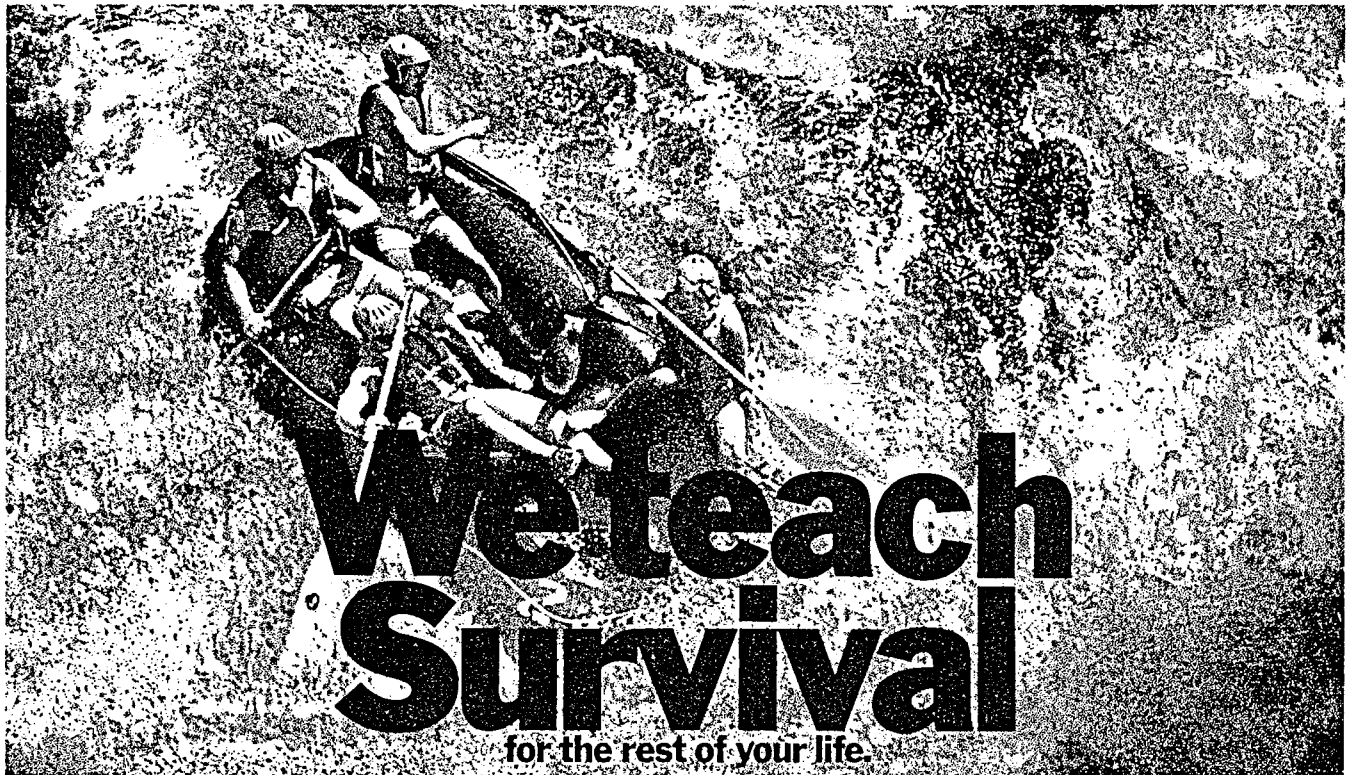


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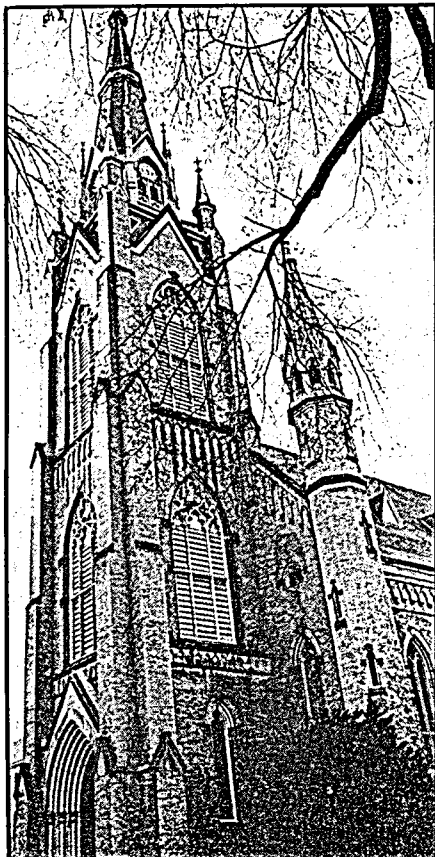
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Vol. 120, No. 5, November 17, 1978
Notre Dame, Indiana

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Illustrations: All illustrations by Mike Cantwell, except p. 27, courtesy of Juniper Press.

Photographs: Phillip Johnson, pp. 3, 5, 6, 7, 20, 24, 25, 26, 30; Jeff Huhta, pp. 10, 12, 30; Enrique Lulli, p. 9; p. 25, courtesy of Observer.

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The magazine is represented for national advertising by National Educational Advertising Services and CASS Student Advertising, Inc. Published fortnightly during the school year except during vacation and examination periods, *Scholastic* is printed at Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ind. 46556. The subscription rate is \$5.00 a year and back issues are available from *Scholastic*. Please address all manuscripts to *Scholastic*, Notre Dame, Ind. 46556. All unsolicited material becomes the property of *Scholastic*.
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Catholicism at Notre Dame

by Jake Morrissey

"Notre Dame, America's foremost Catholic university."

The words are everywhere, appearing in a dizzying number of pamphlets, booklets and articles. It has become the slickest, most succinct phrase for categorizing this University, for putting it in its proper place. But this pigeonholing is inaccurate, because Notre Dame is not static, it is in a constant state of evolving into an institution devoted to academic achievement while maintaining a Catholic perspective.

Striking a balance between these two ideas is not as easy as it sounds. It requires constant vigilance, noted John Reid, director of Student Activities. "At its best," he said, "Notre Dame is interested in education that deals with the whole person. It offers many opportunities to reflect upon personal spiritual journeys," as well as learning in a rigorous academic atmosphere.

Sally Luna, a lay staff member of Campus Ministry, agrees with Reid's estimation. "I believe Notre Dame should be a Catholic institution of academic excellence. I don't know which one comes first. But we must maintain the exposure, the opportunities for exploration that we have here.

"To lose the tradition of Catholicism would be a great loss, because . . . it gives the University's students an opportunity to think, to discuss, to say whether it is morally good or bad. To articulate these feelings is, I think, healthy."

Luna was quick to point out that she has not had the advantage of time to prove her opinion about Notre Dame's Catholicity, since she has been here only since the beginning of this academic year. An advocate of creating a religious context for education, she noted, "A degree will help you get an eight-to-five job, but how will you live out the rest of your life? Catholicism, in its true sense, allows people to grow."

The emphasis placed by students on the academic aspect of Notre Dame has not escaped the notice of Sister Judith Ann Beattie, C.S.C., director of Volunteer Services. "When students come to Notre Dame they consciously have said that they'll come here as, say, a pre-med. But in their junior or senior year, it dawns on students I've talked with that there's more to this college education than they originally thought. Decisions on life-styles and partners have to be considered, for example. Other questions, even concerning their chosen profession, such as 'what does it mean for me to be a doctor in today's world?' are questions of consciousness of relating to yourself that are important.

"How you define Catholicism is very important," she commented. "Notre Dame offers the opportunity for students to live out Christian beliefs in a concrete way. It is struggling with the integration with academic life. Certain ideas and principles are put forth in the classroom, and it is up to the student to come to terms with his own ideas. But life is also lived out in other parts of the community; hall life says something about your Catholicism, too."

Coming to grips with a person's Catholicism in an academic framework is made more difficult "when the student body has experienced Catholicism in suburban parishes, suburban schools," according to Father Don McNeill of the Center for Experiential Learning, "the perspective is going to be with a good academic background. The classroom is making more demands on students," with attempts toward Catholicism getting shortchanged.

The goal of a Catholic university, McNeill said, is to put the teachings of Catholicism, the Word, the Sacraments, and Education for Justice into action. Faculty members should be made aware that "unless the Philosophy and Theology departments are talking with other

departments, students will not see the links between them. If we really analyze who is graduating from here, the priorities might go toward the financing of chairs. But if a chair isn't likened to ethical questions," it loses some of its impact.

"But I would not want to give academics a raw deal," he continued, "because they are important. What I think is that they should work together with Catholicity in an intelligent manner to respect everyone's personal journey. We should encourage students to respect where they are in that journey. I would not want to turn the clock back. When students come here they will be challenged to rethink their beliefs. A lot may think it too liturgically boring when they go back to the outside world because of the religious decision they have had to make here."

McNeill noted, and Reid, Luna, and Beattie echoed, the fact that Notre Dame should foster an intellectual exchange on Catholicism. "The world is a diverse place," Reid said. "It's important to know about other religions, other life-styles. The University would be mistaken if it taught only their beliefs. It should offer students an opportunity to see what is right for them. Luna explained, "What I've noticed since I've been here is that students seem pushed to academic excellence. They do not have time or the freedom to sit and talk with somebody. We have the exposure of new ideas, the opportunities to try to come to grips with our Catholicism. It's all here."

Perhaps this optimism that Notre Dame can meld Catholicism and academics into a cohesive whole will pacify alumni, who refuse to contribute to the University on the grounds that it has become "Protestant" in its outlook. But more important, perhaps its emphasis on both of these areas will give the students of today the maturity and personal insight to solve these dilemmas for themselves.





A View from the Top

by Bob Southard

Catholicism.

Notre Dame.

Father Theodore Hesburgh.

Synonyms, all, at least in the consciousness of many Americans. So why should I belabor the obvious by questioning their relationship, their workings, and their meanings? Why would I converse with Father Hesburgh, the premier religious university leader, about what it means to operate a Catholic learning institution, and specifically about Notre Dame's Catholic orientation? After all, it's so very apparent, isn't it?

On the surface, yes. But when you delve beneath these automatically accepted associations, and try to explain and analyze the apparency of the issues, problems arise — "Notre Dame is a Catholic university because . . . well . . . because it's *Catholic*. And Catholic universities in general are Catholic because . . . well . . . because they're *Catholic*."

It becomes "curiouser and curiouser"; the obvious is suddenly hard to translate from experience to intelligible specifics.

So, fully realizing that the essence of Notre Dame as a Catholic university would be hard to capture, I turned to Father Hesburgh, wondering how he viewed the school he has done so much to mold. It would be interesting, at least, to see what perspective Notre Dame's president

had on the environment here, the environment that students so often take for granted.

Once in Father Hesburgh's office, seated beside his desk, it struck me again how easy it is to accept the statement that Notre Dame is a Catholic school, without really thinking about what makes it so. With these inbred notions, it made it seem almost ridiculous to sit across from the President and ask, "In what way is Notre Dame a Catholic university?" I live here, I study here; what was I trying to find out?

I began by questioning Father Hesburgh about the largely lay Board of Trustees governing the Catholic school. How could Notre Dame retain its strong religious focus while technically being under nonclerical control over the last 11 years?

Father Hesburgh recalled 1967, when the Holy Cross Fathers transferred control of the University to a Board of Trustees, in keeping with Vatican's Council II's statements about bringing qualified laity into positions formerly occupied solely by clerics. There was concern at the time that Notre Dame would suffer because of the change, that the school would somehow lose its "Catholicity" and surrender to creeping secularization. But in its first meeting, the Lay Board re-

solved the doubts by committing itself to insuring that Notre Dame remain a Catholic university; they emphatically stated that theology and philosophy should be an important part of the University, and that the Holy Cross Fathers should actively continue their roles as professors, administrators, and spiritual leaders. Father Hesburgh concluded that this is the *way* in which Notre Dame is a Catholic school: it is by virtue of an explicit commitment from the governors of the University to keep Notre Dame truly, vitally, in word as well as deed, Catholic.

