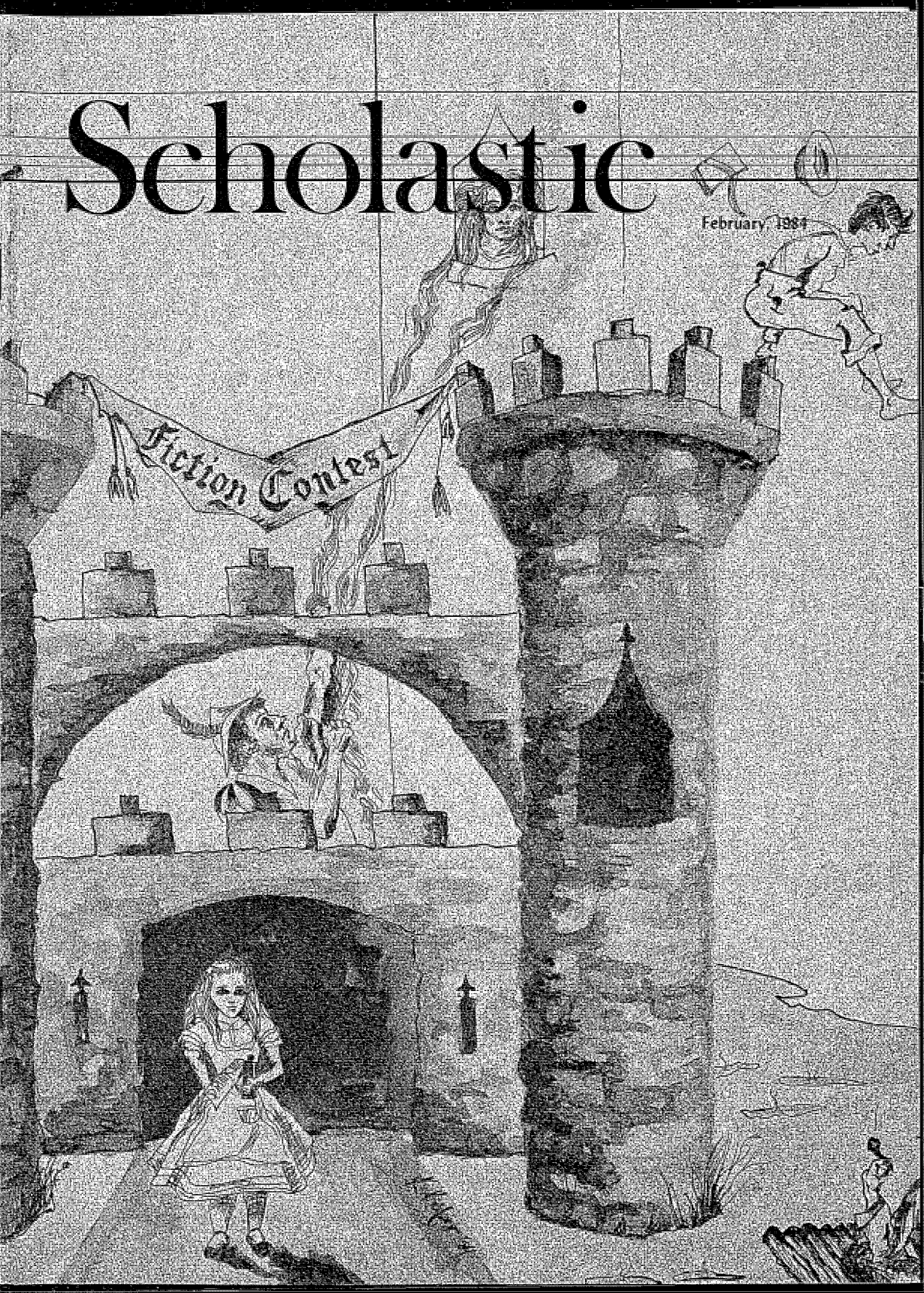


Scholastic

February 1984



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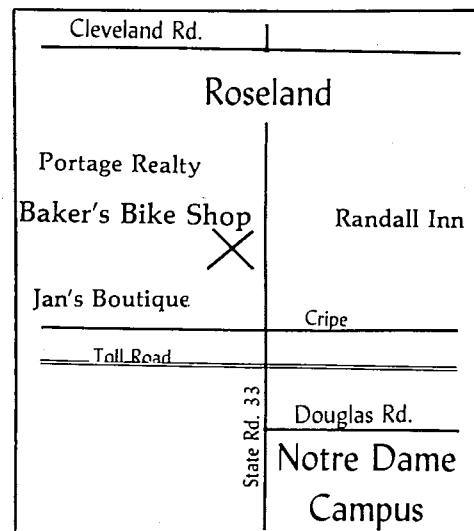
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Vol. 125, No. 6, February, 1984
Notre Dame, IN 46556

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The First Word

by Kathy Curran
St. Mary's Editor

Someone once told me that college life was a farce. I can accept that—(after graduation) not everyone I deal with will be young, intelligent, and ambitious. Our asylum will be lifted and we will enter the real world of diversity. But some of us will realize that life in suburbia America is sheltered, too. Not every human being can expect three meals a day, a sufficiently fashionable wardrobe to meet the needs of various seasons, and a home where the air-conditioner can be repaired if it falters. Real poverty exists—it may be in a different neighborhood, in the mountains, in the southern hemisphere, or across the ocean—but it is there.

Even trick-or-treating with my older brother did not let me escape that fact. John would always ask for the candy (he had a better smile than most seven-year-olds so people were overly generous with him and his eager little companion). I looked more frail so I would take upon the plight of the poor—asking housewives if they would put their spare change in the Halloween “poor box” that St. Charles Grammar School had provided for each of its pupils. That box reminded John and me that as we lugged our hoards around the neighborhood, the stomachs of some faraway children were growling.

And as I grew older I heard more and more about the “less fortunate.” My parents and teachers encouraged me to donate what I could to the Second Collection at Mass—which was for the poor. Grandmother told me stories about my cousin's missionary work in Thailand. Priests delivered sermons asking me to subscribe to *Maryknoll Magazine*. But still, poverty was just “there.” It was a concept I could not grasp because it existed only in countries where people wore strange clothes.

I had grown to accept poverty as a fact of life—a “necessary evil.” It was there, and it would always be. Nothing I could do would make a real difference anyway. It was just too bad.

But I encountered it over break—not in the Far East or Africa, but in front of Macy's in San Francisco. My aunt and grandmother and I were admiring Christmas decorations when three children ran up, begging us to buy a bag of garlic. They were cold. They were hungry. Wouldn't we please spare a dollar so they could go home?

Real poverty had hit home—staring at me through the brown eyes of a four-year-old.

My defeatist attitude was being challenged. No longer could I overlook my irresponsibility because the victims of it were standing before me. I realized that acknowledging poverty is not enough. As Christians we are called to give all that we can to those in need. Shirking those responsibilities is wrong.

It is ironic that this column opens an issue devoted to a fiction contest. We will enjoy good writing about things which have not occurred in real life. But poverty is real—and merely acknowledging its presence is commensurate to treating it as fiction.

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Scholastic Notables

University of Notre Dame

by Kevin Donius
News/Sports Editor

Welch Chair

Garry Wills, Henry R. Luce professor of American Culture and Public Policy of Northwestern University, will hold the W. Harold and Martha Welch Chair in American Studies for the 1984-85 academic year. He succeeds Max Lerner in the visiting professorship.

Donald P. Costello, chairman of the Department of American Studies noted that Wills, like Lerner, "represents the 'man of letters' who has, throughout America's history, contributed much to American culture. As both scholarly academic and professional journalist, Wills reflects the concerns of the department, which places the study of jour-

nalism within the broader context of American society and civilization."

Wills, a newspaper columnist for Universal Press Syndicate, taught classics and humanities at Johns Hopkins University for 18 years before joining Northwestern's faculty in 1980. He has written a dozen books in the areas of American history, politics, and literature and has received the Merle Curti Award given for a book in American intellectual history as well as the National Book Critics Circle Award.

The endowed chair honors W. Harold Welch, a retired executive of the New York Telephone Company and 1924 Notre Dame alumnus, and his wife, Martha, who served for several years as an executive of the New York City public school system.

Scholarship Advancement

The College of Arts and Letters has announced the formation of an Institute for Advancement of Scholarship in the Liberal Arts, the core of a major undertaking to enhance teaching and research in the humanities and social sciences.

The Institute, which will be directed by Arts and Letters Associate Dean Nathan O. Hatch, will seek to strengthen the college's programs and faculty through two committees. The Planning and Priorities Advisory Committee will assess the college and its departments and aid in long-range planning. The Development Advisory Committee will assist with financial development, proposal writing, and foundation relations.

The Institute has a fourfold goal: To pursue active self-assessments of the college, its departments, and individual faculty; to promote greater involvement by departments and faculty in the broader academic community; to explore more creative means of faculty recruitment; and to initiate a broad program of faculty development, especially to seek funding sources and match them with faculty research.

Certified Public Accountant

The College of Business Administration, in association with the Center for Continuing Education, is offering a series of 36 review sessions for the May examination for the degree of Certified Public Accountant.

Classes will be conducted at the Center on Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday evenings from 6:30-9:45 and on three Saturdays from 8:30-11:45 a.m. and from 11:00-4:15 p.m. beginning in February.

