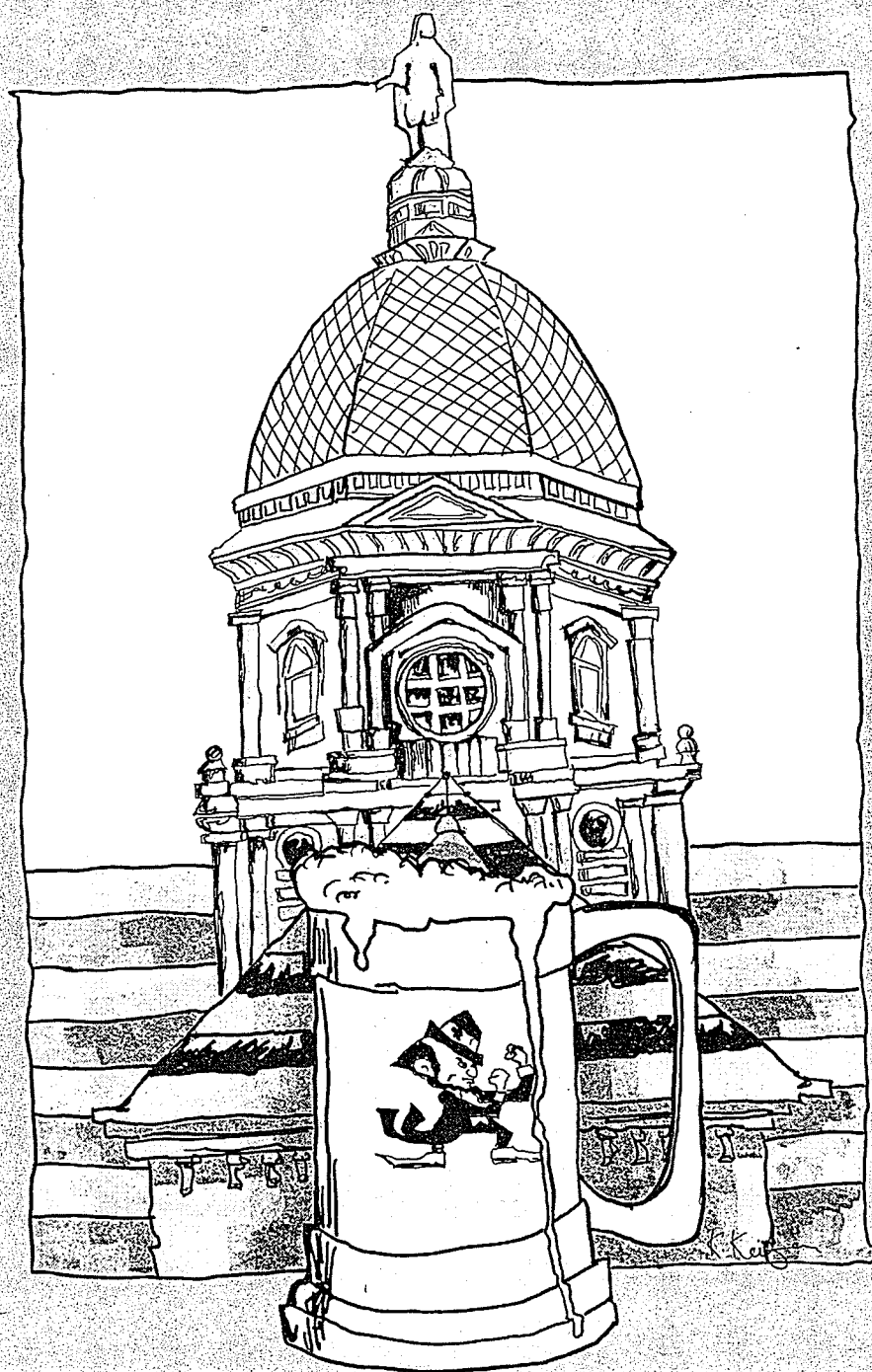


Scholastic

March, 1984





ACE IS THE PLACE
WITH THE HELPFUL HARDWARE MAN

Greenview

272-7535

HOURS
7:30 AM To 5:30 P.M.
Closed Sunday

- PAINTS
- TOOLS
- PLUMBING &
ELECTRICAL
SUPPLIES

- GARDEN
SUPPLIES
- HOUSEWARES
- HARDWARE
- SPORTING
GOODS



FREE PARKING
FRONT & REAR

219 DIXIE WAY
NO. IN ROSELAND

*You're
Someone
SPECIAL*

Bring this ad with you for 10% OFF on the typesetting of your resume. Offer expires October 31, 1983. Offer good only for typesetting.



The Now Printers..

Your resume should also be special. A professionally typeset resume is important because it shows you in your best light. We are typesetting professionals and can help you look your best.

**247 Dixieway North
South Bend, IN 46637**

219-277-3355

Scholastic

Vol. 125, No. 7, March, 1984
Notre Dame, IN 46556

FEATURES

- | | | |
|----|---|-------------------------------|
| 8 | Father Bill and the Bottle | John Dettling |
| 9 | The Enforcer: An R.A.'s Perspective | Mary Ellen Arn |
| 11 | Across the Doorstep: A Look at Father Burtchaell | Kathy McGarvey |
| 13 | A Critique of Burtchaell's Theology | Dr. Anthony Ostric |
| 17 | Where Is Jesus, Anyway? | William John Healy |
| 22 | Finding Romeo | Bernadette Cortas |
| 23 | Dating, Domer Style | Brittney Montclair |
| 24 | The Mishawaka Experience | Paul Aiello |
| 25 | Rattlecar Gigantica | Ed Mulholland |
| 27 | Fran Leibowitz: Spokeswoman for the Annoyed | Laura Steibel |
| 29 | Uphill Progress of a Downhill Team | Amy Murray |
| 30 | Villa Capri: A Good Italian Restaurant? | Laurel-Ann Dooley |
| 32 | 1984 Sophomore Literary Festival Writing Contest Winners
Prose/One April Day
Poetry/Miscarriage | Michael Varga
Sean Reardon |

REGULARS

- | | | |
|----|----------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 2 | The First Word | Kathy Curran |
| 4 | Scholastic Notables | Kevin Donius, Patti Drabick |
| 6 | ND Focus/Father Jenky Takes Over | Allison P. Hilton |
| 7 | SMC Focus/Editor's Crisis | Mary Isphording and Jayne Kenny |
| 20 | Gallery/Paradoxes | E. Robinson |
| 26 | Fiction/Once a Dreamer | Lori Meiskey |
| 28 | Cinema/Never Cry Wolf | William Macfarlane, Jr. |
| 36 | The Last Word | Jim Ganther |

The opinions expressed in Scholastic are those of the authors and editors of Scholastic and do not necessarily represent the opinions of the entire staff and editorial board of Scholastic or the University of Notre Dame, its administration, faculty, or the student body.

Copyright © 1984 Scholastic / all rights reserved / none of the contents may be reproduced without permission.

The First Word

by Kathy Curran
Saint Mary's Editor



"What has happened to patriotism? Why is my brother Timmy's favorite song Eye of the Tiger and not Yankee Doodle Dandy?"

My nephew Matt is a smart little boy. At only four years old he can identify any fast-food restaurant that has been advertised on television, he can differentiate between the various cacti Arizona's deserts cultivate, and he can sense when I am ignoring the speed limit. Compliments of "Sesame Street," Matthew even knows Spanish—when he awakens me at 6:00 a.m. he does not beg for forgiveness, but screams "¡Hola!"

But there is one area that this four-year-old has not had exposure to. Matt can recount lists of food he will eat—but he cannot recite the Pledge of Allegiance. He knows how to kick a soccer ball—but not how to tip his cap while the National Anthem is being played before the Giants' game. He can hang up his bathrobe—but cannot fold the American flag.

And it makes me wonder—what has happened to patriotism? Why is my brother Timmy's favorite song "Eye of the Tiger" and not "Yankee Doodle Dandy"? Why does Jenny think I have created another family member when I ask her about Uncle Sam? Why don't Tommy and Shelley salute the flag at school every morning?

Something is missing in our society of aluminum bats, chicken-based hot dogs, microwave apple pie, and imported cars. We are breaking from our traditions and not replacing them with anything else. And in this void only fear can grow. That good ole' American trust has vanished.

What else is to be expected? We have witnessed corruption of power. We have suffered the consequences of poor governmental decisions. We have apparent threats to our national security. As we have realized our parents spill milk, so, too, have we discovered that the United States government is fallible.

Yet, we were able to remain proud of our nation, even when we were disappointed, because we had a basis for that pride. We converted our childish blind faith in "the American Way" to respect for it. America's greatness—which was instilled in our minds by the patriotic hymns we whistled—took on a more mature meaning. We learned that America may not be perfect, but it surely was the best. Our childhood's flag-waving gestures permitted that.

But the "Four Feet and Under Club" is not encouraged to make those gestures anymore. Children are being asked to face reality and reject their Uncle Sam. They are being denied the "love-of-country" basis which we received.

Pride in America cannot grow from a void. The patriotic tradition needs to be reinstituted. We should pull the flags out from our trunks, shine the drums, dust the liberty bells, and let the eagle fly. □

**EDITORIAL BOARD
1983-1984**

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
James S. Ganther

GENERAL MANAGER
Thomas M. Sapp

ST. MARY'S EDITOR
Kathy Curran

Photo Editor
Michael P. Leary

News/Sports Editor
Kevin Donius

Culture/Fiction Editor
Laurel Ann Dooley

Copy Editors
Kathleen Doyle
Janet Drobinske

Art Editor
Kathleen Keifer

Advertising Manager
Jeannie Euch

Business Manager
Jim Dever

Distribution Manager
Brent Kruger

Advertising Staff
Reginald V. Daniel

Production Staff
John Mennell, Ed Mulholland, Fred
Zimmerman, Jim Basile, Joe
Krumenacker, Joe Dant.

Advisory Board
Dr. James McDonnell
Prof. Elizabeth Christman
Mr. Michael Garvey
Prof. Marjorie Kinsey
Prof. Robert Schmuhl
Dr. Linnea Vacca

Photo Credits:
Mike Leary, pp. 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 17,
18, 23, 24, 25, 27, 28, 30, 36;
Robert McMonagle, back cover; John
O'Conner, pp. 10, 22; Courtesy of
Saint Mary's College, p. 5; Information
Services, p. 11; courtesy of ND/SMC
Ski Team, p. 29.

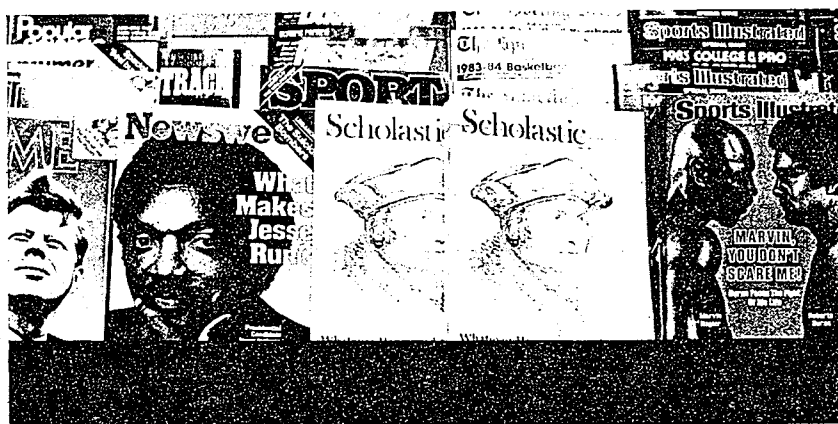
Cover
Kathleen Keifer

Scholastic

PLEASE WRITE!

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

**Write: Scholastic
LaFortune Student Center
Notre Dame, Indiana 46556**



Scholastic Magazine:

**Don't wait to get your copy at the newsstand, get
it by mail.**

**NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC
NOTRE DAME, INDIANA 46556**

Please send me a subscription to Scholastic
for _____ years at \$9.00 a year.
I am enclosing \$_____ Cash
Check

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Scholastic Notables

University of Notre Dame

by Kevin Donius
News/Sports Editor

Business Administration

1984 has been a banner year so far for the College of Business Administration. In January the Accounting Department was ranked as the eighth-best in the nation and last month a team of undergraduates won a national business-case-analysis competition.

The January issue of the Public Accounting Report printed the results of a survey of accounting department chairmen at nearly 400 colleges in which Notre Dame's department was listed as the eighth-best. Illinois, Texas, and Southern California were listed as the top three. The other schools ranked ahead of Notre Dame were Michigan,

Ohio State, Brigham Young, and Michigan State.

In the third Annual McIntire Commerce Invitational held at the University of Virginia, Notre Dame defeated the reigning champion, Washington University in St. Louis, as well as the Universities of California (Berkeley), North Carolina, and Wisconsin.

The four-member teams were given a complex business problem and had 15 hours to prepare a written solution, which had to be defended orally. Notre Dame's team, coached by David Norburn, Franklin D. Schurz professor of management, consisted of four seniors in the College of Business Administration: Kelly Ann Frank, Brian Ledley, Gregory Testerman, and Stephen Wilkie. Congratulations to all involved.

Alumni Awards

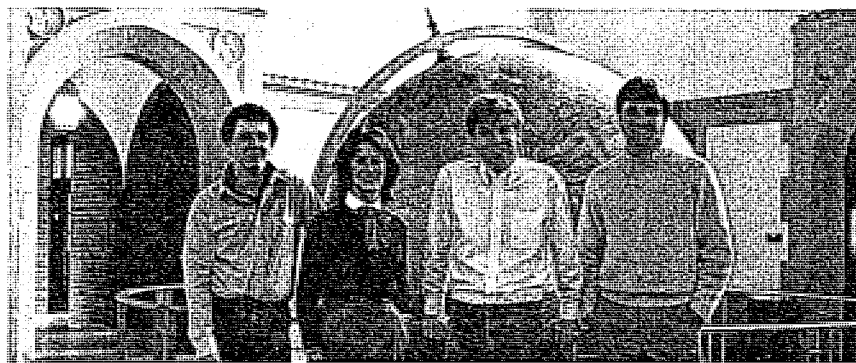
The Alumni Association has announced the winners of three of its awards and the inauguration of a new award honoring the late Dr. Thomas Dooley.

The Edward Frederick Sorin Award, the Association's highest honor, will go this year to Judge Norman J. Barry of Chicago, a 1921 graduate. The award is given annually to an alumnus displaying a high degree of service to the University.

Robert Cahill, former ticket manager and longtime associate in the athletic department, will receive the first Cardinal O'Hara Award, honoring the service of a former employee who is an alumnus.

The James Armstrong Award, named for a former association director, will be presented to John N. Cackley, director emeritus of the alumni group and a veteran member of the University's Public Relations, Alumni Affairs and Development Division. The award honors a current employee of the University.

The first recipient of the Dr. Thomas Dooley Award, which will be given to a man or woman who has graduated within the last ten years and has exhibited extraordinary service to mankind, will be selected at the fall meeting of the association.



China Program

Are you tired of long, hot, work-filled summers? Why not, then, take advantage of the University's newest overseas study program at the Tianjin Foreign Language Institute in China?

Students in the summer program, who need not be proficient in the Chinese language, will spend six weeks studying the language and culture of China and two weeks traveling throughout the country. Estimated cost of the program is \$2,600, including airfare, and students will receive six to nine credit hours for work at the institute.

Notre Dame currently sponsors academic year programs in Angers, France; Innsbruck, Austria; Tokyo, Mexico City, Rome, and London.



幾
輩
門
牆
沾
化
雨

圖文
洪良男

Elderhostel

Courses entitled "As It Was in the Beginning," "The Challenge of Peace," and "Reaganomics" may sound interesting, but unless you are 60 years or older, they are not for you. These are but a few of the classes Notre Dame will offer this summer to senior citizens as it joins the Elderhostel program, a network of more than 600 educational institutions offering low-cost residential academic programs for people 60 years and older.

Last summer almost 80,000 seniors signed up for classes at participating schools.

The Dr. Thomas Dooley Award will be given to a man or woman who has graduated within the last ten years and has exhibited extraordinary service to mankind.

Saint Mary's College

by Patti Drabick

Master Voice Workshop

If you can't take the Saint Mary's music department to the Met, bring the Met to Saint Mary's.

The Saint Mary's department of music sponsored a master voice workshop by Joan Dornemann, assistant conductor and prompter for the Metropolitan Opera Association in New York City, in February.

Voice students at Saint Mary's College are now among such opera stars as Luciano Pavarotti, Placido Domingo, Roberta Peters and Robert Merrill, in that all have received lessons from Ms. Dornemann, one of the world's foremost teachers of voice.

A member of the Met since 1975, Ms. Dornemann is its first and only female prompter. She is also committed to selecting up-and-coming opera singers, as she coaches and accompanies young finalists in the Metropolitan Opera National Council's auditions.

