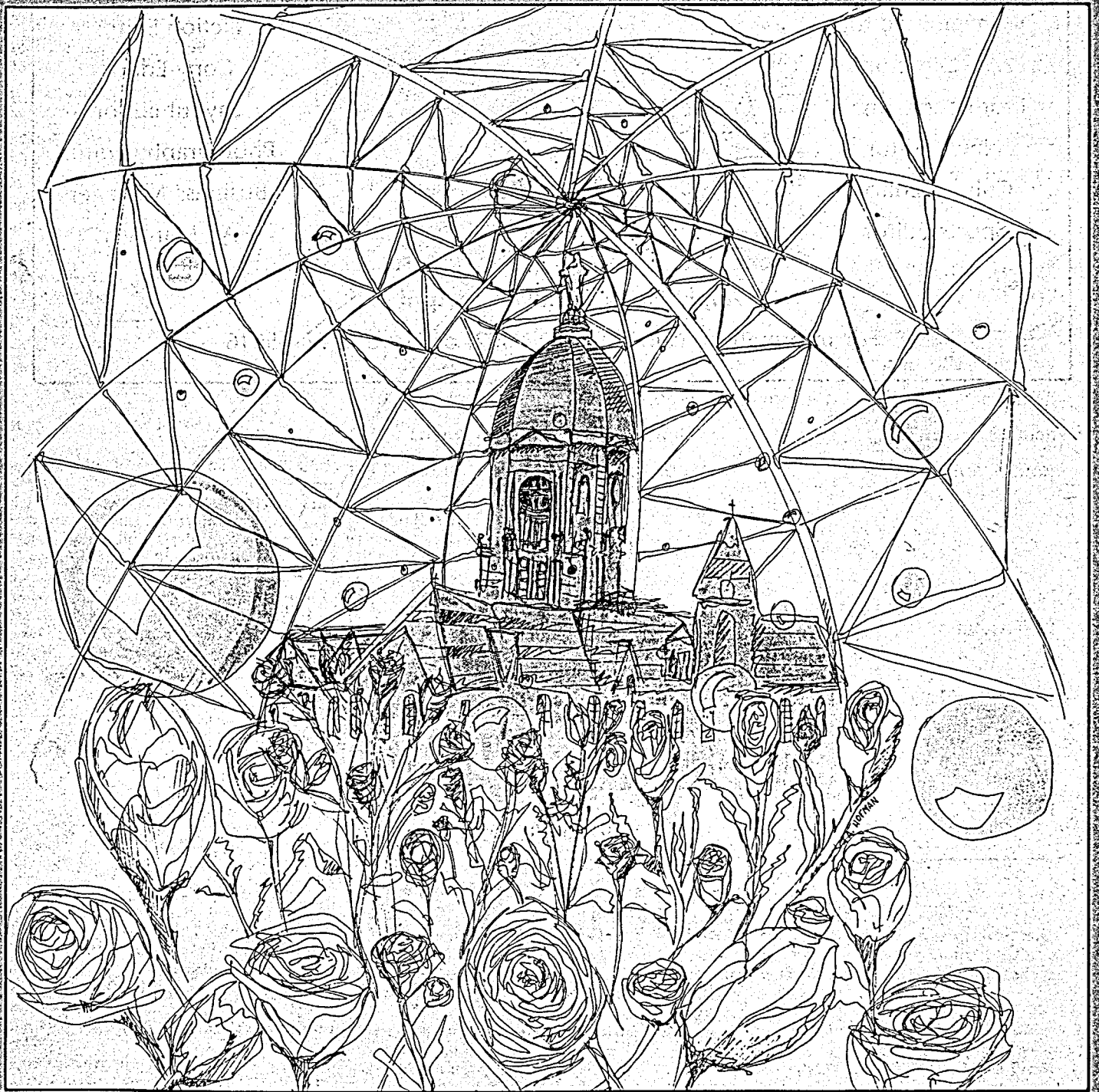


# SCHOLASTIC

April 18, 1980



**... i never promised you a rose garden ...**

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APRIL 18, 1980

# SCHOLASTIC

Vol. 121, No. 8, April 18, 1980  
Notre Dame, Indiana

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# Trust The Trustees

by Jim Sommers  
Jeffrey Monaghan  
Phyllis Washington

They meet formally twice a year, once in the fall, once in the spring. They usually convene on a weekend. They sometimes choose to meet in places where they can relax and enjoy a bit of a vacation. And they—the Notre Dame Board of Trustees—direct the fate of the University.

The perspective from which the Trustees make their policy decisions is not easy to perceive: most Trustees cannot be readily contacted or interviewed. Notre Dame's Public Relations and Development Office holds many of the Trustees' addresses and phone numbers under lock and key to insure that the Trustees are "not inundated with 'junk mail.'"

Knowledge is available, however, of how the Board originated, how it is organized, and how some decisions are rendered.

Prior to 1967, a "self-perpetuating" Board of Trustees, made up of six Holy Cross Priests, governed Notre Dame. In 1967, these priests joined six laymen to form a new body called the Fellows of Notre Dame du Lac. The Fellows adopted a set of bylaws and statutes which created the present Board of Trustees, and which included the Fellows within the new Board.

Although all the Board's power does not lie in the hands of the Fellows today, the Fellows retain the authority to safeguard the Catholic character of the University, and to remove any Trustee from the Board upon the recommendation for their removal by the Board. Also, none of Notre Dame's physical properties can be disposed of without the majority consent of the Fellows.

Today's Board consists of forty-two members. Almost half the Trustees are either top executives or board chairmen of different businesses. Eight are Holy Cross Priests, and some Trustees are educators or attorneys. Only four are women. Of these four, Catherine Cleary is chairman of First Wisconsin Trust Co., Ernestine Raclin is board chairman of FBT Bancorp, Incorporated, and Martha Peterson is president of Beloit College, Wisconsin. West Virginia Governor John D. Rockefeller also sits on the Board as a member of the Student Affairs Committee. "Most university Boards aren't anywhere near as good as ours," boasts University of Notre Dame's President Father Theodore Hesburgh. According to Hesburgh, at least twelve Board members have earned doctorates, six are deans or provosts at other universities, and one-half are alumni. Hesburgh admits, however, that some shortcomings still exist; he hopes to get more women and minorities on the Board in the coming years.

Father Hesburgh serves not only as the University President, but by virtue of his office, he acts as Chairman of the Board's Executive Committee and *ex officio* member of every standing committee. According to one Public Relations official, the Board is not Hesburgh's "rubber stamp," even though it would be unusual for the Board to vehemently oppose him on most issues.

Despite the fact that the entire Board only meets about twice a year, Hesburgh claims he knows the Board members do "a lot of homework" before the meetings. During the

Board's weekend meeting, Friday's session begins with the separate committee meetings. Once the committees work out specific opinions on issues or individual proposals, the whole Board meets on Saturday. Saturday's meeting may last "well into the morning hours," notes Hesburgh. On these weekends, the Board attends Mass together each day.

Seven standing committees provide the framework for the Board's operations. Between meetings of the Board, the Executive Committee has all the powers and duties of the full Board, except the authority to recommend the removal of a Trustee, or to hire or fire the University President. Of the thirteen members on the Committee, six chair the other committees.

*Committee Chairmen*  
Father Hesburgh, Executive Committee  
Edmund Stephan, Nominating Committee  
Thomas Carney, Academic and Faculty Affairs  
John Schneider, Student Affairs  
Jerome Van Gorkom, Financial Affairs  
Robert Wilmouth, Investment Committee  
Paul Foley, Public Relations and Development

The Nominating Committee submits to the entire Board all nominations for officers of the University and the Trustees.

The Academic and Faculty Affairs Committee handles "the educational

(Continued on page 6)

## Scholastic Interviews a Trustee

We conducted this interview by mail. Thomas P. Carney responded with these answers to our questions.

1. *What are your thoughts on the current female faculty tenure issue?*

Because the female faculty tenure issue is in the courts it would be inappropriate for me to comment specifically on that problem at the present time. However, I can certainly express the opinion that there should be no difference in either the procedure or the standards used for determining tenure for male and female faculty members.

2. *What is the role of the Academic and Faculty Affairs Committee in the discussion of female faculty tenure?*

The Academic and Faculty Affairs Committee of the Board of Trustees was established to act as liaison between the faculty and the Board. It is not a decision-making committee. Because each member of the Board cannot possibly be informed in detail about every existing problem, appointed members of the Board meet with the faculty members of the committee who are elected by the general faculty. If it is necessary for the clarification of an issue under discussion nonmembers of the committee are invited to be present for discussions.

The committee does not discuss the specific issue of female faculty tenure. However, at our last meeting we had an extended discussion of the procedure involved in the evaluation of faculty members and the granting of promotion and tenure.

3. *What is your philosophy on academics at Notre Dame?*

I don't know exactly what you mean by my "philosophy of academics" at Notre Dame. Obviously, if the University aspires to greatness it must have high academic standards. I think Notre Dame has been maintaining high standards while, at the same time, recognizing that being educated means more than just having high classroom grades.

4. *What is your philosophy on the University's policy "In Loco Parentis"?*

I am fully in agreement with a policy that says there must be a code of conduct for students attending Notre Dame. The University is assuming a responsibility to teach and to guide. It also has a responsibility for the orderly life of a community of people.

Some of the rules interpreted as an "In Loco Parentis" attitude are simply those required for maintaining order in a community. However, Notre Dame believes its responsibilities go beyond the simple maintenance of order. It believes it also has some responsibility for the moral and spiritual lives of its students. As a member of the Board I fully support that concept. If I didn't hold such a belief there would be no reason to work for Notre Dame. The fact that it is a university that is interested in both the intellectual and spiritual aspects of a person's life without compromise on either standard, is what makes Notre Dame special.

5. *What, in your opinion, are the goals of the University for its students and do you think that they are being fulfilled?*

The objective of any university is to educate. What distinguishes one university from another is not just the quality of education but what it educates for.

Notre Dame does not believe that it is sufficient to teach only the skills and knowledge that would allow its graduates to become teachers or scientists or engineers or whatever profession or calling is involved. Equally important is the teaching of the importance of the ethical and moral consideration involved in practicing any profession, and in living as a responsible member of society.

Whether or not Notre Dame is meeting these objectives cannot be judged only by the quality of students on the day of graduation. The real test is how the students react when they are exposed to situations that require them to make judgments and decisions involving moral and ethical aspects of their lives.

On the basis of what I observed both of students and graduates I believe Notre Dame is meeting its objective. ☐



(Continued on page 4)

policies and plans of the University," according to the bylaws of the Board of Trustees. Thomas Carney, President of Metatech Corporation in Illinois, heads the Committee. Provost Timothy O'Meara also sits on the Committee.

Addressing the issue of faculty employment and tenure for women, O'Meara stated that "the problem really is with the minorities, not with women, because of the extreme shortage of minorities suitable for these positions.

"This year we hired twelve (women), so we are obviously making progress. But it is also true that out of the five women up for tenure last year, none obtained it. Our intention is that all of our faculty be promoted and given tenure on the basis of merit."

At the last Board meeting in November of 1979, O'Meara cited the University's academic priorities, among them being the development of an "even better undergraduate education." O'Meara told the *Scholastic* that "our basic policy is the education of young men and women—academically, morally, and spiritually. I think we have super undergraduates, but the environment does not provide the intellectual curiosity

that it should. Development is needed in that area."

John A. Schneider, a former executive of the Columbia Broadcasting System (CBS), heads the Student Affairs Committee. The *Scholastic* attempted to contact Mr. Schneider by mail in February, and as of this printing no reply from Mr. Schneider has been received. The Board's bylaws state that this Committee shall "concern itself with . . . appraisal of the extracurricular aspects of student life, maintaining an ongoing relationship with student leaders and organizations." According to Father Hesburgh, Schneider does meet with students on campus.

Jerome Van Gorkom, President of Trans Union Corporation, chairs the Financial Affairs Committee. The Committee recommends the University's annual budget and maintains a five-year financial plan related to the needs of the University.

University Executive Vice President Father Edmund Joyce is on both the Financial Affairs and Investment Committees. The Investment Committee has the power to invest funds assigned to it by the Board. As of the November Board meeting, the committee kept a 75% to 25% ratio between stocks and bonds in the University endowment.

Joyce explained that to determine what securities the University should hold, the Committee relies upon an advisor who deals with bonds, and three equity advisor firms. At the close of the fiscal year in 1979, marketable securities attributed to the endowment fund amounted to 12.2 million dollars. Robert Wilmouth heads the Investment Committee, and is Chairman of the Chicago Board of Trade.

The Campaign for Notre Dame is currently the responsibility of the Public Relations and Development Committee, under the direction of Paul Foley. Public Relations releases the proposals and decisions made by the Board. Other than what is released, not much can be derived about the substance of the meetings; according to one Public Relations official, no open Board meeting has ever taken place. Those who make a proposal or deliver a speech in front of the Board at a meeting usually give their reports, then leave immediately.

As if to reassure any skeptics Father Hesburgh says, "I want Notre Dame to be a great Catholic university and that's what the Trustees want." No doubt, the fate of Notre Dame rests in the hands of its Board of Trustees. □

## LETTERS

### A Fan Reacts . . .

Editor:

I have a day off today, and at the moment, my wife hasn't found me in the basement for a job that she wants done, so I thought I'd do something that has long been a source of joy, happiness and sometimes sadness to me, that is, talk about Notre Dame.

Every word of this year's *Review* has been read by me and I want to say that it is the best that I've seen since your *Football Review* has been coming to my home for the past five years—I guess. But, let me clear with you. I have no qualifications as a judge in things journalistic or literary. I'm writing from the point of view of an outsider—the subway alumni—whose occasional visit to the Notre Dame campus or to a game in Rockne's stadium is a source of emotional happiness not experienced in too many other places on the planet Earth in my life span to date.

One of the points in the *Review* that took my attention was the article by Greg Solman, "Wherefore Art Thou, Fan?" I did notice while listening on the radio to one of the Notre Dame games a round of boos that came up from the students on a play that didn't go too well. I was saddened by it and the announcer on the radio was also surprised. His indirect comment and intonation showed disappointment. Such conduct shouldn't be expected from the Notre Dame students. No doubt there are many things in life that can be booed and justly so, but not the Notre Dame football team.

Writing as an outsider, remember, it seems to me that here is a great university that to a large extent has grown because of the reputation and excellence of its football team. When other powerhouses can get their loot through the state legislature, use below-college-level players and who knows what else, Notre

Dame, maybe alone, has stood like her Golden Dome, head, heels and proudly over the rest of the hungry pack whose greatest desire, in some cases, is to take a jealous bite out of the Irish hide. Too many boys have played their hearts out for ND to put the school where it is today. Too many boys sat on the bench for ND, practiced against the varsity thanklessly, when they could have been perhaps a star elsewhere to help put the school where she is today. This cannot be booed!

If I were a student at ND and someone booed, I'd tell him verbally. If he didn't catch on quickly, I'd teach him physically. In a sense, football is to ND what bingo, raffles, etc., are to a parish school: the only way to make ends meet.

Finally, if all that exists as ND today wasn't the Blessed Mother's wish, it wouldn't be there. Best reason for no booing! Sincerely yours,

Francis Paul Kaiser

## *Of Domes and Dinosaurs*

by Lisa Hartenberger

Notre Dame looks more and more like a dinosaur with every passing decade. By becoming more and more specialized, our University has been getting itself into an extremely precarious position. Why did the brontosaurus die? Because the brontosaurus had become overspecialized to the point where the animal simply could not adapt to the changing environment. A brief glance at the case histories of defunct human societies will reveal the common cause of extinction to be the consequence of overspecialization. Our education often fosters a narrow outlook in us; we concern ourselves far too little with the realization, integration, and exploration of the entire University potential. Our education trains us to be specialists who wouldn't dream of intruding on another's special area.

Why do we resist a working partnership among the various academic disciplines at the University? We need to remind ourselves of the interconnection between the sciences and the humanities. We should realize the University is a place to discover truth. No one invents anything. A person discovers a general principle through an experience. Then, the person adapts the principle to a special case he creates. And then, the invention becomes practice.

We have to ask ourselves, though, how often does the discovery of a general principle come about—once in a great long while. We need more people to think in terms of sweeping general truths as adults. People are born with a curiosity about everything, the only prerequisite for the discovery of general

truths. As children, people have not yet been saddled with misconceptions that are passed from generation to generation through our current educational system. Children experiment with new associations. The advantages of a child's unclouded perspective becomes clear in some adults. No one will dispute the validity of the fresh association between creativity and precision in the work of Albert Einstein. For example, a child can readily grasp that energy cannot be lost, created, or destroyed. But the fact is, until Einstein, the best minds of the century were laboring under the misconception that the universe was running down. We want more people like Einstein—people who think in generalities.

It is not enough to leave the development of these people, who think in general truths, to chance. Our University should be encouraging the development of these people. After all, once you have a grasp of the generalized principles, you can become specialized in any direction you like. These things are so obvious, I find it patently absurd to discuss them at length. But the way I see our University developing dismays me. We encourage our bright students to specialize, to become brain slaves who have nothing to say to one another outside of a particular area of inquiry. And if we continue to train our brightest people in these special areas, whom do we leave to integrate the results of our experimentation into the general principles? The not-quite-as-bright people.

Look at the way our campus is

designed. We have a separate building for engineering. We have another building across campus for architecture; we have another building for math, and who knows for sure where the building for aerospace engineering is. We have a nice building somewhere else for business, and, at a discreet distance, we have yet another building for arts and letters. Our campus design says we don't want the interaction that we certainly recognize as being vital to the survival of the human society.

Perhaps it would be helpful for our University to be enclosed under a geodesic dome with movable buildings. Privacy can be arranged without library carrels. All you need to not hear, smell, or touch anyone is a little space. Rosebushes and soap bubble screens would guarantee effective visual privacy, besides being more genial than stone or wooden walls. The more mobile, the more flexible we can become, the more interaction we cannot help but have.

Study at home. You should come to school for integrating the various disciplines, for the social experience, to design the means to make the total world's resources serve all humanity. The law of conservation of energy tells us we should do more with our invested resources. Mastering and channeling energies—that's the key. We manage to do rather well at discovering newer and better ways to kill off each other with very little human effort.

This University must experiment. You can't learn any less if you do experiment, and there's absolutely no way to learn more if you don't. □

# Musings

by Colleen Short

A complaint lies in the hearts of many intellectuals on campus which I have often heard voiced. The intellectual stimulus available at Notre Dame is, at best, somewhat lacking. I contend that this accusation is false. No student is so utterly autonomous that he cannot learn from the experiences and reflections of others. I believe that person who cannot find intellectual stimulus in abundance at this university is guilty of not developing and pursuing his own curiosity.

Simone Vey points out that "any form of study can be sacramental because it involves a desire to know something out of one's own ego; it is the subordination of the ego to the thing desired, to the reality beyond the self." If revelations are to come to a man, he must listen to voices outside of himself. In the university setting, the voices most capable and likely to reveal truths belong to our professors.

A good teacher possesses the power to awaken the individual to the truth of his own soul. From the courses I enjoy, I acquire knowledge which is above and beyond what I expected from the course content. This knowledge most often comes from a teacher's reflections on his own life which he reveals in the form of fleeting comments interspersed with the expected content of his lectures. A student must keep his mind and heart open in order to prosper from the insights an individual instructor brings to his course.

Professor Thomas Stritch brings insight to his Arts of America class by expressing his opinion of each piece of art he presents in the course. He does not ask the student to accept his opinions as facts, but rather to use his opinions as stepping-stones to form opinions of their own. In commenting on the painting of Andrew Wyeth, Stritch said, "He

is very famous, very famous indeed—but I confess to not having much sympathy with Wyeth's work. I think he is terribly overrated myself." The comments Stritch made on a painting by Robert Henri would never be found in an American art book. "This is the best painting he ever did in my opinion. He incorporates a happy-go-lucky—let's-have-another-beer approach to life in his painting." Professor Stritch is open and enthusiastic in his appreciation of art. What I found to be stimulating and memorable in the course is not what paintings were created by which artists in God knows what year. These are facts that can be found in any art book. What cannot be found in a book is how to form and state an opinion intelligently. The importance of discovering and being able to voice one's tastes on any given matter I learned through the guidance of Professor Stritch.

A camera must be focused properly in order to create a clear picture. Light negatives make dark pictures, conversely dark negatives result in light pictures. These facts I learned in Photo I. I could also have acquired that very same knowledge by reading a beginning book on photography. What could not have been learned from a book is that photography rewards me by becoming a small image of the overall events in my life. The pictures I most enjoy and which prove to be the most visually interesting are of the people I love. These thoughts I learned from the personal insights of my instructor, Mr. Steve Moriarty, and are more important to me than the technique for good printing.

The writing skills I was taught in Professor Elizabeth Christman's Writing for Publication course can be found in the book, *The Elements of Style*. What is not revealed in that small book is the importance

of taking pride in one's writing because it is representative of one's inner soul. Miss Christman enters the classroom with a sense of pride and dignified grace that I will always remember and hope to imitate.

Professor Alfred Kazin complained about "how earnestly students write down every trivial observation from teacher into their ever-present notebook." Furious note taking seems to Professor Kazin to be indicative of the fact that a student is passively accepting knowledge—writing every word as fast as possible without digesting a single idea. I was one of the worst of the mad note scribbles present in his literature course. A seemingly trivial observation of Mr. Kazin's often proved to me to be inspirational advice. I often ponder over old notebooks and am fascinated with the thoughts and passing insights I was fortunate enough to record—only due to my furious note taking—on a given day.

Father John Dunne's religion course is composed almost exclusively of his reflections on the meaning of human existence. I find the value of his course immeasurable because he was able to give expression to feelings and doubts I have often experienced, and yet, never understood. At the center of the human heart lie the desire and longing to be with God, which explains the loneliness of the human position. As Franz Kafka so accurately expressed: "There is no one here who understands me in full—If I had such, I would have support from every side. I would have God."

After experiencing two semesters of Professor Thomas Werge, I now realize that the Chicago Cubs are the best baseball players in the country, or at least the most interesting. What I find, however, to be more admirable about Professor Werge than his knowledge of the Cubs is his love of literature, and



# The Alternative Vocation

by Lucy Maloney

his dedication to using language and literature in an effective way. In order to be effective, language must refer to something outside itself, which classic literature does. One passing thought of Professor Werge's, which was simply thrown out one day in class, I hold dear to me as an important piece of advice: "Everyday experiences are never comprehensible—only when we look at the events of our lives retrospectively do they make sense." How that comment relates to Dante's *Inferno* I have completely lost sight of. What I will never forget, however, is the significance it now holds in my own life.

I remember and am grateful to the teachers I have encountered since my days of formal education began. Teachers should keep in mind that their classroom decorum and enlightening words can be transformed by their students into memories. Any advice a teacher might give on a certain day may seem insignificant to him, but these very same utterings may prove to be the most vital schoolday memory that a student treasures throughout his life.

Stories are analogous to reality, and the storyteller has the ability to reveal aspects of life a person might otherwise never come to know. Taking stories seriously presupposes taking people seriously. Teachers can be the greatest of storytellers, and their words may someday give greater meaning to the lives of their students. Opposed to this lies an individualized society in which the only reality is one's own imagination and one's own impulse. Reminiscences continually flow through the minds of our teachers and if, as students, we remain open and attentive to the life experiences of our mentors, the problems life will present in the future may prove somewhat easier to bear. □

"Lawyers are nothing but a bunch of crooks."

"Doctors are nothing but hacks."

"The almighty buck is the god of the business world."

"Those scientists love to think they can destroy the world with the touch of a button."

Today, the professions face a great deal of criticism, as evidenced by the overworked generalizations above. While the students at Notre Dame are career-oriented, very few wish to be labelled crooks or hacks. The students believe the attainment of prestige is desirable, and that a Notre Dame education will lead them to this prestige through a career. But the primary University goal is not to make all its students wealthy. The goal is to reinforce Christian values in the business world.

