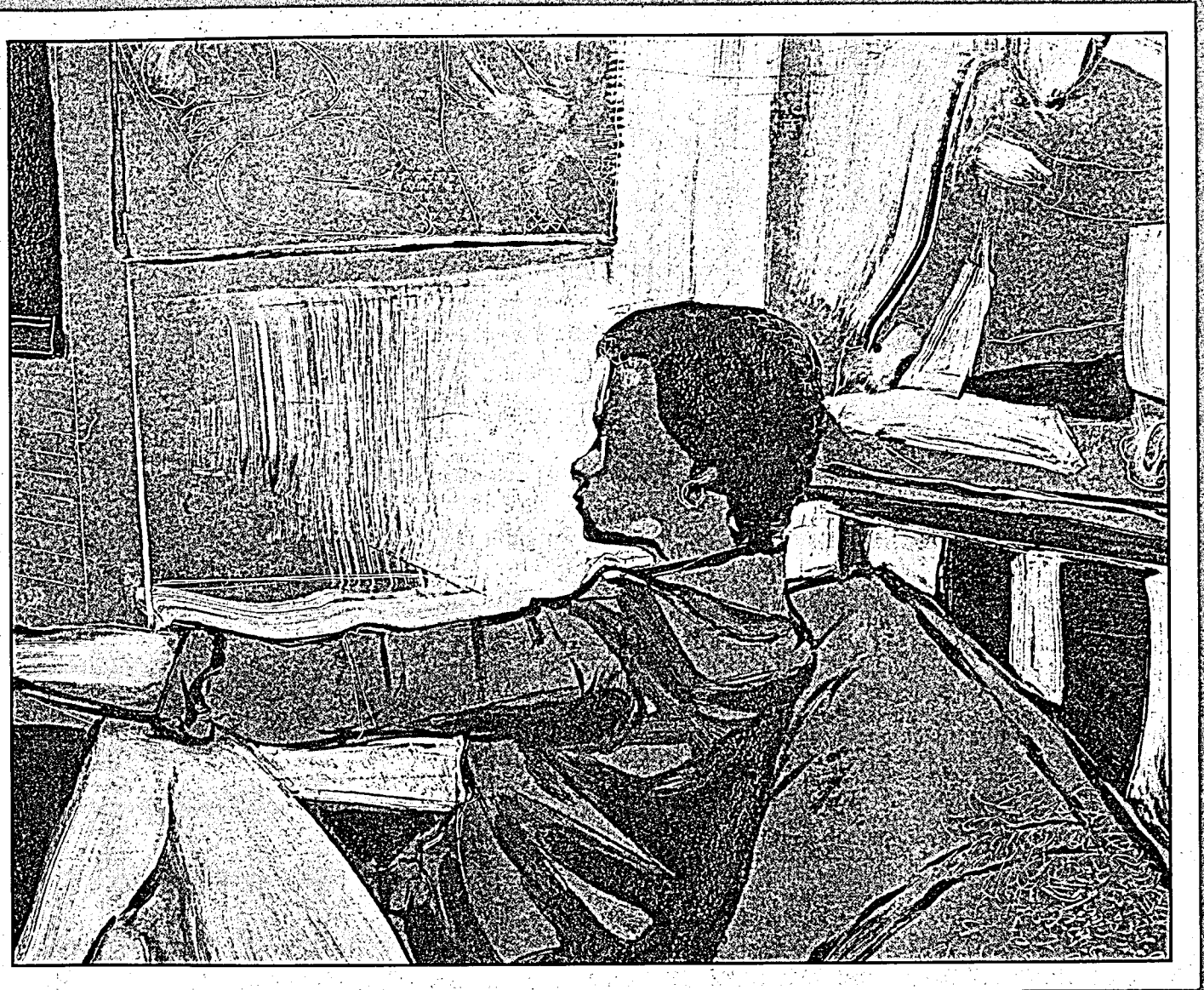

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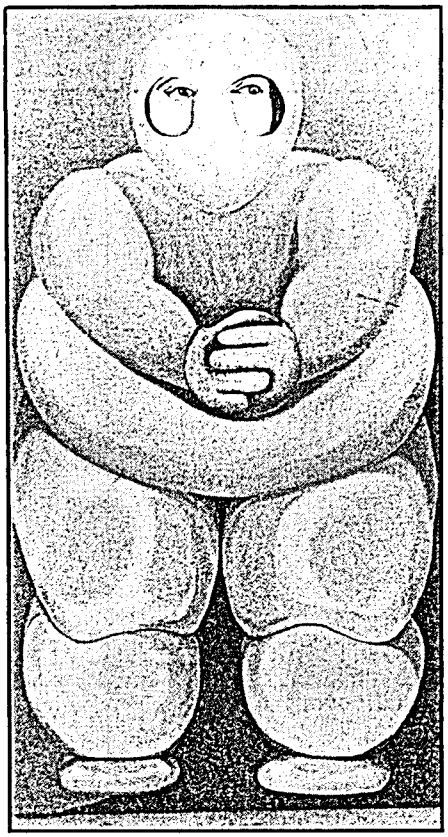

scholastic

Vol. 120, No. 11, April 20, 1979
Notre Dame, Indiana

FEATURES

FICTION

REGULARS

Photographs:
Jason Joyce, 4; Scholastic Archives, 7; Sports Information, 18, 19, 20; Jim Klocke, 26.
Artwork:
Scholastic Archives, 3, 10, 28; Mike Cantwell, 15.
Front Cover:
Mike Cantwell
Back Cover:
Theresa Rebeck

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.**

Nuclear Power: Two Views

by Kenneth Goodpaster

There once was a tribe. Its members were known as Alcoholics Autonomous (Alcautons for short). During times of plenty their spirits were high. But they fell on difficult times when technicians in their number (in a moment of rare sobriety) discovered that the stocks of beer, wine, and whiskey were running low. They sent a representative to seek policy advice to the Man of Uncommon Sense who lived on a nearby island. The Alcauton representative described his problem to the Man of Uncommon Sense. The Man of Uncommon Sense listened. The problem was described as insufficient alcohol supply — dwindling resources, need for alternative kinds of intoxicants in view of a deterioration of the "conventional" reserves. The Man of Uncommon Sense considered dealing with his visitor's problem within the terms of its definition: checking out data on decreasing supplies, imports, unconventional sources. He even considered telling the visitor about options that had apparently been overlooked completely, such as LSD, cocaine, and heroin (together with risk-benefit analyses of each).

But the Man of Uncommon Sense decided not to do these things. He pointed out instead that the *problem* as the Alcauton had described it was not the real problem at all. In fact, he surprised his visitor by pointing out that the tragedy was that the Alcautons saw the "problem" as a *supply* problem. He suggested that being alcoholic was a more serious problem than being short of booze.

As you can imagine, the conversation developed in a dramatically different direction from the direction in which it might have developed if the issue had been left in the hands of the visitor. For now the list of alternatives included at least one entirely new branch on the decision-tree: a branch which included withdrawal, detoxification, and a return to more humane ways of lubricating the emotional lives of the Alcauton

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by John Lucey

The prime concerns of the public with regard to nuclear power are safety, both of the operating plant and of other components of the nuclear fuel cycle, and, to a lesser degree, the relative cost and availability of nuclear power for some reasonable period in the future.

In normal operation it is difficult to imagine a more benign source of energy. The radioactivity released to the environment in normal operation of a nuclear plant is less than that from a comparable fossil-fueled plant. (Coal deposits normally contain such radioisotopes as radium, thorium and uranium.) Even the most dedicated opponent of nuclear power will agree that, like the little girl with the curl on her forehead, "when she was good, she was very, very good."

It is the balance of the nursery rhyme that opponents stress, "when she was bad, she was horrid." How likely are nuclear plants to be "bad"? If bad, how "horrid"?

The best available answer to the question is given in the *Rasmussen Report.* (Professor Norman C. Rasmussen of MIT, January 1975.) The study involved 70 man-years of effort and an expenditure of about four million dollars.

Although the Nuclear Regulatory Commission recently rescinded any implicit endorsement of the report's 12-page Executive Summary, the report is still the best available nuclear safety study. The report's estimate of one reactor core meltdown in 20,000 reactor years of operation has neither been proved nor disproved. The fuel at Three Mile Island did not melt and no injury to the public resulted from that accident. The chances of injury or death from reactor accident are roughly the same as being struck by a meteor.

If the operation of a nuclear reactor is not itself dangerous, say its opponents, then surely its wastes are. They represent "an intolerable legacy for generations yet unborn" if opponents of nuclear power are to be believed.

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Goodpaster . . .

citizens. The Man of Uncommon Sense then invited his visitor to assess the enriched list of alternatives by such criteria as "moderation" and "stability." The visitor was amazed, if not a little confused, though he had to acknowledge that his tribe had been having additional difficulties with other tribes regarding both grapevines and grainfields — and that there was growing impatience at the borders on the part of poor peasants (some of whom actually found ways of using booze for incendiary weapons!).

The visitor returned to his home and explained to his tribesmen that they really should consider a different kind of path into the future: a more beautiful path, and one which in the long run led to renewal, harmony with nature, and justice. His tribesmen could not understand. They became angry and called him a traitor. He had failed in his mission and had begun to question the Alcauton Dream. They wanted *supplies*. He came home questioning *demand!* A drunken brawl ensued during which the representative was killed. Eventually the tribe ran out of conventional booze and poisoned themselves on an unconventional but very modern replacement.

This little allegory is, of course, like all allegories, something of a caricature. Alcohol and electrical energy are not the same. But perhaps the main lines of a critique of energy policy are at least implicit here: a critique of what has been called the "hard path" into our energy future. This path is characterized by capital intensive, centralized, high technology methods of energy production (electrification, pressure on oil, gas, coal and especially nuclear power). By contrast, a "soft path" would emphasize decentralized production, conservation, renewable resources and alternative technologies (solar, wind, hydropower, geothermal, etc.).

We seem faced with a critical choice between these two paths as our society enters the 21st century. And it is important, I think, to keep in mind that the choice is in fact a choice among broad strategies. Like the Alcautons, we run the risk of defining our *"problem"* so as to blind ourselves to the larger options. Nuclear fission power, with breeders in its wake, beyond all of its obvious and recently dramatized hazards, must be seen as part of a *pattern* of hard path thinking. Reactor safety, "disposal" of high-level radioactive waste products, weapons proliferation in a plutonium economy, and other social and economic considerations have to be seen as part of this pattern for intelligent analysis and response. Three Mile Island serves to put us on notice that the psychic and economic risks of nuclear electricity have been underestimated. One can surely be forgiven for wondering whether the answer lies in still more elaborate (and expensive) technological containments.

The deepest signals from such events relate to energy strategy, not energy tactics. The logic of the hard path is a logic which is driven by questions of means. The logic of the soft path questions both ends and means and is on that account more enlightened. Hard path choices, and especially the nuclear choice, seem to commit us to exporting our costs to future generations

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Lucey . . .

The main difference between coal ash and nuclear reactor wastes, other than their relative volume, is, of course, their degree of radioactivity. Most serious are the fission products, the isotopes produced when the U-235 (or Pu-239) nucleus fissions, releasing energy. The laws of nature require that the most intensely radioactive isotopes are also the most short-lived, and vice versa. The longest half-life (the time required for one half of the atoms originally present to undergo decay) among the fission products is about thirty years.

When the 500- to 600-year period required for fission products to decay to negligible levels has passed, the radioactivity of the waste will be due entirely to plutonium and other transuranic elements. But the level of radioactivity then present will be no greater than that of naturally occurring radioactive ores such as uranium.

Five hundred years is a long time. If we wish to insure that the radioactivity from nuclear reactor wastes is not released to the environment during that period it should be sequestered in a geologically inert environment. Bedded salt deposits appear to be a reasonable storage location. Many suitable sites have been identified and a demonstration facility is currently under development in New Mexico. The technology for reprocessing and ultimate storage is available and has been for years. Its commercial development is delayed, not by technological problems, but political decisions (or the lack of them).

Today's economics seem to favor nuclear power over coal. What about tomorrow's?

Commonwealth Edison projects that coal-fired electricity will cost about 15 to 20 per cent more than nuclear electricity. Commonwealth Edison has the largest nuclear generating capaciy of any U.S. utility generated by its nuclear plants was 1.31 cents per kilowatt hour. The utility's most efficient coal-fired plants produced power at an average cost of 2.09 cents per kilowatt hour. Experience at other power plants has been comparable.

Development of the breeder reactor, which has been curtailed by the Carter administration, would extend these uranium reserves substantially. In the breeder the isotope uranium-238, which does not fission, is converted to plutonium-239, which is an excellent fuel material. An alternate breeding cycle involving the conversion of thorium-232 to fissile uranium-233 is also being investigated. The possibility of large-scale commerce in plutonium-239 has been given as the reason for the Carter administration's reluctance to pursue this option. It should be noted, however, that there is enough uranium-238 already in storage aboveground as residue of the uranium enrichment plants to fuel a breeder reactor economy for several hundred years.

If the nation wishes to continue its economic growth it must do so by increasing its capacity to generate and use energy efficiently. Conservation, while it may postpone increases in energy demand, cannot be the total answer to our energy needs.

Some sources of energy which have been discussed, notably hydropower, are nearly fully developed, with

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Tears and Joy: Frank O'Malley

by David Kubal

One did not become Frank O'Malley's student simply by registering for his courses. One was chosen. My "election" occurred, for no reason apparent to me at the time, midway in my junior year at Notre Dame. I was just then becoming serious in my studies, beginning to develop an earnest regard for books and ideas. I had arrived at the University with little notion of the life of the mind, wanting rather to become a journalist, and had joined the *Scholastic,* then a weekly newsmagazine, to which I gave most of my time, learning to count out headlines and to write simple sentences. I had also become eagerly involved in campus politics and had been rewarded with the chairmanship of the Sophomore Cotillion, my "spoils" for supporting the winning party. My classwork was uneven and recognized as such. At the beginning of my junior year, and at the last moment, I had decided on a major in English rather than one in journalism, persuaded by my roommate that the former was more respectable.