Of course, this is historical fact; Notre Dame is officially dedicated to being a Catholic school. But the Trustees' saying so doesn't give the University its character and worth — Father Hesburgh suggested deeper, "dynamic" reasons why Notre Dame is a Catholic institution.

He first wished to modify any false distinctions which might be made between a "Catholic" atmosphere and the more general "Christian" atmosphere. Father Hesburgh felt that about "90% of the time" Catholicism agrees with the rest of Christianity about matters of faith, and that Notre Dame's Catholicism is manifested in the very Christian ideals of accepting the Word, the Spirit, and teachings of Christ.

I wondered still about how Notre Dame approaches this Catholic/

Christian ideal; is it the philosophy and theology requirements, the availability and accessibility of the Holy Cross Fathers on campus, or the mere fact that the student body happens to be practically all Catholic? Once again, just what is it?

In answering, Father Hesburgh saw Notre Dame Catholicism as something more complex and less easy to pinpoint than any one of these features. The University, as a Christian school, must provide an atmosphere, be committed to an attitude, be an actual incubator for responsible Catholic/Christian thought. Father Hesburgh doesn't view the University's role ending when it draws up the course requirements; he points out that certainly the theology classes help, especially if the student studies Christian faith, but that if one "takes a class on Zen Buddhism, for instance" the requirements are only indirectly helping to build a Catholic awareness.

As he talked about the more intangible qualities that make Notre Dame a Catholic university, Father Hesburgh highlighted important factors that students usually just accept as facts of life. Simply living with fellow students, he feels, provides opportunities for Christian growth that makes Notre Dame unique. When issues come up during the course of a student's four years here, they are inevitably discussed in a context of Christian values and beliefs. This close association with, even immersion in, an intelligent, articulate, and largely Catholic society cannot but help to develop each individual's spiritual self.

Beyond even this social proximity with Christians, Father Hesburgh sees the University furnishing students with a Catholic orientation through its academics and administration. This, perhaps, is what he feels the Catholic/Christian school should truly strive for: delivering a fine education, examining all the facts in all the disciplines, while maintaining the commitment to the Word of God as expressed in the Old and New Testaments. No restrictions, no close-mindedness; just a fully Christian theological and philosophical background with which to explore the myriad questions facing humankind. Notre Dame, he feels, "while never being as perfect as I

would like," aims at these goals, and is true to its mark.

I listened and began to understand more clearly about what Notre Dame feels its duty is as a Catholic university. I asked Father Hesburgh if Notre Dame's task has become any more difficult as the school has evolved, over the last several decades, into an academic "powerhouse," on par with any secular institution in the country. Does the increased academic emphasis detract from the spiritual mission? In other words, more studying and less attention to Christian development?

Father Hesburgh admitted that there would always be a few students who paid too much attention to their books, just as there would always be those who played too much; but he affirmed his faith in the Notre Dame experience in general, commenting that he is "continually amazed at the degree of theological sophistication displayed by the University's students."

He feels that Notre Dame has successfully integrated a first-class curriculum with a true Catholic/Christian focus, blending both and detracting from neither. The academic excellence speaks for itself, and Father Hesburgh sees real spir-

itual growth and dedication campus-wide. He notes that whatever time he passes through the Grotto, he can be pretty assured of finding someone there, praying. He sees Catholicism as thriving; he cites the number of Masses being said each day, and the interest shown in them by the students' attendance. Father Hesburgh believes Notre Dame is as successful now as it ever was in creating in its community members a Catholic outlook.

Father Hesburgh stated at the outset it would be impossible to capture what he had spent so many years thinking and living in the relatively short time we had to talk. Still, he did manage to communicate a clear sense of what a Catholic/Christian university should be, what its goals are, and how it tries to remain true to its religious commitment while offering an education.

He sees the University's purpose and foremost goal as "graduating mature Christians." In the final analysis, Father Hesburgh feels the students of Notre Dame, through their intelligent pursuit of the Christian ideal, are the ones who are completely and totally denying George Bernard Shaw's acerbic quote that "A Catholic university is a contradiction in terms."



Campus Ministry -- In the Mainstream

by Tom Westphal

Campus Ministry. The name certainly rings a bell. But how many students and faculty at Notre Dame know what it really is and how it affects their lives? Campus Ministry is not an intangible force that somehow sheds its aura of spirituality over the campus duLac. The Office of Campus Ministry is a small, dynamic group of people that works energetically for the members of the Notre Dame community.

Throughout the decades since Fr. Sorin started this university, various methods of ministry have been in vogue. One of the more significant and widely used practices was the idea of assigning certain clergymen to individual classes and their respective dorms. (For most of Notre Dame's history, freshmen lived in freshman dorms, sophomores in sophomore dorms, etc.) These priests, who acted as chaplains for one of the four classes, did not live in the residence halls, but worked out of a makeshift, informal "office" in one of the dorms.

Not until 1970 and the arrival of Fr. William Toohey could Notre Dame claim a full-fledged Office of Campus Ministry. Fr. Toohey and his six-member staff operate as a co-ordinating team. The various members of the group assume responsibilities for projects according to their abilities and interests.

Father Toohey sees himself as "the co-ordinator of the co-ordinating effort." The organizing unit meets two or three times a week and, according to Toohey, all seven members are integral in the decision-making process.

Campus Ministry as a co-ordinating unit serves three major roles in the Notre Dame community. First, the staff plans for religious events that occur at specific times of the school year. Scheduling a full slate of Masses at Sacred Heart Church every Sunday is a fundamental responsibility of Campus Ministry. In addition, Fr. Toohey and his co-

workers devise special agendas for religious seasons such as Lent and Advent.

A second main endeavor of Campus Ministry is the preparation and institution of educational programs. Retreats, surveys, the Pre-Cana program, training sessions for religious workers in the Notre Dame community and research projects are all organized by the Ministry staff.

Asserting its viewpoints on controversial campus issues is a third significant contribution of Campus Ministry. Fr. Toohey and his associates have taken stands on issues ranging from the groundskeepers to Dean Roemer's alcohol directives. In fact, the Director was instrumental in initiating a meeting of rectors and assistant rectors before break to discuss the alcohol situation from a "pastoral point of view." Fr. Toohey claimed that the meeting went very well and gave the attending clergy and their subordinates a good chance to vent their feelings on a touchy subject at Notre Dame.

One of the principal ways of spiritually affecting the Notre Dame student, aside from the general methods described above, is through the rector and assistant rector of his/her particular dorm. "The rector is the Director of Campus Ministry within a very small part of the campus," declares Toohey. Rectors assume the dual role of an administrator of a hall and a person who deeply cares about their spiritual growth. Their mere closeness to the students facilitates more knowledge of students' individual problems and needs.

"That's one thing that makes Notre Dame unique," commented Fr. Toohey. "We don't just send students out of the classroom without caring what they do after classes. We really feel that part of the educational experience is outside the classroom experience."

Even more direct contact is made

with the students through the assistant rectors and the RA's. Assistant rectors are trained for their positions through programs co-ordinated by Campus Ministry. Personal experiences with hall staffs that exemplify the Christian ideals are an indirect reflection on the job Campus Ministry is doing.

The principal beneficiaries of all of the activities of Campus Ministry are the students themselves. Part of the task of Fr. Toohey and his staff is to try to provide the impetus from the outside so that the members of the ND community can strive to grow inside as people. According to Fr. Toohey, students have had "very narrow backgrounds with little exposure or contact with the real crucial questions of society." Thus, Campus Ministry attempts to assist young people in increasing their own spiritual growth and becoming more aware of the needs of the community.

A perennial problem faced by religious co-ordinators and counselors is how to measure the effects of their actions. The "spiritual pulse" of the community is indeed an intangible quality that cannot be accurately measured by simple statistics such as the attendance at Masses or the number of students doing volunteer work. The Campus Ministry Office has various methods of obtaining feedback on the success of its efforts such as conducting surveys, analyzing student opinions and actually talking to students to obtain their views on religion at Notre Dame. Presently, the staff is creating a survey to be answered by the Class of '79 which asks them if and how they have grown spiritually over the last four years.

Father Toohey has been the Director of Campus Ministry at Notre Dame for eight years of the controversial '70s. When asked how he felt religion fits in today at the premier Catholic university in the country, he stated that: "We're at



Campus Ministry Staff: Sr. J. Pitz, Fr. J. Fitzgerald, Br. J. McTaggart, Fr. T. McTally, D. Jenky, (Kneeling) Fr. W. Toohey, S. Luna.

a critical point right now. We have to decide whether Notre Dame really wants to be unique and different and if so they really have to work at it so they don't just become a good secular university that's got a lot of academic excellence but has severed its spiritual roots like a Harvard or Princeton."

The religious co-ordinator indicates that he has enjoyed working for the spiritual growth of the Notre Dame students over the past several years. He likes his job's focus on the 17-22 age bracket of young people. He hopes that "they will respond to the little bit I might be able to add by entering into their

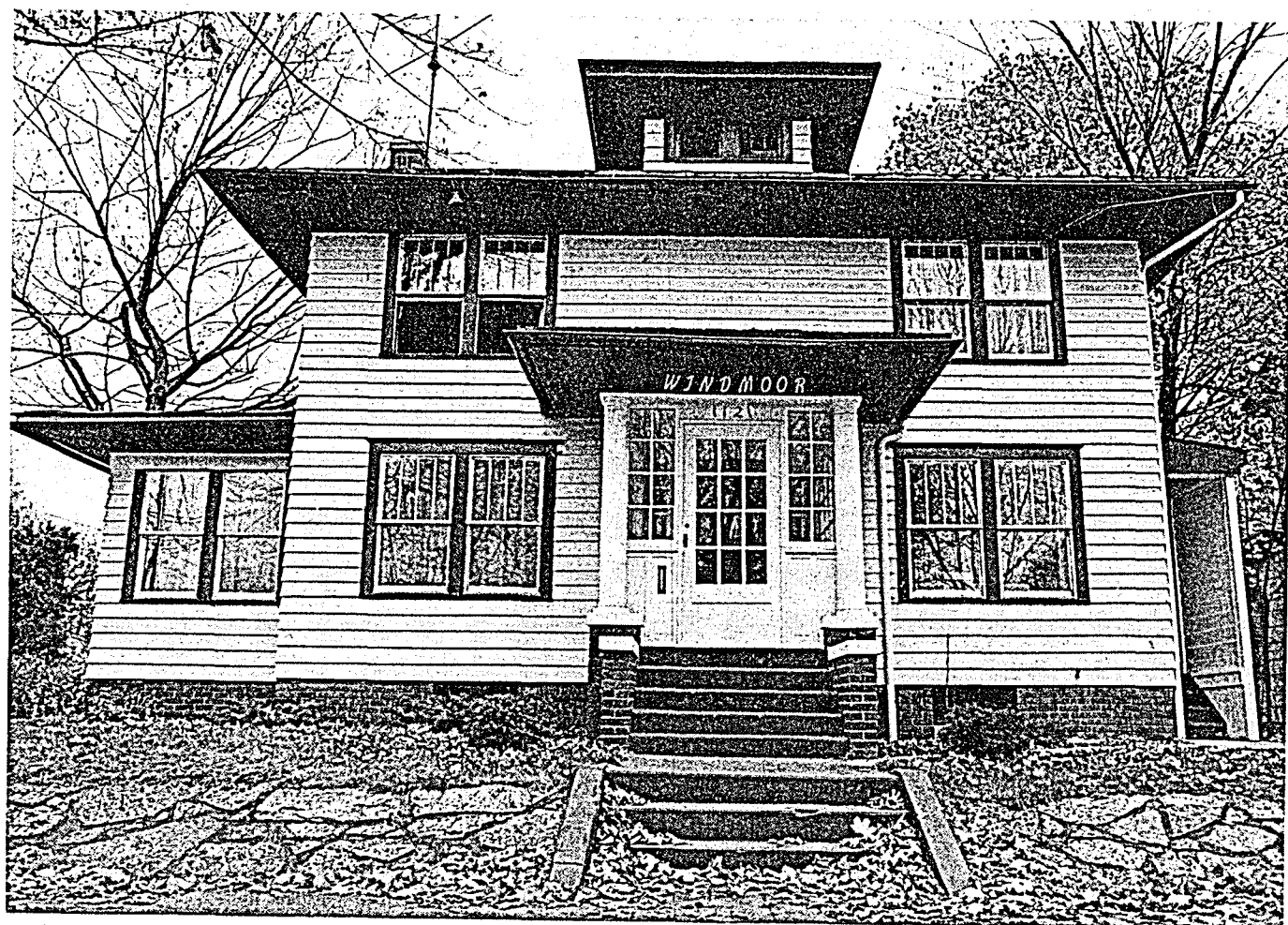
lives and walking with them a bit and becoming a part of their stories."

