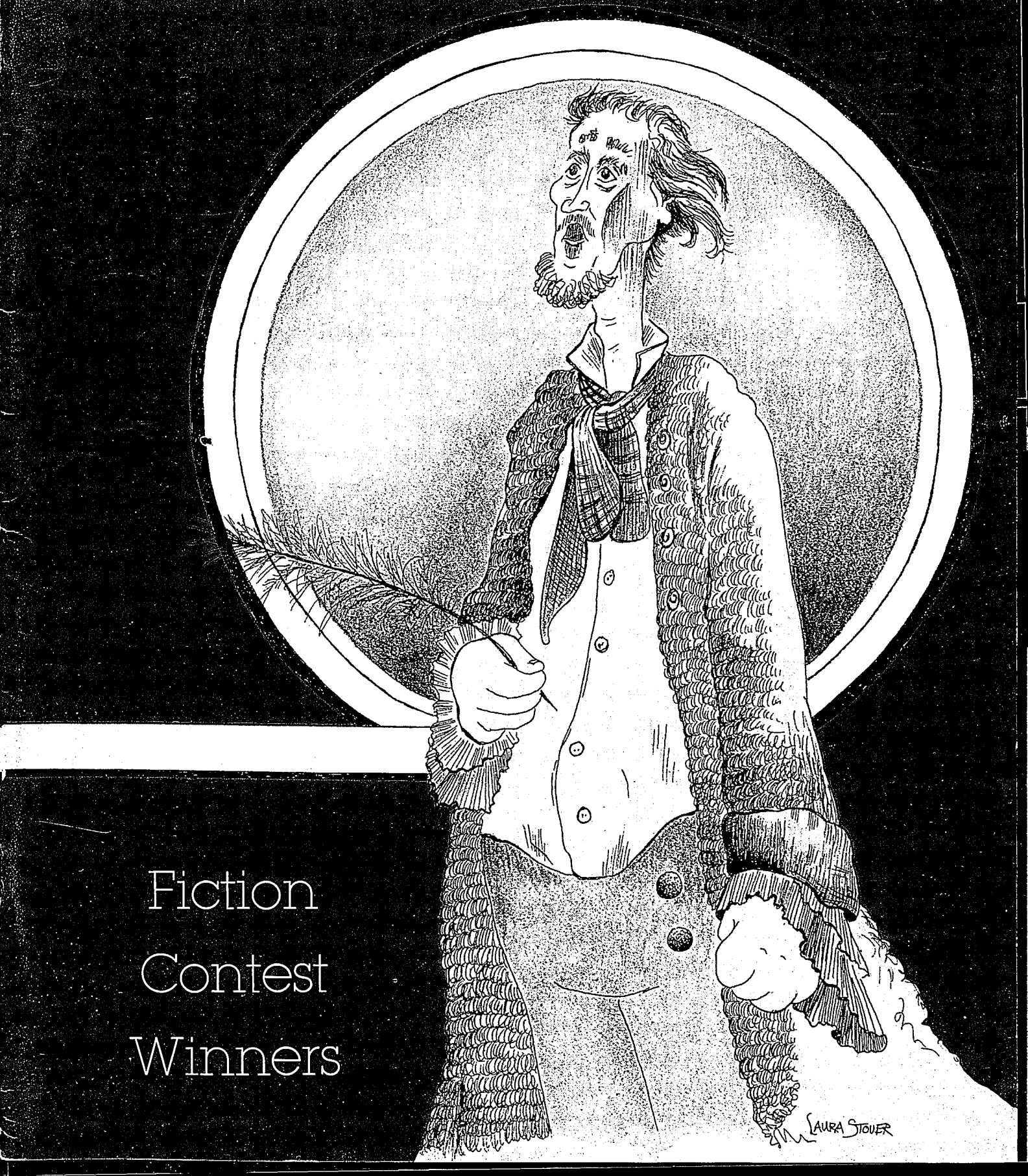
Scholastic

January, 1983



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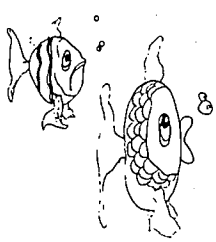

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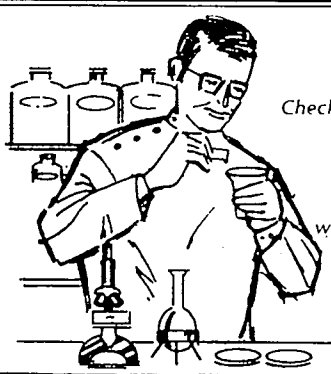

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SCHOLASTIC

Vol. 124, No. 6, January 1983
Notre Dame, IN 46556

FICTION CONTEST

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REGULARS

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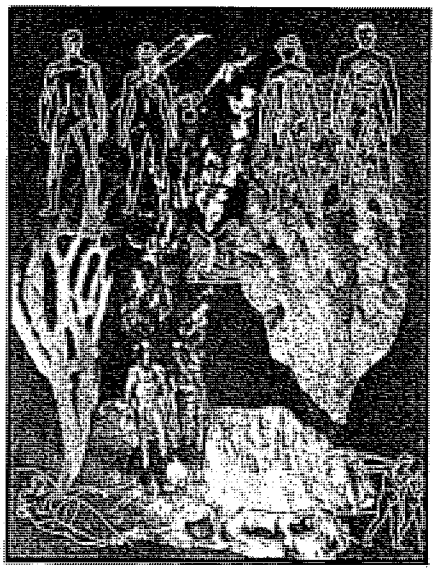

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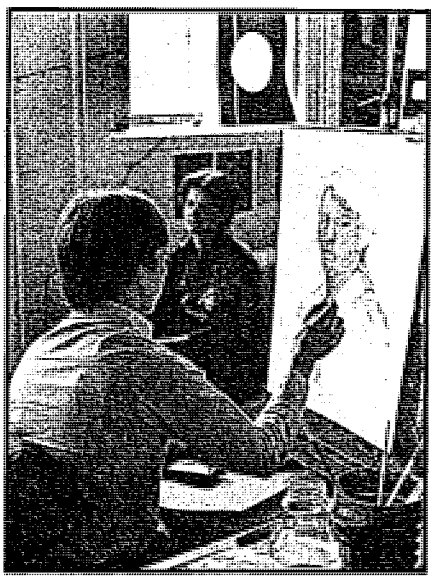

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In Memoriam

"Do not let your hearts be troubled.

Have faith in God and faith in me.

In my Father's house there are many dwelling places; otherwise, how could I have told you that I was going to prepare a place for you?

I am indeed going to prepare a place for you, and then I shall come back to take you with me, that where I am you also may be.

You know the way that leads where I go."
(John 14:1-4)

In memory of Michelle and Rita Murphy who remain in our thoughts and prayers and who, we believe, have found peace and salvation in the Father's dwelling place.

We welcome Keevie McCarthy, a junior at St. Mary's to *Scholastic* as art editor. Keevie, who is studying for a BFA, is especially involved in painting and sculpture and plans to study for a Master of Fine Arts or Interior Design.

"I am very excited about the art editor position," says Keevie. "What a great way to be involved in the Notre Dame/Saint Mary's artistic community. I look forward to presenting the various creative abilities of the students."

We share her excitement and creative enthusiasm. □

Scholastic

Notables

ND's Truman Scholar

Financing a college education can be difficult, but freshmen interested in a career in public service should be aware of an opportunity which could remove the financial burden. The Harry S Truman Scholarship Foundation awards scholarships, worth up to $5,000 annually, to one sophomore from each of the 50 states, the District of Columbia, Puerto Rico, and, considered as a single entity, Guam, the Virgin Islands, American Samoa, and the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands. Up to 52 at-large scholarships may also be awarded. The Truman Scholarship provides funds for the winners' junior and senior years, as well as two years of graduate study.

Michael O'Brien, a senior government major from Ogden, Utah, is the only Notre Dame student to have been awarded this very competitive scholarship. He explains that the Review Panel looks at the nominee's academic record, extracurricular activities, and statement of goals. Mike plans to go to law school and is considering a career as a public defender or human rights worker, but other Truman Scholars go on to careers in the private sector. Mike views the Truman Scholarship as more than an honor; he sees it as an incentive to work harder to attain his goals and also as a responsibility. He feels an obligation to somehow repay the Truman Foundation for the opportunities it has given him, and we are certain that he will.

Students interested in learning more about the Truman Scholarship competition should contact the Office of the Assistant Dean, 101 O'Shaughnessy. □

Women in the Workplace

A series of informal and informational programs entitled "Women in the Workplace" began January 19 at St. Mary's College, sponsored by the Counseling and Career Development Center. Topics of discussion range from "The Image of Success" and "Sexual Harassment" to "Personal Money Management" and "Starting Your Own Business." For the schedule and sign up contact the Counseling and Career Development Center at SMC. □

Grand Opening

The Center for Social Concerns is: a PLACE, PEOPLE, and a PROCESS.

The PLACE is the former WNDU Building. Many of the foundation stones for the current Center have been established throughout the long history of social concerns at the University of Notre Dame. The Center's location in the midst of campus hall and academic life will serve and challenge students, faculty, staff and alumni in the area of social concerns.

The Center is a PEOPLE PLACE. The focus on people is not limited to those teaching, researching, studying, serving, working, and praying who are vitally involved with the PLACE of the Center. The photos and pictures and write-ups of stories of people in the South Bend community, various parts of the U.S.A., and in the Third World are very much part of the PEOPLE perspective of the Center.

The PROCESS is both education- and action-oriented. It is manifested in the curricular options and extracurricular programs which present students, faculty, and alumni with challenging and creative opportunities to reflect on their call to "act justly, love tenderly, and walk humbly with the Lord." □

