

SCHOLASTIC

Notre Dame

December 11, 1985



In this season of caffeine, insomnia, fear and loathing one comes to the inevitable conclusion that Notre Dame's exam format is not conducive to optimum academic performance. On this academic sloths, diligent students and all those somewhere in between will agree.

To students endeavoring to churn out late semester papers and catch up on neglected work, reviewing an entire semester is a terrifying prospect. Consider this: Notre Dame students will have their last class on Friday, December 13 and are expected to be prepared for exams on Monday, December 16. After the weekend of the fifteenth, five days of unmitigated academic grindstoning follow. In the past, students have had a study day in addition to a weekend. Current students also need more time to prepare for exams.

Notre Dame prides itself on its academic rigor, yet rushes through exams while weighting them heavily in the compilation of final grades. The exam formats at some universities allot from a few days to a week for exam preparation. Notre Dame's present format, however, condenses too many exams together and allows an inadequate amount of time for substantive preparation. The preparation period for exams should be a time to unify and reflect upon a whole semester's worth of material.

The present exam policy, by failing to allow students adequate preparation time, compels many to regurgitate material when they might have easily assimilated it -- if they had the time. Exams should undoubtedly be challenging. But learning should not be overshadowed by an ill-conceived exam schedule.

If the current structure is to be re-evaluated and eventually changed, then students and their leaders must take the initiative. Alternatives could include the addition of one or two study days or even alternating exam and study days. In each case, the student would have more of an opportunity to substantively integrate a semester's worth of material. Odds are, given a little more time, students will learn more. And that is why we are here in the first place.

-SCHOLASTIC

SCHOLASTIC

December 11, 1985
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There's something a little strange about the dental hygienist from Mishawaka in the back seat. When Rick pulls his cab up to her duplex, she fumbles for the money to pay him, then snatches the change out of his hand. A man she says is her brother almost smashes his truck into the front of the cab as he backs out into the street. Rick tells her to take care and she says, "Yeah, heh-heh, it's a wonderful life."

"What a spastic," Rick says as he tries to pull the cab away from the house and "the brother" cuts him off. "I don't know what her deal is, but we're gettin' the hell out of here."

Rick relaxes as he heads the cab toward the airport, taking a cigarette out of his leather jacket and lighting up. His 38 year-old figure strikes one as that of a rebel from a Jack Nicholson movie. He is dressed in running shoes, jeans, a red T-shirt and jacket -- comfortable, but neat. His thinning blonde hair is pulled back into a longish ponytail.

"I like the freedom of being my own boss," he says of being a cab driver, an occupation he took up ten years and two months ago. "I like the freedom of not having a foreman looking over my shoulder." He added some comments on the job, "Sometimes I dislike the way a cabdriver is viewed. People get into my cab with the attitude that a cab driver is a neanderthal, that he doesn't have as much brains as they do. But they're a small percentage. By and large people are friendly and I try to start the conversation on the right foot."

Rick gets plenty of practice chatting with his customers in the taxi he leases from Yellow Cabs in South Bend. He has worked

The people in this story are real. The names have been changed at the request of the cab driver.

by John Affleck

DRIVING

from 6 p.m. to 5 or 6 a.m. every night for the past 43 weeks. His goal is to work a year straight.

"The reason I work continually is I don't like to socialize in my society that much. I think it's boring and mundane and I'm pretty much of a recluse," he says. "When I'm off work I drink my beer and read my literature." An avid reader, Rick tells of his tastes in literature: "*National Geographic*, novels, and I read some books on Vietnam, but I've had my fill of them."

Vietnam is an important reason Rick leads his reclusive lifestyle. In 1965 he joined the Marines and saw two tours of combat duty, from 1966-67 and 1970-71, before his discharge in April of '71. As a crew member of a PC-131 Hercules, a bulky cargo plane that brought troops and supplies to the front lines, Rick spent an average of seven to ten hours a day in the air and was involved in combat situations many times.

In off-duty hours, the Marines at Rick's air base in Danang spent much of the time indulging in one of two vices; drugs or alcohol. "There were two groups; those that got stoned and those that didn't. They were known as juicers," Rick says. "There was a lot of drug use, which I was part of, out of boredom and peer pressure amongst ourselves, I suppose. We're talking amphetamines, marijuana and heroine. Especially in 1971, when there was a lot of pessimism and anti-war sentiment amongst the Marines there was a lot of drug use. It was tolerated by our superiors."

Thinking back on his Vietnam experience, Rick has a strong sense of disillusionment, if not distrust, with regard to the hard drug scene and to America. "Heroine, cocaine and amphetamines? They can take them and cast them off the earth. Marijuana? I still indulge in marijuana and I love marijuana, I think it's an alternative to alcohol. I don't think hemp hurts you like alcohol. I mean you can abuse anything. You can abuse water probably if you drink enough. But hemp isn't as easily abused as alcohol," he says.

On America and Vietnam: "I have a feeling that my youth was wasted. That we were lied to . . . I feel bitter toward the government because I don't feel the government and the American people learned anything from Vietnam. They're getting ready to repeat the same mistake in other parts of the world. For example, El Salvador." Though he "accepts" the recent outpouring of sympathy for Vietnam vets, Rick notes ". . . many of these people are the ones who wanted to spit in our faces twelve years ago."

The ignorance to the realities of war Rick perceives in the American people, in part, accounts for his lack of desire to spend a great deal of time socializing. "I also see our society as becoming more unstable, mentally unstable," he says.

After the war, Rick was married in 1973, then divorced in 1975. It was shortly after his divorce that he became a cab driver because he needed

IN THE DARK

A SOUTH BEND CABBIE'S STORY



"immediate employment." For Rick, it is a good way to maintain contact with individuals, yet maintain the detachment from society as a whole which he desires. He has several customers who call on him frequently. "I like people who are intelligent and are good tipplers," he says, after a brief stop at McDonald's. "Notre Dame students are among my favorite customers because I like to watch the way they relate to each other. There are two or three regulars who call on me every week, and there are others. There's a gay guy whose ride always costs about \$2.70 and he pays me \$4. His name's Gary, he's a good man. He owns his own hair salon."

Besides routine runs and customers, Rick's job is kept interesting through some of the

out-of-the-ordinary occurrences he encounters. He has given rides to famous people, such as sports announcer Dick Enberg, and has had women try to pick him up, though "if you want to continue making money it's best to let them go their own way...", and has been robbed twice.

"I picked a gentleman up at 10 o'clock at night in front of St. Joe Hospital and he had a full-length trenchcoat on. I took him to the corner of Broadway and St. Joe and when I turned around to collect my money, there was a sawed-off shotgun pointed at my face," Rick recalled. "He told me to put my forehead on the steering wheel and give him all my money or he would blow my head off. I had \$10 in my shirt pocket and \$85 in my sock and he got the \$10. The police never found

him, but I was thankful just to have kept my life."

As the cab approaches its final destination on the near north side, Rick is happy to talk Notre Dame football, which he follows closely along with Indiana University basketball, and to recommend a few good late night eating places where he takes his two breaks during a shift. He says The White Horse, on the corner of Mishawaka and Twyckenham, has the best coffee and bacon and eggs.

As Rick pulls over to the curb to drop me off, he looks pretty content. Despite his wide variety of uncommon and not always pleasant life experiences, Rick seems satisfied. "I'm not crazy," he says. "No more crazy than the average person is today."●

Compiled by Paul Aiello

ghosts at MSU

Some people believe in ghosts; students in a Michigan State University dorm believe in them because they "live" with one. A good number of sixth floor residents of Holmes Hall claim to have seen the ghost of a student who lived on the sixth floor and committed suicide in 1980. According to eyewitnesses the ghost recently stole a keg of beer from a floor party and disappeared when chased. Similarly, the residents claim that whenever a new RA is assigned on the sixth floor, he or she is haunted by the ghost of the MSU woman who slashed her wrists, changed her mind about suicide and sought help from her RA, but died shortly after reaching the RA's room.

The lives of black student leaders at the University of Texas have been in danger for a year. An unknown group has been threatening the leaders' lives with calls and letters to the student newspaper. UT police and administration say an "in depth investigation" is in progress.

According to Sylvia Kenig, professor of sociology at Clemson University, "studies over the last fifteen years concerning sexual harassment on campuses tends to show that the percentage of women students reporting at least one incident of sexual harassment ranges from 22 to 37 percent."

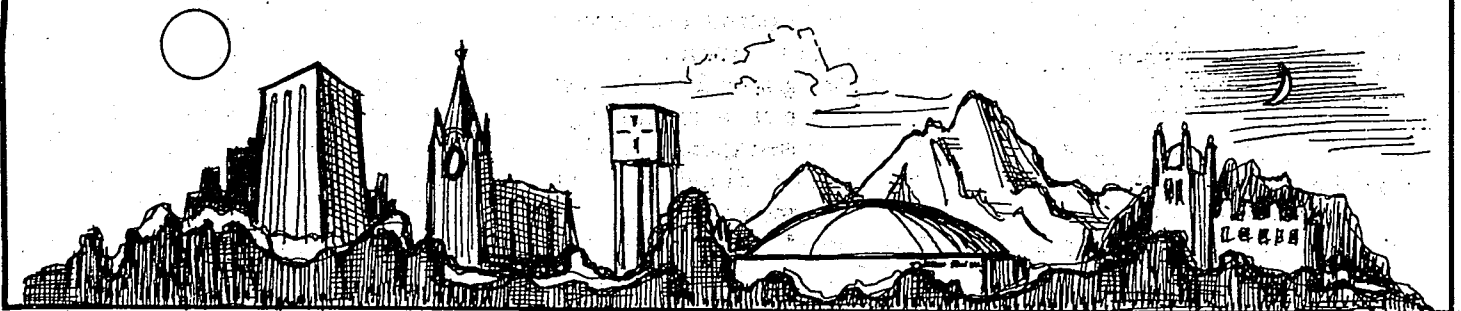
The Chancellor's signature is all that is needed for the University of Maryland to implement one of the most drastic smoking policies of any college campus. The policy would ban smoking in lecture halls, in classrooms, libraries, hallways, a third of the campus's dining halls and lounges and any office in which any non-smoker objects to smoking.

"A state of excitement" is the theme for Nebraska Residence Hall Month which began November 1. About 12,500 students from private and public learning institutions across Nebraska are involved in the project participating in various campus events.

October 7, 1985 the Corporation of Columbia University announced its recommendation for full divestment of its interests in South African firms, all \$41 million dollars worth. The Columbia students responsible for bringing attention to this issue worked for five years before adopting a confrontational approach including a hunger strike, blockade of a university hall and a graduation walk-out.

Georgetown University has recently announced its plan to divest its \$9 million if those companies which they have invested in do not adopt the Sullivan Principles "in a reasonable period of time."

Orientation for the 1800 freshman at SMU includes an issue-oriented program to help students become aware of the social and political issues of the day. Problems of the Third world, immigration and the changing family structure are considered in small group discussions which also helps nervous freshmen get acquainted with one another. The theme this fall was Coming of Age: Then - Now - Elsewhere. •



T'WAS THE WEEK BEFORE FINALS

by Christine Cagney

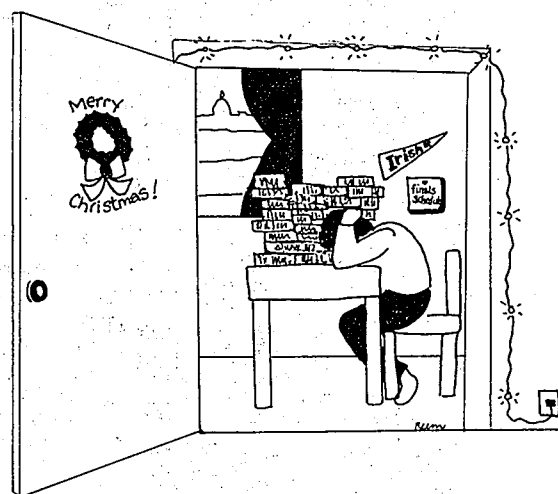


Twas the week before finals
and all through the dorms
Not a person was stirring,
all eyes on class norms.
The Seniors had left,
grades no longer a care,
Their grades good enough,
or not worth a prayer.
The freshmen were cramming,
and so were pre-meds,
With visions of pink-slips
still fresh in their heads.
And I in my single
at work all alone,
Had given up trying
and started to zone.
When out on the Quad
there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my desk
to see what was the matter
Away to the window
flew me, your narrator,
And burned my left arm
on the damn radiator.
The light of the dome,
on the now frozen sod,
Gave the luster of mid-day
to the whole of North Quad.
When what to my wond'ring
eyes did appear

But a little old priest--
with a cold keg of beer.
With a crewcut that bristled
on top of his head,
I knew in a moment
he must be Prez Ted.
More rapid than Pinkett
his cohorts they came,
And he whistled, and shouted,
and called them by name:
"Now, Tyson! now, Heppen!
now, Beauchamp, Miceli!
On Lardner! on Gorskil!
and you, Cafarelli!
To Farley Hall first!
and next to B.P.!
And don't forget Grace!
and Flanner! and P.E.!
As leaves that before
the wild hurricane scurry,
The fathers all flew
to the dorms in a hurry.
From all of the rooms
they grabbed each of us,
(Two freshmen were mashing,
it caused quite a fuss.)
But then in a twinkling,
with nary a sound,
They pulled out some glasses
and passed them around.

