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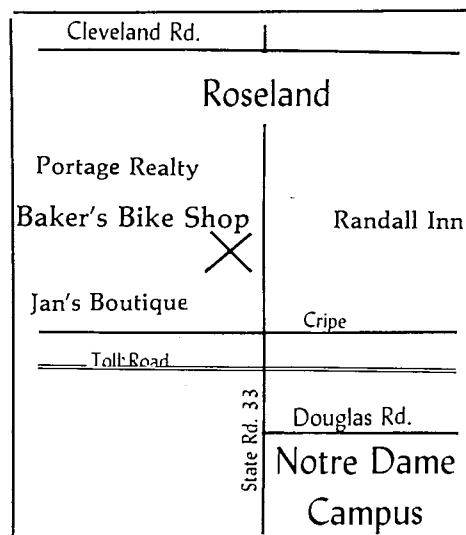
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Scholastic

Vol. 125, No. 2, October, 1983
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The First Word

by Kathy Curran
St. Mary's Editor

Generally, my summer jobs have not been intellectually stimulating. This summer, for instance, while my friends were researching for law firms and oil companies, I was singing the alphabet with six children under three feet tall. The summer before that, while my sister determined budgets for a transportation firm in Lexington, I was supervising the bucket-bearing public at a blueberry patch in Osceola. But I am not complaining. Actually, I learned a lot amidst that one-hundred-acre blueberry lot.

My prime responsibility from 8:00 in the morning until 4:00 in the afternoon was to talk to everybody. Granted, I did have to check the inside limbs of the bushes to make sure they were "picked clean," and I did

have to weigh berries once in a while. But overall, I simply had to portray the "friendly blueberry girl" image so people would want to come back. Thus, I managed to get paid for socializing, and I met amazing people that way.

Engine Bob came four mornings a week and picked ten gallons of berries every time. To quell the rumors that he and his wife lived on extremely restricted diets, he explained that he gave the fruit away. Because he was a train conductor, he was able to bring baskets of berries to his invalid friends in various towns. Engine Bob had never left the Midwest; he had never received a college degree; and he did not have any relatives who were foreign dignitaries. Yet, I learned one of the most valuable lessons of my life from him—the art of giving without expecting anything in return.

A fifty-year-old woman came out one afternoon and because she had such a pronounced accent I devoted my energy to conversing with her. Her husband had been a political prisoner in the Soviet Union for ten years because he "had led Christian meetings." She recounted the hardships her family had undergone because they were Christian — the surprise raids on their home, the frequent arrests for no apparent reason, and the physical and mental abuses that were inflicted upon them because they were not communist. In 1978 President Carter, through political maneuvering, was able to grant the family asylum in the United States. And somehow, in 1982 they were picking fruit in one of Northern Indiana's finest blueberry patches.

As I had anticipated, she reminded me of the blessings of our country — the freedom to participate in government and the promise of individual liberties, especially the right to worship God. But concrete things which I take for granted thrilled her — the sales in grocery stores, the availability of transportation, and even the thousands of blueberry bushes. She forced me to take a fresh look at all that I have.

Many more pickers influenced me that summer. I learned not only about which blueberries are good for pies and which for freezing, but also about life. I am not advocating that we turn down our internships to supervise fruit farms — just that we try to grow in every way possible in everything we do. □



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Culture Update

ART

... at Notre Dame

Oct. 30-Dec. 31 — Photographs by Fritz Kaeser.
Work covering from the
1930s to the present.
O'Shaughnessy Galleries.

Nov. 6-Dec. 31 — The Artistic Process: Ideas
and Techniques. Basic work-
ing techniques and funda-
mental concepts in art will
be investigated in a variety
of media. O'Shaughnessy
Galleries.

Nov. 6-Dec. 18 — Douglas Kinsey — Paintings
and Graphics — A selection
of recent work by Associate
Professor in Notre Dame's
Department of Art.
O'Shaughnessy Galleries.

Nov. 14-Dec. 13 — The Esmark Collection of
Currier and Ives. Popular
prints by classic American
lithographers. O'Shaugh-
nessy Galleries.

Nov. 8 — Stephen Spiro, Curator of the Collec-
tions, The Snite Museum of Art —
Noontalk — The Neoclassical Ideal.

... at Saint Mary's

Nov. 9 — National Theatre of the Deaf. Magi-
cal mixture of music, dance, speech,
and sign language used in the pro-
duction of "The Hero with a Thou-
sand Faces."

Nov. 7-10 — Portfolio Review. In all galleries.

Nov. 18-Dec. 15 — Giuseppe Gattuso from Flor-
ence, Italy. A collection of
prints — "Made in Italy."
Hammes Gallery.

Nov. 18-Dec. 15 — "Traditions of Innovations."
Four Saint Mary's photogra-
phers: Joseph Jachno, Jim
Raymo, Barbara Blandeav,
and Douglas Tyler.

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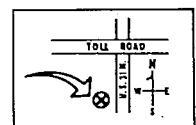
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Scholastic Notables

University of Notre Dame

by Kevin Donius
News/Sports Editor

Research Grants

In the month of August alone, the University received \$1,188,411 in grants for support of research, facilities, equipment, and instructional and service programs.

A grant of \$255,000 from the U.S. Department of the Army for photochemistry research on the nature of absorbed species of colloidal clay systems by Dr. J. Kerry Thomas, professor of chemistry, headed the research awards, which totaled \$774,918.

Other research awards include: \$88,606 from the National Institute of Health for nuclear magnetic resonance studies of metals in kinases

and related enzymes by Dr. Thomas Nowak, associate professor of chemistry; \$84,562 from the U.S. Department of the Navy for research on the boundary layer characteristics on low Reynolds number airfoils by Dr. Thomas Mueller, professor of aerospace and mechanical engineering; and \$63,000 from the Twentieth Century Fund for studies of contemporary emigration policies by Dr. Alan Dowty, professor of government and international studies.

Noteworthy grants for facilities and instructional programs included \$295,000 from the U.S. Department of Energy for its on-campus Radiation Laboratory and \$100,000 from the Houston Endowment supporting the Jesse H. Jones Professorship in management.

President Hesburgh

University President Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, C.S.C., has recently been elected a member of The Conference Board, a global network of public and private sector leaders who exchange information on management, economic, and public policy issues.

The Board, which draws much of its support from multinational businesses, stimulates the sharing of executive experiences through research and discussion. Founded in 1916, the Board and its affiliate, The Conference Board of Canada, have offices in New York, Washington, Ottawa, and Brussels.

Father Hesburgh also received his 97th honorary degree from the Immaculate Conception Seminary in Darlington, N.J., and accepted the Liberty Award of the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society at ceremonies in New York City.

Catholic Lay Persons

Sixty lay people from diverse professional, geographical, and cultural backgrounds will meet with a committee of American Catholic bishops at Notre Dame's Center of Continuing Education October 23-25 to explore the role of the Catholic lay person in American society.

The conference, entitled "Work and Faith in Society: Catholic Perspectives," is sponsored by the National Conference of Bishops' Committee on Laity in cooperation with Notre Dame's Institute for Pastoral and Social Ministry.

According to Bishop James R. Hoffman of Toledo, chairman of the Bishops' Committee on Laity, one purpose of the conference is "to highlight the Christian value of secular life: in the professions, in families, in areas of civic and social concern, in leisure pursuits." In addition, Bishop Hoffman hopes the conference will "gain a clearer understanding of the kind of Church ministry which will best empower the lay person to be a transforming presence in the world."

Champion Products

In a move that changed the University's policy which limited the marketing of goods bearing its protected marks solely to its own bookstore, the University has named Champion Product's Licensing Management Division as its worldwide licensing agent.

University vice-president for business affairs, Thomas J. Mason, said an internal committee will work with Champion licensing executives in defining licensing objectives, market planning, and quality control. Champion, which has been supplying goods to the Notre Dame Hammes Bookstore for more than 40 years, will be marketing Notre Dame products overseas as well as in the United States.

"Notre Dame stands for quality and integrity," commented Richard M. Geisler, chairman and chief executive officer of Champion. "We have respected those values in our long relationship with the University, and we look forward to a fruitful partnership in the new licensing program."

Universal Workstations

Two 3004 universal workstations, high-performance automated office systems, have been donated to the University by Philips Information Systems of Dallas, Texas.

The systems, which normally retail for \$10,000 apiece, will be used in the offices of Rev. David Tyson, executive assistant to the president, and Timothy O'Meara, University provost. There are currently twenty-one Philips systems installed on campus for student and administrative uses.

Notre Dame was chosen to receive the systems, according to Philips' President John Clark, because of its reputation as a leader in the field of higher education and "its commitment to offering its students the latest in technologies as a way of preparing them for today's competitive job market."

The Saint Mary's College endowment is the largest among Catholic women's colleges. The endowment has increased 10 million dollars since 1975.

Saint Mary's College

by Mary Ann Potter

Board of Regents

Five new members will be joining the Board of Regents when they return to the Saint Mary's campus on October 20 for their first meeting of 1983-84. Katherine Whelahan, a senior government major from Virginia Beach, Va., will serve as the student representative for the College's governing body. Mary Lou Morris Leighton, who has served on the Board of Regents as chairman of the development committee and on the library building committee, will begin her second term. Also elected to the 30-member board are Monsignor John J. Egan, director of the Office of Human Relations and Ecumenism for the archdiocese of Chicago; James E. Jack, 1963 graduate of Notre Dame; and Lydia Haggard Novakov, a 1972 Saint Mary's graduate.

SMC Endowment

The Saint Mary's College endowment, presently at \$13,062,000, is the largest endowment among Catholic women's colleges, according to a survey released by the Council for Financial Aid to Education. Since Dr. John M. Duggan became president of the College in 1975, the endowment has increased by 10 million dollars to its present figure. The report also states that Saint Mary's ranks first in alumnae dollars and second in total dollars and annual fund.