Ms. Dornemann, a graduate of Hofstra University, has studied at the Juilliard School, the Manhattan School of Music, New York University and L'Universita Per Straniero in Florence, Italy. Before joining the Met, she worked as an assistant conductor and prompter at the Washington Opera, the New York City Opera, the Gran Teatro del Liceo in Barcelona, the Teatro d'Opera in Madrid, Spoleto Festival in Italy and the Teatro Giuseppe Verdi in Trieste, Italy.



Michiana Math Contest

In mathematics, women \neq men. True? False? And to disprove that assumption, Saint Mary's will sponsor the eighth annual Michiana Mathematics Contest at 9 a.m. on March 31 in Madeleva Hall.

The contest, partially funded by the Bendix Corporation, includes individual and team or school competition. Contestants from area high schools will test their mathematical expertise in one of three areas of study—geometry, algebra II and advanced mathematics.

Team competition will consist of groups comprised of nine women, three in each subject. The team with the highest total score wins.

The contest recognizes the Computer Age and so, for the second year, there will be a computer programming competition. Three-women teams will vie for the best-designed, coded and successfully run three programs on the Saint Mary's PRIME computer.

The Michiana Mathematics Contest for Women was designed to identify and reward mathematically competent young women. The contest has received national recognition from the National Council of Teachers of Mathematics and the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

No, calculators and slide rules won't be awarded as prizes. Instead, first-, second- and third-place winners in each category will be presented trophies in recognition of their achievements.

Retention Rate

Saint Mary's College boasts a retention rate to graduation 20 percentage points higher than the national average for private four-year colleges, according to a recent study published by the Cooperative Institutional Research Program and the American Council on Education.

Of the freshmen who entered Saint Mary's in 1978, 70.6 percent received a bachelor's degree within four years, while the national average for freshmen completing bachelor's degrees on schedule at private four-year colleges is 50.5 percent.

College President John M. Duggan says, "Our students want to be here. Our faculty members work closely with our students and care what happens to them."

The researchers also defined selectivity levels by mean SAT composite score ranges. Saint Mary's rated in the selective (1025-1074 Sat score) range, 12 points higher than the national figure for colleges in the selective category.

The study found high school grades, living on campus as a freshman, self-estimate of obtaining a degree in four years, highest degree planned, adequate preparation in science and estimated parental income as positive factors leading to high retention rates.

The Nuclear Dilemma

The Saint Mary's College community presented "Three Minutes to Midnight: An Exploration of the Nuclear Dilemma and the Ways of Peace," a three-day program of discussions, prayer services, films and videotapes from February 12 to 14. The program, reflecting on the U.S. Catholic Bishops' pastoral letter, "The Challenge of Peace: God's Promise and Our Response," was designed to help people understand the nuclear threat and commit themselves to action.

At three minutes to midnight (the Atomic Scientists' symbol for the time remaining to man before the world's end), prayer services, led by the Christian Life Commission, signaled the beginning of the program.

Rev. John Morgan presided over an Ecumenical Reconciliation Service the following day in the Regina Hall Chapel, for which Terrence Martin, instructor in religious studies at Saint Mary's College, offered a reflection. A collection of stirring films and videotapes were shown on campus for two days, available to the Saint Mary's College community and the public.

The events were terminated on February 14 with an evening Eucharistic Liturgy for Peace and Justice in the Saint Mary's Clubhouse by Rev. Thomas Mayefske.

ND Focus

Father Jenky Takes Over

The new director of Campus Ministry at Notre Dame

by Allison P. Hilton

A few years ago, he was the rector of Dillon Hall. (He now resides on the second floor of Alumni Hall.) Currently he holds the position of rector of Sacred Heart Church. For this job, he is involved in planning the liturgies and in seeing to the general organization of the church. But now add a new bit of information to this list: He is also the new Director of Campus Ministry here at Notre Dame. This means he must concern himself with coordinating the pastoral ministry of all persons of Notre Dame. All of this involvement for one person. Who is the figure behind these details? . . . Meet Father Daniel Jenky.

Father Jenky, beneath his outer titles of "Rector of Sacred Heart Church" and "Director of Campus Ministry," is a man possessing an interesting personality and a friendly rapport. He is full of ideas for the spiritual life of the Notre Dame community, and he offers to tell of these thoughts enthusiastically. Yet, for all of his eager discussion about his involvement in pastoral ministry, Jenky still does not forget the important roles that other persons play in that ministry. The Notre Dame faculty, the Theology Department, the residence halls, as well as many other individuals who are concerned with students' spirituality, all are spoken highly of by Father Jenky. Well, Jenky himself deserves to receive a great amount of praise for his own unique personality and eager ideas.

A concept which Father Jenky supports strongly is Catholic faith sharing. On the Notre Dame campus, he says, people are involved in every conceivable form of liturgical event. People are basically very serious about their love of God and about the embodiment of that love to others. Jenky's fear, however, is that this emotional involvement lacks the intellectual understanding necessary to

support it from beneath. Instead of having little or no working knowledge of Catholic tradition, Scripture, and sacraments, that is, rather than being what he terms a theological illiterate, Father Jenky believes instead that every student at Notre Dame should graduate from the University possessing a firm grounding in Catholic teaching. And by this intellectual awareness of the Catholic faith, individuals can create "a connection between the heart and the mind." Through this solid connection, through this secure grounding in the Catholic theology, Jenky hopes that students of Notre Dame can then share this strong faith of theirs with persons beyond the campus of Our Lady.

So important does Father Jenky view this deeper understanding of Catholic theology that under his direction the Office of Campus Ministry is sponsoring a Catholic Faith Program. This program, led by Sister Jodie Screes, involves approximately sixty students for six consecutive Tuesday evenings. The whole purpose behind this program is the discussion of basic questions that people may have concerning Catholic teaching. From Scripture to personal prayer to various moral issues, all queries basic or complex can be posed and answered at these meetings. The acquisition of a firm understanding of and appreciation for the Catholic faith which Father Jenky firmly believes in are goals sought after in these sessions. By this program and by his other means of pastoral service, then, Jenky believes in and is seeking complete student understanding of Catholic theology.

In regard to this need for theological comprehension, Jenky says that Campus Ministry cannot do it all for a person, but they "can be a catalyst." They can set the intellectual process of understanding the tenets of Catholicism into motion. And as an individual continues to develop this knowledge on his own, he can then apply this strengthened theology to common

situations he faces. In everyday life, he insists, there are moral questions that must be answered. With an understanding of Catholic morality, an individual is capable of making these moral decisions intelligently. "Catholicism is a way of life," attests Jenky, and an intelligent, knowledgeable faith in Christianity allows the individual in his daily life to make morally proper decisions. It is Father Jenky's goal that Campus Ministry assist individuals in accomplishing this endeavor.

Granted, this intelligent incorporation of theology into daily life may seem heavy and burdensome at times, but the effort must be put forth. "It has never been easy to be a Christian," agrees Jenky, but through his eager guidance and Campus Ministry's special assistance, the intelligent practice of Christian ideals can be made less difficult.

By Father Jenky's sincere and concerned efforts, Catholic spirituality at Notre Dame can be greatly enhanced. For this hardworking and enthusiastic concern, Father Daniel Jenky deserves a great chorus of praise. □

Alison P. Hilton, from Sinking Spring, Pennsylvania is a sophomore Arts and Letters major. This is her first contribution to Scholastic.



SMC Focus

Editor's Crisis

"Write about what is new and different at Saint Mary's"

by Mary Isphording
and Jayne Kenny

An obviously distressed Kathy Curran approached us at lunch today. She explained that the article on the new housing situation at Saint Mary's intended for this spot had become outdated overnight and she needed a new one on another topic within 24 hours. Kathy said, "Would you two like to write the new article?" We asked, "By tomorrow?" She said, "Yes." We said, "No." But here we are, doing a favor for a friend.

So we asked Kathy, "What should we write about?" She replied, "Write about what is new and different at Saint Mary's." So we asked Kathy, "What is new and different at Saint Mary's?" "Well," she said, "there are new shoots on my plant." Obviously, once she had unloaded this assignment on us she was not going to be of any help. Left to our own resources, we decided to take an informal poll of other Saint Mary's students to determine exactly what is new and different at Saint Mary's.

Junior Beth McDevitt responded to our query "Get my name in print—that would be new and different." Melissa Meyer's only response was "Why did she ask *you* to write this article?" We ignored her and forged ahead in our quest for news.

Since asking others for news items was obviously not going to work, we decided to roam the Saint Mary's campus with our eyes wide open in search of a truly enthralling campus issue on which to base our article. And what did we find? The Junior Class is selling pies, the kind you throw in faces, as a fund-raiser. Dandelions are reappearing in the soccer field next to Madeleva. Lots of people need tickets to the Marquette game. St.

Patrick's and April Fool's Day cards are now available in the Shaheen Bookstore in the Haggar College Center. With spring drawing near, unattached seniors are beginning to panic. So are unattached juniors.

Since the resolution of the housing integration controversy, there just doesn't seem to be any "truly enthralling campus issue on which to base our article." It's February in South Bend and the biggest issue on campus seems to be where to

spend Spring Break. And for those of us planning to spend it at home, even Spring Break isn't an issue of much concern. This is not to say that there is no news at Saint Mary's. There are 1800 women on this campus and something of note happens to each one of them every day. Who said that only controversy makes good news?

So there's our article. We didn't really have a topic, but we hope you liked it anyway. And if you didn't, look at it this way: No news is good news! □



Mary Isphording, from Cincinnati, Ohio, and Jayne Kenny from Rocky River, Ohio, are both Saint Mary's students.

Fr. Bill and the Bottle

by John Dettling

"Candy is dandy
but liquor is quicker"

—Ogden Nash

The boat is rocking again. The issue of alcohol consumption, once dormant and its use a seeming certainty of university life, has erupted into a dispute that has produced more questions than answers. The administration, specifically the Committee on the Responsible Use of Alcohol, has spent the last few months laboriously trying to reach an agreement on an alcohol problem that is diagnosed as prevalent on the Notre Dame campus, while students, stung by the realization that a privilege they have may suddenly be retracted, have just now begun to fragmently raise an objection.

The abolition or restriction of alcohol use is a likely possibility. Unless complications arise, the decision of the Trustees, after a recommendation from the Alcohol Committee, will be public on the first of April. Notre Dame had been a dry campus until about 15 years ago when a combination of the radical Vietnam atmosphere and a national trend to lower the drinking age to eighteen led the university to adopt a restrictive drinking policy. In 1982, the report on Priorities and Commitments for Excellence recognized that "alcohol abuse is a national problem that has been identified as a concern at Notre Dame." P.A.C.E. recommended that:

The Provost, with the approval of the President, appoint a committee of administrators, faculty, rectors and students to draw up a public statement on responsible drinking; to consider whether present practices and policies on alcohol are conducive to responsible drinking; and to recommend new policies where appropriate.

Subsequently, the Committee on the Responsible Use of Alcohol formed. An investigation revealed that there was a disquieting drinking problem in which incidents of public intoxication and generally, an unnecessary and excessive amount of alcohol was reported.

Someone always receives the burden of criticism when an unpopular decision is made. The most visible administrative member of the Committee is Administrative Assistant to the Executive Vice-President Father E. William Beauchamp, who is the committee's chairman. It is important that two misconceptions are rectified. First, the Committee has no legislative power. It was established to examine Notre Dame's alcohol policy and suggest additions and deletions to the rules and regulations to the Provost. Secondly, Father Beauchamp's vote carries no more weight than Student Body President Brian Callaghan or any other member. Hence, it is erroneous for students to cast him solely as the villain. The issue is far too complex and Father Beauchamp simply does not possess the authority to single-handedly determine a school policy of such magnitude.

Father Beauchamp is quite candid,

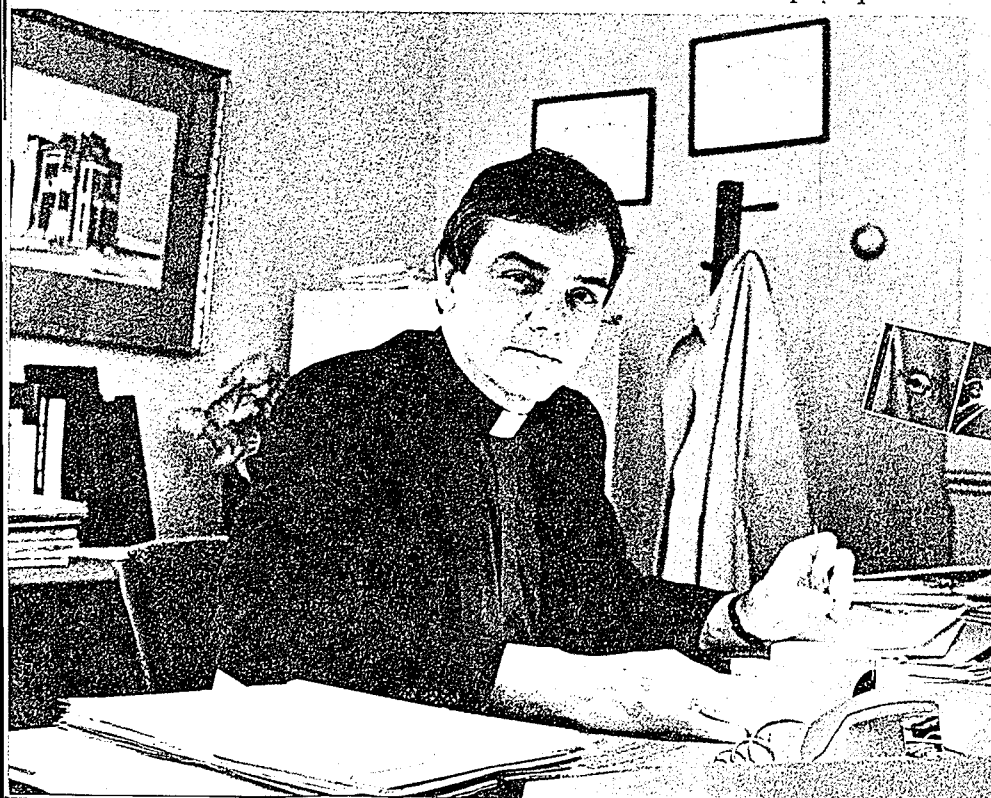
whether it is in a private meeting or in front of a group of students at an Accent discussion. He does not convey the impression that his intention is to swing an axe at the student population. He is not rash in his opinions. His conclusions, however disagreeable they may be, are well thought out. Finally, he realizes that being in a visible position when an unpopular decision is made may not make him the toast of the town. "Everybody would like to be popular with everybody," he says. Yet, he realizes everybody won't be happy when an unpopular issue arises. "Reality sets in and you realize how complex it (the alcohol issue) is."

On legal grounds, Father Beauchamp, an attorney, can shatter any student argument. Indiana is a twenty-one state, yet Notre Dame is the only university in the state that blatantly permits alcohol consumption by minors. His personal opinion is that the university is breaking the law even to the degree that "we have it written out (in *Du Lac*) how to break the law." Liability extremely concerns the university. If a minor consumes alcohol at a Notre Dame social gathering, the university is responsible if he should do something illegal. But the University has no legal responsibility for a minor who drinks in the privacy of his room unbeknownst to anyone.

Many students at Notre Dame are Irish or Italian Catholics and middle or upper class who have been raised in a stratum of society in which alcohol use is encouraged. Then they arrive at Notre Dame. "There is an awful lot of pressure for students to get involved in the drinking scene," Father Beauchamp says. "When they arrive at Notre Dame, they have freedom unlike any other time in their lives." This, he feels, can lead to abuse.

There are two main concerns of the administration. One is drinking per se. The University is morally neutral concerning drinking and only disapproves of it when it is intemperately consumed. Besides violating the Indiana state law in which the University assumes a legal risk, Father Beauchamp is extremely disturbed that alcohol has become the central focus of all social life. Student Body President Brian Callagan reports that last fall, Zahm Freshmen invited Breen-Phillips Freshmen for a happy hour. When the Breen-Phillips girls discovered

Father William Beauchamp



that no alcohol would be served, they declined to come. This is an example among many that Father Beauchamp insists reflects a disconcerting trend. Alcohol has become the central dominating feature of a party to the extent that it overshadows the party itself. Abuse, Father Beauchamp comments, is openly encouraged. Drinking at a typical function at Notre Dame is not the way society generally consumes alcohol, Father Beauchamp says, and it is not the role of the University to create an "animal house" atmosphere. It is his opinion that Notre Dame is a "1200-acre bar on weekends." This would be clearly apparent he feels, if one toured every dorm on a Friday night. He cites the scenario of innumerable students arriving at the Circle of Friday afternoon with outrageous quantities of alcohol or the helpless rector watching underage freshmen bring in twelve cases of beer. Most disturbing to Father Beauchamp is the prevalent atmosphere at dorm parties and student disregard of party regulations set forth in *Du Lac*. Father Beauchamp maintains that Notre Dame students are of high character and mature, the impending alcohol policy changes notwithstanding. He states: "Eighteen- to twenty-one-year-old individuals may have to be restricted when you put over 7400 of them together." Obviously, Father Beauchamp is referring to the herd mentality. Many times, isolated individuals don't reflect the actions of the group of which they are a part. Hence, the administration's actions don't seem to be an indictment on the individual, but rather on the prevalent drinking attitude that becomes apparent when individuals at Notre Dame congregate into social drinking groups. Notre Dame is a microcosm of the college world. The alcohol controversy is a sociological issue that extends beyond Notre Dame and underage drinkers. In the college world, it is conceivable that we're all playing an unavoidable game with one simple rule: You better get trashed this weekend.