We took them, but stood there,
each glued to her spot,
All wondering if later
for this we'd be caught.
"It's all right!" shouted Tyson,
"for Ted said it's cool,
It's Christmas, you know,
so to hell with the rule."
A wink of Ted's eye
and a nod of his head,
Soon gave us to know
we had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word,
but went straight to his work,
And filled all the glasses,
then turned with a jerk.
And raising his glass,
the right jolly old host,
proceeded delivering
a Notre Dame toast.
He drank his draught dry,
his hands 'round the mug,
Then told all the students
to go on and chug.
But we set our cups down,
said, "Shame, shame on you.
Come on Father Ted,
we've studies to do."
Then we heard him exclaim,
"Oh you're all just no fun!
Good Lord, Father Beauchamp,
tell me what have we done?" •

GIFTS GUARANTEED TO GET YOU IN THE SPIRIT



SHOPPING ALTERNATIVES TO THE BOOKSTORE & U.P. MALL

by Mary Dolan

The sad thing about college is that Christmas approaches at the same time finals do. Although one can try to create the Christmas spirit in college, it must be done while studying for four exams and writing three papers. Even more frustrating is that once finals are over, one makes a long trek home, gets to collapse for two days only to wake up and realize that there are just two more shopping days until Christmas.

Many students solve this problem by raiding the bookstore and outfitting their entire family from the Notre Dame clothing catalogue. If that option was exercised last year, South Bend offers an interesting alternative to N.D. sweatshirts and the limited selection found in University Park Mall. Namely, the Thieves Market Mall and the Calico Garden.

The Thieves Market Mall, 2309 E. Edison at Ironwood, is open only from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. on Saturdays and Sundays but is well worth a visit. Thirty three dealers offer their gift-oriented collectibles in this antique market.

Toys in the Attic offers a wide range of collectibles: wooden toys, dolls and bears. The shop carries Lenox china dolls, portrait dolls and the Faith Wick Sylvestri collection. Many exquisite imported items and finely detailed dolls and tin toys line the shelves of this fine shop. If you are looking for a special gift for your parents or grandparents, you can find some items in the \$20 range but most run higher. A delicate antique chinese doll sells for \$100. Treat yourself to a spin through this shop. You will be cheered by its images of an old-fashioned Christmas.

A fun place for creative people and those with a flair for fashion is Golden Key Antiques with its vintage costume jewelry. Antique earrings, long beads, silver brooches and clasps cover a table on which nothing costs more than a dollar. The elbow length white gloves you've always wanted are found here for \$2. A little black lace dress is a find at \$23. The clothing is in good condition and well worth the visit for a fun piece to wear to holiday parties or a present for a friend.

Alleans Collectibles carries a large collection of figurines. Wide-eyed, pale, baby-faced characters sell under the Precious Moments label for \$7 and up. If Cabbage Patch dolls are a favorite in your family, Alleans sells Cabbage Patch figurines for \$7. At the other end of the spectrum, Hummel characters sell for \$45 and up.

Imaginative Christmas ideas are inspired at Barbara's Antiques. With your own creativity or a chat with the owner, you can find something here for young and old. Lace doilies, selling for \$4, can be thrown on pillows, used to make ascots, or used as nosegays. Grandma can use them to cover coffee tables or place under lamps. Full-length white linen tablecloths range from \$18-150.

Candlestick holders are the hottest seller at the Brass Shop. Again the price range is extreme, from \$5-150. Gleaming solid brass candlestick holders would look elegant on any holiday table.



*Dazzler's
Unique
at
Thieves
Market*

Marsha's Fine Jewelry offers some unusual pieces for either a girlfriend or a sister. Gold-filled bangles sell at about \$30. Beautiful green tiger's eye earrings sell for \$25. Some bolder pieces are found among their costume jewelry and estate pieces.

Sets of collectors cards are sold at Parker's Hobby Shop. Scenes and figures from Dallas, Charlie's Angels, and M*A*S*H will entertain the television fan for \$5-7 dollars. This is the place to shop for stamps, coins and unusual post cards. Old campaign buttons are also available.

Another place to explore is the Calico Garden in 100 Center. This shop offers a wide assortment of small, hand-crafted items. The store is overflowing with baskets, candles, sachets, potpourri, silk flowers and delicately painted woodwork. If Laura Ashley lived in South Bend, she would decorate her house with items from the Calico Garden. Boxes are covered in dusty rose floral print material selling for \$12.50. The same item is found in powder blue, harvest orange or chocolate brown. A blue drummer boy hand-painted on a little box is great for storing small items -- a real bargain for only \$18.

Christmas items are sold upstairs. Christmas cookie cutters are a favorite stocking stuffer with prices ranging from \$.55 to \$3.75.

"If Laura Ashley lived in South Bend, she would decorate her house with items from the Calico Garden."

Dazzlers Unique certainly do dazzle. Worth a visit and the buy if you can afford these unique paperweights, some of which sell for \$200. A black and white swirl paperweight sells for a more reasonable \$50 which is about the lowest price found. Very unusual blown glass Christmas ornaments are sold for \$16. Striped and colorful, these vibrant ornaments would please any Christmas lover.

"A fun place for creative people and those with a flair for fashion is Golden Key Antiques with its vintage clothing and costume jewelry."

Religious and secular ornaments abound. Even holiday magnets can be found for only \$1.25. The shop looks and smells good, and is really worth the visit.

These are just a few alternatives to help you get started. Each of the shops mentioned is fun to browse through even if funds are low at the end of the semester. The owners of each store are very helpful and you might gather some unusual gift ideas. At the very least, you might find yourself more in the Christmas spirit. ●



Passing Out The Gifts

by Santa's Elves

to Bill Healy - A copy of *How to Win Friends and Influence People*

to Fr Hesburgh - A copy of *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations*

to the *Observer* - 99.9% fewer Viewpoint letters

to the Notre Dame Basketball Team - 12 round trip tickets to Dallas

to the fountain architects - a few more good wars

to the Memorial Library - a guide to the Dewey Decimal System

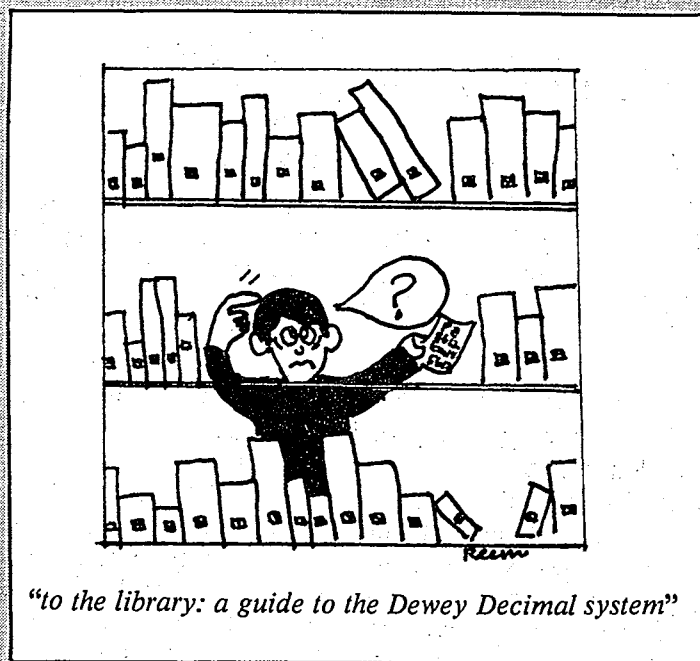
to North Dining Hall - Disney World's Guide to Crowd Control

to Pope John Paul - a recording of Big Bird singing "Everyone makes mistakes, oh yes they do...everyone makes mistakes so why can't you?"

to all copies of *DuLac* - a large bonfire

to the Notre Dame Bookstore - blue chip rating on the New York Stock Exchange

to Fathers Tyson, Beauchamp and Malloy - best of luck in '87



"to the library: a guide to the Dewey Decimal system"

to Notre Dame Security - live ammo

to Princess Diana and Prince Charles - twelve kids, a mortgage and a limited income

to the Oak Room - a live floor show

to Digger Phelps - a years' subscription to GQ

to Notre Dame alumni - a longer umbilical cord

to Father Joyce - a better choice this time around

to George Bush - box seats at all state funerals

to the Registrar's office - some uppers and a little motivation

to all students disciplined by the University - constitutional rights

to Arts and Letters majors - minimum wage

to PLS majors - relevance

to all parietals violators - a blindfold and a cigarette

to the LaFortune Student Center renovators - a wrecking ball

to Gerry Faust - a passport and a new identity

to Ed Meese - a walking tour of Harlem

to Nancy Reagan - a gift certificate to Goodwill

to the Notre Dame Mounted Police - a year's supply of pooper scoopers

to the bookstore - a year's supply of pooper scoopers (embossed with ND insignia)

to Sylvester Stallone - an interpreter

to Ann Pettifer - an audience

to Emil - a new rug...for his living room

to Dillon Hall - a week at the Betty Ford Rehabilitation Clinic

to Duane Lawrence - a will of his own

to the Student Senate - continued existence

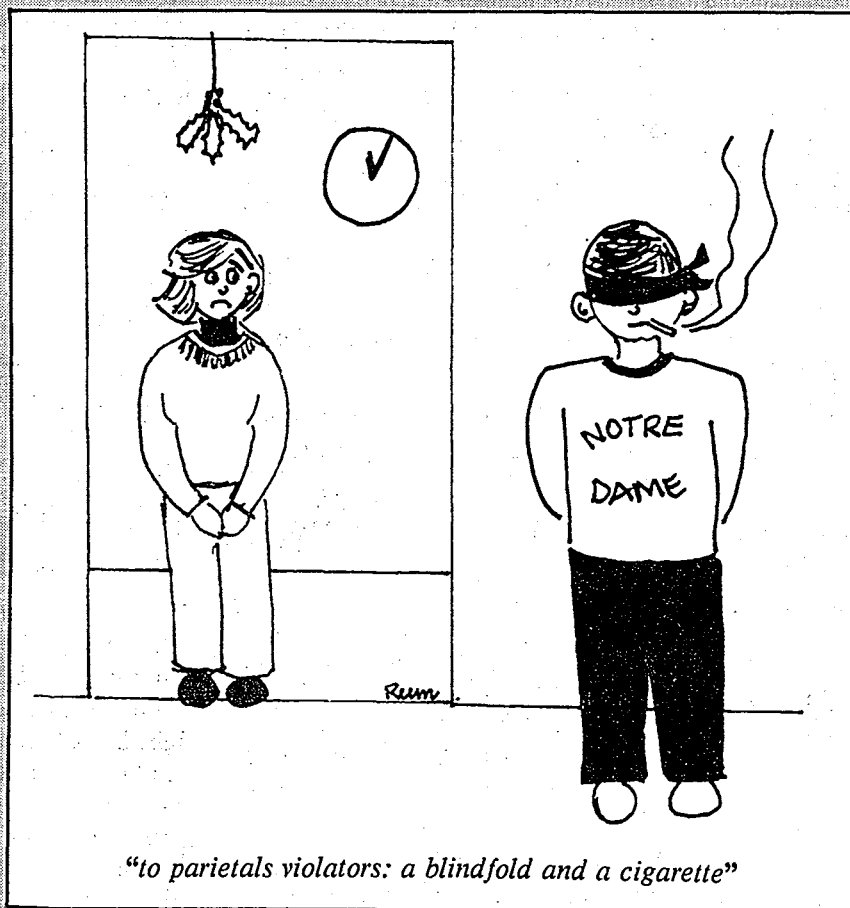
to the USC football team - *My First Reader*

to O.J. Simpson - see above

to Lou Holtz - GOOD LUCK

to Scholastic staff - minimum wage •

CHRISTMAS WISHES FOR THE N.D. COMMUNITY



CHRISTMAS ...