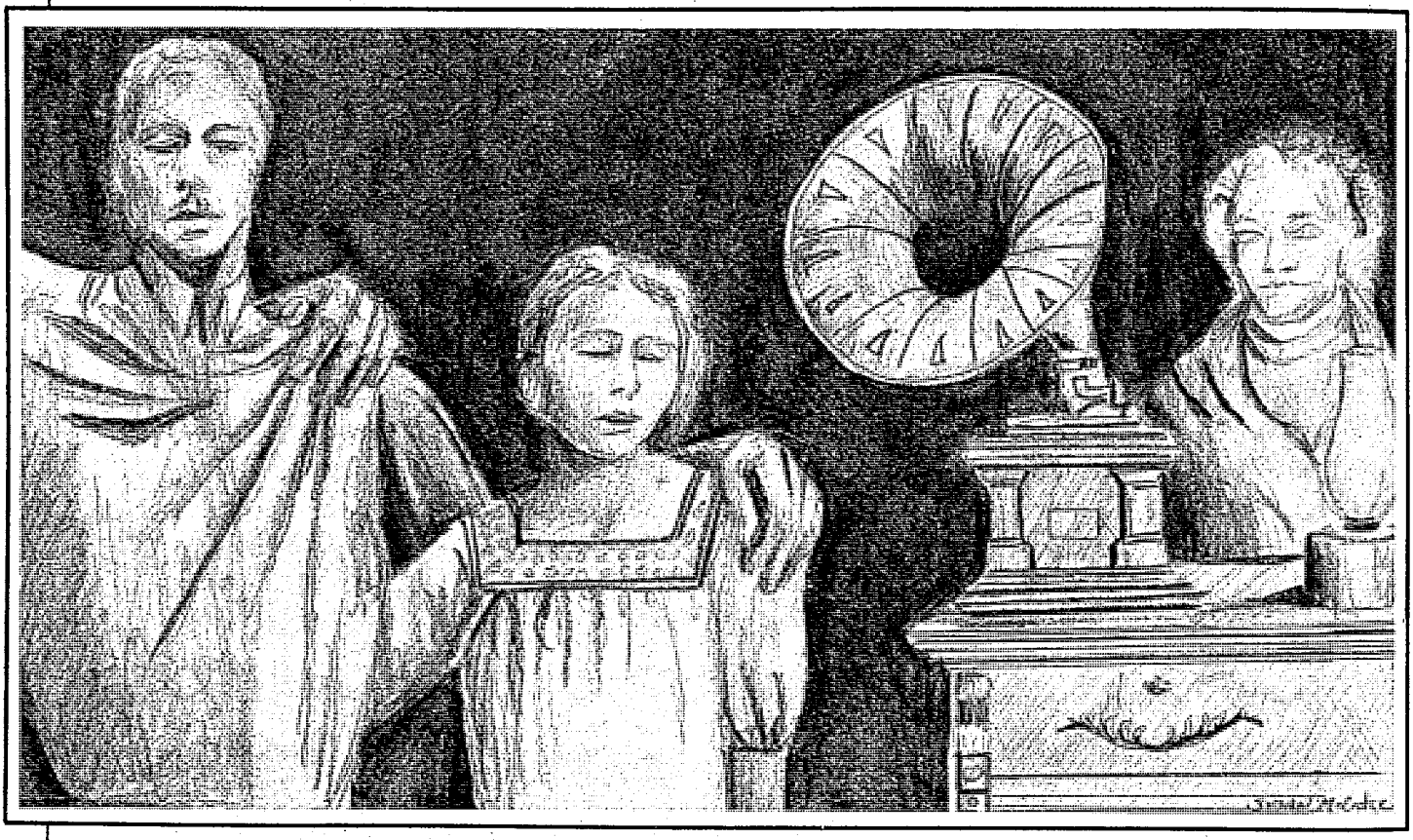
Looking to the Future

All good things must come to an end. The 1982-83 *Scholastic* Editorial Board is no different. We are looking for prospective editorial board members for next year. *Scholastic* is an important campus publication and will only be as good as the people involved. If you are interested in learning more about *Scholastic* and possibly applying for a board position for 1983-84, get involved now! □

I spent many hours of Christmas break curled up on our living room sofa under twinkling tree lights, reading and re-reading submissions to Scholastic's *first annual fiction contest. It was very encouraging to have such a thick pile of manuscripts for our first try at a competition — thanks to all the writers for their pieces! It was also gratifying to see the talent and hard work evident in many of the stories. I exhort you writers to keep working at your craft, and to continue submitting to* Scholastic.

— Sheila Beatty
Culture/Fiction Editor

Scholastic Fiction Contest



Fiction Contest — First Place

CELLAR SONG

by Dave Dziejowski

It had not always been as such. Prior to the takeover private gatherings for business or entertainment were quite common. Often Father would invite local merchants to the house to discuss politics or philosophy, or play cribbage and Mah-Jongg. They would dine and drink well into the morning, singing military hymns, and ballads of the old country. I would, if work was not to be done, partake in their merrymaking, and listen to old men tell their tales of fantastic adventure in Asia and the Dark Continent. My naivete at sixteen encouraged them in their creativity, as I gullibly believed much of what they said, though now I understand how little of it was true. These men were simple craftsmen and shop owners who could hardly pay for good meat and adequate shelter, much less go traipsing in the tropics and deserts of distant lands. Still, I loved them genuinely, and regret all that has happened.

Father and I were fortunate. Before the takeover he managed the village bank, and we always had plenty to eat and a well-furnished home. Mother had died long before my faculties of memory had developed adequately, and only her picture invokes any sort of recognition on my part. With just the two of us there was always enough for extravagance, though I know now Father would have traded it all for Mother's return.

And then the takeover. . . . It had not come without warning; the politics of state were ideal for such a revolution. Economic turmoil coupled with an instable political hierarchy and an overanxious military made the coup an unavoidable reality. The leaders went to sleep on a torrid summer evening, and awoke the following day to find their homes barricaded and a military junta in total and unequivocal control. The soldiers, the dogs of war, had been promised all the glory of the gods by ruthless generals, and they screamed viciously for the head of their former commander, the arrogant, but certainly tame, prince. Riots against the junta were quickly and brutally suppressed, as were any and all subversive organizations, tabloids, and radio broadcasts. Within a year the junta enjoyed complete command without substantial resistance. The people were helpless to respond, and the military was poised to destroy any dissenters.

Father, I remember, was furious beyond all points of reasonability. The banks were closed for a month after the takeover, and he would wander the house, reading newspapers, most of them illegal, with great intensity. He then would open his mouth to speak, only to cut himself short, not wishing to risk our safety for a few verbal insults directed at the government. "Say nothing," he would tell me, "the less said, the better. Just know in your heart who is wrong and who is right."

The banks eventually reopened, and Father returned to work, but now he was a State employee, as everything had been nationalized. His pay was stripped, along with his dignity and pride. "We must persevere," he insisted, but his voice was less than convincing. The government owned everything, the banks, the factories, the public utilities, and I was forced to attend a military public school. We were taught the virtues of a Spartan existence, and the glory of the State. Most horrible of all, though, we were taught to inform the proper authorities if we discovered friends or relatives participating in any activities that might be considered subversive by the government.

On my eighteenth birthday the junta issued a directive requiring all subjects to relinquish the few books, records, and artworks they owned to the local police force for immediate incineration. All artistic endeavors were now to be controlled and approved by the government, and anyone caught with outlawed materials would face the harshest of penalties.

Father wept openly upon hearing this news and bitterly complied, turning in our small record collection and library of some thirty books. It was all we had, all that most had, being a nation of mostly illiterate farmers, and now it was to be destroyed. Father refused, however, to submit his pocket Bible, instead hiding it cleverly beneath a floorboard in the pantry, and only removing it once a week on Sunday evenings to read passages aloud in the den.

Though we obliged the government's demands, many did not and the junta retaliated, raiding homes and destroying the belongings of those who had failed to follow the directive. Not even a subversive underground library could be established, as the military crushed all such attempts. The country was quickly slipping into a cultural void with traditional songs and stories alive only in the minds of those who remembered.

Ten years passed. Father still worked at the bank, and I lived with him protecting the house and attending to our particular domestic needs. At night, after dinner, oftentimes Ottoman and Couri, two shopkeepers with whom Father had had some association through the bank, and who shared similar political views (although these were never expressed publicly), would come to smoke cigars and speak, much more softly than in previous times, about affairs of State. The greatest precaution was taken to make sure the police were not spying, nor listening in on these conversations; the consequences could be disastrous. I would watch by the door until they arrived, and keep my post, watching for strangers or police patrols. Later, they would depart alone, with a crisp "Good night," and a wish that this nightmare would soon be over. Father was always very somber after these meetings, but rarely discussed such matters with me.

One particular autumn afternoon, while I was preparing the potatoes for boiling, Father raced up the stairs from the cellar. "Call Ottoman and Couri, we must meet tonight at eight," and he disappeared again into the basement, locking the bolt behind him. Curious, I complied, but asked no questions, that was too dangerous. He emerged later for dinner, very nervous but equally silent. Eating little, he stood, poured some of the apple wine we had made last year in the storm cellar, and in a soft, yet firm, voice, instructed me as to my duties this evening. "When they arrive, direct them to the hallway and wait until you hear from me. Take no chances. This meeting is of extraordinary magnitude, but if discovered by the authorities, could be dangerous for everyone involved."

"Father . . .?" I inquired. But his response was quick.

"You will know in time." He then disappeared again down the stairs, bolting the door behind him.

I waited patiently by the door, watching an occasional police patrol pass, and searching intently for the lamplights of Couri and Ottoman. The clock in the hall struck eight, and the first light appeared across the road. Behind it came the second. I greeted both gentlemen at the door and directed them down the hall. Their expressions were tense and eager, but they remained silent. We had waited only a moment before Father emerged from underground with a large kerosene lamp.

"Good evening, gentlemen. I trust you were not followed?"

"No one saw us, James. All appears quiet." Ottoman was reassuring. He never took chances, and his word was golden.

"Indeed, James, we are alone. Now, why have we been called so urgently?" Couri's voice was expressly anxious.

"Follow me, gentlemen." We went single file down the wooden stairs into our damp and darkened cellar. I bolted the door and joined them near the furnace. The kerosene lamp was our only beacon as shadows of light and dark swayed across the clay walls.

"Today, while replacing a worn part in the furnace, I discovered, quite by accident, a most peculiar thing." Father reached for his glasses and fitted them carefully to his eyes. "Beside the leg here was a new floorboard unlike the rest. Curious, I pushed against it. As I had suspected, the board gave way revealing the root cellar before you. I explored its contents to find not rotted vegetation, but personal items, perhaps belonging to the former owners of this house. Nothing special, some photographs, a wedding dress, some seashells, but then, to my surprise, shock, and utter joy, I discovered this gem." He turned to the workbench and shown the light upon a very dirty, very ancient Victrola record player. Beside it was a box set of albums, seventy-eights, dust covered and worn.

"James, this is incredible!" Ottoman cautiously approached the machine.

"My God, James, do you know what you have uncovered?" Couri joined him, tenderly touching the ear horn of the phonograph. "And records." He lifted the box, reading the dusty side label. "Glory to God, it's a recording of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. Oh, James, this is remarkable." Tears swelled in his eyes. "What memories," he whispered, reverently examining the album sleeves. "Oh, humanity."

I, too, was overcome. As a child, after dinner was served, Father and I would retire to the den, he with his pipe, and I with my schoolwork. Together we would often listen to recordings on our old phonograph, one of which was Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. I remembered with great nostalgia the lyric lines of each passage, and especially the "An Die Freude" of the concluding movement. I thought how strange it would be to hear those immortal lines again, after so long. My palms were sweating.

"Is the phonograph operable, James?" inquired Ottoman.

"I've spent the day making and installing a tin needle, and now, though not with perfect resonance mind you, it can play the discs."

"Without delay, James. Without delay." Couri was near hysteria. His passion for music, suppressed for so long by the junta, swelled and flooded his heart, and he could be restrained no longer.

"Immediately," replied Father, "but first some beverage." He ordered me upstairs, where I poured wine for us all and returned with the pewter goblets and several cigarettes. I carried, too, a small bust of Beethoven we had kept over the mantle as a reminder of the heritage denied us. Everyone had a smoke, and together we toasted Beethoven (his statue placed austerely beside the Victrola), the glorious Ninth, my father, Thomas Edison, and a speedy end to the regime. We also vowed our sacred trust not to reveal this dark secret to a single soul, lest we all be arrested and taken far away.

Then, with careful and steady hands, Father removed the first disc from its sleeve, placed it on the plate of the Victrola, and began turning the crank. Oh, heaven, it began, the first chords, in all their glory, sweeping down upon us like God himself, overpowering every soul in the room. For ten years this had been beyond our senses, and now we would have our fill. Oh, Beethoven, master, the Ninth, your plea for universal brotherhood, tore at us, and stripped open our hearts for all to see. We cried, our souls revealed to one another in this moment of purest honesty; the frantic scherzo of the second movement, the pastoral bliss of the third movement, and then the chaotic beginning of the fourth. As it reached fever pitch, the sound died suddenly, leaving only the mysterious and pleading cello line. We hummed along as violins and trumpets joined us. And then, as if from heaven's gate, the baritone announced in a rich Germanic tongue the coming message of brotherhood. "Freude! Freude!" Oh, God; Oh, Beethoven; The chorus joined him, and together we hummed and sang what little we knew of Schiller's poem, filling the underground vault with joyous song. The march, with the tenor, began, and we swayed back and forth as the chorus reached divine heights, then the fugue, and the triumphant refrain. We sang louder and louder, Couri occasionally mumbling his bitterness about the takeover, and all we had been denied over and over again. He was old, and not well, but his anger gave him new youth, and he cursed openly the powers that had brought us to this point in time.