To reinforce these values, students are encouraged by the University's Center for Experiential Learning to discover, while still in school, aspects of the real world they have never encountered. For example, Dave, an accounting student, took the Urban Plunge during Christmas. Along with 200 other Notre Dame students, Dave spent 48 hours in the inner city closest to his home. He saw a world far removed from his own. For some, the Urban Plunge provides an interesting experience never to be reflected upon again. For others, like Dave, the Plunge spurs them on to volunteer activities on or off the Notre Dame campus. In Dave's instance, a conflict developed a few years later when he reflected on postgraduate employment opportunities. The tension between accepting a prestigious job and retaining the values developed in volunteer work presented a real problem for Dave. His education at Notre Dame had prepared him for a career with a Big Eight firm after he passed the CPA exam. But Dave feared he would be expected to adopt the

ethics code of big business: one that had little concern for the poverty-stricken or the mistreated minorities. Dave's dilemma mirrored that of many students — prospective lawyers, engineers, and doctors — who did not want to leave their revised values behind upon graduating from Notre Dame.

An answer to their dilemmas came last year, January of 1979, when six students, who had made Plunges, worked with the Center for Experiential Learning (CEL) to develop a new program as a follow-up to Urban Plunge. Fr. Don McNeill, CEL's director, worked with the students, who were Tom Gryp, Joe Madigan, Irene Prior, Andrea Smith, Ed Anderle, and Sue Olin, to create the Career Values Evaluation Program (CVE). Still developing, the program is a part of the CEL office. CEL is funded under the umbrella of the Center for Pastoral and Social Concerns.

The primary goal of CVE is to explore the conflicts that personal values can create in any profession. Participants in CVE interview Notre Dame graduates already employed in each field of interest. The interviews take place over school breaks, and begin with four specific questions:

- 1) What part of your work gives you the most satisfaction?
- 2) As you look back on your career, can you point to some times when questions of values and ethics have been most important to you?
- 3) To what extent can you express your moral convictions in your work?
- 4) What positive or negative impact do you think the project decisions of your company or other companies have on local communities and groups living in poverty?

The questions progress to a deeper, more intimate level, often asking the professional to conduct a value search that can prove disconcerting. While interviewing a lawyer in Chicago, one student notes, "When we spoke in generalities about the law profession, Mr. Grant (not his real name) was very informative. But when I questioned him about personal values and their place in his work, he was so obviously taken aback that he shot up in his chair and began to talk hesitantly and much more formally." Negative reactions are to be expected, since most people will defend personal convictions in front of any stranger. If each party knows the reason for the interview, however, the problem of formality can often be alleviated. When the CVE program began, the professionals were not aware of the interview's direction. In the future, CVE plans to provide a sheet of possible questions to be explored by both parties before the meeting.

Someone who is concerned about the place of his personal values in the job market can benefit from the CVE interviews. The student who interviewed Mr. Grant discovered that law does have room for Christian values, but each individual is responsible for the values he retains. "Mr. Grant told me that a law education

demands that personal ethics be put aside so that the lawyer-to-be can develop a set of ethics that conform to the established system of justice. By changing the system, however, a person can resurrect those old personal convictions."

Failure to use values may cause them to fade or be replaced by others. If a person is suddenly forced to change value systems when he enters a profession, the change could prove to be unhealthy. In an interview, one engineer says, "Professional values are essentially dependent upon one's own personal, intrinsic values . . . the weaker one's own personal values are, the greater the possibility of misconduct existing in one's profession will be."

In every reflection paper, a requirement of the CVE experience, every example of the easy acceptance of compromise in the interviewed professionals was noted with dismay by the students. In general, the professionals felt that if personal values detracted from profitable decision-making, a choice had to be made. The resulting compromise usually meant that personal values lost out. During follow-up meetings in CVE, the students discussed this problem with Notre Dame faculty members for feedback. The group concluded that com-

promise was probably the biggest reason for deterioration of personal values, and, consequently, the primary cause of employee misconduct in some businesses. "When personal values are challenged," says Fr. Williams, a theology teacher at Notre Dame, "the individual's self-esteem suffers, sometimes irreparably."

Thus, the CVE program has a three-part structure in encouraging students to interview, reflect, and follow up on the experience and apply their findings in a search for a Christian career. The interview exposes the student to the complexities in store for the individual and his moral make-up in the world of profit-making. Reflection upon the interview challenges the student to apply his values to his potential career and to anticipate the ramifications. As in tennis, a game plan can only be improved with practice and exposure. The tennis player uses a backboard; the student uses reflection, in the form of a paper, to make the interview work in his own life. The student must determine the strength and importance of his own convictions. The follow-up meeting, then, becomes vital to the faculty, members of the theology, engineering, and business departments, so the student's interview may also be used in the classroom to reinforce the

## Experiential Learning

Tim Beaty waited a week for the ten-year-old Indian child to return. She had been a regular at the recreation activities he had been supervising on the reservation. When she returned, the shroud of silence about her caused him to inquire gently about her absence. "My father got drunk one night last week, sat in the road, and got run over," she said simply. Four years later at Notre Dame, Tim recalls the simple response of this child as a turning point in his own clarification of values. "I wondered at the difference in our circumstances."

This turning point led Tim into a particular program of studies at Notre Dame — pursuing at first a political science major supplemented with "experiential learning" activities. Encouraged by his Spanish teacher and the experiences of friends, Tim followed up a poster he saw about a program

in Peru, the Latin American Program in Experiential Learning (LAPEL). Preparation included writing two autobiographies and being interviewed in five areas: Spanish, personal development, social interest, spiritual formation and academic development. Tim was chosen in the selection process along with two other students. For the rest of the year, the group prepared for the program through weekly meetings with professors and LAPEL veterans. They spoke Spanish and discussed the culture of Peru.

The three students spent eleven months in Latin America, nine of them in Peru under the direction of Father Robert Plasker, a Holy Cross priest. Tim recalls vividly the physical setting of Father Plasker's house. The town was an hour's bus ride from Lima with neighborhoods of closely knit houses, sandy roads, and lots of

dogs. The house was wood, with no electricity, no flush toilet, no hot water, no heating or cooling. The priests cooked over a kerosene stove, read by kerosene lamp and bought their water. "The church was just four pieces of plywood slapped together," Tim shakes his head, feeling the contrast with Notre Dame's Sacred Heart Church.

Once while Tim was alone at the priest's house, a woman came in with her baby who was dying from malnutrition. The mother wanted the child baptized. So Tim performed the urgent request. He reflects that the priests faces such situations daily, helping to provide hope in the face of such hopelessness. The life-style of the priests was a learning experience for Tim. The priests tried to be part of the people's lives by sharing the life-style while ministering to them. The priests possessed a

necessity of Christian values outside the Church or the University.

A storeowner interviewed by a student in Peoria thinks that the idea of Christian values in business is too idealistic, and certainly not practical: "... With competition the way it is, it would be suicide not to take advantage of that which others are abusing and getting away with too." Yet, a married couple in real estate feels differently: "You can be a Christian and a successful business person," say Mr. and Mrs. Raymond, not their real names, of Toledo. "Being Christian doesn't mean giving the store away. It means that you give the customer the just or fair product or service in return for his payment."

As Mr. and Mrs. Raymond point out, there is room for Christian values in business, and CVE supports their claim. CVE is not attempting to change students' majors or to deny the professions some truly valuable prospects. It does not maintain that there are "pure" vocations for students to enter as opposed to "corrupt" business careers. CVE recognizes that there just is not a perfect profession to be found. Ethical decisions must be made everywhere. The ethical issues must be recognized and dealt with, not ignored. If students are aware of this need,

then as professionals they will become the agents for change, creating a new value system of support instead of competition. The job broadens into a vocation for the agent of change.

In the framework of job as vocation, CVE plans to expand its interviews to include the people who cry out for the agent of change. "The oppression witnessed by the students of Urban Plunge must be dealt with," says Fr. Don McNeill, the director of the Center for Experiential Learning. "We must hear from the hurting as well as the professionals." Only through diversity of interviews will students recognize the huge difference in conceptions of value between those who deliver a service and those who are, or maybe are not, serviced.

Another future goal of CVE is to make the experience of career-based interviews a part of the curriculum of every Notre Dame student. Currently, the program is purely voluntary. If incorporated into the sophomore year, when most students choose a major field of study, the CVE interview will allow each student to evaluate his career choice before a change of major is too late. Also, CVE would like alternative vocations to be included in the publicity of job opportunities on campus.

If a student wishes to do some type of low-salary work, aside from Peace Corps and Vista, for a few years before entering the high-power job market, then the Student Center or the Placement Bureau should have information available for that student. Central to the idea that alternative vocations become a part of career searches is CVE's conviction that experiential learning only has value if each person continues to use it after graduation. The Notre Dame diploma does not absolve the students from their ties with Christian concerns.

Precisely because of the invisible ties between Notre Dame and its graduates, CVE uses the alumni in its interviews. First, the ties at Notre Dame are strong, and a dialogue reaffirms the ties. Second, the interview can be a two-way street — both the student and the alumnus learn from the experience. When personal values are brought to the surface, the alumnus may find himself in a unique continuing education program. Third, the student's search for the vocational career prompts him to pick out role models — the people dealing with the dilemmas he feels he will face someday. Notre Dame alumni come from essentially  
*(Continued on page 46)*

positive strength while respecting the Peruvian culture and the people's political aspirations.

Experiencing the strength of the Peruvian people, adjusting to another culture with different standards of living, studying the political, theological, social and economic factors involved in that culture and experiencing life with certain outstanding individuals: this was Tim's junior year of college.

Following the example of his parents who were active in social reform, Tim had shown interest in social problems since high school. His experience with LAPEL heightened his involvement and gave him direction for the future. Upon his return to Notre Dame, Tim dropped political science as a major to pursue his studies in development economics. He now selects his classes with social awareness in mind:

The Church and Social Justice, The Unseen City, Socialist Tradition and Modern Reform, International Relations. Tim has participated twice in the Urban Plunge experience, visiting social agencies at work in the inner city. He was an officer in the World Hunger Coalition. Upon his return from Peru, he helped organize a reflection and social action group called CADENA. From within this group, he also has organized a national conference on the Third World.

Today Tim feels a responsibility to work toward a process of social change according to the insights and parameters he learned in Peru: the fact of social sin, the historical process of change, the need for basic human rights.

"I'm limited in the amount of work I can do, but I've got to get down to it. The oppressed and poor have insights into the

truth because they deal with basic human struggles like death, hunger, the basic needs of life that should be dealt with by everybody. If I could be half of what Father Plasker is I would be happy with my life, but I want to be true to myself, to who I am."

Coming back, Tim finds that his questions are different from many other students at Notre Dame. After his experience with LAPEL, he feels that his own life reflects more of what his own social interests are. "I want to work for systematic change and social justice on a people level," Tim says with confidence. □

*This is Karen Smith's first contribution to Scholastic.*

by Karen Smith

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# Poet, Teacher, Counselor

by Theresa Rebeck

*As I look back from my present vantage point, I realize how "the poem" has haunted most of my adult years. Not that I have lived my life only for the purpose of getting "copy" for my poetry, but ever since my high school days, "the poem" has always been there, troubling me, a kind of Platonic abstraction, I suppose, but always taking a concrete form: as a woman to be loved and to be made love to, as an antagonist to be fought with, as a tyrant and persecutor to be escaped from, as a disgusting sycophant, as a relentless psychoanalyst and soul searcher, as a consoling and understanding friend, etc. . . .*

—Ernest Sandeen, in a letter to John Matthias, June 18, 1974

I read these lines for the first time this afternoon, as I sat in a small library office across from John Matthias. Matthias, a Professor of English and friend and colleague of Ernest Sandeen for the past twelve years, looked at me seriously and as-

serted that, "Ernie's poetry is at the center of his life." I glanced away, slightly unsure, and scribbled this simplistic quote in my notebook. Matthias' forthright statement and Sandeen's eloquent prose told me nothing that I didn't already know; they told me nothing that I hadn't already learned through the three brief years of my acquaintance with Sandeen. And, yet, I was unsure. I had been thinking about this article for weeks, trying to decide how much space to devote to a discussion of the man's academic career, his love of teaching, his influence at Notre Dame . . . and his poetry, to be sure, but I wondered mostly about how to fit this "aspect" into a total picture of the man. I read these sentences and almost felt that I had never known a man I had learned to love as a father.

One reading of those lines confirmed my suspicion that I am really not very qualified to write this little tribute, that I will never be able to do justice to the man I am

supposed to write about. Still, Ernie Sandeen officially retired last semester, and for the past 32 years he has given his life to the students and faculty of Notre Dame. For the past 32 years, he has been a teacher, advisor, wise man and home base to anyone who came to him looking for help, and if anyone around here deserves a tribute, he does, so here it is. And because his wife Eileen shares fully in anything that concerns him, this tribute goes to her, too.

Ernest and Eileen Sandeen live in a small white house on Ponsha Street, about a mile and a half from the Notre Dame campus. They have lived there since they came to South Bend in 1948, when Ernest accepted a position as a faculty member in the English Department. In the intervening years, he has taught scores of classes in the Classics, American Literature, Poetry, and Poetry Writing; he has served as chairman of the English Department—"Not one of my favorite times," he admits.



Ernest and Eileen Sandeen

He has also published four volumes of poetry and raised a family. During those years, he was honored with the Sheedy Award, the highest accolade that can be given to a teacher at Notre Dame. Recently, a former student of Sandeen's donated a grant to the Notre Dame English Department to establish a student poetry award under Sandeen's name.

Of the depth and breadth of these accomplishments and honors, Sandeen himself says little. The complete absence of any bit of vanity within him almost obstructs discussion of his accomplishments with him; getting him to talk about himself is like pulling teeth. "Most poets are unusually vain," observes Matthias. "And there's not a shred of it in Ernie. He always gives you the impression that he is far more interested in your work than his own."

Matthias goes on to point out that, in his opinion, Sandeen is one of the three or four best poets of his gen-

eration, and that, in the years to come, Sandeen's later poetry will be recognized as some of the most important work to come out of Notre Dame in the 1960's and 70's. "But the seriousness and the commitment invested in his poetry is really not understood by most of the faculty members and students here because they live in another world," Matthias asserts. "They really should . . . it would be a good idea for them to enter this world, read his poetry."

If the Notre Dame community has failed to grasp the full importance of Ernest Sandeen, the poet, it has at least recognized the brilliance of Ernest Sandeen, the teacher. Donald Sniegowski, Assistant Dean of the College of Arts and Letters, maintains that one of the few classes he remembers vividly from his days as an undergraduate at Notre Dame was the American literature class he took from Sandeen his junior year.

Sniegowski recalls Sandeen's classroom manner as being so mild

—"No matter what garbage a student gave him, he would always make the best of it." Because of his gentle manner, the entire class became extremely lax and handed in a set of papers at midterm which were, he admits, "shoddy, at best."

"Sandeen came into the next class looking as stern as possible—which is not very stern—and, slightly raising his voice, just said, 'This won't do.'"

Sniegowski explains that after this simple admonition, Sandeen proceeded to take a short, two-stanza poem by Walt Whitman and presented to the class an intricate, rigorous and brilliant examination of the work for the next fifty minutes. "He didn't say anything else to us about those papers," Sniegowski admits, "but he didn't have to." He shakes his head. "I don't remember very many specifics from my time as an undergraduate, but I remember thinking at that moment, 'This is what literary criticism is.'"



**For Eileen**

These marigolds, petunias, dahlias,  
geraniums and daisies are from your planting.  
Their reds and yellows wear your modest intensities.

I see your eyes love them below their small bright faces.  
Their look tingles down your arms to the roots  
you fingered into place in our springtime soil.

Do you know what love it is you were born for?  
Your care, the slumbering earth, uses your eyes  
to waken to its art of leaf and blossom.

I've loved you for forty years with fingers  
that move from love in eyes down to the dark  
where our two lives tangle in a root of flesh.

Yet I have merely secrets that I could tell  
of you. Your privacies are names as slow as aeons,  
they move in verbs too deep, too long for speech.

"Ernie Sandeen has a sensitivity backed up by a precision of thought and interpretation which is just remarkable," Sniegowski observes. He admits that this precision is sometimes overlooked by Sandeen's colleagues and students because he is so often seen as a father figure, an encourager of young sensitive people. "The result of all that precision is not always that apparent," Sniegowski nods, "but it underlies his gentleness."

Perhaps Sandeen's role as "encourager of young people" is the one for which he is most widely appreciated at Notre Dame, and perhaps this is best. Sandeen's support and encouragement of the sophomores in their work on the annual literary festival has helped produce some of the finest literary events in

the history of our University. His support of student writers has helped several Notre Dame graduates to go on to distinguish themselves as poets and scholars. "He has always supported younger colleagues and students," Matthias claims. "As a young poet at the time when I arrived here, his support was invaluable." (Since that time, Matthias has published many volumes of poetry and edited several poetry anthologies, nationally and internationally.) "Ernie is always willing to support people who have unconventional credentials," Matthias continues, "people whose abilities lie in unconventional fields, who are not doing expected things, but original things, the kind of people we need here."

It would not be honest to conclude this sketch of Ernest Sandeen without devoting as much time to a sketch of Eileen Sandeen, but the end of the page is running up on me, and as the best description of this remarkable woman can be found in her husband's poetry, I will only suggest that you look for her there.

By the same token, I will suggest that you look for Ernest Sandeen there. "Ernie's poetry is at the very center," Matthias muses, "at the most secret, profound cell of him. . . ." If we are to give anything back to a man who has given so much to the people of Notre Dame, perhaps it can only be by reading his poetry, by listening to that voice which reaches out willingly, from "the most secret, profound cell" of the man. □

*Ernest Sandeen and John Matthias will give a poetry reading at 8:00 PM on the evening of May 1 in the Library Auditorium. The first winner of the Ernest Sandeen Poetry Award will be announced at this reading. All are invited to attend.*

toward a new role:

# Workings Of The HPC

by Daniel Moore

*Daniel Moore, a member of last year's Hall Presidents' Council, was commissioned by Scholastic to explore, with an insider's insight the institution of the HPC. — Ed.*

"With a squirt gun and a little determination," a close friend once told me, "anybody could take over the Notre Dame Student Government and nobody would know that there had been a change."

So runs the feeling of many undergraduates at Notre Dame. It is not that students dislike student government, or feel it is not performing its job, it is simply that many students either are unsure of just what their government does or they believe that it is a totally powerless organ which is obsequious to any directive originating from the boys in the dome. In both cases the great majority of students do not seem to be too concerned.

This article will deal with one aspect of student government at Notre Dame—the Hall Presidents' Council—and will perhaps illuminate some of the problems and possible solutions facing the student government in general.

As everyone knows, the hall council is the fundamental unit of student organization and is the source from which the hall presidents derive their power. The Hall Presidents' Council is a rather informal assembly of all the hall presidents and meets once a week to discuss current campus issues and to report these issues back to their respective halls. At least this is what

the Hall Presidents' Council has come to be.

No one really knows what exactly this Council is supposed to do except meet. There is no definition of stated purpose for the HPC, nor is there any mention of it in the *Constitution of the Undergraduate Student Government at the University of Notre Dame* except to say that it should have one representative on the Board of Commissioners. The HPC has no veto power over any directive, no judicial capacity, and no official power to do anything except pass a resolution every now and then. It might be likened to a confederation of Indian chiefs who meet every so many moons to see how all the tribes are doing and figure out ways of coping with the omnipresent white (or golden) man.

Yet very few members of the Hall Presidents' Council will concede that it is an ineffective organization. All will grant that it is an *officially* powerless body, but many will emphasize that its unofficial capacities are what make it shine. They stress the concrete things that it brings about rather than its more numinous role as a cog in the cranky old machine that is student government.

For the past year Ellen Dorney has been Chairperson of the HPC and no one on the Council knows more about its role and purpose. According to her, the HPC is a "vehicle for communication." It has links with all of the hall councils, representation on the Campus Life Council (CLC), and representation on the Board of Commissioners. As a result, it is unique

in that it has an ear in most places where students are organized to make appeals to the Administration and to improve campus life in general. It has also, according to Dorney, gained a great deal of esteem in the Administration as a truly campus-wide body. "We are listened to," she explains, "and the Administration has to respect us." When asked about specific accomplishments of the HPC, Dorney noted that the HPC has worked as a forum for brainstorming, communication, and as a source to keep all of the halls informed on campus issues of both minor and major importance.

Practically all of the hall presidents interviewed echoed Ellen Dorney's remarks, especially concerning its primary role as a vehicle for communicating information to the hall councils. Paul Riehle, the present Student Body President, had been the president of Keenan Hall and an HPC representative on the Campus Life Council. When interviewed, Riehle himself was in the process of looking into new ways of reforming student government. He, too, while acknowledging that the Hall Presidents' Council had no real power—except for the "power of persuasion"—was quick to mention its effectiveness in tackling the issues as they arise on a grass-roots level. "At least" he explained, "we can initiate policy changes and bring them up for consideration, even if (the HPC) does not have the power to implement them." Riehle went on to point out that the HPC also sponsors a few services. (He mentioned the recycling service the HPC had



once sponsored as an example.)

There was also some discussion of the fragmentation of student government into many different spheres. (HPC is one, CLC, Student Union, Board of Commissioners, etc., are others.) Riehle recognized this as a problem, which could be alleviated with the curbing of personality conflicts which seemed to plague last year's student government. This could be brought about by bringing more students into the various branches of the government. "Factionalism was a real problem," Riehle said, "what is needed is fresh blood."

Lewis President Pat Crowell feels

that the fragmentation problem experienced last year was the result not only of personality clashes but also of the very structure of the government setup. "The government structure would work with the right people—but that is always a problem." Farley President Madeline Darrouzet also believes that there is some truth to the fragmentation problem based on the structure of the government and the personalities involved but adds that "the problem is sometimes exaggerated."

It is no easy task to describe a typical HPC meeting. The agenda varies each week. Some meetings are

long, some are short. Some concern only insignificant matters which are often downright boring. There are usually speakers representing sundry causes who would like the HPC's support and encouragement for their projects—but not always. There are also committee reports from those members serving as the HPC's representatives on some other council, such as the CLC. The HPC meeting is usually recorded by a reporter from the *Observer*, and there is often a representative of the Student Body President if he is not there himself. These meetings are open to the public every Tuesday night at 6:30 but very few members of the

student body attend.

If there is a need to get campus-wide participation in some drive, the HPC is usually the vehicle by which that message is disseminated. The United Way drive, the fund for Cambodian relief, and the campus-wide alcoholic survey were all handled through the HPC. Groups which have no other means of getting their message across know that the hall presidents will inform their hall councils about their project and, if the hall council is effective, each member of the hall will be made aware of the message. The successful United Way Campaigns are a testament to this effectiveness.

As Paul Riehle mentioned, the Hall Presidents' Council has also evolved into a forum for discussing campus issues. Input from the presidents concerning how each hall handles particular problems makes all aware of possible inequities across campus. Alternatives to present Administration policies are often discussed, and if nothing else, the Council does its best to make known its disagreement with certain policies. Kegs on campus, the reform of party rules, and even the need for cable TV on campus all have been echoed in the HPC during this past year.

It is true that in these capacities the HPC is a most effective organization. The record of participation in its various drives is enormously successful, and you will not find a more representative body on campus discussing the pertinent issues. Yet these functions could just as easily be carried out by an advertising agency and a debating club.

When one thinks of student government, one supposedly thinks of a government of students, and this is just not one of the HPC's roles as it stands. However, there would seem to be a great potential for carrying this role out here. It would be the ideal body to replace the CLC for it represents all students. If a democratic government is our aim, why shouldn't some body representing all students be able to check the student body president, the board of commissioners, and the student union, and make proposals and recommendations to the Administration concerning its policies? Presently, each sphere of govern-

ment is divided and hence easy to conquer. The CLC, which has gained status as the place where meaningful policy changes are deliberated, is composed of a smattering of students, rectors, faculty (who even show up on occasion), and members of the Administration who are in the embarrassing position of being able to veto anything they vote on anyway. What is needed is a central focus for student government where the voice of the student body can be heard loud and clear.

Such a body would go far to solve the apathy problems which have always plagued our student body. The government would be much less complicated, set up in a style similar to our American Government with a president presiding over the administrative agencies and a representative body which could check this power. Hence, a student would know where the power lies and where he could voice complaints. Our present system has the dubious distinction of being completely understood only by those who are involved in it. This is frustrating for many who now think of government as a set of acronyms (SBP, SBVP, CLC, HPC).