Founder's Day Awards

With the celebration of Founder's Day on October 11, the Saint Mary's Alumnae Clubs presented Founder's Day awards to members who have given outstanding service to the clubs and local community. Linda Herrington '69, Akron, Marybeth McGowan Crossin '60, Indianapolis,

Florentia Clark '22, Valley of the Sun, Carol Senda Damasco '66, Washington, D.C., and Julia Mendez Rowak '36, Westchester/Fairfield Alumnae Club are the 1983 recipients. The award was introduced in 1981 and each recipient is awarded with a sketched collage of various campus buildings designed by Eileen Lyons Murphy '82.

Accounting Award

The Big Eight accounting firm of Ernst & Whinney presented Amy Wright with the 1983 Ernst & Whinney award. The \$500 award is given to a senior accounting major from Saint Mary's for outstanding achievement during her junior year.

"Works on Paper"

The traveling "Works on Paper" art exhibition, which boasts the work of five Saint Mary's students, was at the Saint Mary's College Galleries from September 23 to October 14. The show has appeared throughout the country during the last year displaying 67 pieces of art by artists from 16 colleges and universities. Saint Mary's senior Theresa Bolakowski submitted two pieces while Lucy Byrnes '83, Marianne Jones '83, Catherine Gunning '82 and Susie Vasta '82, all entered one work apiece in the show. The exhibition was sponsored by the National Association of Schools of Art and Design.

First Woman President

The Notre Dame Bands has its first woman president since its founding in 1845, Saint Mary's senior Laura Halland. Now in her fourth year as a member of Notre Dame bands, Halland was the social chairman for the band last year. The Notre Dame Bands is an organization that consists of four musical units: the marching band, the concert band, the jazz band and the varsity band.

New Appointment

Anne Reed was recently promoted to Assistant Vice President for College Relations and Joan Freneau Spohrer was appointed Director of Public Relations, Reed's vacated position. Reed is a 1970 graduate of Saint Mary's and worked as the Director of Public Relations for four years. Spohrer has been the "College Editor" since 1980, and will continue to edit the official College publications in addition to her new duties.

PLEASE WRITE!

If you have any comments or suggestions for Scholastic, please let us know.

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ND Focus

Galvin Life Science

The new two-story addition will provide 24,000 square feet for faculty and students

by Amy Stephan

Pending zoning approval, construction on a \$3 million addition to Galvin Life Science Center should begin in January, according to Director of Physical Plant, Donald Dedrick.

This addition will house the animal research center and has been planned over the past four years. It will meet expanded research needs and "constantly changing government guidelines," said Dr. Paul Weinstein, professor of biology.

The planned animal research center is "absolutely incredible," said Weinstein, noting that the building will have special units for change of air, temperature and humidity control. "The physical environment will be given very sophisticated attention," he said. The two-story addition will provide 24,000 square feet of space — nearly a 20 percent increase in space for the Galvin Life Science Center. One story will be underground and the other above ground, said Dedrick.

The building will be used for teaching purposes and research, said Weinstein, but will be completely restricted to authorized students and faculty members. The addition "will meet the demands of changing faculty and student interests," he said, stressing that the research center

will be built for "absolute flexibility."

In the past few years there has been a "flood of legislation with regard to the use of animals in research," said Weinstein. Under the constraints of the current facility, "we just don't do certain kinds of research," said Weinstein.

A renovation has allowed the current facility to be used without violation, but with constantly changing guidelines. Weinstein said, "We can no longer use the current facility without risking violation. If we are to continue as a modern research and teaching facility, we must meet guidelines."

"There is a lot of nationwide interest in animal research . . . there are many different approaches in terms of legislation. Some legislators want to do away with all animal research with obvious implications to the health of this country."

Much of the building will be devoted to small isolation units, in order to meet regulations that each breed of animal be housed in separate quarters, said Weinstein.

The building will include, according to Weinstein: an automatic watering system; special, easily sanitized floors; cage and bedding washing facilities; a quarantine area for newly arrived animals; and an air

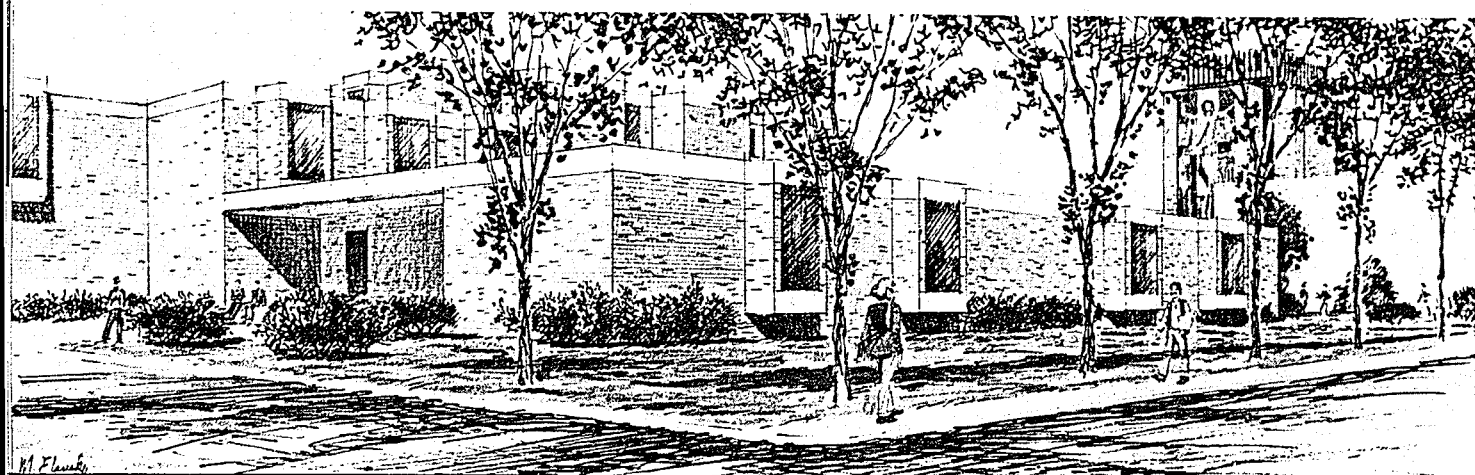
filtering system that will allow for 15 changes of air per hour.

The planned addition, which will be built onto the east side of the building, extends too near to Juniper Road to meet current zoning regulations. Said Dedrick, "We didn't believe as the building was designed that zoning would be a problem, but the road curves there (near the planned addition)."

The request for zoning variance will be considered early this month, said Dedrick. If the zone variance is not approved, Dedrick said, "We will have to go back and redesign the building and settle for less than optimum."

Dedrick said that the addition should take 14-15 months to complete. The addition was designed by Ellerbe and Associates who also designed the Galvin Life Science building and the new faculty office building. □

Amy Stephan is a sophomore electrical engineering and English major from Piqua, Ohio. She is a copy editor at The Observer and the paper's official Cap'n Crunch correspondent. This is her first contribution to Scholastic.



SMC Focus

"The Nuns are Coming!" Will the presence of sisters in the dorms make life at Saint Mary's more difficult?

by Jayne Kenny

Maybe you've heard the latest rumor on Saint Mary's campus: the nuns are coming! the nuns are coming! The nuns want to live in the dorms with the students! The students immediately envision hordes of black-robed nuns invading the various dormitories. Reactions range from "I wouldn't mind living near a nun, I just don't think *she* could stand it" to "How can they expect to put nuns in dorms with so many people still living in temporary housing?" But it's not just a rumor anymore: Sister Elena Malits and Sister Veronice Fisher moved into an apartment in the basement of Holy Cross Hall at the beginning of this semester.

Many students feel that the presence of sisters in the dorms would be just another administrative tactic to make life at Saint Mary's a little more difficult, the rules a little harder to break with a clear conscience. It would be a long time before I could run across the hall to ask "Sr. Maria" if she had a bottle opener I could borrow because Molson Golden doesn't come with twist-off caps. And maybe I wouldn't crank up "D.M.S.R." by Prince quite so loud because knowing a nun was nearby might make me realize that the lyrics don't exactly espouse the Christian ideal. Students feel that such proximity of the sisters might restrict their behavior and inhibit the true expression of their personalities. The last thing we were looking for when we left home was another guilt trip.

But upon reflection, it may not be such a bad idea after all. This is Saint Mary's College, owned and operated by the Sisters of the Holy

Cross. Unlike many Catholic colleges and universities, the religious community here is almost invisible. The sisters are not part of the residence hall staff, few are teachers; the vast majority of the students have no regular contact with the founding order of their school.

This was not always the case. Up until the early 1970s, there were always a few nuns living in the dormitories; Sister Elena was one. What students see as a radical change in residence life is actually a return to traditional policy. Why did the sisters move out in the first place?

During the early 1970s, Saint Mary's enrollment increased dramatically. To handle the increased numbers, a professional residence hall staff was hired to supervise and provide counseling for the students. Previously, there were hall directors — Holy Cross sisters — but none of the resident assistants so familiar today. With the higher enrollment, hall space became scarce and it was felt that if the sisters living in the dormitories were not a part of the residence hall staff they should give up their rooms to incoming students. A picture comes to mind of mass evictions of teary-eyed nuns from LeMans and Holy Cross. In reality, there were three sisters living among 500-plus residents of LeMans at the time. Concurrently there were changes in the lifestyles of the Sisters of the Holy Cross. Small groups of sisters moved off campus or to the western fringes of the college.

Sister Elena and Sister Veronice pointed out that there were never many nuns living in the dorms to begin with, and only a very few are considering returning to resi-

dence hall life. The convent won't be emptying out overnight, and freshmen won't find themselves with a candidate for the novitiate for a roommate when they first arrive in South Bend. But as Sister Elena said, living solely with one's peers for four years isn't necessarily such a good idea. Students must learn to communicate with mature adults; maybe this sort of regular casual contact could be a plank in the bridge across the generation gap. The sisters also provide a link to the past, a reminder of why we're here. It's easy to lose perspective among all the blown-off reading assignments and kegs at tailgaters.