As the concluding chorus pleaded for all men to be as brothers, Couri stood before us. Weeping uncontrollably, he spoke, "My friends, what have they done to us? We must huddle like rats to hear the music of gods. Beethoven . . . humanity! This injustice must be avenged. It must be avenged." He began to choke and lose his breath. He groped for support, but found none. Falling, he hit the table, causing the Victrola to crash to the floor and slumped, brokenhearted, onto the ground. We rushed to his side.

Father grabbed his hand and whispered, "Oh, friend, no tyranny, however powerful, can suppress the soul." But Couri only stared blankly into the darkness. I picked up the phonograph, and, to my horror, found it broken beyond repair. Still worse, the final disc lay cracked upon the floor, Couri, in his most passionate plea for the soul of mankind, had accidentally destroyed a joyous link to our true humanity.

Father and Ottoman helped him up the stairs and laid him to rest in the bedchamber. Then they retired to the den for a smoke and troubled conversation. I returned to the cellar to pick up the broken parts. With my kerosene lamp almost empty of fuel I sat, staring intently at the bust of Beethoven. "Oh, master, you gave us light, if only for a moment, in a black and dismal world, thank you." I hummed quietly the fourth movement, already fading from my memory, and continued to stare at the maestro. The conversation upstairs droned on, low and somber. My hum continued and I listened as it danced softly back and forth across the room, my moist eyes watching the last bit of lamp fuel burn and die, leaving me alone in the cellar, dark and cold. □

Dave Dziejowski is a sophomore from Riverdale, Georgia. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.

Fiction Contest

Second Place

Anno Domini

by Mark St. Amand

The past few nights with the cold and fog, I thought I saw The Luminescence about Mrs. Clivington during her moth hunts. She was bobbing up and arching and stabbing at the big ones with her paw, and I saw it winking all around her. I told Dom about it and he said The Luminescence wasn't due around here for a long while and it was just my eyes, but I'm not sure I've ever seen a cat glow like that. Dom knows best though. He's always known best since he came in from The Outers a long time back, when The Luminescence was popping all over (it comes in cycles, Dom says) and we were living hard, just scratching by.

I remember the fogged night he came in. His clothes were ripped up and he was stumbling, his uesless left arm flapping and snapping against his thigh, and that hole in his face all lit up in the fog with The Luminescence. We were only three families then (my father had died the year before, and some others, so we really only added up to two) and we gathered on the square to see Dom fight free of the fog. He stared at us with his good eye and straightened his knees, jerking to a stop on the edge of our dirt square. He stood stooped forward from the hips, with his head angled so he could see. We stared back and Mother started to cry. Dom's arm was bandaged but

blood had seeped through to speckle the wrapping, which ended halfway down his hand because his fingers were gone. The left side of his face was black and crinkled like old oak bark, and the eye socket was empty but for some scar tissue near the brow. One of our elders stepped forward first and an animal noise gurgled up from Dom's throat, forming words.

". . . outcast blasphemer evil! evil! outcast blasphemer . . . God's wrath God's light destroying might. . . ."

Dom's knees buckled and he folded to the dirt as the elder reached him. We gathered around them, the women crying and some of the men too, and then the elders put Dom in our cabin — it was the largest — on a low table, and he stayed there for three weeks. Those three weeks I didn't help with the planting or gather any moss-fuel. I stayed with Dom in case his senses returned and to feed him. I didn't have Mrs. Clivington to play with then, so as I watched Dom I read my father's old, disintegrating Bible — copied from a copy of a Bible from the High Era — and I could almost hear my father telling me, "Leon, the ability to read is priceless; cherish and practice it always."

Now and then Dom twitched and shuddered on the table, and groaned that animal sound, and queer words. When I got tired of reading (I used to hate it when my father would make me read), I tried to piece together his words and make a sense of it, but I couldn't do it. I didn't know what "shekago" was, or "bombs" or "God's light" (I looked for them in the Bible, but I never found them), and I didn't see where "outcast" and "blasphemer" fit.

Halfway through the third week, while I was reading, Dom sat up, exhaling quickly, and screamed "itwasmenwithbombsmenwithbombsmenwithBOMBS!" My scalp tightened as I shot up quick, quivering all over, and I stared at the deformed man on the table.

"Hello," he said, "my name is Dom."

At table that night the elders and Mother questioned Dom, trying to avoid looking at him as much as possible. They hushed me when I wanted to speak.

"You are too young, Leon," Mother said, "let the elders do this."

As I picked at the tough meat (our milk goat had finally died) I was fired with questions. I couldn't stand it after a while and in the middle of High Elder's speech on the year's eleusine crop, I threw up my question.

"What's shekago?"

The elders and Mother and Dom all looked at me and the wet flashing of Dom's right eye made me look away.

"Leon!" Mother cried.

"No, leave him be." Dom saved me. "Chicago is a place. In The Outers."

The elders' embarrassed annoyance at me turned to curiosity and they managed to look Dom in the face. The question they most wanted answered they would not ask.

"You are from there?" asked High Elder.

"Yes, I am of Chicago. I was a scholar there."

"A cleric?" asked a low elder.

"A scholar."

"Oh?" said Mother. I knew I was forgiven. "What did you study?"

Dom shifted uneasily in his seat. "I studied the High Era. Old books, ancient records, various theories—"

"The legends!" I interrupted. "You mean you believe the legends?" My father used to sit before a moss-fire in the evenings and tell us the legends his father had told to him.

"Yes, Leon, I believe them. My studies proved the High Era met a cataclysmic end five to seven hundred years ago."

"Kat-a-clismic?" I stuttered.

"What do they say of this end of the High Era?" the low elder (who fancied himself a cleric) cut me off.

Dom stood up unsteadily and walked over to the small, oval window. The Bible on the sill caught his eye and he picked it up hesitantly and turned, his half-face questioning.

"You can read?" he asked.

"Yes!" I cried with pride, "I can, and Mother too."

"Mr. Dom," said the low elder impatiently, "what do they say of the end of the High Era?"

"Oh." Dom turned back to the window. It was dark outside and the great moss-fire in the square threw sparks at shadows.

"They say the wrath of God brought fire down on the High Era. Little has survived." His voice was slow and steady but I saw a muscle jump on the unblemished side of his face.

"What is bombs?" I broke in again, drawing a disapproving glance from Mother.

"Eh? Bombs?" Dom said softly, watching the shadows in the square, his cleft hand resting on Father's Bible on the sill. "There is no such thing, Leon."

Dom's strength returned after a while and he became our leader, by virtue of his knowledge. He's one of us now (next to Mrs. Clivington he's my best friend) and I go to Dom when I have problems because he almost always knows best. This time I'm not sure, though. I think The Luminescence is back. □

Mark St. Amand is a junior Anthropology major from Stoneham, Massachusetts. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.

Fiction Contest

Third Place

Beauty

by Mary Powel Jabaley

Meg liked to spend her evenings sitting in the doorway of the trailer, stretching her long legs down the cement steps and talking on the phone. The trailer had a mountain in its backyard, pushing it right up to the road. From the doorway, Meg could watch the sunset transform the kudzu vines that rolled down into the valley, watch them turn into a vast frozen ocean with little green wavelets still scudding across its surface, watch the blue-pink bars of sunset sink lower and lower until they melted into a misty glow at the rim of the valley. And she saw all this without noticing, but she knew that she loved the mountains.

And when September came, school began again and the trees burst into flames of orange and yellow and red, and the bus drove her home through a brilliant tunnel of color.

Meg sat in her doorway and dangled her legs and talked to her friend Jenny. "Did you see that new boy, that Tom Sarkis? He's *really* cute! Well, guess what — he rides my bus! . . . I know — isn't that just wild? And he gets off after I do, so he knows where I live. . . . I don't know if he saw me watching him or not — once it kind of seemed like he was looking at me, but I looked out the window real fast, so I don't know. . . . Yeah, Allen and Tate are still on there too, but they're not nearly as cute as Tom. . . . N'unh-un! You have a lot of cute ones on yours too. What about John, and Barney, and Thomas? They are too! But you're right — Tom's cuter."

Meg's little sisters crawled out from under the trailer and began playing in the dirt by the steps. They looked like most mountain children, with their dusty pigtails and their rather plain faces and their scrawny legs. Meg had looked like that too, but she had blossomed in adolescence. The little girls began to sing-song quietly,

Meg and Tom-my, sittin' in a tree,

K-I-S-S-I-N-G.
First comes love, then comes marriage,
Then comes a baby in a baby carriage!
Meg and Tom-my, sittin' in a tree,
K-I-

Meg was smiling despite herself, but she interrupted them. "Look kids, I'm on the phone. Go play in the backyard, huh? You're getting filthy out here anyway. Go on — scoot!"

The little girls obediently picked themselves up and drifted away, still singing, "Meg and Tom-my, sittin' in a tree. . . ."

"Boy, Jenny, you're lucky you're the youngest. These little kids can really get to you! . . . Of course I'll have *some,* but that's different — especially if I marry some gorgeous guy. . . . All right, I know. But he *is* really cute, and he seems so nice! . . . I couldn't do *that!* . . . No, he usually gets on first. But I can't just go sit with him! I don't even *know* him! . . . You wouldn't either, Jenny, I know you wouldn't. . . . Well, you just wouldn't, that's all."

Meg's mother stood behind her, holding a copper pot and a dish towel. Meg's father said she had been as pretty as Meg when they were married. "I could use some help with the dishes, Meg."

"Oh Mom, please. I'm on the phone."

"I know. You're always on the phone."

The voice of Meg's father came from the living room. "Help your mother with the dishes, Meg."

"I *am!*" Then more quietly, "Just five more minutes, okay, Mom? I'll do them, I promise. You stop now, just save them for me, okay?" There was a pause, then Meg jumped up and kissed her mother's cheek. "Thanks, Mom, I'll be off in a minute, I promise."

As the dusky quiet settled around her, she relaxed and stared off down the mountain. Jenny's voice broke into her thoughts. "Yeah, I'm still here. But I'd better get off now. I've got to clean up here, and I've got a bunch of work for tomorrow. . . . Yeah, I'll talk to you then. . . . Okay, thanks, Jenny, Bye."

Her hand, still holding the phone, sank into her lap. Her eyes narrowed a little as she watched the sunset colors concentrate at the horizon. Then suddenly, she jumped.

"Hi there! Didn't mean to scare you. You're Meg, right?"

"Yes. . . ."

The boy settled himself on the steps. "Pleased to meet you. I'm Tom."

* * * * *

Nothing at all about Meg distinguished her from any of my other students. Neither was her family exceptional: the average copper miner, the wife married at sixteen, the seven children all with the same washed-out brown look that the mountains give to their working class. They were certainly cordial enough, especially to the schoolteacher, but no more so than any other family would have been. But their trailer was the closest link I had to the rest of humanity, and a still-young woman in the mountains will take what she can get in the way of entertainment. So I accepted their dinner invitations more often than I might have, and I spent many evenings in the living room of their trailer, discussing the people and events of their world —that world which was now my world.