Bright morning sunlight streamed through the window and fell upon the old man sitting slumped forward at the kitchen table. His quiet snoring filled the peaceful room. A box of cereal, a carton of milk, an empty bowl, and an opened newspaper sat on the table before him. The light revealed his weather-beaten, wrinkled face and hands and the slightly off-color patches on his shabby clothes.

His son entered the room and smiled when he saw his father sleeping. He cleared the table, and as he turned on the faucet to wash the dishes his father's eyes slowly opened and he pulled himself up straight.

"Morning Pop!" Sean called cheerfully over his shoulder. "Merry Christmas, again." The old man seemed confused for a moment, then his face broadened into a big smile.

"Morning sonny."

"It's beautiful outside," Sean said.

"Is it?"

"Yes." Sean finished washing the dishes and stacked them in the cupboard.

"Did you just get up?" the old man asked.

"No, I've been up for a while, Pop."

"Have you?"

"Yes."

"Did you have any breakfast?"

"Yes, you and I ate together this morning."

"We did?"

"Yes." Sean patted his father's shoulder. "But I went back to bed, and it looks like you caught a few extra winks yourself."

"I did?"

Sean laughed. "Yes."

The old man knit his brows. "Sonny--"

Sean sat at the table and picked up the sports page. The old man focused on the section he had been reading before he fell asleep. They read in silence for a few minutes. Then the old man shook his head and mumbled something.

"What is it, Pop?" Sean asked him.

"Oh, the world is a mess," lamented the old man.

"Oh really," said Sean, amused.

"That's right. And President Truman doesn't know a damn thing to do about it."

Sean laughed. "It's *Reagan*, pop."

"Huh?"

Sean got up from the table. "Tell you what. There's a party at the nursing home today, Pop. I thought we would go over there and see some of your old friends. Does that sound good?"

"Oh, sure," said the old man, although he looked uncertain.

"It's a beautiful day, so I thought we could walk it. I'll run up and get your brace."

Sean left the kitchen and jogged up the stairs to his father's room, and then returned downstairs where he found his father making his way across the living room.

"Are you going out, Sonny?" the old man asked.

"I sure am," Sean replied. "And so are you."

"I am?"

"Yes, Pop, I just told you. We're going to the Christmas party. It's a nice day, so I thought we'd walk." Sean motioned him over to the couch and sat him down. He rolled up his father's trousers and began working to strap the brace to his father's bare, white leg. When he reached the last strap, he noticed a sore on his father's calf. "Pop, how long have you had this sore?"

The old man did not answer right away. "Oh...I don't know," he said finally, after thinking it over.

"Does it hurt?"

"Well, maybe a little."

Sean examined the sore. Apparently the brace had been rubbing him. Sean sighed wearily. "Okay, wait here a minute. I'll be right back." Sean ran upstairs and grabbed a bottle of disinfectant and some bandages from the medicine cabinet. He went back downstairs, through the living room (stopping to answer a few of

BRINGS IT BACK

his father's questions) and then down into the basement, where he unzipped his hockey bag and pulled out a shinguard. He pulled back a thin canvas flap, revealing a large square of foam padding. "There's got to be some way of detaching this," he said to himself. The padding, however, was not removable. Sean shrugged. "Oh well." He yanked the padding from the hard outer plastic, causing it to tear at two corners. Two small metal screws fell to the floor.

Back upstairs, Sean cleaned his father's sore and fitted the padding between the leg and the straps. "Okay, I think we're set," Sean said, helping his father up. Sean started up the stairs to put the bandages away. "Why don't you get your coat, dad?" Sean hollered from above. The old man walked slowly to the living room closet and retrieved an old, worn, blue canvas jacket. He put it on and fumbled with the zipper. Sean bounded down the stairs.

"Wouldn't you like to wear your new jacket?" Sean asked.

"New jacket?"

"Kevin gave you a new jacket last night."

"Kevin?"

Sean lowered his eyes and paused uneasily. "You know, Kevin," he said. "My brother."

The old man suddenly remembered and laughed awkwardly at himself, shaking his head despondently and staring down at his hands. "Oh, what's

the matter with me? Of course, of course."

Sean reached into the closet and brought out the new jacket, but the old man just shook his head. "No, no, this is fine."

Sean rolled his eyes in exasperation, but decided not to argue. He grabbed his own jacket and put it on. Before they left, he put a few slices of bread into a plastic bag and stuck the bag in his pocket. "We can stop at the park along the way and feed the ducks," he suggested to his father.

The old man smiled and nodded. "Good, sonny. That's good."

They left the house and started off down the block. It was an exceptionally warm Christmas -- almost fifty degrees. There was snow on the ground which was quickly melting in the warm sun.

"Do you have to work today?" asked the old man.

"No, Pop. I'm off."

"Oh, is it Saturday?"

"No, it's Tuesday, but I get Christmas off."

"Christmas! Is it -- Oh, yes."

The old man laughed. "I'm afraid I'm becoming forgetful."

"Ah well, you do okay, Pop," said Sean. They were walking slowly. The old man favored his right leg just a little.

"Did you say we were going to the cleaners?" the old man asked.

"No, Pop, we're going to the nursing home."

"Oh. Did you say we were going to a park?"

"Yes."

"Is it close?"

"Yes. You used to take me there when I was small. Me and all the other kids."

"I did?"

"Yes." Sean eyes seemed to look far ahead of him now, remembering. "You taught us all to skate there."

"I did?"

"Yes." Sean paused. "Remember we were all talking about it last night."

"Huh?"

"Remember last night?"

The old man stared hard at the sidewalk, his eyes narrowed in concentration. He shook his head sadly. "Last night...?"

"Everyone came over, Pop. Danny, Kevin, Ann, Mary, Erin, and Kate, and their families. And all of your kids remembered the times we had growing up -- especially the times around Christmas, when the whole family would skate and play hockey at the park on Christmas Eve and then come back to the house and then open the presents and then go to mass. It was the happiest time of the year."

The old man laughed and smiled. "It was a happy time."

"Yes, it was," Sean said.

They reached the park and sat down together on a bench

near the water. There was snow covering the grass right down to the water's edge, but the pond itself was free from ice and snow. Ducks gathered around, and Sean and his father tossed bits of bread to them. When the old man had used up his first piece of bread, Sean handed him another.

"Thank you, Pat," said the old man.

Sean froze for an instant and then looked slowly over at his father. Sean's eyes were serious and alarmed and they searched his father's face for some recognition of the error. This hadn't happened before. But probably, it was just a slip.

"Dad," asked Sean, "why did you name me Pat?"

His father looked at him fondly. "I named you after my brother, Pat. And my father." The old man's voice quivered unsteadily as he spoke. "You deserve the name. You're a fine man." It looked as though the old man might cry. He often became suddenly emotional and tearful.

Sean jumped up. "Excuse me, Pop. Stay right here. I'll be right back." Sean strode quickly over to a warming house thirty yards away and walked around behind it. He pressed himself against the wall and gritted his teeth. "I'm not Pat!" he shouted, but not loud enough for his father to hear. Sean turned around and leaned with his back against the wall. He covered his face with his hands and closed his eyes.

Why am I stuck with this old mindless relic? You're senile. You're hopeless and pathetic. What's the use. I ought to stick you in the damn nursing home!

Sean stood against the wall

for a long time. The snow on the roof was melting, sending a continuous cascade of drops from the roof to the cement walkway below. Sean watched absent mindedly as one particular column of drop fell repeatedly on the toe of his right shoe and exploded.

After a while he thought he heard his father calling, so he turned the corner of the building to check on him. His father had left the bench and was walking slowly to his left, looking all around. It was obvious that he didn't know where he was, or how he'd gotten there. A look of panic was building in the old man's face. "Danny?" he cried out. He stopped and looked back at the bench. "Kevin?"

Sean watched him, and suddenly! He was five. It was Christmas Eve. He was in the city. He was with his father. There were people everywhere. It was a fair. They went to a store. His father knew the man. He got a package and left. "Hold on to my hand." Sean reached up and grabbed it. They were walking. There was music and people. He saw cotton candy. He ran to it. He wanted some. People everywhere. Now where was he? He turned and looked. Nowhere was father. He looked around. He couldn't see him. He was lost. Dad! Dad! He was gone. Where should he go? Completely lost. He stood and waited. Father would find him. He kept looking. Kept looking. Strangers! Big strangers! He was afraid. People kept moving. He'd lost his father! He'd never find home! He started to cry. He started to run.

Then there was a strong hand on his shoulder, and he turned around and saw his father,

and his father said, "Now you won't be lettin' go of my hand again, will you?" Then his father bought him some cotton candy and took him home and gave him his present early -- before they went to the park -- a new pair of skates.

Sean stood looking at his father now, who started in one direction then another, disoriented, lost, and confused. "You never lost sight of me for an instant, did you, Pop?" Sean said softly. Sean ran down the small hill toward his father. "Dad!" he cried out, embracing the old man.

The panic disappeared and a smile returned to the old man's face. "I...forgot," he started to say.

"Never mind, so did I," said Sean. "Come on, we're going to a party."

"A party?"

"Yes. We're going to see some old friends of yours -- Norb and Herman and some other guys you used to work with."

"Norb?" he said.

"Yes, Norb and some others. You'll know them when you see them." They started walking.

"I will?" asked the old man.

"Yes!" said Sean, grabbing his father around the shoulders and hugging him again. He felt the old man start to lose his balance and he steadied him. "Yes, you will! You will. You will." •

Help Wanted

TYPISTS- \$500 weekly at home !
Write: PO Box 975, Elizabeth, NJ
07207



A Christmas List



by Pam Demers

WHEN YOU CARE TO SEND THE VERY BEST

The Mall is packed with frantic, serious-minded shoppers; TV commercials promise the "perfect" gift and students, still buried under It - can - wait projects must surface to do battle with the Midwest Cold, and Indiana's 6-cent sales tax. Yes, it's near Christmas in South Bend, Indiana and no matter where you're from, you're far from home.

Most of us are counting more than the days, namely the pennies left in our checking accounts vs. the names on our gift lists. People like Mom, Dad, and Junior can tolerate more ND or SMC sweatgear, and coffee cups, but have you ever considered what you'd buy for those on your hate list?

Sit back and have a sinfully enjoyable experience.

Professor Professor, myopic-sighted, and myopic-minded, who heads up your eight o'clock Philosophy of Peace seminar deserves a few tickets for Rambo II -- Maybe he'll see things the American way and cancel his course.

Chris Volume who lives in the next section, but who you could just swear lives next door has earned a golden muzzle, complete with a holiday pack of oats from Roseland Pets-are-Us.

Longdistance Larry from Boise, Idaho, who calls to talk at 3 am every weekend -- you must remember him in your gift-giving

spree. Perhaps a year's worth of wake-up calls from your computer's new dialing capability program. 100:A Hold the line for 22 seconds, 06:00 am. Goto 100:A. ** Ha.Ha

Uncle Geoffrey-the mystery relative. Every year, birthdays, holidays, and Christmas -- a red-tinned fruitcake. Send him a fruitcake, maybe even use the one he sent you last Easter, but interchange the To and From labels so it goes to him not you.