Government majors are frequently inculcated with the knowledge that without outlets for popular expression, a government will inevitably become vulnerable to unrest, apathy and major dissatisfaction. Our student government has no such outlets—it has only esoteric synods which few are aware of and fewer care about. Is it unreasonable to make the students the source of power for student government? Is it unreasonable to break up the fragmentation problem and focus power in one body which all have a hand in electing? Is it unreasonable for the students alone to constitutionally organize themselves to respond to the policies of the Administration? Certainly a University dedicated to the ideals of democracy would have no objection.

In fact, such a student government would not only be beneficial for the students, but for the Administration as well. Presently the dissatisfaction cannot be responsibly and constructively expressed—there is no vehicle. Hence, the only outlets for this frustration concerning

social life and other matters lies in alcoholism, vandalism, and other destructive activities. Certainly, a representative student government is not a panacea for these problems, but it could be meaningful in giving students a more concrete means of releasing this frustration. The Administration will benefit from learning more clearly the needs of the students and from giving many frustrated students a place to voice their opinions. Most importantly, though, it would put more credibility and respect in the present structure which now lacks both of these important features.

The Hall Presidents' Council is an organization with no specific goals, or purpose. The attitude that surrounds the Council at times was voiced, only somewhat facetiously, by one of its ex-members when he said, "If we didn't do nothing, no one would." It is a nebulous body which can only communicate effectively what needs to be communicated. Yet to enhance the quality of student government, more is needed than effective communication. It is time we considered moving toward a representative body which would encompass all of the functions of a congress or parliament—with its power derived from the students and with checks on the president and the opportunity to voice its opinion on Administration policies. The HPC is the only body which presently has the capacity to carry out this role. Perhaps it is not representative enough, but to use it would at least be a start toward a real student government. If this would entail changing the present constitution then a movement should be made to begin this process.

We live in a community where dissatisfaction with the Administration is rampant, and it need not be that way. Only by constructively organizing ourselves to help the Administration by making our views known in an unmistakable way, will we ever see progress in coping with life at Notre Dame. The present student government seems very eager and enthusiastic about curbing the apathy and restlessness of students. Restructuring student government with a new role for the HPC should be considered as a means for accomplishing this. □

# *A Portrait Of the Dome As a Young Man*

by Philip Gutierrez

Stephen Dedalus walked quickly along the snow-cleared path on the way to a lecture. Although it was the end of March a foot of snow still remained on the ground, and he slouched low in his jacket. Glancing to his right he saw the symbol of his University, a statue of the Virgin Mary plopped on the top of a golden dome. He thought himself lucky because everyone needed to hate something and the object of his hate was visible from any part of the campus.

Walking across the quad between two dormitories he wondered if Breen-Phillips was a woman, and Cavanaugh a man. It didn't seem morally right that a group of girls should be living in a building named after a man. He didn't give it further thought; buildings are always named after men.

Turning the corner, Stephen faced a massive fourteen-story library with a statue of Moses holding the Ten Commandments at its base. Moses stood there with his finger in the air. Alumni agreed that it meant "we're number one." Did they envision thousands of fans screaming about a triumph on a playing field or did they actually believe they

were the number one? Others supposed that the finger pointed in the direction the University president travelled. When the Reverend Theodore Hesburgh C.S.C. died, the library would be named after him. What an honor: to have the largest university library in the country named after you.

Stephen pulled open the glass door and walked towards the library auditorium. At Stephen's left, behind large glass panes, students studied in the periodical room. It reminded him of a fish tank. That sounds like think tank. After all, something in a library should be a think tank. Stephen thought the students looked up from their books at the passers-by like little fish — a tropical fish tank, of course, with different types of fish: peta, goldfish, catfish, angel-fish, fan fish, and others that weren't recognizable. Stephen didn't see any guppies.

Finally arriving at the entrance-way to the auditorium, Stephen squeezed through a crowd of students and found a seat in the giant lecture hall. The room had nice blue padded seats. After placing his coat around the seat, he sat and placed his head on the collar of the jacket.

The professor walked into the room and conversations among students ended abruptly. The lecturer paced across the stage of the auditorium. His hands moved mechanically to stress his points concerning the separation of powers in the American Government. Checks and balances give each branch of government power over the other.

A pretty girl walked into the classroom and sat down next to Stephen. She hadn't missed anything because she probably had a checking account. She had pale skin and short blonde hair parted in the middle. For some reason, Stephen supposed she looked like a Mary to him. It was a good guess because every Catholic family has one Mary in it. Mary wore blue slacks, a white sweater, and grey tweed jacket.

Stephen glanced back and forth from his notebook to her thighs. He imagined meeting her after class. She would have to ask him for his notes. They could become great friends. She wouldn't want to go out to see a movie on campus. But what restaurant could he take her to? Stephen agreed with himself that that would be too much money to spend on a first date. He'd have to think of asking her out to do something different. How about if he took her ice skating? Whatever

would happen would happen.

The longer the class went on the lower the students went into their chairs. Nixon tried to expand the power of the presidency by claiming executive privilege. Anyone could become president. Stephen wondered what his parents would think if he were to become president. Maybe his mother would feel ashamed like the time she found out Stephen's sister was living with Tim. Who respects the president anyway anymore? Presidents weren't heroic. The retainers respected the warrior Beowulf.

Mary crossed her legs and kicked her leg back and forth. A first date is an awkward thing. When should a guy put his arm around a girl? Stephen had been told in a psychology class that the kiss was a very important part of a relationship to a girl. Why was a French kiss called a French kiss? Was that the only way Frenchmen kissed women? After all, they kissed men on cheeks, didn't they?

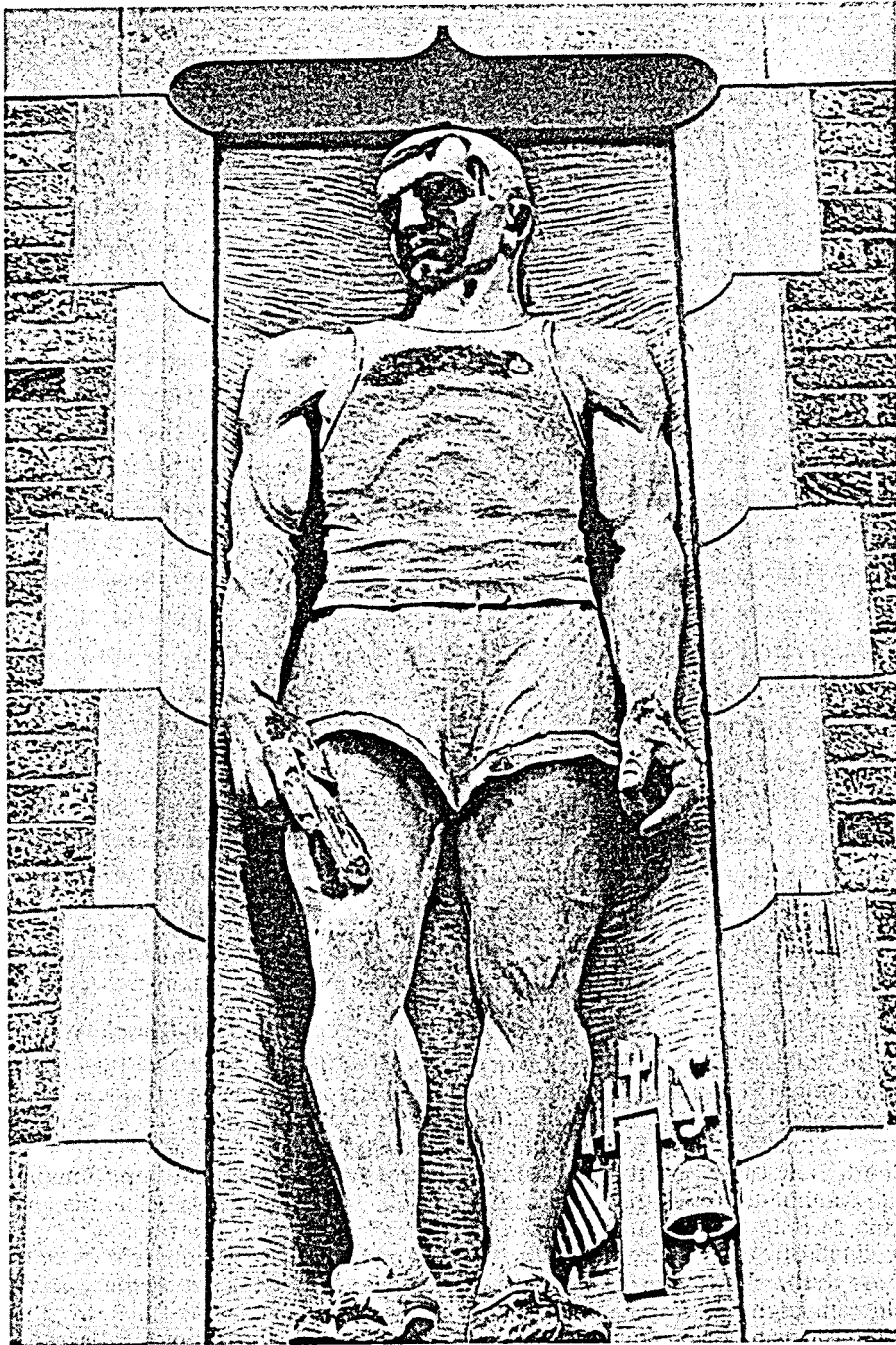
Stephen pictured kissing Mary. The first kiss wouldn't be romantic at all. Like putting an arm around a girl, when's the right time to kiss a girl? Her mouth was warm, her tongue soft and smooth.

The bell rang and the people gathered their things. Everyone filed out of the hall and Mary was lost among the other bodies. Stephen walked the same way back to his dorm.

He entered the dormitory and passed the rector's door. Father Lynch constantly played classical music, and today was no exception. The music could be heard all the way down the corridor. Stephen had been in Father's room once to have some forms signed. He remembered the nice carpet, and the upholstered furniture. Classical music played that time too, from his Kenwood system and his JBL speakers. Father made small talk about his summer vacation in Europe, while Stephen looked at his R.C.A. XL 100 television set.

Why didn't the clergy recruit vocations like the Army, Navy, Air Force and Marines? Surely these weren't poverty conditions. "Join the Clergy, see the world!" But what about the vow of celibacy? Stephen couldn't imagine life without the prospects of sex. He assumed that priests felt the same way and the world was full of illegitimate children. They couldn't use contraceptives, because the Church prohibited it.





Stephen climbed the stairs to his room. After putting his books on his desk, he sat on his couch and debated about what to do next. Looking around his room, Stephen figured that if his mother saw its condition, she would call him a "disgrace to society." The maid refused to empty the trash cans because they were filled with empty beer bottles. The bed was unmade, dirty clothes were laid all over the floor, and piles of paper were crumpled on the desk. The funniest thing about Stephen's room, funny peculiar not ha ha, was that the view from Stephen's window presented three things: the golden dome, the student infirmary, and the dormitory dumpster. Stephen at one time had tried to interpret the

view symbolically, now he just accepted it as appropriate.

He decided he didn't need exercise, and he didn't feel like studying. So without any other alternative, he stripped to his underwear and took a nap on the couch.

Mary's lips were soft and her body warm. Her sweet pale skin was smooth. She wrapped her thighs around his body and they moved rhythmically to the classical music.

He looked into Mary's light brown eyes. Eyes are supposed to be a passageway to a person's mind. Mary's eyes reflected Stephen's image. He saw his own face. It revealed his physical satisfaction. He wanted to know how she felt. That was impossible for him to know.

The phone rang. Stephen jumped from his couch and grabbed the receiver. A dial tone resonated from the receiver, and he cursed the person who called. People always find ways of bothering others. Before the phone existed neighbors probably paraded along roads to visit one another. Small talk consisted on sentences without polysyllabic words. That is why conversations with acquaintances are boring.

Clocks converse constantly. Stephen's clock radio told him he missed dinner. Tells you if you're late or on time. People's lives are always on time — appointments, dates, class schedules, physical ability, childbirth, and on to infinity. Infinity is timeless. That doesn't make sense. Yet no one is willing to ask a stranger, "What time is it?" Time is a universal language. If you couldn't speak French you could still explain to a Frenchman the time of day. Some people refuse to give you the time of day. Stephen had met people like that. It was time for Stephen to go and study.

After changing his underwear and getting dressed, Stephen grabbed his American Government text. He'd have to read the book, because he didn't have any notes.

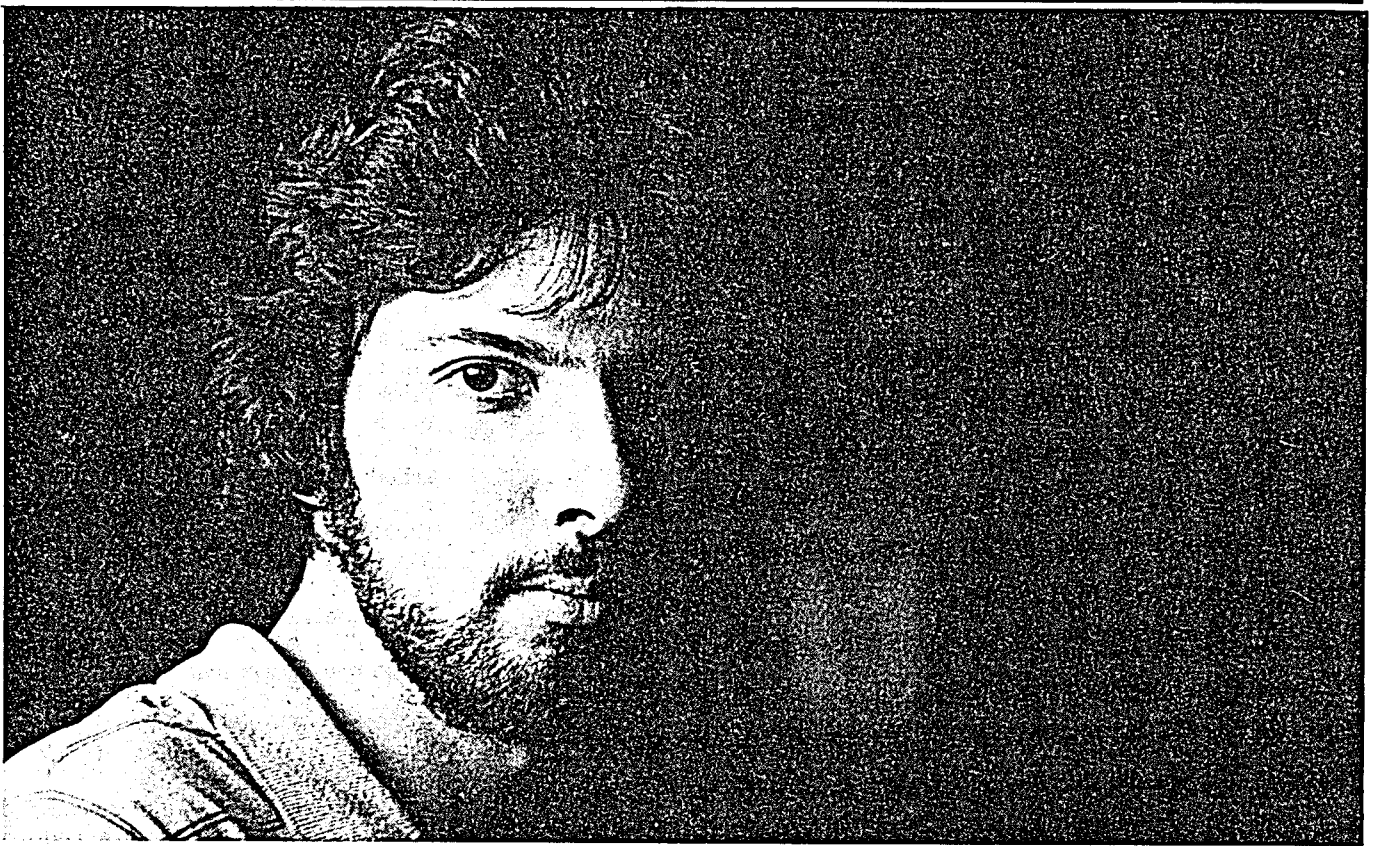
He walked along the same path to the Memorial Library. At night the dome was lit up by giant spotlights. The fish were still in the fish tank, but they had changed positions throughout the room. Stephen took an elevator to the thirteenth floor. Students weren't allowed on the fourteenth floor.

Going up in the elevator, Stephen wondered what was on the fourteenth floor. Maybe it was a monastic seminary. That was a good a guess as anyone's. The elevator door opened. As Stephen walked off, he noticed a plaque on the wall:

Thirteenth Floor, Gift of  
General Motor Company.

Stephen went over to a group of desks. He began to read. Looking up from his book, he could see old books and empty bookshelves. There were lots of empty bookshelves. Who could have checked out all the books? Maybe all the books were stored on the fourteenth floor. That would be a funny thing, funny peculiar not ha ha.

*Philip Gutierrez is a Junior English major. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.*



## NICARAGUA: The Battle Goes On

by Chuck Wood

Last May, Federico Tefel finished his sophomore year at Notre Dame and returned to his home for summer vacation. While most of us were at home during the summer, perhaps working or merely enjoying the break, Federico was home, fighting. His home is Nicaragua; and he fought as a member of the Sandinista National Liberation Front, the revolutionary guerrilla army that overthrew President Anastasio Somoza.

When the guerrillas in the capital city, Managua, gained control from Somoza in a siege that climaxed on July 17, Federico was fighting along the South Front. This front was centered around Rivas, a city ninety miles southwest of Managua where the most intense combat outside of the capital took place.

*I expected to get a "good" exciting story about the battles and conditions that Federico lived through. However, the fighting itself seemed relatively unimportant to him. His major concern became apparent as we talked.*

Federico went back to Nicaragua with his brother Juan, who at the time attended the University of South Dakota. When they returned, the Sandinista Front, the leftist, militant force at the head of a broad-based anti-Somozan alliance, was close to the climax of a twenty-year-old campaign against the corruption and repression of Somozan rule. The Sandinistas did not make much progress until 1972 and a second resurgence in 1978.

The Sandinistas took their name in honor of Augusto Cesar Sandino, a guerrilla leader who fought against what Federico labels a "virtual occupation force" of Nicaraguan National Guardsmen and U.S. Marines in the late 1920's. Our Marines were deployed there because Nicaragua was the original choice for a transoceanic canal before Panama. In 1934, under the pretense of a mediation effort, the leader of the National Guard had Sandino brought to him, and then executed. That man was Anastasio Somoza, the father of the recently ousted president. The

elder Somoza became president himself in 1934, founding the Somoza dynasty.

Somoza established and maintained that dynasty on economic and political grounds. The family "painstakingly built to perpetuate its rule over Nicaragua."<sup>1</sup> The Somoza family owned about one-third of the valuable land in the country, as well as most of the major industries and import licenses. What they did not directly control, their close associates did; thus, the Somozas had the domestic support of the upper class. They kept control of the government mainly through the support of the United States. "The U.S. installed Somoza's father . . . and supported the dynasty for decades because of its staunch anti-Communism. Somoza still has powerful friends in the U.S."<sup>2</sup>

Although Nicaragua may have been vital to our government's Latin American foreign policy, it rarely made the news in this country until the destructive earthquake in 1972. That quake nearly leveled Managua

and surrounding areas. Large amounts of relief aid came to that country from around the world.

"Somoza used most of the relief funds for his own good," Federico says. "We could not believe that he could become more corrupt than he already was." After taking control of the cement and construction industries, Somoza named himself head of the national reconstruction effort. His actions outraged the upper class (because of his refusal to share the "fruits of his plunder" with them as he had in the past<sup>3</sup>), as well as the poor and the middle class.

This tension of distrust between Somoza and the Nicaraguan businessmen was important for the Sandinistas. As the Liberation Front slowly gained support from church, business, and less radical political groups, Somoza increased the strength of his rule. He tightened control over the media. He also bombed any villages and cities suspected to be Sandinistan operation centers; this destruction was part of the undermining of Nicaraguan industry.

"It was this 'Reign of Terror' that led to support from Cuba, Costa Rica, and Panama," Federico explains. Domestic support, especially from the more cautious businessmen, increased when Pedro Chamorro, a conservative anti-Somozan publisher, was assassinated in January 1978.

During that year, Somoza refused to make any serious effort at mediation with his opponents concerning his political repression and the concentration of wealth, both of which crippled the economy as well as the spirit of the country. Instead he relied on his National Guard. This army, trained by the U.S. Army in the Canal Zone,<sup>4</sup> attempted to contain and destroy the mounting opposition. Federico remembers one example of this effort too well: Somoza once had all the men between twenty and twenty-six years old, who lived on a certain street, indiscriminately executed.

At the end of May 1979, the Sandinistas began what would be their final offensive in Managua. When the danger became extreme, Federico's father, who attended Notre Dame in the early 50's, took the family to Costa Rica. It was then that Federico and Juan contacted the Sandinistas. And after four days of training at the end of June, they separated to join the fighting.

*The fighting. He was finally getting to the fighting and the "spectacular" story I was looking for. I wanted him to talk about being in combat; many people would be interested in reading about the excitement and the terror.*

"My experience in battle? I don't know what you want," he says. "Well . . . there was one time when I was in a house with all the leaders of the South Front opposition. We were attacked by low-flying National Guard jets. There were always raids by machine guns from the jets, and napalm and mortars . . . they told me, when it was all over, that my brother Juan was killed in a mortar attack—just five days before Somoza was finally overthrown."

His brother's death has deeply affected Federico's attitude toward the fighting. He seems detached from the experience; not because it is unimportant to him, but because it actually means so much to him. Yet his combat experiences, however important, do not matter as much as the purpose and the outcome of the fighting. Only realization of the ideals behind the fighting can give "meaning" to Juan's losing his life along with the tens of thousands of Nicaraguans who died in the revolution.

Juan Tefel joined the Sandinista Front to help end the corrupt, often despotic Somoza rule. The Sandinista Front is a leftist group but, Federico says, Juan was not a Communist himself. Furthermore, most Nicaraguans are not Communist by ideology, but the Front may be able to use experience of the nation since the 1920's to cause a swing to a Communist form of government. This is possible since Nicaraguans cannot forget the close link between Washington and Managua, between the Somozas and their "powerful friends" in the U.S. That is why there is a strong anti-American sentiment.

Federico says that the reasons he, his brother, and others did not support a Communist order are now becoming facts of life. First, the Sandinistas have virtual control of the country, and in many ways, they have proved to be as repressive as Somoza. For instance, they now have control of the national army and the media. Secondly, the Sandinistas have always been the most extreme political group in the nation. Now they are not making promised con-

cessions, either within the country or with other Latin American countries. The only country in the area giving aid and support to the Sandinistas is Cuba. So, much of what is presented to Nicaraguans, aid and propaganda, has a Communist tag on it.

The U.S. supported Somoza partly to keep Communism out of Nicaragua, which is in a strategically valuable location in Central America; Juan and Federico Tefel fought against Somoza to end the repression and economic instability there. Juan's death becomes meaningless if, as appears likely, Nicaragua's poverty and repressive atmosphere remain. The fighting will only have made a domestic change. If the Sandinistas do establish a leftist state, the U.S. policy of maintaining the Somoza dynasty (because of its anticommunism) becomes ironic and senseless: the Sandinista Front may be able to turn the nation's anti-American sentiment into an anticapitalist one.

"I can tell you this about my experience: while I was fighting," Federico says, "I was angry at the U.S. . . . because of the ignorance of the long, terrible repression practiced by the Somozas, as much as any 'active guilt' in supporting him."

Now, Federico is afraid that the direction his country will follow will take away the only consolation he may have found in his brother's death. And that is what is important to him.

*The ignorance that angered Federico still prevails. The reasons for this are many, but one major cause is that Nicaragua has once again faded from public notice. The country is poor, so we do not focus our economic attention on it. Politically and morally, it should concern us, and yet there is little media coverage of the present state of affairs. Perhaps this is so, unfortunately, because there is no "spectacular" violence, no sensational story.* □

<sup>1</sup> Kinzer, Stephen, "Somoza's Finale," *New Republic*, July 21, 1979.

<sup>2</sup> Anonymous, *U.S. News and World Report*, July 2, 1979, p. 3.