Given these credentials I was nonplussed to learn through a friend that Mr. O'Malley had selected me, without my having applied for the position, as an associate editor of the *Juggler,* the prestigious, if then foundering, student literary quarterly. I was taken aback, first of all, because I did not know he was even aware of me. During my two and a half years on campus, I had caught only glimpses of him, usually rushing away, late for a lecture, always bareheaded, even during the worst of the South Bend winter, his fading red hair flying, his light trench coat whipping out behind him. In my eyes, if he was rather awesome, he was also decidedly odd, an eccentric who taught an honors course of freshmen, whom he referred to as the *crème de la crème,* as well as classes in "The Philosophy of Literature" and "Modern Catholic Writers." He was also associated with the student intellectuals and poets, those dwelling in the basement rooms of old Sorin, who published one another in the *Juggler* and never returned the manuscripts. At the time, he himself lived in one of Sorin's tower rooms, a bachelor who had never left the University after entering as a freshman in 1928, almost thirty years before. He was one of those lay faculty members, once familiar figures at Notre Dame, who took rooms in dormitories and devoted their lives to students. Certainly there was no one in my own Chicago background (except a Benedictine monk, also redheaded, who had tried at school to convince me of the literary merits of P. G. Wodehouse and Margery Sharp) to explain Mr. O'Malley, an "Easterner" from Clinton, Massachusetts, and an intellectual who was also something of an aesthete and an ascetic.

On reflection I would like to think that he appointed me an associate editor because he had read the free verse and stories that I had begun to slip under the doors of Sorin's basement rooms. More than likely, however, he suspected I had some knowledge of practical journalism, gained from my work on the *Scholastic,* and that I might help to save the *Juggler* from the "underground," or at least to publish it four times a year, thus guaranteeing its University subsidy—which was, in fact, what happened.

Whatever his motive, the effect of his recognition was decisive: his appointment confirmed me in a direction in which I had been moving with little confidence. His subsequent care, his love of the life of the mind, and his passionate dedication to the vocation of the teacher, moreover, shaped and sustained me, along with a multitude of others, until his death in 1974. And yet because he was a teacher of such cogency, his influence remains problematical. For Mr. O'Malley did not merely direct his students, at least those who accepted his "election." Rather, he entered their lives, and demanded to be engaged. The ensuing drama was of deep and lasting consequence; for it was not only carried on in the joy of discovery but it was also undergone in the pain entailed in his particular vision of history and reality. So if the engagement often led to growth,

it also wounded. Such a drama is one which we know little about. To be sure, it has something to do with the nature of knowledge. But it also has to do with the mystery of the pedagogical relationship, as well as, of course, with the teacher himself. It is as a teacher of significant power that Mr. O'Malley continues to engage me.

* * *

It seems obvious that he did not enroll at Notre Dame primarily for scholarly reasons. In 1928 the University had none of its present-day academic prestige. It was not until the fifties, under the guidance of Theodore Hesburgh, that it began to conscientiously seek such prizes, a change of direction that Mr. O'Malley himself abetted by participating in the workings of the Woodrow Wilson and Danforth foundations and gaining numerous fellowships for his students. Indeed his success in this effort was phenomenal, and he was often quoted as saying his favorite pastime was "writing letters of recommendation." Still, in the twenties, while the University had gained national recognition through Knute Rockne's football teams, it understood itself first as an institution of Catholic apologetics, drawing a large number of its students from the Chicago area, an identity that was still evident when I was an undergraduate. Mr. O'Malley, on the other hand, was a brilliant young scholar, eventually achieving—or so the myth goes—the highest scholastic average in the history of the College of Liberal Arts to that time. His record, even in an age of inflated grades, may still stand. The challenge he set for himself, at any rate, is rarely assumed in the present. During the second semester of his senior year, for example, he took nine courses, including six in literature and one each in Latin, Greek, and Philosophy. His average was above 97.

According to a profile published in the *Scholastic* in his senior year, he selected Notre Dame, first of all, because it was "cosmopolitan rather than provincial." If there was any irony behind that remark, it is not apparent from the article. To regard a parochial university in South Bend, Indiana, as "cosmopolitan" may simply reveal a poor Irish Catholic's comparative assessment of his own educational opportunities in the Boston area at that time. In fact, after graduating, according to the same article, he planned to return there, to Harvard, with the idea of preparing himself as a literary critic. After having been designated valedictorian and graduating first in his class, however, he remained at Notre Dame on a teaching assistantship, completing his Master's in 1933. He was then appointed an instructor of English and History at the age of 24, the youngest member of the University faculty. Five years later he was offered the opportunity to return to the East, to Princeton, as a University Scholar, to work for his doctorate. He decided rather to resign the appointment, "to continue," as he explained, "necessary work at Notre Dame," a work which occupied him the rest of his life. His doctorate was not conferred until 1971, when Notre Dame gave him an honorary LLD, addressing him in the citation as "our beloved Frank O'Malley."

The other and the more serious reason for his initial as well as his ultimate choice, the very key to an understanding of his person, his mind, and his power, was that Notre Dame represented a center—or more accurately, the possibility of a center —of Catholic thought—not the Catholicism of the parish and diocese, the political religiosity which Edwin O'Connor, one of his students, satirized in his novels. That is, he discovered at the University a mode of thought and belief which had its sources neither in America, nor Rome, nor Dublin but rather in the modern, Catholic Renascence; particularly, in those French thinkers and artists associated with the *Renouveau Catholique* who taken together represent a renewal of Catholic thought and art in the twentieth century, a reinvigoration with beginnings not only in Aquinas, Pascal, and Newman, but also in philosophical and literary Modernism.

It was only after Mr. O'Malley joined the faculty, nonetheless, that he became aware of, or at least began to respond to, the influence of the Renascence. In fact, as an undergraduate he had sat under G. K. Chesterton, a visiting professor, noted for his Francophobia and his prejudice against Continental Catholicism. His Master's thesis was on Bishop Lamy, the French missionary who had served as a model for Bishop La Tour in Willa Cather's *Death Comes for the Archbishop.* While this interest remained a part

Frank O'Malley (1909-1974)

of his life, at least insofar as it touched upon the idea of the missionary and the importance of tradition in culture, it was given a broad, intellectual basis as well as a modern pertinence when he was introduced to contemporary European Catholic thought. That introduction took place at firsthand in the middle and late thirties when the university, under the presidency of John O'Hara, later the Cardinal of Philadelphia, began to invite a variety of writers and thinkers from Great Britain and the Continent as visiting and as regular faculty members. With this development, Notre Dame itself, established in 1842 by a French religious order, the Congregation of Holy Cross, was reaffirming its own roots in European Catholicism. Among the many who came to South Bend, including Shane Leslie, Arnold Lunn, Christopher Hollis, Robert Speaight, Desmond Fitzgerald, Charles Du Bois, Yves Simon, and Maritain, was Waldemar Gurian, who together with Mr. O'Malley founded *The Review of Politics* in 1938.

Indeed, Waldemar Gurian and *The Review of Politics* go a long way toward accounting for Mr. O'Malley's decision to remain at Notre Dame as well as explaining the source of his thought. Gurian himself represented a model of the Catholic intellectual who participated in the whole life of the Western mind, embodying a way of thought and action that was truly cosmopolitan, extending beyond America to include the major concerns of civilization. Besides, he revealed the means by which one could bring traditional religious thought to bear upon the modern world, incorporating the cogent analyses of Modernism with Revelation and Thomistic philosophy and theology. In some senses he stood at the beginning of Mr. O'Malley's mature thought, a mode of perception and interpretation which the latter was able to work out between the two forums of the classroom and *The Review,* the one enriching the other. Mr. O'Malley's force as a teacher resided, then, not only in his genius, but also in the nature of his ideas, ones which questioned his students' sectarian values and which conferred on them, in the process, a new power, circumscribed as most of them were by class and religious attitudes that allowed little room for the mind and the imagination. In short, he left them, to use Lionel Trilling's phrase, "sentient and free," beyond the dictates of their own culture.

* * *

If Mr. O'Malley's Christian Modernism, as one might define it, on the basis of his early writings for *The Review,* was a complex idea that gave equal weight to the claims of the self and to those of the community, his articulation of the imperatives of the individual as opposed to bourgeoise and totalitarian power structures appealed more directly to his students' sense of entrapment, their vague feelings of restriction associated with families, neighborhoods, and the Church. It was for this reason that Stephen Dedalus, for example, was one of their literary heroes, despite Joyce's irony which they stubbornly overlooked. Mr. O'Malley's own insistence on the evils of asceticism and perfectionism and on the necessity of engaging fully with civilization was also, if not ignored by his students, muted in its effect by their own preoccupations, by the manner of his life, lived, as it seemed, nearly in seclusion, as well as by his intensity as he described the apocalyptic visions of the Moderns.

Between 1944 and 1950, a time in which he himself appeared drawn toward one side of the dialectic, to an extreme and negative judgment of the possibilities of life in culture, Mr. O'Malley explored those modern visions, the subjects which formed a core of his lectures, in a series of articles for *The Review of Politics.* The titles themselves give us a notion of his message: "The Evangelism of Georges Bernanos"; "The Plight of the Soul"; "The Wasteland of William Blake"; and "The Passion of Léon Bloy." These essays, together with those he published in other journals, notably "The Blood of Robert Lowell" in *Renascence,* were very much at one with the *Zeitgeist* of the postwar world: they revealed a powerful attraction to the ascetic life. Like Thomas

Faces and Tombs

At his reception of the Charles Sheedy Award for excellence in teaching, Frank O'Malley spoke about tombstones. Those who remembered his not infrequent apocalyptic lectures on "last" things were not surprised by the image—but anyone would have marvelled at what he did with it that afternoon. He began by saying he remembered the faces of his students and the lines on their faces—lines as unique as the course of the students' lives from birth to death and the names that one day would be etched on their tombstones.

Frank never found death to be the forbidding, formidable enemy of life that troubled so many of his contemporaries. He constantly reminded his students that there are things in life to be shunned far more: meanness, callousness, deceit, irreverence, all the vices that disfigure the spirit or contaminate a place. So perhaps it was natural for Frank to think of tombstones as doors opening to Paradise. And if tombstones engraved with the names of souls were as unique as the faces lined so differently, then it made sense to conclude, as Frank did that day, that everyone has his or her own door to Paradise.

Those of his students who benefited from Frank's generous respect for their own "way" knew that he was, in his own way, inviting them into a hallowed circle of faith, hope, and love whose center held firm even in the contemporary nuclear wasteland. People who accepted that invitation became, as Fr. Sheedy reminded those who came from across the land for Frank's funeral and to walk with him to his tombstone, "friends of the work." Solitary as Frank was—and no one will ever say it better than Ernest Sandeen—he literally called into existence communities: the *Wranglers,* the *Juggler,* the *Bookmen,* the *Brownson Community,* and undoubtedly others. Frank's eye for the invisible link which bonded the students who happened into his freshman English class was uncanny. He sent his

Merton in *Seven Storey Mountain,* which appeared in 1948, Mr. O'Malley in the articles urged a religious rather than a political response to a civilization enervated by war. Through those years his "texts," so to speak, were Blake's line, "The tygers of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction"; and Bloy's statement, "There is only one sorrow—and that is—not to be of the saints." His metaphors were borrowed from *The Wasteland.* And while he expressed certain reservations concerning Bloy's and Bernanos's absolutism and condemnation of the mediocre, for example, he was willing to pardon their want of flexibility and affection in light of their awesome truths, and because they were, like Kafka and Blake, "the champions of the soul." At one point he celebrated Lowell's lines, "What can the dove of Jesus give/ You now but wisdom, exile?" According to tradition, many of his students at this time—a unique period at the University because the campus was populated by war veterans—responded to his advocacy of the modern apocalypse by following the example of Merton and joining the monastery. Whether the tradition is apocryphal or not, it is certainly true that through his lectures and the example of his life, he could move his students in that direction both in the late forties and during the fifties.

Yet by the middle of the latter decade a significant change took place in his own thinking as he attempted to restrike a balance of idea. Beginning in 1954 with the essay, "The Culture of the Church," followed by a lecture, "Teaching in the Twentieth-Century Power World," which he first gave to a Danforth Conference in 1957, and which he adapted for various other occasions, and by articles on Newman and Guardini, he turned to the problem of American education and to the idea of the teacher, an almost exclusive preoccupation during the last twenty years of his life. The change in his thought, nonetheless, was essentially one of direction and emphasis. He never dismissed the criticism of the modern prophets. Rather, he attended more to the moderate views of Newman, Guardini, and Josef Pieper as he began calling for a spiritual renewal within civilization, a renascence carried out through the right pursuit of humanistic studies and the work of the teacher. And instead of pronouncing on "the goring and ganging and smashing of modern man and modern existence," for example, as he did in an earlier lecture, "Present Turning Points in American Life," he spoke with approval of Newman's unwillingness to despair in natural man and his refusal to be "tragically tormented." Still what he wrote of Guardini might be used to describe his "new" voice, raised in the hope of Christian humanism: "Throughout his expression, . . . there [was] always an apocalyptic undercurrent; or at least there [was] not infrequently the radiance of apocalyptic turns and tones."