It is apparent to Father Beauchamp that whatever the Committee recommends in terms of restrictions, the students won't like it. Lately, there has been a tension between the administration and student body because the students feel that their voice has been ignored in the past. Yet, Father Beauchamp emphatically states that this has not been the case in this issue. There are two students on the Committee and it has received many proposals from the Student Senate, the Hall Presidents' Council and other sources that were "worthy of consideration." "There has been a lot of input directly and indirectly," Father Beauchamp comments. He feels that students want changes immediately when, in fact, an issue can't be resolved in a short duration. This all stems from different perspectives: The administration feels that since it runs the

university on a permanent basis, it can see trends and determine what is best for the University on a short- and long-term basis, whereas "students are only here for four years." Still, Father Beauchamp sees the issue as a no-win situation with regard to the student attitude towards administrative policies: "There is a sense that if we don't do what they want, we haven't listened to them." Besides students, parents, faculty, and rectors were consulted. These diverse sources created a wealth of diverse and often conflicting opinions, which the committee had to deal with.

As Father Beauchamp was bombarded with credible questions from students at an Accent discussion, there was a distinct sense that he had heard them all before. He acknowledged this after the meeting: "For the most part, what they say is absolutely correct." It is the complexity of the issue that has delayed an official University statement. "There is no simple solution," he says. "One solution to a

problem creates another problem." It has been a "painful process" because the issue is so muddled. Father Beauchamp acknowledges that the problem might merely move off campus which implies that more drunk drivers might infest the streets of South Bend. He recognizes that real abusers might still be immune from enforced alcohol policies but reveals that there is a possibility that future freshmen will have to participate in some mode of alcohol education as part of their physical education. Students have the misconception that they have a right to drink, yet Father Beauchamp declares that drinking has not been a right, but a privilege granted that can be revoked. Will the University's alcohol policy deter potential Domers from attending Notre Dame? This is hardly a concern of the administration: "If a student wouldn't attend Notre Dame merely because of its alcohol policy, we wouldn't want him anyway."

The most distressing and serious prob-

The Enforcer: An R.A.'s perspective of a policy change

by Mary Ellen Arn

Remember the not-so-funny cartoon depicting a character springing from a diving board and then realizing mid-descent that the pool below is empty? In a sense, the administration is forcing R.A. candidates to make a similar plunge by committing themselves to a dangerously undefined job next year. In this case the liquid whose presence is critical is alcohol, not water.

Although the decision concerning a "dry" campus has been promised by May, the resident assistant selection process ended March 12 when R.A. candidates were given official notice of final acceptance. Just what the job description will entail next year, however, is unclear.

"The role of the R.A. will have to drastically change (if the campus is "dry"), most assuredly it will become extremely difficult," was the comment of Lewis Hall R.A. Bridget Blais. "It's hard enough to walk the fine line between authority and friend. You'd become a policeman." The words "watchdog," "policeman," and "drastic" crop up frequently when asking R.A.'s about a "dry" campus and its effect on their position.

Fr. Maurice Carlton, assistant rector of Flanner Hall, expressed his concern over the added stress on the R.A. position, "A dry campus is going to pose some

difficult questions to the R.A. and demand tremendous change in the job as it presently stands. The enforcement issue is the key. Right now we're interviewing next year's R.A. candidates without a concrete conception of what type of person we should be choosing."

Major concern exists over the shift of emphasis from the role of the R.A. as a compassionate counselor to a disciplinarian. Presently the administration stresses the humanitarian and friendship aspect of the R.A. role. Next year the most important qualification may have to be the ability to be an enforcer and to cope with the alienation involved with that role.

Zahm Hall R.A. Daniel Kerrigan explained, "Right now I can walk into a room and have a beer with guys and feel completely comfortable. With a 'dry' campus I wouldn't feel free to even walk into the room—I'd feel like a snoop or a suspicious intruder or something. The trust would be gone."

Without exception, the R.A.'s interviewed felt it would take an enormous amount of thought before they'd be an R.A. under "dry" campus circumstances, despite present "fantastic relationships with my section" and many "rewarding experiences."

Mary Ellen Arn, who hopes to be an R.A. next year, is from Glenshaw, Pennsylvania. She is a regular writer for *Scholastic*.



"Drunkenness has become acceptable conduct. The message has to be that public intoxication is not tolerable."

—Father Beauchamp

lem, according to Father Beauchamp, is public intoxication. "The legal liability isn't going to control everything we do," he states in reference to the moral liability that Notre Dame as a religious institution considers its duty. "We take our role as a Catholic educational institution seriously," he says. It is his opinion that drunkenness has become acceptable in the student community. Hence, this is a moral issue. "Drunkenness has become acceptable conduct," he says. "The message has to be loud and clear that public intoxication is not tolerable." This does not mean that Father Beauchamp has construed a campus littered every weekend with thousands of inebriated students frantically in search of a lamp to break. Rather, it is a subtle but prevailing attitude of the majority that is demonstrated time after time by a small minority. "As a Christian educational institution, we have to address it. If what we have created is an environment that has condoned it (public intoxication), we have a problem." The bottom line according to Father Beauchamp is that "drunkenness is immoral." He thinks that students don't even consider drunkenness as a moral issue. He cited a fellow priest at Notre Dame who, after being accustomed to hearing drunkenness confessed by males for years, has not heard such a confession in a couple years. "If student drank the same way as they do at home," he says, "we wouldn't have a problem." But they don't, it appears the Committee has concluded. Father Beauchamp insists that it is the duty of the University to morally prepare students for society in any way they can. Providing an atmosphere in which drunkenness is blatantly tolerated is not being true to the aims of Notre Dame according to Father Beauchamp.

There are more questions than answers. Students perceive the administration's possible restrictions on alcohol use as detrimental to a social life that is already hindered by a disproportionate sex ratio and inadequate social space. The administration merely sees itself as conforming to the law and, on a higher plane, implementing into action its moral responsibility as a Catholic institution. Students seriously question whether there really is such a grave problem that warrants the drastic measures that are rumored and wonder why the problematic social life hasn't been attacked with the same vigor as the alcohol issue. The administration perceives its response to a diagnosed alcohol problem

as a culmination of concern that has been expressed for years and as consistent with a national trend that is evident on college campuses and legislators' agendas. If restrictions are implemented next fall as it seems in all likelihood, the administration will have its hands full when trying to enforce its new regulations. Yet, for the students, they will be faced with an even greater challenge: After an intense academic week with the weekend upon them and the minds put on hold for at least Friday and Saturday nights, students might have to do something that they're not accustomed to doing on a weekend: Use their imagination. This will be necessary for the bars will probably be too crowded. □



John Dettling is a sophomore PLS/Philosophy major from Akron, Ohio, who doesn't worry anymore. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.

Across the Doorstep: A Look



**"Let me live in a house
by the side of the road
and be a friend to man."**

**Both his preaching and
teaching have strongly
influenced his
theological work.**

at Father Burtchaell

by Kathy McGarvey

Reverend James Burtchaell has a wonderful doorstep. Around the back of Holy Cross Hall stands a large birdfeeder to accommodate his feathered friends and a carved wooden sign hanging on his door to welcome his more human visitors. The sign reads, "Let me live in a house by the side of the road and be a friend to man." Burtchaell's doorstep betrays its resident theologian to be an engaging man who talks easily about himself, his travels, his culinary delights, and his thirty-three-year involvement at Notre Dame as a student, seminarian, provost, and professor. But above all, Burtchaell talks easily, enthusiastically, and one might say earnestly about his theology.

"What the Church needs of a theologian and what the world needs of a theologian is a person of sagacious thought. A theologian is supposed to look at things against the tradition of faith and see things and explain things in that perspective." But how Father Burtchaell situates his theological reflections in a tradition eclectically expressed over two thousand years of discussion of a Chris-

tian God suggests an independent and creative mind thoroughly capable of articulating who God is to modern believers. In one of his earlier books, *PHILEMON'S PROBLEM*, published in 1973, Father Burtchaell explores how a Christian must respond to the daily dilemma of answering God's radical call to love in a secular society.

While many theologians write from an intellectual curiosity that demands a somewhat detached perspective, Fr. Burtchaell's treatment of faith in his books, his classroom, and in his living room bespeaks an intense interest in expressing theology in a context meaningful to a community with needs so evident in the ministry of the priesthood. Both preaching and teaching have strongly influenced his theological work. Burtchaell says his ministry has been "a very, very powerful source of theological reflection for me. It was when I came here and began to teach my regular freshman Bible class and to preach every night at Mass in the hall that I began to formulate my theology."

Prior to joining the regular faculty at Notre Dame in 1966, Fr. Burtchaell studied in Washington, D.C., Rome, Jerusalem, and at Cambridge University

where he was the first Catholic priest since the Reformation to be elected a don by the fellows of his college. Burtchaell's impressive background in theological studies was not won without the turmoil that many times accompanies great achievements and critical, transforming moments of insight. "I suppose some of the more important moments of my life have been moments when I was dealt with by surprise. When I was a seminarian in Rome, my superior who is no longer living found me very difficult to abide. Quite a group of us in our class arrived in Rome, not intending in any way to cause disturbance but just very independent of mind." Where did Burtchaell fit into this watershed of young talent raining on the Roman theological parade? "I suppose that among all the group, I was the one who bothered him the most. So he threw me out of the seminary in Rome and sent me back to the United States. And many good things followed from that.

The "good things" that followed were discoveries of and contact with several American theologians who had similar theological insights as Burtchaell had, and a personal revelation for this controversial man. "I became at least

somewhat aware of the fact that I could easily get on the nerves of someone who was offended by independent thinking."

Anyone who was weaned on Baltimore Catechism or experienced a primarily dogmatic Catholic theology growing up may find Burtchaell's articulation of the faith hard to swallow. While he admits that "I like to say things in ways free of cliché," Burtchaell insists that his statements like, "Jesus' life, death, and appearances after death are only a hint, and even an unsatisfying hint of God" (*Philemon's Problem*, p. 14) are in full accord with the Tradition of faith in the Christian community.

"As a theologian I try to formulate things as make most sense to people and some listeners who hear unfamiliar expressions are easily persuaded that this is untraditional thinking. People who listen at length and more carefully realize that although I'm rather independent, I am a very traditional theologian. I am a theologian of the Church." Fr. Burtchaell's beginning studies in theology centered on the Scriptures themselves, thus buying him intellectual freedom from "the intimidation that some people experience when they say 'well the Pope said this,' or 'this is what all the Bishops are teaching at the moment.'"

What fruits has his intellectual freedom brought to theology? Without possessing any special theological insights, a believer who is open and attentive to what Fr. Burtchaell actually says hears God, ethics, and the sacraments explained in a refreshingly personal yet profound way. Burtchaell stresses a God constantly drawing all people to himself, much as a lover desires the embrace of his beloved. Jesus is a dramatic and intimate manifestation of this love and reveals to human history the whispers of God's own heart. Yet the unfathomable God in all his glory remains hidden in the shadows of mystery much as Moses sees God only in a glimpse from behind. "Even those who entered into God's heart most closely could only have a fleeting glimpse, a tantalizing glimpse of who God is. And that is why we have Jesus." Jesus is not a full display of God simply because, "The con-

straints of creation are far too narrow for God to be known as he knows himself."

Perhaps one of the more controversial statements in *Philemon's Problem* is when Burtchaell writes that "Jesus can in no exclusive or particular way be our Savior." (p. 36) Is Jesus our Messiah then? Fr. Burtchaell and the New Testament think so. Burtchaell explains, "Jesus is our savior. But there are a lot of people who are not saved by Jesus. Most Christians would have to say that it is through Jesus that they have been rescued from their selfishness. But to turn around and say 'and no one else is saved,' is a denial of the very Father that Jesus is revealing."

So the Cadillac scenario that Catholics drive to heaven with exclusive style and ease doesn't quite match Burtchaell's vision of a universally available salvation. "I am of the mind that Christians should try with great integrity to reach a common mind. To do so would be more faithful to Christ. My bias tends to be rather clearly ecumenical."

While Burtchaell's God is an ardent and boundless lover, his concept of Church resembles more a faithful wife. The marriage of Christ to a human Church with a human history expresses a unique way in which God bonds himself to his people. "The Church's task is one of judgement, of revealing to people how they are. And of course, calling them to how they might be." Fr. Burtchaell analogizes this process of an individual's recognition of sin in his life and the Church's sacramental response to the experience of Alcoholics Anonymous and "the need for loving but sober companionship of someone else to see ourselves as we are."

Burtchaell finds the language of reward and punishment to be an inadequate metaphor about salvation. "Our destiny is determined by who we become." The real issue is whether we are able to embrace God or whether we are so estranged that we wouldn't even recognize him in our lives. This estrangement is Hell? "Yes, and you don't have to wait for that."

Choices and not commands constitute the brick by which a Christian constructs his spiritual development. Burtchaell believes a person responds to God's embrace of love by embracing those personal and social decisions involving relationships, careers, sexuality, politics, and peace in a way that reaches more widely and deeply into the suffering of a violent, sinful society. Merely obeying rules will not satisfy this radical call to love as God loves. These rules miss the point that the law of love must be internalized and written on the human heart if it is to bind man to his God.

To choose necessitates an independence of mind congruent with the image of the controversial Burtchaell. "I occasionally have taken stands for which I got very little support at the time. And

yet I did so because I had thought about it at length and didn't see any other acceptable policy to follow. Most often, in the course of time, others who came to spend as much time thinking about it afterwards as I had beforehand came to agree maybe it was a good turn. That doesn't make it any easier to take a public stand when you don't know if there will be support or not. But I've done that a few times."

Despite Burtchaell's commitment to articulate his theological insights even in the face of opposition, this Holy Cross priest considers himself to be very much a community and "institutional" person. Because so many of Burtchaell's fifty years have been spent at Notre Dame, the University and the choices it makes provoke Burtchaell's interest and comment with as much earnest as theology exacts from him. One of the bigger decisions the University is facing now is whether to adopt a dry campus policy for a largely under 21 student body. While Burtchaell explains the choices of personal ethics differ in nature from the decisions made by an educational institution, the element of accountability runs through both kinds of choices.

"The responsible senior people at the University have persistently shown that they are not willing to do the assiduous work and to require the accountability that a student body of this age and this size would need if they were to drink publicly with any measure of success. If the senior people aren't willing to hold students accountable for the way they drink, then it is a thinkable alternative that there would be no drinking at all. But I would assign the major failure, not first of all to the students, but first of all to the people responsible for discipline at the University and secondly to the parents."

Fr. Burtchaell, an outspoken and controversial theologian and priest, says it like he sees it. He lends his candor and mind to Christian theology and to Notre Dame in a way that invites a person in, to experience a loving God and a concerned University. His Church has as many doors as there are visitors. James Russell Lowell would not say of him, "For though he builds glorious temples, 'tis odd/ He leaves never a doorway to get in a god."

Outside Burtchaell's sedate living room, the clamor of Holy Cross Hall's food sales employees can be heard as their ovens are prepared for pizzas. It is quieter here in the day, when only the birds make noise in their house by the side of the road. Fr. Burtchaell has a wonderful doorstep.

Kathy McCarvey is a junior in the Program of Liberal Studies. A frequent contributor and Scholastic's new editor-elect, she hails from Drexel Hill, Pennsylvania.

"As a theologian I try to formulate things as make most sense to people and some listeners who hear unfamiliar expressions are easily persuaded that this is untraditional thinking. I am a very traditional theologian."

by Dr. Anthony Ostric

Since 1969, Rev. James Tunstead Burtchaell, C.S.C., theology professor, former chairman of that department and University provost, has persistently challenged Christ's and his Church's teachings. As his works clearly show, this priest is acting as one of those "Catholic teachers" who, in the words of Pope Pius XII,

Today, as in apostolic times, desirous of novelty, and fearing to be considered ignorant of scientific findings try to withdraw themselves from the Sacred Teaching Authority (of the Catholic Church) and . . . in danger . . . of drawing others with them into error (cf. *Humanae Generis*).

The writer of the present article learned about Fr. Burtchaell's position only after having read his statements on the Catholic Church's teachings regarding sin and the Sacrament of Reconciliation made to Linda Bloom, staff writer of the *South Bend Tribune*. The statements appeared in an interview published November 19, 1983, and echoed the statements put forth in Fr. Burtchaell's publications. This interview was published under the title "Synods Best Serve as an Airing Ground for Opinions."

In that article, the interviewer reported:

Father Burtchaell doesn't believe that process (of confession, which requires a person to privately examine his or her conscience, talk about it to an authorized confessor and then receive religious forgiveness of sin from God through the confessor) is effective. "It's in the nature of sin that its (*sic*) very difficult for me to know what I've done wrong," he explained.