Kenneth W. Milani, William D. Nichols, Ray M. Powell, David N. Richiute, Norlin G. Rueschhoff, James F. Ward, H. James Williams, and James L. Wittenbach, all members of the Department of Accountancy, make up the faculty for the sessions.

Candidates planning to participate in the May examination must apply to the State Board of Public Accountancy by March 1. Additional information on the review course may be obtained by contacting John M. Raster of the College of Business Administration.

American Catholic Church

Thomas A. Kselman, assistant professor of history, has received the American Catholic Historical Association's 1983 John Gilmary Shea Prize for his book, *Miracles and Prophecies in Nineteenth-Century France*.

The prize memorializes the first prominent historian of American Catholicism and is given yearly to the American or Canadian author who has made "the most original and significant contribution to the historiography of the Catholic Church."

Kselman, who earned his B.A. from St. Joseph's University, Philadelphia, in 1970, and his Ph.D. at the University of Michigan in 1978, has taught history at Notre Dame since 1979.

PLEASE WRITE!

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

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Professor Egan will hold the Dehon fellowship from January to August. Within that time he will do research and writing on the symbolism of the heart in Christianity and on the recovery of devotion in Christian life.

Saint Mary's College

by Patty Brennan

Moreau Art Exhibits

On Saint Mary's campus two art exhibitions occupied the Moreau Gallery Three from Jan. 20 through Feb. 17.

The Indiana Printmakers Exhibition featured the works of 19 artists who work and teach printmaking in the state. Every artist contributed two or three pieces that they had completed within the last three years.

Since the exhibition contained the works of 19 different artists a variety of prints were on display. Among those who exhibited their work included two artists from Saint Mary's, Carol Ann Carter and Bill Sandusky and two artists from Notre Dame, Dan Vogl and Doug Kinsey.

The second exhibit: "Marilyn Sward Pare Scrolls, An Incorporation of Photographic and Hand-made Pare Processes" was featured in the Hammes and Little Theatre Galleries. Sward, founder of the "Paper Press" currently is affiliated with the Van Straaten Gallery in Chicago.

In intimate fragments of paper, writing and image Sward examined a mystical, metaphorical center of universal being. Delicate cyanotype images were collaged against paper formed with an expressive painterly gesture from natural fibers such as Kozo abaca and cotton.

Artist-in-Residence

Environmental sculptor Nene Humphrey, a 1969 graduate of Saint Mary's College, returned to her alma mater and served as artist-in-residence February 6-20.

Since her graduation from Saint Mary's Humphrey received her master's degree from Goddard College in 1972 and her M.F.A. from York University in 1978. Her environmental pieces have been shown at the Morris Museum in Morristown, N.J.; the Artpark in Lewiston, N.Y. and Wards Island Sculpture Garden in New York City.

Egan Wins Fellowship

Professor Keith J. Egan, chairman of the religious studies department at Saint Mary's College, has become the first recipient of the Dehon Fellowship from the Sacred Heart School of Theology in Hales Corners, Wis.

The \$25,000 fellowship honors Leo Dehon, who was the founder of the Priests and Brothers of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. During the 19th century Dehon also had a prophetic voice for Christian service to the poor and op-

pressed. The fellowship which will be awarded annually is intended to keep alive the memory of Dehon, the memory of a charismatic founder and social-minded priest.

Professor Egan will hold the Dehon fellowship from Jan. 16, to Aug. 16. Within that time he will do research and writing on the symbolism of the heart in Christianity and on the recovery of devotion in Christian life. On April 1, he will lecture on "The Recovery of Devotion: A Matter of the Heart" for the 50th anniversary of the Sacred Heart School of Theology.



Second City

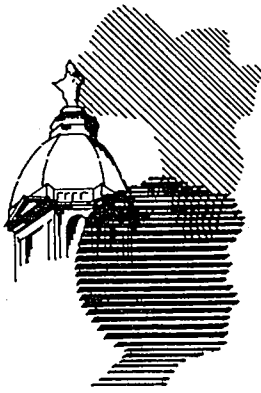
Members of the Second City Comedy Group visited the Saint Mary's campus in February to demonstrate their improvisational talents. Second City's unique style was portayed by six actors who enlivened the stage with a rapid fire collage of spicy comic commentaries.

Using few props and costumes the group created a slice of life environment, satirizing modern life. Second City develops all of its material in a performance situation, improvising on ideas suggested by the audience and their fellow actors. Therefore Saint Mary's students had an opportunity to participate in the show.

Since staging its first comedy show in a Chinese laundry Second City has become a synonym for American theatrical satire. The company has inspired a resident companion in Toronto—"SCTV," three prospering touring companies and a workshop that trains potential performers. In fact, the company turned out such stars as Dan Aykroyd, John Belushi, Valerie Harper, Robert Klein, Bill Murray, Gilda Radner, Joan Rivers and David Steinberg.

Second City's horizons have expanded from the proscenium stage. Recently, the comedy troupe has produced several television series and four film projects.

The performance of the Second City Company was sponsored by Saint Mary's Student Programming Board.



The Black Cultural Arts Festival

“From Dream to Reality: Directions for Black America”

February 5, 1984 will mark the start of the 16th annual Black Cultural Arts Festival. The Gospel Program, which is the traditional beginning for the Festival, will feature the University's own student choir, as well as various church choirs from the surrounding communities.

The Black Cultural Arts Festival (BCAF), which is entirely organized and run by students, is a month-long celebration of Black Americans and their heritage, history, and achievements. At one time, the BCAF was a week-long event that concentrated on the arts. However, in recent years, it has been expanded to a month that includes a variety of events, activities, and entertainment, dedicated to the accomplishments of Black Americans. The BCAF is a culturally enriching experience, for it teaches Black students about their heritage, and gives them a chance to identify with positive role models. It also gives the rest of the Notre Dame community and surrounding communities the chance to become involved and participate in the Festival, while learning about the accomplishments of Black Americans.

The theme for the 1984 Festival is: “From Dream to Reality: Directions for Black America.” This year's Festival committee thought that it would be important to emphasize the civil and political rights of Black Americans because of the impact they have made in politics in recent years. During the month, the Festival will honor the 20th anniversary of the passing of Martin Luther King, Jr., the anniversaries of the Voting Rights Act and Civil Rights Act, the recent mayoral elections in major cities that now have Black mayors, and Reverend Jesse Jackson, who now seeks a Democratic nomination for the Presidency.

The events and activities that the BCAF committee has planned will highlight Black Americans and their major contributions to civil and political rights. The next event, after the Gospel Program, will be a play called “Living Memories,” which was written by a Notre Dame undergraduate student, Sandra Hodge, of Chicago, Illinois. Mary Frances Berry, a Civil Rights Commissioner, will then be here to speak about her role as a member of the Civil Rights

Committee. The husband-wife acting team of Ruby Dee and Ossie Davis, who have appeared in Broadway hits such as “A Raisin in the Sun,” “Green Pastures,” and “Purlie, Victorious,” will be here to give concert readings based on the work of minority group writers. Their program, which is called “Inside/Out,” is what Davis and Dee call “a celebration of the human experience through drama, stories, poetry, and legend.” These are just a few of the speakers that the BCAF plan to sponsor.

The students here will also display their skills and talents in programs such as the student Talent Show and the Fashion Show. These student-produced programs exhibit our minority student body's talents and ingenuity in producing and choreographing the shows. This gives these students an opportunity to interact with members of the community.

The BCAF began in 1968, but not without its share of problems. The major difficulty for the BCAF was trying to establish a budget. In the beginning, the Festival was considered to be under the direction of the Black Cultural Arts Council. Any money for the Festival was

allotted from the small budget of the BCAC. Because there was no established budget, it was difficult to make explicit plans concerning the events for the Festival. For instance, if the Festival itinerary contained a speaker, the Festival committee first had to contact a speaker about making an appearance. If the Festival committee was given a positive answer, potential speakers were kept waiting while various departments of the University were being asked for money to cover expenses. The Festival lost many speakers because of this long, involved process.

Now the Festival and the Council are two separate organizations, primarily for financial reasons. The Festival maintains a rapidly growing budget of its own.

When one considers the early days, the Festival, generally speaking, has very few problems. The Festival has established itself as a part of campus life. The University continues to aid the Festival by generously giving support and finances to the program. Also, despite the problems of the past, the BCAF has had the privilege of sponsoring nationally

known personalities such as Benjamin Hooks, Gil-Scott Heron, Marva Collins, Nikki Giovanni, Cicely Tyson, John Amos and Betty Carter, who have helped in gaining wider recognition for a basically small and young Festival.

Although there are many goals that the Festival wants to achieve, such as bringing everyone together in learning more about the Black American, and emphasizing specific points of Black American heritage, the main objective is to work for the continued awareness of the Black Experience. We want the people that join us and attend our events to become involved in the goals and achievements of the Black American. It is the expressed wish of the 1984 Black Cultural Arts Festival committee to bring the Notre Dame community together in understanding the goals and achievements of each other.

Therefore, our dream is to encourage the Notre Dame community to become involved with the Black Experience and making this idea a reality. This is the direction for Black America.