Sister Elena and Sister Veronice reiterated that they are not part of the hall staff. They are not running a twenty-four-hour counseling service, and they certainly are not spies for the administration. Holy Cross Hall is their *home*, where they can interact with diverse members of the College community. □



Jayne Kenny is a Saint Mary's student from Rocky River, Ohio. This is her maiden contribution to Scholastic.



Perspective

Thomas More: The Man Who Combined Christianity With a Career

"BLESSED THOMAS MORE IS MORE IMPORTANT AT THIS MOMENT THAN AT ANY MOMENT SINCE HIS DEATH, EVEN PERHAPS THE GREAT MOMENT OF HIS DYING; BUT HE IS NOT QUITE SO IMPORTANT AS HE WILL BE IN ONE HUNDRED YEARS' TIME."

G. K. CHESTERTON

by Daniel Groody

What did Thomas More do yesterday that makes him so praiseworthy today? Was it his career as Lord Chancellor during the reign of King Henry VIII? Or was it his strong Christian beliefs? Actually the answer lies somewhere in the middle: It is his ability to integrate his deeply rooted Christian values into his career ambitions that makes him such a remarkable character today. Now that we have a greater awareness of the importance of ethics in one's career, his example is being looked on more than ever; for many he has become a role model.

Thomas More believed in Faith, Family, and Career, in that order. Above all, faith came first. God was his source of strength; his rock of Gibraltar, so to speak. With God on his side, he knew he could endure any struggle and bear any suffering. So strong was his trust in God that he could laugh about the world around him even on the day of his execution. This unwavering faith served as a foundation for all other aspects of his life.

More's devotion to his family was second only to his devotion to God. He loved and was loved by his family as he was an exemplary father and husband. As Thomas J. McGovern put it: "More lived his Christian vocation as a family man with exquisite care and effectiveness, despite the exceptional demands made on him by professional and state affairs." To instill fine qualities in his children, More stressed "virtue, learning, piety toward God, charity to all and Christian humility in themselves." Very often the poor from town would come to eat at the dinner table with his family; he did not shield his children from the harsh realities of the real world.

Most remarkable of all was that Thomas More kept his faith, valued his family and still maintained a successful career. Starting off as a scholar, More progressed to lawyer, then to ambassador and finally to Lord Chancellor of England. Along with these positions, he made money, —lots of it. But he did not let it spoil him or his family. Instead, he gave

"I AM WELL CONTENT
TO GO IF GOD
SHOULD CALL ME
HENCE TOMORROW."

*"Sir Thomas More" by Hans Holbein the Younger
(1497-1543), The Frick Collection, New York.*

"MORE LIVED HIS
CHRISTIAN VOCATION
AS A FAMILY MAN WITH
EXQUISITE CARE AND
EFFECTIVENESS, DESPITE
THE EXCEPTIONAL
DEMANDS MADE ON
HIM BY PROFESSIONAL
AND STATE AFFAIRS."

generously and became a respectful friend of many, even his lowly servants. He saw his career as an opportunity to serve others, not himself, and he attributed his success to God. Because he was not selfish with his prosperity, he was not tied down to his career or his money and therefore did not fear losing it; "I am," he said, "well content to go if God should call me hence tomorrow."

Many of the problems of Thomas More's time are still around today, but now these problems exist on a much larger scale, because there are many more variables to contend with. Issues like the morality of abortion, for example, prompt a variety of opinions from different people, each claiming that he knows "what is right." But exactly who is right? Although no answer is certain, we should not give up the ship. Maybe it means that we have to reevaluate the way we look at the world, and maybe while we do this we More. Do we make judgements based on our moral consciousness or do we not think much about the problems at all and make judgements based more or less on what everybody else thinks? Are we strong enough to stand on our own, as Thomas More did, if our opinions differ from the majority, or do we find it easier to just "go with the flow"? These are questions to ask ourselves, keeping in mind that Thomas More said "you can't get to heaven on a bed of feathers."

In the October 3, 1983, issue of *U.S. News and World Report* there is an article entitled "Success." The article mentions that getting ahead in the world often means stepping over others. Some may interpret this as meaning that we should have two disjunct sets of ethics: One set for our career and one set for our Christianity. Ideally, as Thomas More's life proved, career ethics should be a subset of Christian ethics. After all, will getting that better grade, receiving that promotion, or making that extra buck make us happier in the long run if we get it by cheating or taking advantage of others? Of course not, but I feel that the ideals of Thomas More are better in tune with what happiness is all about.

This reminds me of a conversation I had with my father this past summer when we were vacationing at the Jersey shore. My dad loves the shore because it is so relaxing, calm and peaceful; it makes him happy

to go there. While there we saw some big, beautiful beachfront houses. "How would you like to live in one of those?" I asked him. "I wouldn't mind," my father replied "so long as I earned the money for it honestly. You know, it's not so much if you make a buck in life that's important as how you make it." He explained that earning an honest living made him feel good inside, and that is why he felt so good when he looked at the shore. He went on to say that if you did not live according to sound ethical principles, you would feel imbalanced inside, meaning that you could not appreciate the ocean's beauty or life itself, for that matter.

In order to get a better view of this concept of integrating our Christian values into our career, it must be said that simply understanding Thomas More's ideals is only half the battle. If we only understand about his goodness and make no attempt to apply it to our lives, it is virtually useless. But without a doubt, living up to Thomas More's example could possibly be one of the most difficult challenges of our life, especially since it is much easier to conform to a lower form of ethics. In other words, in our quest to become successful in our career in this world, we should not compromise our values to get ahead. Rather, inspired by Thomas More's example, we should seek prosperity in our career through a growing trust and faith in God, and Notre Dame provides us with the opportunity to mature in both of these areas. If we have the will, we can use the time we spend at Notre Dame not only as a chance to strengthen the foundations for a future career, but also to strengthen the foundations of our faith. □



Dan Groody is a sophomore Arts and Letters major from Basking Ridge, New Jersey, who works extremely well under pressure. This is his first contribution.

Statue of Thomas More staring west above the south portal of the Law Building.



Who is Your Hero?

by Mary Ellen Arn

"Who is your hero? Whom do you idolize? Why do you hold them in such high esteem? What puts them up on that pedestal?" These are some of the kinds of questions posed to Notre Dame and Saint Mary's students last week. Their answers? They may surprise you . . .

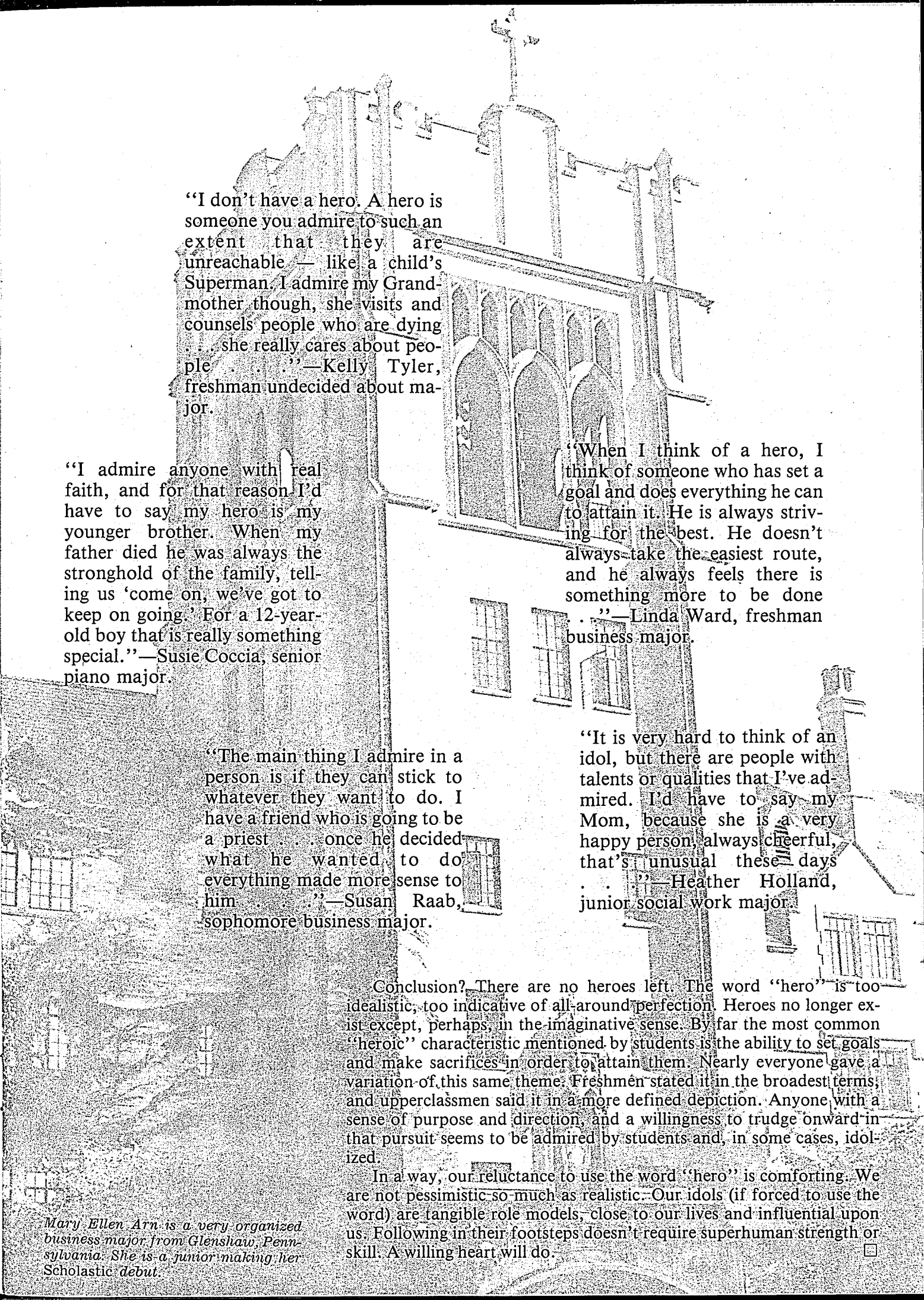
"Theodore Roosevelt. He was a very direct person, forceful. He was a man who stood for a lot of things America stood for . . ."—Jeff Griffin, sophomore business major.