It was during this period that I enrolled as his student and sat in both of his yearlong lecture courses, "The Philosophy of Literature," where the subjects ranged

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by William O'Brien

classes away with a mission, and always a mission that fit their conjoined personalities. He simply identified a group vocation. Those who responded became, as years went on, "friends of the work." They remember, with gratitude, words Frank wrote in *The Review of Politics* in 1954:

> We know that we must remain, that we must work and strive in the best ways open to us, live with bright and ungrudging readiness in the midst of our present, painful history, in the history that is, as the liturgy makes clear to us, a mysterious jumble, an imperfect and entangled thing that will not be rectified, with the good wheat separated from the disturbing chaff, until the world is done. So, no matter what confusions, frustrations and persecutions befall us, we must have the endurance of Christians, the marvelous endurance told by Christ in the Twenty-First Chapter of the Gospel of St. Luke: "There were some who spoke to him of the temple, of the noble masonry and the offerings which adorned it: to these he said, The days will come when, of all this fabric you contemplate, not one stone will be left on another; it will all be thrown down. And they asked him, Master, when will this be? What sign will be given, when it is soon to be accomplished? Take care, he said, that you do not allow anyone to deceive you. Many will come making use of my name; they will say, Here I am, the time is close at hand; do not turn aside after them. And when you hear of wars and revolts, do not be alarmed by it; such things must happen first, but the end will not come all at once. Then he told them, Nation will rise in arms against nation, and kingdom against kingdom; there will be great earthquakes in this region or that, and plagues and famines; and sights of terror and great portents from heaven. Before all this, men will be laying hands on you and persecuting you; they will give you up to the synagogues, and to prison, and drag you into the presence of kings and governors on my account; that will be your opportunity for making the truth known. Resolve, then, not to prepare your manner of answering beforehand; I will give you such eloquence and such wisdom as all your adversaries shall not be able to withstand, or to confute. You will be given up by parents and brethren and kinsmen and friends, and some of you will be put to death; all the world will be hating you because you bear my name; and yet no hair of your head shall perish. It is by endurance that you will secure possession of your souls." □

William O'Brien is an Associate Professor in the Theology Department. Among his work is the book **Stories to the Dark** (Paulist Press, 1977).

from Plato to existentialism, and "Modern Catholic Writers." Normally he would lecture twice a week in each course, both of them accommodating some one hundred students, while the third scheduled hour was used for the meeting of the colloquia. That is, he divided each class into groups of ten, designated a leader, and sent us off to discuss the readings. For many of us the colloquia provided our first experience of teaching, a profession we later entered. Often my particular group would meet in a local rathskeller where he would occasionally visit us, refuse to be recognized, listen intently for a time, and then disappear.

Part of our fascination in him consisted in just this "fugitive" quality. He would slip into his classroom, for example, deliver his lecture, and then leave without having asked for or answered any questions. Nor did anyone, except his freshmen, ever have an "appointment" as such with him. Indeed whenever he was actually seen on campus, he was in flight, seemingly either pursued or in pursuit. After a while, when we knew he would permit it, we would seek him out in the late afternoons at the bar of the now-demolished Hoffman Hotel where he would hold a kind of court. But often he would escape us, and we would spend the evening searching him out. If we were fortunate to find him, and he was free, he would buy us dinner. With him at these times we began to learn of the pleasures of cocktails, oysters, and medium-rare steaks.

In trying to remember these meetings, which continued after graduation, when we returned to tell him sad stories of graduate school, I found I could not recall what he talked about. Part of the reason for my failure was that Mr. O'Malley never did say much outside the lecture hall. Not only was he naturally reticent with students, but he also believed that a teacher must listen to the young without interrupting in order to allow them to talk their way to knowledge, to liberate their own intuitions. The only time I saw him "hold forth" at one of these sessions was at my expense. He had misunderstood me to be championing the Beat poets at the expense of Gerard Manley Hopkins and he proceeded to correct my "aesthetic." After the lesson, suffering from his outspoken chastisement, I left him in haste and anger. The next morning, however, before his lecture, he walked out from behind the podium and came into the body of the hall, something that I had never seen him do before, to return my lighter which I had forgotten the previous evening. He did not say a word, only smiled with a kind of warm delight. I may have been misinformed, he seemed to be telling me, but I was neither stupid nor wrong. His gesture, of course, was also an apology.

It was this particular quality of care, which we experienced as his reverence for us, his willingness to allow us our errors, while holding us responsible for the subject matter, and, above all, his ardent belief in the value of our half-formed ideas, which permitted us to perform beyond what seemed our capacities. As one of his students wrote after his death: "Most often his students would respond to his encouraging concern and begin to work at the edge of their ability. Sometimes their very being would seem to change." At his funeral Mass, Charles Sheedy, the former dean of the College of Arts and Letters, said, "But he did not love [his students] because they were gifted. The effect was the other way around. His love and concern conferred giftedness."

The specific source of this creative power is probably and finally inexplicable. Yet it has everything to do with his idea of the teacher. Although Mr. O'Malley never underestimated the importance of information and knowledge in the making of a teacher, he understood that the teacher must first tend to his own moral being before he could presume to carry out his work. Nor was he vague about this requirement. In "Teaching in the Twentieth Century Power World," he spoke quite particularly about the necessity of cultivating an attitude of contemplation; of opening oneself to the "fact of the nature of things and persons"; of learning "an asceticism of the intellect, and . . . of the will"; of realizing the significance of community; of the need "to conserve and to develop the virtues of reverence and patience"; and, lastly, of the responsibility of meditating "seriously about the final relation of our existence, our relation to God." It was only in the relentless pursuit of these ideals and in assum-

ing that the profession of the teacher is first of all a vocation, that the act of education could begin. That act for him was one which made it possible for the student to become a person. It was, moreover, the fundamental cultural and political act without which all other gestures and programs are baseless. If the apocalypse were imminent, if the life of the community, that is, were to become completely externalized and politicized, it would be accomplished because the schools and universities had first lost sight of their mission, had forgotten what it is to teach, and had defined it merely as a function of spreading information, of inculcating skills, and of preparing careerists.

Still, I am convinced, what made Mr. O'Malley a truly great teacher was his ability to console. Basic to this power was his profound understanding of the pains entailed in late adolescence as well as his cogent sense of the tragic nature of life. He himself, of course, revealed a quantity of pain to us in his vision of history and reality. And insofar as his own melancholy and need to withdraw influenced us, he weakened our capability to relate to a world which was very different from his. But that was not what he finally wanted to tell us—nor did he wish us to hide out in any hole and corner. And because we did not always listen to the entirety of his thought or to his most important message, delighted as some of us were to indulge our feelings of anxiety and alienation, pains, in fact, that we had never really earned, we must take much of the responsibility for any wounding.

He did not consider the act of consolation as merely one option available to the teacher, but rather as one of his major responsibilities. As he said in "The Teaching Function of An American University," "a teacher has to try to unify and not to scatter. He has to be conscious of the need and the aspiration of the mind to be freed in unity. Today a teacher has as one of his responsibilities the saving of the student's mind from the multitudinousness of the twentieth century—the terrible weakening distractedness in modern civilization that has tormented many of our nineteenth- and twentieth-century humanists." All too often the teacher of the present, he went on, "by ignoring order and the habit of order," and the moral dimension of knowledge, "living himself in the darkness of disunity" has "none of the priceless enlightenment of unity to offer." Like Matthew Arnold before him, he realized that there was comfort available in knowledge, in an order of "fresh ideas," an ease from the discontents that can destroy the modern mind. If a teacher cannot or will not offer that consolation, he commits an outrage upon the person of the student. That was for Mr. O'Malley the unforgiveable sin.

All of this he offered us in his highly developed lectures. He also, of course, consoled us personally. And there is no better example of his affection for us than his last lecture of the year, "The Vast, the General Question," a ritual he observed for at least twenty-five years, in which he spoke to the graduating seniors in "The Philosophy of Literature" class. The title of the lecture was taken from one of Virginia Woolf's letters which she wrote immediately before committing suicide. Her question was "What is the meaning of life?" If it was somehow an innocent question for him to ask, it was also one that we in our youth were particularly preoccupied with. I do not wish to lay stress on his answer, although it is of utmost importance to any final understanding of him. That answer resided in his Christian faith, an order of ideas and beliefs which was for him the only alternative to a world which had caught up and destroyed Virginia Woolf, a writer for whom he had the greatest respect and sympathy. What I specifically remember of that June evening in 1958 as I followed his minute description of her final madness and death was a quiet fear building in me, a trepidation attendant upon my sense of an ending as I was leaving Notre Dame. It was all compounded by an unusual hush in the hall. There was no scratching of pens or fluttering of notebooks as we listened, mesmerized by his final words, said directly to us:

> A special knowledge, then, is yours and should be strong in you, and you must make it prevail. Your season here is over and, in truth, it requires no ceremonious words to conclude it. Still I have come here and I have said what I regard as appropriate and honest words, knowing that they cannot be entirely adequate. We shall all go away now—but I shall remember you. And I hope that you will remember, at least, my very last words which I speak with all my heart (and out of my obscurity and unworthiness to you in this your present wonderful moment of achievement and promise): I hope that time will never trap you or the world triumph over you. I hope that you will be happy! I hope that you will be happy forever! But I ask you only to consider that the happiness of human existence is sometimes sorrow and suffering. . . .

And then he was gone. I looked for him over graduation weekend to offer my gratitude and farewells. But this time I could not find him, having to be satisfied with a quick glimpse of him in the academic procession.

During the last years of Mr. O'Malley's life, the drama that had always characterized him continued to an inconclusive end. On the one hand, he dreamed of immeasurable distances, in the form of "Christ College," a utopian academy, which he described in an essay in the *Scholastic* in 1971. On the other, he was deeply involved, at least emotionally and intellectually, with the student unrest and rebellion which had Vietnam as its focus. The idea of founding such a college was probably only a half-serious one; yet it was a vision that appeared to have some basis in reality. There was talk about a gift of land from a rich family, and it was a concept which he spoke about for years. But if the college was to be in the world, it was to be decidedly not of the world. And if his dream of a Socratic, Christian community embodying his ideal of the teacher was not purely an intellectual exercise, it was more of an act of criticism—perhaps reflecting his ambivalence about the growing sophistication and importance of Notre Dame in the academic community, along with the attendant dangers to the University's teaching function—than it was

a social goal which he would have ever actively pursued. What he said about Waldemar Gurian in 1955 applied even more so to himself: "Notre Dame was his place, since the thirties the center not only of his fascination but of his existence; all the actualities and possibilities of the University were close to his heart and conscience."

If Mr. O'Malley had reservations concerning the students' rebellion in the sixties, he saw the justice of their cause and spoke in an address at the Notre Dame Peace Observance in January, 1973, of how the "young mind is wonderfully conscious of freedom." Yet he was deeply upset by the release of the "instincts of cruelty and brutality." And while looking forward in hope to "a new age of the spirit," he told the students: "We are not to seek for salvation in self-righteous cliques or claques; nor by withdrawal from the tasks with which our present, painful history now confronts us."

Still, it was around then, about a year before his death, that Mr. O'Malley requested a sabbatical for the first time in his life. The need to create and maintain distances between himself and that which he loved was great, perhaps at last overwhelming. Driven, at least partially by the disease that killed him, his alcoholism, he felt he had to get away, for the time being, from the University.

In the spring of 1974, Mr. O'Malley collapsed in his rooms in Lyons Hall. After lingering briefly, he died in St. Joseph's Hospital in South Bend. He is buried in the community cemetery at Notre Dame, his grave just apart from the rest, placed at the perimeter where it can be easily seen by passing students. The final words are Ernest Sandeen's:

But we salute you now as then
with love, across no greater distance
than you always kept, immaculate
and warm, between yourself and us. □

Prof. Kubal, a former O'Malley student, is a currently a college English professor in California.

To Frank O'Malley
(1909-1974)

What have you done? You lie so still
you strain belief in our mortality.
We can't believe the body of your ghost,
lithe and fleet, has now been exorcised.

Our scholar gypsy, you haunted the conscience
of all our paths and corridors,
you sharpened with light the shadow that was cast
on what we yearned for in dome and spire.

You christened writers of indiscreetly
visionary words, the baptized
and unbaptized alike, while awed
multitudes of the young looked on.

You gospelled four decades of rich and poor men's
sons showing them where the soul is.
And each day you knotted them thongs to whip
the money-changers from the temple door.

When did you first surmise that yours
must be the gift of loneliness?
When did you discover that he
who is loved by all is loved by no one?

Foreknowing, as you did, such cost of spirit
how did you decide? Or did you?
How can a man, a mere man, decide
to make nothing but himself his own?

There were days we scarcely could endure
the fury of that indifferent love
that smiled or glowered in your eyes.

Forgive us if we found it hard
to quite forgive in you your relentless
understanding of yourself.

But we salute you now as then
with love, across no greater distance
than you always kept, immaculate
and warm, between yourself and us.

—Ernest Sandeen

We thank Professor Sandeen for allowing Scholastic *to reprint this piece.*

Perspective

by Theresa Rebeck

Picture, if you will, Mega Tech Institute. It is the prototype of the American science-technology institute; everyone on the faculty holds Ph.Ds and three-fourths of them have won the Nobel Prize at least once. The average student had a 790 on the Math SAT's. This institution is a very prestigious place to study; high school seniors are poisoning each other over the limited positions in the freshman class. All of them want to be great scientists and engineers, so Mega Tech Institute is the place to go.

Mega Tech Institute is unusual for reasons other than its highly qualified faculty and brilliant student body. Mega Tech Institute has no laboratories. It is a totally theoretical institution, based on the premise that practical experience is unnecessary. When asked about this unusual policy of education, the President of the Institute, Dr. X. Peri Mentor, commented, "Our kids are so bright, they don't need to bother with simple things like laboratory techniques. We figure they can learn that kind of stuff when they get out into the engineering firms and research laboratories. We're giving them a good, solid background, we're teaching them to think in scientific terms. Their job experiences will teach them the rest."

Sound pretty stupid? I'll say; there isn't an engineering firm in the country that would touch a graduating senior who didn't know how to control a pressure valve. And what research laboratory would want a chemist who couldn't perform a titration? It's just a stupid idea, a stupid philosophy of education. It's a stupid philosophy of education which is unfortunately taking root at the University of Notre Dame in regard to the College of Arts and Letters.

Recently, the editorial boards of University-funded student publications met with John Reid and Mario Pedi of Student Affairs to discuss next year's budgets. Student Affairs had received a mandate from Business Affairs stating that no budget was to receive more than a 6% increase for the '79-'80 school year. Now, speaking realistically, that won't even cover the rising cost of printing, so it can be technically considered as a budget cut. At a time when the Engineering Department and the Chemistry Department are bestowed with huge, sparkling-new facilities, the hopeful writers and editors of Notre Dame are scrounging for pennies to hold together their publications.

Is this an absurd comparison? I don't think so. The chemists and the engineers are getting new facilities because it is important for them to know their ways around a modern, well-equipped lab. It would be ridiculous for a chemistry major to apply for a job without having had such laboratory experience, but by the same token, it would be just as ridiculous for an English or communications major to apply for a newspaper job without a portfolio of articles. Practical experience is even more important for the hopeful journalist; in most cases, their prospective employers will not even ask for their college transcripts. They don't care about your GPA, they want to see what you've written, what you've had published.