Sending presents to the people on your grey-list is actually a very generous gesture. It took time and energy to get that special something, that they deep-down deserved. Christmas is a time for giving a little heart, so why not give a little heat? •



I DON'T KNOW DOC...
IT'S GOTTEN TO THE POINT WHERE I
DON'T FEEL I CAN TRUST ANYONE
ANYMORE... FOR INSTANCE, I COULDA
SWORN THAT LIGHT JUST WINKED AT ME

cartoon

Letters

The *Scholastic* accepts letters from any interested reader. Please address all correspondence to: Letters, Scholastic Magazine, 3rd Floor, LaFortune Student Center, Notre Dame, IN, 46556. *Scholastic* reserves the right to edit for clarity and space.

CHRISTMAS CAROLING

by Rachel Nigro



BEATING THE HOLIDAY BLUES

For years, my personal beginning to the Christmas season has always been on whatever date they first sing "O Come, O Come Emmanuel" at mass. That carol, for me, was a signal for the bright lights, silver ornaments, and good cheer soon to come.

Once I began college, however, that Christmas spirit was horrendously precluded by the most dreaded of all college traditions, final exams. Yet, after nearly forgetting about Christmas as I panicked my way through my first finals of freshman year, I decided that would happen no more. Christmas should be enjoyed -- and that means the entire season.

Believe it or not, there is a Christmas season on campus. If you look carefully amidst the onslaught of blue books, you can

find a little Christmas cheer. The answer lies in two words -- Christmas carols! That's right. Either sing them, hum them, or listen to them, but at least have one in your mind all the time while trying to make it through those last days before break.

Last year, about two weeks before finals, I experienced the typical "I - have - more - work - than - anyone - my - entire - life - is - due - on - Wednesday" feeling of doom. I went home, pulled out the Glee Club "A-Caroling" album and played it -- three times in a row.

Christmas carols and holiday songs are just what people want and need to allow them to escape from the hectic reality of everyday life and revel in the joyous spirit of Christmas. Why do you think there is such a stam-

pede to the annual Glee Club Christmas Concert? Or such excitement over the Notre Dame Chorale and Brass Ensemble's holiday performance? Carols cause that heart-warming feeling that makes you laugh when they sing "bring us some figgy pudding," and sigh when "Little Drummer Boy" is sung.

Get into the Christmas spirit despite the Bah-humbug of finals. Listen to Christmas carols -- there are quite a few to choose from. The recommended dosage is at least one per day! While you're at it, walk around campus and look at all the Christmas lights. Check out the tree atop St. Ed's and the star on Holy Cross. Put up lights in your own room and throw some tinsel around.

"Deck the halls" and "gloria in excelsis" and all that.

Merry Christmas! •

COMING DISTRACTIONS



Compiled by Karen Dettling



DECEMBER 12

- ART: Africa and the Americas : A Curator's Choice
November 3 - January 19
O'Shag Gallery West
- ART: Moira Marti Geoffrion : 1985
November 17 - January 5
O'Shag Gallery West
- ART: 100-Mile-Radius Student Competition
November 15 - December 13
SMC Galleries
- ART: French Master Drawing From the Permanent Collection
November 14 - January 19
The Snite Museum of Art
- PERFORMING ARTS: "Hay Fever"
December 5, 6, 7, 12, 13, 14
O'Laughlin Auditorium - SMC
Notre Dame / Saint Mary's Theater
- PERFORMING ARTS: Andy Williams Christmas Show
Morris Civic Auditorium
- PERFORMING ARTS: Advanced Theater Arts Performance
December 12 - 13
Bendix Theatre - Morris Civic Auditorium
- PERFORMING ARTS: Glenn Campbell
ACC
- SOPHOMORES: Christmas Fundraiser
Sale of Mistletoe and Candy Canes in the Dining Halls
December 11 - 14
- SENIORS: Sr. Bar Mug Night
\$2.00 / Mug

DECEMBER 13

- ART: Africa and the Americas : A Curator's Choice
- ART: Moira Marti Geoffrion : 1985
- ART: 100-Mile-Radius Student Competition
- ART: French Master Drawings From the Permanent Collection
- PERFORMING ARTS: "Hay Fever"
- PERFORMING ARTS: Advanced Theatre Arts Performance
- MUSIC: Notre Dame Glee Club Christmas Concert
Washington Hall
8:15 pm
- SPORTS: Woman's Basketball - at Marquette
- SOPHOMORES: Christmas Fundraiser
- Last Day Of Classes

DECEMBER 14

- ART: Africa and the Americas : A Curator's Choice
- ART: Moira Marti Geoffrion : 1985
- ART: French Master Drawings From the Permanent Collection
- PERFORMING ARTS: "Hay Fever"
- SOPHOMORES: Christmas Fundraiser
1st Source Bank Christmas Party
ACC Arena/MR/CC
- Study Day (no exams)

DECEMBER 15

- ART: Africa and the Americas : A Curator's Choice
- ART: Moira Marti Geoffrion : 1985
- ART: French Master Drawings From the Permanent Collection
- PERFORMING ARTS: South Bend Symphony Chamber Orchestra
Robert W. Demaree, Jr., Conductor
Handel Messiah
Morris Civic Auditorium
4 pm
- SPORTS: Woman's Basketball - Northern Illinois
- Study Day (no exams)

DECEMBER 16

- ART: Africa and the Americas : A Curator's Choice
- ART: Moira Marti Geoffrion : 1985
- ART: French Master Drawings From the Permanent Collection
- Final Exams (thru December 20)



WHEN DIGGER

The basketball program had lost the momentum that had propelled it through the seventies and into the highest echelon of respected teams. However, last season, with the consistency of Ken Barlow and Donald Royal and the dazzling emergence of David Rivers as one of the premier point guards in the nation, the basketball team appears to have

escaped its temporary lapse into mediocrity. Now, a successful season seems to be certain and the Final Four is no longer a remote possibility. With guarded optimism, Head Coach Digger Phelps recently talked with Scholastic about the prospects for this season and the state of college basketball.

can happen.

How has this team improved over last years?

More confidence. Rivers has more confidence. I think David really has a feel for what can go on with the players. His insight to nine guys on the floor at one time -- he just is natural at picking things out and doing things with instincts. At the same time I think the other players have a lot of confidence playing with him. Our first seven players -- I don't have a starting five -- I have seven players that are the veterans. We are trying to expand the bench to give us that depth which is similar to what the Lakers and Celtics had going into the playoffs last year. I think the bench is going to get us to the Final Four, if we are fortunate to get there.

How do you characterize this years overall college competition?

I think it is going to be the year of the point guard. I think people are going to be excited because there is really no dominating center as we saw with the Patrick Ewing and the Ralph Sampson era and now it's the point guard era. We are going to be playing against some of the best point guards in the country. Look at Alford of Indiana, Syracuse with Pearl Washington, Johnny Dawkins at Duke, Kenny Smith at North Carolina. I think people are going to be amazed at how good Strickland is at De Paul. Every team that you look at, their personnel -- it is going to be the year of the point guard in college basketball.

Do you see any underrated teams this year?

What do you think of our rankings in the pre-season polls?

Well, I think you have to be careful of the pre-season polls because you can get complacent or believe that you're better than you are without working for anything and I always get cautious. I think it is a compliment to the seniors to come here when we were ten and seventeen the year before and as seniors build a program to where they are one of the most respected programs in the country. But I also think there are three things we have to do to complete the season. The first thing is get everybody eligible for the first semester and into the second semester, so they all can play next semester. The second thing would be the second semester road schedule where they've got to go beat teams on the road, which gives you the confidence to play in the N.C.A.A. tournament. And from there that gets to the third objective, which is for us to get to a regional this year. Once you get to a regional anything can happen, and last year we were one dribble away from accomplishing that goal.

Do you look at any particular polls?

What's sad today is that you should rank sixty-four teams. In the old days, when thirty-two teams went to the tournament, the

top twenty meant something. What you've had the last two out of three years is two teams win the national championship that weren't in the top twenty when the tournament began: Villanova and North Carolina State. So I think you have to put things in perspective, and I do, and I make sure the players understand that so again they don't lose insight into what our objectives really are.

What is your prediction for the team?

I don't make predictions on records and that's what people have to understand. That road schedule this year where you're playing at Syracuse, at Duke, at North Carolina State, at Marquette, at De Paul, at Dayton, and then over the holidays where we are going away for four games with Providence, who is gonna be good with a better coach in Rick Patino; La Salle -- we haven't beaten La Salle the last two times we played in the Palestera; De Paul in Chicago who we haven't beaten in five years; and B.Y.U. who we lost to out there two years ago. I think this team could lose seven, eight, nine games and be a better team than last year's, and that's our objective: be a better team come March and get it going like we did last year and get to a regional where something

TALKS

Yes. I think Georgetown will get to the Final Four because I think the pressure is off with Ewing being out of there, and the fact that Dalton's back, and they have some pretty good freshmen that are going to surprise people. Based on that, I think they'll play with a lot more confidence and the fact that everybody thinks they're not going to be any good come March and tournament time, I think they're going to be very good.

What do you see as the biggest problem facing college basketball today?

When guys aren't getting an education that concerns me the most. Fortunately enough we have an administration with Fr. Hesburgh and Fr. Joyce where education is a priority if they are willing to make that commitment. At Notre Dame we make that commitment and at other schools they don't. It's sad when you see the N.B.A. today with less than thirty percent of those guys having college degrees. That to me is a false sense of reality to what the real world is all about.

With all the recent recruiting scandals, how do you see your role?

I'm trying to bring the awareness about to comeback with some reform. I think that part of that reform is happening this year with propositions 48 and 49 whereby we are bringing back academic credibility for admissions. This is the first class that is going to have to have at least eleven college prep units, and a "C" average, and SAT score of 700 or ACT of 15 to get a Division I scholarship. Then, the second part would be progress towards a degree where you

by Ian Larkin



should have to have at least thirty hours each school year in a bonafide degree program. The third thing I'd like to see is taking away the eligibility of an athlete involved in infractions. Take the University of Florida football team for example. The past two years they've been on probation. The same football players are playing that got them on probation and yet they've been ranked in the polls very high which gives credibility for a pro contract. I say you take away their playing time, you're taking away from their exposure for a pro contract, and if they're involved in infractions they should be penalized upon the extent of that infraction. Either X amount of games, a season, or an entire career. Once we put those three things in priority, with consistency, then you'll see college sports clean up.

Do you feel that players should receive a stipend?

Yes, because I think stipends can be controlled and regulated by the N.C.A.A.. It is time we recognized that we are professionals. There is nothing wrong with it. We are controlled professionals with these youngsters. They are getting room, board, and tuition. I think a stipend which can be taken out of N.C.A.A. gate receipts from Division I basketball would amount to about four

million dollars. To give every school a piece of the pie, 15 scholarship players getting a thousand apiece, would cost around four million and CBS pays us 32 million for the N.C.A.A. tournament. It would still give the N.C.A.A. 28 million. I think a stipend would knock off some of the nickel and dime cheating. After all, we are looking to put youngsters in a position where they have to go to school, have the grades to get in, and progress towards a degree, but not have time to work. I think the stipend would control that. The people have decided what they want to watch and the people, being the audiences, are the gate receipts, so these are the stars. It is time we upgraded it and give them the stipend, which again would be regulated and controlled. It is still professional, but so what? I think Carl Lewis and Edwin Moses are professionals when they earn \$500,000, put it in a trust fund, which is legal, and then draw a salary from this trust fund for their expenses, and are still playing in the Olympics. So from that standpoint it's just another way of saying they are professionals. In college sports, it is time we recognize that we are professionals. We are controlling it. It is not like we're looking to give them \$100,000 a year to play or get them agents in high school. We are just saying it is time. ●

Computers Invade Your Privacy

THE WAVE OF THE FUTURE

by Louis Fuka

Today we're going to talk about computer networks and data bases. Sounds interesting, right? I can almost hear the yawns. The fact of the matter is that of all the things that have to do with computers that might affect your life, this one is the most likely to do so. In fact, through the development of networks, computers have the capacity to threaten your privacy.