"There is no one person that I actually idolize but there are certain qualities in a person that I admire. I admire innovative people, people who make the most of what they have to work with . . . not necessarily the superstar athlete or super intelligent person."—Steve Schmitt, junior engineering major.

"Strange, the person that I tend to like is cartoonist Berke Breathed. He writes 'The Bloom County' comic strip. Probably the main reason I admire him is that he has the ability to poke fun at almost anything. There are no Sacred Cows in his view of the world . . ."—Sean O'Connor, freshman aerospace engineering major.

"I don't have a hero, per se, but basically I admire two sets of people. The first set is my parents, because they've stuck together through thick and thin. The second group is anybody who is willing to try something new, anybody who will dare to be different . . ."—Dave Delahanty, sophomore math major.

"If I had to choose one person, I would say Franco Harris epitomizes the type of person I would like to be. He'd like to attain his own goals yet he is more concerned about the whole team . . ."—Mark Czachowski, junior accounting major.



"I don't have a hero. A hero is someone you admire to such an extent that they are unreachable — like a child's Superman. I admire my Grandmother though, she visits and counsels people who are dying . . . she really cares about people . . ."—Kelly Tyler, freshman undecided about major.

"I admire anyone with real faith, and for that reason I'd have to say my hero is my younger brother. When my father died he was always the stronghold of the family, telling us 'come on, we've got to keep on going.' For a 12-year-old boy that is really something special."—Susie Coccia, senior piano major.

"The main thing I admire in a person is if they can stick to whatever they want to do. I have a friend who is going to be a priest . . . once he decided what he wanted to do everything made more sense to him . . ."—Susan Raab, sophomore business major.

"When I think of a hero, I think of someone who has set a goal and does everything he can to attain it. He is always striving for the best. He doesn't always take the easiest route, and he always feels there is something more to be done . . ."—Linda Ward, freshman business major.

"It is very hard to think of an idol, but there are people with talents or qualities that I've admired. I'd have to say my Mom, because she is a very happy person, always cheerful, that's unusual these days . . ."—Heather Holland, junior social work major.

Conclusion? There are no heroes left. The word "hero" is too idealistic, too indicative of all-around perfection. Heroes no longer exist except, perhaps, in the imaginative sense. By far the most common "heroic" characteristic mentioned by students is the ability to set goals and make sacrifices in order to attain them. Nearly everyone gave a variation of this same theme. Freshmen stated it in the broadest terms, and upperclassmen said it in a more defined depiction. Anyone with a sense of purpose and direction, and a willingness to trudge onward in that pursuit seems to be admired by students and, in some cases, idolized.

In a way, our reluctance to use the word "hero" is comforting. We are not pessimistic so much as realistic. Our idols (if forced to use the word) are tangible role models, close to our lives and influential upon us. Following in their footsteps doesn't require superhuman strength or skill. A willing heart will do. □

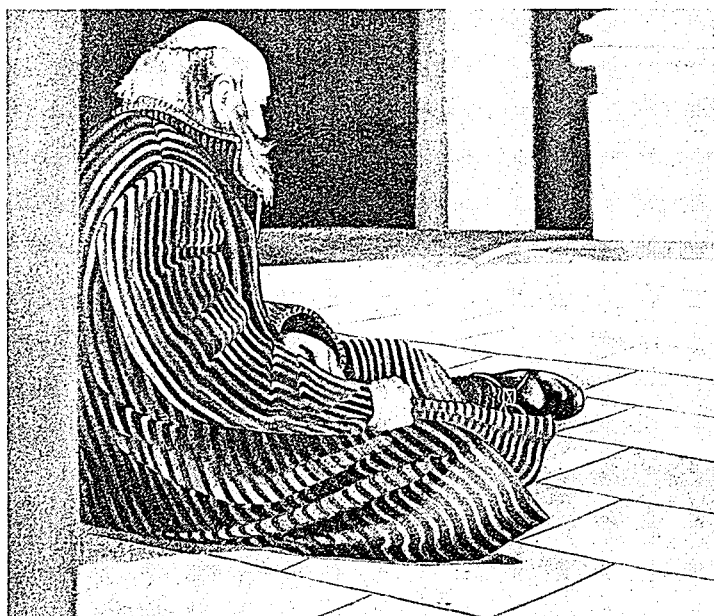
Mary Ellen Arn is a very organized business major from Glenshaw, Pennsylvania. She is a junior making her Scholastic debut.

Gallery



Oil

Progress?



Oil

Where is Walden Two?

Paintings

by

Elizabeth Carlsson

Elizabeth Carlsson is a second year graduate student working towards a Master of Fine Arts.



Oil

Voluntary or Not?

The First Time I Saw "Duck Shoes"

by Fred Zimmerman

The first time I saw a pair of "duck shoes" I was shocked and befuddled, perhaps even a bit traumatized. "What are these bright green pieces of rubber doing on that girl's feet?" I asked myself uncomprehendingly. They didn't even look real. They looked fake. "I see you have some new shoes," I remarked stupidly, pretending nonchalance.

In the weeks that followed, I found myself hemmed in by those wonders of processed petroleum. Everyone seemed to be sporting that cheeky glisten of a newly purchased pair of duck shoes. They even made sounds like ducks as the rubber soles, wet from the autumn slush squeaked across tile floors. I felt like telling the whole flock of them to go jump in a lake.

Docksiders soon became the next solution in the Quest to make Feet Attractive. In Minneapolis, where social Nirvana is a place called Lake Minnetonka, docksiders made their debut on the feet of those who were

"The world is my playground, and life is a cinch. But it was a casual motto, taken for granted by its followers, and only secretly envied by those it excluded."

"known to have a boat on The Lake." In fact, the first *raison d'être* of docksiders was that they provided a sure footing on the slippery decks of a sailboat caught in a sudden squall. When you're out on The Lake, you never know when a sudden squall might blow up, making it just you against the elements, and by God, you'd better have the proper footwear. And, of course, many's the time when you're out sailing and you just don't have the time to change footwear before sauntering in to a class. That's how docksiders began to show up around our high school.

Owning a pair of docksiders was

like membership in an elite club, and the motto of the club was: "Nothing causes me strain." The world is my playground, and life is a cinch. But it was a casual motto, taken for granted by its followers, and only secretly envied by those it excluded.

Docksiders quickly spread from "those who were known to have a boat on The Lake" to "those who were known to wish they had a boat on The Lake," which was practically everyone. Jaunty nonchalance became the fad, with docksiders as its trademark.

The current trend seems to be wearing exceedingly old and scruffy-looking docksiders. This has the desired effect of making the wearer not only nonchalant about life's worries, but is in effect a sort of deliberately nonchalant nonchalance. I can just see these people waking up and saying to their roommates, "Well, I've no shoes to wear—guess it'll have to be these old docksiders again. I really should pay more attention to what's fashionable in shoes and go out and buy some, but I just don't feel like it." Unconsciousness of fads has become the fad.

If the original message of docksiders was: "Nothing causes me strain," then the message of another fad of that time, Al Jarreau, was: "Life is grand and the future is bright." Perhaps because of one of his early hits, "On Broadway," the image associated in my mind with Al Jarreau is one of bright lights, fine automobiles, and above all, smiles, everyone, smiles. It seemed as if Jarreau could bring Broadway to

the entire nation "... there's magic in the air ..."

Somehow it is very fitting that Jarreau achieved popularity at about the same time as rainbows began to proliferate. There were rainbow shirts, rainbow socks, rainbow posters, rainbow sheets. Anything with a rainbow on it would sell. Although Jarreau and the rainbows were never embraced by the same group, they were both symbols, or perhaps symptoms of the same syrupy optimism.

At about that same time, Annie came back from the 30s, telling us the sun'll come up tomorrow, and Journey added its opinion, urging, "Don't stop believing," and ELO advised "hold on tight to your dreams."

Just as I was about to suffer from a case of "optimismitis," an acute swelling of optimism, it all sort of died away and was forgotten. No more dreams, no more stars. Encouraging lyrics have had to make way for an admonishment to "beat it," and instead of hearing that there's magic in the air, someone named "Sting" informs us that there's a little black spot on the sun today. Even the rainbow shirts have dried up, replaced by a revival of jean jackets as well as the intimidation associated with them. It's enough to make one schizophrenic, if taken seriously.

Fads, to be properly enjoyed, should not be taken seriously. But neither should they be totally eschewed, for that would be admitting their importance. Fads are, in fact, a form of entertainment. The wealthy put on the show, and the rest of us watch with amusement. "So if you're blue and you don't know where to go, why don't you go where fashion sits. ..."

Fred Zimmerman, veteran footwear observer, is a junior from Minnetonka, Minnesota. This is his first contribution.



Editor's note: Scholastic assigned Kathy McGarvey to investigate the values of the student body as reflected in their consumption of mass media offerings. The following is her report.

The Media and You

by Kathy McGarvey

This article is supposed to be about you. Somewhere, tucked between these lines, you exist, carrying a backpack full of the values and behaviors that distinguish you from every other member of this University.

My mission was to find you, capture you, and hardest of all, write about you. I failed. Where did I look? Why, in the movie theaters and their box offices, and by the television set in the lounges. Supposedly, being the children of the almighty screen as our generation is pegged, television and motion pictures present an accurate reflection of what students value.