Fr. Toohey's personal goals are virtually synonymous with the goals of Campus Ministry. He would like to see a "continuing expansion of involving more and more people in the co-ordinating efforts of Campus Ministry."

The training and educational programs, research, surveys and analyses are all in the introductory stages and he feels they can all be enhanced and improved upon. Special projects, such as evaluating the effectiveness of theology courses and using husband-wife teams as

counselors, are possibilities for the future.

Campus Ministry, to quote a hackneyed cliché, means many different things to many different people. Granted, the effects of the seven-member staff on the individual student are difficult to pinpoint; but as you, the human being, progress through your four years at Notre Dame, take an occasional moment to reflect on your own religious growth. It's a good bet that Fr. Toohey and his cohorts are playing a small part in your fulfillment as a person.



Windmoor

by Theresa Rebeck

Perhaps you will get the urge to wander off campus some warm, sunny afternoon. If you choose to stroll down Notre Dame Avenue, a little beyond Angela Avenue you will come upon a large white and red house with a distinctive sign over the door which proclaims "Windmoor." If your curiosity gets the better of you and you decide to approach this house and ring the doorbell, you will be greeted by an impeccably dressed, clean-cut young man named Brian McAuliffe. He is the director of the house. If you like, Mr. McAuliffe will show you around the ground floor. The interior of the house is decorated with tasteful elegance; the walls are paneled with rich, heavy

wood and the furniture is mostly done in warm, autumn colors. Perhaps Mr. McAuliffe will volunteer to show you the chapel. He will take you through a narrow doorway in the back of the house into a small, square room with three short rows of pews. There is an altar, a sacristy and two candles against the front wall. Mr. McAuliffe will genuflect in the aisle, move into the closest pew, and kneel down to say a short devotion.

Perhaps you will be slightly bewildered by this entire setup. You have company; it seems that many people on the Notre Dame campus are slightly, even very, bewildered by Windmoor House and what goes on

there. A little investigation into the matter probably won't get you very far, either; definite facts concerning Windmoor are hard to come by. It seems that whenever one "authority" says "black" another is probably saying "white."

A few points are clear-cut: Windmoor House is an Opus Dei Center. Opus Dei (translation: Work of God) is a worldwide Catholic organization which was founded in Spain on October 2, 1928, by Msgr. Josemaria Escriva de Balaguer. It is an organization dedicated to helping Catholics lead a fully Christian life by teaching them to be faithful to Catholic doctrine. The Windmoor center is particularly concerned with

the spiritual development of college men. Several Notre Dame students live at the house.

Almost any statement dealing with Opus Dei and Windmoor beyond these is open to debate. Even the origins of the movement and the reasons for its birth in 1928 are hard to pin down. Fr. Claude Pomerleau of the Government Department sees Opus Dei as a religious/political movement originally organized to put meaning back into the collapsed social and financial structure of a pre-civil war Spain. Pomerleau explains that Opus Dei combines religion and capitalism in an attempt to preserve social order. This is fine in Spain or any predominantly Catholic country, but Pomerleau thinks it makes little sense in a democratic country such as the United States.

According to Pomerleau, "They go back to religion as the essential motivator of both personal and social action." He further explains his view of the organization by pointing out that "They bring together in a very unique way professional action and religious values by crystallizing religious development and maintaining a religious infancy in their members."

Brian McAuliffe, director of Windmoor, disavows any political intentions whatsoever on the part of Opus Dei. "Opus Dei has no aims other than spiritual aims," he states emphatically. In regard to the situation in Spain in 1928 he claims that "What happened is that there were some members of Opus Dei who in fact were in positions of government—just because they were darn good economists or darn good politicians, and Opus Dei didn't have anything to say about their decisions in government or anything else." McAuliffe stresses that members of Opus Dei always act with complete personal freedom and responsibility in all decisions that bear on their professional fields. Windmoor's main purpose, he says, is to teach young men on a very practical level the "living of the Catholic faith and knowledge of the Catholic faith." This is partially achieved through their teachings concerning "sanctifying work."

It was this concept that first attracted Peter Murphy (not his real name), a senior Engineering Major. Murphy says that the idea of sanctifying work involves carrying your religion through the day with you and giving glory to God through your everyday work. Murphy emphasizes that Opus Dei and Windmoor are preparing a Catholic laity in this way. "The whole concept caught me off guard, made me think," he smiles. Murphy explains that Windmoor helps students through seminars and discussions on such topics as Church doctrine or Christian values, frequent retreats and days of recollection. He says that his involvement in Windmoor (begun when he was a sophomore) has been an extremely positive experience.

Paul Ryan (not his real name) is a junior Engineering Major whose experiences with Windmoor have not been quite so favorable. Ryan had been a part of an Opus Dei group in his hometown throughout high school, and he assumed that he would continue this involvement with the group in South Bend. After several months, however, he decided he wanted to expand his interests and he became involved in other campus activities. Ryan says that his attempts to spread himself out were met with opposition from other members of Windmoor, who wanted more of a commitment to the center from him. Finally, Ryan withdrew completely.

Now that he has been apart from Windmoor for almost a year, Ryan says he sees the center and the whole Opus Dei organization in an entirely different light. He expresses disillusionment with Opus Dei's methods of achieving their goals while still believing that the goals themselves are admirable. "Their problem is one of mechanics," he explains. "Their goals are right, but their means just seem to be a little cockeyed." To illustrate his point, Ryan explains that Opus Dei has a policy concerning certain philosophical and literary works which, in essence, recommends that certain books should not be read. Ryan says that the rationale behind this policy is grounded in the

belief that at certain stages in a person's life, he or she is very pliable and open to different kinds of ideas, and that reading certain works would raise destructive thoughts or doubts in that person concerning his or her faith. Ryan disagrees with the policy, suggesting that some control might be wise but better applied in the form of an advisor or teacher who would be able to help the student understand the readings and their implications in a Christian context.

Ryan is also dismayed by Opus Dei's rather forceful opposition to any kind of change within the Church. He points out that although they don't like to be described as "traditional" or "conservative," that is essentially what they are. While not being openly opposed to change, they resist it subtly. "They say, 'well, this is what the Church says, and that's fine, but not for us.'"

McAuliffe explains that one of Opus Dei's main concerns is remaining faithful to the spirit of their founder, Msgr. Escriva. The birth of Opus Dei through Msgr. Escriva was, he says, a "supernatural" thing, and the followers feel that because of this it is very important to honor the original spirit of the organization, which is to serve the Church.

McAuliffe explains the rationale behind the conservative attitudes concerning controversial books by emphasizing that "It is a basic teaching of the Church that it can go against faith if a person unduly endangers faith and morals." This "endangering" of faith and morals is what they are trying to protect against, so they recommend that unless a person is well-versed in Christian theology and doctrine and can keep these works in the proper context, he should avoid them if possible. What it comes down to, says McAuliffe, is a matter of conscience—Opus Dei recommends that each person consult his own rightly formed conscience and decide whether or not he is capable of reading the piece without endangering his faith.

Another point of controversy concerns Windmoor's attitudes toward women. Windmoor is a totally fra-

ternal organization—no women are permitted in the group. The reasons for this stem from a desire to remain faithful to the original spirit of Opus Dei, which was first set up as a men's organization with a branch for women forming two years later. These two branches have always been totally separate, their only link being the founder of the entire movement and in a small priestly society.

McAuliffe explains that Opus Dei continues this policy of keeping the sexes separate because it has always worked for them. They feel that they can serve the spiritual needs of each sex best under this system. McAuliffe emphasizes that they do not claim that this method of spiritual guidance is the only or the best method, only that it works for them.

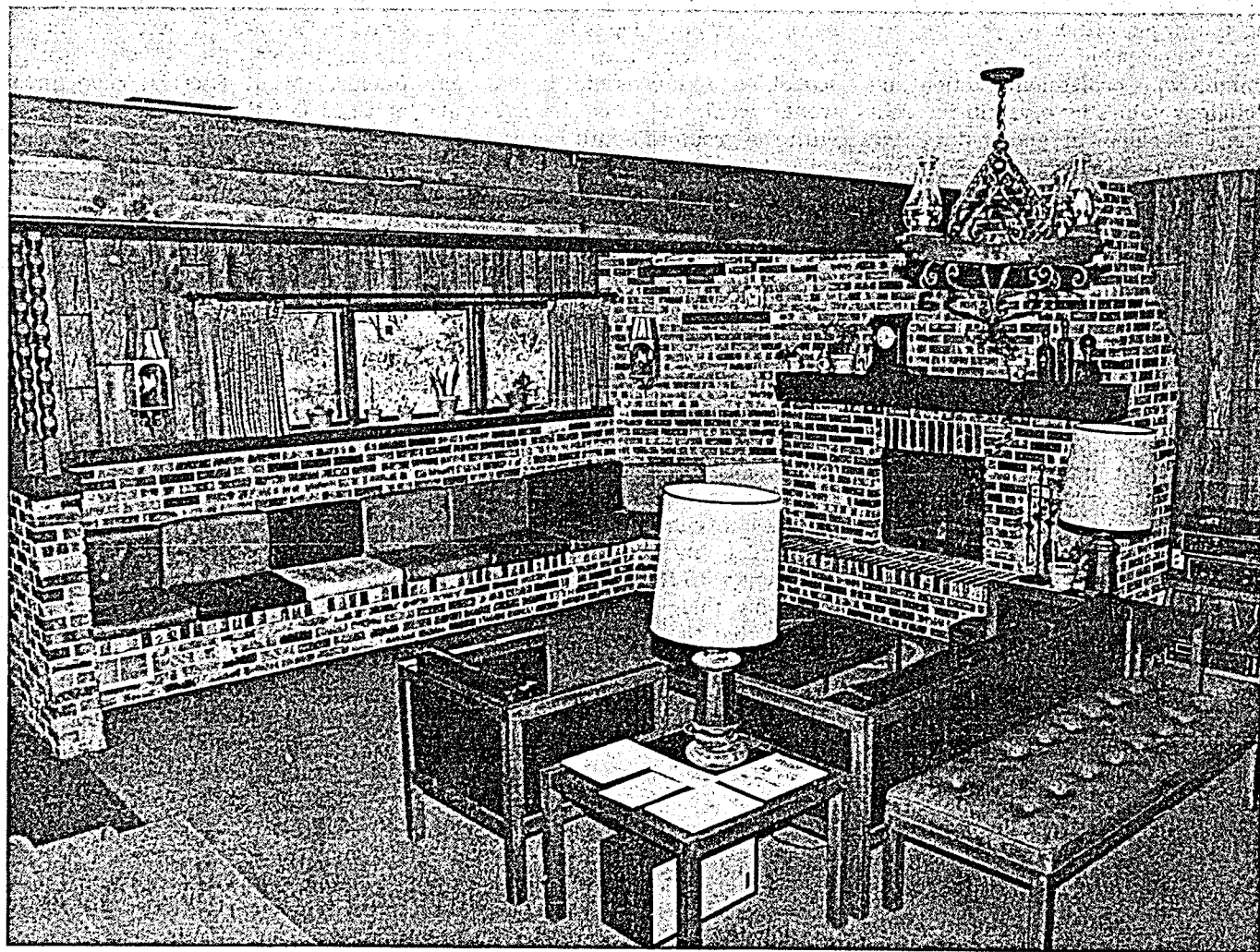
Pomerleau thinks that their fidelity to this policy is one of the reasons Windmoor's influence on the Notre Dame campus is minimal. "Who wants to get involved in a totally fraternal organization these days?" He also thinks that another reason their influence will continue

to be minimal is that they are "physically and intellectually separate from the Notre Dame community."