What is a computer network? If you recall, we have been discussing just how a computer works. However, until quite recently, there was a problem with computers. Computers were isolated. If you wanted to use a computer, you had to travel to the computer. If that computer was the family personal computer in the living room, well, that was no problem. If the computer was on the other side of the world, and was the only one suited to handle your job, things could be a little more difficult. How much easier it would be, if only the computers could "talk" to one another over long distances as if it were in the next room. This was the main reason for the development of the computer network.

Tasks can be divided up and shared among computers.

Redundant data processing is eliminated, increasing efficiency. Barriers of time and distance are effectively removed. Valuable and hard won data can be shared. These interconnected computers are no longer thought of as individual machines, but as part of something larger, just as an individual might be thought of as part of a social organization.

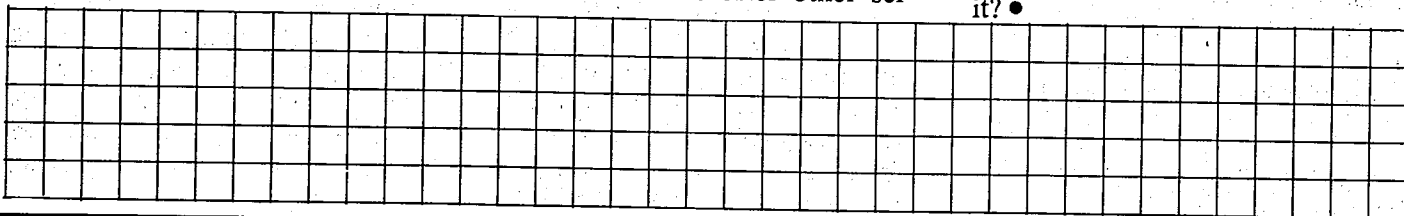
Here too are the origins of the database. Information is a valuable commodity, requiring great amounts of time, money, and effort to acquire, evaluate, and update. Information of the highest quality and most recent and reliable origins is gathered in a central place and others can be charged a fee for the access and use that information. With the aid of a small computer and a device called a modem which allows the computer to transmit and receive data over telephone lines, anyone can gain access to a data base.

There are thousands of such data bases, each with information geared to suit the needs of a certain group of people. There are scientific data bases, business data bases, and data bases intended for the use of the layman with a home computer as well. Data bases offer other ser-

vices too, such as electronic mail, games, electronic billboards that act much as regular bill boards, and even the possibility of conversing with other users of the same data base via computer.

Sounds great, doesn't it? Well, there is another side to this coin. That openness described entails a loss of privacy. Information about individuals could be shared quickly and easily. Furthermore, it is a lot easier to gather information that before would have been lost in the shuffle. Take credit cards, for example. Sure, they are convenient. That convenience, however, is paid for by a reduction of privacy. Not only do credit card companies have the ability to find out how much you spend, they can find out where you spend it, when you spend it, even what you spend it on. They have a complete record of your payments. Furthermore, other companies have the ability to get hold of that data and use it to their benefit.

Think of all the junk mail that is sent to you personally. Where do you think they got your name? One possible source might be the magazine you subscribed to a few months ago, which sold their subscription list. Scary, isn't it? •



MEXICO STRUGGLES FOR STABILITY

POLITICAL TREMORS SOUTH OF THE BORDER

by Rosabelle White

"Do you know what SPP (the Spanish acronym for the Secretary of Programming and Budgeting) stands for?" asks Maria, a junior at a private school for well-to-do young ladies.

"No, what?" ask her friends anticipating a good joke.

"Su Proximo Presidente (Your next President)." She laughs and her friends join in for they all know that the candidate of the Institutional Revolutionary Party (PRI) is Miguel De la Madrid, the SPP. They know that since the PRI has announced its intention of launching him as their candidate that he will be their next president.

These young ladies show the nonchalant attitude of many wealthier Mexicans towards their Presidential elections. Since the PRI took over fifty years ago, shortly after the Mexican Revolution, elections have long ceased to hold any political importance for the people. The moment the laminated pictures of the PRI's candidates are placed on the lamp-posts, the succession has been announced without the opinion or consent of the Mexican people.

Americans often assume that since Mexico is democratic, its political structure is identical to

The recent earthquake this September has become symbolic, not only of existent turmoil, but of trouble to come.

our own. It is not the same. Idle talk of a possible Revolution or a coup d'etat has already begun. The recent earthquake has become symbolic, not only of existent turmoil, but of trouble to come. Many of the collapsed buildings were government buildings. The people mutter among themselves, "Was the government breaking building codes and jeopardizing our lives to save money? Who are we to trust? Where are we to turn?"

How do these people really feel? Even those like Maria who can afford to scoff are not really satisfied with their government. As underemployment and unemployment rise and prices accompany their ascent many Mexicans

are becoming concerned with problems in their electoral process.

"The whole process is a standing joke," says Juan, a moderately well-to-do young man, whose bronzed legs and arms are set off by a new white polo shirt and tennis shorts. "It is completely rotten. Take for example (Arturo) Durazo, the ex-police chief. It is strange that he was permitted to do so much: run a drug-pushing operation, embezzle funds, and even then he was allowed to escape the country with so much money. How can we trust a government that permits this?" he asks, shrugging his shoulders. "If the President steals from the people, lesser officials feel even more justified," concludes Juan.

Juan refers to former President Jose Lopez Portillo, a man who entered office with an enticing, charismatic personality and won the approval of even the most skeptical critics. Gradually, however, like his predecessors, his promises ceased to hold water; easily said, easily forgotten. Accused of robbing well over a million dollars in government funds he fled the country in 1982 to a newly acquired castle in Spain, and he is presently touring Europe.

Corruption in the government has made an already shaky economy even more unstable. Relatively rich until approximately two years ago when an oil glut weakened the petroleum-based economy, Mexico has begun to fall behind on the interest payments of the loan made to the government of President Echeverria (1970-1976) by the International Monetary Fund (IMF). At that time, the funds were whittled away and pocketed by many corrupt public officials. Like so many other misdeeds, this one passed undetected in the chaos that has come to characterize Mexican politics. Lopez Portillo entered the Presidency promising, as it is commonly said in Mexico, "The Pearls of the Virgin", but his promises were crushed by a plummeting economy. President Lopez Portillo's vow to defend the peso to the limits of his power was met with jeers by many Mexicans in view of the fact that the peso had sunk from twenty-five pesos per dollar to sixty pesos per dollar in a relatively short period of time.

As prices skyrocket on subsidized goods such as beans, tortillas and bread, some of the country's poor are turning towards Communism. One clear example may be cited in a small town called Atlixco, located in the state of Puebla (approximately two hundred forty kilometers Southeast of Mexico City.) Here a small Communist community has developed among the campesinos (peasants). Their leader Juan Gomez justifies this by saying "This way we poor people can share the little that we have." Juan Gomez and his followers at least have a choice. They have their ejidos or small communal plots to fall back on. Many poor must rely on the few pesos they can earn begging for alms on the sidewalks of the cities. Others dream of crossing the Rio Grande

As prices skyrocket on subsidized goods such as beans, tortillas and bread, some of the country's poor are turning toward communism. "This way, we poor people can share what little we have" says Juan Gomez leader of a small town called Atlixco.

to earn money in the United States. For them it is not an act of disloyalty to their patria (motherland), but a matter of survival. "We must eat," says Eustacio Gonzalez, a young man in his late twenties. He and his wife Conchita have four children and another is soon on the way. Their future, like many of their countrymen, looks bleak.

With the increasing unrest, the PRI under Miguel De la

Madrid (1982-) is trying to salvage its credibility. New campaigns such as a "Reforma Moral" banning pornographic magazines and movies have been inaugurated, as well as projects like "Nueva Imagen", government-supported beautification campaigns.

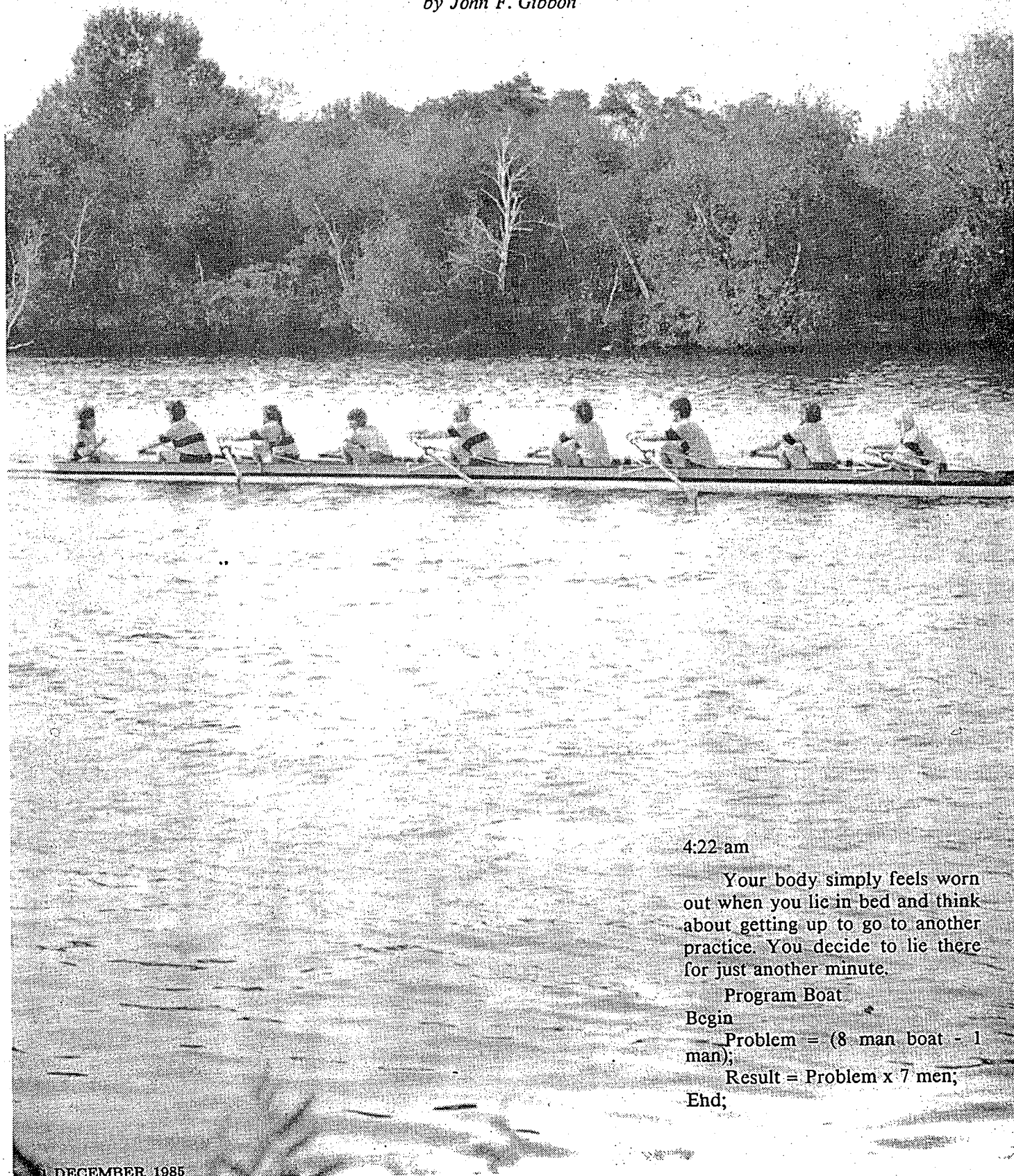
Some of the government's credibility is undermined by certain measures taken against the press and against the people. Only last year, an outspoken reporter, Manuel Buendia was threatened by what are believed to be government-backed forces, he did not comply, and he was murdered in the streets of Mexico City, shot from behind. Last May, on Worker's Day, a heated protest was staged by thousands of irate workers. It was silenced by the militia with tanks and armed police officers. The government tried to silence the media, but the incident was still reported by the IMPACTO, a very powerful and outspoken magazine.