<sup>3</sup> Kinzer, *op. cit.*

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*

by Paul Lauer

How does one find new words to say this? That at no time has the future seemed less secure. (How can one hope to understand the death of a world, when our own death is beyond our comprehension? And if one cannot understand the metaphysical truth of God, how can man hope to grasp the apocalyptic truth of a thermonuclear explosion?)

I am sickened by the senseless rhetoric of the presidential campaign. (George Bush, I am told by the *New York Times*, thinks a nuclear war "winnable." What can that possibly mean?) I wonder, will it be Carter or Reagan who will first lurch toward Russia, blindly grappling for a few moments before falling in a grotesque tangle that will obliterate the world?

Make no mistake, for all depends on it, the opening moves have been made. For America the time seems ripe; we are readying for war. Carter describes the Russian invasion of Afghanistan as "the greatest threat to world peace since World War II," and so he introduces World War III.

His words in the State of the Union Address were met with wide approval; by solidly winning the Iowa caucus, he showed Congressional leaders that he had the backing of America. If that support is diminished today, it is by the presence of a more militant candidate for the presidency, Ronald Reagan. Carter leads the rush back to the 50's and the Cold War; back to the good old days.

The Carter Doctrine points the way: an increase in military spending (at the cost of social programs), a freeing of the CIA from accountability to Congress, the freezing of detente, the lapse of the Salt II agreement (here Republicans call for rejection), a partial trade embargo (high technology and grain), and the suspension of cultural exchanges (the Olympics and scientific programs).

There is a curious eagerness in the taking up of the call to arms, in unfurling the banner of the new patriotism. The national voice (carefully conducted by the news media)

has sung out loud approval.

The Cold War is an emotional reaction. It is not a form of foreign policy but a narrowing of its scope. The vehemence of American response to the Russian invasion of Afghanistan, which goes so far beyond the called-for response, led me to consider this state of affairs from a historical and psychological perspective. I wanted to find what lay behind this outburst of emotion and rhetoric.

\* \* \* \*

Ideology is the false consciousness of political and economic realities. It is a half-truth, at best a mystification. In America, ideology is perpetrated both by the government and by major news media. News reporting is ideological when it presents events divorced from their social and historical context. In selecting among events judged worthy of being news, a variety of forces come into play, including the interests of news corporations themselves. The uncritical acceptance of the tenets of capitalism, the demands of the market and the need for advertising support are examples of such interests.

The need for a critique of ideology is the theme of this paper; for the Cold War mind-set is essentially ideological; it ignores present realities and is itself the result of an unrecognized past. (An aphorism: only possessing knowledge of the past may we act in the present without fear of the future.)

Furthermore, "Ideology is to society what rationalization is to the individual. As in the psychology of the mind, past events, if cut off and repressed, retain their power over the present." (Habermas, *Knowledge and Human Interest*) The Cold War mind-set is, in spite of much hyperbole to the contrary, psychologically the path of least resistance. I argue that the Russian threat has been manufactured to prevent us from confronting very real problems.

\* \* \* \*

The gravest danger now is that the Cold War mind-set will be self-fulfilling; we may, by our response

to a perceived threat, precipitate that very action that we fear. With that in mind, we must be unsparing in our pursuit of a proper understanding.

A critical understanding begins with America after the Second World War. With Europe in ruins, Japan decimated, and Russia suffering losses of twenty million dead, we found ourselves quite literally alone and on top of the world. Undamaged, we easily established an economic and military hegemony. That predominance went unchallenged for some twenty years. (In 1963 we were able to bluster the Russians out of Cuba by words alone.)

The 1960s are curiously ambiguous; on the one hand, it was the "golden age" of American capitalist democracy. Between 1961 and 1967, per capita income and consumption expanded dramatically, and the New Economics seemed to meet its test, for full employment and stable prices were achieved. (Wilber and Jameson) The rate of inflation gently increased from less than one percent to three. It was the New Frontier, the Great Society and the Peace Corps. On the other hand, it was also a time of militant protest; some saw that our foreign policy was imperialist and life one of vacuous consumption. Full employment and stable prices were maintained by the war in Viet Nam and massive deficit spending.

The facade was rotted and fell apart quickly in the early 70s. The antiwar movement attained legitimacy (and, with Kent State, sympathy), and a strong effort to end the war surfaced.

In 1971 the Bretton Woods system of exchange of currency ended, and so America's economic hegemony ended as Japan and West Germany moved to the fore.

In 1973, the OPEC boycott brought America to her knees. With grim irony, we saw the tables turned; no longer could we exploit a vital resource and its owners with impunity. The hunters became hunted.

In Chile, in that same year, Kissinger-Nixon-CIA overthrew a democratically elected government, demonstrating America's fierce commitment to, if not a free world, a free market.

In 1974, as the sordid tale of Watergate was slowly teased out, Richard M. Nixon resigned from the office of the presidency of the United States.

In 1975, we saw the last Americans somewhat ungraciously leave Saigon. For us, the war in Viet Nam was over.

1976 brought the year of our bicentennial celebration. America was just beginning to recover from the greatest recession since the Depression; for the nation, unemployment stood at 10%. For some though, it was much higher.

The end of American hegemony is crystallized in the events of these years; they came one after the other in stunning succession. In foreign policy, in domestic politics, and in the believed viability of the capitalist system, the promise was broken. The failure was devastating. One could look to no quarter for relief. Now, five years later, I find our collective memory short; we have largely suppressed the meaning if not the events of these years.

Failure is a time to learn. "The experiences from which one learns are negative. The reversal of consciousness means the dissolution of identifications, the breaking of fixations and the destruction of projections." (Habermas)

America failed, and failed to learn. The challenge was simply too fundamental. We proved unable to grasp the full import of these events. (For example, Nixon became a scapegoat to maintain the belief in the soundness of our political establishment. New developments in Watergate reported in *Harper's*, December 1979 expect to be ignored, etc., etc.)

\* \* \* \*

What I want to argue is essentially this: America, rather than confront these failures and learn, has suppressed or distorted their memory in an ideological fashion. Deeply troubled and frustrated — yet allowed no understanding of the apparent failure of democratic capitalism — we have been led to externalize our failure. By locating the threat "out there," we avoid confrontation with our own self-image. The result is a bellicose posture toward the world that has indeed distracted our attention from internal

problems. (OPEC is blamed in a major presidential address for the energy crisis, inflation, unemployment, etc. The Seven Sisters and the problems of monopoly capitalism are never seriously confronted.)

What I am pursuing here is how an ideological understanding of the world and ourselves allows us to be manipulated. The Cold War in the fifties was an attempt to protect foreign investments which were needed to fuel our consumer economy — investments quadrupled between 1945 and 1965 (again Wilber and Jameson). Communism had to be opposed to prevent socialism from closing off these markets.

America's corporate needs demand a foreign policy of intervention. The experience of Viet Nam, though not fully understood as imperialist, prevented such a policy for much of the 70's. The new Cold War is a reason for renewing that ability (a three-ocean navy and rapid deployment force) and to justify a policy of intervention (geopolitics or realpolitik).

Intervention secures corporate interest (which is called in the press "vital U.S. interests"). It does not, as Peter Walshe has argued, secure America's long-term interest. Indeed it endangers our very existence. (Will another war bring us out of the coming recession, will it vanquish inflation, resolve unemployment?) Frustrated and distrustful, we nevertheless do not see the hand in the puppet. Until we do, we will not be able to understand whether or how Russia poses a threat to us much less react intelligibly.

There are three events within the last year that demonstrate aspects of our ideological self-understanding and at the same time show our anticipation in finding an enemy.

The "Boat people crisis" was most incredible in that we never acknowledged our own guilt. Instead we self-righteously attacked the Vietnamese government. I mean quite simply, we had fought an unjust war in Viet Nam for ten years, taken countless lives, dropped well over six million tons of bombs. We napalmed her and defoliated her countryside; we sowed landmines in her fields; we refused to pay promised recompensation and did everything within our power to subvert the newly formed government. And then we have gall, the sheer audacity, to make moral postures. The Seventh Fleet becomes a grotesque parody of the Angel of Mercy.

The "Russian brigade in Cuba

crisis" showed to what extent we would go to fabricate a threat. Though it was eventually seen as a travesty, it demonstrates the shallowness of a pretext needed to justify what were becoming apparent interests. (Salt II was nearly wrecked, and a Caribbean Task Force was created, satisfying the military-industrial complex and providing a medium for intervention.) A note of desperation is heard; unable to look inward, we turn outward.

It is the Iranian crisis, through, that showed clearly how much vehemence was suppressed. Incredulous that once-mighty America could be held hostage by a "ragtag band of students," we howled with anger and frustration. It was the sound of a people confused and frightened. For a time, our own Iranian students took the brunt of our confused anger; at last it seemed the enemy had taken a tangible form.

We have yet to understand the genesis of the Iranian crisis; for to admit our part, to try the Shah, is to try American foreign policy for the last quarter of a century. Our president cannot admit wrong without allowing a dangerous line of questioning.

Our search for an enemy ended with the Russian invasion of Afghanistan. With something akin to relief, we found a familiar shape for our fears.

There are many, many things one must say to understand the Russian invasion of Afghanistan and the American response. The first, of course, is to acknowledge (I fear my sympathies are now suspect) that I am in complete sympathy with the Afghan people; that I despise all intervention, especially when it brings pain and suffering of this magnitude. This does not excuse our own response which does very little to help the Afghan people.

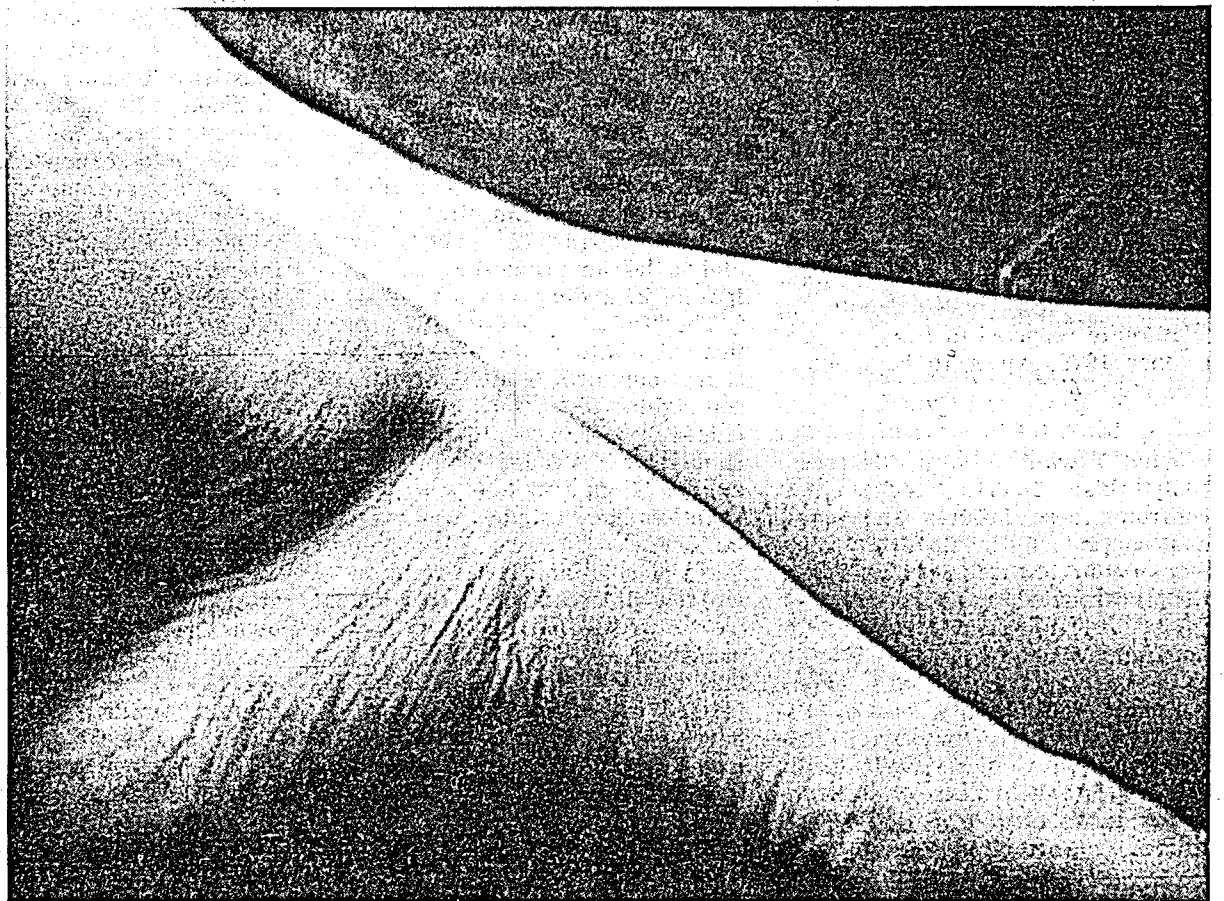
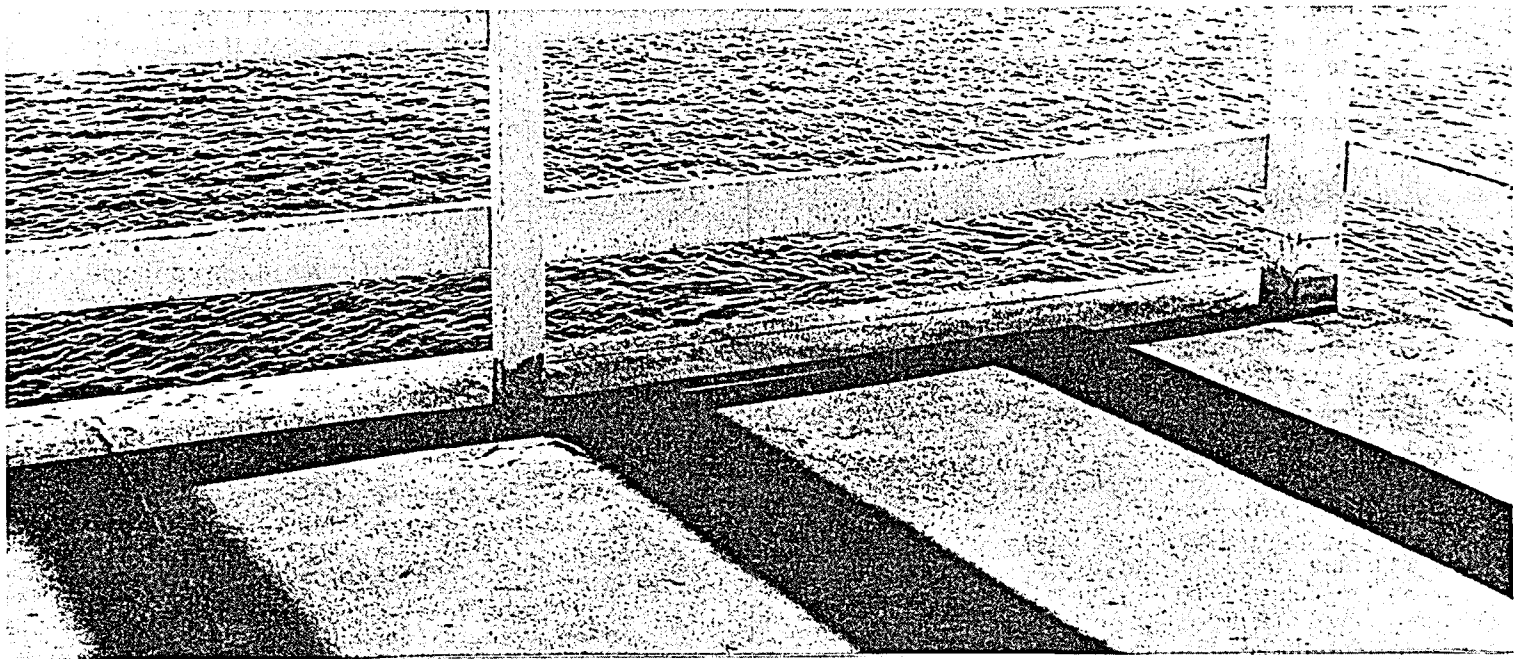
Saying this, I will confine my remarks to the following. Russia did not revive the Cold War when America invaded the Dominican Republic in 1965. I think Russia's reaction is understandable (not justifiable), to a CIA-backed Moslem revolution in a country bordering their own. After the Iranian revolution, one might be apprehensive about the effects of an Afghan revolution on the fifty million Moslems in one's own country.

Our response to the Russian invasion is grossly exaggerated. Our imaginations run wild luxuriating in (Continued on page 46)

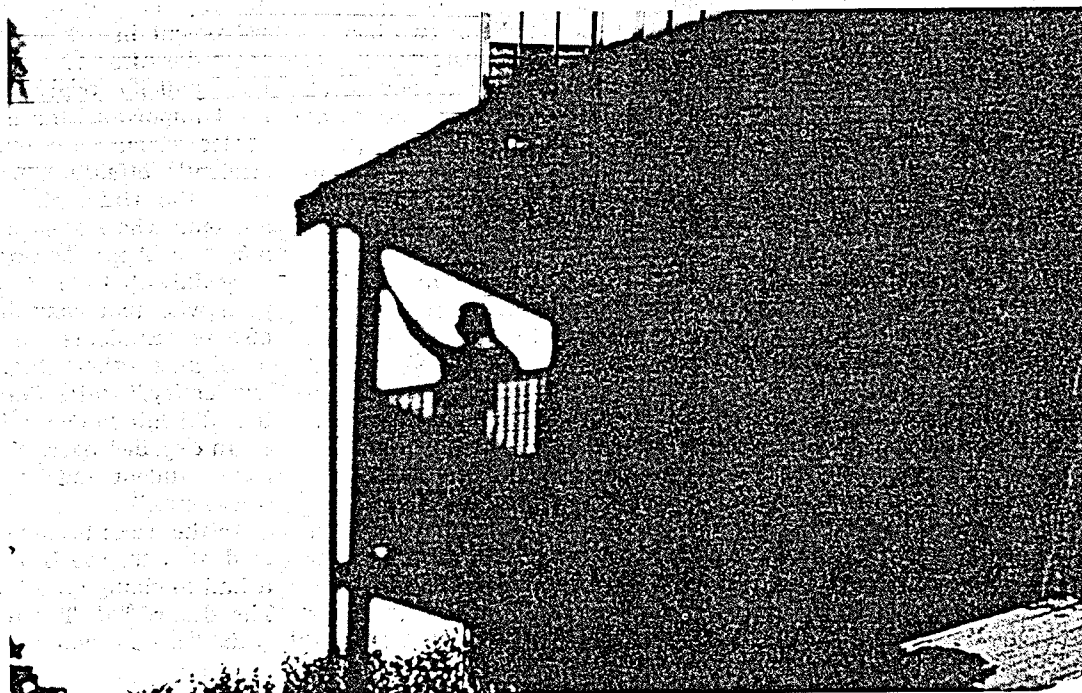
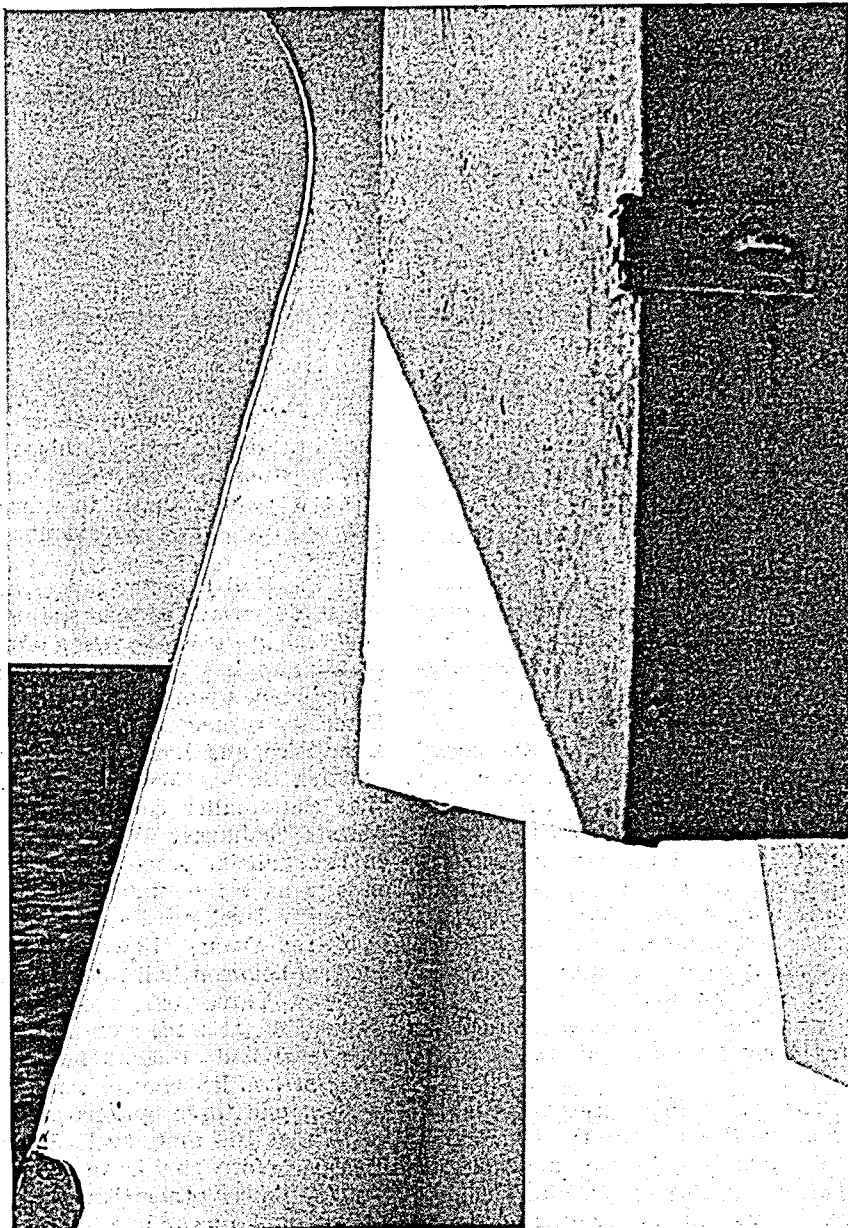


GALLERY

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# Justice at Notre Dame: Dwelling Together in Peace

by Donna Teevan and Lucy Maloney

All excerpts quoted in this article are taken from the University Rules and Regulations as set out in "Du Lac" 1979-1980.

*"A college campus suffers little violent crime but more reckless treatment of property and thoughtless abuse of one's fellows, more cheating and more bad manners. In a university, concern for the social order and for personal growth is a function of education. . . . The society of a private university is voluntary. . . . In a voluntary society, members possess a bond of loyalty and commitment that cannot be taken for granted. . . . Another expectation in a voluntary society is that offenders will be dealt with patiently and personally more to help and correct than to punish."*

The preceding excerpt is taken from the Preamble to the University Rules and Regulations, a document that is only three years old. The university judicial procedures at Notre Dame were changed in 1977 by the Board of Trustees. Beginning this year, St. Mary's College implemented a new system, too, and the two procedures differ in one major aspect: student involvement.

Both Notre Dame and St. Mary's represent, as the Preamble states, voluntary, private communities. The system adopted by St. Mary's this year is similar to the system rejected by Notre Dame three years ago. In this system, two of the three levels in the judicial process use the offender's peers. The first level allows the woman offender to choose between a hearing before the Student Relations Board or her Hall Director. There are no hall judicial boards at St. Mary's, because there are no distinctions between hall and college offenses. The Student Relations Board consists of eight students. At the second level, the Ap-

pellate Hearing Board consists of a faculty member, Dean Kathleen Rice, and a student. The third level of the process culminates in a hearing before St. Mary's President, John Duggan.

If the Hall Director judges an offense too serious to take the normal route, as in the case of drug offenses, St. Mary's has the Dean's Hearing Board made up of the offender's Hall Director, a member of the faculty, Dean Rice, and Judicial Coordinator, Martha Boyle. Ms. Boyle believes that the smaller community at St. Mary's "enhances the student role in the judicial process. It's important to have the student perspective on every level possible."

Notre Dame, however, distinguishes between hall and university offenses. Three years ago, the Notre Dame judicial process on the university level had students involved at the first two levels also. An accused student had three options presented to him at the first level. He could appear before the Dean, a second hearing officer other than the Dean, or he could appear before the Disciplinary Board. The Disciplinary Board had six members: two faculty members, two administrators, and two students. On the second level, the Appeals Board had the same ratio of faculty, administrators, and students. Once again, the final appeal culminated with an appearance before the President of the University, Theodore Hesburgh.

