn to people because they look good, or are successful, or surround themselves with the "in" crowd. We are all drawn to the opportunistic measures of friendship. Unfortunately, they do not last.

Aelred of Rievaulx, author of the 12th-century work *Spiritual Friendship* wrote, "Four elements in particular seem to pertain to friendship; namely, love and affection, security and happiness. Love implies the rendering of services with benevolence, affection, an inward pleasure that manifests itself exteriorly; security, a revelation of all counsels and confidences without fear and suspicion; happiness, a pleasing and friendly sharing of all events which occur, whether joyful or sad, of all thoughts, whether harmful or useful, of everything taught or learned." (Pretty profound for the 12th century!)

Such elements of friendship are a far cry from my measuring stick. While we may be tempted to write off true friendship to "another world" where virtue and goodness reign unattested, if we examine what it is we seek most in our own friends, and our ultimate end of perfect friendship with the Lord, the criteria are not so farfetched. We must measure with the eye, the heart, and the reason, and not merely the advantages to be gained or the price tag.

Helen and I have been special friends for the past four years. Next week I shall meet her for the first time. Sound impossible? Well, it's true. Helen and I were supposed to be roommates my freshman year at Notre Dame. When the time came for registration, Helen had decided not to come to N.D. Over the past four years we have written each other, learning bits and pieces of very separate and distinct lives, sharing our experiences and thoughts in a very uninhibited, unmeasured manner. Independent of the external measuring stick we have built our friendship on the basis of honesty, loyalty, openness, faithfulness—love.



Next week I shall lay eyes on Helen Kane for the first time. We have talked on the phone only once. In her last letter she wrote a brief description of herself. "I'm 5'2½", very light complexion (some people call it pale, but I prefer to think of it as light or fair), dark brown hair to about my shoulders with pretty many twists and turns between the roots and ends, two green eyes, two clear contacts, a nose and a mouth. . . . I have no amazingly distinguishing features — no scars stretching from ear to ear or warts on my nose. So much for descriptions. I look pretty much like every other Irish American girl my age. And, if it's any help, I look just like my father."

After reading her description I was struck by the fact that I'd never even tried to imagine Helen Kane before. Not that I relish the idea of faceless friends, but she has been my friend totally independent of all physical measures. What a thrill to think that soon, years of bits and pieces will unite.


Such friendship, independent of external measures also symbolizes man's relationship with the Lord. In that life on earth represents a period when bits and pieces of the Lord God come together, it is our ultimate end as Christians to see His face, to participate in life with Him. Such is the friendship Christ spoke of when He said, "You must love the Lord your God with your whole heart, your whole soul, your whole strength and your whole mind, and your neighbor as yourself." (Lk 10: 27)

By the same token, God loves man endlessly and without measure. Moreover, as a sign of that perfect love Jesus Christ suffered on the cross and died, calling man back from sin to new life with the Lord God. Such is a love which leads man to perfection whose ultimate end is union with God. Only in attaining this perfected friendship of love and affection, security and happiness, can we hope to look upon the face of the Lord.

How blessed we are that we have the opportunities to practice and develop that friendship with others here on earth. As Christians we have no choice but to welcome such friendship.

Welcome Helen. □

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