Such incidents reveal that De la Madrid still has a long way to go if he is to prove his government has broken the mold of its predecessors. An incident that occurred in last August's elections for senators and representatives has cast further doubt into the minds of many Mexicans. President Miguel de la Madrid promised "fair elections" but fairness was dubious as the ruling party won all but four of the country's electoral districts, in many instances by enormous margins. Reports of cheating were rampant. The other seven parties have asked for a re-vote in districts where fraudulent elections were reported. The re-votes, which are still pending, hold symbolic importance for many Mexicans as to the sincerity of De la Madrid's promise to bring about a more truly democratic government even at the expense of loosening his party's grip on the reigns of power. •

TWO FALL MORNINGS

REFLECTIONS ON ROWING N.D. CREW

by John F. Gibbon



4:22 am

Your body simply feels worn out when you lie in bed and think about getting up to go to another practice. You decide to lie there for just another minute.

Program Boat

Begin

Problem = (8 man boat - 1 man);

Result = Problem x 7 men;

End;

Sitting in a boat rowing furiously, another boat rows quickly by with no apparent effort. You look out at the water and you are going nowhere. Your coach yells:

"Hey."

"What?!!!"

"Get up, you fell back to sleep."

Crew has often been described as the ultimate team sport. It's not the combined strength of the oarsmen which makes the boat move quickly but their synchronized strength which allows them to work with the river. One boat moving gracefully across the water, if all goes right. It's much like eight people trying to spin a large bicycle tire as fast as they can by putting sticks between the spokes, pushing them hard and then taking them out. If the movements aren't exactly the same, if someone hits an extra spoke at a different speed or in a slightly different way, the tire will slow down significantly. As an experienced oarsman once told me, "crew team" is a redundancy.

The plumbing clangs, others are up. You throw on your sweats and meet a few people to walk to the main circle for practice.

"My self image as a rational adult takes a cold bucket of water in the face every morning that I get up at 4:30 and do this."

"Hey Joe."

"Hey Big Guy."

"I stayed up until two last night studying."

"Oh, the value of sleep is highly overrated."

"Listen up Dirt Bags I need to have your \$35 for the trip to Des Moines by Wednesday."

"Yeah, and I need money for betting shirts and sweats before I order them."



"Someone needs to give Mr. Crilly and Mr. Richardson a wake-up call."

Whoever isn't at practice is called to be woken up. It's easy to fall back to sleep but just as easy to use the phone as an alarm clock, since only rarely are people anywhere else other than their own bed at 5:00 am. After it rings a dozen times or so it is often answered by a groggy, slightly apologetic voice which simply says "I'm coming."

The men's team takes off for the 1.7 mile run down to the boathouse. The women's team is still at the main circle. With the advent of the new boathouse and the subsequent 3.5 miles of running

on Notre Dame Avenue every day, the team seems to have attracted a slightly more athletic type. New equipment, better coaching, a larger team and the fact that the running keeps us in good shape have all contributed to the fact that the ND crew is becoming more and more competitive as a club in a sport dominated by varsity programs. Right now though, this new-found ability leads you to nothing more than being in the back of the pack if you want to take even a normal paced run down to the boathouse.

The size of the team has added a degree of competitiveness, amongst the men and between the various boats. You begin to open up in order to get

in the middle of the pack, to show the rest of the team that you're also working. Your mind feels somewhat asleep and your body responds only sometimes as you try to keep up with the set of heels in front of you. They kick up leaves which are given a dull wet shine by the street lights above.

The boats get taken out of the house one by one by their respective teams.

"Everyone fall in on the 'Fido' and give me a count when ready", the coxswain yells.

"Bow," "Two," "Three seat," "Four," "Five," "Six," "Seven," "Stroke" (there are either eight or four oarsmen depending on the boat).

The coxswain gets his or her boat down to the water.

"Ready to lift off rack ... ready, lift ... down to shoulder high ... ready, down ... walk it out house, watch the riggers (they extend out of the boat and hold the oars, therefore they are what get hit if the boat bumps into something while being carried).

"Ready to walk to the dock ... ready, walk ... watch the riggers on the trees."

The boat is placed alongside the dock, the oars are inserted and the team shoves off.

A warm up begins in which various parts of the stroke are introduced until the entire stroke is being performed. You fix your eyes on the body in front of you unless you are eight seat or "stroke." In this case no one except for the coxswain is in front of you and, therefore, your job, since everyone is following you, is to maintain a rhythm in your boat and a good consistent stroke or movement of the oar.

And on good mornings ... the boat swings together as you break your second sweat of the day. The coxswain calls the boat up for full power and all eight blades go in and out of the water together ... In ... Out ... In ... Out ... Smoothly, with grace, backed by strength, through the water. The coxswain calls, "Way enough ... and down." For a moment you stop and look back as the steam off your teammates rises with the

mist off the river. The darkness casts an odd light on the whole thing. Sometime during practice the sun rises and casts its pink hue on the water.

The boats (the individual teams) usually practice for about one and one-half hours. The run home is noticeably more casual and the various personalities begin to rear their ugly heads. You arrive home by 7:30.

A Few Weeks Later:

9:00 Knoxville, Tennessee

Having weighed in earlier, many of the "lightweights" who having been dieting to make weight come back from their first full meal in a week. It is cold down by the river and the fog sits heavy in the valley as it threatens to be a typically rainy race. It was once explained to me that the inversion of boats on top of vans when driven hundreds of miles draws weather fronts to wherever they eventually stop. Being one of the lightweights, I was involved in a little weight reduction this past week so the food in my stomach was an unfamiliar yet somehow nice feeling. Also because the drive down was only 10 hours long, a few hours shorter than trips to other races this fall, we all got a good night's sleep and I felt well rested.

Rather suddenly the fog begins to lift, the mist burns off, and we find ourselves in the middle of a beautiful Tennessee river valley, rolling hills, grass fields, and mansions overlooking the river. The sun begins to shine and it warms up enough for the people from the various teams to walk around in T-shirts and shorts and bag a few precious rays.

The race is called a "head" race due to its staggered starts. Boats go off about every 20 seconds, or a few boat lengths



apart. The boat which covers the three mile course in the shortest amount of time wins. During the race, to ensure that your time is the fastest, you try to pass as many boats as possible and get passed by none.

All the Notre Dame boats: the four men's boats and the one womens boat, are excited about this race, the last one of the season. The anxiousness in my boat and the quick but smooth current make for a fast paced beginning. You can feel the strength behind every stroke, everyone is pulling hard and our technique is only slightly off. We "walk" up on the boat in front of us. Since the oarsmen are facing opposite the direction in which the boat is going we can only hear the boat behind us as we narrow the gap from 3 to only half a boat length. We bear down and try to pass them. They hold us off. Four more times during the race we give it everything and go to "full power" to pass the other boat, but they manage to hold us off.

When the coxswain makes this necessary, yet seemingly redundant call in a race as intense as the one we were in, the oarsmen respond with a few primal grunts and whatever else they can give (sometimes it ends up being just a few more primal grunts). We have very little to draw on and cross the finish line still half a boat length behind them, but since we started 3 lengths behind them we beat their time by 15 seconds. Our pursuit of the boat has led us to a gold medal with a time of 16 minutes and 28 seconds. The chase drove both of the boats to be a full minute faster than any other boat in the race. Our boat is so tired that we have to stop and rest when carrying the boat from the dock to the vans a mere 100 yards away.

In competition with many of the midwest powerhouses, Notre

Dame is becoming an increasingly strong competitor. The women have won many medals and so have the men in the most competitive of crew categories. At Knoxville, one of the lightweight boats finished fourth, a remarkable accomplishment considering that they had an equipment problem which lead to one of the oarsmen spending most of his time fixing his seat instead of rowing. Not only did the other oarsmen have to do his job on top of their own, but they also had to compensate for his weight, which is roughly equivalent to having them row with a sack of flour in their laps. Traditionally, when an oarsman's equipment is damaged beyond repair, you see him throw his oar out into the river closely followed by himself, and he'll

cheer or curse as his boat rows by. Want to motivate your team? Try cheering from an ice cold river.

The images of crew reoccur in your mind throughout the day: when you see the teammates whom you have grown close to -- feeling your muscles ache as you stand up -- falling asleep as your teacher looks you in your eyes and answers a question you just asked. As a burned out student cramming for a test, you will be reminded of yourself sprinting at the end of a race. In times of difficulty or awkwardness, the images of the power and smoothness of rowing move your mind to drift away from your problems

reflecting on excellence under pressure. ●

Stats:

35 varsity men
10 varsity women
2 varsity coaches (non-paying, part-time jobs)
50 novice men
40 novice women
5 student novice coaches

approximately 150 members active at any given time

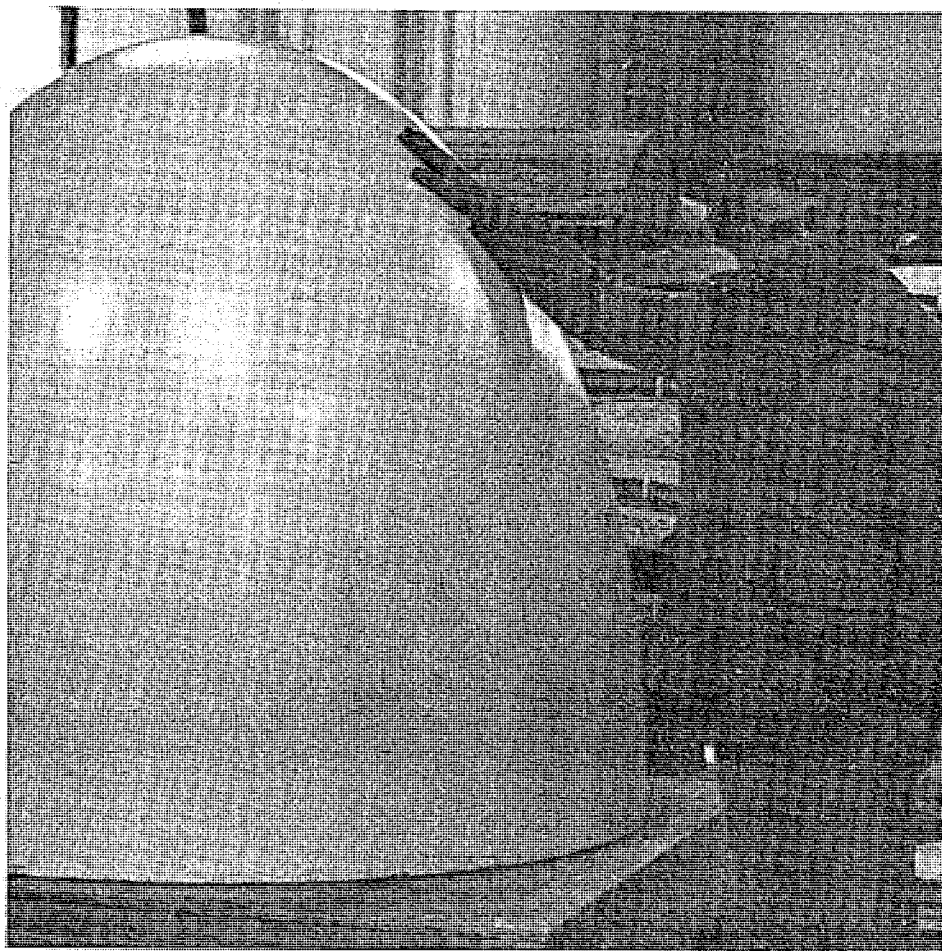
\$ 5,000 from Notre Dame
\$ 6,000 from alumni
\$30,000 from members

\$40,000 approximate annual budget

\$40,000 boathouse
\$10,000 for 3 four man boats
\$30,000 for 4 varsity eight man boats
\$10,000 for 4 novice eight man boats
\$15,000 for oars, dock, trailer, various equipment, etc.

\$105,000 approximate total assets

INTERDEPARTMENTAL COOPERATION



Bill Kremer

SAVES THE DAY

by Margaret Payne

If you walk through the art building these days, you might be surprised to see a 5 foot high, egg shaped half-dome among the clay pots and ceramic sculptures. At first, you might be bewildered, as I was, and wonder whether it is a new form of expression and if so, what it is trying to say. If you can find no answer, I suggest that you consider this: the 'egg' is the product of the seemingly unlikely marriage of two university departments: Civil Engineering and Ceramics.