Today, no student is involved in the university-wide procedure, except as counsel to the accused. At the first level, the accused has no choice of hearing officers; the Dean of Students takes the case automatically. Dean James Roemer emphasizes that this hearing is primarily designed to determine whether or not a violation has occurred. "Just as in a court of law, each student comes into this hearing with the presumption of innocence," says Roemer.

If a student is not satisfied with Roemer's decision, or if he feels his rights, as outlined in *Du Lac*, have been violated in the procedure, he can appeal to the Judicial Review Board. The Review Board consists of 12 members: six from the faculty, and six from the administration. The Faculty Senate chooses 12 nominees, and the Vice President for Student Affairs chooses 12 nominees. The Student Government pares this group of 24 down to 12, subject to President Hesburgh's approval. If the accused student decides to appeal, the hearing board will only consist of five Review Board members. The student selects one member, the Dean picks a second, and the final three are chosen at random: "Out of a hat," according to Roemer. The Board must be made up of at least two administrators and two faculty members. The decision handed down by the Review Board can only be appealed to the President.

There are two very important reasons for excluding students from the procedure today. First, students already have an opportunity for involvement in the judicial process in their dormitories by serving on the hall judicial boards. Second, and most important, the past system revealed serious flaws when an accused student's offense merited expulsion from the University. Most of the students who served on the Disciplinary or Appeals Boards found it very difficult to sit in judgment of a peer who had committed a serious offense. "Students are very reluctant to dismiss other students from the University," states Roemer, "because it is difficult to deal with the friends of an expelled peer. Serious offenses leave student judges with a heavy conscience."

As the cases became more difficult to deal with, the University decided it had to change the judicial process. The Board of Trustees came out with the new policy in 1977. As it

stands today, the judicial process has increased the number of offenses that can be dealt with on the hall level, which increases the jurisdiction of the hall judicial boards. Also, on the university level, the hearings on the Dean's level and the Appeals level are distinct. In the past, evidence presented in the first hearing was used on the Appellate level. The first decision was also taken into consideration. Roemer points out, "Now the student is given two full hearings." On the Appellate level, the Dean is no longer a hearing officer; he becomes a University representative and must argue against the accused student.

Dean Roemer argues that the Dean of Students is now a much more visible figure, which adds pressure to his position, but he says, "I'll take on that pressure, because I know I affect students' lives, but I don't have to live with the friends of those people I judge. In that respect, it is a little easier for me to dismiss a student, if he deserves it,

than it is for one student to expel another."

Both the systems at Notre Dame and St. Mary's have their merits, but each has problems too. At St. Mary's, Judicial Coordinator Martha Boyle feels that the new system is beneficial to students "concerned with upholding justice in the community. But," she says, "there are still a lot of bugs to work out. We have to set up training procedures for all members to help them learn what questions to ask, and how to make their decisions." The system has yet to be tested to the extreme of dismissing a fellow student, so only time will prove the benefits of the new system.

At Notre Dame, the system is three years old. Dean Roemer feels it has proved successful, but the student reaction is not so universal in its support. "And that," says Dean Roemer, "is to be expected. We have a diverse group of people here at Notre Dame, and no one process will satisfy everyone."

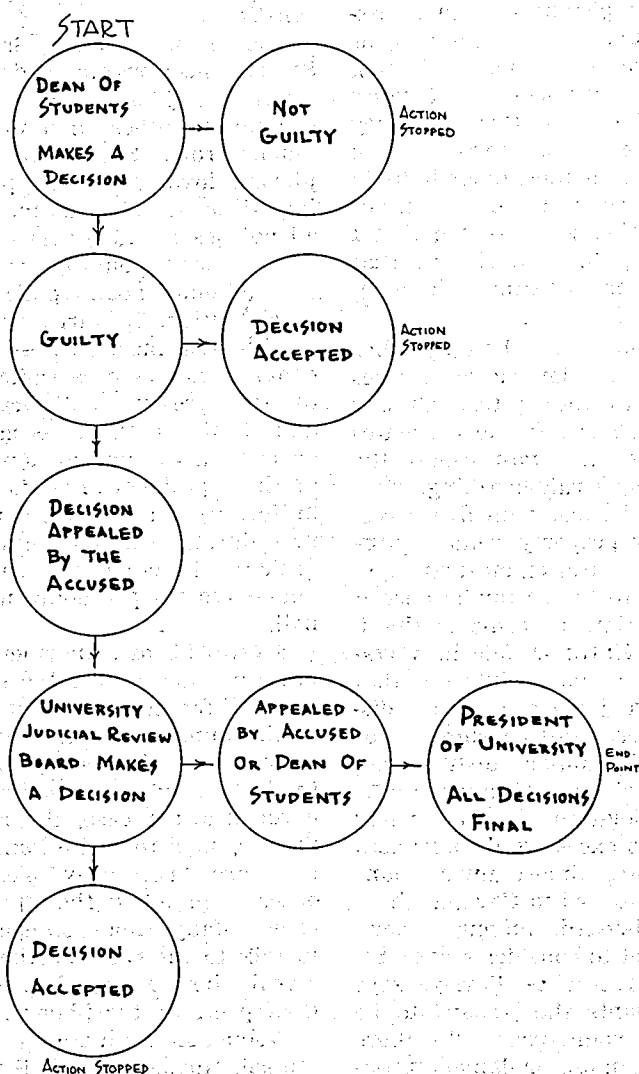
*"The University rules and regulations come under the jurisdiction of the Dean of Students. All violations are at the disposition of the Dean of Students. . ."*

Dean Roemer has been the Dean of Students for five years. He has seen the system working in two ways, and he much prefers today's version of the judicial process. He has great respect for the power he holds, but he also has great respect for the students with whom he deals: "If a Dean is conscientious, he will deal with the students that come into his office fairly, and try to help them learn from their experiences." Dean Roemer understands the extent to which he can carry a punishment, but his overriding concern is "to make the person look at himself, and at what he has done wrong, because Notre Dame is a private community, and we must govern its peace and order not by punishing, but by helping."

Roemer's alternatives in choosing a sanction for a rule-breaker range from levying a fine to permanent dismissal. He does not like fines. "To force a student to pay a fine can be detrimental in one of two ways. If a student is well off, all he has to do is call his father and tell him he needs \$50 for a big party he's going to. The punishment is no punishment at all for such a student. On the other hand, there may be a student who simply cannot afford \$50 for anything. I very seldom impose fines because they are so disproportionate," states Roemer.

The Dean believes that work sanctions are the most appropriate for the Notre Dame community. A student can opt to do 10 hours of some type of volunteer work at Logan Center or with the Neighborhood Study Help Program. The sanctions are imposed so that a student can do something to benefit others, since his violation generally has hurt the community in some way. "Most of the students I deal with want to do something for somebody else," Roemer says. "I've been pleased with how people accept the work they do."

The unfortunate aspect of dealing with students and the offenses they commit is revealed by a few statistics. Dean Roemer says, "Alcohol abuse is a serious problem here, as it is on most college campuses. I would have to say that 60-70% of all the cases I deal with stem from alcohol abuse. In good conscience,



University Procedure

I can only say that I will have to continue to take tough positions on offenses involving alcohol abuse." Permanent dismissal cases are rare for the Dean, because his philosophy is so geared towards helping students. Generally, the more serious the case, the more likely he will consider himself unqualified to deal with the student, and he will refer the offender to Psychological Services.

Overall, however, Dean Roemer says, "I love the job I do, it's a challenging opportunity for me, and I like working with students, helping them build a peaceful community."



Dean Roemer: Helping build a peaceful community

*"Violations of hall rules and regulations are considered within the hall. Students subject to disciplinary action may choose to have their cases considered by the rector or by the hall judicial board."*

The functions of hall judicial boards vary widely from hall to hall. The degree and type of activity by a hall j-board reflect both the philosophy of the rector and the problems of the hall. Some j-boards have never met to hear a case, while others meet frequently to consider matters ranging from cheating in interhall athletics to stealing among roommates.

Keenan Hall has one of Notre Dame's most active j-boards. Fr. Richard Conyers, rector of Keenan, lets the j-board decide most cases of alleged violations of residence hall rules because "all matters should be handled on the lowest level where they can be competently handled. Why should the rector or the Dean of Students handle something the students can handle themselves?" Conyers says he is convinced that "a j-board will work if the rector allows it to work."

A rector's use of the j-board often reveals his attitudes toward residence hall life and his role as rector. For example, Fr. Conyers states that the foundation of hall life in Keenan is "the basic premise of mutual trust." A violation of this trust is an offense against the entire hall community. The offender, therefore, is called before the representatives of that community, the j-board. Fr. Conyers says that although he is the rector, he likes to consider himself just another member of the Keenan community who can depend on the j-board. He believes that rectors and hall staffs should not lord over students, but "should be free to lead

as role models. They should lead by example and gentle persuasion."

Bro. Pete Mahoney, rector of Flanner, expresses views similar to those of Fr. Conyers. As in Keenan, the j-board of Flanner handles most cases of alleged infractions. It has issued major penalties, such as expelling a student from the hall, as well as minor ones, such as forcing a student to perform maintenance work for the hall. Bro. Mahoney states that he has had to reject "the models of the smaller, older halls in which the rector is in charge of everything. Flanner is so big that I have to delegate authority so that the students can run the hall themselves.

However, in Grace, the only other hall as large as Flanner, most cases go directly to the rector. Grace's rector, Bro. Charles Burke, estimates that he deals with two-thirds of the cases of alleged rule-breaking. Most of the cases he hears involve excessive noise or property damage. According to Bro. Burke, most students prefer to go to the rector because it takes more time to convene the j-board. Fr. Matthew Miceli, Cavanaugh's rector, also points out that assembling a j-board may be disproportionately time-consuming for dealing with minor disturbances such as "problems of annoyance." However, violations of the party rules, such as excessive drunkenness or damage, are almost always handled by the j-board in Cavanaugh.

Farley's j-board, among others, has never met to consider a case. Sr. Jean Lenz, rector of Farley, says that she "wants the j-board to be active" and would use it "if there were a major noise or damage problem." She suggests that the j-board could be a more vital part of hall

life by assisting in matters that do not strictly involve violations of residence hall rules. Sr. Lenz commends the j-board's work in conducting hall elections and proposes that the j-board could also serve the hall by revising the often ambiguous hall constitution.

The rector of Lyons, Sr. Marietta Starrie, also recommends ways in which the j-board could serve the community other than in its disciplinary role. She called for more j-board involvement in policymaking, since the j-boards must enforce all policies made by the University. "The j-boards could be used to canvas opinions about policies under considerations," Starrie suggests.

Although most rectors and students do not favor a radical change in the present judiciary system, almost all of them recognize deficiencies in the present system. One of these problem areas is a lack of uniformity among the various hall procedures. *Du Lac* outlines the basic requirements for a hall j-board, but leaves the procedure up to each hall.

Several j-board chairmen have expressed concern over the sometimes great differences between the halls in the number of cases handled by the rector rather than by the j-board. In Lyons, where the j-board has never heard a case, the rector, Sr. Starrie, says that she handles cases that are "peculiarly pastoral" in order to maintain the student's privacy. Many times students prefer to talk to the rector rather than to reveal their personal problems to their peers on the j-board.

Frequent meetings of the judicial council, made up of the j-board chairmen from every hall and the judicial coordinator, could lead to a



lessening of the differences between halls. This year the j-board chairmen have had few opportunities to exchange ideas. Even this year's judicial coordinator, Jim O'Hare, has little knowledge about the operation of each hall j-board because there is no established system of communication between the coordinator and the individual j-boards aside from the judicial council meetings. There were several meetings of the judicial council this year, but these were called sporadically and often consisted of workshops about campus problems such as alcohol abuse.

A few rectors and j-board chairmen cite the enforcement of punishment as a problem with using a j-board. Grace's rector, Bro. Burke, points out that there is "no system for monitoring punishment." In nearly every hall, the j-board is responsible for enforcing its own rulings. The Flanner j-board "works with the hall life commission in devising and enforcing penalties,"

according to Flanner j-board chairman John Schafer. In Cavanaugh, Fr. Miceli said that the j-board has not had any trouble enforcing penalties, which usually consist of fines. The lack of a uniform system of enforcing punishment allows each hall to adopt the method best suited to its needs.

Some students who are disturbed by the differences in hall judicial procedures and the lack of student input in the University's policymaking process, propose that a campus-wide j-board like St. Mary's be established. Patty Hackett, j-board chairman at Farley, states that she favors a campus-wide j-board because "it would make the judicial council more influential. Right now they are not a decision-making body." Bro. Mahoney of Flanner says that he "would be comfortable with a campus-wide j-board because students should have control over their environment and be able to set standards for themselves."

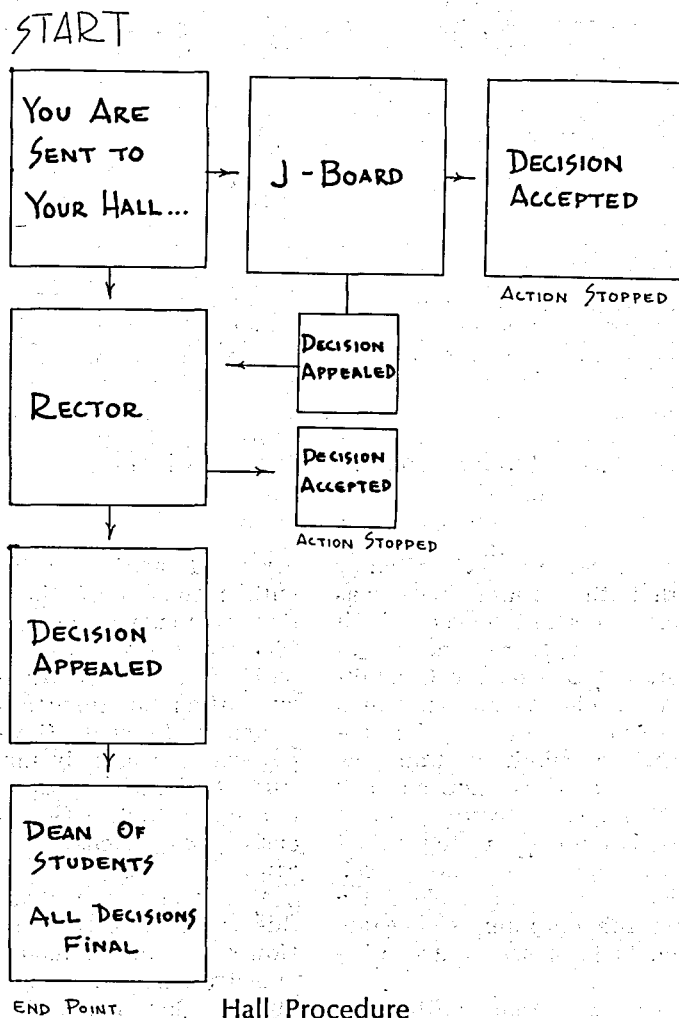
Other rectors and j-board chair-

men are not so enthusiastic about establishing a campus-wide j-board. Grace's Bro. Burke criticizes the proposal because "it would just create another bureaucracy for students to deal with." Many rectors and students want to retain the hall j-boards because the hall boards are more sensitive to the needs of their own halls, which may be different from those of other halls. According to Donald De Gral, j-board chairman of Cavanaugh, "the individual hall j-boards offer a personal touch and have better knowledge of the person charged." Sr. Lenz of Farley points out that another disadvantage of a campus-wide j-board is that a student's membership on a campus-wide j-board would be time-consuming and involve much responsibility for his peers. She said that many students would not have enough time or would not want to accept the responsibility for the futures of their fellow students.

J-board chairman Hackett noted that "j-boards are becoming more organized and are handling more cases." It appears that this trend might continue into next year with John Plunkett as the '80-'81 judicial co-ordinator. Plunkett states that he hopes "to make j-board proceedings a little bit more uniform and to help the j-boards become more effective within the halls."

Plunkett also stresses the need for providing students with more information about the judiciary system. He says many students are not aware that the judicial co-ordinator can arrange for a knowledgeable student to act as counsel to someone accused of a University offense. Plunkett plans to use hall j-board chairmen and articles in *The Observer* to better inform the students. He says he also hopes to help students who are charged with civil violations by informing them about their rights and referring them to organizations that might help them, such as Legal Services.

Though rectors and students recognize problems with the current judiciary system, most are reluctant to suggest major changes in it. Notre Dame students can expect little change in the system within the next year, but might notice better organization and uniformity among the halls. Whatever the various hall judicial procedures might be, now or in the future, the foundation for all of them is the same: "If scholars are to dwell together in peace, they will have to live under the law." □



# STUDENT GOVERNMENT OUR LOST VOICE?

by Joe Burinskas

According to this past year's Student Body President, Bill Roche, the goal of student government is to "effectively articulate student concerns to the administration." This is accomplished mainly through meeting with members of the administration to discuss various topics of student concern such as housing and academics. But Student Government is relatively powerless in implementing these concerns. Student Government can draw up various proposals by itself, or in conjunction with the CLC or HPC, but the administration has the final word.

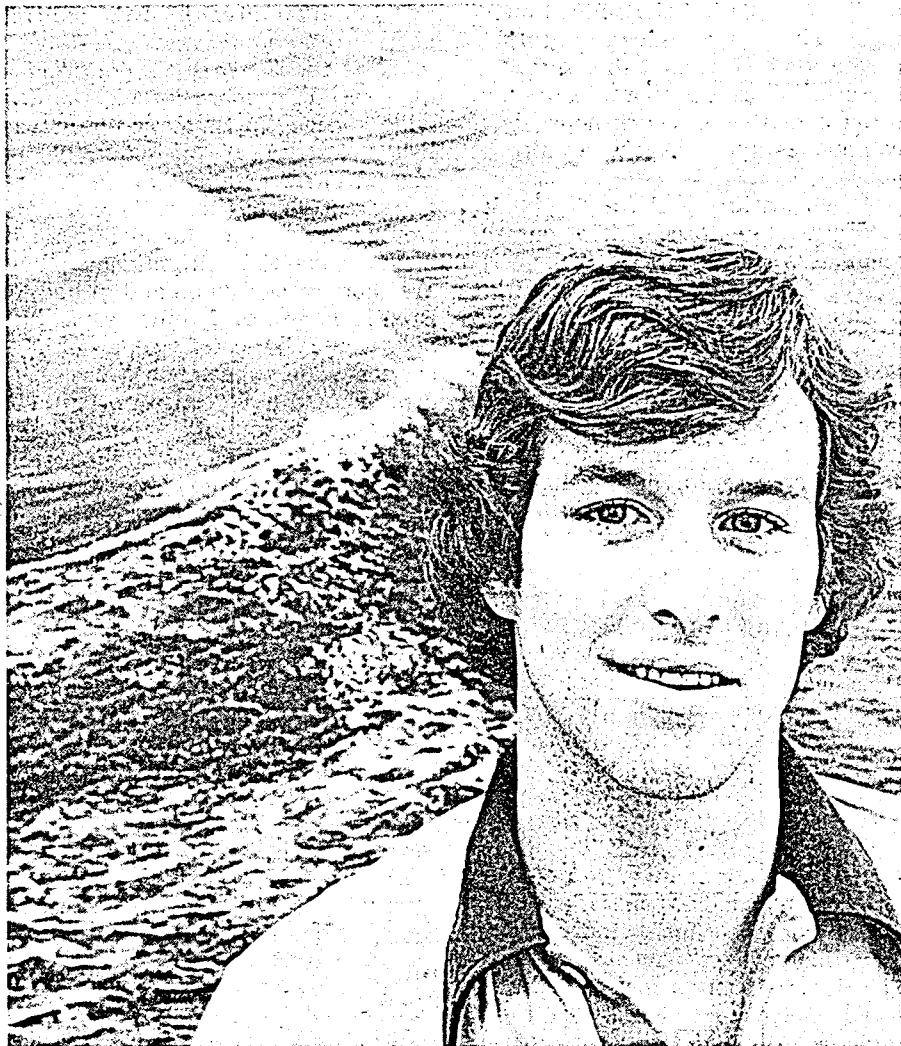
"The best we can do," stated Roche, "is to make the students' voice known. We can't change their (the administration's) minds." But Roche does not view this as a problem, nor does he believe that Student Government needs more power. He feels that much is accomplished viewpoint.

merely by presenting the students'

Roche sees the recent decision by the University to house women in the new dorm as a "classic" example of how Student Government can be effective in this limited role. The University had originally intended to put men in the new dorm and put women in one of the towers. He added that the intervention of Student Government probably influenced the University's decision, but that it was impossible to tell just how influential this intervention was.

In fact, it appears as if Student Government has been most successful in the area of housing. Bill Vita, this past year's Vice-President, attributed the success to the excellent relationship between Student Government and Fr. Michael Heppen, Director of Housing. A sum of forty thousand dollars was allocated for improvements in hall social space. Furthermore, the money was parceled out according to the recommendations of Student Government. Roche considers this to be among Student Government's most important accomplishments.

Another area in which Student Government feels it has been successful is in academics, specifically concerning the issue of tenure. Beth



Student Body President Paul Riehle

Imbriaco, Academic Coordinator stated that the tenure issue was their most important concern. As it stands right now, there is not a student representative on the Committee on Academic Promotion, which evaluates those who are up for tenure. Imbriaco admitted that she couldn't say whether or not the work done will improve tenure process because it is too early to tell. "Most of our work has been pretty much foundational," she said. "We did a lot of research and interviewing into areas that had not been touched before."

Imbriaco stated that she has ex-

perienced good working relations with members of the administration, particularly with Dr. Timothy O'Meara, Provost of the University, with whom she comes into contact quite often. She further stressed that although Student Government is powerless to directly implement the students' concerns, the administration takes Student Government seriously, and listens to their views carefully.

Most members would agree with this view, at least to some extent. However, some contend that the administration will only listen to Student Government in a perfunct-



Bill Roche

tory manner. Jose Marrero, one of the executive coordinators, stated that he believes Student Government needs "more honest respect from the administration, rather than merely nominal respect." Marrero explained that the University does not seem to want the students to become involved in many issues. "No matter what, their [the administration's] attitude towards us is that we're only students and we'll be gone in four years—so don't worry about it."

This attitude came through clearly in the recent controversy over the elimination of scholarships for hockey and other non-revenue producing sports. Marrero and other Student Government representatives met with Fr. Edmund Joyce, Executive Vice-President of the University, before the public uproar had begun. Marrero stated that the meeting was "somewhat informative," but the administration had obviously made up its mind. He further added that the main purpose of the meeting was "nothing more than to sedate us" in order to calm the student reaction.

Throughout the entire situation, the University has kept the same attitude. Marrero explained that the petition to save hockey, which collected well over three thousand names in only twenty-four hours, was a "spur-of-the-moment thing" because the University had decided to hold a Trustees' meeting the upcoming weekend to decide the fate of minor sports. Student Government was not informed of the meeting.

The petition was presented to Father Hesburgh that Wednesday night in Grace Hall, but the meet-

ing did not appear to be very fruitful. "There was no meeting of the minds," explained Vita. "Hesburgh just came there to explain the situation and not to really take anything in."

Student Government is further stifled by the fact that they are not even in a position to make recommendations to the University. Vita said that it would be "ludicrous" to make recommendations for "we don't know the whole situation." The administration has refused to disclose its finances to Student Government. Vita added that he believes they have a right to know exactly what's going on, but are powerless to obtain this right.

Another area in which Student Government has been thwarted is the proposal to get kegs on campus. Student Government spent five months on the proposal, which began in April of last year. Marrero stated that "every little consideration" was examined. Yet the proposal was opposed by the rectors on the CLC whose objections he termed "self-centered." The proposal was passed by the CLC, vetoed by Fr. Van Wolvlear, overridden, only to be vetoed by Dr. O'Meara. This second veto was also overridden, but finally the proposal was vetoed by Fr. Hesburgh.

Vita termed the entire ordeal "exasperating." "We spent a great deal of time on it. We had what I believe to be rational and well-thought-out arguments but we could never get by the fact that the administration believed that kegs on campus would lead to increased drinking on the part of the students."