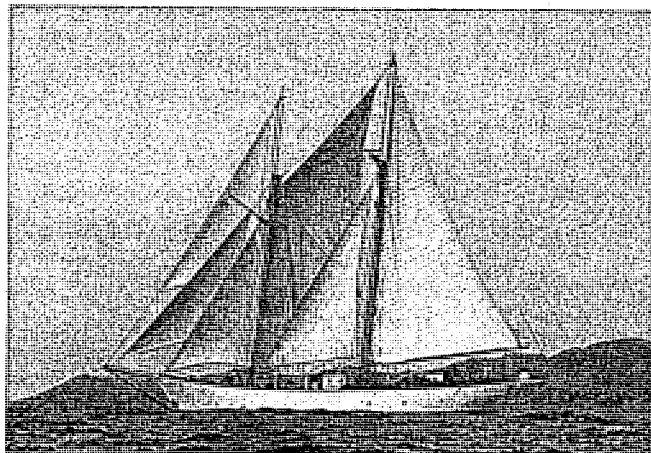
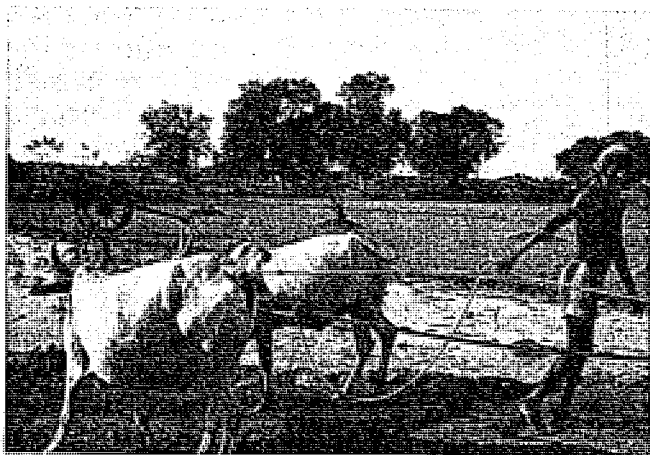
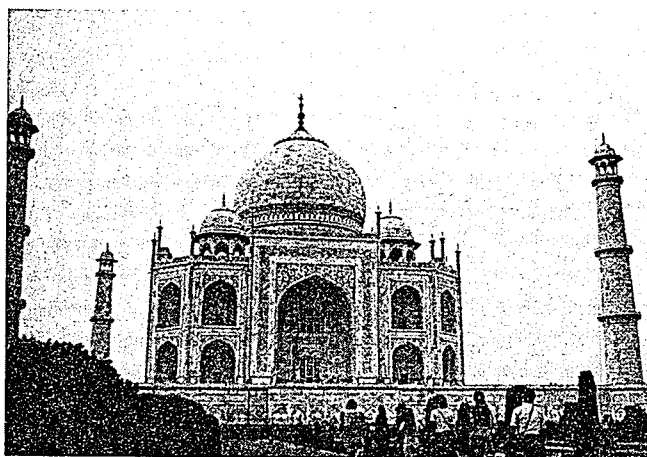
**"If a race has no history,
if it has no worthwhile
tradition, it becomes a
negligible factor in the
thought of the world,
and it stands in danger
of being exterminated."
—Carter G. Woodson**



SMC Focus

A Few Different Diversions Each of four women's experiences was a little bit out of the ordinary

by Anne Gallagher



Often when we at Saint Mary's College desire a change of pace, we take a long walk, or sometimes take a relaxing bike ride. If we really want to get away, we sometimes roadtrip to Chicago. Until last semester, these probably would have been the only options open to Ruthann Blough, Ann Marie Nemanich, Kelly O'Connor, and Christine Sweeney. But they decided that this past semester was going to be a little bit more exciting than just a walk to the Grotto. So Ruthann sailed off through the Caribbean on a 128-ft. schooner, Kelly and Ann Marie studied in India, and Chris worked for the Executive Office in Washington, D.C. Although there are many ways to experience a change of pace at Saint Mary's, each of the four women's experiences was a little bit out of the ordinary.

Ruthann Blough is four feet, eleven inches of determination, friendliness and smiles. Almost anyone can imagine her doing anything, and doing a good job of it too. But the waves of grain that fill the plains of her native Iowa are a far cry from the waves that rock the Caribbean Sea, and even she was a little apprehensive about sailing off on the schooner "Westward" that was to be her home.

Ruthann, a junior Biology major, became interested in the Sea Education Program (SEA) in her freshman year when a friend urged her to go to a presentation on the organization. The program, which allows 24 college students from all over the country to spend a semester at sea, is stationed in Woods Hole, MA. All the students, no matter how extensive their sailing experience is, meet there to learn about sail handling, engine work, navigation, geology, radar, and other things associated with nautical science.

The above photograph is the Taj Mahal. Daily life in India is depicted in the following. Finally, the "R/V Westward" is cruising the Caribbean Sea.

After a difficult six-week training period, all of them flew to Saint Thomas to relax after exams and board their new home. "That was the first time we had seen it, and it was beautiful," she said. The "Westward," which is now a floating laboratory, was formerly a luxury vessel of a wealthy family.

While a number of sailors, scientists, and engineers were on board, the sailing, the watch, the radar, almost everything, was done by the participants themselves. "I learned pretty quickly what a mast was," Ruthann laughed.

One of the main purposes of the cruise was to do a research project. Ruthann's project was especially long and extensive. Her study entailed the technical examination of area plankton in relation to the water composition. This she will expand into her Senior Comprehensive paper.

The leisurely life of sailing from Trinidad to Tobago, of spending time with plankton and friends, and the glory of lying on white deserted beaches all had to come to an end. After spending a very special, noncommercial Christmas on the ship, they landed in Miami, and Ruthann flew home.

When I asked her to sum up just how she felt about her time at sea, Ruthann became all happiness and smiles. Words like "great," "fantastic," and "you should go there" came spilling out. I guess that sea semester was a great success.

Speaking of success, it seems that the first Saint Mary's "Semester Around the World" was a highly interesting and enlightening time for the nine women that were on the program. As part of the group, Ann Marie Nemanich and Kelly O'Connor spent five months travelling and studying in India, the Orient, and Europe.

The girls spent a majority of their time (three months) at a women's college, Stella Maris, in Madras, India. While India may be a backward country in some respects, women's education, such as received at Stella Maris, is allowing them to study to become doctors and lawyers.

The girls always managed to get out and enjoy themselves, although Indian society is very protective of its female members. Going out for a drink can put one's reputation on the line. They also had to become accustomed to having servants around. As most Indian families have servants, they had to get used to being waited on. "It wasn't hard," joked Ann Marie.

"Many preconceived stereotypes of India are true," said Ann Marie. "Calcutta was a lot different than what I anticipated. When we arrived there, I expected to see dead bodies just littering the street. Granted, the streets were dirty and people lived and ate off of them, but no one dropped dead in our path, and we didn't see Mother Teresa."

By travelling around the nation, the group was able to see much Indian architecture, art, and even influential people. "When we met Mrs. Indira Gandhi, we were both very impressed," said Kelly.

Politically, the Indian people feel they have a lot in common with the United States—both countries want actors in public office! Since the Indian people are the world's greatest movie-goers, and because a large majority of the population is illiterate, the most well-known people are actors. "Ronald Reagan isn't out of the ordinary over there for almost all of India's government officials are former actors," Ann Marie said.

Both Kelly and Ann Marie noted that every now and then they would catch themselves comparing the U.S. to India. "When the plumbing didn't work, or the water and the electricity were off, then we would sing the praises of the good ol' U.S." Yet Kelly added, "It is a lovely and beautiful country filled with very caring people. It was a great experience and a great opportunity to travel."

Chris Sweeney proved last semester that a person need not leave the country to do something extraordinary and have a good time. I have always known Chris to be the normal college student, yet she has a lot of people (including myself) beat in the race to the publishers. Her papers for the President's Council on Environmental Quality are soon to be hot off the press, and years ahead of time thanks to her stay in Washington, D.C., last semester.

As a junior Government major at Saint Mary's, Chris decided last year that she wanted to put her major into practice. So she submitted an application to the College's Washington Program, interviewed, and, in September, found herself living at American University. "It was a great time, so different from South Bend. In Washington, you can go to the White House before class, eat lunch next to a senator, and voice your political opinions without people thinking you're crazy."