This shape is the mold for a fiberglass reactor. The reactor will be used as a pilot for a system which uses biological means for removal of hazardous organic compounds from the municipal sewage system of the city of Niagara Falls, NY. The project is under the direction of Dr. Lloyd Ketchum of the Civil Engineering department. Currently, Niagara Falls is using physical/chemical means for absorption of the active carbon, a system which is cost and energy-intensive. Ketchum's

solution is unique in that his system is a biological process. A pilot scale sequencing batch reactor (or SBR) will be cast from the 'egg' mold and installed in Niagara Falls. The reactor will contain a bacteria which will facilitate the biological removal of the unactivated carbon compound.

There were several advantages to making the reactor this particular shape. It imitates the sphere which has the lowest surface area per unit volume. This minimizes energy loss at the sur-

face. The reactor needs to be deep due to the 'fill and draw' method it employs. The affected liquid enters the reactor and is aerated so that the bacteria mixes with and absorbs the hazardous organic compounds. The air is then shut off and the bacteria is allowed to settle as the clean liquid is drawn out and more affected liquid drawn in. Also, with the small access portal at one end, it will be easy to collect any volatile gases present.

One of the main problems that Ketchum faced in implementing his solution to Niagara Falls' problem was in making the reactor itself. The Civil Engineering department didn't have the equipment or the personnel necessary to form the reactor. The solution presented itself in the form of Bill Kremer of the ceramics department.

Kremer set to work as soon as he was given the specifications for the mold, specifications that were the result of efficiency maximizing equations. The techniques that he had to use to form the mold were no less complex than the ones used by Ketchum in coming up with the solution to the problem itself. First, he built a wood mold bearing the general curve of one quarter of the dome. He then spread clay on top of this framework and achieved the shape through a subtractive process utilizing a 2-dimensional 'slice' in the correct proportions allowing for shrinkage and for the thickness of the plaster itself. After that he suspended the slice over the clay on its axis and used it to cut away in a sweeping motion the excess clay leaving only the shape needed. He cast four pieces in plaster and joined

them to form the dome. Two fiberglass sections will be cast from this mold, completing the construction process.

Ketchum came to the art department aware of the skill of the artisan and confident that Kremer could construct what he needed. Said Kremer, "He came where things really do happen". Both departments, in this display of their cooperation, skill, ability, ingenuity and concern for the environment have clearly stated the message that the egg-shaped structure in the basement of the art building carries. It is not a piece of art for its own sake, but could well be that for the inter-departmental cooperation that its creation embodies. •

How to live with someone who's living with cancer.

When one person gets cancer, everyone in the family suffers.

Nobody knows better than we do how much help and understanding is needed. That's why our service and rehabilitation programs emphasize the whole family, not just the cancer patient.

Among our regular services we provide information and guidance to patients and families, transport patients to and from treatment, supply home care items and assist patients in their return to everyday life.

Life is what concerns us. The life of cancer patients. The lives of their families. So you can see we are even more than the research organization we are so well known to be.

No one faces cancer alone.

 AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

A Positive Point About Breast Cancer.

Now we can see it before you can feel it. When it's no bigger than the dot on this page.

And when it's 90% curable. With the best chance of saving the breast.

The trick is catching it early. And that's exactly what a mammogram can do.

A mammogram is a simple x-ray that's simply the best news yet for detecting breast cancer. And saving lives.

If you're over 35, ask your doctor about mammography.

Give yourself the chance of a lifetime.™



This space contributed as a public service.

Never in history have women made such a concerted effort to abolish the threat of nuclear annihilation as the Greenham Women have. Greta Roemer and Beth Rooney, along with nine other N.D. women, spent one night with these women last year. The following article is a commentary based on that experience.

Peace on Earth & Goodwill to Men

by Greta Roemer and Beth Rooney

Christmas is a time of peace and hope. Prayers and petitions are offered for both individual and world peace. Sixty miles west of London, England, there is a group of women who protest for peace not only during the holidays, but 24 hours a day, 365 days a year.

Greenham Common Womens Peace Camp, established in 1982, is the world's oldest existing one. The community, composed solely of women, "illegally" protests the US military base at Greenham Common which was established to carry out the terms of a 1979 NATO agreement. Presently, there are about 50 nuclear cruise missiles based there.

A group of women, known throughout England as "The Greenham Women," permanently reside outside the gates of the common land that comprises the base. They have been there since 1982 when they staged a protest march against the base and decided to stay "until the (Cruise) missiles leave." Court orders ban the women from dwelling on the land around the base, but the orders are ignored. Since the camp's

establishment, Greenham Women have been subject to hunger, cold, discomfort, arrests, daily evictions and assaults by both the camp's soldiers and the public.

Greenham Women embody the idea of community. Their belongings are shared. They spend twenty-four hours a day in each other's company. The make-shift camps exemplify simple living. Shower and toilet facilities do not exist. Their "houses" are plastic tents. Luxuries include extra layers of clothing, blankets and a van. The van is packed within five minutes of an eviction by the base's military police.

These women have varying backgrounds, capabilities and ideologies. Some of them live there permanently, but most are housewives or teachers who come as often as they are able. Their common denominator is their opposition to nuclear missiles. They abhor all forms of violence. Seven small communities, representing the seven gates of the base, comprise the camp. Armed soldiers in British uniform guard the gates.

On the evening of February

28, 1985, we spent nine hours at Greenham Common with nine other Notre Dame women in the London program. Before we left, we had heard both positive and negative descriptions of Greenham. We had read newspaper accounts which said it was an effective movement, and others which said the women were just a bunch of radicals.

When we arrived at Blue Gate, the camp's centrally located public entrance, we were a little surprised by what we saw. We felt like we had walked into a gypsy camp. We knew it would be primitive, but it seemed more like a permanent campout. There was a campfire burning, and about six women were huddled around it to stay warm. We met Missy, a twenty-year-old Scottish woman, and Hazel, a fifty-eight-year-old grandmother. We asked them both questions and were given answers that were more than we bargained for.

The women made room for us around their campfire. Hazel, an older woman, looked out of place among the other, younger women. But she was outspoken

and shared her feelings readily. "Women come here and dare to say to us, you're special. It's a cop-out for those women to be able to go away and say they couldn't do it. I'm 58, I feel the cold and I don't like evictions. I'm not superhuman."

Hazel believed: "We're all going to fry and boil in a year's time. Our children are going to die. The whole bloody world is going to be finished." Hazel studied the forms bent toward the fire. We were surprised and captured by her passion. She looked frail. Her body twitched nervously and her smoker's husky voice halted. A man's parka swallowed her petite form. Her hiking boots lurked dangerously near the fire, but Hazel either didn't notice or didn't care.

She continued urging support for the community. "It's women who make Greenham and we've got to have women here. The spirit is here only because the women are here." Hazel reflected on the reality and proximity of nuclear war. Her passion was evident. "You've got to believe. You've got to know it's going to happen. It isn't pretend. I have a five-year-old grandson. He's not going to grow up if we women don't do something about it." In the past, Greenham has had as many as hundreds of women from as far away as the United States, Australia and Japan. On February 28, there were only thirty. We were told that sometimes the number dropped to fifteen.

"There is nothing stronger than your own willpower and your own spirit," Hazel said, pointing to the other forms around the fire. "Any woman that comes to Greenham has a hell of a lot of power. She has great power and she has to use it and use it all the time! When that power is multiplied millions of

times, it can be very substantial. If every person who really is in the peace movement -- if every one of them actually acted, there is absolutely nothing the government could do." Hazel's eyes flickered. Her body stiffened. She raised her hands in frustration. "You have to believe (nuclear war) is going to happen. I know it's going to happen because nobody is doing anything about it."

When asked about her marriage, Hazel explained: "I have a husband and two sons at home. They don't necessarily agree with everything I believe in. They recognize that if I believe that I should be here, then I should be here. In nearly every marriage, at some point the husband has to go away, either to war, or to work for his firm, and the wife is expected to look after things at home." This observation stimulated Hazel's personal conclusion. "It's important that women leave home for peace. Women are not here just to suit men's needs. We are strong people. But with all the shit that we're given, that we're the weaker sex, we start to believe it."

"Men's resort to violence is not a show of strength. The majority of women are powerful nonviolent people and the majority of men are weak violent people. Look at how many wars they've had. And did they learn? They're still eager to go off to war and pretend they're fighting to save their womenfolk," she says. Hazel strongly urged all of us: "Women have to stop being proud that men will fight for them. They have to start fighting for themselves."

Missy, a twenty year old Scottish woman, was an 11-month resident of the peace camp. Her perception of Greenham's pur-

pose was more bitter and less accepting than Hazel's. Greenham Common has come to stand for more than just a peace movement. Missy represented the more radical side of Greenham Women. Most of the women feel that men should not be a part of Greenham Common because they believe that the presence of a male encourages violence. Missy's voice was resolute as she explained her theory: "Every time you go into the base you take the risk of being hurt. I don't think a man could just go and sit there, whereas women do."

Missy equates the violence of nuclear war with sexual violence: "Greenham is against violence in everything. It's not just bombs, it goes down to rape, it goes down to all sorts of violence. Violence is just a thing that men have brought up to show that if they disagree with something, they can fight back."

Missy believes strongly in the Greenham Women's non-violent protest. She concluded by explaining the reason for her participation: "Everybody's doing something in their own way. Greenham is my way."

Nine hours later, we left these women with more than we expected -- not necessarily in agreement or with complete understanding, but with a great deal of knowledge and with admiration. We admired Hazel and Missy's spirit and drive; their incredible endurance. They lived there every day. They slept there every night. We were miserable, cold and ready to go home. Greenham Women were not stronger than any of us, but were sacrificing more than we had ever dreamed. •

BLOCKBUSTER

OR

RIP OFF

by Theodore E. Mandell

Boy, that looks like a good movie. Kind of an Indiana Jones meets E.T., Back To The Future with the Beverly Hills Cop, Animal House in The Twilight Zone. Let's see it.

Question: Does that sounds like a A) typical moviegoeer, B) Hollywood studio executive, or C) local movie theater owner? Answer: all of the above.

Yes, it's the holiday season. The important time of the year when big box office profits are made from small minded films. Now of course, this isn't the only time of the year when this capitalistic rite occurs. Any time America's youth is out of school, like the summertime, they're more likely to see a movie. This translates to inflated profits, and also one of two things: big name blockbusters or takeoffs of big name blockbusters. How many of these movies are actually worth the five dollar admission price? Not many.

So why does this country support such highway robbery, and why does Hollywood laugh all the way to the bank? Because movie goers will watch anything. While visions of sugarplums dance in the heads of starry-eyed audiences, the industry keeps feeding them saccharin. On rare occasions they will serve Nutrasweet, and once in a Halley's Comet a single sugarplum will pop up by accident. But as the 20th Century Paramount of Universal Santas once said, "If it tastes the same, they'll never know the difference.

Ho, ho, ho." Ah, but they only taste the same in the ads. After the money's collected, the after-taste of a bad film lingers.

"But, but, but Santa Claus would never do anything to hurt us," said Cindi Lou Who of Whoville. Not physically, Cindi, but mentally. Now go back to bed.

The Santa of Hollywood will taint your mind with unfunny stars of Christmas past, empty boxes beautifully gift wrapped with full page newspaper ads, and sequenced sequels as tantalizingly tasteless as their profitable predecessors. Fa la la la la, la-la la la.

Enough criticism. How does one find the real snow amidst the powdered imitation? Well, here are some tips for the holiday moviegoer so she can avoid getting coal in her stocking. First, avoid any movie distributed by the Cannon Group. Executive producers Menahem Golan and Yoram Globus are known Grinches of the movie world. Among their infamous collection of profitable exploitation includes Bo Derek's "Bolero," the recent "King Solomon's Mines" and the recent number one box office grosser in America "Death Wish III." Gee, three death wishes. Give me one and I'd wish the Cannon Group would go bankrupt.

It is beyond me why audiences keep going to movies like these which reinforce childish stereotypes of cartoon-like violence, sexploitation, and false vigilante patriotism. These films

simply insult one's intelligence and Golan and Globus get rich by doing this over and over again.