I was glad that fall and I had returned. I was glad of the brilliant leaves on the hardwood trees, so different from the deadly evergreens of Atlanta; I was glad of the energy in the air after the limp wetness of Atlanta; and I was glad to return to work after six months of head-banging idleness at home. I had found myself beginning to imagine what it would be like to call this home. I listened to the sounds of a mountain evening: the children playing under the trailer, the crickets louder than we ever had them in Atlanta, an occasional car driving by, Meg talking on the phone, and the bullfrogs by the stream just down the hill. I could look out the front door past Meg's lounging figure and clear down the mountain. There had once been a house across the road, with a sloping field behind it. The kudzu vines had already overrun the house's yard and foundations, and were climbing its chimney, the only relic of humanity left. The forest followed the kudzu, but more slowly, so that there was still a break in the trees to give me a clear view of the town where the school was.

The first week of school had passed us and plunged on, dragging the rest of the days behind it. Assignments were piling up and I was feeling breathless, already losing my balance because I was harnessed to the days, and they were moving faster than I was. It was an odd respite, to be sitting there with Meg's parents, discussing the new irrigation system their neighbor had installed in his apple orchard. Even so, my mind kept pacing restlessly — until Meg's conversation fixed it on one subject: remembering what it was like to live with people one's own age.

"Did you see that new boy, that Tom Sarkis? He's *really* cute! Well, guess what — he rides my bus! . . . I know — isn't that just wild? . . . I live. . . . Yeah, Allen and Tate are still on there too, but they're not nearly as cute as Tom. . . ."

And I thought of my own Allen, who was certainly cuter than even Tom Sarkis. He had found me in college, a dreamy English major with no more concrete a future than a butterfly; and he had stripped the dust from my wings, brought me crashing to earth, and fired me with a missionary sense of purpose. We were going to save the world. We talked of joining the Peace Corps together, but his assignment did not come through. I was sick with betrayal: I had been pushed onto a narrow bridge and abandoned, but my pride left me no room to turn. I could only go forward, could only try to love my work for itself rather than for him And I did. I loved the people who needed me, and when my two years were up I did not find Allen, but I came here and found other people who needed me. One of them was sitting in the living room with me, and one was washing dishes, and one was talking on the phone, and two were teasing her:

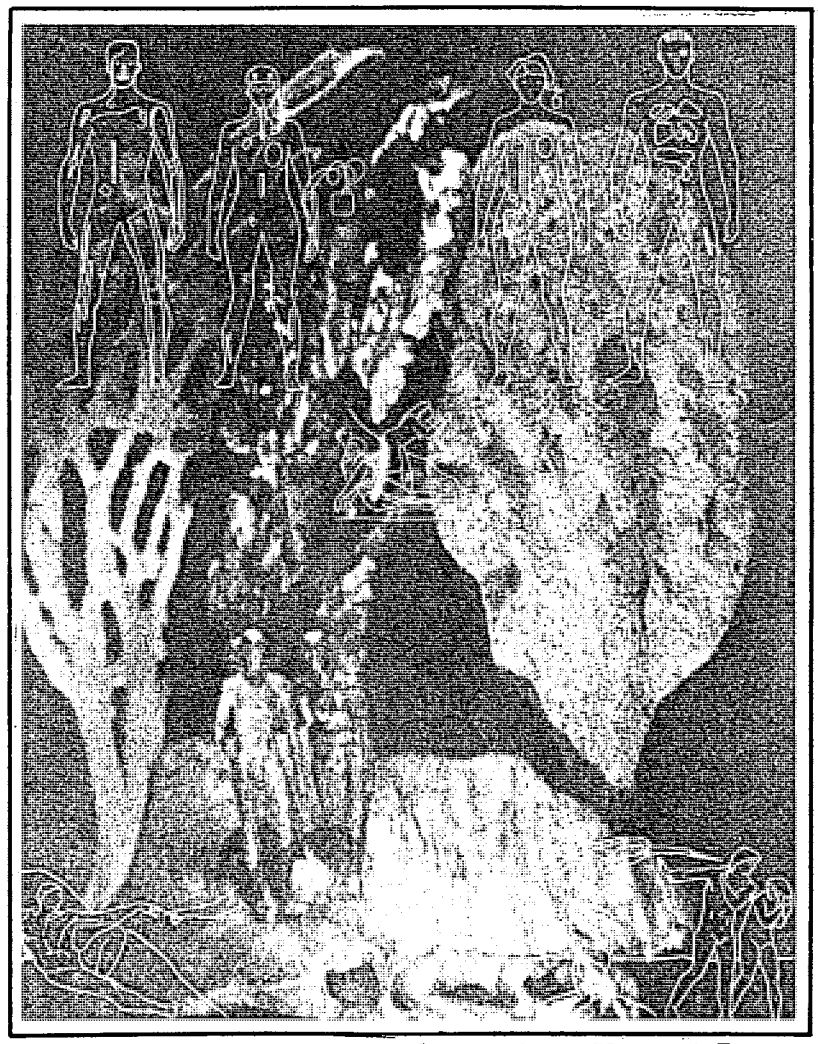
Meg and Tom-my, sittin' in a tree
K-I-S-S-I-N-G.
First comes love, then comes marriage,
Then comes a baby in a baby carriage!

How simplistic! but, in these mountains, how true. Love was always followed by marriage, and then by babies. And babies and babies. There was never any other order — it was graven in stone, world without end, amen. Girls always talked on the phone, always founded on nothing more substantial, nothing more harmful than "cute." And sometimes the daydreams came true, sometimes the young cavalier with the pure intentions came walking down the mountain in the dusky nighttime to say, "Hi! I'm Tom." □

Mary Powel Jabaley is a senior English major from Jackson, Mississippi.

Holography: Light Vistas, Light Visions

by Sheila Beatty



"Greenhouse 1," by Margaret Benyon.

Sometimes I think we compare, contrast, calculate, analyze, synthesize and summarize so much that we forget our valuable capacity for curiosity and wonder. As children we learned of our brave new world by exploring it: "How come tadpoles are slimy? Where's the mommy tadpole?" As liberal arts students we should keep alive our sense of curiosity, and find occasion to marvel at the beauty and newness about us. An unusual opportunity glows at hand. An International Exhibition of Creative Holography, entitled Light Vistas, Light Visions, offers Michiana residents a chance to catch a three-dimensional glimpse of one of the most fascinating directions of laser technology—holographic art.

Remember the Lone Ranger and his silver bullets? Now it's Luke Skywalker and his Jedi light saber. The special effects of Star Wars fantasy enthrall today's wide-eyed children: the developments of laser reality that I see about me evoke a similar wonder. A few years ago I watched with child's fascination a public television documentary on the possibilities of holography, and "what-do-you-know?" but this month the Exhibit of Creative Holography brings a sampling of the possibility-become-reality to a gallery right across the street from my LeMans triple. You normally would have to visit New York or the Epcot Center to enjoy

such a show, but from January 21 to February 18 monochromatically cold South Bend will be a bright spot of laser light and holographic images. Cosponsored by the Michiana Arts and Sciences Council and the Saint Mary's College Art Department, this exhibit will feature the holographic works of thirteen artists from the Netherlands, England, Japan, Venezuela, Canada and the States.

The only reference many of us have had to lasers and holography has been science fiction, but this technology constitutes science fact. The laser (the noun stands for Light Amplification by Stimulated Emission of Radiation), has already opened new vistas in medicine, industry, communications and other fields. Even our neighborhood grocery uses laser scanners at the check-out to register bar-coded prices from each package.

Doug Tyler, Associate Professor of Art, St. Mary's.

In oversimplified terms, the laser creates a concentrated light beam of uniform wavelength by using some source of energy to excite electrons into a higher, unstable state. When they fall back to normal level, the extra energy is released as photons, light energy. In the laser tube the photons bounce between two mirrors, one totally, the other partially reflective, and exit in a beam from the latter.

Doug Tyler, associate professor of art at Saint Mary's and powerhouse of this exhibit, explained how the laser is used for holography. In the cool depths of Moreau where scents of ceramics and silkscreen reign he showed me his office/workshop. Among file cabinets, bulletin boards, workbenches, a crowded desk, paint-spattered chairs and under carefully placed rows of lightbulbs he had constructed a homemade holography center. To minimize any movement which could ruin the process, he covered a sturdy worktable with inflated trailer innertubes. On top of them he placed a sheet of dormitory shower stall marble, painted flat black. At one corner a thin rectangular box, shaped much like a package for Dewars White Label, housed a laser tube about the same dimension as those fat pencils used in kindergarten. He switched it on and removed some cardboard covers — a vivid, ruby rod shone through the perforated housing and out in a perfect, small beam toward a piece of cardboard Tyler held. He clicked it off quickly and explained the rest of the setup. Clamped in c ring stands that looked as old as the ones I used in high school chemistry, mirrors angled in different directions to zigzag the beam about the table. There are a variety of methods; his, the simplest, employing one beam. After the zigzag routing the beam reflects off the object, to be recorded on emulsion of a film plate. When the film is developed and shown in laser light the hologram presents before or behind the plate all the points of light reflected from the object. The image of focused light looks so three-dimensional that it seems you could touch it, thus the Greek "holos": whole, and "gram": message.

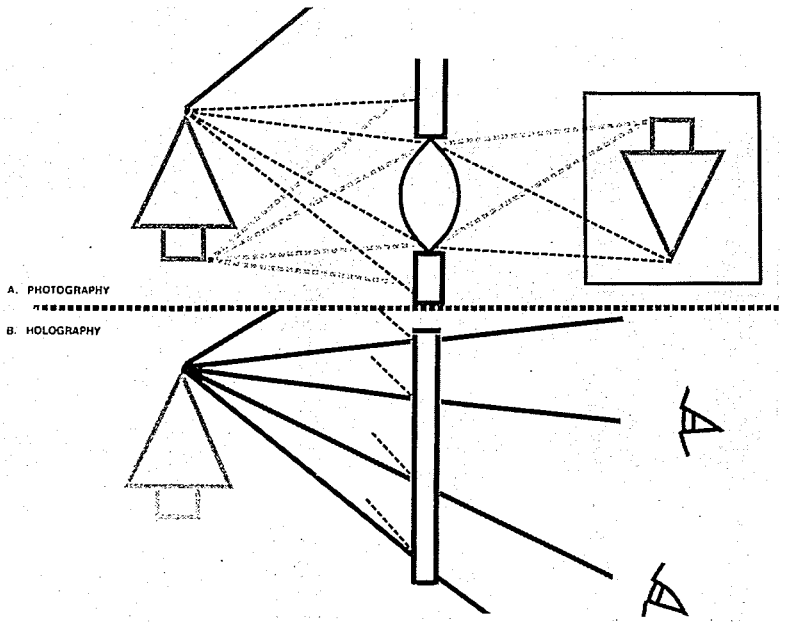
Tyler said that holography is already used for stress testing and other industrial needs. Hewlitt Packard has a computer which, given a sketch of an airplane, for example, can project a 3D hologram of the finished plane in its screen. Holography promises immense potential in information storage and communication. Imagine little holographic children wishing Grandma and Grandpa a Merry Christmas!

Rosemary Jackson, who directs the Museum of Holography in New York and who will be at the Exhibition, February 1 and 2, noted in *An Introduction to Holography* that "Holographic images have all the same physical qualities as their real counterparts, except that they are made up of points of light focused in space. (A magnifying glass used as an image in a hologram really magnifies an object placed behind it.) Holographic images are recorded so accurately in size, dimension, volume and space that they are used to test and measure minute stress changes in objects (interferometry). Holographic images are actually recorded in accurate microscopic detail. (A hologram of a glass of water, viewed under a microscope reveals the organisms in the water in their natural three-dimensional state, even though they were not visible to the naked eye.")