It would not be accurate to say that the inadequacy of Student Government is entirely due to an unresponsive administration. In some respects, the administration has been receptive to Student Government. According to Marrero, "unbelievable progress" has been made in the relationship between Student Government and Dean of Students, James Roemer. Before he issues any directive, Roemer advises Student Government as to the contents of the directive, something that had not been done previously. Moreover, at the beginning of the school year, both Roche and Vita were invited to sit in on the interviews and selection process for a new director of security. "Just to be included in the decision-making process," said Vita, "is a big step."

Part of the problem may lie with the student body. Maureen Murphy, Alumni Coordinator, sees an apathetic student body as part of the problem. Concerning the situation of non-revenue producing sports. Murphy said, "Let's face it, if this were the sixties, there'd be students out carrying signs."

The student body at Notre Dame has never been known for its political activism. Yet at this year's Marquette game, a protest organized by Paul Riehle and Bob Carey, who were both campaigning for President at the time, was quite successful. A large portion of the students held up "Save Hockey and minor sports" signs during the time-outs and a few made sheet banners with similar messages.

Although there was a unified student protest, its effects might not have been very positive. According to Marrero, it appeared as if the University had made an agreement with NBC not to show the students. He further added that the administration probably looked down on the students for the protest.

Another reason keeping Student Government from being very effective this past year seems to be the reluctance on the part of the leadership to admit that there is a problem. Roche described all of Student Government's relationships with members of the administration as "superb," while other members were not as enthusiastic. Roche was somewhat optimistic that the keg proposal would pass on its second try. "When Fr. Van vetoed it the first time, he gave the reason that he didn't want to run two experiments at the same time. Now that party rooms have been successful, the keg

proposal has a better chance. It's not dead yet."

Yet the keg proposal did die. This time it failed to even pass the CLC. The proposal is obviously a major concern of Student Government since it was a part of Roche and Vita's platform and five months were spent trying to get it passed the first time. Roche, however, responded quite matter-of-factly that the defeat was of no great consequence, for the keg proposal was merely a "little thing."

Furthermore, it appears as if Roche overestimates the influence that Student Government has on the decisions made by the Administration. Roche said that the allotment of \$40,000 for improvements in hall social space was "one of our most important achievements" this past year. But Roche also stated that the money was "totally unexpected." Although Student Government was working to improve hall social space, the \$40,000 was more of a gratuitous act on the part of the University, rather than as a result of active intervention by Student Government.

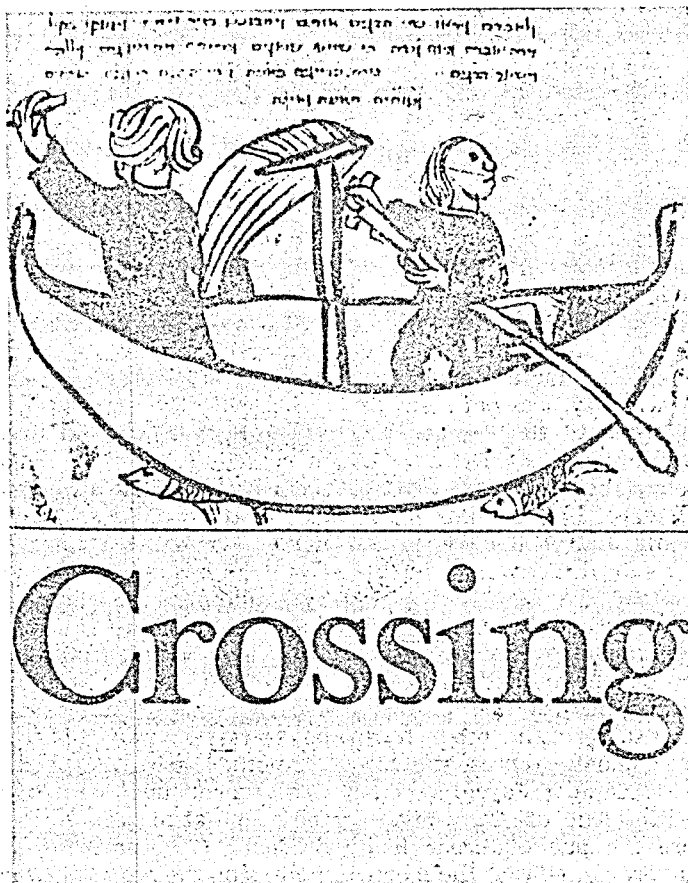
Paul Riehle, who took over as Student Body President on April first, sees one of his major responsibilities as President to not only present the students' viewpoints to the administration, but also to "mobilize student support rather than just react." He believes that Student Government under Roche's administration lacked the ability to coordinate the student viewpoint. Riehle stated that it appeared as if Student Government drew up a petition to save hockey only as a response to an *Observer* editorial urging Student Government to take a positive stand. Riehle stated that this coordination is needed because "most students are concerned, but they're not in a position to act."

Riehle hopes to accomplish this coordination mainly through better communication between Student Government and the student body. This improved communication would help Riehle to achieve his most important goal: to gain the respect of both the administration and the student body. "If you gain the respect of the students, the administration has to respect you if you have a lot of popular support," said Riehle.

It is too early to tell whether or not Riehle can gain this respect that was lacking in the previous administration. Perhaps if Riehle implements innovative programs to coordinate the student concerns, his goal can be realized. □

## BOOKS

### Matthias in Crossing



## Crossing

by Tim Gulstine

*Crossing*, the most recently published miscellany of poems from John Matthias, is as aptly labelled polyglot and eclectic as any of his previous works, but the negative connotations of these words may be dispensed with in this case. Enjoyment of *Crossing* requires neither elaborate research nor multilingual capacities. It may require only the inclination to savor language at face value.

In *Crossing* Matthias appears to be

testing many words for the first time, exploring them as channels for new experiences. The reader senses that he should be taken to the task as well. We are meant to be, as is the author in "Poem for Cynouai," pursuing anyone or anything that may insist upon attention. In that particular work, an epistolary poem, it is a growing daughter who both invites and defies the comprehension of her father. Straining for some understanding

of his daughter, whose interests move quite independently of his guidance, the author writes ". . . I try to learn new words/like any child-/I say *flank, hock, heel, hoof*;/ I say *fetlock, gaskin, thigh, stiffl, sheath*. . ."<sup>4</sup> The reader is compelled to mouth these words, too, with the same awkwardness and persistence. New words and new experiences are necessary means to the author's end, worth savoring even when in vain.

Sometimes it is the familiar word, or group of words, which generates a new effect. The elegy is an antiquated poetic convention, but it is used so carefully in "Elegy for Clara" that the overall effect is fresh. This poem opens gracefully with the lines "I remember milkweed at the shore/ and cattail stems which I was/ lacing absent-mindedly through oarlocks/ of the dinghy when I noticed you. . ."<sup>2</sup> Traditional manners of incantation are revitalized when special care is exercised for the language. In a wholly different vein, Part Nine of the "Mihail Lermontov Poems" functions in the same fashion as "Elegy for Clara." In places it seems to echo the reveries of an English historian. At one point the language bristles evocatively: ". . . for Winston spot the doodlebugs and buzzbombs/ pluck out mines off Cliffe/ outfox De Ruyter beat that prick Napoleon/ prop on some dark night/ a poor unlucky scapegoat in the new foundations my fair lady/ of the bridge/ and bind him there. . ."<sup>3</sup> Language is thus a channel for affirmation and reassertion as well as investigation. Its functions vary greatly in *Crossing* but a "harsh surface beauty" is pervasive.

Certainly there is a newness to it all, and the wide scope of language in *Crossing* encompasses foreign tongues in places. Still the principle is intact; language at simple face value may suffice. When Matthias assures you that his favorite recording of poetry is in a language which he doesn't understand, his own adherence to the principle becomes evident. In Part Five of the Lermontov

poems he writes: "Wenn Sie sich unwohl fühlen, müssen Sie sich im Ferien in der frischen Luft bewegen, mit etwas beschäftigen, und wenn Sie irgend können-etwas essen."<sup>4</sup> All this may be lost upon the reader, but the texture of the language is evident despite even acute unfamiliarity with German. Lest the reader be alienated by this passage, the presence of an ungrammatical wording reflects Matthias' own limited familiarity with the language. If his comprehension of the language is not so far removed from our own, why should his fascination with it be much greater?

Inevitably, there is much more than surface beauty to these poems, should the reader choose to examine them. The structure of the book is apt to trigger speculation. Parts I and II, involving American and English subject matter, respectively, are entitled *Remainders* and *Sums*. One wonders what motivates the author to arrange his material such that the remainders, normally superfluous residuals, should precede the sums. If section headings and arrangements are indicative of the author's attitudes towards England and America, some ambivalence is afoot. There is, indeed, ambivalence expressed throughout *Crossing* in this area—far too much of it to table here for complete explication. Part III involves two sections. The sections are named for the two ships upon which Matthias travelled between England and America several years ago (the *Stefan Batory* and the *Mihail Lermontov*).

These voyages seem to represent elaborate vacillations between the lands of Parts I and II. England is heritage and character, a paradise for the historian in Matthias. His affinity is clear in the simple, discursive lines of "Mostly Joan Poulson's Recipes, Etc.": "... After lunch we walk: past the moated/grange in Parham which was/once the grand estate of first the Uffords/ and then the Willoughby d'Ersby's./ We pass dun cows/which still produce the Suffolk cheese/which we

enjoy and which/Defoe did not. . ."<sup>5</sup> Whether it be a chunk of land or cheese, the dead have left it charged with meaning. England engages the poet.

Still, the living often seem to make their presence known back in America. Matthias illustrates his response to this in Part Four of the "Stefan Batory Poems": "I am, as Peter thought I would be,/Going back. But slowly./ The journey takes nine days./ Unanswered letters—his and Ernie's,/Kevin's, Mrs. Harris's—/They weigh on me./My friends, my gifted student,/ My daughter's much beloved nurse. . ."<sup>6</sup> America is kinetic, not so much as in the past, but active still. As one friend writes and is quoted as saying, "... you will/Be coming back because although/You consider yourself no gringo, John,/ You are: and this is where/ The gringo fighting is./ Or gringo baiting./ Or: whatever the conditions will allow./ I'll expect you here in August."<sup>7</sup>

The underpinnings in *Crossing* are as varied as the tones, and even more difficult to encompass. Political and social concerns surface frequently, justifying the claim that Matthias' work is notably eclectic. The sum effect of this diversity is rewarding for the reader. Too many of the poetic miscellanies published by authors today are not miscellaneous at all. The diversity of *Crossing* lends the reader hope; if you happen not to enjoy the poems on one page, turn to the next. The prospect is better than usual. Matthias enjoys an assortment of forms and idioms, and his enjoyment is infectious. □

#### Quotes:

1. p. 26, 11. 218-224
2. p. 18, 11. 1-4
3. p. 115, 11. 75-82
4. p. 101, 11. 27-29
5. p. 51, 11. 46-53
6. pp. 80-81, 11. 28-35
7. p. 81, 11. 38-45



*Show a little faith, there's magic in the night. You ain't a beauty, but hey you're alright.*

—Bruce Springsteen

## Christians

by Jay Coleman

People die. The day Tom Wilson died the emergency room was crowded with little Negroes, big Jews, and a man who had sliced his hand on a lathe. In the corner was a big man, a priest, who was Tom Wilson's best friend and the finest priest in the diocese. He was also a priest who did not believe in God.

Tom Wilson always was suspicious of minor-league religions, and let people know it — a mistake in a small New England town. Possessed of a ferocious energy, he was the kind of person who made a lasting impression on all he met. Brutally honest, but with a fierce capacity for warmth, people either loved him or hated him. The priest had loved him, for he loved all good people.

The truth about his life was horribly simple. His father was Canadian and had died at Iwo Jima. Tom never knew him. His mother was an alcoholic who loved him intensely, and had brought him up to believe in the Almighty. But Tom never could accept any pie in the sky; he knew damn well that people were good not for the sake of good but to get that pie. He had thought God lived next door to Santa Claus and the Easter Bunny, and by the age he gave up on the rabbit he had given up on God. Religion was merely a club to make sure he ate his peas and didn't play hooky. He remembered when he was little and they told him he would burn if he sinned. Tom had been too sharp for that; he had learned early that if that was true then the world would have been ashes long ago. By the time he was twenty he knew that the world was designed to screw you.

Tom had been a loner in grade school, an intense little guy who always seemed preoccupied with other things. Teachers found him insolent, and by the time he reached high school, Tom had been suspended three times. He had spirit though, played soccer and made All-State, emerging as a boy of convictions—somewhat unorthodox, but nonetheless likable.

He graduated and got a job at the lumberyard. A year later he married Susan. He loved her so much it made you want to cry, and they had three kids, wonderful kids. Tom may have been a bad student and a sporadic worker, but he was a damn good father. His kids were good students, young Tom got a scholarship to Tufts eventually, and Mary—the youngest—was a whiz in the junior high. When Susan felt Mary wasn't getting the proper fundamentals in grade school, Tom

decided to do something about it. Ever impulsive, he got himself elected to the Board of Education. His combination of naiveté and intensity got things done too; he was impatient with those who passively bickered over politics and accomplished nothing. If something was right, do it; if something was wrong, don't do it. They all made simple things seem so complicated, and Tom's narrow but powerful view of public education served a needed function.

Tom met the priest in a bar the night after his youngest son was crippled skiing. Bob had had much promise as an athlete, but none now. Tom was pissed off at the world, and took it out on the man sitting at the end of the bar by the TV. When the guy switched the channel from the Celtics game to the news, Tom growled something about the world going to hell anyway and who wanted to hear about it. The guy put the Celtics game back on, bought Tom a beer, and told him there wasn't a hell to go to anyway, that life was ultimately nothing so why bitch about it? The world spit on you and you wiped it off and stood up and went on and that was all.

A father's grief for his son is a powerful one, and the priest soothed it. Not by offering sympathy, but by agreeing that the world made sure you didn't win. Tom Wilson liked him immediately, and they talked far into the cold Massachusetts night.

They spent much time together that winter, skating, drinking, playing tennis in the high school gym. Some in town were shocked at their friendship, but the more perceptive citizens understood. Both were intense and moral men who cared deeply about something: Tom for his children, the priest for his parish. They took serious things seriously—but neither regarded many things as serious. Each was secretly amused by the world, and laughed inside at most people they met. Both disdained pretentiousness and complacency. They got along very well, and their friendship grew as they learned more about each other.

The priest was an Irishman, full of romantic defiance, and Tom wondered why in hell he ever became a priest. Priests generally were losers who couldn't do anything else with their lives. A few were hearty men who could have done almost anything, had any woman, made good money, but chose to serve God instead. They commanded respect and got it, but Tom never could

quite figure out why a winner would want to hand out bread every Sunday.

When a man loses his faith it does not happen suddenly, rather, it is slow and gradual. But the priest had never really lost his true faith. He still believed in the intrinsic worth of man; he just rejected the metaphysical crutch so many used. He was stronger for it; he didn't believe in God, but he did believe in man. God was man's invention, but Christianity—true Christianity—was man's refusal to submit to a cold reality, and that was why the priest was a priest. You could, he felt, be a saint and believe in neither God nor Church.

The priest became a priest because he was an idealist without illusions; he believed in the potential of man yet recognized the ultimate futility of all human endeavors. He had sort of believed in the Big Man until he was ordained, and then no magic hit him and he knew it was a false bill. God did not exist for him, but Jesus did—the man's teachings were correct. Anyway, the priest felt the question irrelevant—man could never, given his limited epistemological framework, know for sure if God did or did not exist, so why waste time worrying about it?

Even if God did exist, the Church had no control over God's favor, no monopoly on his grace. All men, even pagans, were eligible. People should spend their time actively helping others and not passively worshipping at proscribed times every week. Much of the Church was superfluous ritual, and if that pie was up there he was confident that a good pagan would get a piece just as much as any man. If you were good, the Big Man would cut a piece for you whether you believed in him or not. Action mattered, not words. God probably didn't exist; it would be superfluous to posit one. Most likely he was man's invention. Even if he did exist, it wasn't absolutely necessary to believe in him to attain salvation. But the priest was no raving nihilist; he kept his suspicions to himself and began his career as a self-confessed atheistic humanist.

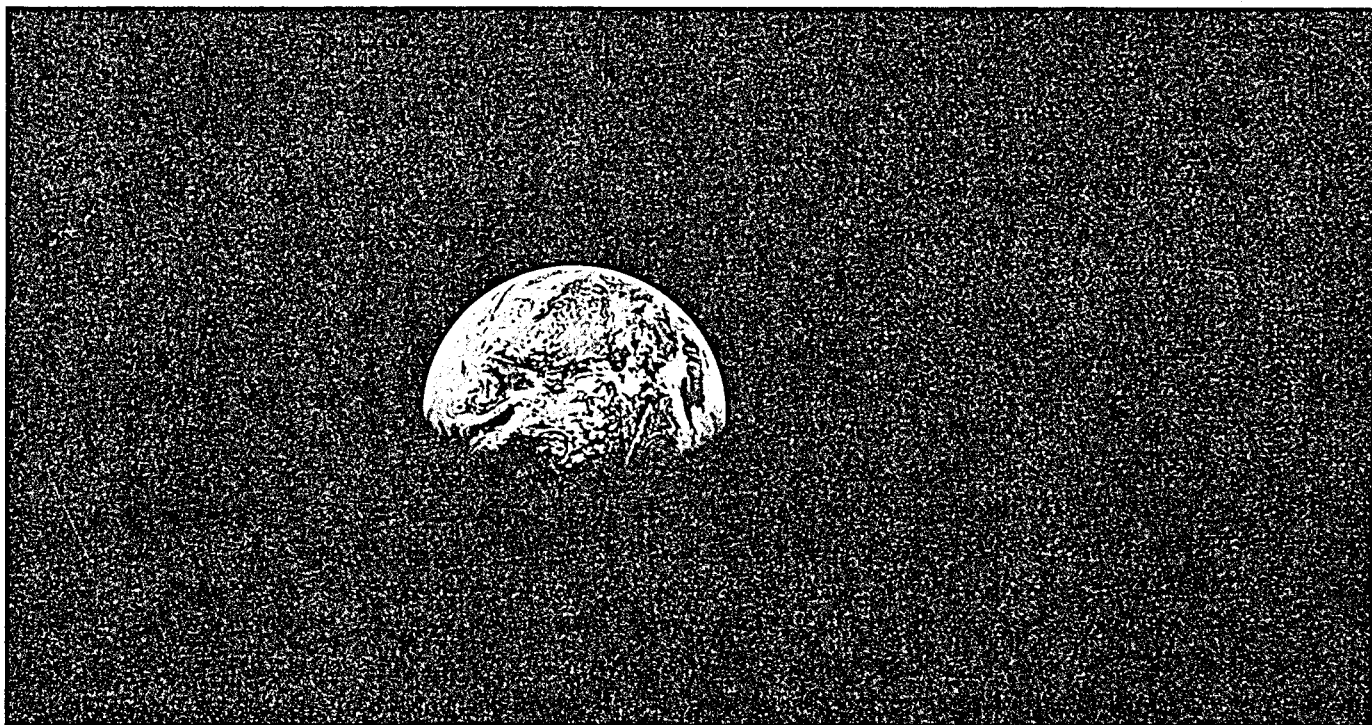
He rapidly discovered that the Church hierarchy was composed of bozos, and he wanted nothing to do with clowns in collars. Throughout history the Church

had been inconsistent. The Indians were going to hell for worshipping the sun, now they may not burn after all. You could eat meat on Friday and then you couldn't; you had to fast before Communion and then you didn't. Christopher was a saint and then he wasn't one anymore. It was never really clear whether Jesus wanted to establish a formal Church, and now there was this massive and absurd country club deciding who could get salvation and who couldn't.

Yesterday's heretics were today's saints. The priest knew damn well that the heretics were the true saints, willing to blaspheme papal convention to develop a better truth. Only the perspective of history demonstrated their worth, a great and noble worth that their contemporaries never saw and if they did they killed them for it. The priest was continually frustrated by Church politics, by fat bishops who said much and accomplished nothing. He tolerated them though, because he knew that his cross and chalice were a license to help good and real people.

He urged people to live now, and not to put too much hope in the pie in the sky. Too many people he knew were brooders, of that strange breed that thinks of unpleasant realities, reflects on unpleasant realities, and sleeps on unpleasant realities. All too often their lives are unpleasant realities. People who thought too much were unhappy, as were people who took themselves too seriously. Taking too many things seriously was inviting the world to destroy you. Men should accept the harsh facts of life and move on. Man was a temporary phenomenon, he knew, but nonetheless a worthwhile one. The priest strove to bring out the best in men, and he did.

He saw two kinds of Catholics when he looked out at his congregation on Sunday mornings. One type hid from the world behind their faith, weak and gutless cowards cringing in the face of their contingency. The others were strong, holding fast to their faith through all adversity and to the very end, using it not to hide from life but to confront it. The priest changed the former to the latter, making complacent Catholics aggressive.



He left alone the simple ones, the smiling old widows who came to Mass every day and confession every week. They insisted on using the confessional. Their sins were petty, he often thought they manufactured them to have an excuse to speak with him. But he gave them their penances, and when he would emerge from the confessional they would still be there praying. The old women would look relieved and embarrassed as they left and say "Bless you Father." Then they would shuffle off, and the priest would smile and think that he had made them very happy. They were blind but wonderful, and if it made them happy to believe in God, why not? People with a strong faith were so damn happy.

Just as Tom Wilson loved his children, the priest loved his parish. He got involved with all of them, shoveling snow for Mrs. Fitzpatrick and playing basketball with the kids. When the New England snows melted and the crocuses came, he coached a Little League team with Tom Wilson. The Lions were a terrible team with no pitching, but they had more fun than any other kids in the league. Their coaches had cookouts for them, and took them in to Fenway Park to see the Red Sox.

When the littlest kid on the team, Tommy Shannon, who had tried so damn hard all year long, struck out in the last inning of the final game of the year, thus eliminating the team from the playoffs, his father yelled at him. Right in front of everybody—teammates, parents, the other team, and the umpire—he told his son he was worthless. Tommy started crying. The priest walked over and took Mr. Shannon behind the backstop and decked him. There's not much you can do when a priest hits you either, especially one who weighs a solid 215. Mr. Shannon got up, took his son, and left. The priest piled four kids into his station wagon, drove them home, and went to mow Mrs. Fitzpatrick's lawn. He knew the parish would understand.

They did. So he gave them their wine and their bread and they were happy. And he told stories to them, and they were even happier. The priest gave sermons because he believed in the efficacy of words, in their power to convince men that the good was right and the ethical expedient. "Listen to me because I have something to say," he always started his sermons. This separated him from most other priests, not because he said it, but because he really did say something worthwhile.

They—his sermons—were always blunt and to the point. Occasionally he offended, but he did not care. People needed a cold shower to wake them up, to shake their complacency. The priest hated smug Christians, those who did not question. Even if the Deity existed, you never really knew you had faith until it was tested.

Most often he told his parish to live in this world, because it was the only world that mattered. He knew that theirs was a metaphysical thirst that could not be satisfied in our physical world. He urged them to drink in this world, the here and now, to truly live fully.

He certainly did, spending more and more time with Tom Wilson. It was summer now, and they would bring Tom's family to the beach for clambakes. Children loved the priest; he would lift young Bob out of his wheelchair and carry him into the surf. Bob's upper body was remarkably strong and he could still swim well. The priest and he would race out through the surf, past the breakers and into the Atlantic a quarter-mile out. Tom would join them, and the three—small dots from the shore—would lift and sink with the gentle undulations of the ocean and talk. Then they'd ride the breakers in. They were vigorous men, and Bob was a

vigorous boy, and they would play in the surf like colts. When they returned, dripping salt, Susan would just smile—she often wished that the priest had married them.

Tom had started going to Mass with Susan and the kids, just to hear his friend speak. The first Sunday he walked in the congregation gasped and stared, but soon grew accustomed. He and Susan brought their children up Catholics; Tom felt they should have the opportunity to decide for themselves if the Big Man really did live next to the rabbit. He had no faith in God, but he had that father's faith that his eldest son would take the car and return it intact, that it would be there in the morning in the same place he had left it. He would sit in the wooden pews listening to his friend's powerful and convincing voice, and smile at the irony of their shared secret.