Fr. Bill Toohey and Bro. Joe McTaggart, both members of Campus Ministry, agree with Pomerleau in thinking that Windmoor's influence at Notre Dame is minimal. McTaggart explains that Notre Dame did not invite Opus Dei (they began their work here in 1960) but that the open speaker policy here gives them the freedom to recruit for members on campus. Campus Ministry thinks that their efforts have not met with very great success because their meticulous interpretation of Catholic doctrine and almost fundamentalist approach to the Bible do not speak to most students.

The basic controversy boils down to a conflict of methods. Everyone agrees that it is important for a Christian to find a way to integrate his religion into his everyday life, and everyone sees the need for a heightened sense of spirituality. Joe McTaggart explains that Campus Ministry tries to answer this need by helping students direct themselves

into this deepened spirituality. Through the different services Campus Ministry makes available, they try to "enhance the positive experiences of a student's past, provide him with new experiences—to gently nudge the student to a mature Christian stance in life." McTaggart goes on to point out that searching for a deeper spirituality can be considerably different for different people. Windmoor's approach offers students a strict set of guidelines, defined values and a sense of stability. They do not insist that this approach is the "only" or the "best" approach, only that it is there for students who respond to basically conservative interpretations of Church doctrine and an ordered philosophy of life. Peter Murphy thinks that many students would benefit from it, but he agrees it's not for everyone. "You can't expect that on a campus of 8,000 people everyone will have the same way of doing things," he smiles. "But for us, it works."



Renewing the Word

by Kathleen Sullivan

Much misunderstanding surrounds the Catholic Charismatic Movement. The Movement or Renewal is a controversial subject for many people. Catholics accept the Charismatics more now than at the Renewal's beginning. Many parishes support prayer groups. Some are charismatic in nature. The Catholic Charismatic Renewal's history centers at South Bend and Notre Dame.

The Charismatic Renewal in the Catholic Church began at Duquesne University in Pittsburgh. Around 1967, a group of religious Catholic faculty members there decided to try to expand their faith by praying for the Holy Spirit to renew their lives. These men went through a deep religious experience. Through friends at Notre Dame who prayed together in small groups, news of their experience came to Notre Dame. Some of the men involved at Duquesne came to Notre Dame to teach. Through similar connections, this news traveled to Ann Arbor, Michigan.

The Charismatic Renewal, or Catholic Pentecostal Movement, grew out of a stormy beginning. Little acceptance by the Catholic Church and a now-dissolved community's activities which started some theological trouble in South Bend marked this period of growth. At present in South Bend, the LaSalle Hotel houses the Charismatic Renewal Services' headquarters along with a community center for the People of Praise community and a publishing business for charismatic books and tapes. Last summer, 20,000 people came to attend the International Charismatic Renewal Conference. The People of Praise, a large charismatic community, exists in South Bend as in other communities such as Ann Arbor, Michigan,

and Minneapolis, Minnesota. Recently, a charismatic group came from California to join the community.

Many questions arose at the Catholic Renewal's beginning that still concern many Catholics. Some people see a separation occurring between the charismatic groups and the Catholic Church because they see the Renewal as a large step towards ecumenism. Many people wonder if the animated prayer and presence of the charisms at prayer meetings does not signify erratic emotionalism. Opinions vary concerning the movement's relationship with the Church and the direction and form the Renewal should take in the future.

At Notre Dame, some faculty, members and students belong to various charismatic prayer groups. When contacting people for information about the charismatic groups here, some students and faculty did not want to discuss their involvement in the Charismatic Renewal. Often people not involved in the charismatic movement easily misunderstand the radical prayer forms; speaking in tongues, gifts of prophecy, interpretation and other charisms, that occur at many charismatic prayer meetings. Also, many Charismatics go through changes in their lives when they accept the Holy Spirit. On the whole, most students did not mind talking about their experiences and their reasons for belonging to the Renewal. Most students talked about a change in direction in their lives. All spoke about receiving a new understanding of what Christian life entails. A new awareness of God's love came when they decided to accept the Holy Spirit. Some felt a new inner peace and joy that came from their involvement in the Renewal.

Their prayers now use the Scriptures more than before their involvement in the Renewal. Many felt that by accepting the Holy Spirit, God now guides their lives. An older member of the Notre Dame Prayer Group talked about his enriched spiritual and prayer life since he began going to the prayer meetings.

Not all the students involved in the Charismatic Renewal belong to prayer groups at Notre Dame during the school year. Many students may pray in informal prayer groups not necessarily charismatic in nature or belong to groups at home. But some students belong to organized charismatic groups on campus. The Notre Dame Prayer Group meets every Tuesday night at the Log Chapel. Many townspeople, brothers, and nuns belong to this group. Perhaps 10 to 15 students at the most will attend the meetings. About 40 members meet together for Mass, and to share Scripture passages and incidents in their lives. About 40-50 students at ND-SMC belong to a more structured group than the Notre Dame Prayer Group. These students belong to the People of Praise community. While students do not commit themselves completely to the community's way of life, they do participate as full members in the community's schedule of prayer meetings and gatherings each week.

Some people contacted discussed the Renewal's direction in the future. What should someone do after their initial involvement in prayer groups and the Renewal? Many felt a responsibility to live for God and to act accordingly in their lives. Some mentioned plans to do social work after graduation. Community life attracted others because of the ways that the community can support Christian life.

Many religious communal forms exist such as monasteries. In South

Bend, People of Praise is a covenanted community. After an initial period when the individual tries living with the community, the person can take a simple vow and join the community. He agrees before the community to live the community's way of life. People of Praise's structure consists of households where most community members live. These households may consist of a married couple and their family with some single people. As members of an extended family, each member is under the care of a guidance figure called a "head." This "headship" or guidance relationship forms an informal social structure in the community. A head may be the father in the family or an older and respected friend.

People of Praise's structure raises questions concerning the dangers within a communal group. Without a definite authoritative structure, a guidance or authority figure could play a more important role in an individual's life than just a spiritual one. This occurrence depends upon the emotional and psychological makeups of the individuals involved.

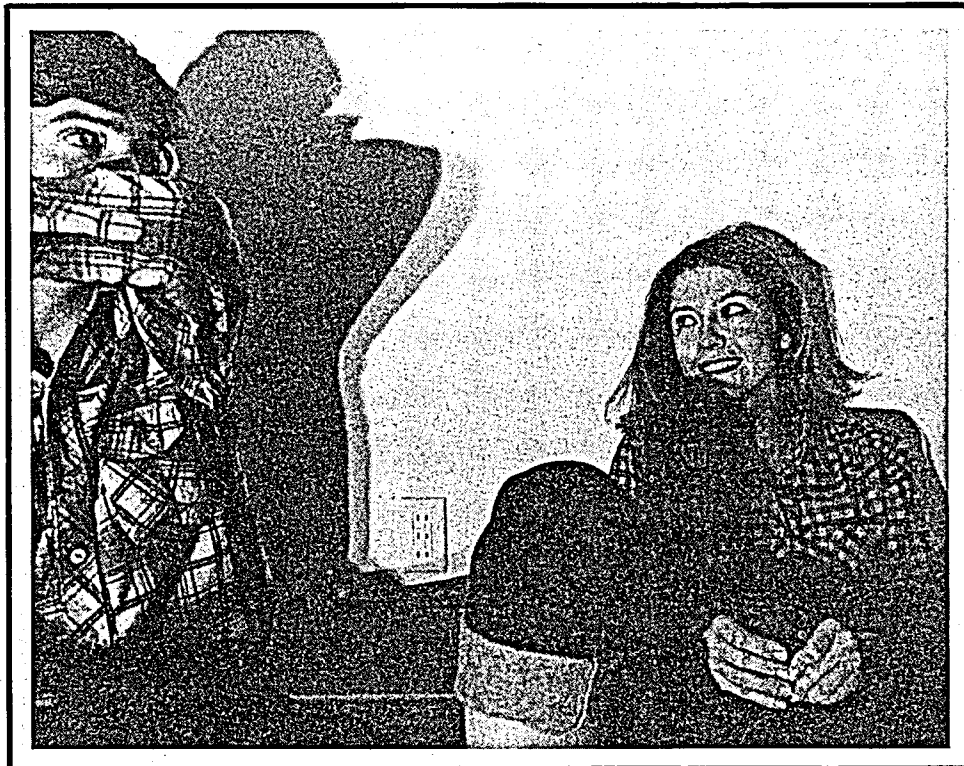
Much misunderstanding surrounds the Charismatics. People look askance at a prayer group that uses such radical and animated prayer forms. Also, the Renewal's spiritual basis is not well understood by those not involved in the Renewal. At Notre Dame, some students belong to various charismatic groups here and at their homes. Through their involvement in the Charismatic Renewal, these students found a deeper faith and an understanding of what being a Christian demands from them.

A resident of Lyons Hall, Kathleen Sullivan is a junior Economics major. This is her first contribution to Scholastic.

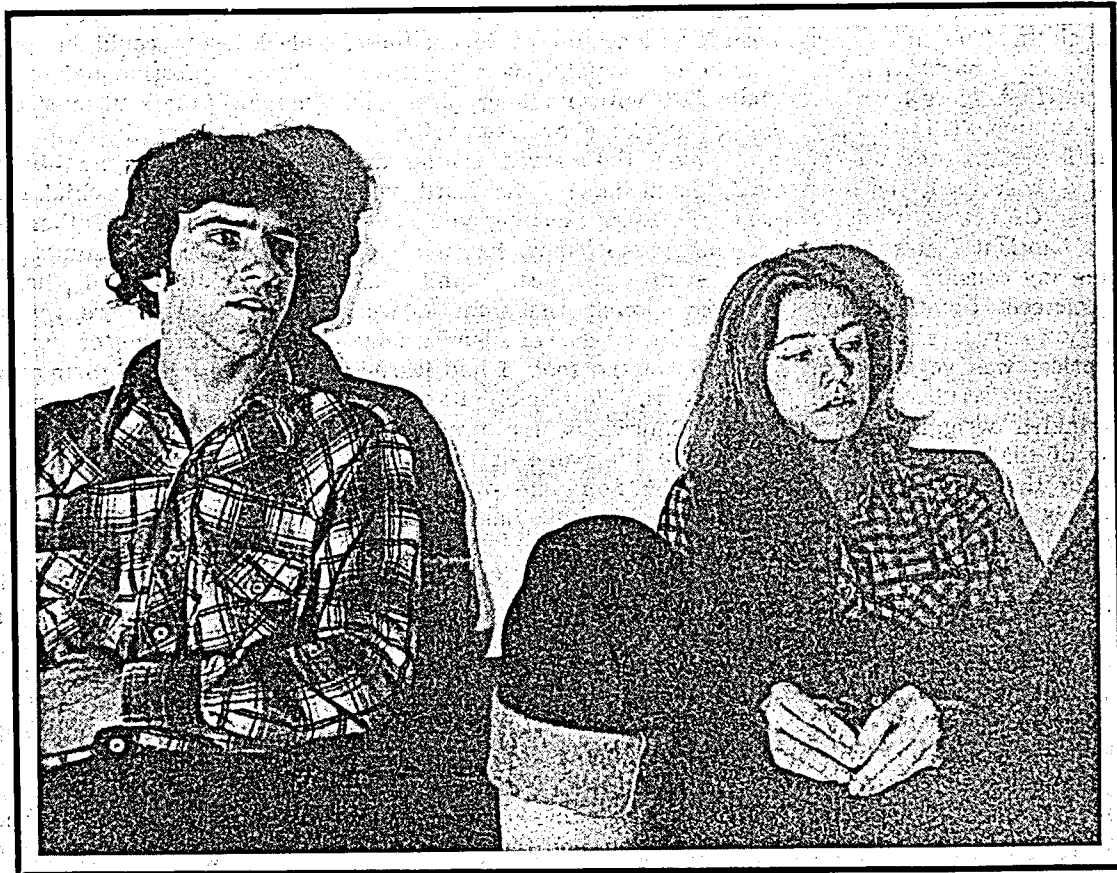
Gallery

Augie Jennewein

"SPREADING MY WINGS"







The Crying Room

by Mark Amenta

As I stepped inside, I could not see. Moments passed before my eyes adjusted to the dark inside. I paused, still holding the large, carved door, sifting through the grey. I moved forward, letting go of the handle. As the door shut tight, the room came into view. Outside, the sun had been very bright.