State of the art holography poses a number of unsolved difficulties. Equipment is expensive, only certain light sources may be used, the image may be seen only from certain angles of vision, and the range of color and size of the image is limited. Given the rate of 20th-century technology, however, the resolution of these difficulties seems mostly a function of time.

Tyler showed me a hologram of a black woman's face in a plate of glass — as I angled it in the light she seemed to round and diminish from full face to ¾, suspended in another grey/green elusive space and time. Weird. Imagine the possibilities holography offers as an art medium, with images not of tempura, charcoal, or marble, but of focused light.

Rosemary Jackson, again in *Introduction to Holography,* commented that we are accustomed to bidimensional symbols of reality — we trans-



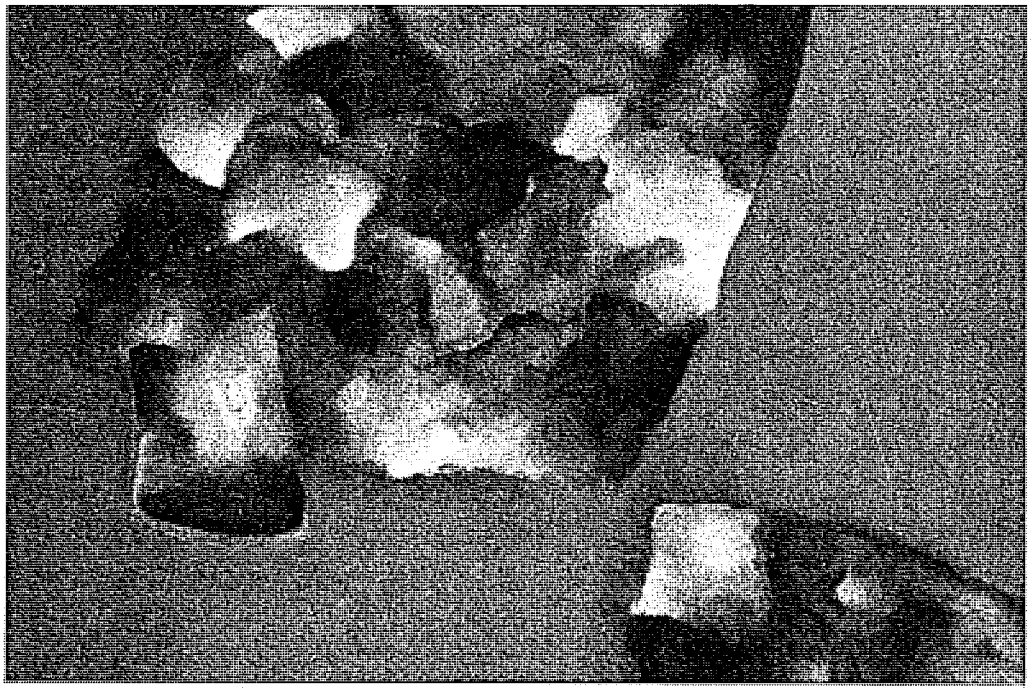
In diagram A, a camera lens collects light rays from an object, bending them and recording them on film. Some rays are lost due to the size of the lens and film. In diagram B, a holographic film plate collects each ray reflected from an object, recording it at the same angle at which it struck the film, allowing a 3-D reproduction.

late one plane with flat images to mean three-dimensional reality. "Holography is changing the course of visual literacy because it is forcing us to reevaluate our visual traditions in order to deal with it (use it effectively). Yet all our common visual materials and techniques were created for two-dimensional media. How does holography represent a dot? Or a line? Or a graph? What does the side of an "a" look like? . . . Those elements which are the language of expression — color, line, texture, shape and scale — have different roles in a three-dimensional arena."

Some of the possibilities inherent in such a medium will be explored by exhibition works. The artists deal with questions of space and time, memory and *déjà vu;* they look at nature from a surreal point of view, reinterpret the human form, and explore the possibilities of light as a medium.

Don't miss such a "wonder-full" exhibition of scientific dream become technological reality. Take a Transpo, hitch a ride, walk, jog, cross-country ski, snowshoe or beam yourself, I don't care how, but come to An International Exhibition of Creative Holography in Moreau Gallery, which is in the basement of the Moreau Art Center at Saint Mary's College. The exhibit will be there from January 21 to February 18: gallery hours are 9:30 to noon, 1:00 to 3:00 Monday through Friday, and 1:00 to 3:00 Sunday. Come explore illusion, color, space and time conceptualized in a medium that, both as art and science, will probably shape our lives and those of our children. Let the child and adult in you question, analyze and just enjoy Light Vistas, Light Visions.

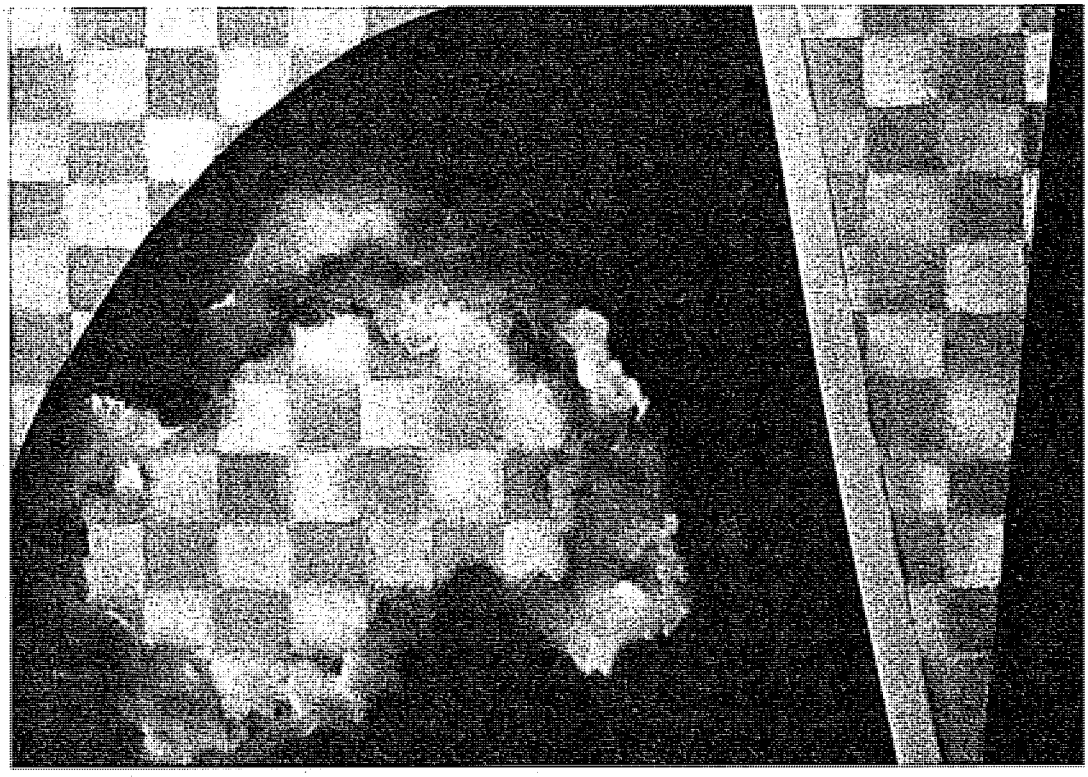
Sheila Beatty is a senior Humanistic Studies and English major at Saint Mary's. She would really like to know what her plans are for next year.



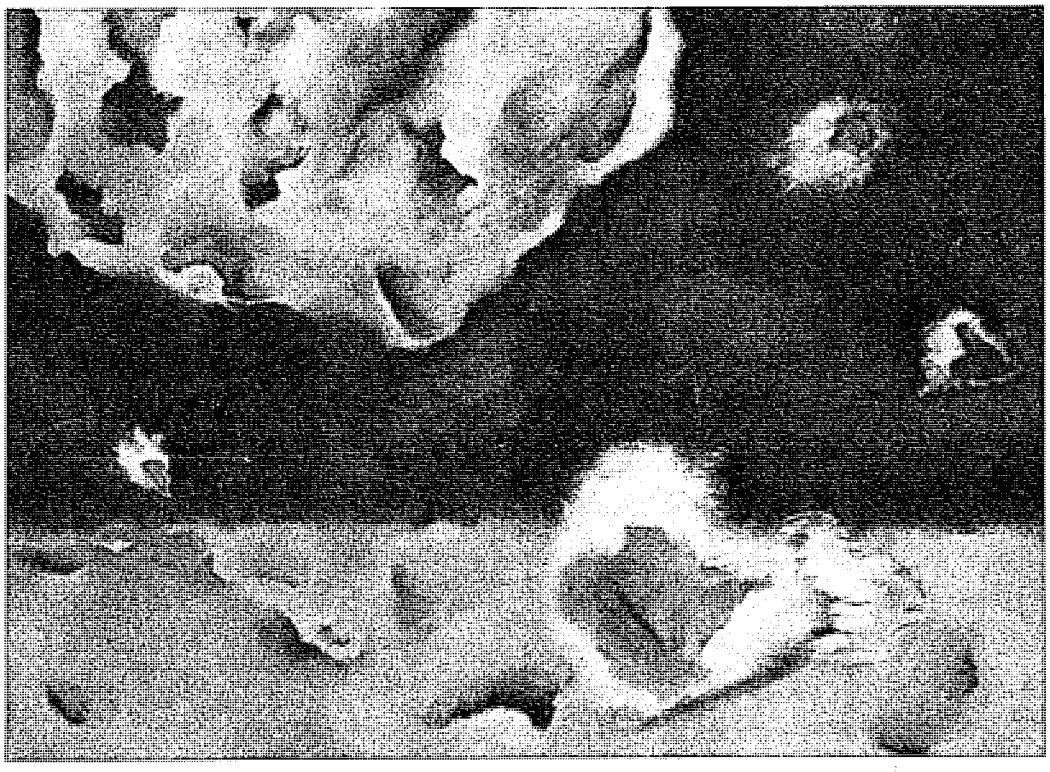
"Our House" Oil 2 ft. x 3 ft. 1982

Paintings by Isabelle Nowalk

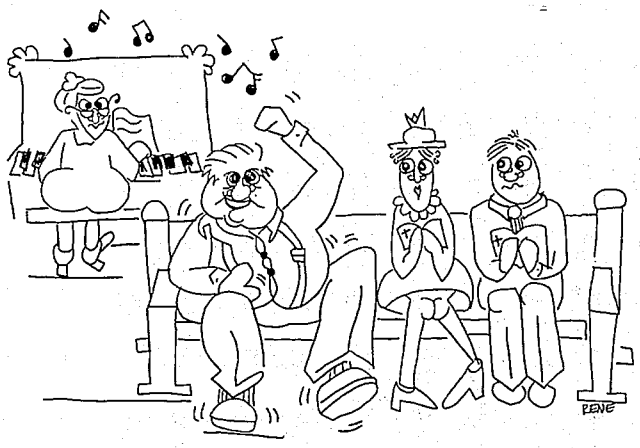
"I am what I make of myself, and of my Art. The descriptions of reality in my work lie in the interacting forms and colors. The emotive qualities which result cannot be explained, only experienced, to complete my message."