They played into fall, and then the kids returned to school and the priest settled into a routine. He would rise at 7:30, run on the roads or swim at the high school. He'd eat breakfast at the Flagship Diner, then go to the parish house and work. He'd say Mass three days a week, or else he'd confer with all those who came to see him. Many did. Before lunch he'd open his mail and do whatever was required of him, and then head over to the parochial school to teach his religion and history classes. Then he'd talk to the nuns about the children—play disciplinarian if needed—and then stop by C.Y.O. football practice. He usually ate dinner at one of his parishioners' houses. At night he'd read, watch TV, then sleep—sometimes he sat in on Tom Wilson's Board of Education meetings.

So it went. Indian summer yielded to a cold November, and the priest walked to his small town, stopping in at various stores to say hello and ask if he could lend a hand if things weren't going smoothly. One day, opening his mail, he got a letter from the bishop, who felt more collection money should go to the guild, and to new statues for the church. The priest habitually had taken the collection money and given it out directly, driving out to the poor farms with groceries and beer. He felt some men worked harder than others, and deserved more—they should get the money rather than some statue of people dead and gone. He was reading the bishop's letter over again and thinking how true it was, that life really was a bitch, when he got the call to go out to State Road 6, three miles south of town. He should bring the Big Book, because Tom Wilson's truck had gone off the road.

He arrived in five minutes. It was a stark grey day, a shitty one that the Lord did not create for happy times. The wind was gusting mightily over the desolate cornfield, barren of life and awaiting the first cold snows. The shattered truck lay overturned in the middle of the field; it had gone off the road at seventy M.P.H., flipped twice, and landed in Jerry Patterson's cornfield eighty yards from the road. The body lay ravaged beside it, torn apart by numerous gashes, but the priest expected as much. Good people never died cleanly, they cut and bled. Tom was still alive, paramedics were frantically working on him as they put him into the ambulance and roared away. It was not easy to say good-bye to Tom Wilson, father of three, especially when he knew it was good-bye for good.

The priest walked away and climbed into his car. The corn stalks crunched mightily under his tires as he drove away towards the hospital. Trees stood tall, and leaves drifted down to a cold hard earth. A Christian had died, but the wind kept howling, for a cruel world had rammed its final point home. □

# F L O C

by Anne M. Dougherty

It's the fourth day of spring vacation and I can't stop thinking about all the students enjoying the warm Florida sunshine after another cold winter in South Bend. Here I am on my way to Purdue University with three of my closest friends. It may be cold here in Indiana, but I wouldn't trade this trip to Lafayette for a week in Florida.

After months of hard work for the Ohio Farmworker Support Committee at Notre Dame, I am finally going to meet the man who is the head of the farmworker union (FLOC) in Ohio. Baldemar Velasquez. What will he say? How will people at Purdue react? In twenty minutes all of my questions will begin to be answered.

Upon our arrival at Purdue, I notice how big the campus is. Compared with Purdue, Notre Dame is more compact, built on a smaller scale. Another difference that really strikes me is that while Notre Dame has a lighted Golden Dome, Purdue boasts a lighted brick smokestack. I wonder if that is any indication of things to come.

It is very easy to find the room in which Baldemar Velasquez will be speaking. Posted outside the door is the symbolic black and red flag and a woman wearing a red FLOC T-shirt. As we approach, members of other support committees congratulate us on the boycott victory at Notre Dame; we remain the center of attraction for a while.

"Here comes Baldemar!" I hear someone shout. In unison, everyone turns around. A short man in his late twenties or early thirties comes up to us and immediately congratulates us. I find myself feeling at ease as a result of his friendly manner. Baldemar asks us to come in and sit down as he takes care of some last-minute preparations.

"*Viva la Huelga!*" Baldemar shouts and he launches into his speech about the farmworker situation in Ohio and the union he has helped to initiate. A few seconds into the speech, all the conversations die. Everyone's attention focuses on the former Mexican-American migrant worker as he describes, from personal experience, the life of the farmworkers who journey to Ohio.

The plight of the migrant farmworkers is harsh. They come to Ohio

from the Rio Grande Valley in Texas. Since minimum wage laws are not extended to cover agriculture, the migrant workers are forced to work for low pay. Farmworkers are subject to the piece-rate pricing system. They receive 25 cents for every thirty-three-pound hamper of tomatoes picked. Not only is the migrant's wage uncertain but he also has no guarantee that there will be work every day. The migrants bear the risks of the harvest and of the weather. Women, children and other relatives join the head of the family out in the fields because the earnings of one person cannot support the entire family. Because the children, too, must pick tomatoes, the unsettled life the family must lead deprives the children of an education.

The condition of the housing provided for the migrants is deplorable. Families with five or six members reside in one-room shacks which have no indoor plumbing. In addition to the unsanitary living conditions, the farmworkers are exposed to unhealthy working conditions. They suffer from the bad effects of chemical sprays and pesticides. As if all of this isn't enough, migrants receive no medical or retirement benefits, no pension, and little social security. An illness wipes out the family savings.

Baldemar paints a sad but true picture of migrant life for us. I am very impressed by his articulate, emotional speech. Baldemar moves on from the details of the conditions that the migrants live and work under. Now he begins to talk about the union and the organization of the strike effort.

In 1968, the Farm Labor Organizing Committee (FLOC) of Ohio was formed and, in 1970, this union decided to concentrate its efforts on the tomato industry. The farmworkers tried to get the growers to join with them in order to be recognized by the tomato canneries. The growers refused, automatically putting themselves in the middle of the struggle between the farmworkers and the canneries, i.e., Campbell's and Libby's. FLOC did get some growers to sign contracts with them, but the next year the canneries refused to buy the crop of any grower who had contracts with the union.

The canneries are the primary focus of FLOC's efforts because they set a preseason crop price which they dictate to the growers they contract with. Out of the price paid for the crop must come the wages which the farmworkers receive. The companies also stipulate to the grower when the crops must be planted, what kind of chemicals must be used, and when the crop must be harvested.

In August of 1978, FLOC organized the largest agricultural strike ever in the Midwest. Tomatoes rotted in the fields and the growers were powerless. Because so much of the crop was lost, the canneries would not sign contracts with any grower who did not buy a mechanical harvester for the next year. This attempt to break the strike was unsuccessful because the excessive amount of rain made it impossible to use mechanical harvesters in August of 1979.

In January of 1979, the Farm Labor Organizing Committee decided to initiate a boycott of Campbell's and Libby's products, the two largest canneries in the Midwest. The boycott can be an effective means of economic pressure if it is successful and for this reason it was chosen in combination with the harvest-time strike.

After providing us with this background information, Baldemar pauses and smiles, gauging the reaction of the audience. He decides to narrate some of the techniques employed to encourage workers to join the strike.

Singing strike songs, Baldemar and the strikers would go beside a field where migrants were picking tomatoes. They would also visit the migrant camps in the area to persuade the workers to join the strike. Baldemar knew from experience that the sheriff would show up to ask the migrants if they wanted the union people to leave. So, as soon as he arrived, Baldemar would tell the migrants that the police would come and ask if they wanted the strikers to leave. He would then advise them to say no because they shouldn't allow *gringos* to interfere. In that way, FLOC would not be trespassing and could talk to the workers for a while. Nevertheless, the sheriffs would always stay close enough to

try to intimidate everyone.

Baldemar and his crew would divide into two groups. One group came during the day and stood beside the fields as the migrants worked. The other group stood outside the farmworkers' shacks at night. They would stay there silently, holding candles. This aroused interest among the workers, also infuriating the crew leaders. Several groups of strikebreakers were won over to the FLOC side in this manner.

The growers became so frustrated as a result of all FLOC's efforts that they hired recruiters to get workers to replace the strikers. This ploy failed as soon as FLOC was able to make the workers aware of the strike and convince them to join.

The growers then chose a new tactic. They planted 20 rows of corn around the tomato fields so that Baldemar would be unable to find the workers. Baldemar decided to try something unusual. He chartered a plane and hooked up a loudspeaker in it. In this manner, he was able to see the workers and he had the pilot keep the plane above them as he played the guitar and sang strike songs. The sheriff thought he had finally caught Baldemar breaking the law because he was flying the plane too low. The sheriff cut in on the CB channel that the strikers were using and said, "Baldemar, you're under arrest!" The union leader just laughed and kept flying.

Baldemar and his fellow strikers, in an attempt to get others to join them, crossed the farm of one grower and talked with the farmworkers. Twenty-seven of the strikers were arrested for trespassing and put in a fenced-in area. When the FLOC lawyer came to talk to them, the sheriff and his men beat him and cracked his skull. Several people witnessed this beating. As a result, FLOC filed a suit against the sheriff. One judge ordered an immediate injunction against the sheriff because there was sufficient evidence of violation of the workers' civil rights. According to this injunction, the sheriff and his men must stay at least fifty feet away from any FLOC member from now on. The sheriff interprets the court order so literally that he

crosses over to the other side of the street when he sees a FLOC member coming, and he no longer eats in one restaurant because strikers frequently go there.

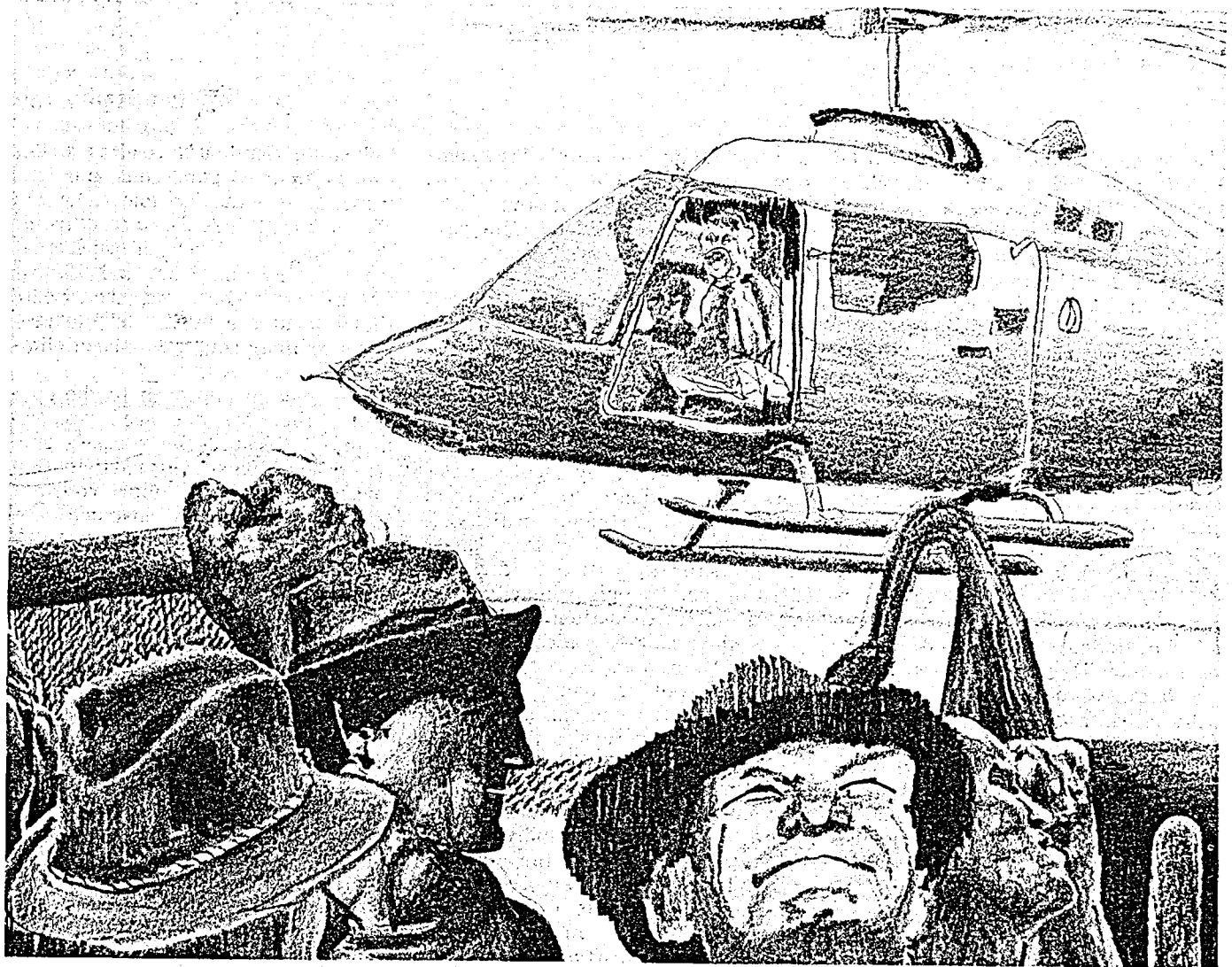
After relating the stories about the difficulties of organizing, Baldemar addresses the whole question of mechanization and puts the issue in very practical terms by discussing whom mechanization affects and whom it benefits.

According to Baldemar, mechanization imposes a social cost — it affects the average citizen, not only the migrant worker. Mechanization only benefits the corporations and growers who own large farms. Baldemar explains how the system currently operates: The government subsidizes the research that land-grant colleges do in perfecting harvesters and varieties of tomatoes capable of being picked by harvesters. The taxpayer finances this subsidy. The machines then replace the farmworkers and force the small growers who can't afford the machines out of business. These workers and growers must look for other jobs — many end up on welfare and unemployment. Thus, the taxpayer also foots this bill while the corporations reap the benefits. The taxpayers are essentially subsidizing mechanization that brings undesired social consequences.

Baldemar adamantly demands that corporations be held responsible for workers displaced by mechanization. A trust fund should be set up for tuition and retraining purposes by the canneries if they must mechanize farmworkers out of jobs. Training programs should not be selected by the companies because the migrants can determine their own future like everyone else. The trust fund would enable the migrants to make their own choices when the time comes.

The current welfare-type programs that deal with the poverty-stricken have their limitations. What welfare programs essentially do is to give an agricultural subsidy to corporations. The programs merely institutionalize exploitation. A trust fund would not have these limitations because it would provide the farmworkers with the opportunity to choose what is right for them. Besides, we must realize that migrants don't want a handout. They want





what is rightfully theirs — what they have worked so hard for—the opportunity to reap some of the benefits that most of us enjoy.

FLOC requests that the farmworkers receive a minimum wage and that they receive a minimum of 28 hours of pay per *two* weeks. The union also asks that transportation costs to and from Texas be paid (15¢ per mile), as well as medical benefits. These demands would greatly improve the present conditions under which migrants work. However, before they can be con-

sidered, the union must gain recognition.

Baldemar ends his talk by playing the guitar and singing a song about a migrant worker trying to decide whether or not to join the strike. He dedicates it to Notre Dame and the successful boycott effort which has meant so much to FLOC in terms of publicity.

So what does all this mean for you and me? It means that we need to recognize and correct the injustice the farmworkers suffer. How can we do this? By boycotting Camp-

bell's and Libby's products, by informing others, by getting grade schools to stop their Campbell's Label Programs, by forming boycott committees in other places, by distributing information and/or by giving our time, money or ideas to FLOC's cause. Only through united effort can the union gain recognition, and the conditions that migrants live and work under change. *QUE VIVA LA HUELGA! HASTA LA VICTORIA! ! !* □

*This is Anne M. Dougherty's first contribution to Scholastic.*

# AN INQUIRY INTO IDEAS, VALUES AND IMAGES:

## WHAT HAS CORE COURSE EVER DONE FOR ME?

by Ken Scarbrough

Last year, James Haddican, "witticist" and writer with the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, characterized the core curriculum recently instituted at Harvard University as a "glorified high school curriculum." The course of study that Haddican belittles is one example of a trend towards synthetic, holistic education that has reemerged in the United States recently. Of course, the idea of liberal education has existed for centuries; the preparation of astute and aware thinkers who can synthesize ideas, effectively perceive the validity of opposites, and express ideas lucidly has been part of the task of liberal education. On a higher level, liberal education has aimed toward the development of the student's personality. However, to believe that the emphasis on liberal education in American schools has switched to professional training is a truism. Nevertheless, Haddican's inability to perceive Harvard's core curriculum as more than a glorified high school education illustrates the general malaise that caused the administrators at Harvard to reconsider their institution's educational philosophy.

Much reconsideration of educational philosophy has occurred within the College of Arts and Letters at Notre Dame this year. Although the College possessed a core of requirements which aimed at the expansion of the student's awareness of his relation to the past, his cultural tradition, the influence of science and technology on man, and current international problems, the College had not possessed a definitive core course. Instead, each junior was required to take the two-semester Collegiate Seminar—a seminar that involved the reading of some of the great works in, mainly, the Western Tradition. Sadly, many students found the course an experience in frustration. Some of the texts were ponderous, rigorous, or simply im-

possible. Many students with exemplary rhetorical ability were able to escape full reading of the texts. Etc., etc. Therefore, the Collegiate Seminar was seen as archaic and onerous.

This year, the Deans of the College of Arts and Letters have replaced the Collegiate Seminar with a core course for sophomores. This course attempts to encapsulate the various approaches toward learning found within the College. The course, taught by faculty members (not graduate students) from the various departments in the College, was conceived by Dr. Donald Sniegowski, an assistant dean of the College. Though primarily serving as an introduction to the College, the course, "Ideas, Values, Images," also endeavors to provide a general, but pertinent, picture of the state of the "human condition." The course investigates the various changes in man's perception of and relation to nature. It reflects on present societies. The course explores the role of the individual in society. It examines the possible relativity of morals and values. The course also attempts to define the function of art in civilization. Through this, the student may gain a holistic and integrated view of not only American society, but also other societies.

Of course, not all sophomores have either complacently or blindly accepted this requirement. The course's existence as a requirement has proved loathsome to many sophomores; others reject the class either because it is too general, or because they perceive the course simply to be an ineffective sham. Also, as in all seminar courses, those students who do not feel at ease in discussions are at a disadvantage. However, because the emphasis of the course is upon ideas and the clear expression of them, the reading material compared with the

Collegiate Seminar's reading material is neither ponderous nor impossible with the possible exception of Thomas Kuhn's *The Structure of Scientific Revolutions*, a work that many have found dense and "slightly" difficult. Therefore, it appears that one of the "evils" of the previous seminar course has been eliminated.

The general approach to the core course thus far has been "experimental." Because the course's success depends on student participation and acceptance, it is under constant evaluation. For any instructor or student to complacently accept the course as absolute would contradict what I perceive to be one of the goals of the course: the development of a sense of critical discernment that allows one to question the existing structures of society, etc.

One of the most provocative elements of the course is a book that questions the whole form of Western, industrialized society, Robert Heilbroner's *An Inquiry Into the Human Prospect*. Identifying the major problems facing mankind today to be the population explosion, the ominous threat of nuclear war, and industrial society's encroaching upon the environment beyond its limits, Heilbroner asserts that mankind can survive only if industrial society changes its ethic of unlimited growth, its faith in unrestrained economic development, and its confidence in the exploitation of natural resources. Heilbroner believes that man can survive only through painful change. Unfortunately for man, Heilbroner does not believe industrial man will take responsibility for future generations and change. The book "paints" the picture of a very dour future for mankind.

In response to Heilbroner's dour prognostications, Fr. Hesburgh delivered a lecture on October 11 to a full house of core course students and instructors in the library audi-

torium. Stressing his hope that man can and will survive, Fr. Hesburgh discussed the need to view the world as interdependent: "If we can view all the facets of the world as bound together, then we can begin to gain the vision necessary to solve problems in a global way." Based on his experience as U.S. Ambassador to a U.N. council on food and development, Father Hesburgh further asserted, "there is no way today of solving problems in a global way because of the absorption of each in his own country." Fr. Hesburgh presented ten important world problems that included world population, impairment of the biosphere, superfluous worldwide military spending, worldwide lack of political and/or moral leadership, and the rampant social ills of injustice,

intolerance, and alienation.

However, Hesburgh differs from Heilbroner in his faith in man's, especially the American ability to "pull in our belts when necessary." For Fr. Hesburgh, the chance for the survival of humanity exists if we would only view the world as one—a step toward gaining "the political will to organize in a way never seen before." Whether one agrees or disagrees with Fr. Hesburgh or with Robert Heilbroner, the core course presented an opportunity last October for its students to transcend the limitations of their academic lives and ponder answers to questions that they may one day be forced to vote on.

Therefore, the promise the core course shows may help to fulfill the hopes Loren Eiseley expresses in

#### *The Firmament of Time:*

We must never accept utility as the sole reason for education. If all knowledge is of the outside, if none is turned inward, if self-awareness fades into the blind acquiescence of the mass man, then the personal responsibility by which democracy lives will fade also.

Hopefully, the core course will develop into an ever-changing means to enhance the student's awareness of the world's problems, as well as the basic problems of human existence. Certainly, the core course at Notre Dame defies James Haddican's belittling characterization of a "glorified high school course." □

"Many other schools across the country are doing the same thing. A few have core courses like ours, or are striving to establish them, and others have core programs."

"I am not naive enough to believe that every student is going to be turned on to something by this course, but I hope that some of the students will indeed find that it is a course that helps them to locate themselves in the whole liberal arts tradition."

—Dr. Sniegowski, Assistant Dean of Arts and Letters

"Though I thought the books were often too long and boring, I enjoyed many of the ideas that were presented."

—Anonymous student

"Overall, I find the course very worthwhile in that it exposes me to various aspects of the College of Arts and Letters. However, I do think that the reading lists should be revised for next year. At least the nature section because, let's face it, it was dull."

—Jeff Mousseau, student

"It is a noble purpose to analyze man in context of economic, scientific, and sociological realms, but it seems that too often this can degenerate into an exercise in semantics and rhetoric."

quotes compiled by Joe Pheifer

# Living the Life of Lauderdale

by Gregory Solman

Spring Break, 1980: It all started, predictably, at *The Button*.

There—the clingingly clad collegial cliques, the denizens of dirt-town, with their long hair and black and silver Ted Nugent T-shirts, the gold-laden and guilt-ridden glitterati, replete with their Jags and Mercedes, and the now grown-up ghosts from the sixties past—they all gathered and lay restless, hopeful and often fruitless siege to the doors of the Lauderdale version of Corby's.

And, to the disappointment of many, all they found when and if they got inside were themselves.

Inside, the "teams" are incanted like a mantra while a disco bass beat successfully undermines all attempts to think: "Glassboro State College (thump, thump); University of Vermont, Nichols State College (thump, thump) Mount St. Mary's (thump) and Notre Dame." The games include such mindless diversions as wet T-shirts and banana-eating contests (an awful thing to do to such a great fruit!) and other such basically harmless beer-sellers.

They all seemed to enjoy the crowd swaying as one and the 90-plus-degree heat that was generated by virtue of having doubled the occupant capacity of the room by the infamous push-and-shove technique. Just outside the door, the waves rhythmically crash the Eastern shore; inside, it is people battering people.

Meanwhile, Blondie blared "Call Me" and men whose brains were not worth their weight in masochistic macho, cut themselves across the chest with razor blades and ate light bulbs on stage while the crowd belled in unison for the first time that day, "You're fucked up!"

By this time, I had my doubts about both the entertainers and the entertainees.

I left after an hour, after having been mercilessly pounded like biscuit dough, and feeling embarrassingly old for my age. By the time I had made my escape into the fresh, clean cooler air outside, I had a full can of beer in my hair, my sunglasses had been contorted beyond repair, and my shirt stretched beyond further use.

Only then did I realize the full

significance of those T-shirts that proudly proclaimed, "I survived Spring Break, 1980." For my part, I shall demand at least partial athletic scholarship before again submitting myself to such a brutal beating. I half expected Steve Rubell to jump out at me from behind to crush my testicles.

But, then, such is life in Lauderdale. That is, life surrounding that obscene, concrete entity known as "the Strip." Here, where sun, sand, surf and Solarcaine are ubiquitous, is where they all come to play—the sensual sycophants of sun and symmetry, the harbingers of heliolatry and hedonism, the masses of heavenly bodies lying prostrate in solar supplication. Here, decadence is *de rigueur*, regale is righteous, divertimento is "damned straight."

It was an odd and paradoxical place to be during Holy Week, to be sure—among the palm trees on Palm Sunday. At the beaches, thousands lay in perfect cruciform position beneath the orb of day on Good Friday as if nailed to the sand by some powerful and invisible Romans. Even the guy with the razor blade would fit in on the Philippine Islands during their annual Easter ritual self-flagellations.