The room was not a lobby but a vestibule. Certain terms are linked to a church. Vestibule is one of those terms. You enter from the vestibule; this one, red tile floor, old but well kept; heavy plaster walls, thick with paint, always cream colored; wooden racks filled with leaflets and missalettes (two other church terms); the stairway to the choir loft; a large marble font behind black iron gates. I walked over to the gates and looked in. One tiny stained-glass window lit the area with red light. The marble, grey-streaked white, was heavy looking, solid, seemingly molded out of the floor like a tree out of the ground. The bowl was dry, gritty. A small altar stood to the side, gold paraphernalia, a cloth. The altar was made of the same marble as the font. Altar and font, more terms.

I knew this church. This was my church when I was growing up. It hadn't changed, it seemed; the font still the same. Of course, I don't remember my baptism. I do remember witnessing my cousin's baptism when I was thirteen. I stood by the altar, silent, wide-eyed, smiling at times. The priest was very gentle, young and freshly scrubbed. The baby was wrinkled, wriggling from the closeness of the room, whining at the taste of the salt, cooing at her godmother's comforting voice. All the voices were quiet, soothing. There were no harsh lights, no bells, no incense. It was soft, like a lullaby.

I moved away from the iron gate to the second set of doors, shorter than the first, carved just the same. The wood was heavy, set thick with varnish, worn somewhat from overuse. The handle, brass, I suppose, was blackened. The door swept open with a *clack-whoosh* as I stepped inside the church.

I hadn't been inside this church for seven years. This was my first visit back to the old hometown. No one lived here anymore, no one I knew. My parents had moved away after I did. Most of the old neighbors are gone. The others I have forgotten. I was on my way to a business meeting and I thought I would stop by to see how the town looked. I passed by the church and knew I had to make a visit. I hadn't been inside a church for seven years.

Everything was silent. No lights had been turned on, so the only illumination came from the towering stained-glass windows. The air was still, like fallen snow, thick and clean. The rows of pews led uniformly to the altar, far off, straight ahead of me. The arches on each side followed the same rhythm as the pews. My eyes fixed on the altar, still, then startled by the sound of the door closing behind me.

Everything was the same. The emptiness of the church filled my body. I was insignificant inside this angular cavern, small as I had not been for a long time. God was there, was he not, looming over the sturdy choir loft with its long pipes and music stands; above, spreading his arms over the carved ceiling and gold chandeliers? The Lord your God was there, keeping you silent, softening your steps, hearing your sins, giving you grace. Nothing had changed; I felt the same. Awed, struck with a sense of silent wonder.

But I was no fool. I had learned my lessons. Vestibule, altar, font, pews. Church is for prayer and praise. In the name of the Father and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, then Spirit. Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world, remember, the third time is Grant us peace; if you forget, you're the fool. I never forgot, and was often the loudest. I was an example to the rest, always singing, always responding.

A reflex, I dipped the fingers of my right hand into the bowl of holy water. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and then a mumble. I moved behind the last pew to the side aisle. My footsteps, resounding

throughout the church, became doubled. I looked up at the front—a small, bent-over man had walked from the sacristy onto the altar. He was carrying a folded altar cloth. The sextant, Mr. Jennings. He must have been at least seventy by now, still hard of hearing, I assumed. Slowly, he unfolded the cloth onto the altar. He did not see me. I moved on.

The confessionals were ahead. Three doors each, the middle larger for the priest, a red cross on top. Bless me Father for I have sinned. It has been a much longer time than I ever admit to since my last confession. I looked up to the front. Jennings was gone. I opened one of the side doors and looked in.

First Confession was gruelling. Everything had to be just right. The Act of Contrition was impossible to learn. The little dark room seemed ominous. Practice sessions with our nuns as priests helped to soften the anxiety, I suppose. It was so important to remember every sin so the milk bottle could be filled again, the black spots could be wiped away. First Confession before First Communion—the soul must be clean before receiving the flesh of the Lord.

I had a hard time thinking of sins. I was such a good child. Disobedience was a catchall. Father, I was disobedient to my parents. Pardon me for this sin and all the sins of my past life. Ah, there was the answer. If I had forgotten any, that last statement picked them all up. Tricks like this I learned, and confession became less gruelling.

The inside was the same: dark, small. The wire mesh in front of velvet, to talk but not be seen, to hear but not look at; the electric kneeler that flashed a red light when pressed; the little ledge to place your arms that were joined at the hands and leaned in toward the face. The wood was old; the rubber kneeler pad had peeled, worn from sinners' knees.

I did not like Confession. Even after the tricks were learned, or perhaps because of them, I lost interest. Who cared; would it really make or break me? Was it really worth it?

Yes, yes, yes, all the new, modern, sideburned, Masters and Johnson priests at high school told us. Letting all your friends know you are sorry is fine, but you must let God know, they told us between sips of their vodka martinis. God knows, I told myself, laughing at how much more pious I was than these fashion-plate priests. Then laughing at myself for taking all this so seriously. And then not laughing anymore, but straight-faced and serious.

I had grown up.

I moved out of the dark confessional back into the side aisle. Along the walls hung the Stations of the Cross, the story of Christ's crucifixion in fourteen sculpted scenes. An Our Father, Hail Mary, and Glory Be at each one. I remember; I was an altar boy. Supplementing Masses, weddings, and funerals were the Stations of the Cross during Lent, with incense, candles and a gold cross held high. The falls, the face-wiping, the wailing women, the tomb. The whole story always there for us to see. Christ has died, was killed, was crowned with thorns so large they pierced through his skull and out again, was whipped and beaten, was nailed to a wooden cross, the nails hammered through flesh and bone, very bloody, agonizing and excruciating. That is why we came here. Christ had died for us, and rose. We came together in his honor as one body. And we stood there, all of us, in one direction, eyes moving from page to altar, repeating well-known phrases that ran together like the paint on a palette, blending into grey, color lost, spirit dead. We cried out for the crucified Lord in swallowed verses and quick exits following Communion.

I moved up the aisle to the altar. The rail held back the racks of candles, little red and blue cups holding small wax cylinders, most of them lit, flickering. Special intentions rising to God, longing to be answered. I lit one every Sunday for my mother. It was her candle, not mine. She would give me the money, which I would drop in the slot, and I would light the candle. She knelt at the rail, praying for her special intention. I knelt next to her, asking God to give her whatever she was praying for. I addressed God freely in those days. They told me he listened. My mother was very devout.

Moving along the rail, I reached the center. The altar stood before me, actually two altars: the old one up against the back wall, complete with tabernacle and candles and last Sunday's floral arrangements; the new one at the center, more of a table than the other, newly covered. A bookstand and two candles were its only accoutrements. And all else—two lecterns, kneelers, chairs, side altars with statues of Joseph and Mary, all laid out before me.

None of these things were strange to me. This was an altar boy's terrain as much as it was a priest's. Wine and water at the side table,

ting used to. The wine did not taste bitter after a while. It tasted like wine, like the wine at the dinner table; not bitter but smooth. An acquired taste.

I raised my eyes to the crucifix. The sad face looked downwards at me. His hands and feet were still nailed tightly to the cross. I hadn't seen him for a long time. I hadn't talked to him for an even longer time. It was as if he were caught here in this church, and when I left here, I left him. I didn't know what to say to him. I felt embarrassed, standing there alone, looking up at him. He was something out of my



ringing the bells when the host was raised, always genuflecting when passing the front of the altar. I was the head altar boy in eighth grade, the leader of the pack. None holier, I suppose, than I. I remember it all; nothing had changed. Except me. I had grown up.

I had come to this rail hundreds of times. The Holy Eucharist, the Body, and then sometime early in high school, the Blood of Christ. Amen. I remember, at first taste, the utter tastelessness of the host; not chewing it but grating it on the roof of my mouth until it was dissolved. And the wine, wincing at first and then getting used to its bitter taste. I believe that is a good phrase, get-

past, like Lincoln Logs and skateboards. I would have liked to have brought him along with me when I left this place, but I think I lost him long before that.

"What happened to us?" I said, standing there, looking up at his sad face. As I had come to expect, he was silent.

After a quiet sigh, no, more like an exaggerated exhalation of breath, as of frustration, I turned and walked back down the center aisle, past the rows of pews, past the Stations of the Cross and the confessionals, towards the door of the vestibule. Before I reached this door, I noticed something new at the back

Continued on page 21

Prisoners of Conscience

by Joseph Gill

Listening to Ralph Nader rage against corporate irresponsibility brought back images of adolescence, of that time when issues of right and wrong and good and evil were of ultimate importance to our young lives. Nader's lecture was subdued, humorous, but powerful, and when he said that "moral courage is our most precious commodity," the audience as one internally assented.

But calling to mind one's moral beliefs and bringing them to bear on the business practices of today was really not the salient point of Nader's talk. Rather, beneath the veneer of his message and revealed in the tenor of his voice was the distinction between what I call "internal assent" and "external consent." "Internal assent" is the pleasing sound of inner affirmation, of all one has ever believed ringing strongly and clearly and loudly within one's soul. "External consent," on the other hand, is the affirmation of one's beliefs in the actions of one's life. Internal assent requires nothing but a nodding head and a secure sense of satisfaction. External consent requires everything; it is a life commitment to honor what is morally right in the actions of one's life.

Internal assent goes something like this:

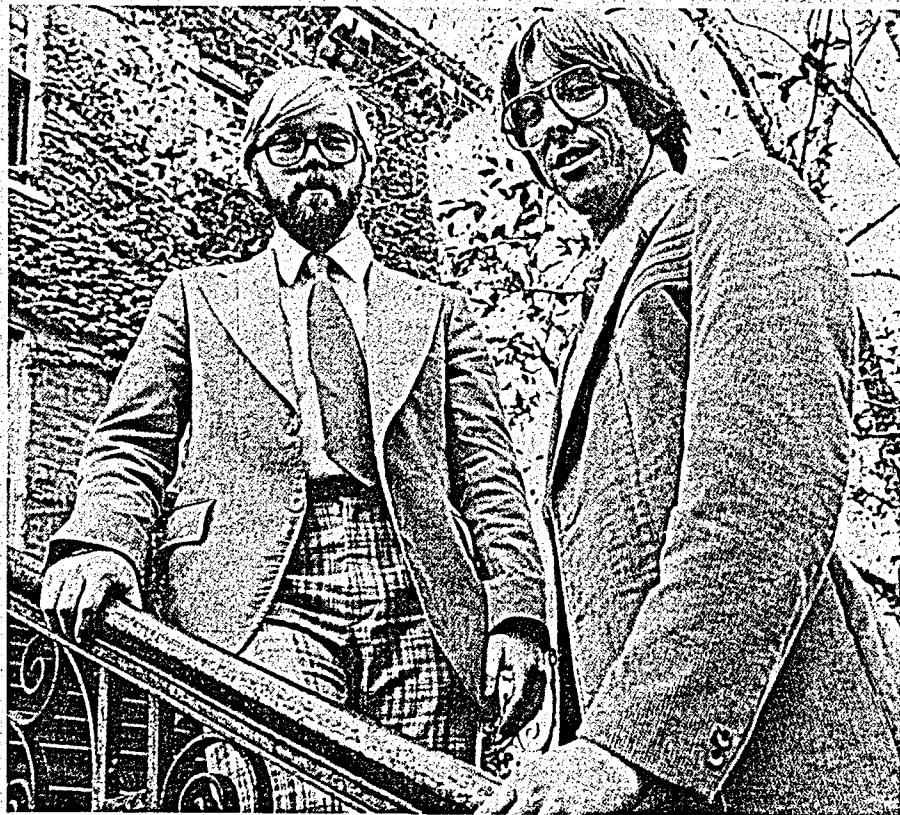
"Ralph Nader was right: corporations do run this country in a way that is ethically irresponsible. But I'm glad he talked about some people who are doing something about all this corruption. It's reassuring to know that the good guys are winning some of the battles. Oh, sure, the victories are small, but what the hell, it's a tough fight and you can't expect too much. It's enough that at least someone cares. I know that my career in corporate law won't give me much time for any of this stuff.