Before leaving for Washington, each

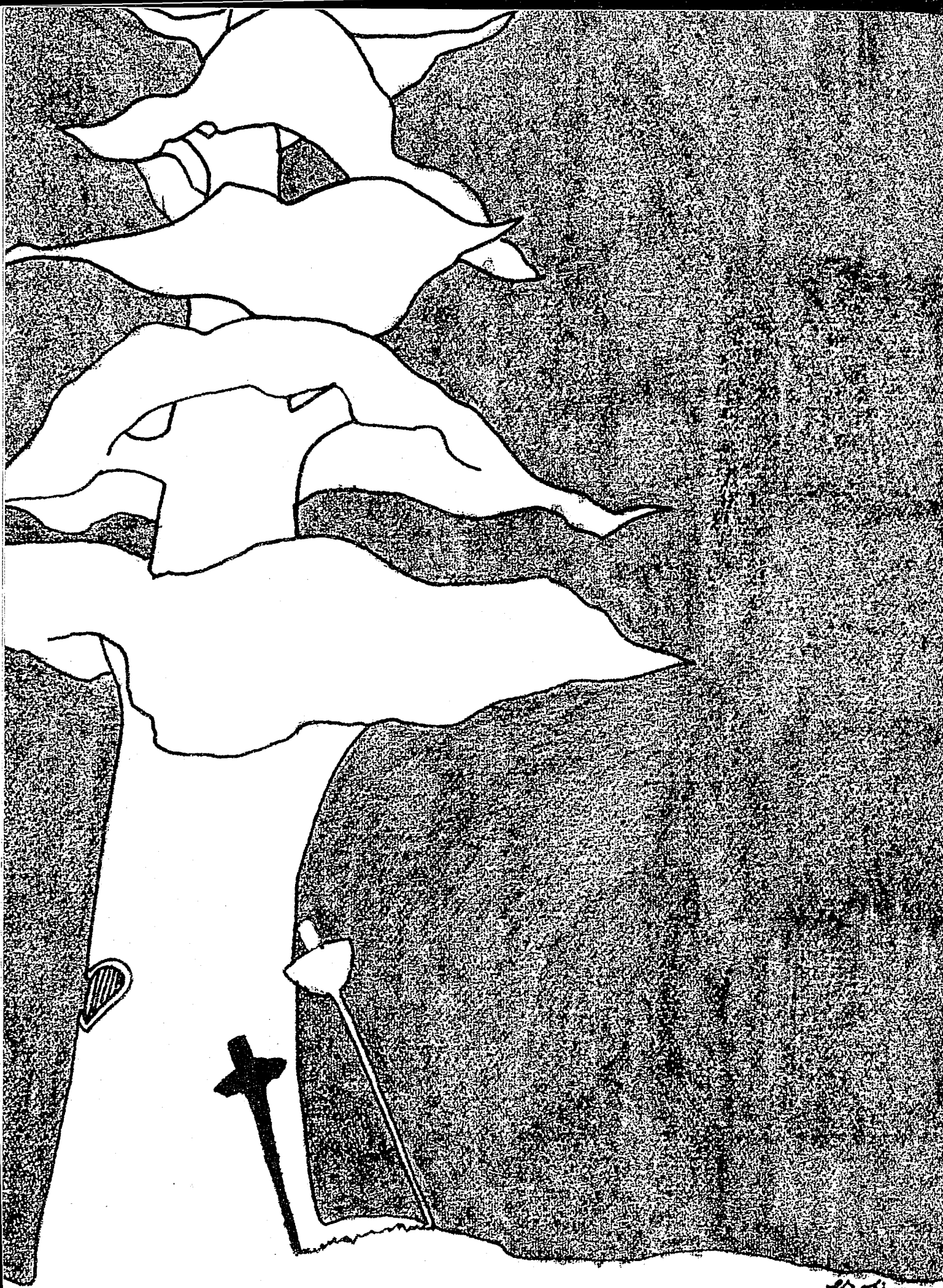
person in the program had to choose an area on which to concentrate her studies. Out of choices such as journalism, economics or foreign policy, Chris chose national government. Because the classes were loosely structured, this enabled her to discuss American policy within a group of between 20 and 30 people or talk with Supreme Court judges.

As each student must obtain a job, they must choose a specific area of interest to work in. The College tries to arrange for an internship for the student in this area. Many students end up with glorified desk work that allows them to see and meet interesting people on the job, but Chris's sponsor put her to work. Her duties included participating in the development of a group which discussed alternative approaches to air quality management. "It was an incredible task, but I did it," Chris beamed.

Almost everyone, by the end of her freshman year, knows how to experience a change of pace here at Saint Mary's College. Sometimes, though, that diversion isn't quite drastic enough, and then it is time to enjoy college the way Ruthann, Kelly, Ann Marie, and Chris did. According to these women, everyone should take the opportunity to do something different, for, as all the girls agreed, it will provide some of the best moments of your life.



Anne Gallagher is from Binghamton, New York. This is her first contribution to Scholastic.



erobson

1984 Fiction-writing Contest

After many hours of reading, discussing, and re-reading, I am pleased to present the winners of this year's fiction contest. The decision was not an easy one, but with the help of several other members of the editorial board, I was able to make a selection. I am both grateful and impressed by the number and quality of the entries and would like to thank all who participated. I commend your effort and encourage you to continue to develop the gift that is writing.

—Laurel-Ann Dooley
Fiction Editor

First Place

Great Tree

by John Gibbon

Tree.
See me
Strongly be.
Tree.

Tree.
Touches me
Solidly be.
Tree.

Tree.
Always extended
At you and me
Yet solidly be,
Tree.

He wrote this poem. The word *extended* alludes to fencing. He's a fencer and often considers human relationships to be much like fencing. To score you have to extend your body and expose yourself to a counterattack. The further you extend the more likely you'll score, yet the more likely you'll get hurt. It's probably not the goal though, for an individual to get a point. In human relationships the goal is not to have a loser or a winner but to have an equal conversation of blades, so the match doesn't end. (At a spontaneous score or touch the judge does not reward a point to either player.) Some matches are more involved, more intense than others.

Okay, he wasn't a great philosopher.

When Dad sent his son to one of those good schools (where they take care of you, your future, etc.) Dad said, "Try fencing." Dad, who was not one for words, was thinking of one of those movies that started out with a balding father looking stern and an athletic son looking determined. In the magazine article about the guy the movie was based on, the author frequently used "he never," "despite of," and "he always" (practiced the shot put in the backyard after the incident with the neighbor's dog, the laundry, and the cesspool; the impending lawsuit; loved that dog like it was his own; etc.).

The son tried fencing and liked it. He knew he was well on his way to becoming a great fencer.

Dad got the money to send his kid to one of those schools when Dad's Securities business flourished. They lived in an apartment just outside of Pine Mountain, the best neighborhood in the whole city. Instead of moving when Dad's business grew they merely bought out the apartment building. The son lived on the top floor. The inside was beautifully redone, the outside was not. "I'll get the outside finished when my new offices are doing well." That is what Dad said.

When he's satisfied, like after doing well on a test or a tough fencing practice, he feels good. He wrote this once.

1984 Fiction-Writing Contest

There
Wink and warmly smile
Sit for a long while,
Deep and intense thought
Is easily caught.

But mostly content
Anger, not a hint,
They surely wonder where
But you know you are there.

He usually runs through Pine Mountain and sees
the greatest of the Pine Mountain trees. He knows
it's actually in his neighborhood, at least it's close.
He always wanted to be like that tree. Once he
wrote a poem about it.

This time, though, he ran in the neighborhood
his building was in. He ran on an old flower that
was in an alley and some other trash that was
useful in its day and at one time people tried to
keep in mint condition.

He stepped on pieces of newspaper that said:

64 killed in

and

President's wife
kind of people ruin Amer
imperative that
harsher laws

and

Woman's Lawyer Claims
Dentures Ruined Thousands
of Sex Lives

And a picture of an innovative new building that
looked something like this:

A Poem

I want to live my life an eternal spring.
And life smiles away,
Where the mind is as peaceful and here as the air
itself.

She wrote that poem. (You can tell it's a poem since
it's called "A Poem," among other reasons.)

She also wrote:

There's no music
in the background
when you cry in your room.

And

Here.
Be Now
Be See
Be Happy
Be Be,
Be Here.

Okay

She lived in Pine Mountain. When I went over
to ask her if I could write this story she said, "Go
ahead, John, if you must, but please keep it short."

I'm trying.

Jab
Jab
Extend
Extend
Conversation of blades.

When they met they walked and she took his hand. He told her he wrote poetry. She easily told him something as significant.

She looked into him.
He looked into her eyes.
Then looked into her.

This made him really happy.

After being with him emotionally, she got to know him physically.

They practiced making babies.

This made him really happy.

Like the tree swaying down and him jumping up at the same time.

(Later she held my hand and said, "John, memories get caught on the trail to and from the virgin soul. Like a tree, it could harden up and be a route to the base of the tree or it could close up with things inside and rot the core.")

She met someone who made her happier.
He wasn't happy.
She told him he had made her happy.

("I guess I made a mistake, John. He was too far from 'be now.'")

She told him that too.
She wasn't a philosophy major while at school. She was interested in how and the effects. The philosophy department was interested in how and why.

Jab
Jab
Extend
Extend
Conversation of blades
She Scores, Retreats
He is wide open.

God how empty, vulnerable.

If I can't share her happiness I don't want anyone else to.

He thought once.
He reminded himself of a villain in one of his poems.

Best

3,4,5
in the hive
in the nest
we're the best.

1,2,3
he can see
he can be
more than me.

6,7,8
he is great
should lead rest
he's the best.

2,3,4
he, I abhor
say no more
he's no more.

3,4,5
I'm alive
I'm the best
lead the rest.

Or maybe I'll destroy her.
He thought of that quite seriously several times.