"Examination of conscience in the presence of a trusted person can allow more self-honesty . . . a 'Good confession can grow out of good conversations,' " he added.

And yet, these and other statements made by this Catholic priest in his other publications on the subject oppose not only the Catholic Church's teachings, but are also contradictory to the teaching authority of her Divine Founder, Jesus Christ who, after his resurrection, established the Sacrament of Reconciliation by saying to his disciples:

Peace be with you! As the Father sends me, so I send you . . . Receive the Holy Spirit; whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; whose sins you shall retain, they are retained (John 20:21-23).

A Critique of Burtchaell's Theology

"Because his critical view of the Church's teaching regarding divinely revealed realities coincides with that put forth by Modernism, Father Burtchaell praises Modernism and denounces the papal condemnation by Pius X of Modernism as a tragedy."

"Yet Father Burtchae-ll should know that, contrary to what he expects, every reader of *Philemon's Problem* will necessarily conclude that no scholars, nor members of any Christian Churches, nor even any intelligent and honest person having 'no Christian faith' could find himself at home either in this professor's book or his 'synthesis' (theology) . . ."

Father Burtchae-ll also strays from the Church's teaching concerning divine revelation, i.e., divinely revealed realities or truths. Such are known to all informed Catholics, including Father Burtchae-ll; they were made more accessible to every Catholic after the Second Vatican Council. The most pertinent parts of the essential teachings are as follows:

It pleases God, in his goodness and wisdom, to reveal himself and to make known the mystery of his will.

God graciously arranged that the things he had once revealed for the salvation of all peoples should remain in their entirety throughout the ages, and be transmitted to all generations. Sacred Tradition and sacred Scripture make a single sacred deposit of the Word of God, which is entrusted to the Church . . . the task of giving an authentic interpretation of the Word of God . . . has been entrusted to the living teaching office (magisterium) of the Church alone (Dogmatic Constitution of Divine Revelation).

Furthermore, the Church teaches that her Divine Founder, "Christ the Lord, in whom the entire Revelation of the most high God is summarized," recognizes the sacredness of the scriptures by firmly and solemnly declaring to his disciples:

Do not think that I have come to destroy the Law or the Prophets. I have not come to destroy but to fulfill. For amen I say to you, till heaven and earth pass away, not one letter shall be lost from the Law until all things have been accomplished (Matthew 5:17-18).

Yet, instead of adhering meekly, humbly and faithfully to those revealed truths Father Burtchae-ll proceeds to baselessly oppose these supernatural truths, without indicating specific sources (references) from which he derives his knowledge or opinions.

Because his critical view of the Church's teaching regarding divinely revealed realities coincides with that put forth by Modernism (as propagated among Catholics), Father Burtchae-ll praises it and denounces "the papal condemnation [by Pius X in 1907] of Modernism as a tragedy . . ." (Catholic Theories of Biblical Inspiration since 1810, p. 4).

Just as the followers of Modernism do, this Holy Cross priest bases his own view on the origin and development of religions in general, and Christian (Catholic) religion in particular, including the notion of gods, god and God, on "the best religious experiences of the race" exclusively. Furthermore, Father Burtchae-ll's own view "about Christian faith," or as he called it, "theology (that) had been growing within me (cf.

Philemon's Problem, pp. 173-174), was attained without

claiming any method different from the common one: extrapolation from our knowledge of man . . . No man has seen God; we have only ourselves as paradigms. But what Christians rejoice in is knowledge of a better god (sic), since we have a new image and likeness: Jesus of Nazareth (Ib., pp. 18-19).

Jesus, however, according to Father Burtchae-ll's view, is not the same Messiah, i.e., promised Redeemer, or "Christ the Lord, in whom the entire Revelation of the most high God is summarized" as taught by the Church. Contrary to the Catholic Church's teaching, this Notre Dame theology professor is denying the existence of "supernatural realities" or "truths" as revealed by God either to our first parents or through the Prophets—as contained in sacred Scripture—which "should remain in their entirety through the ages and be transmitted to all generations." Invariably, according to Father Burtchae-ll,

God, after all, *cannot be adequately revealed in human affairs, nor fittingly incarnated.* (*Philemon's Problem*, p. 19) (Emphasis added.)

No ancient statement or document ever quite put forth the truth adequately for contemporary needs. No past statement can serve for the present in its past form; and all present statements in their turn will forthwith become obsolete for generations to come . . .

I have proposed that truth, especially revelational (sic) truth, is closely correlated to time. Yesterday's truth may not be today's error, but neither is it today's truth, though the two are as parent and child. *Truth can be no eternal possession, no safe investment, no once-for-all deposit.* (cf. *Catholic Theories*, pp. 295-298) (Emphasis added.)

Therefore, Father Burtchae-ll neither could nor does accept the Catholic Church's teaching regarding "the divinely revealed realities" or "supernatural truths" contained in the sacred Scriptures, as the "eternal possession" and "once-for-all deposit" entrusted to the Church. In other words, he applied the above principles of absolute relativism not only to the "Words of God" contained in the Old Testament, but also the words or teachings of Christ in the New Testament even though Jesus declared: "I am the way and the truth and the life" (John 14:16), and despite Christ's numerous miracles and his glorious resurrection confirming his words as representing the eternal truths.

Evolution (i.e., the process of change, in the inorganic as well as organic

worlds, in a certain direction) and, in particular "the evolutionary growth of mankind," together with the Law of Recapitulation" are considered by Father Burtchaell as established facts or "fundamental principles" or "real truths," "eternal possession . . . once-for-all deposit" of science. Father Burtchaell declared so without any explanation of these propositions or evidence supporting them, or even without any indication of reference.

And yet, every well-informed student of human biology or of physical anthropology is aware of the fact that "the evolutionary growth of mankind" could not represent a *fundamental* or scientifically established fact or truth, but only a general hypothetical proposition. Further, up to now there is no hypothetical consensus even among "modern evolutionists" themselves regarding the evolutionary origin and growth of mankind.

With regard to the "Law of Recapitulation," Father Burtchaell should know:

(1) It was Ernst Haeckel (1834-1919), German biologist and philosopher and enthusiastic propagator of the Darwinian theory of evolution, who offered the following meaning of said "Law of Recapitulation":

An organism passes through successive stages resembling the series of an ancestral type from which it has descended so that the ontogeny of the individual is recapitulation of the phylogeny of its group.

(2) This "Law of Recapitulation," held by Father Burtchaell as "fundamental principle" for his "synthesis," is *considered to be without any scientific value* by all serious biologists and physical anthropologists, including convinced evolutionists.

Nevertheless, these evolutionary hypotheses held by Father Burtchaell as objective realities (truths) serve as fundamental principles upon which his "synthesis" or "theology" is based.

According to Father Burtchaell,

As cytology recapitulates phylogeny, the individual Christian can and certainly should (sic) *rewalk the route from paganism to Christ*, as marked out [?] in Scripture. *Pre-Christ belief works out with effort what post-Christ belief later takes for granted*—and if these presuppositions are left unexamined and unverified, they will prove hazardous for us (cf. *Catholic Theories*, p. 303). (Emphasis added.)

In other words, following Father Burtchaell's theology, *all aspects of reality would be subject to evolution*, including, in this case, religion. The evolution of the latter precludes any revealed religions or religious supernatural truths divinely

revealed to our first parents or to their offspring throughout the Old Testament, as well as those truths revealed by Christ. Thus:

The Bible is not systematically homogenous, presents its interpreter with different beliefs and views that are often at odds with one another . . . *In a sense everything in the Bible is obsolete for every subsequent believer.*

There is no system of absolute norms by which one can examine and evaluate Scripture, since the ancient traditions can be studied only from the vantage point of the interpreter . . . His own point is fixed in a certain time and culture . . . When he evaluates the texts that lie before him, he cannot simply claim to be repeating what Jeremiah or Paul or Luke meant. He is offering a synthesis for which he himself, standing where he does, must claim responsibility.

The responsibility of interpretation is open to grotesque abuse . . . Yet despite these and so many other examples there is no utterly objective standpoint available. The Bible does not agree with itself. . .

I must take responsibility for the hindsight I possess, and realize that it depends not simply on a scientific handling of the literature, but on the worth of my own stance today . . . My remarks on Scripture will not be very extensive, all will be more by way of illustration than of proof. . . (*Philemon's Problem*, pp. 23-24). (Emphasis added.)

Accordingly, Father Burtchaell himself—having been convinced that "there is no system of absolute norms by which one can examine and evaluate Scripture . . . no utterly objective standpoint available"—has evaluated biblical texts in his own subjective way, following the above "principles" in searching for truth. He has created "a synthesis for which he himself . . . must claim responsibility." He did so even though he was aware that his synthesis represents what one can consider a most "grotesque abuse," to employ his own term. That it is the matter of such an abuse the reader could easily conclude from what follows. Regarding his book, described by Father Burtchaell as being "about Christian faith" and "in the Catholic tradition, as I am," the "theology that has been growing within me," this priest and theology professor states:

I expect scholars and believers in all [Christian] churches will find themselves at home here. I make bold to hope even that those who have no Christian faith would find my theme inviting, as King Agrippa listened with sympathy to Paul (Acts 26, 27-29). (Emphasis added.)

Yet Father Burtchaell should know

that, contrary to what he expects, every reader of *Philemon's Problem* will necessarily conclude that no scholars, nor members of any Christian churches, nor even any intelligent and honest person having "no Christian faith" could find themselves at home either in this professor's book or his "synthesis" (theology) for several important reasons. Among them:

(1) His method was not scientific; he did not proceed objectively, but with hypothetical evolutionary preconceptions and bias against any possibility of the existence of revealed truths. He used, as he stated, "the common (method of) . . . extrapolation from our knowledge of man . . ." in examining or interpreting what the Catholic Church considers sacred Scripture containing "the divinely revealed realities."

(2) In no way could Father Burtchaell's theology be called a "synthesis"—as he does—because it represents only a collection of diverse ideas without the necessary formation of a coherent whole. Instead one finds in Father Burtchaell's major work nothing but "cultural congeries," that which Pitirim Sorokin (world-recognized sociological theorist) defines as "a mixture of ideas without any meaningful unity." In other words, Father Burtchaell's ideas represent a real hodgepodge of various elements taken from—according to the Church's teaching—the harmonious Catholic Doctrine consisting of the "divinely revealed realities" contained in "a single deposit of the Word of God," which Father Burtchaell presented as incongruous through his distortions of their meaning, his citations out of context and erroneous presentation, in such a way as to create misleading or false inferences.

After becoming convinced, in his own words, "of so many inadequacies in the Scriptures" and that there is no "divine dictation, but plagiarism from pagan sources," he decided to remedy the situation by offering his own critical view of the history of salvation. "What I wish to argue in this chapter," states Father Burtchaell, "is that it is *not* the peculiar and exclusive mission of Jesus to save men . . . The claim (that all men are saved through Jesus) might be understood in the context of what we might call 'savior myth,' which is also commonly accepted and put abroad by believers" (cf. *Philemon's Problem*, pp. 33-34).

Thus, instead of presenting this subject directly from the Bible, or from the Church's teachings, Father Burtchaell again uses the process of fabrication in presenting his own version of the history of salvation as "easily reconstructed from catechisms the world over, though it may take on a slightly different flavor in this

or that locality." And yet space does not permit a listing of where this salvation history varies from the catechisms approved by the Church; the result is a mere caricature of the history of salvation as taught by the Church.

The effect of this caricature has been an attack on the Church's teaching and the deception of not only the Catholic faithful but other Christian believers and even nonbelievers. Father Burtchaell brings this about by putting forth his presentation as being of the Church's making and as being taught by her "the world over" as a genuine history of salvation contained in the Bible, and then by attacking the Church's and Christ's teachings, as demonstrated below.

This little salvation history, it is narrated, stumbles in several directions. To begin with the character of God as described is curiously inconsistent. If God does turn from man in wrath, how serious can it be if he is all the time planning to undo the disaster? If he is benevolent enough to hand over his only Son to death, what needs does he really have to be appeased? Is atonement carried out just for the sake of protocol? You must either take God to be radically alienated by sinful man, in which case the Savior could hardly come under his Father's auspices, or believe in a God who is not really wrathful, only sullen enough to pout for a few millennia, in which case the atonement would seem to be a way of truckling up to his injured feelings. Neither God has much appeal.

Second, if Jesus's death and resurrection were the necessary prerequisites to salvation, what of the vast throngs of men born and dead before the event? . . . Theologians have speculated that grace was in fact made available to them . . . : he advanced his grace in anticipation of Jesus's accomplishment. But aside from this . . . no hopeful or satisfying explanation is offered why the Savior, coming quite late into history, leaves behind so many brethren. And indeed, if salvation is given by faith in Christ, there is the further problem that the Christian message has never been heard by more than a small minority of those who have lived after the event . . .

The real objection to this makeshift Christian myth, however, is that it is basically blasphemous. It glorifies Jesus by discrediting his Father. It denies precisely what Jesus has disclosed about the Father: that he never turns away from man no matter how much man may turn from him, that he has no mood or temper, and cannot be provoked or offended. The flaw in the myth is that it is one more device adopted by men who cannot quite bring themselves to believe that there

is a God who loves with an unyielding love. They must somehow imagine him turning away, and needing to be reconciled by some appropriate event upon earth. The fact that the Savior is himself the divine Son become man does not purge the myth of this inconsistent but antichristian suggestion that there had to be at least one utterly virtuous man to justify a restoration of God's love for mankind.

If what Jesus conveys about his Father is true, then his benevolence knows no seasons. His grace is perpetual; the full complex of his gift given to men can never be intermittent. There can be no temporary suspension of grace, understood either as the Father's favorable attitude, or as its saving effects in men. In brief, there can be no history of salvation, if by that one intends that God's grace is first interdicted in time, and then made available once more because of Jesus's accomplishments. *Jesus, then, can in no exclusive or particular way be our Savior.*

According to the indication on the reverse of the title page of his book, this priest of the Holy Cross Order requested and would have obtained from his religious superiors, "*Nihil Obstat*: Charles E. Sheedy, C.S.C.," meaning that this priest, serving as official censor of the Catholic Church, had examined this book on its author's request and found it to contain nothing opposed to Catholic faith and morals. The Provincial of this religious Order, Howard K. Kenna, C.S.C., gave his approval, "*Imprimi Potest*," that this book could be printed; and finally, it is stated in this book that His Excellence Leo E. Pursley, D.D., Bishop of Fort Wayne-South Bend, gave his *Imprimatur*, "i.e., official approval for the publication of Father Burtchaell's above-named book. When asked about that, this now-retired Bishop, otherwise known as faithful and totally loyal to the Church, declared that he never gave his approval (*Imprimatur*) for this book, that his name was put there intentionally, without even asking him; that "this represents" as the Bishop stated, "*the betrayal of my trust*." This information as given to the author of this article by the Bishop himself by telephone on December 13, 1983, and in his letter of February 8, 1984.

Father Burtchaell is acting as what St. Augustine describes as one of those who "oppose Christian teaching under cover of the Christian name as though their presence in the City of God (i.e., God's Church) could go unchallenged . . . and who entertain in Christ's Church unsound and distorted ideas."

Dr. Ostric is a professor emeritus of anthropology from St. Mary's. This is his first piece of writing for Scholastic.

**"In brief, there can be no history of salvation, if by that one intends that God's grace is first interdicted in time, and then made available once more because of Jesus's accomplishments. Jesus, then, can in no exclusive or particular way be our Savior."
—Father Burtchaell**

Where Is Jesus, Anyway?

by William John Healy

Where is Jesus? For that matter, where is God? We love to ask these questions, especially when we need His help to get something we want. It is not a proven fact that the increase in church attendance at the end of a semester has any correlation to our fears about final exams, but how many of us can admit truthfully that we didn't at least hope for divine intervention during the worst of our exams? During exam week, visits to the Grotto increase and many of ourselves begin to bargain with God about our grades: "If you let me get at least a 'B' in this class I promise that I will never lie, cheat or steal again." It is not wrong to turn to God when we become nervous about something, but where is He the rest of the year? For most of our lives God has seemingly belonged to the church, now we are old enough to claim Him for ourselves.

So where is God, and for that matter why is He important in our lives? I recently heard the answer put this way: when the world was created, God did not know where to hide Himself. He had good reasons for wanting to hide Himself; much like a mother who tries not to be seen when following her child to his first day of school: she wants her child to be free, yet safe. Unlike a mother, who often gets caught, God wanted to insure that He would not be seen. Where could He hide? Maybe on a distant star? No, He knew that someday, with the skills He had given us, we would reach all the stars and even past them. Then where was He to hide; where would His children neglect to look? In all His divine wisdom He found it.

"I will spin myself into the thread which holds my children together; I will jump inside my children. They can turn around, they can look up, down and all around, but they won't see me. They will feel my presence as they feel their own heartbeat, but this is the only hint they will have. My children will be free to discover my kingdom."



Well, it didn't work. Man got a little lost looking for their "God." So God, as generous as He is, decided to make Himself a little more reachable: "I will put my face on the face of a child, I will put my face in the clouds, in the grass, in the song of a bird, in the water with the fish, all over the place; they'll have to recognize me."