But I was really moved by what Nader said. Really I was. And I know that if ethical problems arise in my business, I'll do what's right for me and my family. I have to consider my family; they're the most important thing, aren't they? I mean, if there's a chance I might get fired for protesting the way Ford builds cars or Exxon raises rates, I may have to turn my head a little. I gotta keep my job to keep my family, don't I? What the hell do you expect?"

Nader spoke of the too-familiar idiomatic phrases people use when faced with compromising their moral virtues in order to keep their jobs or life-styles: "I only work here"; "To get along you got to go along"; and especially, "Mind your own business."

T. H. White writes, in *The Once and Future King*, of the "seventh sense" one acquires in his later years when he is able to balance his breaking of all the commandments and his belief in God and a moral system quite naturally. But it is a lovely, terrible balance: feeling good about one's internal assent to moral conviction, all the while ignoring the external responsibility that is part of this assent. Surely those living in this terrible balance are not the intelligent graduates of our finer institutions; certainly these people must be intellectually as well as morally ignorant. Yet Nader, after speaking at length of corporate disasters such as offshore oil spills and cancerous pollutants, insists that "these companies had a lot of 'bright' people, a lot of Phi Beta Kappas." And very little external consent to moral conviction.

But what is "external consent"? Nader spoke not of himself but of other, relatively unknown consumer activists, people who had been pressured and harassed, people who had lost their jobs and their reputations because of their moral convictions. One quality control specialist for Ford, having been repeatedly warned not to report faulty welding that



Mike Guay, Mike Pierret

might cause a gas leak upon the car's impact, finally sent samples of this welding to Washington, at the risk of losing his job because of ethical considerations he felt he had to honor.

On another level of external consent, there are today, in 1978, over half a million people imprisoned in more than 100 countries all over the world because of their moral convictions. Amnesty International (AI), a worldwide humanitarian organization that works for the release of these prisoners, calls these people "Prisoners of Conscience." "Prisoners" in the literal sense because of the repressive governments which punish those espousing contradictory ideologies. "Prisoners" in the figurative sense, I think, because their conscience would not give them the "freedom" to live a life that was morally wrong. "Prisoners" because the ringing of their internal assent to moral conviction was too loud to ignore or compromise when it came to the external living of their convictions, no matter what the consequences.

On yet another level of external consent, one that is closer to home, there is the work of the Notre Dame chapter of AI. The group functions

in educating the community to the plight of these prisoners as well as sponsoring letter-writing campaigns to persuade the influential people in other nations of the problems of injustice committed in their country. But more importantly, underlying this work is the external consent to moral conviction, here and now, of the students involved. Asked why he had joined AI, senior Mike Guay explained, "I was moved by a letter I had read about the forms of torture used in Nazi prison camps. The letter went on to describe the torture which goes on today in civilized countries. This letter came from the special campaigns of AI, and I felt I had to do something." Another senior, Mike Pierret, said that he "was impressed by the success rate of AI. Even governments as repressive as the Soviet Union have felt called upon to answer their questions. At the same time, I don't delude myself that the fight will ever fully be won. But I feel that even in the times I have trouble seeing results from my actions, if nothing else, I am doing what I can in helping a cause in which I believe."

"Moral courage is our most precious commodity," said Ralph Nader. But is the possession of this com-

modity signified by passive internal assent or active external consent? Is one a "prisoner of conscience" because his conscience bothers him when he does what is wrong or because his conscience will not let him do what is wrong? Does not the process of consenting externally to one's moral convictions, of working for reform in one's own life and in one's own world, begin now, so that later in life when it really matters—when one's future or job is on the line—the foundations of conviction will stand firm?

Not only the value of our world but the value of ourselves rests in part upon this choice between assenting internally or consenting externally to our moral convictions. And this choice, this responsibility, is neither a remnant of adolescence nor residue from the idealism of youth. It is a practical choice that confronts us now. As the war resister Phil Berrigan said, after spending three years in Danbury prison for burning draft cards and subsequently finding the war much worse than when he had entered prison, "In the final analysis, our protest is not only to change the world but just as much to prevent the world from changing us."

Fiction

(cont.) from 19

of the church. It was quite obvious since its structure was so overt and its style was in contrast to the rest of the church. Mostly glass, the room was a modern addition, square and sleek. I had seen them in more modern churches of neighboring parishes. Parents with small, especially loud, offspring attend Mass in this room so as not to disturb the ceremony. I walked to the side of the room, to where the door was stopped open. I walked in, absent-mindedly closing the door, sealing out the silence of the huge church, forming an inner silence within the room. There were eight rows of pews, modern, with light, uncarved wood. The floor was carpeted, the walls, all glass except for the bottom panels. In the back wall was a speaker that allowed the people in

the room to hear the Mass.

As I stood there, familiar with the modern decor of the room, which was so much like the offices and hotel rooms I am used to, I wondered how much the people that used this room participated in the Mass. Besides having their children to look after, they had to concentrate on the service from behind a glass wall. No one could hear them. They could be screaming their lungs out for all anyone cared. It would all be in vain. No sound came from out of the room. No baby's cry could disrupt the monotonous strains of the bored congregation.

I looked at my watch and realized how late it was getting. I would have to be moving on. I turned toward the door and reached for the knob. Attempting to turn it, I discovered that the door had locked. I tried the door again but to no avail. I looked around for another exit,

but there was none. My eyes shifted to the front of the church. Everything remained the same. Everything was still. I tried the door again, this time forcing it back and forth. It was locked tight. "God-dam," I muttered under my breath. I looked back at the altar. His head was still down. Nothing. I sensed some movement and looked to the right. Mr. Jennings was moving up the center aisle. I waved, but he had gotten too far up the aisle to see me. I called out to him, shouting at the top of my voice, finally realizing how ridiculous that was. I began to pound on the glass, but his distance from the room and his bad hearing made my attempts futile. Dropping my hands from the glass, I watched him walk across the front of the first pew and out the side door of the church. My eyes fixed on that door for a few moments. Then I leaned against a pew and waited.

Another Point of View

by Anthony Walton

Walking about the campus of the University of Notre Dame, I cannot help but appreciate the stunning beauty. It is fall now, and the leaves are turning into their various shades of red, brown, and yellow. Much of the ivy remains upon the walls of the buildings. As I stand taking all of this in, I can't help but feel awed, yet I also feel secure. This is what college was meant to be; this is Notre Dame.

Ah yes, Notre Dame. Nestled among two picturesque lakes in northern Indiana, Notre Dame is the epitome of American higher education. It combines outstanding academics, world-renowned athletics, a spectacular campus, and perhaps the most important ingredient of all, a certain aura which surrounds and envelops the place, a thing unknown at any other university in this country.

Who wouldn't want to go to Notre Dame? Well, a lot of times I think I wouldn't. Notre Dame is one heck of a school, but I often wonder if it is for me. I am a member of two

often overlooked and forgotten communities at Notre Dame: the minorities and the non-Catholics. We comprise, respectively, about 6% and 8% of the student population here. Notre Dame is overwhelmingly white and Catholic, and while this is to be expected, it is not necessarily an ideal situation.

Before I go on, perhaps I should clear up a few points. I am not a sign-waving, radical activist screaming about discrimination. At the risk of being facetious, some of my best friends are white. I am a quiet, basically shy (or so I'm told) suburbanite with a background much like 90% of the students here. I do, however, have a few observations that I would like to make note of concerning Notre Dame. I admit that I will make some broad generalizations, but I feel that they are valid and necessary to get my point across.

As stated before, Notre Dame pretty much represents the ideal in American education. It has become the pet of white, upper-middle-class Catholics. This is reflected by the

student body as a whole. Glancing at the student directory illustrates this. There are not really very many people here from a city. Generally, students are not from Chicago or Cleveland, but instead they live in Elk Grove Village or Shaker Heights. Many others hail from small to medium-sized towns across the country. By having a student body that comes from a generally similar background, the University loses a much-needed diversity. We could use a few more longhairs or Hare Krishnas around here. I don't think that you can have a really "catholic" education without them. If you grow up in a suburb and then go to school with people who themselves all grew up in suburbs, one could start believing that life is a suburb. By having such a homogeneous group, we are not introduced to how "some of the other half lives."

Part of this situation is innocent, created naturally by people who simply wanted to go to a Christian institution and get a good education. But there are those who want this



situation deliberately, and would like to keep it this way. To those, Notre Dame becomes a sort of haven that their kids can be sent to in order to avoid the real world.

The danger of these views lies in the fact that college is the only time we are really able to hear and try new and different ideas. In a more heterogeneous mixture, there are more opportunities for things to challenge your beliefs. This either makes you strengthen your convictions or formulate a new viewpoint. I would like to cite two examples that might lend some support to my theory.

I remember the day that the "holy rollers" were preaching outside of the South Dining Hall. The general reactions were either to ridicule the preachers or to look at them with disbelief, shake your head, and walk on. It was probably the first time that many in the audience had experienced such religious "fanatics." While no one around here usually exhibits such behavior, many people across the country worship in much

the same way. If those guys were a part of the community, maybe we could talk to them and come to understand each other a little better.

The other example that I would like to cite is the racial situation on campus. There are not any real evident problems, but there is a need for change. I think many whites here view blacks as athletes who help win national championships, but whose contribution to the University ends there. The minorities here tend not to fit into much of the "society" here on campus. By being in such a drastic minority, many aspects of "normal" college life are reduced or lost. I am talking about the social side of life. It is not that much fun to go on a hayride if chances are that there is not going to be anyone for you to talk to. I know I am going to get some of the "Oh, but you're welcome," replies, but I would rather be realistic.

As a minority, in the complete sense, I feel, to a great extent, on the outside of many of the happenings here. There is a general indif-

ference to minorities that is both good and bad. It is good in that minorities should be able to fit into a population without much ado. But it is bad in that a whole different set of ideas and values are just passed over.

I have no big gripe or super solution. But I hope that we can be aware of things that are happening around us. Notre Dame is basically a good school and it has great potential to be even better. One of the ways that it can be made better is for us to be aware of its shortcomings.

I remember when I was a senior in high school and thinking about coming here. I had the pleasant opportunity to ask Fr. Hesburgh a question. I asked him why I should come here. He said, "We need a diverse student body so that we can all learn to live together." Are we learning?

Hoop for the Best

by Paul Mullaney

A lot of fingers will be pointing towards Coach Digger Phelps' 1978-79 Notre Dame basketball squad as one of the top contenders to win the national title. After all, Phelps has 10 lettermen back from last year's 23-8 NCAA final four entry, including eight of the team's top 10 scorers and nine of the top 11 rebounders.

Nonetheless, Phelps remains somewhat cautious when speaking of the possibilities of duplicating the most successful Irish cage campaign ever.

"You have to realize that no team has made back-to-back appearances in the final four in the last four seasons," notes Phelps, who is the only collegiate coach to claim five straight postseason tourney bids heading into the new season.

"It keeps you rather humble. You've just got to go out and get your 20 wins to get the bid."

Once again, the Irish will have to face one of the toughest schedules in the country, with a road slate that is nearly suicidal. The Irish pack their bags for games at UCLA, Kentucky (Louisville), Marquette, Maryland, North Carolina State, West Virginia, DePaul and Michigan (Pontiac Silverdome), in addition to facing UCLA, San Francisco, South Carolina and LaSalle on the familiar wooden planks of the Athletic and Convocation Center.

"Our road schedule is more toned toward NCAA play than ever before," emphasizes Phelps. "They'll all be like tourney games, with those certain conditions.

"Last year we scheduled 13 teams that took part in postseason play. No other schedule in the country could say that. And this year's schedule will help us do the same as far as tourney preparation is concerned."