The dearth of funds and interest hits more than the student publications at Notre Dame. How long has the Notre Dame campus been without a respectable theater? For years, Washington Hall has existed in a shocking state of disrepair. Until recently, every technical assistant approached the building with fear and trepidation, certain that any second now the light board or the electrical systems would short out and blow the place to smithereens. Currently, a somewhat halfhearted effort is being made to patch the place together again, but only after long delays and years of paper shuffling in the Administration Building.

Then there's the Art Department. Their plight is fairly self-evident. For years, the art students have prowled around the Fieldhouse, enjoying a simple, underground existence in spite of leaky roofs, faulty heating, and annually exploding steam pipes which have tended to flood studios and ruin projects. After neglecting the building for so long, the Administration finally decided to tear it down and move the Art Department out to safer ground. So where do they put the potters and the painters? In the old Chemical Engineering Building—that is, as soon as the Chemisty and the Chemical Engineering Departments move into their newer, safer, more up-to-date facilities.

My point is simply this: Arts and Letters students have their labs, too, and they are every bit as essential as the chemist's. The writer needs a publication, the actor needs a stage, the artist needs a studio. Notre Dame has these, but they are underfunded, insufficient, or unsafe. I understand the Administration's concern that the science laboratories are all modern and the equipment is the best; I'm not knocking that. But *Scholastic* has been fighting for the funds to buy a typewriter that types with some degree of reliability for three or four years now. Who decided that the engineering student and his or her needs were more important than the English student's? When was this decided?

Maybe I should just shut up and transfer to some nice little Liberal Arts College where they like English majors. Maybe I never should have come here in the first place. But I came to Notre Dame under the impression that I was coming to a university, an institution which embraced all disciplines and valued them for their individual importance. I liked the idea of a place where many people with vastly different concerns could come and create a community. I hesitate to give up this vision because I don't think it's an impossible dream.

But recently, questions continue to cross my mind: Is the girl who lives down the hall more important than me because she likes to mix chemicals and I like to write articles? Father Hesburgh, you spoke up in defense of the Liberal Arts education a few months ago. What do you think? □

The Sail

by Tom Balcerek

A steady wind passes silently through the air as the ocean ripples below. I see no land. The wind streams freely, zipping here and there, puffing occasionally. It presses itself and leans against the sail of my sailboat in the sun. Many things are here, but I cannot see them, many things are in the wind. They are all one. My sailboat is simple, the product of necessity; and I, its occupant, a happy man.

There is no more. There is no less. I can stare at the sun forever without blinking, and my eyes do not hurt. I can feel what is happening at the bottom of the ocean as it wells up through the currents and is refined along the way. The wave I feel at last is subtle ecstasy.

I watch the sail and see the wind. I open my mouth and taste the air.

No horizon. No land and no horizon. Water. Only this and never that. Never that. Sail, boat, water. Sail, boat, water. Sail, boat . . .

"C'mon, Oliver, up! You heard me, up!"

"Let me sleep," say I.

"Up," says my wife.

"You know what happened last time, you almost lost your job. And peanut butter for breakfast? Tacos on the run. Will that happen again, will that happen? Get up, Oliver."

"Let me dream," say I.

"I've pressed your suit and your breakfast is on the table."

I roll over, away from the screaming lady. I can feel the sleep drug cruising my brain once again as her voice is slowly assimilated by the pillow. The heavy feeling is padding the inside of my head and the voice is gone. The gentle motion of a small fish catches my eye so I remove it from the water and stroke it. The fine rainbow scales meet my fingertips as the fish looks up at me and smiles. I smile back. The wind is shifting so I adjust the sail, knowing not why. Nowhere or everywhere is my destination. I play it by ear. Sitting back, I watch the clouds play games with the sun. There seems to be a disturbance; no, my mistake.

The fish wants to dance and I allow it. He's not very good. The sun has escaped the clouds again and now it has my eyes. I'm seeing it, and the longer I look, the larger it becomes. Its gaseous tentacles are visible now and they appear to reach into the water. I turn my head away for a second and upon my return to the sun I see that it has resumed its original size in the sky. I know now that it is gaseous. I suppose I always knew it, but never realized it. Now I realize it, and as I stare once more, it is growing enormous again. The fish doesn't like it. He scoots along the floor of the boat and fits himself under my slightly bent knee. I stand up and avert my eyes from the sun, returning it to its normal size. The fish flops frantically below me. I give it back to the ocean.

With a strange tightness in my chest, I turn around in the boat, the sun now over my left shoulder. I wear it on a strap. Beautiful gulls glide lazily in a playing field of deep blue spotted with white. Their winged motion controls the scene. I aspire to join them and, I do, touching them occasionally and eventually petting them as they fly.

"Oliver," says the lady. "Oliver," says my wife. "You've got to get up now . . . Oliver?"

"Oh, pretty bird," say I. "Feathers, feathers."

"Oliver, you're dreaming," whispers Marcia. I hear that and sit up abruptly in my bed. My head spins.

"I don't feel well today. I'm not going to work. I'm sick." And as I say it, I find that I really am sick, tight and woozy. I lie back down and drift away. Sleep comes willingly again to me. It starts in my eyes and . . .

Back out on the boat I hum along with the wind. It is a beautiful song that I hear. My right hand hangs limp over the side of the boat feeling the flux of the water with all five fingers. As I reach down deeper, something enters my hand. I clasp it tightly and withdraw it from the water. It is a long archaic key like one to the attic of a Gothic church. Inscribed on the key are the letters A and Z. I search the boat for a keyhole and find it soon, right below my feet. Inserting the key and turning it, I find that the door opens easily.

I shut it quickly for fear that the waters will come rushing into the boat. Then I open it more slowly to find that no water enters the boat at all. I look through the round hole at the water undisturbed and suddenly find myself compelled to dive in. Down I plunge, through the perfect circumference.

As I sink, I feel no wetness and I can breathe freely. I hear my wife's voice in the distance, muffled by the waters. "I tried to wake him twice this morning."

"He's breathing heavily," says a man with a deep authoritative voice.

I fight the water, frantically endeavoring to get back to the boat resting at the top, but I can make no progress. The ocean has become a blank. My arms and legs flail wildly to no avail. My presence in the water makes no difference. Letting myself go I find that I am somehow rising to the top. Through the hole in the boat I appear, once again in the sunlight.

The wind has died down considerably and the sail of my boat feels no pressure. Too much has happened. My mind begins to wander as I lie back in the boat again, staring at the sun. I imagine cold hands on my body, touching my forehead, chest and eyes. Someone pulls carefully on my left eyelid. These thoughts start to bother me and I shake them off in disgust. I wet a finger with my tongue and hold it up to check the direction of the wind only to find that there is none. The boat is sitting still on the ocean, rocking gently from side to side.

I feel as though I want to sleep, so I adjust my body accordingly. Eventually overwhelmed by restlessness, I shift from my fetal position on the floor of the boat and lie flat on my back. My head rests on a wooden plank across the bow as I stare at the sun and daydream. A strange feeling enters my awareness. I feel as though I'm being jostled about and handled. I keep my eyes open to certify reality, but the feeling does not go away. Rubbing my eyes, I slowly put an end to it. A splinter of wood from the inside of the boat makes a good toothpick, something for me to chew and mangle while I wait for the wind.

The stillness of the boat begins to bother me and I imagine myself moving along at an awesome speed in a vehicle on wheels. The hands are on me again and I shiver at their touch. Noises of all sorts pick at my brain. A long high-pitched whine looms above all. The gulls must be screaming overhead. I shout at them, "Leave me alone." This breaks the commotion somewhat but my delirium rages on. I close my eyes and hold the sides of the boat tightly wondering why I would daydream so perversely. And when I open them, I find everything intact. With cupped hands I take cool water from the ocean to splash my face. Refreshed, I lie back once more in the motionless boat.

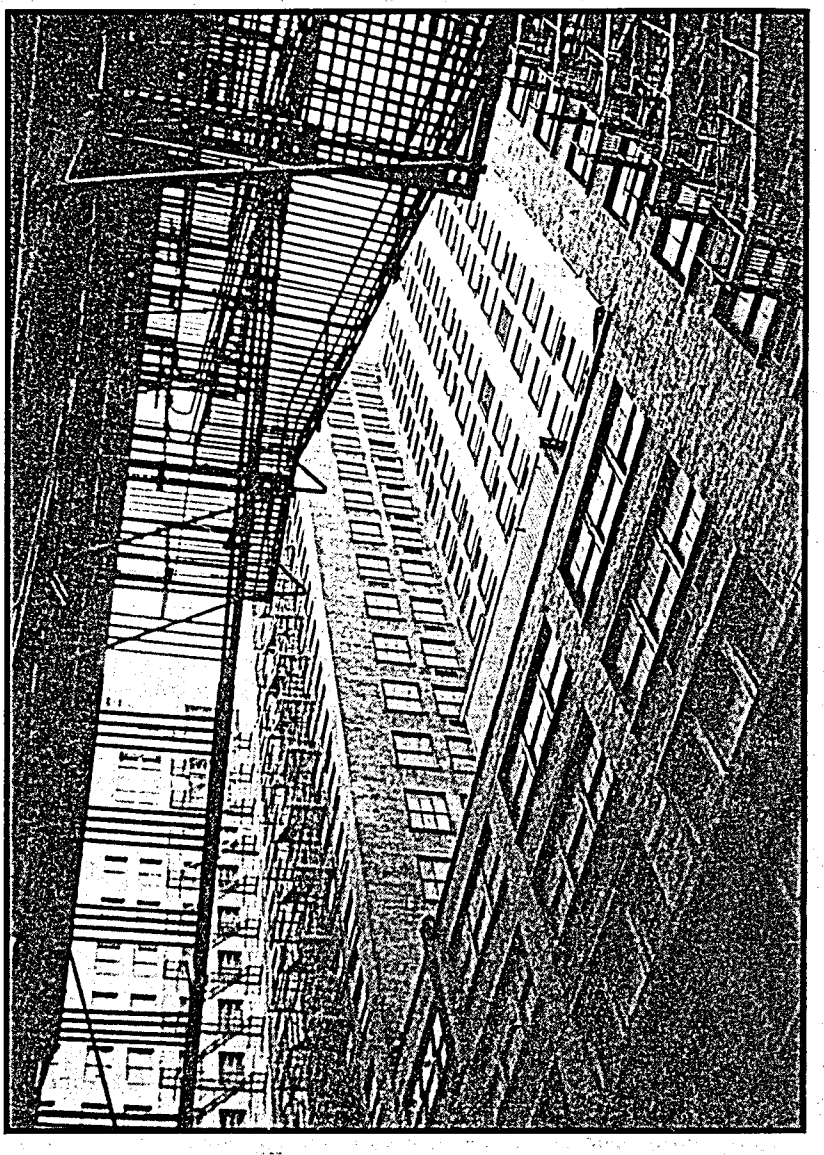
The sun shines brightly as the waves beat a steady rhythm on the side of my boat. I feel a certain tranquility as the sights and sounds of this moment blend into a buzz. I am almost asleep when I hear the deep voice again. "Oxygen," it says.

I lean forward slightly and look into the eyes of a gull perched on the rim of my boat. He snickers and flies away. "Clamp," the voice says as the sounds of busy hands and busy metal fill the air. I place my head back on the wooden pillow as a cold metal feeling pokes at my gut. A vision of men and women clad in white surrounds me as I lie in the boat. I shake off the thought and wonder why I torture myself so. I stare at the sun as the steady rocking continues. Soon everything becomes white.

Finally, the wind kicks up again, much stronger than before. The boat creaks as it regains motion and the sail is full-blown. I jump to my feet immediately to face the wind. I feel it through my whole being. This makes me laugh giddily and as it continues my thoughts are displaced by pure feeling. I am free.

A steady wind passes silently through the air as the ocean ripples below. There is no land. The wind streams freely, zipping here and there, puffing occasionally. It presses itself and leans against the sail of a sailboat in the sun. Many things are here but unseen, many things are in the wind. They are all one. The sailboat is simple, a product of necessity; and its occupant, a happy man. □

Gallery



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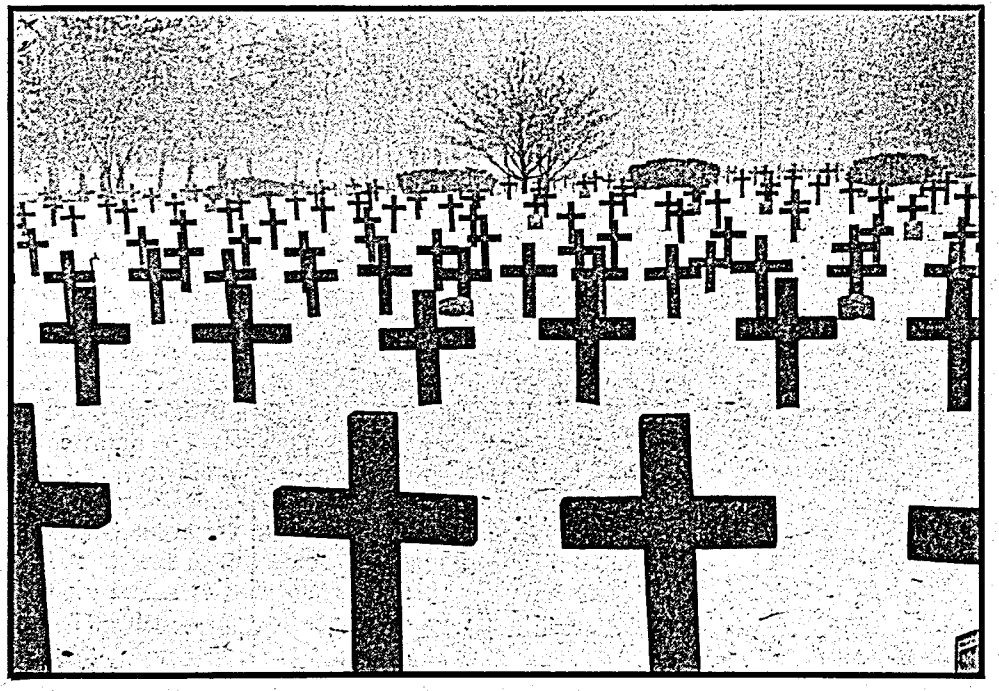