Man strained to see their "God." Some came close and tried to convince the others. Abraham tried. Moses tried. God was happy; man appeared to be on his way. Man got lost again. He was trying very hard to find the way, but he was looking for God in all the wrong directions. God wasn't only in the place of worship, nor was He in the money and wine which man so desperately fought for.

If God was capable of being discouraged, He was. He decided to bring some of His children directly to Himself. There was a flood. His first group of children were now with Him, but He was determined to make it work on Earth. Never once did He think of abandoning His children, but how could He make His situation work? Maybe, *just maybe*, He asked Adam, Eve, Abraham and the rest for a little human advice. Moses and the rest probably felt a little bad because now that they were with God, they knew where He was hiding when they were on Earth. They also knew that it was hard for the rest of the people on Earth to realize how easy the answer was. They thought about it and could come up with only one suggestion: they asked God if maybe He would nail a sign proclaiming His Word to a tree. . . .

Without a doubt these men, and ourselves, did not really understand the sacrifice we were asking of God. God knew. He never had denied His children anything, and if this meant sending His only Son to proclaim His Word, then He would have His son nailed to a tree. All men then could witness the power of His love.

Jesus came. He was afraid; he was a man. He had a mission which would lead him through the worst pains of human existence. But Jesus had something very powerful: he knew that through it all he would always have his Father with him. If all seemed to be going wrong, Jesus knew where he could turn; and thus although he was afraid, he knew he was never alone. He knew his Father would never abandon him.

They nailed his hands. They nailed his feet. Upon that horrible cross we placed the Son of God, the Son of Man. We sat back and watched Jesus suffer. He cried out to his Father. Jesus knew his Father had not abandoned him, *but it hurt*. Why does it have to hurt so? Jesus was asking. (I have also asked this question, selfishly. Why does life, and death, have to hurt?) Jesus' blood flowed from his

hands and feet and from his side where he had been lanced. . . .

Jesus knew the pain he would suffer proclaiming The Word. Even after we betrayed him, he gave us his blood to drink and to wash ourselves with. So that we would never hunger, he gave us his body to eat from. He wanted to tell us to stop looking in all corners of the earth for A GOD; He was right there all along.

We nailed his hands. We nailed his feet. Upon that horrible cross we placed the Son of God, the Son of Man. Jesus knew. He knew that the Word was too bright, too clear for us to look directly at. Jesus was afraid, and in turn, he understood that we are afraid. We covered our eyes so that we would not have to look at the truth, but his life-giving blood spilled all over our hands and all over the world. The Spirit had descended upon us and when we opened our eyes we saw that sign: "You are cordially invited to a dinner in my honor—J.C." Jesus told us that the table had been set all along and that it was time for us to all be seated with his Father. We call this meal a sacrament, I believe Jesus called it *a meal*; or maybe, I'd like to think he called it a celebration or even a party.

We nailed his hands. We nailed his feet. Upon that horrible cross we placed the Son of God, the Son of Man. Jesus wanted us to celebrate. His death? Of course not, he wanted us to celebrate life itself. Some have said that the church has gone downhill since the death of Jesus, this cannot be true if we really accept what Jesus taught. "You've heard it said. . . . but I say to you. . . ." We know that the living church, the Body of Christ, is not a building, nor all the bishops and cardinals, *we are the church*. How can Jesus' church go downhill when we are the church? Jesus brought us a message, it is up to us to listen.

Imagine for a moment being alongside the road and along comes Jesus, or any man for that matter. He is carrying his cross, bearing the burden which has been placed upon him; how many of us would stop and help? How many of us feel free enough to lay down what we have, in order to help? Seems so simple, doesn't it? Jesus came to free us from our second thoughts about our existence, thus freeing us to help ourselves and others (and some say religion isn't practical for modern times!).

Jesus carried his cross. Jesus lay down upon his cross without any struggle. He watched his hands and feet nailed. He felt the physical pain, the physical agony of being alive for that moment. The movies portray a great storm when Jesus was dying, but how many of them portray the sun coming out after the storm, and what about the inevitable rainbow? We have been taught by Jesus to realize that there will be thunderstorms in life. If

we remember that we always come out of the storm, with God's help, then we are more free to enjoy the rough weather. If you think about it, what is the worst storm we can enter in life? Surely it is not the approach of a final exam, for even this pain we can share with other people. The most fearsome storm is the approach of death. We are afraid. Jesus was afraid. We feel alone. Are we? Was Jesus? We must enter our final act with complete faith that God does exist and that He will not abandon us. If we can enter that situation with such faith, why, asked Jesus, can we not enter every living day with such faith and trust?

We nailed his hands. We nailed his feet. Upon that horrible cross we placed the Son of God, the Son of Man. We bear the burden of trying to apply his life to our 20th-century lives. This is not easy, but no one ever said that any of this life is easy. What is easy is to realize where God



is. Jesus let the cat out of the bag. It's not a secret anymore. Some people will say that it takes an impossible amount of faith to live out the Word. Nonsense. Do you believe that the sun will come up at its regular time tomorrow morning? Do you believe that millions of people lived before you came along, and millions will come along after you are dead? Nothing is for sure, that is why we pray for luck in this life. You make your own luck, believe that! No one gets an "A" in a class which he has earned an "F" no matter how hard they pray. No one will come out of the storm unless they believe that they can. We need to take one last look at the bright reality with which he left us:

He was a man. He had hopes and dreams, some came true, some did not. He walked this earth and saw the great burden in our eyes. He knew that we felt lost. He saw our fear, our shame. We blushed when he smiled at us, truly we

saw the face of God, the face of Man. His heart was open to all; to the man who worshiped money, to the leper who worshiped freedom from pain; to his close friend who betrayed him. His life and his choices were simple because he knew how short life on earth is. He opened his arms and dared us to step inside, for all times! He wants us never to forget where his Father is, and will always be.

It is a new year. We have made our resolutions. We have resolved to lose that extra weight, to earn more money, and to have a better year this year than last year. We feel that we can become better than we were in some way. With the new year comes a new hope. We set up celebrations, special days and vacations so that these times can be better than our everyday life. Jesus taught us that we may enjoy each day as a celebration. There is no need for extra celebrations. We should rejoice in being alive. We

should reflect on the new year not as a new beginning, but as a glorious continuation. We are the living Body of Christ, what a tremendous honor and burden has been placed on us. The word is out there. . .

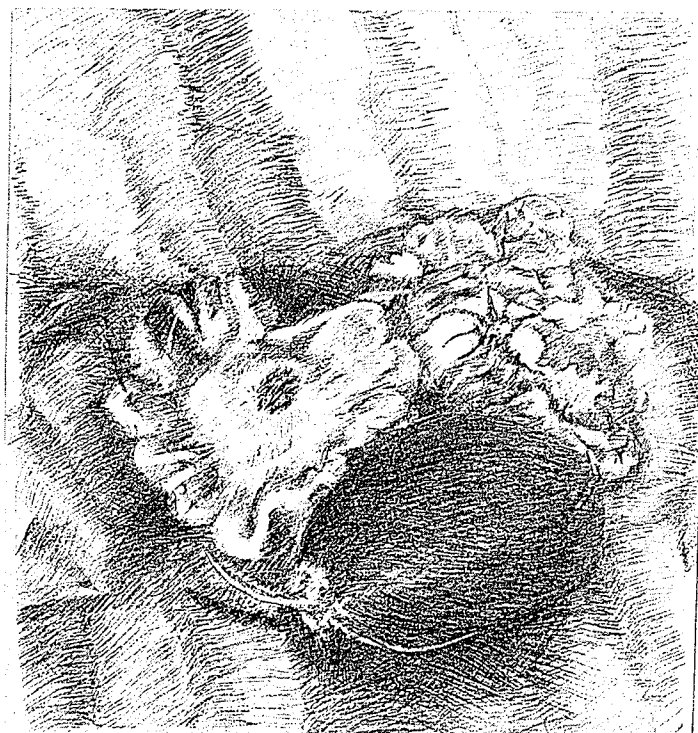
We nailed his hands. We nailed his feet. Upon that horrible cross we placed the Son of God, the Son of Man. When we moved closer to hear what Jesus was saying to us, we were shocked when through his pain he said: "I love you. . . ." Now it's up to us.

We nailed his hands. We nailed his feet. . . . Dedicated to Kim and all of Pop's Clan. □

William John Healy is a sophomore Arts and Letters major from Naperville, Illinois. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.



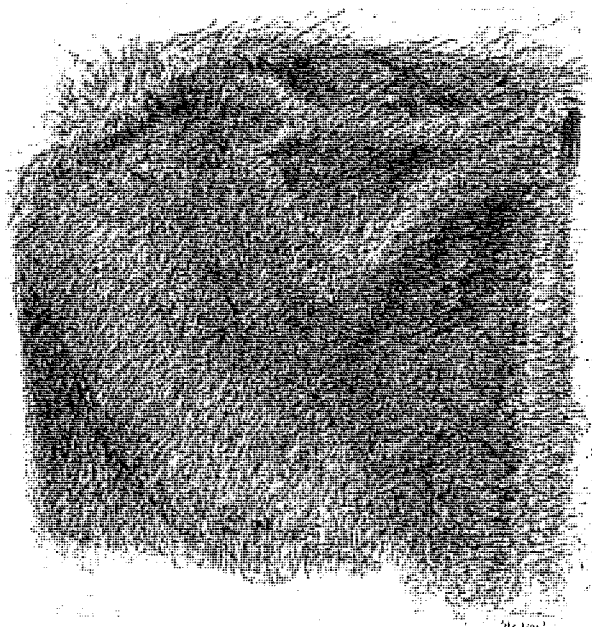
Gallery



Paradoxes

"Through my drawings I try to express the dynamic harmonies of the world around me, especially those found within common objects."

e. robinson
Art and Humanistic Studies,
Saint Mary's College



All My Domers? Another Dome? As the Dome Turns?

A lot of people wonder if a social life can be found in this heartland of America known as South Bend, Indiana. These students think that fun can be found under the shadow of the Dome.

Finding Romeo

by Bernadette Cortas

"I promise, you'll have a great time," Kathrine recited every other minute as we made our way through the slushy snow and mud. We were on our way to a party. Although I had been friends with Kathrine for some time, I had never met any of her Notre Dame friends. So that is just what Kathrine intended for me to do: go to a party, make some new friends, and have "a great time."

After our journey through a wet, soggy field, which was Kathrine's idea of a shortcut, we finally reached our desired destination without too much damage done to our toeless shoes. Yet, by the time our toes had defrosted, we

had lost sight of each other for the rest of the evening. However, I was about to meet some crazy men dressed in thin ties and casual jackets. One particular character had a hat to top off his outfit. I was on my way to having, as Kathrine might say, "a great time."

As time ticked on past parietals, I discovered I missed the final shuttle ride. I was just about prepared for a lonely voyage back to Saint Mary's when this fantastic guy, who I'd been with during the final hours of the party, offered to accompany me home. He lent me his hat before we began splashing through the puddles in the drizzling rain.

Upon my return to Holy Cross I dashed to Kathrine's room where I found my friend passed out on her

pillows. I threw open the door of my room in anticipation of hitting my sheets. Tossing my new beau's hat on the dresser, I recalled the "great time" I had that night.

From the time I met Bob, I knew he was different because he didn't make townie jokes when he heard I was from Elkhart. We danced and laughed and became instant friends. On our adventure back through all the raindrops, I came to realize how special this young man was.

I awoke to the crash of Kathrine bursting in my room and questioning me about my evening. Without waiting for a reply Kathrine continued informing me about her new love she danced with at the party. I responded with enormous excitement that I too had met a wonderful guy. Just at that moment Kathrine spotted the hat on my dresser. Her voice had lost all enthusiasm as she demanded, "What are you doing with Bob's hat?"

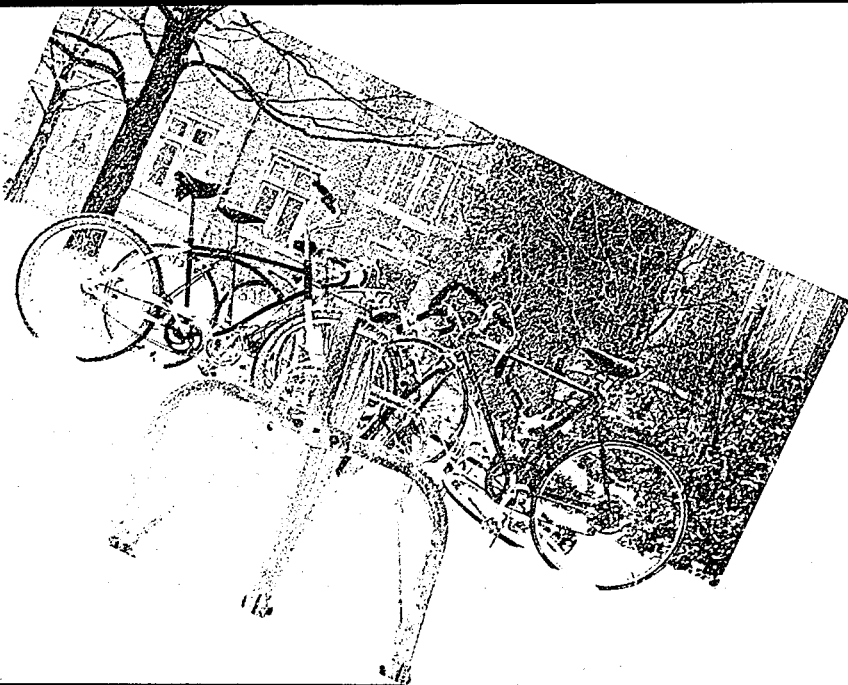
"You know Bob, too?"

Yes, we both had "a great time" at the party, but with the same great guy. At different hours during the party we met this Romeo who took both our numbers and promised to call his special lady.

Although it ruined our image of the perfect gentleman, we could not help but laugh. I doubt the culprit laughed too hard when he found he was caught in the act. However, the three of us gained a unique friendship and we all had "a great time." □

Bernadette Cortas is a Saint Mary's student from Elkhart, Indiana. This is her first contribution to Scholastic.





Dating, Domer Style

by Brittney Montclair

"I could have a party with all my friends in a phone booth and there would still be plenty of room to dance," said a freshman engineering friend of mine recently. He paused a second, then added, "Of course there wouldn't be anyone to dance with. I don't know any girls."

We were discussing the social life at Notre Dame, or rather he was complaining that N.D. lacks the elements of a good social life—pretty girls, things to do, and transportation. "Also," he continued, "engineers don't meet very many interesting people and virtually no girls."

I disagreed. "If you make an effort, you can meet people," I pointed out. "And if you're creative and persistent you can think of fun things to do and ways to get places."

He gave me a very doubtful look. "Two of the most fun dates I've ever had were with engineers here at Notre Dame," I continued. "But those two guys had a lot more ingenuity than you."

The first one, Steve, came to see me the week before the Keenan Revue.

"I want to ask you something," he said handing me his calculator. "Push that button."

I pressed the indicated button and words moved across the screen. **WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO TO THE KEENAN REVUE WITH ME? PUSH 1 FOR YES AND 2 FOR NO.** Who could resist such a cute, little calculator? I pushed 1, and it played a happy tune, and the word **YIPPEE** flashed several times.

Several days later, Steve again showed up, at my door looking de-

pressed. "I waited for three hours, and I didn't get tickets."

"Oh. Well that's OK." I tried to cheer him up. "We can still go out. We can take your calculator to the movies or something."

"No." He shook his head. "I invited you to the Revue, and I'm taking you to the Revue. We'll sneak in."

On the evening of the Revue, we arrived at St. Mary's at 5:00. I followed Steve in a back door and upstairs to a deserted classroom.

"We can wait in here," he said unloading the pockets of his overcoat. He set his Walkman, a deck of cards, and his calculator on one of the desks.

"Does your calculator play Hearts?" I asked.

Steve shook his head. "Just Go Fish." He unpacked the paper bag he had been carrying, which contained bread, lunch meat, chips, Twinkies, and mustard packets. "I'll just go find a soda machine, and we'll be all set."

Dinner made up in intimacy what it lacked in elegance and besides, there is some prestige in knowing that you are the only girl ever to be taken to dinner at O'Laughlin.

After eating we strolled down the hall to a window which overlooked the people huddled together outside the main doors.

"Too bad no one else thought of sneaking in," remarked Steve. "We need a third person to play Hearts." Instead we played rummy and listened to music until 7:10.

"Time to go," Steve picked up our coats, and I followed him downstairs to the auditorium where we picked out the best two seats behind the reserved section.

The other engineer, Mike, invited me to the movies.

"Sure," I replied. I had already seen *Caddyshack*, and it wasn't one of my favorite movies, but the Engineering Auditorium only offers two choices: watch the film they show or stay home.

"Good," said Mike. "Do you like James Bond?"

"Everybody likes James Bond." I wondered what James had to do with *Caddyshack*. Maybe this was a special version of *Caddyshack*, where James Bond teams up with the gopher.

"Great!" said Mike. "We'll go see *Never Say Never Again*."