"I've got nothing."
(Actually he had quite a lot:

for breakfast, an egg and two bagels, one burnt since he was busy getting the banana out of his little sister's nose, his little brother said the dog did it.
12½ pairs of shoes
5 still fit

a dog named Spot (they thought it was funny)

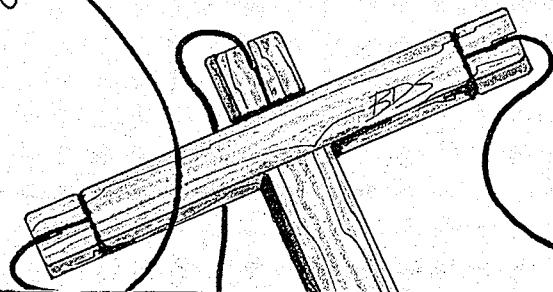
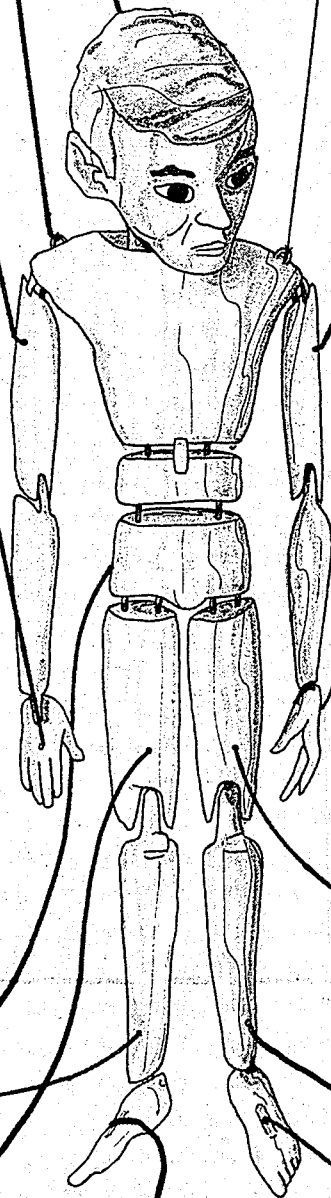
the genetic impossibility of getting cancer
a loving Mom
a strong body
an intelligent mind
and a funny button that said "Everything is Relative.")

Yes, he always liked that tree.
So with a little rope he became part of the greatest tree in Pine Mountain.
Guards down.



John Gibbon is a sophomore electrical engineering and philosophy major from Albuquerque, New Mexico. This is John's first contribution to Scholastic.

1984 Fiction-Writing Contest



Second Place

The Puppeteer

by Barbara Stevens

The boy was there, again. The red and white puppet theater had a slit in the front so Krandy could watch the people clustered around, jostling each other to get closer, and holding small children on their shoulders. Behind the knot of absorbed, laughing faces, one boy sat on a stone bench, watching intently.

For almost three weeks he had been there every single day. He always wore the same loose green pants, even when it was so hot that people had to gobble their ice cream before it turned to liquid. He was too thin, but his skin was a healthy brown and his hair was light from the sun. Day after day he sat quietly on the bench, staring at the theater.

He must love the puppets, thought Krandy. He is never there in the morning or the evening, but for nineteen days he hasn't missed an afternoon show.

Krandy was a puppeteer. He travelled, putting on shows in small towns, parks, libraries, church basements, and even on city street corners. This summer, Palisades Park had hired him for four months. Krandy was tall with curly dark hair and a dark beard. His father had given him a puppet on his eighth birthday, and he'd spent years mastering the art of making the puppet seem like a live character.

Krandy had three different kinds of puppets. He could operate the marionettes by lying flat on the platform above the little stage and twisting and turning the wooden crosses, to make the nimble figures dance across the stage. Or he could crouch behind the stage, a puppet on each hand teasing and hitting each other to make the children in the audience laugh. At night he used the life-size puppets. The backdrop of the stage was black, and Krandy wore black trousers and a black turtleneck. A spotlight shone straight across the stage illuminating the puppets. By staying behind the beam of light, he could remain completely hidden as he maneuvered the puppets around the stage. This was an old Japanese way of performing with puppets, and Krandy loved watching the bewildered faces of his audience as the life-size puppets seemed to move about on their own.

His favorite puppets were the hand ones. The marionettes required more skill and were more challenging to operate, but Krandy was more creative with the hand puppets. His fingers, thrust up through the opening, nodded, shook yes or no, and bobbed as his thumb and pinky made the arms clap and wave. His hand came alive, became the character he created with his voice and hand motions. He became Bonzo, the clown with the big red nose, and Belinda, the shrewish gray-haired woman.

The boy seemed to like the marionettes best. He watched the hand puppets with interest, but when Krandy pulled the strings on the nimble marionettes, the boy's dark eyes opened wider, and he leaned forward, one hand resting under his chin, never moving until the curtain dropped. No one had ever watched the show like that. People laughed when Turko, the old man, whacked Belinda and chased her around the stage. They gasped in astonishment when the big puppets seemed to move alone. But no one watched the show with the breathless fascination they watched the trapeze artists. They didn't realize that the puppeteer was as skillful as the muscular young man flipping from one trapeze to another. Krandy had spent as many years learning to curve his fingers at exactly the right angle so Belinda seemed to hang her head as the trapeze artist had spent learning to swing from one trapeze to another. To appreciate the art of puppetry, Krandy knew, you had to watch the show over and over. But no one ever watched his show more than once. Except the boy.

Soon Krandy found himself looking only to the boy's face for approval. He no longer saw the laughing faces or heard the patter of their clapping hands. His greatest satisfaction came when the corners of the boy's mouth flickered, the closest he ever came to smiling.

The summer passed slowly, each day like the next. Every morning when he went into the staff rooms to pick up his puppets, Krandy saw the same people—the two scrawny college students who dressed as chipmunks and wandered around the park shaking hands with children. The ticket takers, wearing uniform blue smocks. The lovely, dark gypsy fortune-teller, who shocked Krandy the first time she unwound her turban and shook out a mass of flaming red hair. Krandy ate lukewarm hot dogs from the same stand every night. He performed the same show every day.

One evening, as he was strolling slowly back from dinner, he spotted the boy. He sat alone on the edge of a fountain watching people pass in front of him. His expression was that of a person who has seen something a hundred times and yet can still find something that his eyes haven't discovered before.

Krandy approached the fountain. He leaned over and splashed his hand in the water, still warm from the sun. He groped in his pocket for a tarnished penny and tossed it into the water, forgetting to make a wish.

He turned to the boy. "Hello."

The boy's dark eyes stared back. "Hello."

"I don't believe we've met."

The boy leaned his angular chin on one hand.

"The marionettes had slender arms and legs jointed in two places. Their brown faces were splotched with pink cheeks and their jaws dropped open and shut. The two boys were dressed in knickers with suspenders and the girls wore matching blue dresses with white aprons."

"You're the puppeteer."

Krandy was startled. "How did you know?"

"I've watched you."

"Do you like puppets?"

The boy brought his other hand up under his chin and curved his index fingers upward, forming a frame around his face. "I think it must be fun to bring them alive."

He understands what it is to be a puppeteer, thought Krandy. He raked his fingers through his curly hair. "Have you ever played with puppets? Your father was a puppeteer maybe?"

The boy shook his head. "I don't know what my father was. But I'm sure he never touched a puppet in his life." The boy needed his hair cut. The ends hung over his eyes like a yellow fringe.

Krandy leaned forward. "You like this park, don't you?"

"I like to watch people. I don't go on rides. Mother works here and brings me with her."

"Do you sit here every day after you watch the puppet show?"

The boy twisted his body around and trailed his hand lightly across the water. "Sometimes."

"Will you be here tomorrow?"

The boy turned all the way around and stuck both hands in the water. His shoulder blades jutted out like little wings. "Maybe."

"I'll come again and bring a puppet, so you can try to make it come alive."

The boy took both hands out of the water and sat up. "I'll be here tomorrow," he said.

That night Krandy gathered up the puppets carefully and left the park. Usually he left them in his locker in the staff room, but tonight he brought them back to his little room over Carey's Craft shop. He laid them gently on the torn couch, smoothing out the cloth bodies of the hand puppets. He had four of them. Turko, the old man with a beard and dark clothes. Belinda, his wife, had bushy gray hair that stuck out around her face. Her dress was dark red and her blue eyes were slightly crooked. Nicole had brown hair in a flat bun on the back of her head. Bonzo was a clown with a pink and red ruffled collar around his face. He had bright red hair sticking out from a pointed hat.

The marionettes had slender arms and legs jointed in two places. Their brown faces were splotched with pink cheeks and their jaws dropped open and shut. The two boys were dressed in knickers with suspenders and the girls wore matching blue dresses with white aprons. Krandy decided to take to the boy Nicole and one of the marionettes.

The boy was sitting in the exact same spot on the edge of the fountain when Krandy walked up the next evening.

"I've brought the puppets." He set a sack down next to the boy.

Gently the boy opened the bag and lifted out Nicole. He laid her across his lap, and his finger probed her high, firm cheeks finding the chip near her left ear. He fingered her rough hair curiously, then slid his left hand inside her body and slowly stiffened his fingers and lifted her head. He stretched her arms and turned them in small circles. Her head bobbed to the side. She patted her hair and scratched her cheek nervously, looking from side to side.

"Where's my son?" she asked in a high voice. "I don't see him anywhere." She shaded her eyes, peering at the carousel.

Krandy laughed. "Nicole, you don't have a son. You don't even have a husband, poor thing."

Nicole peered at him. "I don't have a son?" Her head tilted slightly in surprise.