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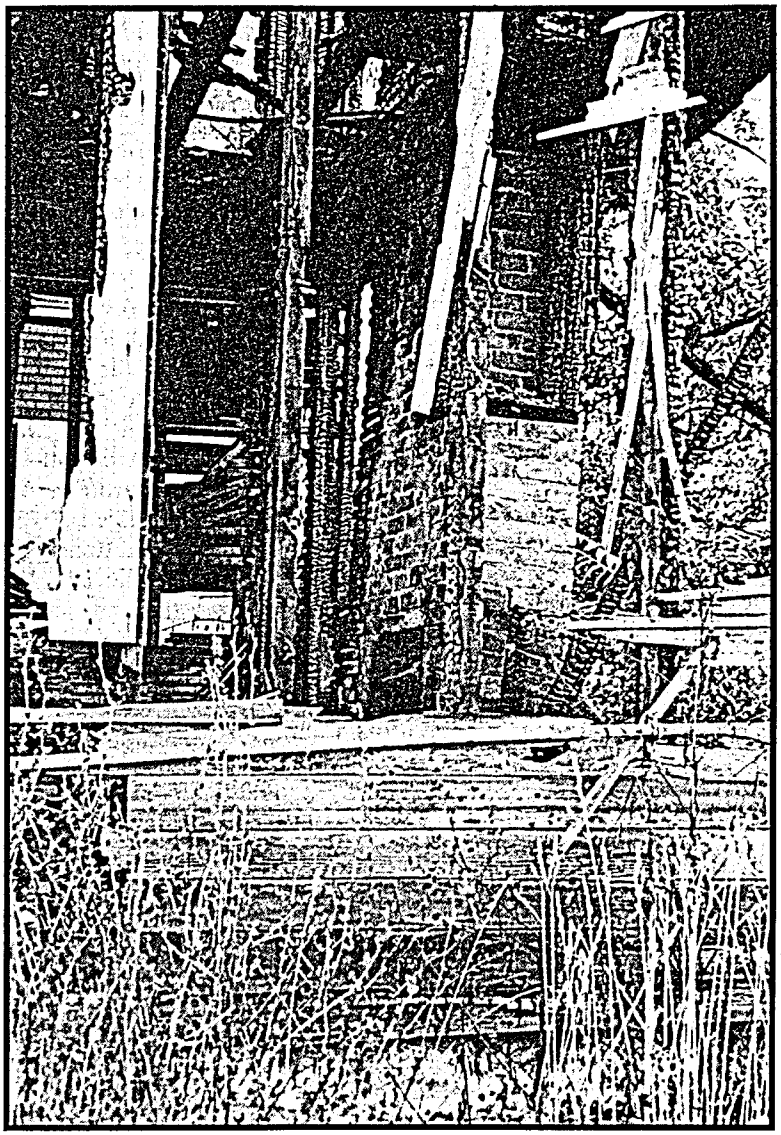

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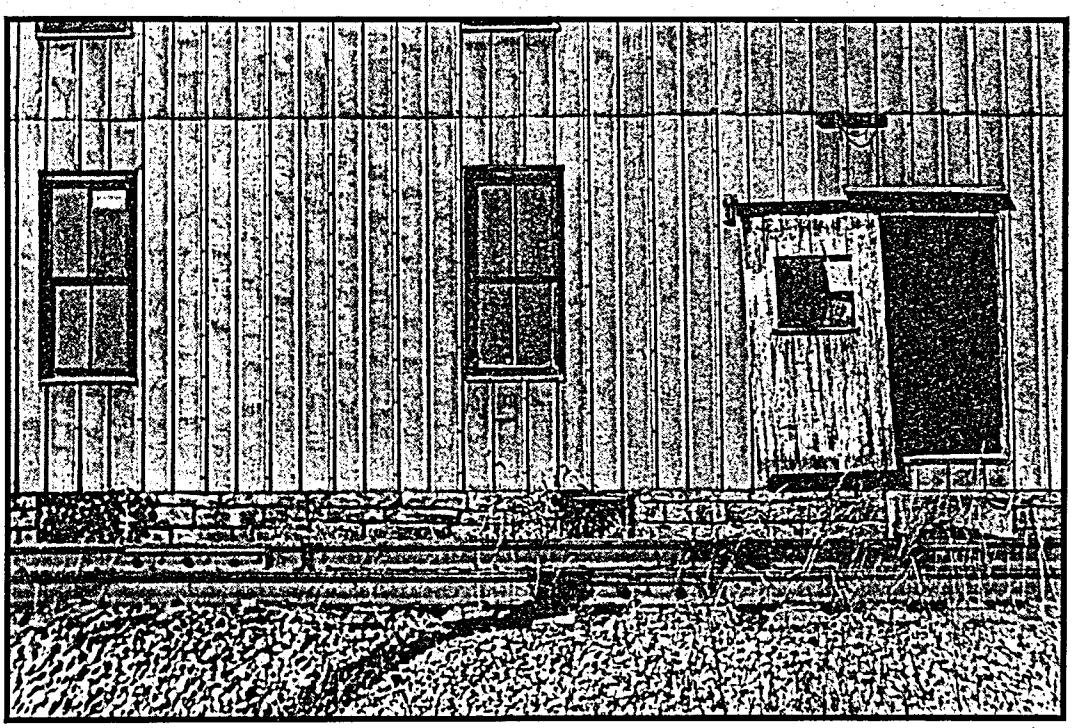


Yaz: A Major League Domer

by Mike Kenahan

"He was very lonely. He didn't like it here at first. He didn't like the South Bend weather, and he didn't like the discipline." So began, according to Jim Gibbons, the college career of one of Notre Dame's most successful student-athletes. His name — Carl Michael Yastrzemski.

That's right, the present-day captain and superstar of Major League Baseball's Boston Red Sox was once a student at Notre Dame. Not many people know this fact, and even fewer know the details surrounding Yastrzemski's days under the Golden Dome.

Even Yaz himself is a little hazy on the subject. "It was a long time ago, a very long time ago," he conceded when asked to recall his days at Du Lac. It seems the best source of information on campus right now concerning Yaz' stay at Notre Dame is his former freshman baseball and basketball coach, Gibbons, who currently holds the position of Director of Special Projects.

But for all concerned it was very long ago indeed. Yaz enrolled at Notre Dame in the fall of 1957, before most of the current population at ND were even born. His parents always wanted him to attend a Catholic college, and since Notre Dame was considered the best one around, that was their choice.

Gibbons relates that Yaz had "an incredible devotion to his parents" and even though he had thoughts about attending a good baseball school, like Duke or Miami, what his parents wanted was law to him.

Yaz says that the decision to attend Notre Dame wasn't that difficult. "As a kid, growing up on Long Island, I followed football and I was a big Notre Dame fan. I always wanted to go there and my parents always wanted me to go there." Gibbons says that Carl's dad always listened to Irish football games, and that he would have chosen Notre Dame over other colleges even if his son were not an athlete. "His parents were very closed-minded."

In truth, the real deciding factor was the baseball scholarship; without it Yaz probably would not have been able to attend any college. His father was a potato farmer in Bridgehampton, Long Island. It wasn't the most prosperous livelihood, but the family lived comfortably.

Yastrzemski had built a reputation as an excellent ballplayer, even before his arrival at Notre Dame, from his experience playing semi-professional baseball during the summer. Yaz' father, Carl Michael, Sr., played on the same team as his son. Once the two of them hit back-to-back homers in a game. Mr. Yastrzemski was an excellent ballplayer. He had offers to play in the big leagues when he was younger, but back then he opted to run a farm and raise a family. He was content enough to play semi-pro ball with his son.

Yaz learned practically everything he knew about baseball from his father, who played until he was 40 years old. Yaz played all nine positions in high school, but he was most frequently found in the infield. He was a very versatile athlete. Although only 5'11" and 175 lbs., Yaz played quarterback and halfback on the football team and was a high-scoring guard on the basketball team at Bridgehampton High School. As a senior he won the basketball scoring championship of Suffolk County, averaging 34 points per game.

So, in the fall of 1957, Notre Dame inherited another in a long line of superb high school athletes that have graced its campus. But, as many of those stars soon found out upon their arrival, it took more than athletic ability to survive at Notre Dame. Yaz, according to Gibbons, found his first year at Notre Dame quite a challenge. "He went through the same kind of things as

Coach Gibbons gives Yaz a few pointers

a freshman that everyone goes through. He especially didn't like the discipline here, when we had all the old things that we don't have anymore."

As Yaz remembers, those "old things" were that "we had to attend Mass three times a week. And, of course, we had restrictions two midnights a week and the other times you had to be in your room by ten o'clock, with lights out at ten too. I think it's changed a little since then."

Things weren't too bright for Yaz on the athletic scene either. Back then freshmen were not allowed to play varsity sports. So, Carl had to settle for the frosh team, one that didn't even have a schedule of games nor uniforms to play in. "We just used to work out and play the varsity once in a while, and that was it." Gibbons says that this was pretty much an insult to Yaz's ability. "He was used to playing good baseball. When he got here he had nothing."

Yaz did not have much contact with the legendary varsity coach, Jake Kline. "I only talked to him a couple of times. The only time I'd see him was when we played the varsity." However, Kline was once quoted as saying that "Carl kept after me to let him at least practice with the varsity. Finally, I let him hit against some varsity pitching."

Gibbons, as the freshman basketball and baseball coach, was the one who spent most of his time on the diamond and on the hardcourt with Yastrzemski. The former coach admits that "Carl was head and shoulders above everyone else in terms of baseball talent and aptitude. He used to knock the cover off the ball."

Gibbons, a '53 ND grad who also starred in baseball and basketball, is fond of relating two experiences that help to describe Yaz's baseball prowess. He says that one day during an intrasquad game Yaz hit a ball "at least 450 feet. He hit it over the right centerfield fence. The ball landed in the football field while the team was practicing, soaring all the way over a goal post." Another incident that Gibbons recalls shows the "deadly" power that Yaz harnessed with his bat. "One day he hit the hardest line drive I've ever seen hit in my whole life." The ball was hit straight back to the pitcher at eye level. It was hit with such force that it almost took the pitcher's head off. "He just had enough time to turn his head, so the ball struck him on the back of the neck. He was knocked cold, and two weeks after he still had the stitches from the ball imprinted on his neck."

Even back then Yastrzemski was a dedicated athlete. Gibbons remembers that "Yaz wanted to stay after practice a lot. I used to hit him fungoes and pitch batting practice to him. He even tried to talk me into letting him pitch in the scrimmages. He loved to pitch."

There wasn't much Yaz couldn't do when it came to the game of baseball. The only advice that his coach had to share with him was that "he tended to drag his back leg too much; he didn't keep it down. Other than that he just knew baseball."

But baseball wasn't Yastrzemski's whole life at Notre Dame. He was an avid handball player and became addicted to playing bridge in his spare time. And, of course, there were his studies. Yaz originally majored in physical education but switched over to business, concentrating in management and marketing in what was called back then "the College of Commerce."

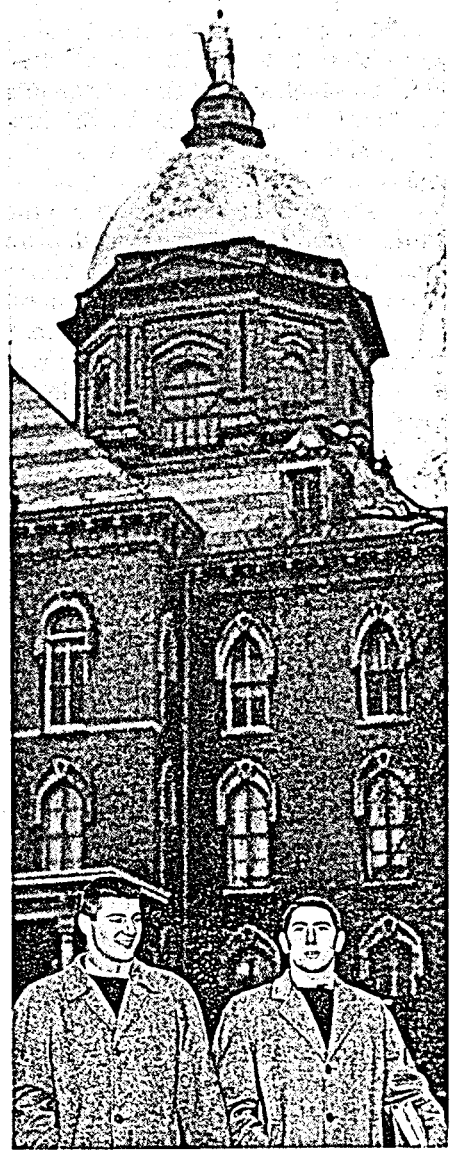
When asked what he remembers most about his days at Notre Dame, Yaz responded that it was the people. "The place is great but it's the people that made it special. I met some real close friends out there." Three of these friends he still keeps in close contact with: Bill McMurtrie, a teammate of Yaz's on the freshman squad and probably his best friend back then; Fr. Glenn Borman, prefect of religion and rector of Breen-Phillips Hall, Carl's freshman dorm, and, of course, Jim Gibbons.

While Carl was keeping occupied in the northern woods of Indiana, the major league scouts were beginning to make their moves. Basing their judgement on Yastrzemski's semi-pro play they knew that he was a blue-chip player, and the sooner he was playing professional ball full time, the better off one of their clubs would be.