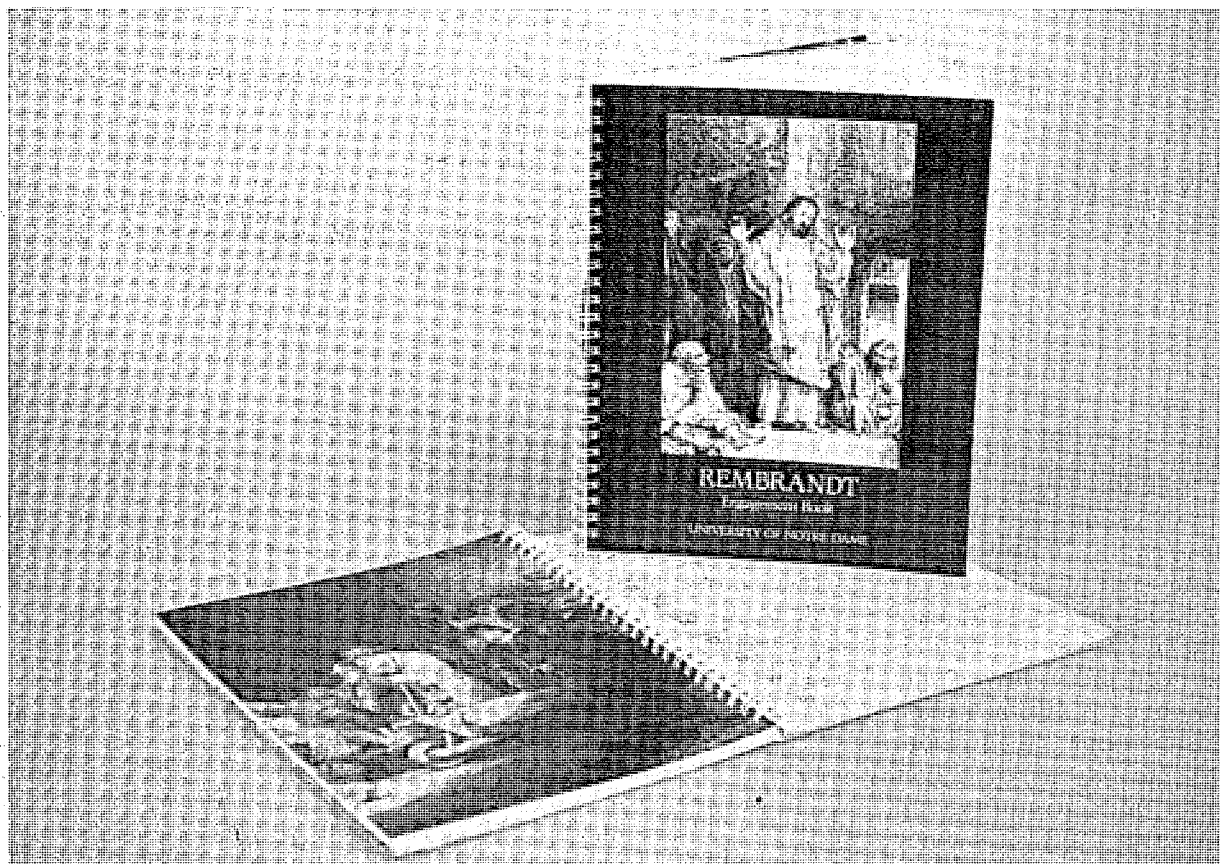
Secondly, don't see films the day they open. Wait, read film reviews in major publications like *Time* or *Newsweek*, the *New York Times* or watch Siskel and Ebert on "At The Movies." Ignore any review in *USA Today*, and ignore Leonard Maltin of "Entertainment Tonight." These reviews are products of the glitzy Hollywood lifestyle. The reviewers worship the major studios and are very hesitant to criticize the "big" names in fear of being snubbed later. It is best to stay away from social climbers like these.

Finally, be suspicious of huge advertising campaigns. Most are initiated to create large box office grosses from opening week audiences. After the word gets around most of these films die, and die fast, but not without their easy buck. Golan and Globus are famous for that practice. Remember, deception is the name of the game.

In fact, the movies least advertised are usually the best. The true artists make films independently and spend their money on production rather than advertising.

Over the holidays, and all the time, use your common sense when seeing films. Spend your money on films like you do on your clothes. Then maybe some year Santa will give us something we can really use: films which enhance our lives. Merry Christmas!

Rembrandt Engagement Calendar from The Snite Museum of Art



- Handsome 52 week appointment calendar
- Contains 54 quality full-page reproductions of Rembrandt's Old and New Testament etchings from The Snite's Feddersen Collection
- Ready-to-mail gift box
- SPECIAL GIFT OFFER, \$9.95 plus tax

Also available at the museum:

Posters at reduced rates
a selection of 12 Christmas cards
Museum publications

The Snite Museum of Art Bookstore hours:

Tuesday-Friday 10:00 a.m. - 4:00 p.m.

Saturday-Sunday 1:00 p.m. - 4:00 p.m.

Thursday evenings until 8:00 p.m.

Closed on Mondays

Being Gay

at

Notre Dame

Contributed by Gays at Lesbians at Notre Dame - Saint Mary's College

No coverage of life at Notre Dame and St. Mary's would be complete without a thorough discussion of one particular minority: gays and lesbians. To be gay is to be a member of an unrecognized minority. Gay people come from every background, every race, every religion. They can "hide" their minority status from other people because, ostensibly, they look, act, and feel just like the people around them. But gay people are a minority in society: 13% of all men and 7% of all women in America are gay and lesbian, numbering about 22 million. So where are these gays and how are they affected by life at Notre Dame?

Gay and lesbian people are everywhere. Notre Dame's unusual status as a mostly white, upper class, Catholic institution does not exempt it from this norm. Given that 10% of any group is homosexual, the University of Notre Dame is the home of approximately 800 gays and lesbians.

Again, you ask, where are these people? The answer must be

found in an understanding of the experience of being gay or lesbian at Notre Dame. Just as heterosexuals are not all alike, homosexuals differ from one another a great deal. The one experience we all share, however, is fear. The fear of being found out is part of every gay's daily experience. The consequences of being labelled as homosexual are many. One never knows how one's roommates, friends, professors or fellow students will react to the discovery that he or she is gay. Will I be discriminated against in class, or at work? Will people I consider my friends alienate me because of my sexuality? With good reason, these fears are pervasive and oppressive.

Gays at Notre Dame and St. Mary's have endured both physical and verbal abuse. They have met with ignorance and fear that foster a homophobic atmosphere that breeds violence against them. They are stereotyped to such an extent that their humanity is obscured. Prejudice clouds the vision of most members of the Notre Dame - St. Mary's community so that gays

are looked down upon as being less than fully human. Where is this evident? Read the *Observer*. Listen closely to conversations in the dining halls. On these campuses, a racial joke - or the word "nigger" - is simply not tolerated. Yet gay jokes - and the use of words like "faggot" or "queer" - are commonplace, and commonly accepted.

Such a hostile environment leads gay people at Notre Dame to continue living "in the closet." Gays and lesbians are forced to live lives of deception. They are afraid to be themselves because they are uncertain of the discrimination they will encounter. In addition, they are often compelled to lead lifestyles of destructive denial of their own identities; they meticulously enact the motions of everyone else in order to achieve sanction.

Should they choose to accept themselves and live as homosexuals, they are officially excluded from full participation in the Catholic Church and, furthermore, meet with condescension and misunderstanding

"It is impossible to equivocate; the picture is bleak. ...Suicide, child abuse, alcoholism, and drug abuse are only a few of the consequences of living the life of denial offered to gay people at Notre Dame as the only ethical possibility."

from many priests and members of the religious community. This way of living has profound ramifications for the emotional well-being of gays and lesbians. The rejection gays experience - from family, friends and church - causes many of these men and women to withdraw from others. For fear of being hurt, many deny their emotions and build walls against intimacy. As a result they often become incapable of having healthy relationships. Their emotions become atrophied from neglect.

Notre Dame is more than just a university. It is a place that prides itself on its sense of community and family. The faithfulness of our alumni is legendary. The Notre Dame family extends beyond South Bend. But Notre Dame does not always succeed in incorporating all its members into the family. Because the existence of gay men and women at Notre Dame is barely recognized by its students and administration, we are excluded from the Notre Dame family.

"Because the existence of gay men and women at Notre Dame is barely recognized by its students and administration, we are excluded from the Notre Dame family."

Gay and lesbian alumni are different from their heterosexual counterparts because they cannot forget their sometimes bitter memories of life at Notre Dame. The effects of the homophobic atmosphere of Notre Dame continues in their lives after they leave here. Many will adopt lifestyles that damage themselves and the people around them. Some marry, believing that they will be "cured" of their homosexuality by aspiring to a heterosexual ideal. Others enter religious life, not because they have a vocation to the life of service through celibacy, but because they yearn for the shelter of non-sexuality. Suicide, child abuse, alcoholism, and drug abuse are only a few of the consequences of living the life of denial offered to gay people at Notre Dame as the only ethical possibility.

It is impossible to equivocate here; the picture is bleak. The life of the gay man or lesbian woman is wrought with daily tensions and inconsistencies about which heterosexual people need never trouble. In response to the struggle that many gay and lesbian people face in accepting their sexuality, a group of students joined together fifteen years ago, calling themselves the Gay Society of Notre Dame, now known as Gays and Lesbians at Notre Dame - Saint Mary's College.

GLND-SMC's larger purpose is to educate the Notre Dame - St. Mary's community at large. Yet the fact that we have been around for so long and have made only small inroads against prejudice and ignorance is significant. The hatred and fear that persist reflect that much work is left to be done. Our goal is recognition, acceptance, and equality. Reaching out is a task that does not end. •

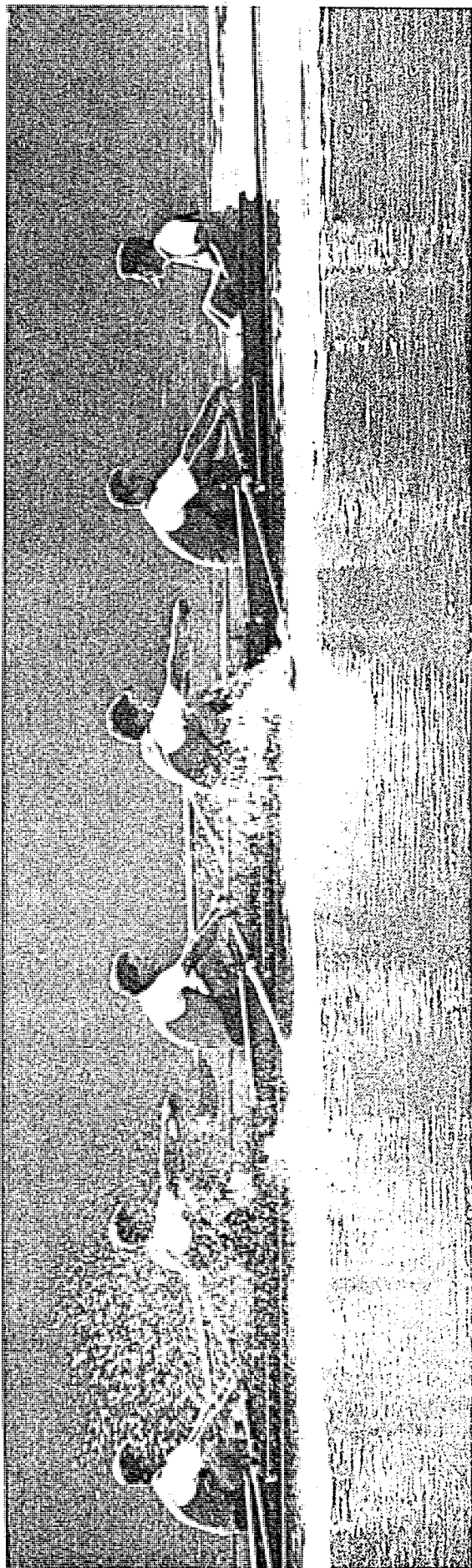
WINTER
HOLIDAYS



the scholastic staff

BULK RATE
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NOTRE DAME CREW



FROM A ROWER'S PERSPECTIVE