"Try the marionette now."

Nicole fell lifeless, and the boy pulled the limp puppet off his hand while Krandy lifted out the marionette. The boy curled his fingers around the wooden handle and raised the marionette to its feet. As Krandy whistled, the marionette danced and clapped hands.

"Are you sure you've never played with puppets or marionettes before?" Krandy scrutinized the boy's face.

"No." He shook his head. "I like them, though. I'd like to be a puppeteer."

"Be one then." Krandy slid his hand into Nicole's cloth body, and she nodded her head at the boy.

The boy set the marionette down on top of the sack. "I don't have time for puppets. I ski."

Krandy was surprised. "You're a skier?"

"Yes. I've been skiing for six years now. You have to start young to be good by the time you're old enough to race."

Krandy couldn't picture this fragile boy in the bitter cold, racing powerfully down a rugged mountain. "You like to ski?"

The boy nodded. "I'm fast. I love to come flying down the hill passing everyone. My father wants me to start competing for real this winter. You know, win money, not silly medals. I already have thirty-six medals. I'm on the junior ski team."

"Oh." Krandy put the puppets away. "Do you want to be a professional skier?"

The boy shrugged, his dark eyes staring at

something beneath the water in the fountain.

Krandy stood up to go.

"Thank you for letting me play with your puppets," said the boy.

"Yes. Well, good-bye." Krandy clutched his bag and headed toward the exit. No show tonight.

Krandy didn't come to the park the next day. He kept remembering the intent way the boy watched his show, straining forward with his head leaning on his hand. He remembered the boy's understanding of what it meant to be a puppeteer, the easy way in which he brought Nicole to life. Then this image was scratched from his mind by the boy's scornful voice, "win money, not silly medals."

Krandy stayed away from the park two more days. On the third day, he returned to the park at dusk. As he approached the theater, he saw the boy, sitting in his usual spot on the bench. A woman, wearing one of the ticket takers blue smocks, was bending over him. Krandy stopped. On the other side of the boy was a wheelchair. The woman slid the chair close, and the boy gripped the sides and swung himself expertly into it. Krandy stood still. The smell of popcorn, the laughter and music, the bright colors faded away. He saw only the woman wheeling the boy away from the theater.

Around him, one by one, the amusement lights flickered on. Krandy looked at the bright twinkles and hugged the bag with his two puppets in it to his chest. It was time to get ready for his evening performance.



Barbara Stevens is a junior American Studies and English major from Pitman, New Jersey. This is her third contribution to Scholastic.

Third Place

Snow Silence

by Lori Meiskey

She gazed through the window at the whiteness covering the vast prairie, shrouding and instilling silence on the earth. Her green eyes moved slowly back and forth across the pane enveloping line upon line of vision. Each section she saw was the same as the last—white, silent. "This must be what death is like," she thought—flat, noiseless, colorless, neither warm nor cold, neither painful nor happy—only this steady, quiet neutrality.

That bird her brother had shot in the summer lay somewhere beneath all that snow. She remembered how it had shrieked then slowly, so slowly, drifted to the ground. She had run to it, laughing at its theatrics, running to it so she could watch it laugh at her brother's efforts and then soar back to the sky. But it hadn't laughed. The bird lay silently on the ground, red blood splashed over his black silken feathers which would never again glide across the morning sky. The small body as silent as the snow which now covered it.

"I . . . I should have buried it," she stammered to no one but the window pane, "Daddy told me that story about how some Indians thought they could never get to their heaven unless they were buried." She thought of the bird's satiny black soul flying over the prairie and crying over its body below and its inability to get to heaven. "And besides, the animals will eat it if I don't cover it up."

The snow was cold. She touched it to make sure it was the snow that was cold and not just her imagination. The coldness pleased her; she liked the way the chill wind blew through her scarf, and the way her white breath flew from her.

"It was over there, I'm sure," she thought. She slowly made her way through the drifts, then pushed the snow aside until she saw the brown earth. Nothing. "It . . . it *was* here, I'm sure," she said quietly. Her tears hit the bare earth and froze there. "That summer was long, long ago," she said as she covered the tears and the bare spot on the ground with snow, "and now my hands and hair are as white and silent as this snow. Soon it will be me covered beneath this . . . Daddy? Daddy? Daddy! Please cover me with earth then so I can go to heaven!" But no one was there to hear her but the snow and the gray sky.

She gazed out the window at the vast expanse of snow. Her green eyes contrasted sharply with the white, worn face they were encased in. She wasn't sad, and she wasn't happy. So much whiteness, so much silence. "I should've buried that bird long ago," she thought, "but there's too much snow to find it today." The sky grew dimmer and slowly dimmer as she gazed back and forth across the snow. "I'm sure it's over there. Per- . . . perhaps in spring."



Junior Lori Meiskey is a psychology and computers major from Pueblo, Colorado. This is her first contribution to Scholastic.

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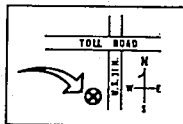
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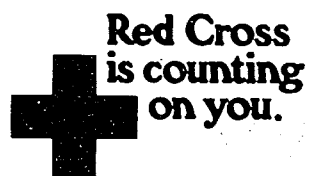
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SMC Basketball: Winning Isn't Everything

by Cindy Short

This year, Saint Mary's Basketball Team is struggling to overcome a 4 and 9 record, in order to land a spot in the NAIA District Tournament which takes place in early March. What can one say about a team that is not composed of scholarship athletes, sports a losing record, and relies upon a line-up that rarely climbs above 5 ft. 6 in. tall? I could tell you that every game presents a new challenge, which, incidently, is true.

I could tell you the odds are usually against us, which, of course, they are. But, I think I would rather tell you about a group of young women who have taught me a great deal about teamwork, tenacity, and determination.

This year the "Belles" consist of ten team members; one senior, five juniors, one sophomore, and three freshmen. We came together in early October to try out for the team and then made a commitment to basketball until the end of February. We agreed to cut our Christmas break two weeks short, in order to prepare for the National

Catholic Basketball Tournament that took place in Dubuque, Iowa (the swim team got to go to Florida)!

We have met day after day in Angela Athletic Facility to devote endless hours to numerous defensive drills, run through our plays, and perfect the art of the fast break. Skills have become very important when we are forced to depend upon our speed to overcome our height deficiency.

This year the going has been hard at times, frustrating at other times, but it has also been rewarding. We have learned the benefits of teamwork on and off the court. We have developed a sense of camaraderie which had been a non-existent quality since I joined the team freshman year. We have learned to stick together and to bounce back after a loss. Most importantly, we have shown a determination that keeps us going until the final buzzer.

In addition, we have acquired a taste for Trivial Pursuit, and a distaste for fast food. We have had the pleasure of the SAGA sack lunch, and we have been introduced to the motto of the Missouri "Terd Bird." We have learned the art of sleeping in a bus or a van and the value a Walkman can have as we travel across the scenic Midwest. These trips have afforded us the opportunity to visit dozens of small universities, many of which we had never heard of, let alone dreamed we might have the chance to see. I guess you could call these the fringe benefits of playing basketball at Saint Mary's College.

The real benefits of playing basketball at Saint Mary's College are the things that keep each of us going. We have been given an opportunity to compete at a varsity level without sacrificing our academic or social lives in the Notre Dame-Saint Mary's community. We have learned the value of competition, which has given each of us a keen sense of teamwork and compromise. We have begun to learn the limitations of our own program, but through a more active recruiting program we see hope for the future. However, before we can turn to the future we aim to make the best of the present. We hope to increase our wins, land a spot in the NAIA District Tournament, and of course have a lot more "fun" along the way.

Cindy Short, from Calgary, Alberta, Canada, is a senior at Saint Mary's College and is a member of the women's basketball team. This is her first contribution to Scholastic.



Irish Fencers: The Best

by Michael J. Chmiel

Notre Dame has long been noted for its outstanding football and basketball teams. But what about the Notre Dame Fencing Team?

The Notre Dame Men's Fencing Team under the direction of Coach Mike DeCicco has established the best winning record in the past twenty-two years for an Irish team at 418-39 (.915 winning percentage) as of January 27, 1984. Since 1934 the Irish are 641-91 (.875). In 1977 and 1978 the Irish won national championships in fencing and last year they finished second in the NCAA Tournament. All of this has been done as a club without scholarships.

Despite these outstanding accomplishments, fencing still does not get as much notoriety and press as other sports do. Perhaps, people are unfamiliar with the sport.

Basically, fencing is a duel (called a bout) between two people who compete with one of three types of weapons (the foil, the epee, or the sabre). In the bout, the first person to be hit five times loses. In men's competition, teams fence three men in each weapon unless it is otherwise decided to fence four. Women, on the other hand, only fence in the foil and they fence four.

The Irish have lost four starters and nine monogram winners from last year's 23-2 team. However, this year's team which is off to a 6-0 start boasts an outstanding fencing squad which has experience and great promise for future championships.

Earlier in the season Coach DeCicco commented, "I believe that we have the talent to notch a fourth straight 20-win season. We will field a young, solid team. We have always prided ourselves in having outstanding depth (and) this year will be no different."