"Sunnyside Up" Oil 2 ft. x 3 ft. 1982



"Night-Flyers" Oil 3 ft. x 4 ft. 1982



Sacred Heart Recital

by George Klawitter

I am at an organ concert,
Sitting near a fat man in brown corduroy.
During Buxtehude he is quiet,
Like a giant chocolate mousse.

But after Mozart's "Fantasía"
He says to a friend, "You know that
Mozart claimed to hate the organ,
And this piece proves it." Chuckle. Chuckle.

Then during Bach, "O Lamm Gottes,
Unschuldig" (BWV 656),
His fingers come alive,
Begin to play his chubby knees.

Pounce. Pounce. The ridges in his pants
Cut down like unripe wheat.
In Duruflé his pace gets maddening.
His feet begin to play the pedal parts.

Against the pew I'm sitting in.
I'm holding to the oaken boards
And fear my boat will capsize
As he flails into the fugue.

There is a missal in my reach.
If I could chunk him with it,
I might be able to get home
And continue with my life.

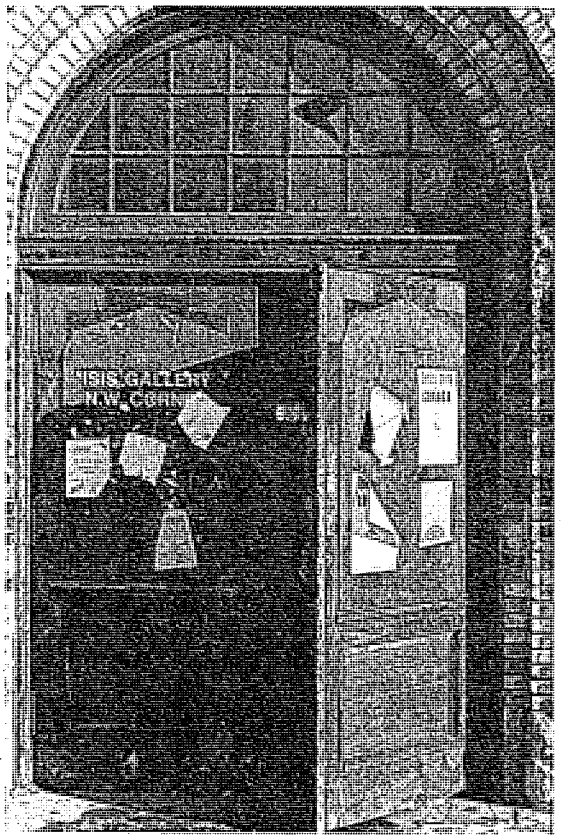
The music swells to final chords,
And he swells into grandeur,
Puffs his sides, claps gently
Lest he break his organ digitals.

Meanwhile I'm seasick as a cat
And stumble to the aisle.
But he sits well disposed and sanguine
Like a mountain giving in to spring.

The New Isis

by Liz Crudo

Named after an Egyptian goddess of the arts, the Isis Gallery was formed when a group of architecture students wanted to display projects they had finished while studying in Rome. Today, the Isis has expanded to include not only Notre Dame student exhibits, but works of students from other universities and local and visiting artists. Due to the impending demolition of the old fieldhouse, where the Isis is currently located, it is in the process of moving to the new art center at the Old Chemistry Building next to O'Shaughnessy. The new Isis is a comfortably large, square room on the third floor. Freshness gleams from the white brick walls, which are heavy and solid like a kiln. Thin lines of purple and red piping suspended by thin clean lines of wire cut across the ceiling. Still empty, the room glistens in anticipation for the end of January, when the move should be complete.

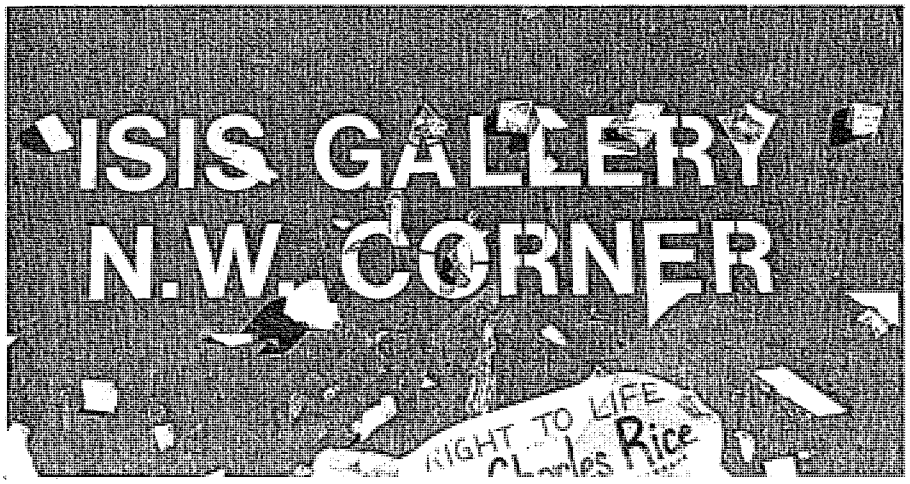


Tim Taylor, Graduate Coordinator of the Isis in 1976, wrote at that time that the primary purpose of the gallery was "to give the Notre Dame student a broad-spectrum view of the new trends in art, including video, photography, cinematography, conceptual art, ceramics, painting, sculpture, and printmaking. A heavy emphasis will be placed on student involvement with visiting artists through workshops, lectures, and informal discussions." Professor Frederick S. Beckman, Chairman of the Art Department, reiterated this "broad-spectrum" concept of the Isis, describing the philosophy behind the gallery as a democratic one which will "bring in the whole student body," not simply artists. The variety in art medium and artists "express[es] what's going on across the country in various shows," offering multiple insights and interpretations of artistic statements.

Previously under the auspices of the Art Department, the Isis is now part of the Cultural Arts Commission, and according to Tim Taylor, "it was expected that as a result of C.A.C. funding, Isis would broaden its base and offer more to the Notre Dame students as a whole, rather than just to art students." Professor Beckman explains that faculty and students work together to present art as an "integral part of social life and activities of campus, a source of stimulation and interest."

Delia Thomas, a senior art major and member of the Isis committee, supports this democratic philosophy, and believes that the move to the Old Chemistry building will make the exhibits "more accessible to the average Notre Dame student, the engineer and the chemist. . . . [The Isis] is for everyone." Delia hopes that the Isis will offer students an education in art and the theory and forces behind it through artist presentation and lectures with its exhibits complementing those of the Snite and the walk-through displays of O'Shaughnessy.

Displays for this semester will include student exhibits, particularly ones of seniors and graduate students in art. Tentative plans also involve exchange shows between Notre Dame and the Art Institute of Chicago and other Midwestern schools, such as the Universities of Michigan and Ohio. The possibility of a show from a university in Chile is also being explored. The Isis plans to offer a new show every two weeks, and in addition may initiate a filing system which will catalogue student works and prices for potential buyers. Delia hopes that artists will personally introduce and explain their works at exhibit openings, which are currently celebrated with wine and cheese parties. As Delia explains, "Everyone is welcome." □



Cattus Flies and the Big Hum

(Dreams like Mr. Berryman)

by Peter Batacan

Henry kill'd all over with a siren
Noise is thinking maybe he'll run away
Today with Mr. Bones.
Mr. Bones detests the oxbow river
Molluscs crawl underneath to snatch Mr. Bones
— 'dey means no harm, do dey?

Urchin ghosts that scream, Henry, know your secrets
Fathomed like probes they spread their seaweed nets
— I likes water spinners. . . .
The klaxons grilled your water-loving mind;
Sirens stop on *caput mortuum;* trap mines
are buried under rivers.

Dat—Greek sho'Nuff' was a'fright—Mast Tied, pie-eyed.
He's dead, Henry, surely diced inside snails.
— mebbe the snail know why.
Chairman only knows what's policy
His wife rings me up from time. . . . for tea
Henry, we can't sail.

Liz Crudo is a senior English major from San Francisco, California.

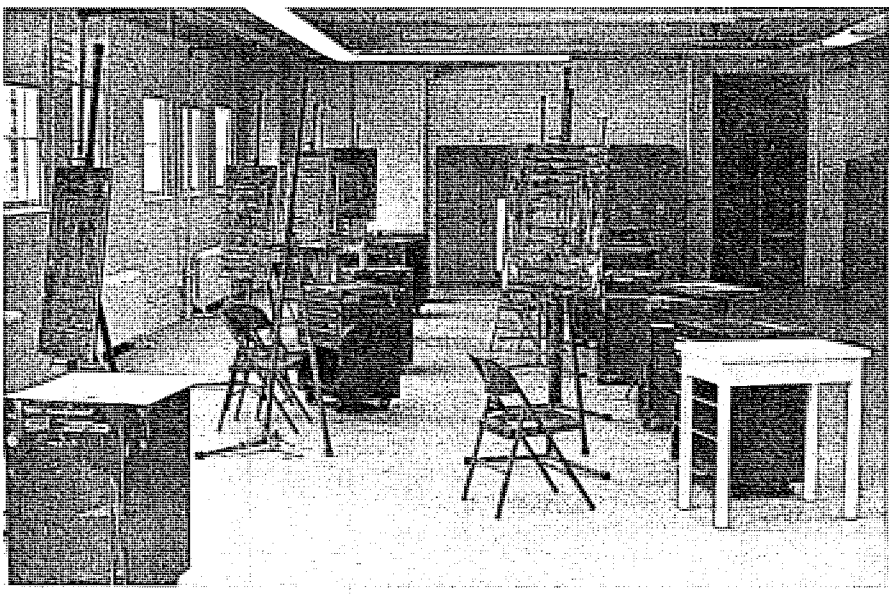
The Art Department

New and Improved

by Jeff Monaghan

After "20 years of musical chairs," the Art Department of the University of Notre Dame has found a new home. Having once been located across St. Mary's Lake behind the former seminary for the Holy Cross with studios in a house on Bulla Road, the Department has finally found itself gathered together in a remodeled and refurbished Old Chemistry Building, located between O'Shaughnessy Hall and the Business Administration Building. Besides a new home, the Department has a new name: the Department of Art, Art History, and Design.

Professor Frederick S. Beckman, chairman of the Department for the past three years, originally had visions of moving into a newly constructed addendum to the Snite Museum of Art, but such a proposal was rejected as too costly. Just the same, the new home for the Department "affords a more visible and attractive location on campus for us," Beckman said. 'This is comfortable."



Indeed it is. Although another hand-me-down for the Department, the Old Chemistry Building has taken on a new look. Taking advantage of open space and high ceilings, Cole Associates of South Bend has added studio skylights, office space, a darkroom, design classrooms, and a new entrance facing O'Shag.

For Beckman, the move was not too soon. "Something had to be done," he said. "The conditions in the Fieldhouse are deplorable to the point of being downright dangerous." Leaky, sagging ceilings, a collapsing exterior, and cluttered work areas make the Fieldhouse a doomed structure on campus. It is scheduled for demolition later this year.

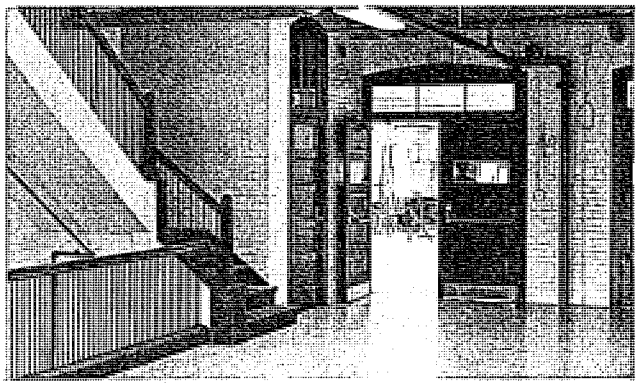
The Department's name change "was made to illuminate our strengths," Beckman explains. "We have organized the Department into eight tracks." Attempting to market itself to students interested in studio experience, the Department has a fundamental core curriculum with eight concentrations: Art History, Ceramics, Fibers, Industrial Design, Painting, Photography, Printmaking and Sculpture. Students may concentrate in any one or a combination of these "tracks." Each is ideally begun in the freshman year or early afterward although "we are very interested in double majors as well," Beckman said.