Oh, we were going to a real movie, where you don't have to listen to guys shout "Notre Dame girl!" every time a fat female appears on screen. "Whose car are we taking?"

"No one's," said Mike. "I thought we'd ride bikes."

I knew he wasn't kidding. He rode his old, beat-up bike everywhere, in all weather. He's the only person I know who has snow tires on his bike. He's as fond of his bike as Steve is of his calculator.

"That sounds like fun," I told Mike. "But on one condition. I get my own bike." I wasn't about to ride double for three miles. Mike's bike doesn't have a seat.

"You'll get your own bike," Mike promised. "I have a friend I can borrow one from."

Friday night was cold and misty. Mike and two bikes picked me up, and we pedaled out to Town and Country. For two hours we watched James pick up women and fight off bad guys. When we came back into the lobby, it was pouring rain.

"It's raining," said Mike.

I nodded. "I see that."

Mike hesitated. "My friend Kevin has a van. I could call him to come pick us up."

"OK." I followed him over to the phone booth, and Mike patted his pockets. "I don't have any change." He borrowed a quarter from a man standing in line for popcorn, dropped it in the slot and waited.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"I just remembered. Kevin doesn't have a phone. He lives off campus."

"Oh."

Mike looked around. To get to the phone, the usher had let us through the chain blocking off each movie. He glanced at the sign over the door in front of us. "Have you seen *Trading Places* yet?"

I shook my head.

"Let's go see it."

We went in and watched *Trading Places*, and when we came out at 11:30, it had stopped raining, but someone had stolen my bike.

"I guess I'll have to ride you back," said Mike.

I tried to be a good sport. "Alright." As I climbed on his handle bars, I asked, "What are you going to tell your friend about his bike?"

"Nothing," said Mike. "He doesn't know I borrowed it."

"Did I prove my point?" I asked the

freshman engineer. "Your social life is up to you. You can overcome any obstacle if you're persistent."

He nodded. "You're right. We have a formal at the Century Center in two weeks. I wasn't going to go, but I guess maybe I will." He was silent for a minute. "What's Mike's phone number? Do you think he'd let me borrow his bike?" □

Brittney Montclair is the pseudonym for a frequent contributor to Scholastic.

The Mishawaka Experience

by Paul Aiello

Journeying into the wild and uncivilized regions of the "Greater Mishawaka" area is a fate that all Notre Dame/St. Mary's students must eventually face in their college careers. Fortunately, many students are able to limit the lethal exposure to a few experiences, such as shopping at the University Park Mall or visiting the few local pubs which do not check I.D.'s. Nevertheless, a minority are just not *that* lucky, and regardless of the causes, become victims of a "Mishawaka Experience."

What I first remember about my ordeal was how it started all so innocently. Soon after coming back from Christmas break, I had lost a bet with a friend of mine, Mary (last name withheld to protect the victim), with the result that I owed her a pizza. After negotiations, it was decided that for a few laughs we would go to a tacky pizza place off campus which is known for its pipe-organ entertainment. Likewise, since South Bend was experiencing one of its "cool" snaps (-20° F), I decided that it would be easier for us to take a cab instead of trying to start up one of my roommate's cars.

As the three of us (Mary's roommate Maureen decided to join us in "a quick bite out") get into the cab on that tragic Thursday night, little did we know what fate lay before us. I told the cabdriver, Dave, the general location of the restaurant and its old name. I was not sure of the new name which the restaurant put into use sometime in December; however, I felt confident that a cabdriver would know the place, especially in light of its popularity. With a few grunts and after a few calls to cabby "mission control," Dave said, "I've got it." And thus, we began "our

five-year mission . . . to go where no man has gone before."

At first, I did not question Dave as to where he was taking us, since I really do not know my way around South Bend. However, as the neighborhood looked increasingly worse, and the cab's meter rose alarming high, I realized that asking Dave a simple question like, "Do you know where you're going?" was the appropriate action. To my pleas, Dave consistently responded, "Don't worry, I'll have you there in just a few minutes." Those minutes passed as our conversation in the back seat gradually stopped. Looking to my right, I could sense in the expression on the girls' faces thoughts such as "Where the hell is he taking us?" Sadly, these expressions became even more expressive as Dave pulled us up to a sleazy bar next to a porno bookstore and said, "That'll be a ten."

At first, we did not know how to interpret his statement. At the time, the number seemed a quite accurate reflection of his I.Q. or what he dreams for at night. Nevertheless, frustrations had to be put aside in light of the reality that we were lost and carrying a large-cab bill. After a little group discussion and a visit to a Getty gas station for directions, it was decided that Dave would shut off the meter and take us to Bruno's, located just off campus. On the ride to Bruno's, all of us could not stop laughing. Obviously, a ten-dollar cab bill is nothing to laugh about; however, the whole series of events could be explained as part of the "Aiello factor" (personal plight as born loser). As we toured through the Mishawaka area, experiencing the normal "thrill-a-minute" from the various bowling alleys and supermarkets which saturate the area, I was sadly able to explain to Mary and Maureen how this event tied in with

other experiences in my life, such as: The dreaded "Elkhart Experience" or the "Oyster Bay, Long Island Experience."

Nevertheless, we finally made it to Bruno's for our delayed pizza. Chuckling over our trek, we concluded that it would be impossible for anything else to go wrong that evening. That is, until we were served the wrong pizza. However, in light of our "Mishawaka Experience," the event seemed trivial. Thus, we smiled and "dug in."

After dinner, we were finally confronted with the return journey. From our sad cab experience, one would have expected that we would have called one of our friends to pick us up. However, I was too conscious of the potential grief that they would have given us. Thus, with no other choice, I once again risked calling for a cab in the hope of a "low-key" return to campus. Minutes passed until a cab finally appeared in the parking lot. Immediately, Mary and Maureen started to laugh, while all I could do was shake my head.

Dave had come to take us home. □



Paul Aiello is a sophomore Program of Liberal Studies major from Long Island, New York. This is his debut as a Scholastic writer.

Rattlecar Gigantica

"The subway is not only a means of transit, but a school, a museum, a war zone, and also doubles as a sardine can. It is a melting pot on wheels and claims no official tongue."

by Ed Mulholland

What do a Wall St. lawyer, an unemployed factory worker, and a retired grandmother from Brooklyn have in common? Chances are that they all participate in the most culturally broadening experience of recent history: they ride on the New York City Subway System. This masterpiece of engineering can transport a passenger from the depths of Brooklyn to the rolling hills of the North Bronx in one half the time it would take to drive, which is three times the time it would take to walk. It has many more advantages than either driving or walking, including a safer trip, providing that one rides between the hours of 8:10 a.m. and 8:20 a.m.

The subway is not only a means of transit, but a school, a museum, a war zone, and also doubles as a sardine can. It is a melting pot on wheels, and claims no official tongue, but is characterized by certain universal greetings: "Move!", "Duzz diss go to Grand Central?", and "Nice Face, Pall." As far as standard languages, ads are displayed in both English and Spanish on certain trains. No strap-hanger worth his salt does not know the Preparation H ad in Spanish. This, however, is not practical knowledge. In a crisis situation, when knowledge of Spanish is required, phrases like "It relieves pain, swelling, and itch," will rarely be useful. This does not mean that subway education is useless. Any passenger needs to know what each ad says, for God forbid one looked at anything else on the train. One word to the wise: if you feel the urge to look at a woman, beware. She could be the girlfriend of a Hell's Angel, and they have funny ways of curing you of your ability to breathe.

Cultural education abounds on the platforms also. It is not uncommon to hear the sounds of a violin or a flute being played by a starving musician for pennies. Lectures are given to all who will listen on a variety of subjects: Satan's power, how to be born again in Christ, the rotten economy, and how much you're gonna hurt if you ever, ever step

on my foot again. On the Queens-bound BMT line, affectionately named "the Vomit Comet," high school girls with grown-up attitudes can tell you how to pick up the man of your dreams.

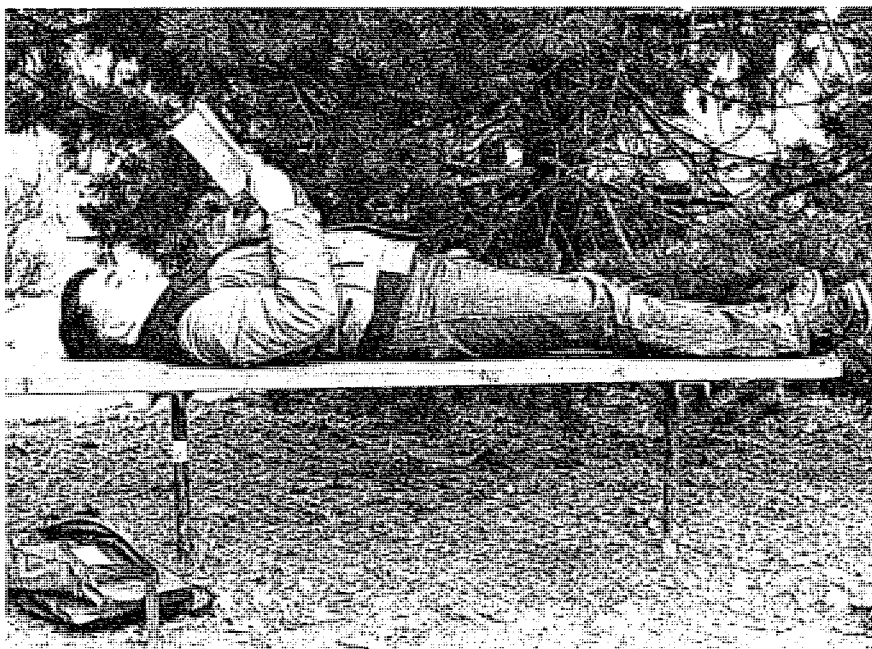
The subway is also one of the greatest museums in New York with live specimens of Homo Beggarus and other urban species that evolve from the rubble of a crumbling world. A rider on the train may learn how to distinguish different smoked substances by smell. One will kick around more different beer cans, see more different newspapers (in any language), and learn to recognize more magazine titles than a sophisticated connoisseur of trivial information. One particular form of subway art, however, is more prominent than any other: graffiti.

Graffiti is what gives the subways their charm. There are more conflicting reports of what gang is "#1," more profane expressions, and more mementos of past love affairs on the subway than anywhere else. Graffiti is wall-to-wall inside and outside of every train on the line. If a true New Yorker found himself on a

train with no graffiti, he would be so disoriented that he would possibly scratch his head and smile—two big no-no's on the subway. The former means that you have dandruff, the latter means that you're queer.

During rush hours, the trains possess more mass per unit volume than an average black hole. In summer, temperatures in excess of 120°F are not uncommon on crowded trains. People follow a basic intuition to estimate when the car is full. It is simple: the car is *never* full. One can play a variety of games when one is surrounded by hundreds of other people in an enclosed space. Some favorites are saying, "Watch the hot coffee!"; "Excuse me, but I dropped my dime"; or "How 'bout them Knicks!"

It is hard to believe how such a vast potpourri of experience can cost so little. For 75 cents (soon to be \$1.00) one can take a ride on Rattlecar GIGANTICA, the New York Metropolitan Transit System's subway. It is the longest running show under Broadway. One ride will convince anyone that New York has the best and the worst of everything.



Ed Mulholland is a Bronx-born, Jesuit-educated freshman who plans to major in

philosophy or classical languages. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.

Fiction

Once a Dreamer

"I could have gone to Rome once, you know. I was a very clever young man. Had the world at my feet then. But I guess every young person has the world at his feet. Some just don't bother to walk through its wonders."

by Lori Meisky

I like the sound of my mail truck. The soft hum of the engine, then silence, then the hum again. Some days it's a happy sound—like the intermittent songs of the birds on a sunny day; but sometimes it's a sad sound. Some days it makes me think of Rome—those are the sad days. Not that I've ever been there, mind you, but all of my dreams are locked up in that one faraway place. Rome, Rome . . . even the word is a sacred chant. I sing it over and over in my mind until I see the priests walking with lighted candles, shrouded in their dark cloaks and chanting deep tones which echo through the dark hallways of the ruins. The ruins sing back to them in the same deep tones, humming out their lost memories, humming . . . like the engine of my truck. When I come to a stop all these voices disappear, and I wish a good morning to the young girls or boys waiting at the mailboxes.

I could have gone to Rome once, you know. I was a very clever young man. Had the world at my feet then. But I guess every young person has the world at their feet. Some just don't bother to walk through its wonders. Mrs. Markison's son, Tad, has the world before him. He got a job offer from some big company in Boston yesterday. I know 'cause I brought the letter. You shoulda seen his smile—you'd have thought I'd just brought him the deed to Rome or something. He sure is a nice boy that Tad . . . Oh, I've strayed somewhat—sorry. Yes, yes, Rome. I almost did it that time. Even had the plane reservations. Just take off and live there, I'd find a job doing something. Didn't really matter if I had to clean fish for a while or some other odd job. I'd find a beautiful Italian woman and we'd live and laugh through our poverty. All part of the magic, you know.

You can tell even the poor people there feel the magic. I saw a picture of them in a magazine that I was delivering once. It showed those people walking by those ancient ruins with their faces all glowing—yeah, really, even the poorest ones. I kept that picture—it's still in my room—hey, don't tell anyone, okay?

But anyway, back when I was about to leave, Momma got sick. Said I had my whole life ahead of me to go off on silly excursions, to please stay with her until she died. Must have someone to bury her, you know. She lived for a long time after that, longer than my youth lasted. She never gave

Rome back to me. It's somewhere in that cemetery clutched in her fingers, deep in the ground so the voices of the priests and the ruins can't escape. But sometimes when it's cloudy and there's no one around, the hum of my truck's engine entices them out to play for a while.

Oh, now don't think badly of her—she only wanted to make me into a sensible man, teach me about responsibility and all that. I never found that beautiful Italian woman, either. I kept hoping she'd find her way here, but I can understand how she wouldn't want to leave Rome for this place. I did find a Polish girl once, though. We used to watch clouds together and laugh at twinkling stars. But she didn't have black hair or soft brown eyes, and this sure isn't Rome—I knew the magic couldn't be true. I still sometimes wish I'd get a letter from her, but by now she's probably exploring the Arctic—she'd do something like that, you know.

Whenever the motor stops humming, I come back to what I'm supposed to be doing. Once in a while, someone even talks to me for a while when I stop. Yeah, there are some pretty nice people along my route. Take that Markison family. Always gives me some of the cookies they decorate for Christmas—red, green, even purple—you know how imaginative kids are. I've seen most of their lives with them: babies being born, college acceptances, deaths, marriages, and more babies being born. They send announcements through the mail for all those things, you know. It's kind of funny—I've been through all of their sorrows and joys with them, and they don't know anything about me except what time I pass their house. I've seen all of their children grow up and get married, and they don't even know about Rome or Momma. Yeah, it's kind of funny.

Hey, don't tell anyone about that picture I took from that magazine, okay? I never did anything like that since, and I won't. Not even if it's a picture of those priests carrying lighted candles and murmuring with the darkness. Really I won't.

You know, I don't even know the guy who took that picture, even though I look at it every day. Kind of ironic, ain't it?

Lori Meiskey is a junior psychology major from Pueblo, Colorado. She recently placed third in Scholastic's fiction contest.

Fran Leibowitz:

Spokeswoman for the Annoyed or "How to Complain and Get Paid For It"

by Laura Steibel

On Tuesday, February 7, 1984, Fran Leibowitz spoke to a capacity crowd at St. Mary's Carroll Hall. The appearance by the author-columnist-humorist-New Yorker was billed as a lecture, and a lecture it was. Among the subjects she dealt with were smoking, adolescence and pet care. However, a Leibowitz "lecture," as the audience soon found out, is not full of facts and information (not documentable anyway). It is instead a lecture as we used to know it: a long list of grievances, followed by advice to the lecturee on how to make the lecturer's life more tolerable (our parents used to do this for us). Leibowitz does not like people or the outdoors in general. She does not like people who are tan, algebra, children or daylight in particular. For her, the perfect man is very rich and dead. Those in the audience who leaned towards making the world a better place by loving humanity for humanity's sake should have been advised not to attend. Those who aspire to any higher levels of importance, spirituality or economic security left the lecture abused and battered. To these and others, Leibowitz's words were simple and direct: You have been found out for the pretentious person you are. Leibowitz is quietly, but determinedly, digging your grave.

The "lecture" was, in actuality, a Performance, and an excellent one at that, mixing wit and wisdom with perfect deadpan delivery and flawless timing. For all her lambasting of an audience member as a "Tonight Show watcher" (when asked how she felt about being a Tonight Show guest—something that she, by the way, has never been) her performance was aimed straight to a talk-show audience, lively and fast on its feet. She kept the crowd laughing for two hours even when her topical, largely local (New York) humor went straight over our heads.