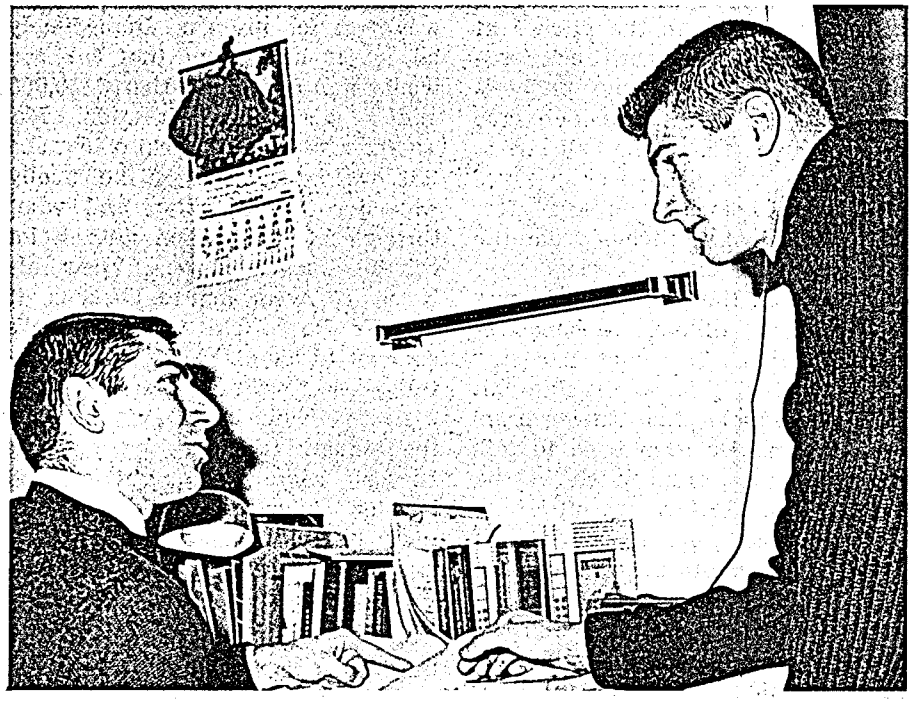
Yaz was lucky in that his father acted as his agent. He was a very capable and shrewd businessman in terms of getting what he thought was best for his son. Immediately he let it be known that his son would sign for no less than $100,000 *and* a guaranteed education. Mr. Yastrzemski had the help of Fr. Joe Ratkowski, a friend of the family who lived in Brooklyn and who, through his association with a lot of the Dodger players, knew his baseball. According to Gibbons, it was Fr. Ratkowski who told Carl's dad not to let his son sign for anything less than six figures.

As the summer of '58 approached the bidding for Yaz's professional baseball services got heavier and heavier. Fourteen of the 16 clubs made offers of one kind or another. "After my freshman year I went all over the place, traveling all over the country working out with different teams," Yaz recalls.

The Yankees, a personal favorite of the Yastrzemski clan, made an



Yaz with Frank Carpin



Yaz and Carpin hitting the books in Breen-Phillips

initial offer of a $40 thousand bonus, then hiked it to $45 thousand. Carl, Sr. just laughed at them. The Giants and Dodgers entered in on the bidding and soon just about all the clubs joined in the affair.

The Detroit Tigers tried to use the Notre Dame family connection to haul in Yaz. John McHale, a Notre Dame alumnus, was the general manager of the Tigers at that time. This lure almost worked as Yaz was once quoted as saying, "I almost played with Detroit."

With the help of Fr. Ratkowski, Carl's dad managed to narrow down the choices to two clubs — Philadelphia and Boston. The Phillies offered Yaz $60 thousand to sign then increased it to $80 thousand, and then finally hiked the price to $95 thousand with a $7 thousand big league contract. Carl's father turned them down because they refused to pay for Carl's remaining years of education. To Carl Sr. education always came first.

After rejecting Philadelphia in the summer of '58 Yaz returned to Notre Dame and began his sophomore year of studies. Gibbons vividly recalls that the pressure of the bidding was weighing heavily on Yaz. Meanwhile, Cincinnati with Gabe Paul at the helm, entered in on the bidding late. Paul reportedly offered Yaz $125 thousand but when Carl's father tried to get $150 thousand to ensure Carl's brother's education too, the whole deal was scrapped.

Finally, when Yaz returned home on Thanksgiving break, he and his father were invited to Boston. Gibbons says that "the long and short of the affair was that both Carl Sr. and Carl Jr. liked Boston and they really liked 'Bots' Nekola, the Red Sox scout who spotted Yaz and was trying to sign him. 'Bots' really got to be a friend of the family, and the Yastrzemskis liked that."

Also, Nekola hinted to Carl's dad that the baseball owners were considering a new rule change at the upcoming winter meetings. The rule, which was implemented later that year, made players who received over a $4 thousand bonus subject to a reentry draft after one year in the minors. The Yastrzemskis did not like this idea at all.

So, on November 28, 1958, Carl Yastrzemski signed with the Red Sox. The contract called for a $108 thousand bonus, a two-year Triple-A contract of $5 thousand per year, plus the rest of his college expenses.

By signing a pro contract Yaz had to forfeit his grant-in-aid and became ineligible to play varsity ball at Notre Dame. Yaz finished out his fall semester that year and in the spring of 1959 he was assigned to the Raleigh, North Carolina, Capitals of the Class B Carolina League.

Carl returned to Notre Dame three times after turning pro to pursue his business degree. He took classes in the off-season, and most of the time he had a lot of catching up to do as the fall semesters usually started before the season ended. This took its toll on Yaz, and the burden became heavier when in January, 1960, he married and started to raise a family. Soon Carl had two kids to care for, and the task of completing his education became "a real chore." But he kept his promise to his parents that he would complete his college education.

Unfortunately he wasn't able to complete it at Notre Dame. By 1963, Carl had logged about three years' worth of study at Du Lac. But the combined tasks of trying to be baseball superstar, family man and student almost wore him out. In 1964 he decided to opt for a college closer to his new home of Lynnfield, Massachusetts. He chose Merrimack College in North Andover, Mass. It wasn't long before he finished his studies and earned his degree in business administration.

Yastrzemski's relationship with Notre Dame hasn't been the smoothest or the most typical. As Gibbons explains, "Carl's years here were so disjointed. He wasn't able to develop strong relationships as most full-time students were able to do. Thus, it was tough for him to have a feel for the place and to become attached like most students ordinarily become."

As Yaz admits, "I lived off campus in those fall semesters. So, really, outside of going to classes and that I didn't have too much association with the school."

Today, Yaz does not regret the decision to attempt to finish his education at Notre Dame. "Without a doubt it was the right decision. I enjoyed it on the whole, even with all the rules and regulations."

Although Yaz has not been back to the campus in six years, he says, "I still follow all the sports, no doubt about that. And McMurtrie and Gibbons keep me informed as to everything going on there. So I pretty much stay up with the school." And according to Gibbons, Carl even "goes nuts" whenever he hears that the football or basketball team has lost — the mark of a true Domer, if there ever was one. And a sure sign that Carl Yastrzemski is still with his alma mater in spirit. □

Awareness:

Latin America

by Dave Gill

A series of lectures by noted Latin American authors continues this month with the appearance of Osvaldo Dragun, an internationally acclaimed Argentinian playwright, and William I. Oliver, professor, critic, and writer from the University of California at Berkeley. On April 25, 8 p.m. in the Library Auditorium, the two writers will discuss the Experimental Latin American Theater and other current trends in Latin American literature.

The lecture series began as a cooperative venture between the Sophomore Literary Festival and the Spanish faculty of the Modern Languages Department. In 1976 Jorge Luis Borges appeared in the Literary Festival, and his visit aroused a strong interest in Latin American writers and literature which brought a commitment from the Literary Festival to attract additional contemporary South American writers. "The commitment was made," remarked Dr. Albert LeMay, a professor in the Modern Languages Department, "and with a lot of help from the Student Union there has been a follow-through with this action.

"It is necessary to bring recognized Hispanic artists to the Notre Dame community," said LeMay in explaining the reason and nature of the lecture series. "We need to know more about our neighbors to the south and to the north. American universities," he reasoned, "can no longer neglect what's going on politically and culturally in Latin America and Canada. The Spanish faculty is committed, the Literary Festival is committed, and the University is committed to Latin America."

Osvaldo Dragun, one of the most distinguished figures in contemporary Latin American theater, was one of the many innovative Argentinian playwrights who broke with traditional and conventional theater in the 1950s. This generation created and developed the most important movement of Argentina's modern theater, the Independent Theater Movement, also known as the Experimental Latin American Theater.

Dragun is the winner of the Cuban Casa de las Americas prize in literature. His best and most important play, *Histopara ser contadas* (*Stories To Be Told*), is done entirely without stage setting, and four actors play all the roles. They combine pantomime, dialogue, and direct communication with the audience. According to critic Donald L. Schmidt, *Stories To Be Told* explores, in a symbolic way, "the predicament of modern man in a society that has lost its human values. The impact of each of these stories is heightened both by its brevity and by the lack of visual setting. Together, these qualities sharpen the focus on the basic human conflict."

"We must stop thinking about theater as literature," said Dragun to explain his concept of the Experimental Theater. "We must think about theater as a scenario for an action, and then bring in all elements which are valid for that action. To bring the action in contact with the people."

William Oliver has received the New York City Writers Conference Stanley Award and the Dial Press Award for his writing. He will speak on the tendencies, trends, and the innovative spirit that distinguish dramatic Latin American literature and production of the last fifteen years. "The Experimental Latin American Theater is a very important body of theater that is not imitated," he noted. "Dragun's work is an original and vital part of modern theater, and his *Stories To Be Told* is one of the most influential pieces of provocative theater. He makes, in a strong way, important social and political statements."

Critic Schmidt summarized Dragun and his work by saying: "He has been able to achieve his dramatic intent without relying on elaborate visual effects, and, at the same time, he has managed to bring cinematic techniques, such as the flashback, to the stage without falling into the excesses to which a less mature dramatist might be victim. Above all," Schmidt remarked, "Dragun must be credited with creating virtually a new dramatic genre, represented by *Stories To Be Told.*"

Through the efforts of LeMay and the Student Cultural Arts Commission, the series will progress even further when Carlos Fuentes will speak to Notre Dame students and faculty on November 1, 1979. Fuentes, hailed as Mexico's greatest living writer, ranks in stature and reputation as one of the most significant writers of all time in universal letters. Among his best-known works are *Aura* and *The Death of Artemio Cruz,* the latter internationally received as one of the most universal works to come from Latin America. "We're hopeful," stated LeMay, "that Fuentes' visit will permit us to bring other Latin American writers to campus so they can share their artistry." Some of those Latin American writers include Gabriel Garcia Marquez, author of *100 Years of Solitude,* and Julio Cortazar, who wrote *Hopscotch* and *Blow Up.* □

En Attendant L'Argent

or

Waiting for the Dough

by Chuck Wood

A walkway. A tower. A statue. Midafternoon.

Two young men are under the statue. One, **Vaurien,** *sits up against the statue's pedestal. The other,* **Nottolhere,** *paces, looking at the tower.* **Vaurien** *glances up at* **Nottolhere,** *speaks.*

Vaurien: Will you please sit down? Your pacing and thinking makes me weary!

Nottolhere: I will sit down when the time presents itself. Presently, I am attempting to figure something out. But now, thanks to you, I've lost it. Where was I?

Vaurien: When?

Nottolhere: When what?

V.: When were you wherever it was you were asking where you were?

N.: *(confused)* Back then, before now . . . I should think.

V.: How long before now?

N.: *(Exasperated) I was hoping you knew. If I can't* count on you to pay attention to me, on whom can I count? *(Pause)* Some time ago I was on the verge of *figuring* something out, and now . . .

V.: *(Excited)* I remember! You were wondering about that tower . . . or the statue, I can't remember which. *(Stands to join* **Nottolhere)** Yes, I believe you were really on to something.

N.: *(Smiles)* It's coming back to me now . . . *(Frowns)* I recall that *you* were no help whatsoever! You just sat there and watched me struggling with my thoughts.

V.: And it was a good fight too. *(Chuckles,* **Nottolhere** *does not laugh.* **Vaurien** *becomes more serious.)* And as far as not helping you, you know I see no reason to tax my brain any more than necessary. Just getting through is enough work for me, thank you.

N.: Well, you have been content to simply *float* through this episode since it began. *(Turns away from* **Vaurien)**

V.: *(Defensively)* I have not been floating. I have been preparing for a stable future. . . . I have been waiting for the Dough!

(Pause. **Nottolhere,** *ignoring* **Vaurien,** *contemplates the tower again.)*

N.: What *is* that?

V.: What, the Dough? Even *you* must know . . .

N.: No, no, no, not that. What is this thing we are looking at?

V.: It's a tower, I would say. Yes, it's definitely a tower of some sort.

N.: *(Annoyed)* I can see it's a tower. I am attempting to discover what *kind* of tower it is.

V.: I was simply . . . *(Mocking* **Nottolhere)** attempting to discover some *way* to keep the conversation going. Trying to pass the time. And besides, why should I know any more about that tower than you do? I only go in there if it will help me get the Dough; it very rarely does, actually.

N.: *(Throws up his hands in disgust)* You and your precious Dough. That is all you ever talk about, all you think about, I dare say. Everything you have done is based on your expectation of how it will help you get the Dough. There must be more!

V.: *(Not at all bothered by the criticism, thinks . . . hard. His face brightens . . . an idea!)* We could play games! That would pass the time.

N.: What?

V.: Games. Everybody plays games around here. I'm surprised *you* haven't noticed that.

N.: *(Confused, mumbles)* Games? Such as . . . ?

V.: What?

N.: *(Louder)* Games such as . . . what?

V.: Well . . . Well . . . I know! You could pretend to be us, and I could pretend to be him. *(Points to statue)*

N.: I cannot say as I like that idea very much. . . .

V.: Or you could be him!

N.: I cannot say as I like *that* idea much either. I would not know how to begin. I know very little about Moses.

V.: *(Throws up his hands in disgust, suggestive of* **Nottolhere's** *earlier motion.)* Not Moses, the other one. . . . Read the plaque on the pedestal.

N.: *(Reads)* "Moses, or perhaps the School President." *(Pause)* Well that *does* shed new light on the situation. I am afraid I know even less about him than about Moses.

(They both stare, puzzled, at the statue. Slowly one hand of the statue opens, revealing a piece of paper. The paper falls, **Vaurien** *catches it.)*

V.: Look, it says something!

N.: Message ex machina, heh?