The 1984 sabre squad led by junior captain Mike Janis is probably the strongest of the Irish's three squads. In the sabre (which is a weapon with a triangular and flexible blade and a large guard that protects the hand) the Irish are undefeated this year at 6-0. Janis, who boasts a current 90-21 lifetime record, is 15-0 this year and finished fourth in individual competition at the United States Fencing Association (USFA) Collegiate Open.

The Irish sabre squad which finished first at the USFA Open also boasts sophomore Don Johnson who finished fifth in the tournament. Johnson 40-14

lifetime is 5-2 this year. The dedicated Johnson was an incredible 4-0 against Cornell as he fenced though bouting with double pneumonia. Sophomore John Edwards boasts a 41-10 lifetime mark. This year, despite a sprained ankle he is 8-0. Also giving the squad depth is sophomore Tony Consoli at 5-2 this year (18-7 overall).

"The depth we have in sabre is really paying off," comments DeCicco. "Janis is the leader of our talented sabre team; Edwards is our number-one man (and) our squad is built around him. I thought Consoli would be our number-four man this year but he's done the job as a starter."

Another impressive Irish squad is this year's foil team led by senior captain Chris Grady with a 32-25 career mark. (The foil is a light weapon with a flexible, tapered quadrangular blade.) Two impressive foilers this year include freshman Charles Higgs-Coulthard and sophomore Mike Van der Velden. Higgs-Coulthard who boasts a 17-1 season mark is currently undefeated in his last 15 bouts. Van der Velden who won a gold medal at the USFA Open sports a 13-1 record.

"Higgs-Coulthard has really surprised me," explains DeCicco. "(Van der Velden) could be the catalyst for this foil team in helping it develop into a top-flight squad."

A truly young and determined team is this year's epee squad led by junior captain Andy Quaroni (76-14 lifetime). (The epee is a heavy weapon with a large bell guard and a rather rigid, heavy triangular blade.) Quaroni who sports a 13-0 season mark also won a gold medal at the USFA Open. The quickly developing younger and talented players include sophomore Brian St. Clair (9-4), freshman John Haugh (8-0), and Dan Cullinane (7-2).

"We must develop a solid supporting cast for Quaroni in order to be competitive," comments DeCicco. "Quaroni is a great talent; he has the skills to become Notre Dame's next national champion."

Overall, Coach DeCicco is confident that his men will continue to improve and be ready for the month of March. On March 3, the Irish will host the Great Lake Championships which will present tough challengers from throughout the Midwest. Then on March 20-21, the Irish will travel to Princeton where they will be seeking to capture another national championship at the NCAA Men's Tournament.

Also trying to capture a national cham-

pionship will be the Notre Dame Women's Fencing Team on March 22-24. Since their beginning, the Irish, under the direction of Coach DeCicco, boast a 128-47 record (4-2 this year). Going after their twelfth winning season in thirteen years, the Irish are led by senior co-captains Mary Shilts (11-7 this year) and Sharon Di Nicola (10-9). Impressive has been freshman Pia Albertson (14-1) from Sweden.

The Irish, who maintain a squad of great depth with 16 members, will be trying to improve on their 12th-place finish in last year's NCAA Tournament. "We're in the fourth year of my five-year plan of building Notre Dame into a national contender," said DeCicco. "I'd pay to watch the women's squad fence. This is a spirited and very talented team."

Before going for national titles in March, the two Irish fencing squads must face rough competition throughout February at Angola, Portland, and Illinois. The Irish will be here to fence on Saturday, February 11, at the ACC. They will face Chicago, Detroit, Ohio State, Purdue, Case Western Reserve, Washington, and Wayne State.



Michael J. Chmiel is a freshman from Chicago, Illinois. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.

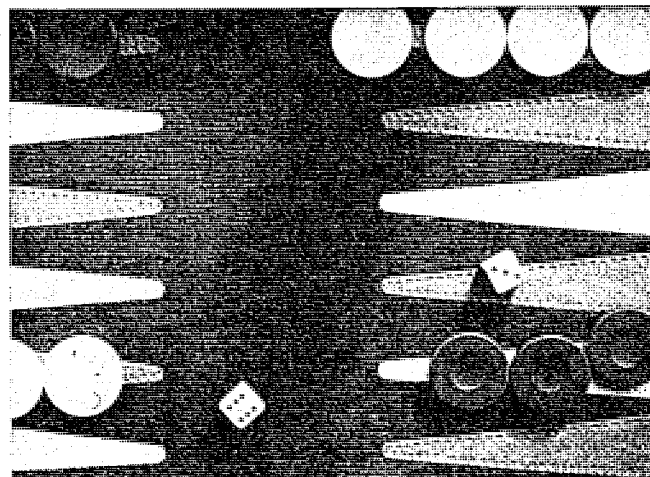
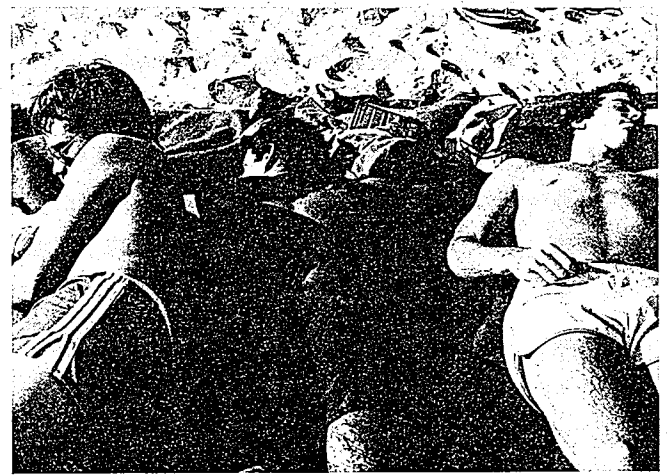
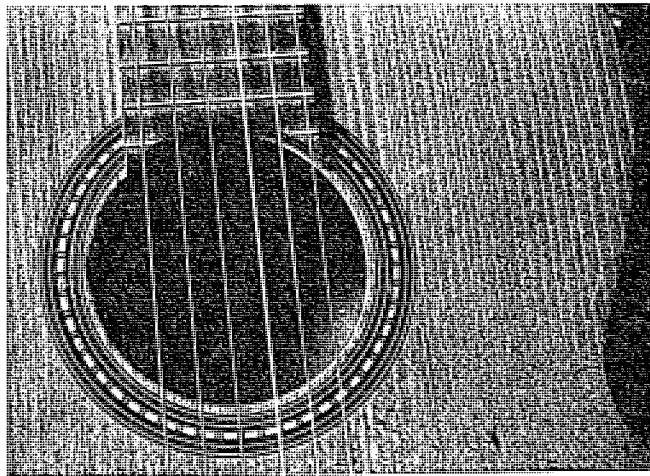
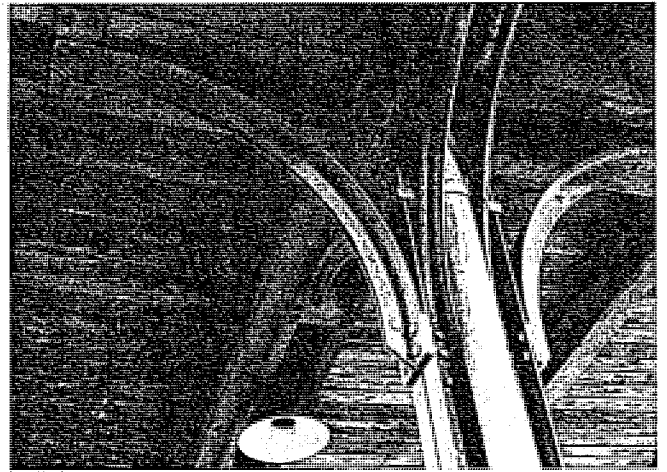
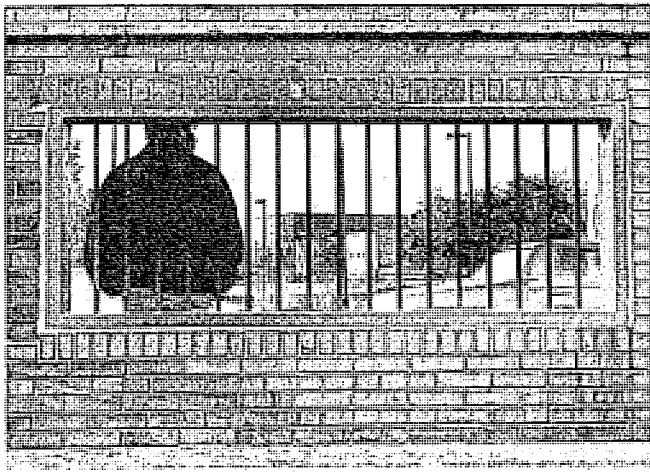
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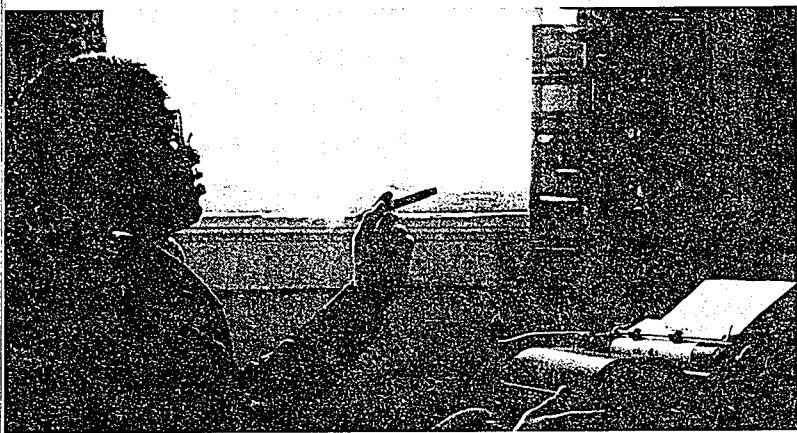
"The challenge in photography arises out of the artificiality of the medium—the black-and-white paper, and the explicit limits of the picture's edge. My aim is to try and reach beyond the frame, both visually and conceptually, and to record an intuitive glance at the nature of the things and people I see."