Metropolitan Life was her first collection of essays, and a best-seller. *Social Studies* followed a few years later (1981). There is not much difference between the two, stylistically or subject-wise. There are twenty-six essays in *Social Studies* divided up between the categories of peo-

ple, places, things and ideas. Taken a few at a time, or perhaps even one category at a time, the essays are meaningful and important (or, in Leibowitz's lingo, "guidelines set down by me") and true. Taken as a whole, though, Leibowitz's pieces become little more than published crabbing. She also puts down subjects that have all been criticized by *someone*, *somewhere*, *ad nauseam*. In other words, her intolerance for Hollywood producers, the rich (old and new), religion, etc., is not very original, and becomes just as smarmy and smug as those very subjects. How many insults have we already heard about Los Angeles? Or airplanes? Or pets? How many love affairs with New York (despite all its glaring disadvantages which have been canonized by its very critics) have we been subjected to? Leibowitz has no new insights into these things, merely snappy punch lines.

Yet we laugh. We laughed uproariously at the lecture. And therein lies the

disparity. In person, Leibowitz's audacity and egomania are her charm. The characterization of fussbudget is complete and authentic, and thoroughly likeable for its candor and determination to make the world safe from itself. Above all, Leibowitz is truly a comedienne—her long-winded speeches, full of advice and bile, are precisely written and, at times, vulgarly funny, but it all works better when we listen to it. Better, then, to tape the lecture and listen to it a few times than read the whole book. The essence of her style and philosophy is manifested in the few essays she read at the lecture, and in the quick come-backs to mostly inane questions. It seems that, without the physical presence of the author, Fran Leibowitz commits her own, unpardonable sin: redundancy.

Laura Steibel is a Saint Mary's student from Indian Head Park, Illinois. This is her first contribution to Scholastic.



Cinema

Never Cry Wolf

by William Macfarlane, Jr.

Never Cry Wolf is an excellent movie which combines a true story, breathtaking camera work, fascinating animals, comical situations, good casting and superb acting to achieve a cinematic effect which gives both pleasure and an important, yet subtle, message. Recently released here in South Bend and playing at the Forum Theater on US 33 North, *Never Cry Wolf* is a movie well worth one's time. By the very act of revealing itself to you, it may help you find out something revealing about yourself.

The movie is based on a book by Farley Mowat. Charles Martin Smith plays Tyler, a scientist sent by the government to the Canadian Arctic North to investigate whether or not wolves are responsible for the decimated caribou population. Brian Dennehy, who did such a fine job in *Gorky Park*, plays the bored, but still bigger-than-life pilot who must transport Tyler to his destination. Although on the surface this does not seem to be the greatest plot in the world, *Never Cry Wolf* is filled with action, humor, and engrossing situations which can grab hold of the viewer and make him a participant in any number of ways. For example, *Never Cry Wolf* is a very funny movie; the mouse-eating scenes alone are worth the price of admission. In another way, the animal lover will find that director Carrol Ballard has captured the irresistible wildness and purity of the rare white arctic wolf (*Canis lupus*

arcticus). The sheer beauty of the north as seen through the lens of Hiro Marita's camera combined with a thoughtfully matched score is quite pleasurable and sure to please the nature lover in all of us.

The action in this film flows in a constant stream, yet not in such a way as to upset the literally "natural" pace. A good example of how action is juxtaposed by the peacefulness of nature is when Tyler suddenly falls through the ice while crossing a lake. One moment we are suddenly underneath the ice with Tyler, who is violently and noisily thrashing for his life, and in the next instant Ballard takes us above the ice to the utter silence of the arctic landscape.

Charles Martin Smith (*The Buddy Holly Story*, *American Graffiti*) is well cast as the young scientist Tyler. He looks the part, and plays it with admirable charm and moderation. His character, Tyler, is a link, the piece in the puzzle that lets all the other pieces fall into place. He is the audience's link to participation in the movie by way of his gentle, laughable humanity. His profession is a link between the theoretical discipline of science and the "real" world of nature. He is, through Ballard's use of highly stylized cinematic symbolism, the connection between Rousseau's Natural Man and the innocent, unfallen world of the wolves. Ootek, his Eskimo friend and mentor, says in the film that Tyler has had his heart "consumed by the Spirit of the Wolf." Finally, Tyler is the link between urbanized society and the Inuit, the Eskimo Indians who have traditionally depended upon the caribou herds for

their existence. It is through this link whereby a subtle message of true peace is offered to the viewer, giving him the possibility of elevating himself through the movie to the status of participant, and even to the status of knower of self.

Ootek, a wise old Inuit, knows the secret of true peace. He is a man at peace with himself, the environment, and with the people around him, even the white invaders from the south. Tyler catches glimpses of this elusive secret of peace when he refers to Ootek's total lack of a "concept of impatience," and to his own "utter insignificance" compared to the awesomeness of his surroundings. The viewer is forced to ask of himself: what is it about Man that does not let him be at peace in his own world, a world in which he was placed as master?

As for Tyler, he is Rousseau's Natural Man *only* in his mystical link with the wild purity of the white wolves, for the destructive and tainted part of man's nature is equally portrayed in *Never Cry Wolf* by the violence and destruction that is the beginning of the end of the innocent world the wolves live in. Tyler knows that clearly the wolves' days are numbered, and he knows that the countdown began with his own mere observation of them. Tyler finds his own peace by realizing that there are as many factors at work here as there are shades of gray on the northern tundra. There is no way he can be in position to condemn or judge who is right and wrong, he concludes, even though he acknowledges that right and wrong obviously exist. Yet this does not take away the beauty of white wolves in this shades-of-gray world of ours. There is peace in this world, *Never Cry Wolf* tells us. The movie offers us a chance to find it.

It has everything a good movie should have: acting, photography, style, humor, grace and something to say. It says that peace—a realistic peace in an imperfect world—does exist. It is possible for men to possess this peace. It is to *Never Cry Wolf's* credit as a film that the ways of "tuning in" to this message of peace are numerous. If you cannot in some way relate to this movie's subtle message, perhaps it is not because peace is not in the movie, but perhaps it is because the peace is not in you. □

William Macfarlane is a senior history major who lives in the off-season in Verona, New Jersey. He has become a regular movie critic for *Scholastic*.



Uphill Progress of a Downhill Team

by Amy Murray

There is something very powerful that takes over the mind when one goes up to the top of a mountain and is encapsulated by the solid layers of snow and the intense rays of the sun; there is something that makes snow skiing very good for the soul. Curving a serpentine track down the slope of a mountain, having your unprotected face blistered by the icy wind, and working one's legs down to the bottom of a mile of mountain are the physical elements of skiing that make the sport so rewarding. Even though there is no such mountain here in Indiana, Notre Dame and Saint Mary's do have ski teams, very talented teams at that. With over fifty percent of the roster coming from Michigan, and the rest featuring accomplished skiers from various big skiing states, the teams are well-equipped with experience and skill.

Mike Maas, president of the team and a senior from Minnesota, describes this year's team as a well-organized, strong group of people. Trying to thwart a reputation for being notoriously late and somewhat inclined to festive activity, Maas wanted to pull the group together and out of financial deficit. "I wanted to get an early start on fund raising so we could concentrate on our meets once the season began," said Maas. The most profitable activity for the team was the sale of their IRISH turtlebacks which sold like camouflage pants did for sixteen-year-olds, especially to returning alumni at home football games. The team also sponsored a concession at the University of Southern California football game and an open trip to Jackson Hole, Wyoming, over Christmas break. Tryouts were held in January at the nearby Swiss Valley ski hill and they attracted eighty people who auditioned for a spot on the team.

The ski team is divided into three actual rosters: Notre Dame men, whose captain is senior Mark Chelsky, Notre Dame women, led by Julie Currie, a sophomore and Saint Mary's women, headed by senior Colleen Dwyer. The captains were pleased with the strong turnout for the tryouts and the enthusiasm shown by all who competed. The men's team features a solid returning line of five skiers, led by John O'Donovan, sophomore, followed by

Mike Maas, sophomores Tony Jordan and Dan Groody, capping things off with captain Mark Chelsky. All these men have skied very well this year and hope for continued high performance next year.

Captain Julie Currie found at the tryouts a very talented and accomplished skier in freshman Kathy Skendzel, who at the number-one spot has taken first at every meet she has skied this season. Next in line is junior Kateri Gaffney, Currie, senior Beth Mahrer and freshman Molly Steber.

The Saint Mary's team came back this year with four veteran racers which has enabled the Belles to take first and second at several of the meets. Teri Meyer, a fourth-year racer, skis the number-one spot, followed by Dwyer, senior Ruth Atanasoff, freshman Heather Rapp, and sophomore Ann Ratledge.

The season consisted of six meets, two of which were missed due to the late start of the second semester. "It was a short, good season," commented Maas, "even though we missed the first two meets, but we have done so well in the others that I am confident we will be invited to the Midwest Collegiate Ski Conference Championship Meet in Michigan on March 3 and 4."

Two meets in particular were very important for all three teams: the Ohio Governor's race and the Eastern Regionals in Michigan. Both the men and the Belles grabbed a first place and Irish women landed third. The second meet at

which the teams did so well was much more competitive due to the presence of top Michigan teams but thanks to the consistent skiing of O'Donovan, Groody, Meyer, Dwyer and Skendzel the men fought it out in a tie breaker which put them in second, the Saint Mary's women also skied into second place, the Irish women again won third. Now the team aspires for an equal performance at the Midwest Conference Championship, and an invitation to the Nationals in Colorado.

"Skiing on a team is no longer individual," reports Kateri Gaffney on her feelings about collegiate racing, "your mistakes are the team's mistakes; you have to pull together to win as a team. The whole group is there to cheer you on and boost your morale. The only way you can win the meet is when everyone works together and donates their support."

Although most of the team will depart this spring at graduation, Maas feels that the strength manifested this year by the underclassmen will not leave the team in a void. The season will wind up with a banquet in March and the election of next year's captains and president. It was a successful year for all three teams, thanks to the organizational prowess of Maas and abundant talent in every position. □

Amy Murray, ski team member, is a St. Mary's senior from Plainwell, Michigan. This is her first contribution to Scholastic.



Villa Capri:

A Good Midwestern Italian Restaurant?

by Laurel-Ann Dooley
Culture/Fiction Editor

One never knows what to expect from a Midwestern Italian restaurant. After all, this is Indiana not Italia. So with a mix of anticipation and wariness, I ventured down North Ironwood Drive to Villa Capri Restaurant for what I hoped would be an enjoyable meal.

Despite my determination not to be overly critical, however, I simply was not prepared for what met my eyes upon crossing the Villa Capri threshold. There to greet me were two gold-painted plastic lions which flanked the entrance to the dining hall. Overhead hung clumps of artificial grapes and dispersed throughout the room was paint-chipped plastic statuary. Bright lights were suspended from the ceiling and patio furniture functioned as tables. Okay, so atmosphere is not their forte, I thought. There's still hope for the food.

A very friendly host smilingly guided

"Looking at the menu, I was even more encouraged. The selection was extensive and covered a wide range of tastes."

my companion and myself to a table. Confident that such a warm man would not lead us astray, my spirits were restored. Looking at the menu, I was even more encouraged. The selection was extensive and covered a wide range of tastes. The usual Italian specialties—spaghetti, meatballs, sausage—were offered as well as less typical dishes such as tortellini, fettuccine, and linguine. Seafood preparations were included as was a listing of standby American food for the less adventuresome palate. Draft beer and wine were inexpensive—what more could we ask for? So what if there were no strolling violinists nor candlelit tables. We had found a cozy-enough restaurant with an extensive menu which was accessible from campus. While the prices were a bit higher than we had anticipated, most of them in the \$8-\$12 range, each meal included the soup and salad bar as well as bread. We ordered eggplant parmegian and spaghetti villa capri and then went to the salad bar. There we encountered a large selection of fresh vegetables, prepared salads, and numerous toppings and dressings.

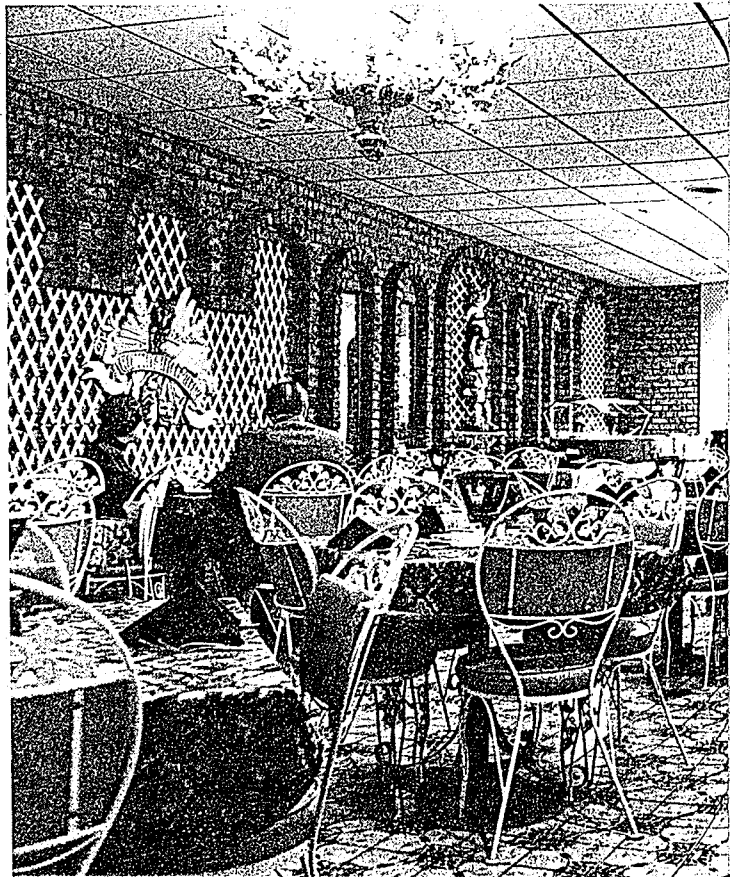
Bread was served promptly, but unfortunately was more than a little hard. Reminding ourselves that somewhere, starving people would kill for just a slice of this bread, we pushed it aside and

counted our blessings. The main course followed shortly and was for the most part quite pleasing. The eggplant was breaded and deep-fried, and was served with a small dish of spaghetti. Spaghetti villa capri turned out to be a heaping plate of pasta and an accompanying bowl of meatballs, mushrooms, and sausage. Although the sausage was a little tough, the rest of the food was more than satisfactory.

Villa Capri does have its faults. The parking lot is small, the prices a bit steep, and the plastic ambience difficult to ignore. On this night, most of the dining room tables were empty, but the adjoining bar seemed to be the hot spot of South Bend. Sounds of mirth at times overwhelmed the easy-listening background music, and occasionally a hungry bar patron ambled over to the salad bar and helped himself to chopped onions.

Nonetheless, the food is primarily good and the portions are large. Service is quick, the manager friendly, and the premises clean. If nothing else, dining at Villa Capri is an adventure.

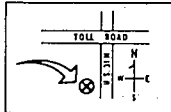
Laurel-Ann Dooley is culture/fiction editor of Scholastic and has previously contributed to the magazine. She is a junior American Studies major from Fort Lauderdale, Florida.



BIG C LUMBER CENTER

- ARMSTRONG CEILING TILE
 - POWER TOOLS
 - CABINETS
 - LUMBER
 - PLYWOOD
 - HARDWARE
 - OLYMPIC STAIN
 - PLUMBING & ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES
 - PANELING
- AND MUCH, MUCH MORE...

We make "doing it yourself"
EASY



272-6500
125 DIXIE WAY NORTH
ROSELAND

\$ 5⁰⁰ HAIRCUTS

The
Varsity Shop
277-0057

Edison Rd. at
State Rd 23

(WALKING DISTANCE FROM CAMPUS)

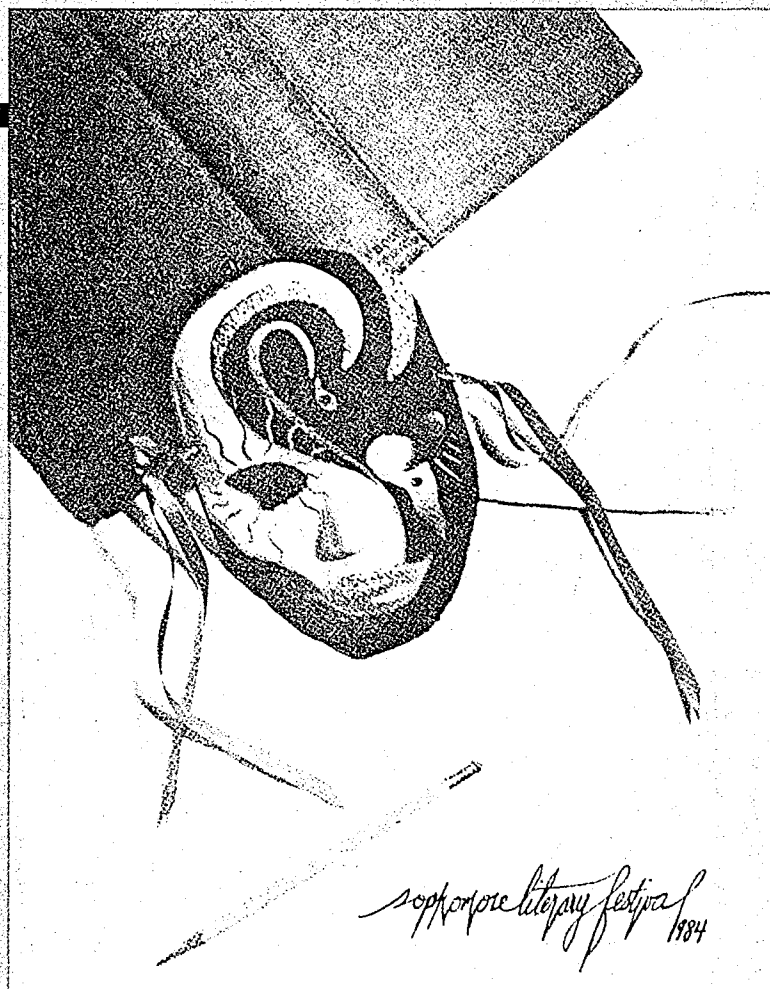
The original
clown-delivered
balloon bouquet
Balloon Delight



256-0062

(formerly
Balloon Bowkay)

2812 Lenson Drive
Mishawaka, Indiana 46545



1984 Sophomore Literary Festival

Writing Contest Winners

The 1984 Sophomore Literary Festival included a new feature—presenting Notre Dame writers and their works. The SLF Executive Committee sponsored prose and poetry writing contests, and the winner in each division presented his work on “Notre Dame Night” (Saturday, March 3) of the Sophomore Literary Festival. *Scholastic* now presents the winning works.