The picture will not be totally the same this year, however, with the loss of two players Phelps considers "two of the most dependable players I've ever coached.

"We're really going to miss (Dave) Batton and (Don) Williams. They did a lot for us offensively, shooting-wise."

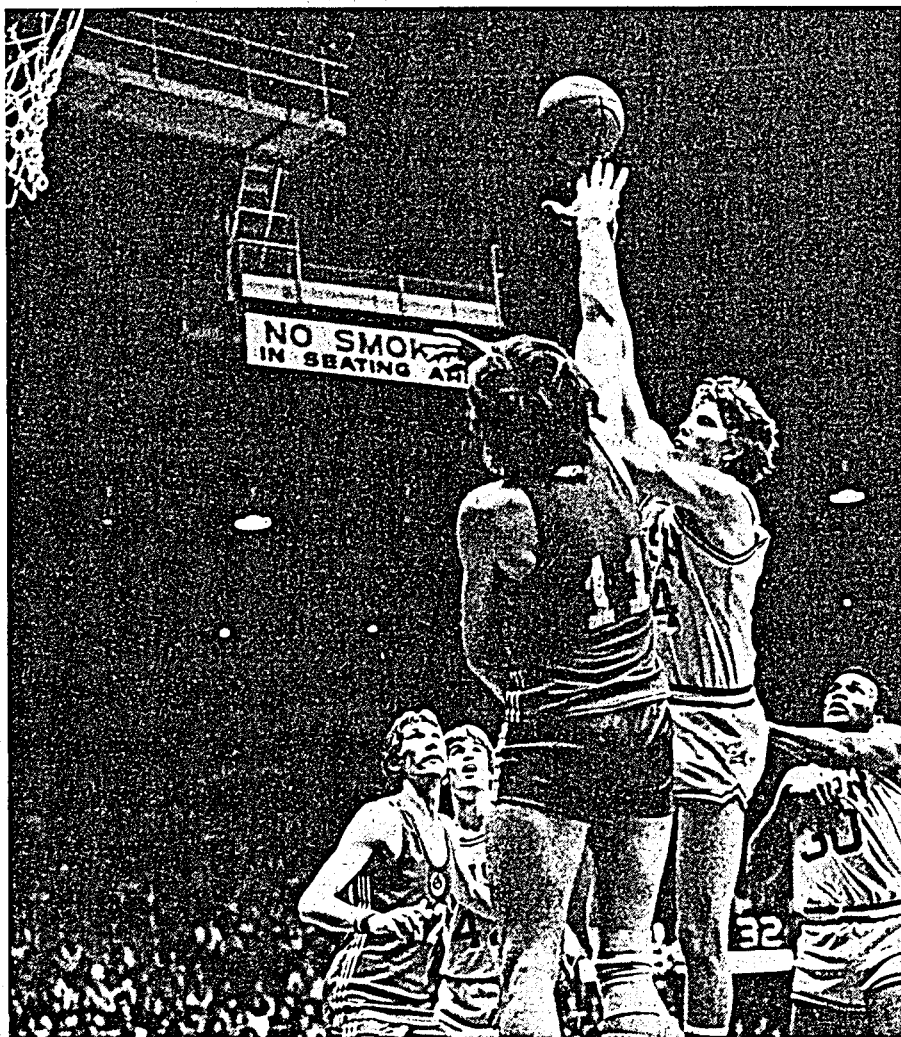
The Irish co-captains shared team MVP honors a year ago. Williams, who scored 13.3 points per game in last year's balanced attack, finished his career as Notre Dame's sixth all-time leading scorer. Batton, who led the club last year in scoring and rebounding, scored over 1,000 career

points and finished 13th on the all-time Irish scoring list.

"We'll just have to see who'll pick up the slack," Phelps said. "We've got a lot of experience coming back, so we didn't recruit heavily because we have a lot of freshmen from a year ago, and they all deserve to play."

Leading the long list of returnees will be senior co-captains Bruce Flowers and Bill Laimbeer, who will take turns controlling the Irish pivot this season. Flowers, from Huntington Woods, Michigan, and Laimbeer, from Toledo, Ohio, split the pivot duties the final 14 games of the 1977-78 season, and combined to average 15.0 points and 11.4 rebounds between them.

Kelly Tripucka, a 6-7 native of Essex Falls, New Jersey, leads the group of sophomore forwards. The team's top returning scorer with an 11.7 average his freshman season, to go with a 5.2 rebound average, Tripucka was the most effective Irish player in the NCAA tourney, scoring



Bruce Flowers skyhooks over a Russian defender.

15 points a game and being named MVP of the Midwest Regional.

Orlando Woolridge, also a sophomore at 6-9, seems to have the inside track at the other forward spot. The native of Mansfield, Louisiana, is one of the most innovative slam-dunkers in the country. He averaged 4.1 points a game last year and should improve vastly with experience.

Two more sophomores, Tracy Jackson and Gil Salinas, also figure to see plenty of playing time after playing valuable reserve roles in 1977-78. Jackson, from Silver Springs, Maryland, is invaluable because of his ability to play at either forward or guard. Last season he averaged 5.6 points and shot 55 percent from the field. Salinas, the 6-11 San Antonio, Texas, native saw limited action last year, but should aid the Irish often with his soft corner jump shots.

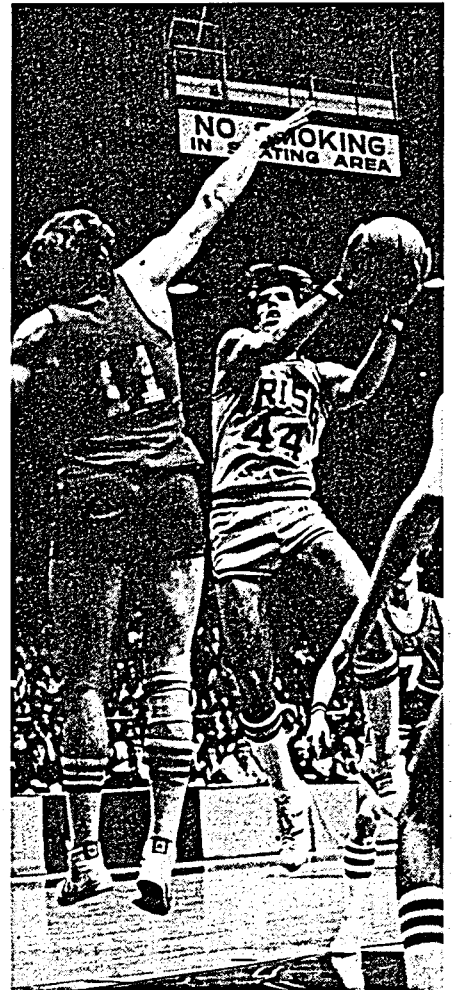
The backcourt is the area which Notre Dame fans are most concerned about, despite the return of Rich Branning, the heady junior often referred to as the "glue" of the Irish. The overall skills of 6-3 sophomore Stan Wilcox and 6-2 freshman Mike Mitchell will aid the Irish cause aside

Branning.

Notre Dame's floor general the last two seasons, Branning scored 11 points per contest last year while dishing out 129 assists. He'll probably move into more of a shooting role this year, with Wilcox and Mitchell working out of the point position.

Wilcox, nicknamed "Silky," played in 29 games last year as a backup for Williams. The North Babylon, New York, native is a smooth ball handler and consistent shooter. Mitchell, the only scholarship newcomer to the squad, was an All-American at Capuchino High School in San Bruno, California. There he averaged 31.8 points per contest and was chosen player of the year in Northern California. In one two-game set during one of the final weeks of last season, Mitchell connected on 44 of 54 field goal attempts and scored 108 points.

Bill Hanzlik, a 6-7 junior from Beloit, Wisconsin, will also pressure Branning, Wilcox and Mitchell for one of the guard spots. Hanzlik, with the size to play either guard or forward, shared team defensive player-of-the-year honors with Flowers last year and received national acclaim for his outstanding defensive effort



Kelly Tripucka muscled in for a lay-up.

against Marquette All-American guard Butch Lee.

Three walk-ons—6-1 junior Tim Healy, 6-0 sophomore Kevin Hawkins and 5-10 freshman Marc Kelly—will also provide depth in the backcourt.

"We can't get complacent about the fact that we should get to the final four," stresses Phelps. "You're going to see more teams like Fullerton State making it now."

"We have three basic items of improvement we're working on right now. First, we have to concentrate on our clock situations. We have to have total awareness out on the court at all times.

"Secondly, we have to work on our foul-shooting as a team. And lastly, we have to realize that we can't have that complacency of automatically appearing in the final four."

Although March is a long way off, one can bet that the thought of the NCAA tourney lies somewhere in the minds of Notre Dame's 1978-79 basketball players and coaches.



MEN OF LETTERS

by Bill Scholl



Father James Riehle

For we are devoted to the continued promotion of the primary goal of the University which we understand to be the spiritual, intellectual, and physical development of its students and alumni. Our intention is to strive for the realization of that goal by channeling the insights and energies of monogram winners through diverse projects commensurate with Notre Dame's image and tradition. — Excerpt from Notre Dame National Monogram Club Constitution

In an effort to achieve the goals set forth in its constitution, the Notre Dame National Monogram Club, which is made up of graduated varsity monogram winners, is currently undergoing a revival.

"We're trying to make it a much more viable institution than it has been in the past," says Father James Riehle, C.S.C., the club's newly appointed executive secretary. "In past years it has not been a very organized club and this has caused it to become an inactive organization. But we're working to reactivate it."

The first steps towards rejuvenation were taken two years ago, according to Riehle. At that time, a constitution was developed, marking the first time the club had any official bylaws. The club's next move, another first, was the election of officers. The list of officers and directors includes the names of former basketball star Sid Catlett, football great Jim Lynch, and Montreal Expos president John McHale.

"It was important that we gave the club a formal structure, and the constitution did that," says Riehle. "Previously, it had just been run out of one man's head so very few records and such things were kept."

Searching for and compiling records is the task with which Riehle is currently faced. Until his job is finished, Riehle can only give an estimation of the size of the club. "Right now we have about 3,100 members but I hear about more and more members all the time," says Riehle.

According to Riehle, a graduate of the Notre Dame class of 1949, the Notre Dame National Monogram Club is open to all varsity monogram winners immediately upon graduation. Eligible students are given one year's free membership following graduation and then must pay dues of ten dollars per year to re-

main a member. The club's benefits include a scholarship fund available to the sons and daughters of members and the assurance of two Notre Dame football tickets. Riehle points out, however, that if a member wants football tickets his dues are increased to \$25 per year.

Other activities the Monogram Club has undertaken, in an attempt to become more active, include the presentation of awards to the outstanding offensive and defensive football players as chosen by their teammates. "Giving awards and making scholarships available are a couple of the ways that we are trying to become more involved with the University," says Riehle.

According to Notre Dame Athletic Director Edward "Moose" Krause, the revival is progressing well. "I think it's a great idea. The club used to be very active on campus years ago and it's good to see them getting involved again. For example, they recently donated \$20,000 for the new track on Cartier Field, which we needed very badly."

Revival of the student portion of the Monogram Club is another action being considered by the National Monogram Club. The student club, which was first broken up about ten years ago, according to Krause, would be comprised of undergraduates who have earned their Notre Dame monograms. Cheerleaders and varsity female athletes would be included just as they are currently members of the National Club.

"The student club was broken up the first time because there were too many other activities for the athletes," says Krause. "Between sports, studies, and other events they just didn't have the time. This could still be a problem today, but it would be nice if the National Club could get the students involved again."

Book Review

by Jan Pilarski

Virgins and Martyrs, by Dolores W. Frese, Juniper Press, 1978, 87 pages, \$2.75.

It has become fashionable in recent years for women writers to explore the question of what it means to be a woman in today's society. Bookstore shelves are well-stocked with volumes designed to raise the consciousness of their feminine readers. The subject of Dolores Frese's latest work is women and their relationships with men. Frese's collection of four short stories is incisive but does not preach, unlike many works of popular literature dealing with women. Much of the effectiveness of *Virgins and Martyrs* stems from the use of the short story as its medium. While the concise nature of the short story is somewhat limiting, it forces the skilled writer to make every word count. Frese's prose is highly readable. She writes in a fluent, high-powered style that is stripped of superfluities.