On the contrary. The media affects people and not the other way around. Because of the diversity and quantity of television programs and movies, it

is impossible to evaluate whether a particularly popular show represents one common value or attitude among students. *Hill Street Blues* is a good example. First of all, not everybody watches this TV show. For every cafeteria line interview victim I asked, who enjoyed the show, there was one who had seen it once, if at all. Steve Wimmer, a junior from Sorin and a fan of *Hill Street Blues*, described the program as "down to earth." He explained that the show is about real people living fairly complicated lives. Sound familiar?

Maybe students watch what reminds them of their own lives, with all of the ambiguities, turmoil, and decisions facing youth today. Maybe.

Not all the data I collected bears this media mirror theory out, though. Plenty of people loved *Star Wars*. This box office hit rocketed to success by staging intergalactic wars that don't exactly resemble roommate conflicts. This summer, *Flash Dance* and *Fanny and Alexander* en-

tertained moviegoers now back on campus. With motivations ranging from, "I love Ingmar Bergman," "I live in Pittsburgh," and "it was a date," students watched both these flicks with popcorn instead of their values in hand.

Movie watchers, like cereal lovers and Mikey who'll "eat anything," pay to see many different kinds of films, foreign, funny, and philosophical. No two students seem to have a favorite flick for the same reason.

"The media affects people and not the other way around."

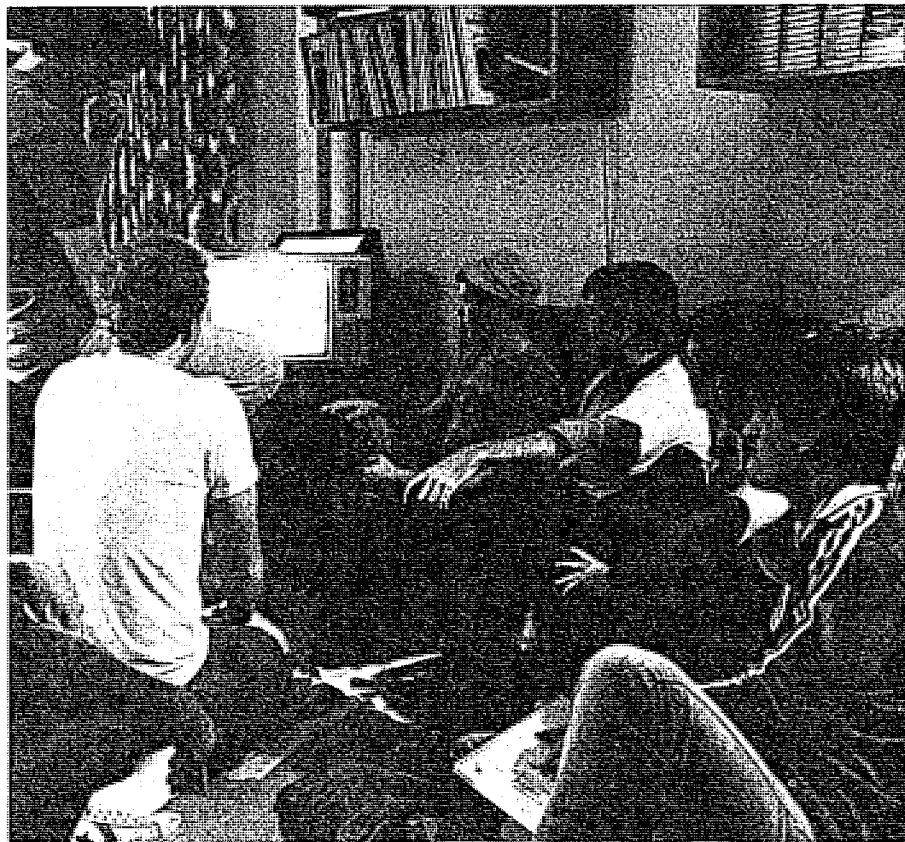
Perhaps students value a smorgasbord of outlooks, behavior, and perceptions. Perhaps.

As far as television viewing goes, however, most people I talked with here are on a drastic diet. No one seems to watch TV anymore, with any kind of regularity. The "boob tube" with its mental junk food of sitcoms and violent copper/caper programs is defunct for most domers. Those who have cable television do turn on their set, though, for (you guessed it) more movies, health shows about nutrition, first aid, or sexuality, and the increasingly popular music videos.

Here, at Notre Dame, the god of media is definitely dead. Or at best, undefined. The almighty screen changes face with the latest film or TV show, so that it is not worshiped but tolerated by the majority of students whose values, as reflected through the media, are individualistic and conflicting when forced into the cage of generalities.

Next time they send me out with net in one hand and pen in the other, I'll know better. Elusive as a photographed ghost, you exist, somewhere, silent, tucked between these lines. □

Kathy McGarvey, an experienced writer for Scholastic, is a junior Arts and Letters major from Drexel Hill, Pennsylvania.



Volleyball at SMC

by Elaine Suess

Bump. (Hey, nice pass.)
Set. (That's perfect!)
Spike. (Another kill. Good job!)

These terms are the major components of volleyball, whether they be practiced in the backyard, on the beach or in the gym. At Saint Mary's they are practiced in the Angela Athletic Facility, but this was not always the case, just as there has not always been a varsity volleyball team.

In the past, when there were fewer than 600 students attending Saint Mary's College, each student was required to take two years of physical education. During those two years, students participated in at least eight different sports.

"Volleyball was one of the more popular sports of the day," said Mary Lou Thompson, Director of Physical Education at Saint Mary's.

The Angela Athletic Facility has not always been available for the Belles to perfect their athletic abilities though. In the "old days" the intramurals and the physical education classes were held in St. Angela's Hall which used to stand to the left of the Church of Loretto. When this building was torn down, anyone interested in playing volleyball had to set up a net in the north lounge of Regina Hall and be careful not to hit the ceiling.

Although the basic idea of the sport has stayed the same, the uniforms and rules of the game have changed dramatically. The old uniform donned by the women of Saint Mary's was a one-piece blouse and skirt with blue bloomers underneath — quite different from the long-sleeved shirts and "bun hugger"

shorts worn today. The rules too were noticeably different. In the past, sixteen girls took to the court — eight on each side of the net. The conventional three-sequence bump, set, spike, was not allowed then. Although, as today, only three people could touch the ball during one play, each person was allowed two hits rather than one. Usually, the receiver set the ball to herself on her first hit then passed it to a teammate on her second hit. The teammate then repeated the action, passing it next to a front-row player who would attempt to set herself up for a "spike." Use of the hands to push the ball and use of the palms were both perfectly legal. Six hits were always encouraged, but not mandatory.

Today, the Saint Mary's volleyball team combines the new and the old. First-year coach Brian Goralski has much experience behind him. He came to Saint Mary's having coached at Olympic development camps throughout the United States for five years. In addition, a Junior Olympic team coached by Goralski finished fourth in the nation. At this writing, the volleyball team has a record of four wins and six losses, but coach Goralski is very positive about the team's chances for the rest of the season.

"I expect a lot of improvement from the team in the future," said coach Goralski. "The veterans and the newcomers alike are showing improvement."

Two of the veteran players on the team are senior Loret Haney and junior Ann Boutton. Loret has been nominated for All-American and assumes the setter position during play.

Ann, another strong returnee, is middle hitter. "These two are pretty much running the show," stated Goralski.

Assisting these two veterans are freshmen starters Ann Brown, who plays middle blocker, and Patty Williams playing outside hitter and setter. The Saint Mary's team has many specialty players, which makes for a very strong offense and defense. The offense which the team runs is a 5-1 (five hitters, one setter). This allows for a large number of quick plays at the net, which if worked correctly, throw the opposing teams into a state of confusion.

If the members of the team improve the way their coach feels they will, Saint Mary's can look forward to a successful season. The pre-tourney for state will be held on October 29 pitting Saint Mary's against Marion and Goshen colleges. Playing each of these teams during the season will give the Saint Mary's team an idea of how well they can expect to do. If they do as well as Goralski expects, the team will then take part in the National Association of Intercollegiate Athletics State tournament at Anderson College and continue on to Nationals.

Comparing the new and the old, one can see that Saint Mary's has come quite a long way: From bloomers to bun huggers, from Regina North Lounge to Angela Athletic Facility. □

Elaine Suess is a Saint Mary's student from Grand Blanc, Michigan. This is her first contribution to Scholastic.

The ND Rowing Team

by Richard Green

At present, I find myself coaching a very vibrant, very large, and very good novice rowing team. Together with Greg Devero, I have spoken of the endless hours needed to prepare for our first race, which is fast approaching. Michigan and Lincoln Park loom on the horizon as our first challenge.

On that day this year's fifty-two novice oarsmen will appreciate the sacrifices they have made. With shouts of "Richardson, raise your head, get some real air," "Mark, feather your blade earlier," "paper clip, paper clip," and "backs before butts," the novice team is gradually being molded into a unit. "We need a machine here—you go up together, back together—no accordians here."

This is precisely what crew is—a team. If just one person turns a head to watch his paddle, the set goes off and jeopardizes the entire stroke. Perfection is strived for in every motion, as everyone must do things in unison. Sometimes it's very frustrating. However, that just makes the first race seem all the more worth it.

The 1983-84 novice team will never know of pushing the ill-fated crew bus at 5 a.m. to get it started. They may not realize the years of planning it took to build the new boat-house. Two things, though, are common to all oarsmen: pain and frustration. My only wish is that all could experience the joy of overcoming that pain and frustration in an eight-oared shell that is finally putting it all together. . . .

The grey riverbank slips by slowly. Poised at a brief instant in preparation, each drop of sweat drips from an oarsman's chin, each twist of the rudder handle speaks of the long training that has preceded this moment. The differences visible to a stranger are small, the symbols meaningless: this boat or that is longer, or made of some strange substance, or the clothing, or the oars. The Notre Dame blue blades and yellow shamrocks are a world of separation on this day. Words of encouragement or curses come through a megaphone to place the unwieldy sixty-foot-long shells into position. And like the oars, those who grip them are of a singular breed, together in the private understanding and appreciation of this time, alone in their dedication to a sport where

perfection is the only motivation, and the shirts of conquered foes the only personal gain.