V.: *(Ignores comment by* **Nottolhere.** *Moves his lips silently, reading to himself. His face brightens . . . an idea!)* O.K. I'll be him*(Points to statue.)* You be us, and I'll start with this *(holds out paper).*

N.: But I still don't know who he is. *(Points to statue)*

V.: *(Straightens up, smooths his clothes, becomes President of the School. Reads from paper)* If you don't know who I am, you must be living on Mars.

N.: *(Catching up, plays along now)* Well, I'm sorry, sir, but you give the impression of never being here.

V.: My child, I am afraid that is an egregiously mistaken impression. You may not realize it, my boy, but I spend well over fifty-nine point eight percent of my time here, and I . . .

N.: *(Pretending anger and indignation)* Don't patronize me, padre. You're supposed to be helping me develop as an adult, not treating me like a child.

V.: My dear boy, people will be treating you like a child throughout your life, no matter how mature you may be. I am of the opinion that we should provide you with the opportunity to acclimate yourself to this state of affairs.

N.: There's nothing about that in the brochures! What happened to broadening my horizons and expanding my consciousness? I keep asking myself. "When are they going to start *broadening* my horizons?" I didn't come here just because the Sack Race Team won the National Championship, you know!

V.: My son, I appreciate your position. But I think you should attempt to appreciate the need for certain rules in order to . . .

N.: *(Defiantly)* Well, what if I just ignore the rules I don't like, huh! What about that!?

V.: *(Smiles)* It's been tried before, my boy. But try if you like, abolish something. It will be no action of mine, but the reaction, or lack thereof, of your fellows that will be your downfall.

N.: *(Indignantly)* What do you mean?

V.: Well, they won't be so bold as to admit to agreeing with the rule, but their very inertia will speak for itself.

N.: *(Truly angry)* You think you're so damned clever! *(Realizes he is getting mad at* **V.** *and not the School President, stops playing)* Oh, this is getting us nowhere. I'm going!

V.: *(Still playing)* If you insist on throwing these temper tantrums, young man, I am afraid I'll have to . . .

N.: *(Shouts)* Don't you know when to stop!? I am not playing anymore! *(Pause)* You set me up and made me look like a fool!

V.: *(Laughs softly)* Yes, I did, didn't I? *(Beat)* Well, anyway, it passed —

N.: — the time; yes, you've said that before. Well, now, what do you suggest?

V.: *(Thinks . . . hard. Brightens . . . an idea.)* We could tell jokes!

N.: *(Cynically)* It is amazing the way you keep coming up with these brilliant ideas. But with *your* jokes, the time would pass more slowly, I dare say.

V.: *(Ignores* **N.**) Two rabbis are walking . . .

N.: *(Turns on* **V.**) Does it always have to be rabbis and Jewish mothers? Don't you know any other kinds of jokes?

V.: *(Patiently, begins again)* Two Holy Cross Fathers are walking out of the synagogue, and one says to the other . . .

N.: *(Grabs* **V.** *by the collar)* Very funny!

V.: *(Pushes* **N.** *away.)* Well, if you don't like my suggestions, you think of something.

N.: *(Thinks)* O.K. You be us, and this time I'll be a president, the *student* President. Ready?

V.: You just want to get back at me for setting you up before. So no thank you.

N.: But you must!

V.: Who do you think you are, telling me that I must?

N.: *(Straightens up, smooths his clothes, becomes Student President)* I am your representative, your President.

V.: *(Decides to play)* Well *I* didn't vote for you.

N.: That is your problem. I represent you nevertheless.

V.: Well then, let's see a little representation. What did you have in mind?

N.: *(Clears his throat)* Well . . . in order to establish a better understanding of your needs and to ameliorate relations with the Administration . . .

V.: Yes, yes?

N.: . . . I think we should have a forum.

V.: *(Shrugs)* Fine with me. Will he be there? *(Points to statue)*

N.: Of course. He wants to know how we feel. *(As himself)* Now go away.

V.: WHAT?

N.: *(Whispers)* Go away . . . so you can come in . . . for the Forum.

V.: If you insist. *(Walks away) (Pause.* **N.** *waits for* **V.** *to return. Long pause.* **N.** *begins to whistle, as if to a dog.)*

N.: Vaurien, where *are* you? *(Beat)* Vaurien!

V.: *(Returns slowly.)* Where were you?

N.: *(Becomes Student President again.)* We were to have our Forum this evening. Where were you? I can't be expected to waste my . . .

V.: *(Laughs loudly)* I was at Nickie's. Good times!

N.: *(Throws up his hands in disgust)* Well no wonder we, I mean they treat you like a child!

*(***V.** *pays no attention to* **N.** *Looks out into the distance. He sees two young men running toward them from opposite directions. The two mfien are* **Adi** *and* **Das.)**

V.: How very intriguing. I wonder what they're doing.

(Adi *and* **Das** *come closer, slow down, address each other at the same time.)*

Adi: How's it going? Great! Excellent!!

Das: How's it going? Great!! Excellent!!

N.: *(As himself, calls to stop them)* Excuse me! What exactly is it that you are doing?

Adi: *(Running in place)* Keeping in shape. It's very—

Das: —Important to stay healthy and look healthy. You two should be ashamed of yourselves. *(Pokes* **N.** *in the stomach)* All that flab. Besides, it keeps us occupied while wer'e —

Adi: —waiting for the Dough. Gotta do something to—

Das: —pass the —

N.: —time. Yes, I've heard that before somewhere. *(Looks at* **V.,** *sighs. Raises his eyes to the sky.)* How long, oh Lord? How long?

V.: *(Intrigued, finally speaks up)* How long have you been running like that?

Das: I don't really know. It's hard to tell time when there's nothing to make one path, one hill or one minute different from —

Adi: the rest. Who can keep track of time? *(Stops running in place. Scratches his head.)* I never thought of that before. How long *have* we been running, Das?

Das: *(Considers the problem)* Well . . . if we knew how often we pased each other within a given unit of time, and assuming we could agree upon the total number of times we have passed each other, we could then determine . . .

Adi: *(Breaks in)* Do you always have to show off like that? *(To* **N.** *and* **V.)** Give an Engineering major an inch and he'll take . . .

Das: Don't start picking on me again! At least I've got some practical goals! You and your Arts and Leisure, where's that gonna get you?

Adi: I remind you that I am in the Careerism Concentration and I see no reason . . .

Das: Aw, forget it. We're wasting our time. I feel like I'm gaining weight; I don't want to end up like *them. (Points to* **N.** *and* **V.** *Starts to run in place,* **Adi** *joins him. They run off in opposite directions. Pause.)*

V.: Well!

N.: Well?

V.: Well . . . that certainly passed . . .

N.: *(Almost screaming)* Don't say it!!

V.: *(Chokes as he swallows the rest of the sentence. Clears his throat.)* Who were they anyway? I'm sure I've seen them around . . .

N.: I am not sure. It becomes more difficult to tell anyone apart. We are all pretty much the same. It is hard to distinguish who is who from one day to the next. It is hard to distinguish one day from the next, really. Each day, each week is pretty much like the one before. It is disheartening, almost disgusting. *(He cups his hands to his mouth and shouts to the distance.)* The days and the people in this episode are the same, only the names have been changed to keep us from dying of boredom!! *(Sighs, lowers his head.)*

V.: *(With feigned optimism)* Don't worry, this isn't what real life is all about!

N.: I am worried that it *is (Beat)* I'm going.

V.: *(His tone of voice should indicate that this is an old argument.)* Why are you so obsessed with talking about how bad it is here? You go on and on, and *then* you say you're going to leave but never do. *(Intensely)* If you think it's so awful here why don't you just leave? **(N.** *turns away.)* You and I both know why. You've got your eye on the Dough. You're just like the rest of us, but *you* complain to pass the time. *(Grabs* **N.** *by the shoulders and turns him around. They stand face to face.* **N.** *can say nothing, lowers his head.* **V.** *continues.)* Well, I am getting tired of hearing you insult me for waiting for the Dough. So what if I came here because it helps get the Dough? Why *else* would anyone in his right mind come here and stay here? Well?

N. *says nothing.* **V.** *lets go of his shoulders. Pause, during which* **V.,** *tired from his tirade, sits down against the pedestal of the statue.)*

N.: *(Indignantly)* Well, this time I really am leaving. *(He begins to walk away. He walks a yard or two, stops. Sighs, shakes his head and silently returns. He looks from* **V.** *to the statue to the tower, sighs, walks away a few feet but cannot go. He begins to pace, looking at the tower.* **V.** *glances up at him.* **V.** *speaks.)*

V.: Sit down, will you? You make me tired. Why do you insist on pacing?

N.: I will sit down. When the time presents itself. Now, if you don't mind, I will continue to pace while I try to figure something out. I *was* on the verge of remembering what it was I was figuring out, but thanks to you I've lost it. Now where was I?

Curtain. □

Chuck Wood is a freshman planning to major in Economics. This is his first contribution. He says he wrote this play . . . to pass the time.

Perspective

by Lisa Hartenberger

This article is a response to Paul Lauer's Perspective *on rape which appeared in the April 6, 1979, issue of* Scholastic.

"Wooo, woo, baby!" a construction worker shouts at the girl walking past on the sidewalk. His fellow workers snicker and begin to join in the ugly shouting and whistling. The girl hangs her head and tries to ignore the stares and tasteless comments. She does not feel at all complimented; the men are not trying to express an appreciation of her physical appearance. They are too far away to see what she even looks like; they can only see that she is a woman. Mr. Lauer mentioned this situation in his article, but I wish to use the example in a slightly different context. This incident, too, is the violation of another person, a form of rape. I then intend to examine Mr. Lauer's statement that the hierarchy of capitalism, "which places one person or group over another, underlies the phenomenon of rape."

The woman verbally harassed by the men is, indeed, little more than an object, as Mr. Lauer suggested. These same men would not consider shouting such rude comments to their mothers, sisters, wives, and sweethearts. I agree there is a fundamental similarity in the various types of rape Mr. Lauer cited: the violent street rape, the rape which occurs during wars, the rape of an employee by the employer who threatens to fire the person if his wishes are not met, the rape inside marriage where one partner does not feel free to refuse sexual relations with the other partner, and the implied rape in the request for sexual favors as payment for an evening's entertainment. To this list, I add the verbal harassment of a woman because she is a woman. In all these cases, rape has as its purpose the degradation of the assaulted person. Rape victims, it must be observed, are not confined to women.

The purpose of rape is not sexual gratification. Sexual desire often has very little to do with rape, even in the rape of sexual assault. A rapist attacks all kinds of people, women and children, as well as men; the black, white, young, old have all been victims of the violent sexual assault. A rapist seeks the degradation of his victim, not sexual gratification.

It is important to distinguish between the origin and the purpose of rape. The purpose of rape is to degrade the victim. The origin of rape is not to be confused with this purpose. To illustrate the danger in confusing origin and purpose, consider a tree. A tree may have a purpose in making paper, but the tree did not originate for that reason. The tree's usefulness in the production of paper reveals something about the essence, that is to say, the peculiar characteristics of a tree. It is equally valid to say rape, with its purpose of degradation, reveals something about the essence of nature of the rapist. I cannot agree the economic system of capitalism is the origin of rape, or that capitalism actually requires this type of behavior.

Mr. Lauer asserted ". . . capitalism actually requires this (type of) behavior toward individuals and the world." I cannot believe rape does not occur in socialist countries. True, there are no pure socialist countries, but America is as far from ideal capitalism as the Soviet Union is from ideal socialism. Ideal capitalism is the system by which a man achieves wealth as a reward for his productivity and work. A man receives only what he merits. People do not use each other as mere objects or as means to an end. A healthy respect develops for the value and contributions of the self and others. Ideal capitalism most certainly does not require one person or group to degrade another; this degradation would be, in fact, self-defeating and contradictory.

A rapist intends to degrade his victim. This purpose does not indicate that capitalism is the origin of the "phenomenon" of rape. The purpose of rape does, however, reveal something about the nature of the rapist. Furthermore, true capitalism does not require the use of people as a "means to an end." Nor does capitalism require the behavior of degradation, such as we observe in the act of rape, toward others. □

TENNIS IS HIS RACQUET

by Jim Trausch

Mark Trueblood

What is a Californian from the sunny, warm, and slightly crazy West Coast doing in staid and snowy northern Indiana? If he is Mark Trueblood then he is the captain of the Notre Dame tennis team that is looking forward to one of its best seasons and a possible NCAA bid.

Trueblood, a senior in the school of Business, became captain this year by the votes of his teammates. Tom Fallon, coach of the Irish netter squad, felt this was due to the "enormous respect the team has for Mark as a leader and as one of the guys." Mark sees his role as captain as that of a unifier, one that will keep the team close. He also sees his job as keeping the team loose and ready for each match.

Mark is one of the hardest working members of the team. He keeps himself in tip-top shape by adhering to a strict regimen of running and lifting weights. Mark also works on more than just the physical aspect of the game. He feels that "concentration and the mental part of tennis are just as important as a sound backhand or a powerful serve. Because I'm not particularly big and strong I have to outthink my opponent and make him play my game. This way I take advantage of my quickness and beat my opponent to the punch."

Mark, who is thin and wiry at 5'11 and 140 lbs., enjoyed an outstanding high school career before coming to Notre Dame. But coming to Notre Dame was an experience in itself for Mark; he had quite a time adjusting to the weather. "That first week here at ND . . . I'll never forget it . . . it rained for one week straight. I felt like getting back on the plane and going home. You guys get some real nice weather," Mark deadpanned sarcastically.

Mark finds playing outside in damp and windy South Bend a "real test in itself. The wind makes each shot an adventure. The cold makes it impossible to ever really get warmed up for a match and you stand a chance of pulling something." Nevertheless, Mark has learned to ignore the elements and has been a starter since sophomore year. He now feels that he is playing as well as he has ever played.

Mark is looking forward to an outstanding final year of tennis. "So far I have played really well this year. Against the big schools like Michigan, Ohio State, and Southern California. . . . I've held my own and given some of their best players a real run. Actually, I've been the indicator in each match of how the team will do. When I win, the team wins, when I lose, well, the team loses." Mark proved this analysis to be sincere in a recent match against Wisconsin. Mark played outstandingly in a thrilling three-set victory and the team responded with an upset win over the top twenty-ranked Badgers. Mark and the team have been untouchable since. "We are on the right track now," beamed Mark, "we're not gonna lose the rest of the year."