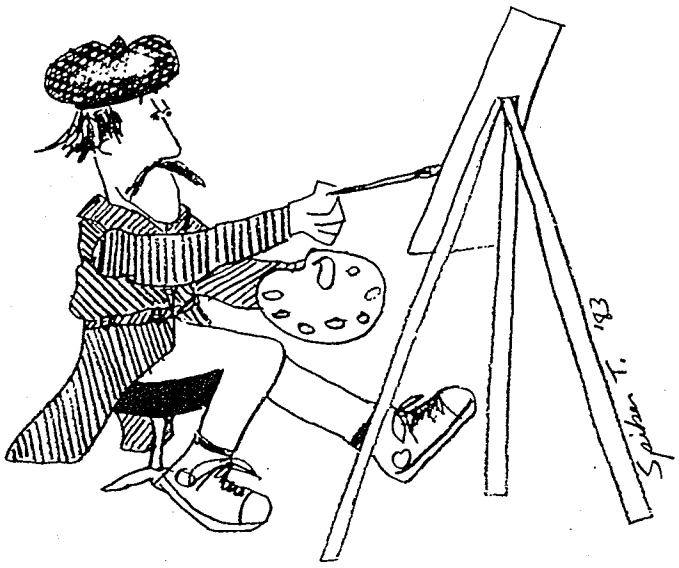
To delineate the new format of the Department, the Old Chemistry Building is itself divided into these specialty areas. The third floor contains the painting and drawing studios. The second floor houses the photography (including a darkroom) and industrial design classrooms. Ceramics and sculpture areas are located on the bottom floor. The Art History school of the new Department will remain in O'Shag, where offices, too, have been remodeled. This decision was made to allow greater access to the Snite Museum.

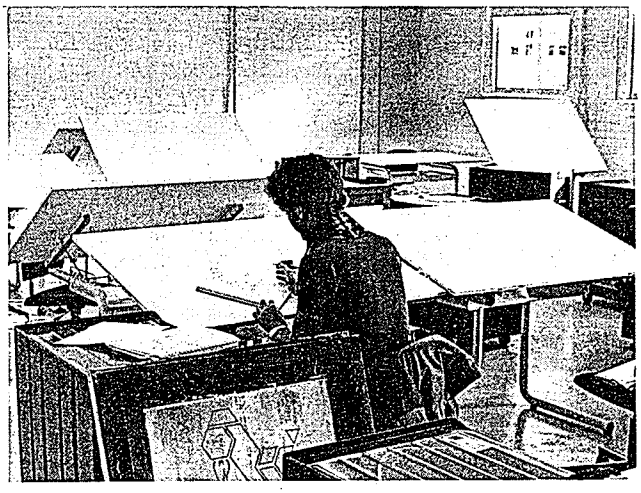
This access to Snite is the primary focus of the Art History school. Saying that all students should take the Art Traditions course as a foundation for understanding art history and famous men and women who make it, Beckman points out "we all make artistic judgments every day. We're sensitive to styles, colors, shapes, and sizes from the cars we drive to the clothes we wear. [Thus,] we need to be a little more discerning, I think [in our tastes]."

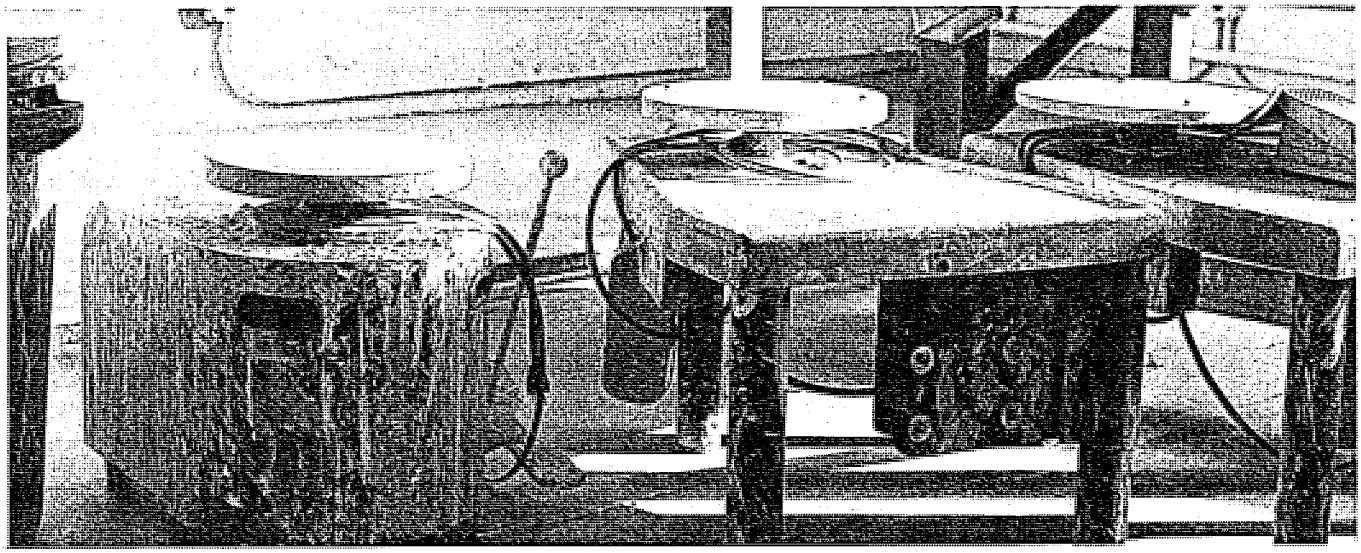
The new building and new image of the Department "will put great emphasis," Beckman feels, in the direction of graduate studies and tenured faculty project opportunities. "We have excellent facilities now"; facilities which, among other things, highlight hot and cold running water and heat. The Fieldhouse, they say, was not so generous.

Beckman notes that "the market is tough now for graduates." In graduate study, Notre Dame's Department of Art, Art History, and Design is looking for talent and top intellectual ability when it screens students and their ideas. Currently, there are about 100 undergraduate majors and 36 graduate students. To be a tenured faculty member, one must exhibit competent artistic ability, solid teaching skills, and be successful at publishing and doing research projects. The Department is going through formal licensing procedures for further accreditation in the Industrial Designers' Society of America; Notre Dame is one of 30 schools to receive such accreditation in this country.









"I want to see this become one of the best [Art, Art History, and Design] Departments in the country," Beckman said. Himself teaching a "Visual Communications" class, Beckman works as a professional consultant for industrial design and advertising. He is personally very happy to see the Department where it is today; "I held an administrative post, but I stuck around to see that this Department moves. And it has," he smiles.

It is hoped that in the future the Department can contribute more visibly to the cultural side of Notre Dame. A new committee has been set up to bring forth ideas for new sculptures on campus. "We're looking to be of service and gain experience from our prominent position on campus," Beckman said. The Department is already established as "a strong contributor to the general culture of the University" by virtue of the many classes it offers to non-majors who fulfill their fine arts requirements within the College of Arts and Letters. "With our new facilities, we're looking forward to serving Notre Dame in a more visible way," Beckman said. "We're happy to be getting this publicity." □

Jeffrey Monaghan is a senior Theology major from Superior, Wisconsin.

Abortion: A Euphemism for Murder

by Joseph Morris

"That one cell with its 46 chromosomes contains the genetic code, written in molecules of DNA (deoxyribonucleic acid), that will, if not interrupted, make a human being just like you or me, with the potential for God consciousness." — Richard L. Gary, *Thou Shalt Not Kill.*

To oppose this biological fact and say that a human fetus is not alive and has absolutely no rights as a human being is a diabolic lie. Nevertheless, this lie is uttered and defended daily by abortionists. Abortion, legalized by a mandate of the Supreme Court of the United States in 1973, should never have been considered. "Abortion" is merely a euphemism for murder. There seems to me to be enough evidence that abortion is murder, that a fetus is alive, and that there is not only one human being involved in an abortion, but apparently the evidence is not sufficient to convince everybody. Why such evidence is insufficient I do not know. It is hoped that the insufficiency lies in the evidence not being promulgated, and that if people knew the atrocities of abortion, the atrocities would stop. If the lack of promulgation is not the cause of the acceptance of abortion, we can only pray that whatever is the cause of the acceptance of such fiendish practices be removed.

The chief problem with the abortionists' argument is their denial that the fetus is a human being. Biologically and logically the abortionists' argument fails miserably. First, biologically at the moment of conception (when the egg is united with and fertilized by the sperm) the potential for human life exists. How, then, can the killing of these cells which comprise the life of a human being be called anything but murder? Another biological fact which also proves that the fetus is alive is that the heart of the fetus begins to beat as few as "18 to 25 days" after conception. Further into the pregnancy, the brain develops, the systems for breathing, seeing, feeling, and all of the faculties of a human being develop; these developments are undeniable signs of life.

Logically the abortionists' argument fails as well. For example, if a doctor who is an abortionist would not kill a baby one minute after birth, how could he justify killing that same baby one minute before that, or one minute before that? . . . "How can one consider life to be worthless one minute and the next minute consider that same life to be precious?" One cannot make the distinction logically. What does follow logically from the abortionists' argument is almost too horrifying to consider. If foeticide is accepted, for example, then, logically, euthanasia, killing of the retarded, the defective, and many other socially "burdensome" people would follow. The logical extension of the criteria used to legalize abortion shows how outrageous the criteria are. By legalizing abortion in 1973, "the Supreme Court has denied the fact that the fetus in utero, the unborn, is a person." The criteria upon which they based their decision are still unclear to me. If one criterion is the capability to care for oneself, it does not follow that a newborn baby can care for itself better than an unborn baby. If the court wanted to determine a point along the developmental time line of a fetus, before which the fetus would not be considered alive, and after which the fetus would be considered alive, the most logical point along this time line is conception: the moment development of the fetus begins. The Supreme Court, however, determined the point after which the fetus is considered alive as the beginning of the third trimester, and even after this point the mother is still able to abort the "viable" fetus under certain circumstances.

It is not always the rule that abortionists go so far as to deny that the fetus is alive; instead they deny it equal value with human beings after birth. To condone the abortion of live fetuses is to condone "certain types" of murder. This condonation is shocking. Nevertheless, the distinction of value was made and upon it was based this argument: because the mother is already alive she is worth more than the fetus and if it is for her "well-being" that an abortion is requested, she should be allowed to have one. "Well-being" is such an ambiguous term that there is practically no limit to its interpretations. John Noonan, who himself finds the

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concept unjustifiable, writes in his book *A Private Choice* that by the abortion law "the liberty of the pregnant woman, or gravida, was the liberty of an author over his manuscript, of a farmer over his crops, of a girl over her doll." That the relationship of a woman and her child could be compared to the relationship "of a girl over her doll" is simply not valid, and it is shocking that anyone would make it, but the comparison is valid according to the decision of the Supreme Court. Under the Court's decision ". . . abortion was a profoundly personal decision; it was to be made freely by the sole person affected; it was a private choice." Assuming that there is only one "person affected" it would follow that the choice to have an abortion should be "a private choice." That assumption, however, is absurd. There are many people intimately involved in an abortion: the pregnant woman, the father of the unborn child, the doctor, and most importantly the unborn child.