The oarsmen in the Notre Dame eight are staring at their oar handles, waiting, poised to swing the first stroke of the race. At any moment commands will be shouted. They practiced their start fifteen times this morning. First, a half stroke, then three-quarter, then full. At the first stroke their bow will jump out of the river, biting the water, leaping ahead.

The novice oarsmen in their first race wait stiffly, coiled and tense. Despite the cold, they are already sweating. Half. Three-quarter. Full. At thirty-six strokes a minute, they will have no time to use their legs correctly. Their arms will do the work until the pace has settled. They all concentrate on what is to come.

One pauses to re-grip his handle, while . . . Now! "Ready all . . . Row!" And at once, that silent moment disappears, and as each face releases the anticipation the body has stored, the excitement drains away, replaced by a pain that rushes in and threatens to overcome them all. In their initial straining, each oar separately, and yet in grand unison, violates the placid face of St. Joseph River. A half-dozen voices respond in sharp commands of assault. Their wrists

snap instantly, oars jabbing the water. The coxswain shouts. "Half!" Missed strokes. Flailing oars. White foam. "Three-quarter!" Frantic motion. Jerking forward. Grunting chests. "Full!" Wild spray. Power flows from their legs to their backs through their hands to their blades. Two hundred more and they'll be finished.

It is good to see that they are ready.

This bit of drama unfolds every year at Notre Dame on the St. Joseph River. And almost magically, it is nearly always a tight race to the end of the 2,000-meter course. These races have conjured many images in my past—the shaved heads of the Michigan State novice eight looking despondent as their loss sank in, while wondering if our stroke man was ever going to stop vomiting over the port side, after my first race.

Many people do not realize the staggering amount of time the Notre Dame crew will put in as the year progresses. I can guarantee all, however, that it will be more than worth it in the end. □

Making his debut as a Scholastic writer, Richard Green is a senior Arts and Letters major from Middletown, Delaware.



Notre Dame Women's Caucus: The Concern Against Sex Discrimination

by Lynn Cassella

Feminism addresses political, economic, and social equality of the sexes. While some thinkers perceive this theory as a skewing of reality, feminists argue that the traditional male-controlled images need changes to meet women's increasing personal expectations. Sexist views, to feminists, work to deny all people the education, opportunities and power to develop themselves and to help direct society.

Even though some women obtain a limited portion of equality with men, most rarely have equal access to similar educational, occupational, financial, or social benefits. For example, the Notre Dame admissions quota policy makes women a minority and ignores obvious forms of sexism. This insensitivity reinforces the existing struggle for equality in the "real world." Being part of this

tributions. He remarks that an equalized university admissions policy will not automatically solve this problem. He thinks, however, that this policy would improve women's status and encourage their overall academic participation. Furthermore, this professor believes that men would benefit from such an admissions system. It would help to alleviate the threats of female success in the classroom.

In the meantime, he stresses the need for a more supportive environment in which the concerns of undergraduate females could be compassionately discussed. Likewise, he recognizes need for a more sensible atmosphere to address women's issues and roles. He thinks women undergraduates and faculty are often "chopped down," and encouraged to fulfill stereotypes. He thinks these attitudes stem from family upbringing

all students and faculty of the Notre Dame/Saint Mary's community. Their services include informational distribution and referral services. The Caucus utilizes educational media and can refer women desiring more individualized attention to support groups. In addition, the group has informal social gatherings which reinforce its philosophy of mutual respect and encouragement. It supports efforts to address and improve existing inequalities and social problems which all students face in a society of shifting roles.

The Women's Caucus agrees that interaction as equals at Notre Dame will more fully prepare both sexes to face the "real world." Most importantly, this quest for justice will benefit not only the minority of females, but all members of the community. □

"For some female students at Notre Dame, however, this unequal quota of male to female students can be inhibitory. This leads to social tensions which affect their motivation, self-esteem, and educational performance."

student inequality does not immediately exclude women from certain educational or social opportunities on campus. Neither is it fair to say that women are held in lower esteem or are objects of severe ridicule. For some female students at Notre Dame, however, this unequal quota of male to female students can be inhibitory. This leads to social tensions which affect their motivation, self-esteem, and educational performance.

Certain Notre Dame professors are aware of and sensitive to this problem. One professor (who prefers to have his name withheld) notices an unequal participation of undergraduate females, as compared to males, in his classroom. Even in cases where a 1:1 male to female ratio exists, he observes females still participating less in class. In comparison to his teaching experiences at other universities, the professor noted a disproportionate lack of female students in the upper end of grade dis-

ing and the position women occupy in their family structures.

He advises that any change, which will occur between men and women, must be positively accepted by both groups. Although Notre Dame may be labelled as a patriarchal environment, he does not agree that it should foster male dominance. Female status at Notre Dame, to him, further poses the question: What is Notre Dame's mission? Does the Notre Dame environment passively accept or does it actively challenge our stereotypes?

The Notre Dame Women's Caucus, founded in February of 1982, works to raise the consciousness and status of women at Notre Dame by providing pertinent services which respond to their needs and concerns. Since 1972, there have been five or six groups which have worked to respond to these same needs. The present group is a student-sponsored, undergraduate organization open to



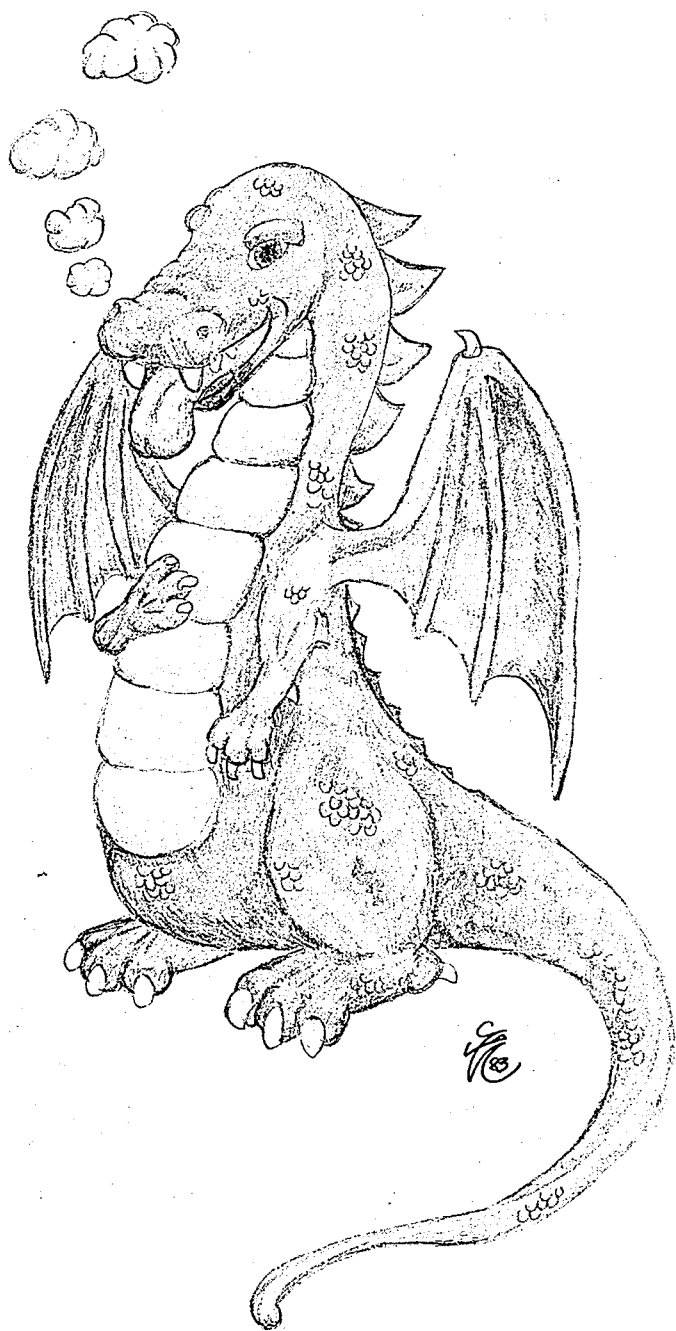
Lynn Cassella is a junior English major from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. This is her first contribution to Scholastic.

Green Alex

by Sharon Houk

Let me tell you about Alex.
Alex was green.
He was a dragon:
A green dragon.
In fact, he was the mightiest dragon that ever lived.
Sort of.
You see, Alex was only three inches long.
But Alex had a goal.
It seems that Alex discovered very early in life that he
had a universe inside himself.
He found there the potential to destroy what he could
not build.
He found there more questions than he ever imagined
existed.
He found there answers to questions he had not even
found yet.
And most of all Alex found there a vast potential to love.
And he loved.
Alex loved everything that was and everything that
might be in the future.
He loved until his ears hurt.
Which was strange because I don't think he had ears.
But in all this, Alex grew sad.
He had one terrifying problem.
Alex couldn't talk.
As a matter of fact, he couldn't move.
He had no way to communicate his love to anyone or
anything.
Alex still loved and loved, but he grew sad all the same.
His goal was to somehow communicate to the universe
how much he loved all that was in it.
He devised a plan.
Since Alex couldn't talk,
And neither could he move,
He decided he would do what he *could* do.
And he would do it as best as he possibly could.
But what could Alex do?
He could be green.
So Alex decided to try to be the best green he could be,
twenty-four hours a day.
And that's just what he did, in hopes that the universe
would recognize his great love.
Did anybody notice?
I'm not sure.
But I do know that
He was green
And he was Alex. □

Sharon Houk is a junior Arts and Letters major from rural Purcellville, Virginia. This is her first contribution.