This team that is "not gonna lose the rest of the year" is very deep and therein lies its success. At number one is Carlton "Crut" Harris, a junior with an excellent backhand. Checking in at number two is Herb "Poo Bear" Hopwood, a sophomore who is a tough scrappy player who fights for every point. Number three is Mark "Hollywood" Hoyer who sports a mean backhand and volleys well.

The second three consist of Trueblood, Bob "Kold" Koval who hits the hardest serve on the team, and a group of promising freshmen headed by Hartzell and Robison. Mark feels that the depth on the team at the 3-4-5 positions gives

them a decided advantage over the teams with just one or two big guns. "Teams may be able to beat us at one or two," explains Mark, "but after that we'll whip anyone at the lower seeds." Coach Fallon likened this strategy to that employed by Digger Phelps this season.

Mark likes to talk at length about the collegiate tennis scene and its future. "I feel the game is in real good shape. It's fast and exciting and, along with the nationwide tennis boom, is beginning to be noticed by the public. Ohio State and Michigan draw thousands of fans to their matches. The game has really caught on at those campuses. Teams like Ohio State and Michigan have extensive facilities, both indoor and outdoors," continued Mark, "and I know that Coach Fallon and the team would like to see Notre Dame add better indoor courts to the already excellent outside setup.

"The college game is being played at a higher and higher level every year," according to Mark. "A guy like John McEnroe is the number one player in college one year and the next year he's one of the highly ranked pros. There just really is not that much of a difference between the top college players and those on the tour," added Mark. This upgrading of the quality of college tennis should help the game because it will bring good players into the ranks for a few years of collegiate seasoning.

Mark and fellow teammate Bob Koval will make a smaller jump into the pro ranks this summer when they play on a satellite circuit in Europe. It is used basically for up-and-coming pros who want to earn points toward qualifying for a WCT tournament. While neither has grandiose plans of qualifying for a big tour event, Mark feels the trip will be beneficial in that "it will give us a chance to experience Europe and the people and play some tennis against some stiff competition."

Playing tennis at a school dominated by football and basketball enthusiasts is not easy but Mark and the team do a good job of surviving. Mark sees a bright future for himself and the team here in the second half of the season in spite of the blustery and cold climate. And why not? After all, he didn't come here for the weather. □

Building a Firm Foundation

by Bill Scholl

"First it is for the students." These are words seldom heard when varsity sports and first-rate athletic facilities are the topics of discussion, particularly at a national athletic powerhouse such as Notre Dame. And to be sure, these words were not intended to refer to Notre Dame's Athletic and Convocation Center or to the Fighting Irish varsity program. Rather, they were spoken by Kathleen Cordes, athletic director at St. Mary's College (yes, they do play sports across the street), and she was referring to the Angela Athletic Facility and the ever-growing list of varsity and intramural sports offered at the all-girls' school.

"The Angela Athletic Facility is really an excellent facility and we try to remember that it's there for the students," says Cordes. "We don't rent it out to shows and things of that nature very often, especially during the school year, because we want to keep it available to the students."

The Angela Athletic Facility is a very modern-looking structure of glass and steel that first opened its doors in September 1977. Since that time it has garnered several awards for its design, the most recent of which is American Institute of Architects (AIA) Honor Award, the AIA's highest honor. The building offers students three interchangeable courts which provide playing area for tennis, volleyball and basketball. It has a multipurpose area which allows for gymnastics, fencing, exercise and dance, while its two racquetball/squash courts complete the facilities for intramural and recreational activities.

"Angela is really one of the main reasons that our varsity and intramural programs are doing as well as they are," says Cordes, who is in her second year as athletic director. Currently, Saint Mary's lists eight varsity sports which include basketball, field hockey, softball, swimming, tennis, volleyball, golf and fencing. Approximately 150 girls compete in the varsity program that Cordes feels is one of the best and most extensive programs in Indiana. "And I'm not just talking about schools our own size," says Cordes.

In the past, and up until the conclusion of the current school year, schools participating in women's varsity athletics have been divided into two groups, large schools and small schools. Saint Mary's competes in the small school division. However, beginning next year, the schools will be divided into groups

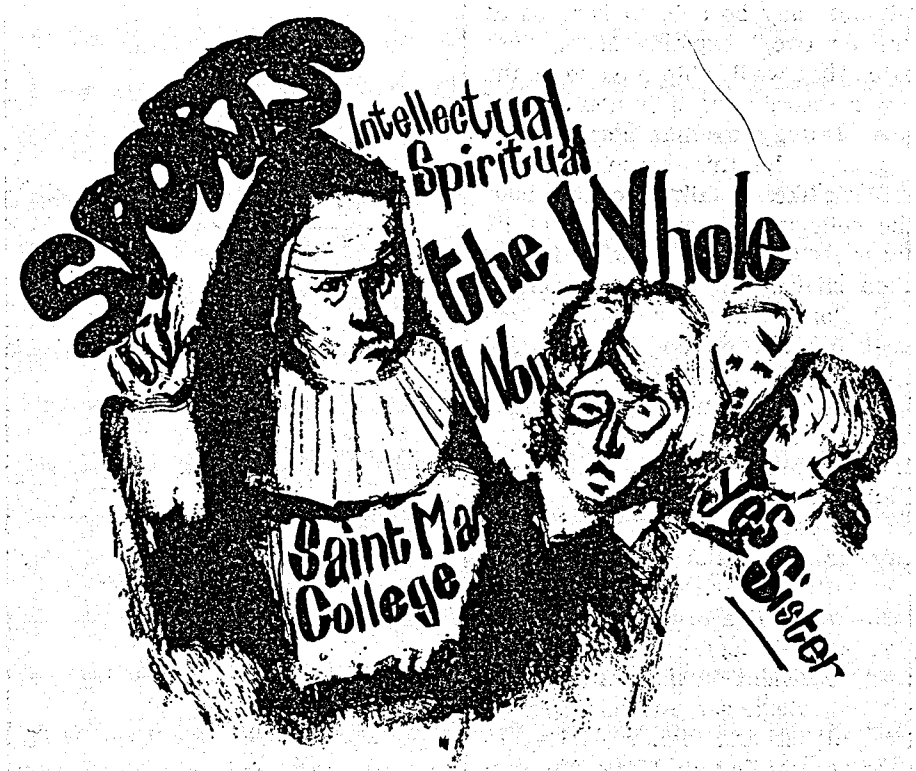
one, two and three. Group-one schools will be those that offer up to 100% scholarships while group-two schools will be allowed to give up to 50% scholarships. Division three, the one which Saint Mary's will compete in, will be for schools only offering up to 10% scholarship aid.

Cordes sees the new setup as being a type of "saving grace" for Saint Mary's. "We don't offer any scholarships to our athletes, and it was getting more and more difficult to compete with the schools who were giving them. It still won't be easy because even 10% can make quite a difference when it's compared to no aid at all. But the new divisions will help us out," says Cordes, who once served as Notre Dame's first female coach when she coached the varsity women's tennis team at Du Lac.

The fact that Saint Mary's does not offer scholarships to its athletes is an indication of the school's desire to keep the varsity, as well as the intramural program, open to all students. "Our goal is to keep the varsity program open and yet remain competitive," says Cordes. "We like to keep it fun and active but it is not an intramural program. It's getting harder and harder to accomplish this goal but I think we can do it. I guess only time will tell."

Everybody wants to be number one and many of Saint Mary's athletes are no different. Because of this there are those who wish the school would make more of a financial commitment to the varsity program. "I think we could draw a lot more potential and develop more interest and attention if we offered some scholarships," says sophomore Cindy Schuster, who is currently the number-one singles player on the tennis team. But she also admits that this could detract from the "open quality" that now exists within the program.

Ellen Crowe is another Belle who wishes that it were possible to upgrade the program through scholarships but realizes that this is "years away." Crowe, a sophomore swimmer who has qualified for regionals, feels that the swimming program was not as good as it should have been this past season but that "it's improving all the time. Things really didn't go very well this year," says



Crowe. "The facilities just aren't adequate and we had minimal practice time. I think we had a lot of swimmers who could have really done well if the conditions had been better. Also, our season was only two weeks long so it was pretty difficult to get in a qualifying time." But Crowe feels the season did give the team a starting point for the future, and she says things are being done to improve the situation. For example, the school is currently trying to arrange to use the facilities at Clay High School, in South Bend, for next year's season.

Despite the fact that Saint Mary's does not offer any athletic scholarships it continues to act like a school that takes its athletics seriously. The Angela Athletic Facility is only one example. Another is its role as host school for the Midwest Tennis Tournament which includes the top two schools from each of six different states. The tournament, which was won by the Belles last year, is for schools with 3,000 women or less and will include Notre Dame.

But varsity athletics is not Cordes' only concern. "Right now, about 42% of our student body partipicates in nonvarsity athletics." According to Cordes, the school offers intramural sports in volleyball, basketball, racquetball, tennis, swimming, softball, and track and field. Co-recreational volleyball and basketball are also offered with the students at Notre Dame. In addition, the school also fields club sports, in conjunction with Notre Dame, in crew, sailing, and skiing.

"We are really proud of our nonvarsity programs," says Cordes. "Because of our size, we are able to run Angela very much like a private club with the students calling ahead of time for reservations. Not many schools can do that. We also run our cross-country skiing program on a similar basis."

First it's for the students. That seems to be the goal that the Belles of Saint Mary's have set for themselves as far as their athletic programs are involved. For the moment they seem to be accomplishing that goal. Hopefully, that goal will not be lost in the shuffle as it has been at so many other schools across the country. □

Goodpaster . . .

(continued from page 5)

and to the environment. The questionable justice of such exportation should give us pause. Some swords make poor plowshares.

In the end, of course, it must be the citizens (not the technocrats) of a society who decide on ends and means, on goals and strategies. But inevitably, the decision made will concern future persons who have only the voice which *we* give them. Our energy future should be one which we can live with, but one which our children (and the children of other tribes on this globe) can live with as well. □

Professor Kenneth E. Goodpaster teaches philosophy courses in Corporate Ethics and Environmental Ethics. He has participated for several years in the research of Notre Dame's Philosophic Institute (see Values in the Electric Power Industry, *University of Notre Dame Press, 1977). This month Notre Dame Press will release his latest book, coedited with Professor K. M. Sayre:* Ethics and Problems of the 21st Century.

Lucey . . .

(continued from page 5)

little prospect of expanding their capacity significantly to meet expanding demand. Others, such as natural gas and oil, though widely used in the past, have become uneconomic as reserves become depleted. Potential sources such as solar, tidal, wind, nuclear breeders, nuclear fusion and biomass cannot be developed rapidly enough to make a significant contribution by the turn of the century (even later in some cases).

The energy sources which have a well-developed technology and are economically viable to meet expanded energy demand are coal and uranium. Both, as do all the other sources mentioned earlier, can have significant, potentially adverse, effects on the environment and on public health. Failure to meet expanding energy demands will also have an adverse effect on the economy and, consequently, on the environment and public health.

The question of the nation's (and the world's) energy future is a difficult and complex one. It does not have a simple solution, nor a cheap one. □

John Lucey is an Associate Professor in the Aerospace and Mechanical Engineering Department.

The Last Word

by Jake Morrissey

He was listening to her.

"Yeah, well, things haven't exactly been going badly, but they haven't been that good, either, do you know what I mean? It seems like everything came together, all the shit. Life was going O.K. until my parents threw me out of the house. I usually can see things like that coming, but this took me completely off guard. One simple argument and, boom, I'm out of the house. So I packed my bags, collected my pennies and nickels and dimes and headed for New York. I knew a kid who goes to NYU so I figured I could stay with him for a while. He was kind of surprised to see me, but I think he was glad to help me out. But his roommate definitely didn't want me there. I was just about to get the hell out of there when I met this guy at this bar, who turned out to be a hairdresser at Sassoon's We talked for a while and . . . well . . . got to know each other. A week later I moved in with him. His apartment was huge. Six rooms on the East Side. Rent-free. I felt like a leech, though, so I looked for a job and found one at the reception desk at the Manhattan office of the American Automobile Association, dispensing aid and assistance across the metropolis. It was awful, but it only lasted about a month. They fired me because I called in sick with sunstroke when all I wanted was a day off. So, anyway, I went to the beach and met my boss who was not thrilled with my being there. I told the hairdresser about it when I got back that night and he got really upset. He called me irresponsible and unambitious and lazy. He was going to kick me out but I calmed him down. Being kicked out of one place was enough. Then my sister horned in. She made me ask him if she could move in with us. She has a job at a bank, Chase, I think, and needed a cheap place to live. I asked the hairdresser if she could move in and he, naturally, hit the roof. This time he called me every name in the book and kicked me out too. Of course my sister went on her merry way, and found a place down in the Village. So there I was, hitting the streets, trying to find my sister's apartment when what happens? The blackout. The goddammed New York blackout. I was mugged twice. Once by a guy with a knife who I smooth-talked into letting me go and again by this gang of twelve-year-old kids with rocks and glass, who nearly killed me. They took my watch and my wallet, with all of seven dollars in it. Things were looking pretty bad, so I called home and asked for some money. They told me to come home, all was forgiven, provided I did them one favor. My other sister had just had a baby and would I get 'rid' of it for them? 'Getting rid of it' I found out was selling on the baby market. Jesus, it made me sick to my stomach. I took the baby, a little girl, back to the city. I cried when I handed her over. I went back home hating my parents, but I knew that I didn't have enough money to live anyplace else. So I worked at my father's gas station for a while and got some money together, and got ready to head for California. I met this guy with a ton of problems who wanted to go to California too. He fell in love with me, and his parents were rich so I married him. I don't regret it now, it's just strange to think that I would be married at all, let alone to this guy. So we started out for California. Started out is right: we ran out of money in Kansas. We were stuck there for a while, so we found jobs to try to get some bucks together. . . . I'm sorry I didn't invite you to the wedding," she said to him, "but everything just happened so fast I didn't get a chance to have anyone there."

"I understand," he said. But he didn't. □

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