One of the authors of *Abortion in the United States* writes that there is ". . . a physician referred to in these pages as 'an abortionist,' but I would think of him in terms more descriptive of his services to human beings in trouble." The author never tells us what terms she is referring to, and although I doubt that she would agree with me, I can suggest a few: murderer, for example, might be one, or manslaughterer. In the same book the author goes on to argue that because abortion is legal, women have somewhere to "turn for the help they need." What help they are getting does not seem to be "help" at all, let alone the "help they need." Assuming, for a moment, that it is "help" women receive from an abortionist, from where does the unborn being receive help? The woman gets rid of her unwanted child, but the child instead of getting helped, gets killed. How can an abortionist justify the unnecessary destruction of often healthy human beings on the grounds that their lives are less important than their mothers' lives? That a woman should have the right to decide whether her child should live or die seems to be misplaced authority. A human being does not have the authority to make such a crucial decision, regardless if she is as intimately involved as a mother is with her child.

John Noonan's *The Abortion Cases* "claim not to decide when human life begins but in fact decide that human life begins at birth." Their decision is a blatant denial of biological facts. By denying the fact that growth and life begin at the moment of conception, and so deciding that an embryo can be destroyed before birth, they are deciding what only God is able to decide. "Destruction of the embryo in the mother's womb is a violation of the right to live which God bestowed upon this nascent life," writes Dietrich Bonhoeffer (cited in *A Private Choice).* Moreover, whether a fetus is alive or not is beside the point. That God intended for the fetus to live should be reason enough to make abortion illegal as murder. Abortion is, according to the book *Abortion in the United States,* "the deliberate interruption of pregnancy by artificially inducing the loss of the fetus . . . ," the deliberate and artificial destruction of potential life—if not life itself. The decision to destroy a fetus is both presumptuous and diabolic; it is the decision to kill.

As revolting and horrifying as abortion is to me and many other people, the logical implications of abortion are even worse. For example, because of the legalization of abortion it is now not uncommon for experimental "vivisections" to be performed "upon live aborted babies." Richard Gary states that what was once thought to be incredibly inhumane to perform on animals can now be performed on "live aborted babies." The atrocities of Nazi "death camps" shocked people but now in the context of abortion the very same atrocities are passed over because the fetus is not legally alive. Biologically the fetus is alive, can feel pain, can think, can cry, but legally there is no life. "The actions of the Nazi regime against millions of innocent people were possible because the medical profession in Germany had laid the foundations for mass murder." We are not terriby far from laying similar foundations today. If we can perform vivisections and destroy living fetuses, why can't we destroy any person who is not self-sufficient or in some other way "unfit" for society? There is precedence in the highest court in the United States for legalized murder. If we are able to change the definitions of life and put degrees on humanness, where are we limited? The fact is that we are not legally limited. John Noonan writes that "when the full dimensions of the liberty to have an abortion were realized, the liberty was little short of unlimited." The "liberty" that Noonan writes about is being extended daily. For example, a hysterotomy, an abortion by a method similar to a Cesarean section, used to be considered manslaughter, now it is "nothing more than a medical decision."

The redefining, the decision-making, the liberty, the audacity—where will they stop?

> There must be a limit to a liberty so mistaken in its foundations, so far-reaching in its malignant consequences, and so deadly in its exercise. There must be a surpassing of such liberty by love" writes Noonan in *A Private Choice.*

Love must not be limited to our neighbor; it must be extended to our potential neighbor as well. Unborn babies are our potential neighbors. It is not legal to abort the life of one's neighbor because life is lived and respected; the fetus, from the moment of conception, is alive, and so, like the life of a neighbor, the life of a fetus must be given respect, the right to live, and love. □

Joseph Morris is a junior from San Francisco, California. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.

Werewolves of Bremen

We hop in the '71 BMW
Two in the front,
Three in the rear.

Dung-heavy air
ruffles our beards
in the black, chirping dark,
as we speed down rural routes.

In Bremen (a good German name)
we creep through hushed neighborhoods
till we reach the municipal park.

by Mary Sloan

Careening across the lawn,
we circle the swingset,
then lunge.
Soaring up at the moon
(if only we could reach it before)
Sinking back to the moist grass.

Cold silver,
the merry-go-round whirls us
in a strange dizzying dance.
For an instant, confusing memory

Then
down the slide we howl
—white-honed incisors cutting the night—
evading the waning
of the moon.

Tomorrow small children
will invade our territory.
Perhaps
One of them will notice
the two-pawed prints in his quiet sandbox
and dream of lycanthropy.

Culture Update

ART

. . . at the Snite Museum of Art

Jan. 16-Mar. 20 — Biblical narratives in old master prints. Print, Drawing, and Photography gallery.

Jan. 23-Mar. 20 — Christo Collection loan from the Rothschild Bank, Zurich. O'Shaughnessy Galleries.

(Gallery hours: T-F, 10 am-4 pm; S-S, 1-4 pm. Closed Monday)

. . . at St. Mary's College

Jan. 21-Feb. 18 — International Holographers Invitational, "Light Vistas, Light Visions." Moreau Gallery.

Jan. 21-Feb. 18 — Steven Mickey, recent works in clay. Hammes Gallery.

Jan. 21-Feb. 18 — Bebe Krimmer Grams, paintings. Little Theatre Gallery.

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

LECTURES

Jan. 23 — Christo: Five Works in Progress. 3 pm. Annenberg Auditorium.

Jan. 18 — Father James Flanigan, C.S.C., gives a lecture on Gian Lorenzo Bernini. 12:10 pm. Annenberg Auditorium.

. . . at St. Mary's

Jan. 24-27 — Women's Opportunity Series. Guest speakers, 8:00 pm, Carroll Hall.

ENTERTAINMENT

Jan. 27, 28, 29 — Keenan Hall Review, 8 pm, O'Laughlin Auditorium.

—The Last Word—

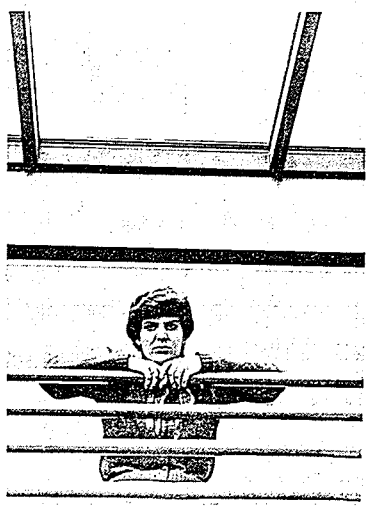
by Beth Healy

All of the Christmas decorations have been packed away in the attic and another frenzied semester has begun, yet the wonder and glory of Christmas remains. The anniversary of the Messiah's birth, the baby "wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger" rekindles a love for life that warms even the coldest of January days. One month later we recall another anniversary. This time we do not celebrate a child's birth but, rather, mourn the death of millions of unborn children.

January 22 marked the tenth anniversary of the U.S. Supreme Court decision legalizing abortion. What irony that the deaths of over eleven million unborn babies in America, billions worldwide, so quickly follow the anniversary of Christ's coming.

Moreover, in the twentieth century, the Blessed Virgin Mary, *Notre Dame,* would be a prime candidate for an abortion. Although it seems insensible to consider that Mary could even be remotely linked with abortion, her problematic situation almost too comfortably fits into the abortionists' argument. A young, unwed woman is pregnant. Her espoused husband, Joseph, threatens to divorce her. Today Mary would have had the legal option and even the encouragement to abort the salvation of the world.

The birth of Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827) provides a similar example. Beethoven was the eldest of the three surviving children. The family was poor. Beethoven's mother, who had given birth to seven children, died during his childhood. His father was a drunkard. Consider the world's loss had Beethoven's mother had the legal option, under difficult family conditions, to abort the greatest composer in history. It is sickening to imagine the potential greatness that we have destroyed during the past decade.

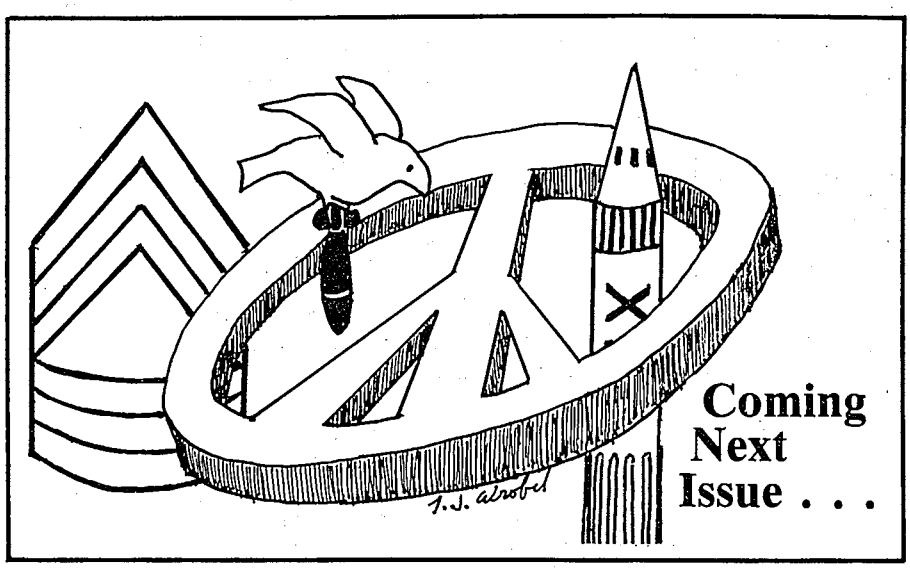


It is wrong for one person to take the life of another. Only God calls life into being, only God can take it away. This fundamental truth applies to both the born and the unborn. Life is life. Contrary to the abortionists' argument, life cannot be distinguished by trimesters of development. Prenatal existence, all nine months of it, is life; pulsating, moving, thinking, feeling life.

Who was the first human to recognize Christ? "When Elizabeth heard Mary's greeting, the baby leapt in her womb. Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Spirit and cried out in a loud voice: 'Blest are you among women and blest is the fruit of your womb. . . . The moment your greeting sounded in my ears, the baby leapt in my womb for joy' " (Lk 1:41-44). It was John, the unborn child, who first rejoiced in Christ's presence.

Can ten years of killing unborn children have passed so quickly, so calmly? During my past four years at this University, named after the mother of Our Lord, I have seen the power of the students, faculty and administration to rally behind a just cause and fight for change. We are able to develop major campaigns against corporations like Nestle's and Campbell's for their inhumane practices in the U.S. and Third World nations. We donate thousands of dollars to help fight world hunger. We protest the possibility of nuclear war which *threatens* to kill. While such efforts are certainly important, perhaps we are overlooking an immediate injustice of the greatest magnitude. Have we become so calloused to the value of life in infancy? Approximately thirty children per week are aborted in South Bend at the Women's Pavilion. Abortion is real. It is not a potential evil; it is happening right in our own backyard. Will we simply turn our heads for another ten years and allow such killing to continue?

No. We have no choice but to accept the challenge and responsibility to fight as Americans, as Christians, as members of this University for the rights of the unborn. Man's laws are not written on stone. We must fight the Supreme Court of the United States and the indifference of a nation supposedly dedicated to the pursuit of *life,* liberty, and happiness. If the unborn child shall not be heard, then we must, as children of God, cry out for them, "Thou shalt not kill."



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