Cinema

The Fundamental Things in Life

by Bud Macfarlane

*It's still the same old story
a fight for love and glory,
A case of do or die.
The world will always welcome
lovers,
as time goes by . . .*

"Casablanca" is like Italian ice cream. Italian ice cream is an intense experience. A small spoonful on the tongue dominates your senses. One treasures each sensation upon each taste bud. Everything about it is more: more sweet, more delicious, more flavorful. And, while still remaining ice cream, it goes beyond ice cream into that supersaturated Land of Ineffable Ice Cream. The only way to enter the Land of Ineffable Ice Cream is to actually eat some Italian ice cream (preferable in Italy, during the summer, on a Sunday afternoon). Casablanca is like that.

To give away too much of the plot of Casablanca would be utterly irresponsible. It is enough to say, for those of you who spent your life locked in a closet, that it is a story set during World War II in Casablanca, which was controlled by the Third Reich under the auspices of the Vichy French government. Humphrey Bogart plays Rick, "saloon keeper" of Rick's Cafe American. Desperate refugees from all over Europe have flocked to Casablanca on the slim hope of escaping to America by obtaining exit visas to neutral Portugal. Ingrid Bergman plays Ilse Lund, the lady of underground patriot Victor Laslo, both of whom end up at Rick's. A powerful love triangle ensues.

A witty script, flawless directing by Michael Curtiz, and tight editing are all part of this classic movie's beauty. Solid performances by Peter

Lorre and Sidney Greenstreet are icing on the cinematic cake.

Like all great art, it transcends time and speaks to us about life. It tells us the same thing about life that Italian ice cream tells us about the Land of Ineffable Ice Cream. Casablanca tells us that life is more. I am reminded of the book by C. S. Lewis, *The Great Divorce*, where the characters find out that the grass in heaven is grassier, and that our experiences here on earth are just shadows of the real things. Why do I say this? Let us look at the main characters of Casablanca. We meet Rick, a man who is afraid of his past. He has built walls around himself and fanned the fire of hate that burns within him. He is untouchable. He is a person who thinks he can say never. "I stick my neck out for nobody." But we can still pull for Rick because we know that there is also something very good behind the walls. And when he does break down the barriers, and when we do experience the intensity of his hate, and of his love, we realize that it is more. He is a human being, and caught in moral situations that make him reach his limits. And only human persons can do what Rick is doing more of: being human. Rick is not going through motions, or playing roles or using his human capital to deal with practical problems. Rick is more.

*And when two lovers woo
They still say "I love you,"
on this you can rely . . .*

The good that is in Rick is that he still loves Ilse. And Ilse loves Rick. Yet the sweetest, most incredible thing about their love is that they know there is even more. There is

something even richer, with more texture, "grassier" if you will, than two people saying "I love you." This ineffable more I keep writing about is much more eloquently expressed by Rick himself in that famous line:

*I'm no good at being noble, but it
doesn't take much to see that the
problems of three little people
don't amount to a hill of beans in
this crazy world.*

Think about it—an entire movie jam-packed with these incredible characters, whom we love and admire and pull for and wish we could be like; characters who say "I love you"; and even they don't amount to a hill of beans compared to the more. Apparently, the more is even more. On this we can rely.

For most of us, it is most unlikely that we will ever get a chance to experience the more that is Italian ice cream in Italy. If you missed Casablanca this year at Notre Dame, then I recommend that you wait until next year and see it with someone who is more to you in the Emil Theater. Seeing Casablanca on television is like eating Italian ice cream in the Memorial Library pit.

*You must remember this,
a kiss is just a kiss,
a sigh is just a sigh.
The fundamental things apply
as time goes by . . .* □

Known to his friends as "William Noble, Jr.," Bud is now somewhat less gregarious than he somewhat was last month now that he is an experienced laid back movie critic. This is his second contribution to Scholastic. He is from New Jersey.

Casablanca



Fiction

Fool's Gold

by Barbara Stevens

DIONNE TRAVIS, read the sign in bold neon letters, and underneath, slightly smaller, Three Nights Only! People crowded and jostled each other in an attempt to keep their places in line. The doors wouldn't open until 7:30, but already a fair-sized crowd was waiting.

Inside, Dionne sat alone in front of her dressing table. The room was warm and close and the line of bright, hot bulbs framing the mirror made it worse. Dionne leaned forward and brushed at her eyelashes. With swift upward strokes the lashes became darker and thicker until they were almost heavy enough to close her eyes.

In the mirror, Dionne could see the door open. It was Walt. Walter Campbell had been her manager for three years now, ever since she had first begun singing.

"Hi, honey." Walt shut the door quietly. "We've got quite a crowd out there tonight! You all set?"

"Ellen ran down to press my dress. Other than that I guess everything's ready."

Walt stretched out on the couch along the opposite side of the room. "You have to do especially well tonight. There's going to be someone here I want you to impress."

Dionne laughed. "Another girlfriend?"

Walt grinned slyly. "Why not? Actually she's my niece. You know my sister Lena?"

"Of course. Conservative, boring Lena." Dionne began to brush her hair. It stood out in a wild orange mass around her head. She fluffed it up on top so that the dark roots hardly showed.

Walt was laughing. "She's not that bad, and her daughter Kate is a real cute kid. She's my favorite niece."

Dionne snorted. "She's your only niece."

"That's true." Walt sat up and propped his feet on the table. "But even if I had a dozen, she'd still be my favorite."

"Well, I'll try to give her a good show." Dionne's voice was noncommittal.

"Just do the usual, honey—you're always sensational."

"Speaking of sensational, how's my new song doing?"

"Well," Walt's voice was reluctant, "we've got to give it time. It wasn't released that long ago."

"In other words, it hasn't moved up."

"Songs don't get to be a hit overnight. Things go up and down slowly."

Dionne lit a cigarette. "Has it moved at all?"

"Here." Walt emptied an ashtray and stuck it on the table next to a half-full Coke bottle, a vase of withering flowers, and a pile of magazines.

"Has it moved at all?"

"I heard you, honey. I'm just thinking. I don't believe so."

"It went down, didn't it?" Dionne's voice was bitter. "I should have become an airline stewardess after all. I'll never make it as a singer."

"It doesn't matter, Dionne. You have sellout crowds all the time." Walt swung his legs around and sat up. He leaned forward, his elbows propped on his knees, and pushed one hand through his thin brown hair. "The important thing is that you do draw the crowd."

"Sure. At a dinky little theater, or a nightclub nobody's ever heard of."

"This place isn't bad." Walt looked around. "And you've got the audience coming out every night."

"Maybe they're coming to hear the band and not me."

"No, it's you they come to hear. We wouldn't sell out all three nights if they were just coming to hear your background music."

"If they want to hear me, why don't they buy my records?"

"They like seeing you in person. You're a gorgeous woman."

The door opened, and Ellen came in, Dionne's glittery dress over her arm. "They're opening the doors now."

Walter stood up. "I'm going to watch the show with Lena and Kate. I better go look for them now."

"You should have arranged to meet them someplace," said Dionne. "You may not be able to find them now."

"Didn't think of it," said Walt briskly. He ran his hand across Dionne's bare shoulder and bent to kiss the back of her neck. "I'm bringing Kate back here afterward to meet you. Then I'm taking you to dinner." The door opened briefly and the faint buzz of the crowd could be heard. Then the door shut and Walter was gone.

"He never thinks," muttered Dionne caustically. "He never uses his head." Beside her Ellen slipped the dress from the hanger, her face impassive. She stood up, and Ellen helped Dionne pull the skimpy dress over her head, then struggled to zip her.

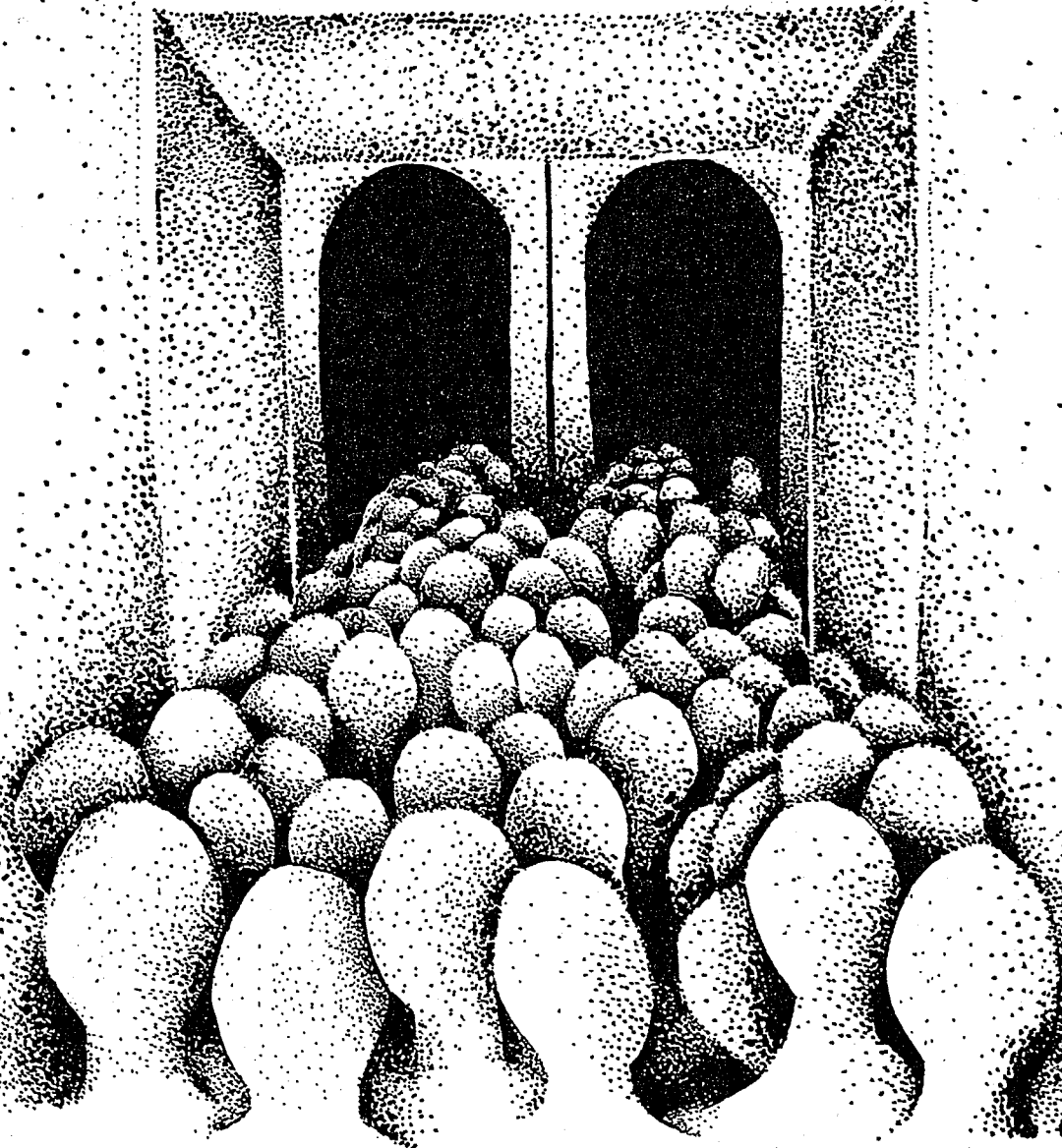
"Whew! I shouldn't have drunk that Coke," exclaimed Dionne holding her breath. "I can hardly breathe."