Frese demonstrates keen sensitivity toward the experiences of women, exposing the intricacies of male-female relationships. Each story is independent of the others and develops a different facet of woman's struggle for personal identity. All of the main women characters are portrayed as either virgins or martyrs. Suspicious husbands and double standards, stifling vocations, a "cheap" woman stealing away a son, and male-dominated professions are the obstacles confronted by Frese's characters.

Frese is not militant in her approach; rather, her stories are intense and searching treatments of the barriers opposing women. Taken as a whole, the stories function as a purgation, a casting off of those things that prevent women from coming to grips with who they are.



VIRGINS AND MARTYRS

— Dolores Warwick Frese —

The women characters find themselves in situations both of their own making and imposed on them by men. They aim to break free from subservience to men or from attitudes of their own that keep them from advancing.

"Taking Stock," the first story and in many ways the best of the collection, differs from the others in that it is written from a man's perspective. Milton Marcus, the protagonist, is depicted as a domineering, calculating man in his homelife and on the job. Frese describes him as bending the lives of others to do his will. He accumulates a series of arbitrary clues and falsely accuses his wife of adultery. Marcus crudely lashes out against his wife, who misunderstands him and thinks he is angered at something she has tried to hide from him: she is pregnant at the age of 46. Marcus's wife

secretly arranges to have an abortion. In a subplot, Marcus pressures his son to get an abortion for his pregnant girlfriend so as not to humiliate the family. Marcus's verbal abuse and pressure tactics have the impact of bending the wills of mother and son to choose the same act. The extent of Marcus's domination is demonstrated by the little we discover about his wife. Frese deliberately fails to flesh out this character; though we learn that Marcus finds his wife physically appealing, we know virtually nothing about her as a person. The strained relationship between Marcus and his wife seems everything a marriage should not be.

"By the Streams of Babylon" and "Women Alone" are also strong stories. "Babylon" involves a nun who feels stifled by her vow of chastity and awakens to her capacity to love. "Women Alone" describes a woman college professor deadlocked in a man's world, attempting to break out from the shadow of her deceased husband, a distinguished scholar. "Funeral Games" takes a different approach, giving an account of the way women look at other women.

In a community such as ours which seeks to improve the understanding between men and women, Frese's *Virgins and Martyrs* is a welcome addition. Men will find the stories an insight into the concerns of today's women; women will probably see something of themselves in the volume. Whatever the sex of the reader, he or she will see it as a challenge to grow in sensitivity.

Jon Pilarski is a senior philosophy major from Milwaukee, Wis.

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Letters

Scholastic encourages its readers to comment on the magazine's content. Letters should be addressed to Editor Scholastic, LaFortune Student Center, Notre Dame, IN 46556.

Dear Editor:

In exercising your right to "The Last Word" in the *Scholastic* magazine, you allude to your desire — nay, your duty — to "produce a magazine of quality" (November 3, 1978). I would like to commend you and your editorial board for taking such a noble stand. Unfortunately, however, there seems to be some discrepancy between your goal and your final product.

In your column, you state that "a publication must print what it feels to be the best writing, photography and artwork, not because someone has 'requested' it, but because it is the best." Certainly you can't be referring to such insipid articles as "If Rome Were Home," by John Maddog Muldoon or "Paradise Revisited," by Greg Solman and Tim Gulstone (both Sept. 22) which started off so promisingly but then quickly degenerated into so much tedium. Also, the overwhelmingly self-defeating and self-contradicting editorial by Theresa Rebeck in the same edition is by far the most worthless waste of two pages that I have ever seen come out of the *Scholastic* office. (Ms. Rebeck proposes that not starting food fights, not starting riots, and not throwing up all over the halls is somehow radical; she treats maturity and responsibility as some sort of novel challenge.)

In the same edition (perhaps not your finest) the *Scholastic* does a grave injustice to Joe Gill and Rick Pinkowski by misrepresenting them and twisting their words around entirely out of context. I believe, however, that they have written to you about this matter, and hence I feel no need to elaborate on it here. Somehow I wonder, is this article in keeping with your "duty to print the truth"?

Your choice of the word "truth" is indeed a curious one. You state that in its "quest for truth, publications such as the *Scholastic* must remain aloof from outside forces." Yet you leave the issue at that and never give reasons for this assertion. (Are we to assume that the faculty and administration do not know the "truth" which the *Scholastic* grasps and espouses?) You then go on to say that "best" is not "the prettiest picture or the cutest story," yet the *Scholastic* editions thus far have

reeked of "cutesiness." As evidence, I point to your own columns on such topics as a test for preppie-ness (Sept. 8) and your state of health (Oct. 6). Come now, Mr. Morrissey, let us not delude ourselves with pretensions about "truth."

Let us now return to your self-stated duty to print the best material. In your drive to reach this goal, you claim that a publication should not "be afraid of editing or deleting altogether a piece." If "Autumn Wonderland" by Joseph Evans is an example of such policy, may I commend you on your fearlessness! Granted, the editor's duty is to edit as he sees fit, but to carelessly and uncaringly snip out the flesh of the article and merely leave a few bones — this is not editing; it is butchery. To wait an entire month before offering an "apology" is disgraceful. To not even have the courage and humility to admit that you committed a grave injustice is unforgivable, and certainly beneath the dignity of a quality magazine. I feel embarrassed for you and the *Scholastic*.

Sincerely,

Thomas G. Hamel

P.S. Incidentally, though I do not consider myself to be a preppie, I understand that backgammon is no longer "in."

Dear Editor:

Your story, "How I Spent My Summer with Pete Rose," in the September 22 issue of *Scholastic*, brought back memories of another summer — many years ago — when a twelve-year-old "hit" safely in fifty-six consecutive games with the greatest baseball player of the first fifty years of the twentieth century — Joe Dimaggio!

When Mr. Rose is so honored, or when he hits safely in fifty-seven consecutive games, or when there is a song written about him, or when Simon and Garfunkel — and Mrs. Robinson — wonder where he has gone, then he may be considered as an equal of Mr. Dimaggio.

Your story is enjoyable.

John P. Morrissey

SCHOLASTIC

Dear Editor:

This letter is in reference to the article "Rich Dorm, Poor Dorm" by Bob Southard and Lisa Hartenberger, which appeared in the *Scholastic* of September 22, 1978.

We feel that several salient points were missing from the article and that these points are critical to the complete understanding of the facts and the true representation of Student Government's role in the social space issue.

The first point is not only critical to the issue, but also a violation of the cardinal rule of good reporting — "Tell both sides of the story."

Father Riehle, rector of Pangborn Hall, is quoted as saying, "I was not consulted. If my hall president was, it was done casually." During our two-hour conversation with Southard and Hartenberger, we mentioned that despite many phone calls to Riehle over the two-week period in which we met with the other rectors, Fr. Riehle was never available for consultation. Therefore, we met with Chris Edelen, then Pangborn's Hall President (who is still on campus, but apparently was not contacted by Southard and Hartenberger) who presented his hall's plans for social space development, which had been drawn up five years earlier waiting for the chance to be used.

Our second point is that, according to Southard and Hartenberger, Howard submitted a detailed set of blueprints. Student Government never received a set of blueprints from Howard. Our proposal was that the University would finance the removal of some of the rooms on the first floor of Howard in order to create social space. The hall was then to take on the burden of financing the interior decorating. This was to be done at a cost of approximately ten times lower than the present cost.

Obviously, sometime in between the time that the Board of Trustees handed over the proposal to Student Affairs and this summer when the renovation of the halls was undertaken, somebody screwed up the proposal and it sure wasn't Student Government.

Finally, just as a bit of irony, Southard and Hartenberger use the word "superficial" twice at the end of their article. Apparently, the word is used as a way of describing

the way matters are handled here on campus. However, given that Southard and Hartenberger did not contact Chris Edelen, did not trace the proposal once it touched the hands of Student Affairs, and did not accurately report both sides of the story, we feel the word "superficial" can also describe the way in which this issue was reported.

Joe Gill

Rick Pinkowski
Cochairmen of the
Student Government Proposal
to the Board of Trustees

Dear Editor:

I recently received the latest catalog from the Notre Dame Bookstore. On leafing through its pages I came to an item that I could not believe was being offered for sale. I refer to the attempt to sell the Irish Tricolor with that foolish-looking Leprechaun stamped on the white field. I was appalled, insulted, disgusted and angry at such crass commercialism.

The Tricolor is not a toy. It is the flag of a sovereign state and even more important to me as an Irish-American, the symbol of Ireland's long and bitter fight against the oppression of England. The original Tricolor was based on the French Revolutionary Tricolor and was handmade by Irish exiles living in France in the 1840's. It is the sacred symbol of nationhood to all true republicans. The Tricolor, along with Starry Plow Flag of James Connolly's Citizen Army, hangs in my home. It is a great source of pride to me. I object to your attempts to turn a profit by such a desecration.

Would you do the same thing with the flag of the United States or old mother England? I think not. As a Notre Dame Alumnus (1955) and an Irish-American, I demand that you withdraw this item from sale.

Seamus Metress, Ph.D.
Notre Dame '55

People At ND



The Notre Dame Lost and Found, located in the basement of the Administration Building, contains an interesting and colorful assortment of items—from mittens and eyeglasses to jewelry and notebooks. Upon closer inspection, however, one concludes that the most colorful and interesting object in the office is not a thing but a person, June Urbanski, who has worked at the University for twenty-two years.

Although the department known primarily as "Lost and Found," Mrs. Urbanski, who prefers to be called "June," claims that her main job is to excuse and cancel cuts and absences. "The first thing I ask the students when they come in here for an excuse is: 'Do you have verification?'" and she waves her finger emphatically. Her trained eye can usually discern a malingerer, but she admits to being deceived once in a while.

Mrs. Urbanski urges anyone who has lost anything to visit her, for all articles end up in her office unless they are found at the Morris Inn or CCE. "And don't give up," she advises, "for missing things have appeared after months." A widow, Mrs. Urbanski is mother to fifteen foster children, and she acknowledges extending this role to the students she sees at Notre Dame, declaring, "I'll go to bat for them any day!" Her job, she says, has led her to believe people are inherently honest.

Mrs. Urbanski is fond of quoting Robert Frost: "Home is the place where, when you have to go there,

they have to take you in." She relates these words to her own circumstances twenty-two years ago when, desperately needing work, she applied for a job at the University. Notre Dame, she recalls, took her in; and not only did June Urbanski find a job, but a home as well.

—Mary Ann Tighe

It was late August, 1977. Twenty-five tee-shirt-clad students plopped into chairs in Room 415 of the Administration Building. All of them shared one feeling; an intense desire to be anywhere, anywhere but sitting in a required class called Collegiate Seminar.

A few minutes later, the door squeaked open, and in strode the professor, a man about thirty years old. He informed us that his name was Dr. William Martin, and promised us "that this will be a course whose major focus will be you, the students."

Dr. Martin kept his promise. His ability to stimulate student interest in the course carried us through books by Aquinas, Plato, Homer, and Dante, among others. Classes always followed a discussion format, in which Dr. Martin talked no more than any one student, because, as he

put it, "These books have been tossed around by the most learned men in history. Who am I to pretend that I'm an authority on them? Anyway, almost every day students come up with fascinating interpretations of the readings which I never would have thought of."

Dr. Martin's grade-assessment measures also showed his concern for students. He abolished tests, since "they cannot possibly assess creative thinking ability, which is the key to an understanding of the classics we've read." In the place of tests, students were allowed to substitute papers, free verse, songs, satire, plays, and skits. One group of students created a discussion entitled, "Is there an afterlife?" wherein each assumed the persona of an author read during the semester.

Outside the classroom, Dr. Martin has also shown his concern for students. He has willingly written countless recommendations for scholarships and jobs; when he writes a recommendation for a student, he always gives that student a copy of the recommendation, since he feels "A student has the right to know whether or not a professor feels he's qualified for a certain honor."

—Bill Fuller

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