Mark Donahue, B.A.;
Industrial Design





The Last Word



by **Jim Ganther**
Editor-in-Chief

I've stared at this blank page for over a week without any inspiration for this month's column. This is the fiction issue; I planned on cranking out a piece of fiction for this space when it occurred to me that I'm lousy at that genre. I guess there are some things business majors aren't good at. Anyway, if I can't write fiction I can at least write about it. What follows is a review of the last good novel I read. In addition to being fun to write, it proved to be an excellent cure for writer's block.

Rachel Samstat has it all: a successful career as a cookbook writer, a healthy son, and her own TV show. She enjoys her work and loves her husband. Unfortunately, her husband does not love her. How she copes with that final revelation is the topic of Nora Ephron's first novel, "Heartburn."

The story is a simple one, frequently told, but rarely so well. Rachel is seven months pregnant when she discovers her husband (syndicated columnist Mark Feldman) is having an affair with Thelma Rice, "a fairly tall person with a neck as long as an arm and a nose as long as a thumb and you should see her legs, never mind her feet, which are sort of splayed."

Following her confrontation with Mark (guilt doesn't seem to be in his emotional spectrum), Rachel packs up her wire whisk, a bag of diapers and her two-year-old son, Sam, and heads for her father's place in New York to plan her next move. While sorting out her options she drops in on her old group therapy session (an amusing collection of neurotics), gets robbed, and cries a lot. Sooner or later, she believes, Mark will come to his senses and come for her.

It turns out to be sooner. Mark shows up to beg her to return with him, and the reader feels almost as relieved as Rachel. But that relief is short-lived for reader and character alike: when Mark fails to pay Rachel's fare on the Eastern Shuttle for the flight back to their Washington home, the insincerity of his repentance is exposed. Rachel's worst fears are proven to be true. Mark is still in love with Thelma; his alligator tears are just to keep Rachel calm until the birth of the baby and help in the custody trial. When all this finally sinks in, Rachel throws a pie (Key Lime, recipe on page 166) in Mark Feldman's face and plans her permanent departure.

This story doesn't require 179 pages to tell, including recipe index and a note on the type. In fact, the entire tale of Rachel's disintegrating marriage could be condensed into a neat twenty-page package. Three-fourths of Ms. Ephron's first novel isn't related in any recognizable fashion to the advancement of the plot—it's loaded with sketches of zany friends and relatives and recipes for sorrel soup and the perfect four-minute egg. Some writers go off on occasional tangents; Ephron lives on them.

But this backhanded way of telling a story isn't the book's major fault—it is its crowning glory. Everything reminds Rachel of a story, which she promptly relates. Taken by themselves, these asides are usually funny and often touching, but all somehow point back to the situation Rachel is desperately trying to forget. Mark is always there in the wings; one gets the impression that if Rachel stops talking he will jump back to the forefront of her mind and bring the whole marital mess back with him. A less sensitive reader might be annoyed by the style—reading this book is like listening to a 33-rpm album played at 45—but the more tenderhearted would recognize the pain behind the endless prattle. When asked why she turns everything into a story, Rachel explains, "Because if I tell the story, I control the version."

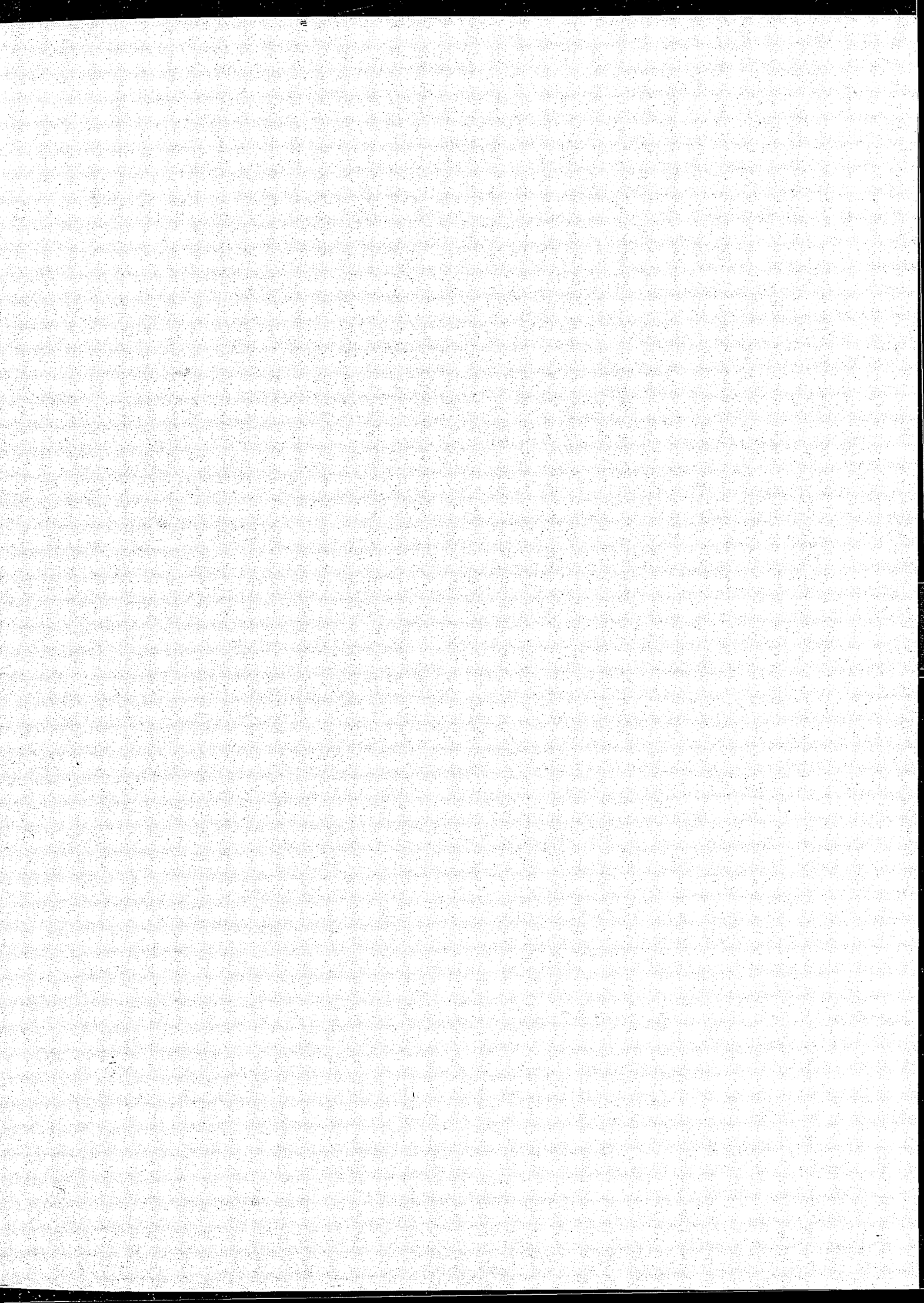
And that is why it takes so long to tell so little. It takes an awful lot of stories about Jewish American Princes and Lillian Hellman's pot roast to bury all the hurt Rachel feels and produce as nearly painless a narrative as possible. Ephron's version of Rachel's ordeal is poignant, often humorous, always entertaining.

Although this is her first attempt as a novelist, Ephron writes with the ease of someone accomplished in the craft. The novel *flows*; once picked up it is difficult to put down. The mind and emotions of a woman whose world is falling down around her aren't described, they're *felt*, by the reader as well as the character. When Rachel realizes that there is nothing that she can do to make the man she loves love her back, the reader shares her pain. Anyone can write about unrequited love, but few are those who can make you feel it. Nora Ephron is one of the few.

While empathy is a wonderful thing for an author to bring out in a book, it is not by itself enough to make a work successful. "Heartburn" also contains fine examples of Yiddish humor (the kreplach story comes instantly to mind) and descriptions of characters which, if they say little about what they *look* like, say a great deal about what they are like.

Though amusing personalities fill the book, it is not all fun and games. Throughout the work there are examples of the cynicism one might expect from someone who has been badly wounded. At one point Rachel wonders not why there are so few chaste men, but "why there are any at all." Only Rachel's analyst has a happy marriage; all other marriages in the story are rife with infidelity.

When one has finished reading "Heartburn," it seems clear that Rachel has given up on the institution of marriage. But this was probably Ephron's intention, and the reader shares her loss. The book succeeds in providing an accurate window into the heart of a woman betrayed. Through it we can see that a heart can be easily broken, but not easily destroyed.





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