"You look nice," said Ellen automatically, and began to straighten up the rumpled room. Dionne sat at the dressing table and finished putting on her makeup.

"There," she said finally, applying a bright pink mouth. "I guess I'm ready." She leaned over to pull on her sparkly shoes.

The show was a success. Dionne gave it all she had, and the crowd responded well. For her finale she sang her new song, and the crowd went wild. Dionne could feel the spotlight racing up and down her body, and the floor shaking from the vibrations of the band behind her and the crowd clapping in front of her. Afterwards, she collapsed breathlessly on the sofa in her dressing room and people crowded in to see her. A drink in one hand, a cigarette in the other, she laughed and talked and received more flowers than she had ever gotten before. Gradually the crowd thinned

THREE NIGHTS ONLY



GURKE

"The show was a success. Dionne gave it all she had, and the crowd responded well. For her finale she sang her new song, and the crowd went wild."

out, then dispersed completely under Walt's persistent urging.

"I'm going to bring up Lena and Kate now," he told Dionne. "They decided to wait in the lobby rather than try to fight the crowd." Walt returned almost immediately drawing a reluctant Lena by the arm, with Kate following behind.

"Hi." Dionne's smile took in both of them. "Did you enjoy the show?"

"Oh, yes. It was wonderful! You were fantastic." Kate's blue eyes flashed in remembrance.

Lena glared disapprovingly at Kate. "It was an interesting show," she told Dionne with assumed politeness.

"Well, thanks," said Dionne. "Won't you sit down?"

"No, thank you," Lena clutched her brown handbag tightly to her chest. "We can't stay long."

For a moment silence reigned, then Dionne spoke again. "So you're Walt's niece. I could have guessed. You're as good-looking as he is. I just love your hair."

Kate's hands flew to her smooth brown head. "You like my hair? I think it's plain looking. I've always worn it like this. I think your hair's beautiful," she added. But up close, Dionne knew, it was no longer the bright, stunning mass it had been on stage. It looked stiff and orangey. If you looked closely, you could see a dark streak down the part.

"Do you write your own songs?" inquired Lena.

"Some of them," replied Dionne. "I still borrow most of the ones I use, but I do write some."

"Kate's a writer," explained Lena, looking fondly at Kate. "She won a fiction contest last year."

"Oh, Mother," protested Kate. "It was just for kids—not a real contest."

"I think that's marvelous," Dionne told Kate. "I'm surprised you have time to write, being in high school and all."

"She uses her time very efficiently," commented Lena. "Speaking of time, we'd better be going. It's getting late."

"I'll walk down with you," said Walt. "Be right back, Dionne."

"All right," said Dionne. "Bye now."

"Good night," said Lena, and Kate added, "I'll never forget your show."

"Wait!" said Dionne suddenly. On the stool next to the dressing table lay her record. Walt had written *Solid Gold* on it in Magic Marker. Dionne hesitated a moment then scratched out *Solid Gold*, and underneath scrawled "Dionne."

"Here." She handed the record to Kate.

"Thank you very much." Kate took the record eagerly studying the cover.

"Yes, that's very nice of you," added Lena, putting her hands on Kate's shoulders and steering her out the door.

Dionne listened to the hollow sound their feet made on the stairs and sighed. She went over to the dressing table and stared into the mirror. She rubbed some blush onto her cheeks and fluffed up her hair, turning her face to the left, then to the right.

"I've really got to give up smoking," she murmured. In the glare of the harsh light around the mirror, her teeth were faintly stained. □

Barbara Stevens is a junior Arts and Letters major from Pitman, New Jersey. This is her first contribution to Scholastic.

We Flowers, Sent to Chloe by Men

We, the flowers sent to Chloe,
compete in loveliness, are followed close
behind
by little cards that say, "Choose me!
You know, sweet Chloe, you must make up
your mind!"

But if Chloe seems to act indifferently
it's not her vanity or her pride,
it's simply that at some point we,
the flowers sent to Chloe, have died.

And if she keeps her men elusively
it's merely that Chloe can't decide
whether we flowers wear less miserably
than choices that are cut and dried.

by Melita Schaum

Untitled

I'm afraid to say—
my toad has no name.
He came back to me tonight.
He ate a fly
and belched good-bye
and waddled off into the night.
He left no card or address.
He isn't in the book.
(The operator laughed at me
when I asked her please to look.)
So I do not have his number
Though no one is to blame.
I really think my little toad
Just hasn't got a name.

by Sharon Houk

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The Last Word

by Jim Ganther
Editor-in-chief

When I arrived at Notre Dame in the fall of 1980, I was a believer. As the son of an alumnus, I had grown up on a steady diet of Fighting Irish propaganda; I probably knew the story of the Gipper before I had ever heard of Santa Claus. I entered the freshman class certain that all I was told was true: that Notre Dame was the Promised Land, flowing with truth and fairness and all that was right about America. Had I been shot that first year, I would have bled green. I was Our Lady's faithful son. I *believed*.

And there was much in evidence to support and fuel that belief. The campus itself was (and remains) a thing of beauty. How could a less than noble place be blessed with such flowers, trees, and lakes? The ducks, squirrels, and geese which abounded seemed to be an imprimatur from above, a stamp of approval on all which this place stood for. The Golden Dome rose proudly above the entire scene, supporting its Protectress; the Dome itself resting securely on blocks of solid stone.

The physical beauty of the campus was balanced by the character of the people I encountered. Our rector always had time for a game of backgammon, or to just listen while a freshman tried to express his homesickness. My instructors were all friendly, and seemed genuinely concerned for my welfare and adjustment to the fast-paced life of a college student.

All that was three years ago. As I grew older, my perceptions of this place changed. Since my vision of Notre Dame was so high to begin with, it was inevitable that such change would tend to be in the negative direction.

Much of the tarnish I see on the Dome comes as a natural result of growing up. If the idealism which accompanied me from Oshkosh, WI to South Bend in 1980 hasn't died, the naiveté sure has. Friends have married, some have died, and suddenly the pressures of the senior-year job search are upon me. All that contributes to a dampening of enthusiasm; my point of view has gradually shifted from the gung-ho believer to the pragmatic young man who wants to know why he believes what he believes.

On closer inspection, it became obvious to me that my changed perception was not the result of changed values so much as a more realistic view of the world surrounding me. Indeed, my time at Notre Dame has, if anything, strengthened my values by daily challenging them.

This has not all come without cost, however. When I look around I no longer see 1,200 acres of perfection, but an institution as imperfect as the men and women who comprise it. And this perhaps helps to answer the question posed on the cover: idealism, on this campus at least, is not dead. It has merely been tempered by the disillusionment which inevitably follows the young as they mature.

The Notre Dame I perceived as a freshman was a bastion of traditional Catholicism. The Notre Dame I now see *claims* (in the 1982 PACE Report) to be a Catholic university that is "dedicated to moral and religious values." The same institution which publicly espouses "A Christian and, more specifically, a Catholic, sense of values," this month embraced Christie Hefner as a speaker for the MBA program. That she is the president of Playboy Enterprises, which among other things deals in pornography and gambling, seems not to conflict with those values.

And so it is, I find, with the world we live in. All is not as it seems: the Dome is not solid gold, but leaf; it is supported not by stone, but by tin-covered wood formed to *look* like stone.

But all is not lost. In such an environment idealism *can* survive, as I have discovered by the lives of those high-minded people I still encounter every day. The Ideal which propelled Thomas More to martyrdom and sainthood is still alive, even in this world where all is not as it may at first seem. And that the tainted world we live in has thus far failed to bury that Ideal is reason enough for optimism. □



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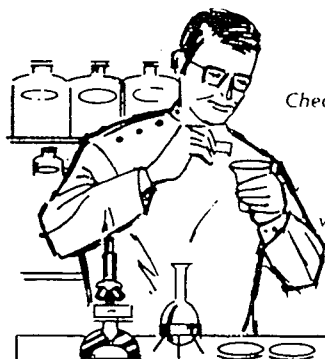


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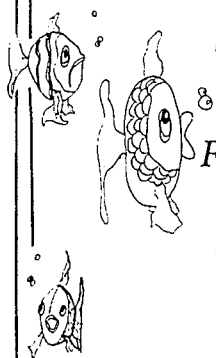
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yet God's first."**

—Sir Thomas More
on the scaffold, 6 July 1535

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