One April Day

by Michael Varga

One of the great mysteries that mesmerized me as a child was wading through the ocean. Have you done that? Sure, 'course you have. But that wasn't the mystery: the intrigue was encountering those pools within the ocean, those places where the water was so much warmer. You'd move from a chilly wave into a space where the water seemed warm, heated even, by comparison with where you had been. And I'd stand in that pool and wonder how this one place, this point in the middle of the expanse of water cloaking the earth—how it could be different, so pleasant to stand in.

Alan used to say it was warmer 'cause someone had just pissed there; and he'd swim away, laughing and pointing and calling me a "piss-o-phile." But what a wonderful feeling it was. Knowing how cold the ocean was, and yet, here seemed a place set aside for someone to inhabit, someone to be warm, just standing.

I used to think that the place was just for me; but as soon as I would leave it, swim out twenty yards or so—when I'd look back at that space someone else would be there. Most times. Not every time, but just about every time.

Seems to me that life's like that. Find a place you like, but you sense that it's kind of stupid—with everyone else moving around you—to just stand there. So you move too, and once you do you find that someone has taken your place.

I really didn't expect that to happen with Alan. We'd been friends for so long that I couldn't conceive of someone else usurping my place. Just taking it so easily. And Alan just acquiescing. I probably shouldn't have said "Usurp" 'cause it was my idea to leave, so to speak. It just seemed so stupid standing still. Every day was the same: he and I would go to classes, and then meet for a drink at the Pub, get a bite together, study together. We were just too much together. It's not like I loved him or anything, although he did say he loved me. But I just waved that off; I mean I couldn't take him seriously when he said that. You know, you talk about standing still—well that kind of love is surely static. It doesn't produce anything, does it?

So one day I said to Alan: "Don't you think we spend too much time together?" And he said Cathy, his girlfriend at that time, had asked him the same thing. So I asked, "What did you say to Cathy, then?" And he said, "I didn't say anything. I threw a glass of water in her face!"

"What! Were you drinking a glass of water at the time?" "No. When she asked about you and me, something just made me get up and get some water from the kitchen. And, when I came back, her glaring at me through all the silence, so obviously waiting for some sort of assuring answer, I just threw it in her face."

I never understood Alan's relationship to me. I mean, he had Cathy—she stayed with him even after getting splashed—but he seemed to want some intimacy with me as well. It wasn't something physical he wanted; at least I

never believed it to be so. But he used to talk almost like a mystic, a visionary, of our own souls hovering together.

He seemed to have this illusion that he and I were inextricably bound together forever. And almost as though we'd one day write each other's biographies, we'd chronicle the events of our lives to each other, making notes while we talked, feverishly jotting down the phrases that seemed to sum our feelings.

Alan was convinced that we were capable of some great work, some accomplishment that others would honor as angels honor the Creator. His work would no doubt be literary—some epic transcending the petty concerns of mortal men; he used to joke about writing sequels to all of T.S. Eliot's works. He'd already started "The Graced Land," which he began "April is the coolest month. . .," playing off the slang use of "cool" as in hip, with-it, and all those other code phrases of our era.

It was never clear what my "great work" would be—after I failed to get a second invitation to the Detroit Tigers' baseball camp (at the first I had been impressive in the field but miserable at the plate!), we ruled out a sports career. I have no great artistic bent, and although Alan would shush me when I would say it, I often thought my own life would be marked by a relatively blissful ordinariness, a sort of sequel to Philip Carey's tale in Somerset Maugham's *Of Human Bondage*—an embrace of the orthodox vision of how a man finds fulfillment: steady job, wife, children.

Alan would rarely let me articulate any of this, and when I'd hint of the "ordinary," he'd say that was enough "honest plundering" for one day (that's what he called these musings of ours, "honest plunderings") and we'd go off and have a drink or go for a swim.

And then it started. You know what happens. The rumors. People started talking about us. Although I wonder now if they hadn't always talked and we had just been too oblivious to it to notice. And Alan seemed indifferent when I told him what people were saying. He said Cathy had already told him about it, I didn't ask what he said to her—he was likely to have simply splashed her again.

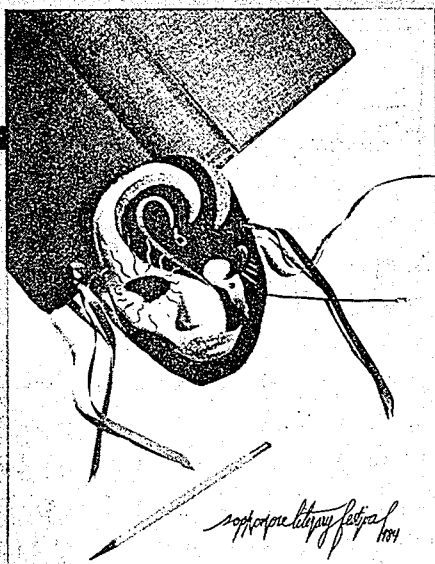
"But doesn't it bother you, Alan?"

"Why should it? We don't have anything to feel guilty about, do we?"

"I know that, Alan, but people's perceptions can affect our. . . well. . . our 'reality'."

Alan could sense that I was succumbing, that I didn't want my "reality" affected by these rumors. And that given a choice, well. . . I stopped meeting Alan after class, and I changed my study schedule so that I rarely encountered him at all. When I did see him, it was always brief—especially if we were alone.

Sure, it's easy to say now I was wrong to cut him off—but who knew what was going to happen? I mean,



Sophomore Literary Festival

could I have predicted the future? Wouldn't you have done the same thing?

Winter faded as the snows disappeared. It had been a mild winter. One of those winters when no one had been snowbound; there had been no forced intimacies. It had been a winter when it was easy to go your own way, not feeling the need to know anyone else, or be with anyone else. A self-contained winter.

And then it started. Spring. The blossoms and blooms and fragrances that hinted of an earth renewed, of a subterranean activity that would be overwhelming in its completion. Spring. Even though there were still some cold winds blowing, forcing us to keep a scarf always at the ready, covering our necks from the chill—we could feel in those winds the warm spots within them, the places heated by the sun, hints of a heat that would build and burn in the coming summer. Ah Spring! How full of promise it seemed.

I hadn't talked to Alan for some months, so when he called I was a little startled. We both had seemed to adapt well to our more reserved, more distant relations. I know the rumors had stopped and I was relieved at that. I guess Cathy had been too.

He said he wanted to go swimming at Lake Huron, near the Bay City park we used to frequent. When I begged off, his tone changed and he became so intent, so demanding that I go with him. In my mind I could already hear the whispers of the gossipmongers—how Alan and I spent a day on the beach at Huron, and I wanted to refuse. But something tugged within me, stirred by some current below the insistent flow of his words, making me agree: yes, I'd meet him and we'd go.

He was mostly silent during the drive, occasionally remarking on the wonders of Spring swimming past our windows—the speed of a butterfly, the counterpoint of a bird's song, the greening trees. How much everything was growing right before our eyes, and yet so slowly that we couldn't detect the change from one moment to the next.

Bay City was deserted; it was still early in the season to be swimming so we had the beach to ourselves. The water was frighteningly cold, but I did manage to find some of those places so warmed by the sun, and I stood for moments in each one that I found, hurrying as they chilled around me from one to the next.

Alan swam off in the distance, a splash far off in the blue. It was unlike him to be so silent. I could sense that he wasn't going to open up, to talk much unless I asked him, unless I proved my interest with some questions. But the more I thought about asking, the more I knew I didn't want to. Call it fear, if you want. Call me a coward, but I just didn't want Alan to think it could be like before. That was gone. Those days of innocence had passed. We lived in the real world now, and the past was an illusion no longer relevant to a present shaped by the perceptions of others.

Chilled by the waters all around me, I waved to Alan that I was going back to the shore. He didn't seem to notice, swimming wildly, jumping high in the air and splashing downward about thirty-five or forty yards from the shoreline.

By the time I reached our blanket I turned to see that Alan had now floated much further out, further out than we had ever gone before. I watched the speck of his body, rising and falling with the waves, and wondered if he knew how far out he'd gone.

"Alan! Alan!" I called, waving my arms, running along the sand, hoping to catch his eye somehow. But it seemed he didn't hear, he didn't see. I thought about swimming out to him—I dove into the water and started toward him, but I knew after a couple strokes that I didn't have the strength to reach him, to go that distance.

I stood in the water, the waves pummeling my chest, and watched him float further and further away. The lifeguard house and the concession stand were still boarded up from the winter; we'd passed those buildings entering the park. No one was here but Alan and me, and Alan was disappearing.

I stood in the lake, immobile but for the tides that moved my feet involuntarily. The place I stood was not one of those warm ones, sunbathed, kissed by the sunlight. It was cold and I wanted to move, but I didn't.

It's been a year now. Another Spring has arrived. So full of blooms and sweet smells. But when a butterfly races past me or a bird sounds a harmony, I feel only a chill. As though the winter will never leave.

Alan's body, never found, tosses somewhere among the whales, perhaps nibbled away by the sharks till nothing but

a soul hovers above in a constant motion. And my own soul? Well, you might have guessed. It's somehow locked within that moment, frozen even as the Spring erupts, linked eternally to a moment alone in a lake.

He did get what he wanted, you know. Alan. His soul and mine do hover together—but the distance that separated us then, continues now. And we shall never be intimate. And there shall be no resolution. And I know that each bud I see and each bird I hear serves only to remind me of the chill of Lake Huron one April day when all the warm spots disappeared. □

Michael Varga is a graduate student who resides in South Bend. He is the author of this year's Juniper Press publication, Payable Upon Return.

Miscarriage

My mother came home, put her face in a bottle,
Took off her clothes, and lay on the floor.
My sister left home; now she's a model—
She stole my mom's face and walked out the door.

She's gone to find freedom in the heart of the city,
Wearing a face of lotions and creams;
She's got what she wanted—a man with some
money,
But now it's all turned to nightmares from dreams.

Oh, her house is just gorgeous—you've got to come
visit—

Three maids and a butler who waits by the door.
But there are sounds in her cellar, like rats dancing
over

The bones and the jewelry that lay on the floor.

Today is the day I have dreaded:
Today my sister comes home;
My mother still lies there waiting,
Naked
And crucified
On the floor of our home.

—Sean Reardon

Sean Reardon is a sophomore Arts and Letters major from Wyoming, Ohio. This is his first contribution in Scholastic.



The Last Word

by Jim Ganther
Editor-in-Chief

"What is the mission of *Scholastic* magazine?" That question popped up during a lunchtime conversation not long ago in the cavernous South Dining Hall. As the question had taken me slightly off-guard, I slowly lowered my forkful of Hungarian Noodle Bake and thought for a moment. After reflecting briefly, I had an answer to the query (and one or two questions about the Noodle Bake).

"First of all," I responded to my munching roommate, "the purpose of our publication is not to be a newspaper. That, given our printing schedule, would be impossible. And, as any child can see, our mission is *not* investigative reporting or muckraking. We've kept free from that for 117 years, and I don't envision a policy change any time soon. And it has never been the goal of *Scholastic* to spread discord or create controversies."

"Great," said my roommate through a mouthful of Cap'n Crunch, "now I know what the mission *isn't*. What is it?"

I looked him straight in the eye and, pointing at his chest with a forkload of limp gray lettuce for dramatic effect, began my explanation. "Simply stated, my friend, the purpose of *Scholastic* is to provide an outlet for the writers of the Notre Dame/Saint Mary's family while informing, entertaining, and stimulating our readership. That writing can take the form of fiction, news or sports reporting, poetry, columns or features. We provide an outlet for the visual arts in our Gallery section. And, while trying to stay above the fray of petty issues, we try to draw attention from time to time to questions of lasting importance."

Thus satisfied, my roommate returned his attention to the Michiana Meatloaf before him while I flipped to find that day's edition of *The Far Side*.

That incident passed about a week ago, but it came to mind as I sat down at this typewriter tonight to hammer out another column. To my immediate right, just beyond the ashtray and half-eaten Huddleburger, lies an overflowing inbox. Buried within all those double-spaced pages is the tangible embodiment of our mission as a magazine, a little of everything: information, entertainment, and a little stimulation.

After you have been amused by the tales of great Domer dates, or tickled by Ed Mulholland's analysis of Greater New York's mass transit system; once you've looked at yet another perspective of the alcohol situation on campus; when you've discovered that this university actually has a ski team, and how St. Mary's editors handle a crisis, then is the time to allow your attention to be diverted to the more significant questions which lurk just beneath the surface of our lives. Where is Jesus, anyway? Bill Healy proposes that question in his article of the same name. Do we really abandon the Lord when times are good, and scurry toward him the minute the waves begin to toss the boat? If that is the case, can we be called authentic Christians? Bill offers no answer, only ample food for thought.

More food for thought is provided by Dr. Anthony Ostric's critique of Fr. James Burtchaell's theology. Does Burtchaell deny the efficacy of the sacraments, and if so, should an ordained priest teach that position? Was Christ actually who he said he was: the Savior? Between Kathy McGarvey's profile of the controversial priest and Ostric's critique, there is much to think about.



Finally, to provide further stimulation and fuel discussion, I offer my solution to the reportedly abysmal social situation at Notre Dame. As I understand it, the roots of this problem are twofold: first, there exists an unequal distribution of the two sexes at Notre Dame; second, Domers just don't know how to drink in a socially acceptable manner. Correct these little problems and the Big One should go away, right?

Here's my plan: as most of us know, the two-to-one ratio of men to women at Notre Dame approaches parity if the female population of Saint Mary's College is taken into account. That works great on paper, but the paper fails to take into account the fact that those women are about an even mile from where the men live (at least from my tiny abode in Alumni Hall), and travel between the two campuses isn't always easy for those who don't own a car. There are, after all, only two months in the school year during which it absolutely, positively *can't* snow. The obvious solution is to trade a few dorms with the girls' school across the road. We could give up Alumni (I'm willing to be part of this grand experiment) for, say, LeMans. This would bring a great influx of women to the Notre Dame campus, as well as a corresponding increase in the amount of men over at St. Mary's. This would make getting to and from class a bit more of a hassle for those students involved, but considering the enhanced interaction between the sexes which would naturally follow I think it would be worth at least a try.

O.K., so now we have the sexes more evenly distributed around the two campuses. This is a vital first step in the process of improving the Notre Dame/St. Mary's social scene, but by itself it is not enough. If we cannot drink responsibly, all the gender equality we can muster won't help. Should Notre Dame thus go dry? Of course not! There would be cries of protest across the quads, with yours truly personally leading the riot. Enforce the statutory Indiana drinking age? No siree; among other considerations, it would probably prove to be unenforceable. The way to painlessly teach students to drink responsibly is the method my roommates and I adopted sophomore year with great success: Douglas MacArthur beer mugs. We bought 18 of them at a sale at The Tinder Box, and vowed that from that moment on that we would never serve a guest beer from a can or bottle ever again. The result was that our parties were naturally limited to 18 people. This just about filled our suite, but not to the sardine level. Normal conversation, thus becoming possible, flourished. Our guests got past "what's your major?" stage. The stereo didn't have to be cranked to an impossible volume in order to overcome a great wall of bodies. Good times were had by all, and those in attendance drank responsibly. If it worked in one suite, why not try it campuswide?

And there it is: one major problem licked by simply banning the can and enforcing mandatory Douglas MacArthur beer mug usage, while mixing up the gender ratio. Mission accomplished.



"Notre Dame is a 1200-acre bar on weekends."

—Father William Beauchamp

"A wet campus is a happy campus."

—Harold B. Augustine, Notre Dame '59

NON-PROFIT ORG.
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
Notre Dame, Indiana
Permit No. 7