In the meantime, I found that life away from "the Strip" was as good as people had claimed. Nowhere was there beer to be bought for less than \$1.50, but to me there was little comparison in class and style between *The Button*, the *Elbo Room*, *The Windjammer* (plagued all week by high school girls, and younger) and the *Ocean Mist* and great bars like *Trader Jack's* (which plays only fifties and sixties music) *Dirty Nellies* (one can actually converse there), *B. Flanigan's* and my favorite chain of drinking and dining establishments, *T.G.I. Friday's*. Yesterday's, if you had the money, is even better.

But, then, there are those who understandably had their fun along "the Strip." It's not hard to comprehend if you've been at the Senior Bar before a football game. Besides, who doesn't have fun in 90-degree weather along the beach? It's very hard to be a grouch languishing in the warmth of the sun.

And that may, in itself, explain

the phenomenon of the college students' yearly migration to vacation along Sunrise (not Sunset) Strip, flocking yearly to this hallowed ground like swallows returning to Capistrano. Or, does the weather adequately explain it?

*Psychology Today* in a recent article entitled, "The Essential Hangout," described the neighborhood tavern "Third Place" as being "important for what it symbolizes to us, that is, a kind of freewheeling sociability, uncontaminated by status, special purpose or goals. If there is a malaise in America, we believe it can partially be attributed to the lack of such places."

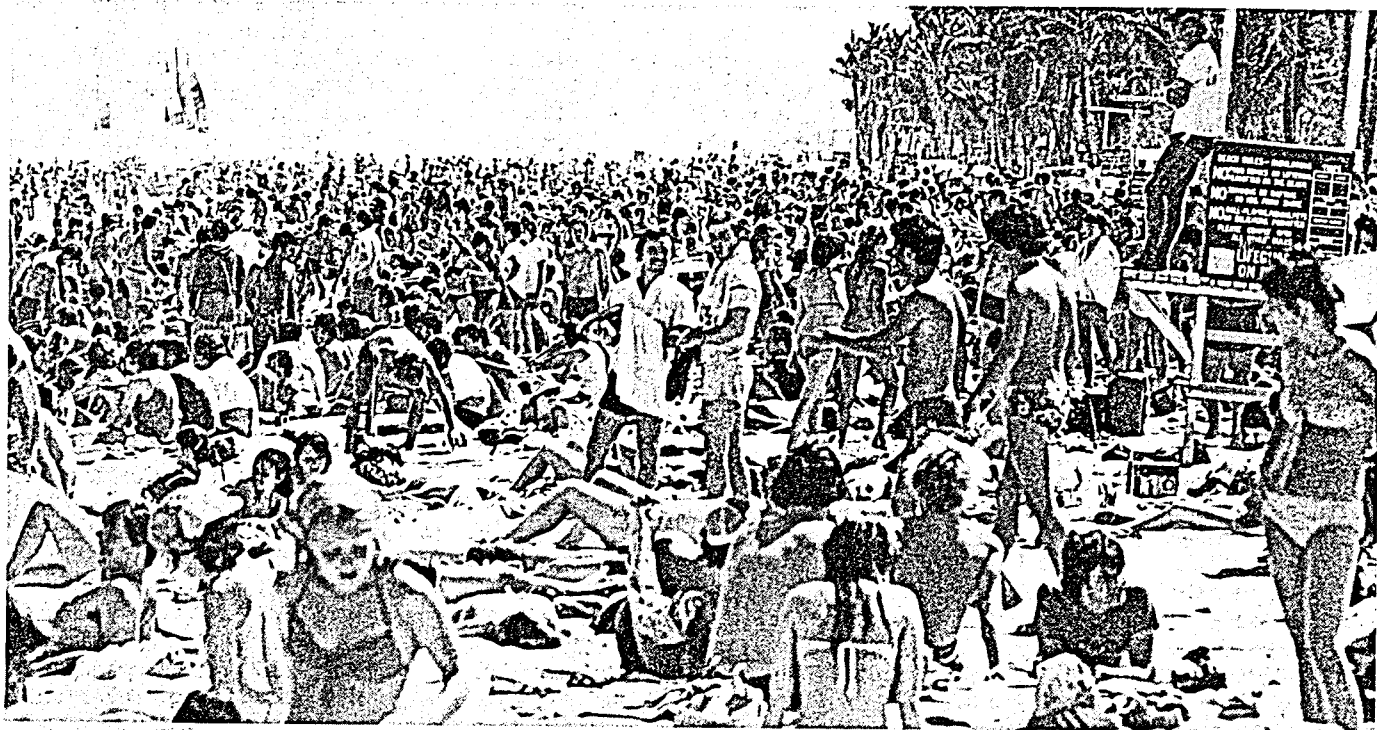
Fair enough. Lauderdale generally lacked malaise, I'll admit. But, strictly defined, most of the hangouts or "Third Places" that students inhabit in Fort Lauderdale undercut their own sense of escape by playing music too loud for people to converse and by being so crowded that many feel uncomfortable and compelled to move along to another bar.

Which may explain why there is so much movement along the Strip. Which may in turn explain why there are so many policemen necessary to keep order during Spring Break.

Patrolman John Loeffler is one such policeman. In his seventeen years with the Fort Lauderdale police, often working Sunrise Strip during Break, he has seen it all—"from alligators in swimming pools to drawers hoisted up on flagpoles."

I walk with him on his beat for a few minutes and ask him some questions.

The answers are not unexpected. The police force remains the same size during Break, but, as Loeffler adds, "no one goes on vacation this time of year." Reason: they make an average of fifty arrests per day, about 2,000 over the six- to seven-week period. Most busts are for disorderly conduct, drinking in public or possession of marijuana. He affirms what I suspected all along—most of the arrests (he estimated about a 60/40 ratio) are *not* college students, but "townies" who have taken advantage of the looser atmosphere to "live it up." But Loeffler says that it's gotten better in his nearly two decades of patrol.



Is Lauderdale Life Dead? "No," say the (above) "masses . . . lying in solar supplication" . . . "No," say the "(below)" sycophants of sun and symmetry."

"The young people have gotten back to beer and have gotten away from hard drugs. That's made our job much easier," he relates while motioning to a student holding a Heineken to put away the bottle. "You can rationalize somewhat with someone who is drunk, but back in the sixties we were up against a lot of people who were too spaced out to deal with."

Loeffler claims that the respect for what the police are trying to do in Lauderdale has increased over the years.

Proof is not long in coming. On the way down the street, a college student is pulled aside.

"I saw you dancing in the streets back there," Loeffler says calmly. "Any more of that, son, and it will be disorderly conduct or impeding

traffic."

The kid doesn't show merely respect . . . he virtually grovels in apology.

He is still, however, atypical of those who nightly line the Strip. Most of the men there were obnoxious and immature, yelling blunt obscenities out of car windows and propositioning women at every opportunity.

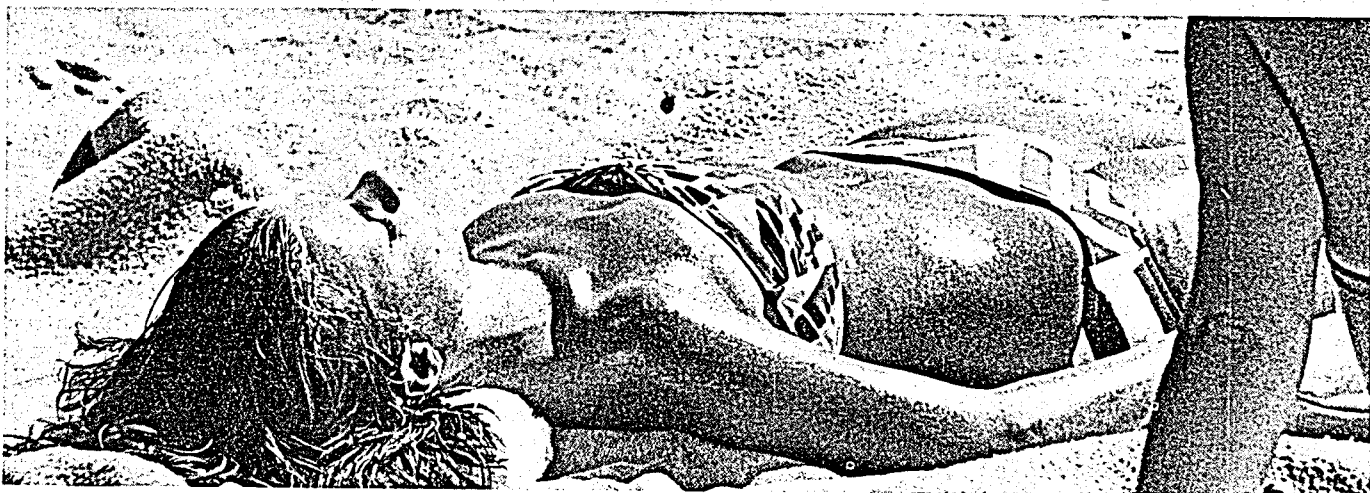
The women there were not much better. Many of them seemed unconcerned with relationships *per se*, and were instead seeking some sort of crude affirmation of their physical beauty from the men around them more than eager to give it. In discos like *The Windjammer* and the *Ocean Mist*, for instance, it seemed that to many patrons, it was not the dancing that counted, but the having been

asked that was important.

The Notre Dame men and women there were several cuts above such behavior, for the most part. In fact, some seemed so strangely out of place along the Strip, it was almost as if they were *voyeurs* gazing in as a Third Party into this strange and admittedly fascinating Third Place along the beach.

News that a vacation spot is no longer "in" travels slowly sometimes. However, it is my hunch that within the next decade, the yearly plunge from the Ivy Towers will land elsewhere. For Notre Dame students, many of whom found other, perhaps better places to go over Spring Break, it may already have started.

The author dedicates this article to "Taki" of Esquire.





# When The Rowing Gets Tough

by Joe Heider

*It's a great art, is rowing,  
It's the finest art there is.  
It's a symphony of motion.  
And when you're rowing well,  
Why it's nearing perfection,  
And when you reach perfection,  
You're touching the divine.*

—George Pocock

The eight rowers are anxious to start the race. Their eyes are fixed on the coxswain, who sits in the stern of the boat with his arm up, signaling that his crew is not quite ready. As the Notre Dame crew team prepares for the start, the oarsmen are already rowing the race in their minds. Then, after the coxswain lowers his arm, the starter yells, "Sit ready, ready all," and the arms and the faces of the oarsmen tighten. When the starter shouts, "ROW!" there is a great release of tension and an explosion of frenzied motion — eight pairs of arms, moving as quickly as possible, yet moving in unison. Water is splashing all around the Notre Dame boat, the spectators' voices fill the air, and the boat beside them has a slight lead. But the rowers seem oblivious to it all; their eyes stray neither to the right nor to the left. The intensity of the race has overcome them. The eight rowers must concentrate on staying together as one boat for the entire 2000-meter race. The coxswain barks out, "settle," and the oarsmen settle to a steady pace which they will maintain for most of the race. Through the first 1000 meters of the race, Notre Dame holds a boat-length lead, but the other crew is beginning to "walk" on them. With every stroke, the opposition is gaining "a half a seat" on them. Now, although the oarsmen are exhausted, they must somehow row even harder. This is the most difficult part of the race.

Jane Wagner, a sophomore oarswoman from Birmingham, Michigan, explains, "In a race, I've felt like I couldn't take another stroke, but I just kept going because I knew the seven others in the boat were feeling the same way. In crew, you can't do without anyone. It's not like any

other sport where a person can be down field, out of the play. It is imperative to do everything together."

Getting to the point, however, where eight rowers can work as one to move the boat through the water does not come without practice. The Notre Dame Rowing Club, which consists of 50 to 60 men and women, starts its year-round practices in early fall. They row on the Saint Joseph River until it freezes some time in November. During the fall season, they have only one regatta, the Head of the Charles in Boston. But at this one race, 60,000 spectators watch 300 crews compete. Last season Notre Dame made its strongest showing ever; the men finished 8th and the women 33rd.

After the fall season, with the river frozen, the rowers begin weight lifting and running, sometimes ten miles a day. This training is in preparation for the spring season, during which they have an average of eight races. Finally, in early March, the river thaws, and the crew team is eager to get back on the water.

It is 5:00 a.m., and a group of four people stand huddled close together at the Notre Dame guard house on Juniper Road. Darkness still covers the Notre Dame campus, but it is time for the crew team to begin their morning practice. Most of the rowers are still yawning and stretching, trying to shake the tiredness out of their bodies. Finally, when all fourteen oarsmen are present, they begin piling into the two cars and the bus, and head toward the river.

At the boathouse on the St. Joe River in Mishawaka, the sun is beginning to rise. The rowers pick out an eight-man and a four-man boat, and they bring them down to the river. The club owns 2 four-man boats and 4 eight-man boats which they keep locked up all year. Many of the rowers prefer to practice in the morning. Being part of a select group that experiences the quiet beauty of a morning sunrise is a satisfying feeling. Jane Wagner says, "There must be something in

it. When my alarm rings at five in the morning, I hop out of bed and am ready to go. But it takes three alarms to wake me up for an eight-o'clock class."

Out on the water, Coach Clete Graham instructs the varsity eight to do their warm-ups, and says that he is going to spend the first part of practice with the JV, who are in the four-man boat. Warm-ups start with the oarsmen rowing only with their arms, and gradually, they add body motion to their strokes until they are using almost every muscle in their bodies to propel the boat through the water. From a motorboat called a launch, Clete runs the JV through their warm-ups, and he watches how each rower fits in with the motion of the rest of the boat. "Sean, your catch is a little late," he yells into the morning silence. He explains that it takes 100% of each rower and intense concentration for four or eight people to make the exact same motion at the exact same time. His job as coach is, of course, to develop that singular motion in the boat.

When practice is over at 7:30 a.m., while the oarsmen put the boats away, Clete prepares for work. He puts on his tie and changes his shoes, and he is ready for the day at a South Bend engineering firm where he works full time. "Boy, it's hard going to work these days," he says with a laugh. But crew is worth the sacrifice for Clete, a Notre Dame graduate who was involved in crew for four years in high school as well as four years at Notre Dame. As the coach of a club sport at Notre Dame, he does not get paid. But, "Coaching crew is fun, I wouldn't be here if I didn't enjoy it."

Women's crew coach, Jill DeLucia, also enjoys crew enough to volunteer her time. Like Graham, a Notre Dame graduate, she also works full time. Both Graham and DeLucia have goals of improving the caliber of crew at Notre Dame. In the past, steady improvement has been difficult. Besides the obvious financial limitations, there are other problems. Crew has one of the highest

turnovers of any sport at Notre Dame. On the women's team this year, for example, there are only four returning rowers. In addition, no one on the team came to Notre Dame to row, and many of them just stumbled on to the team. For instance, Mark Davis, a junior Government major from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, initially intended to go out for lacrosse as a freshman. But during the lacrosse beginners' workshops, he had class. Still wanting to get involved in a sport, Davis noticed a sign announcing a crew meeting. He decided to check it out and has been on the team ever since.

Although most rowers join crew almost by accident, senior captain, Dick O'Malley, points out that "anyone involved in crew for any length of time has deep personal ties with it." Dick is no exception. His official title is "Captain of men and boats." Off the water, he works closely with Coach Graham on training, that is, getting the men in shape. Also, before morning practice, he has the unpleasant task of calling those who are late to make certain that they are coming. In the boat, he must use his knowledge and experience as leader of the team. "Captain of boats" simply means being in charge of equipment. O'Malley enjoys his job as handyman as much as his role as team leader. After morning practice, he often stays to work on the

boats until noon, and sometimes after classes he returns to the boat-house to do more work.

All of this work, of course, is in preparation for the races. Every spring break, the entire team, both women and men, make a self-financed trip to Jacksonville, Florida. In Florida, they compete in a race or two and get a lot of time on the water which helps them to train for their spring season. After spring break, they have races every weekend until finals. The high point of the season is the Midwest Rowing Championship held in Madison, Wisconsin. Last year Notre Dame finished fourth behind two teams from Wisconsin and the Wichita State crew. Their goal for this season is to improve last year's time by ten seconds.

These races, however, do not magically appear on the calendar, and being part of a club sport, the students themselves must arrange their schedule. This, among other things, is the duty of Club President Jay Ferriero, who is a senior business major from Wharton, New Jersey. With assistance from Vice President Steve Malloy and secretaries Jane Wagner and Kevin Mul-lane, Ferriero must organize the trips and also raise money. Crew is an expensive sport; the members of the team get a good portion of their money from fund raisers, alumni

donations, and the University itself, but the rest of it comes out of their own pockets.

Besides money, the rowers must also give up plenty of study time. Dick O'Malley says, "Anyone who joins crew is giving up points on his GPA." But the benefits they gain from crew are worth the sacrifice. Camaraderie is the first thing most crew members speak of. O'Malley quips, "Any time you're an oppressed minority, your team grows close." And by its nature, crew develops close friendships. A successful boat must have eight individuals working as one, striving for a common goal.

Just as the opposing crew begins to pull even with Notre Dame, the Notre Dame coxswain calls for a power ten, which means that for ten strokes the rowers have to find some reserve energy and row even harder than before. To keep this pace up, each racer looks for inner motivation. They think of the hard winter workouts, the early-morning practices, and the trips to Boston and Florida. The Notre Dame rowers hang on through the stretch, and with a burst of energy, they sprint across the finish line, a second ahead of their opposition. Although not every race ends in victory, the ones that do add a special satisfaction to an already special experience. □



# In Retrospect: A Tribute To "Moose"

## INTRODUCING Ed Krause

By William Flynn

All-American football players are no novelty at Notre Dame. But an All-American basketball center is something that might attract a little attention in those places frequented



by bored, sophisticated campus commentators.

Notre Dame had an All-American center last year. His name is Edward Walter Krause who rated that honor on the Christy Walsh selection for his play during the 1981-82 season. Krause will be twenty years old in February. During those few years, as nationally known athletes go, he has crowded considerable activity and growth.

### Began Athletics At Thirteen

He first began his athletic endeavors at De LaSalle high school in Chicago at the age of thirteen years if our calculations are right. They take into consideration the fact that he has been in college three years which would make him seventeen when he was graduated from high school. Considering four years of prep school education, the "X" of the equation equals "thirteen" or the age he started to high school.

By the time he was fifteen he had gained All-City recognition in Chicago high school circles as a tackle. During his senior year or during the season he was sixteen and seventeen he was chosen All-City Chicago basketball guard, and all-tournament at Loyola's National Catholic prep meet which De LaSalle won twice in a row.

### First String Tackle Last Year

Having participated in high school competition under the direction of Norm Barry, famed Notre Dame back of several years ago and a teammate of George Gips, Krause naturally came to Notre Dame. When he enrolled in the Arts and Letters college of this institution he had almost gained his full growth being six feet, three inches tall and weighing about 220 pounds. But there is still room for improvement for he has several "growing years" left.

Naturally, being such a big fellow, he went out for football. He made the first team his sophomore year and was chosen All-American left tackle on the Mid-West Pre-torial selection for the season of 1982, his record in varsity competition.

But that All-American selection as basketball center was the big thing. When he made his first appearance in Dr. Keeton's line-up a years ago, just before Christmas holidays, basketball fans didn't know just how to take him.

### Began Winning Streak

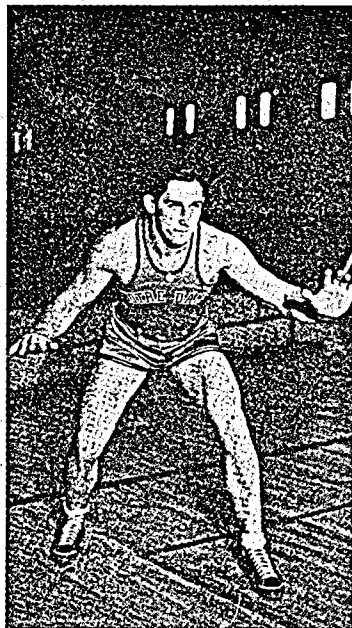
He lumbered out on the floor, took his position at center, got the tip-off from his opponent, dropped back to the foul line while Newbold, Crown, and company were working the ball into an offensive position. He took the pass toward the pivot position, turned and dropped in a one-handed push shot.

"Well," thought John Finn, "he looked pretty good on that play, for a football player. But it was probably luck."

Maybe it was luck but Krause continued the same kind of play for sixteen games. And it has gone down in the record book that Notre Dame had a winning streak of sixteen games that season. Moreover, he

(Continued on Page 27)

## In The Last Second...



Ed "MOOSE" KRAUSE

Who baited in the winning basket against Carnegie Tech Wednesday night just as Timekeeper Martin's gun ended the game. By his first half scoring spree, Krause was the first of the Irish to reach 100 points this season, beating Joe Voegelé to the mark by about 20 seconds.

Ed "Moose" Krause needs no more "introducing" as he did way back in the January 13, 1933, *Scholastic* from which this is reprinted . . . now, "Moose" retires as one of the most respected and beloved sports figures in Notre Dame's history.

The *Scholastic* staff of 1980 loves "Moose" no less than it did in 1933 when he was a twenty-year-old two sport All-American. "Moose" is class. "Moose" is a legend who will be referred to in the pages of *Scholastic* as long as she continues to exist.

We at *Scholastic* wish Edward "Moose" Krause and his family the very best in the future.

For nearly a half a century *Scholastic* has followed "Moose" Krause's career. May memories of what he has done for Notre Dame continue on for another hundred.

(Cont. from page 23)

fantasies of an apocalyptic end; in one, Carter plays the acquiescing Chamberlain before a Russian Hitler. In a spastic fashion, we call out wild accusations and then pout at the lack of support from our allies. Better judgement is perceived as an unwillingness to share the costs.

America postures as a helpless giant drugged by the "Viet Nam syndrome," and so proves we have learned nothing. The war was a failure in foreign policy. Now, some dare to attribute failure and so the outcome of the war to "lack of will" and not its fact.

By invoking the great Russian bear, world peace, and our own mythic past, we justify a foreign policy that has only served corporate ends. The need for a "three-ocean navy" and a "rapid deployment force" is, in obscene "Kissingerese," the need to "project power."

Such a policy cannot succeed. Indeed if we refuse to acknowledge parity with Russia we begin a most deadly game. That is obvious, yet today we move in that very direction. A policy of interventionism is a return to "geopolitics" (again Kissingerese). That, Barbara Tuch-

man points out, is the return to Cold War. The world is likened to a chessboard to be played upon by two grand masters. Yet this, as Tuchman goes on, has been precisely the cause of our problems, for we then necessarily ignore the "local." We ignore the needs and aspirations of those we would use as pawns.

The Cold War policies of the government exploit the frustrations of the American people; they distort events in interpretation to disguise hidden ends. Surely this is the lesson of Viet Nam, Chile, Iran and Watergate.

\* \* \* \*

The interest behind communication is to reach an understanding that will guide action to rational ends. But this interest is undercut when communication, serving as the rationalization of other hidden interests, becomes ideology.

Until we develop a critique of ideology we will not have the vision to see that the values that we hold — those of freedom, democracy and social justice — are being used to masquerade a Hobbesian interest in power. We will not be able to move significantly toward our real interests until we bring control of our economic system into the fold of

democracy.

Walter Benjamin in *Reflections* recalls a Brechtian maxim: Do not build on the good, old days, but on the bad new ones. □

(Cont. from page 11)

the same background, better able to understand the student's need to incorporate Christian ethics into big business.

Although students were distressed by some of the professional attitudes expressed in the interviews, everyone came through with a sense of purpose as well as a conviction that changes would be made; that hacks, crooks, and self-appointed gods are not the rule in every profession:

"We must get to the base of our society's problems and change the system if necessary. . . ."

"Ethics and morals should be incorporated into the business decision. . . ."

"It is impossible to be truly moral and have two sets of standards. . . ." □

# THE LAST WORD

by Dave Satterfield

If inspiration demands experience, Cummings must have been there. The place was not "mudluscious" and the balloon man was not goat-footed, but it was just spring. And if spring is universal, then this small town in northwestern Saskatchewan, Canada, is the epitome of spring. Hands down.

Visiting relatives in the area, I drove into the town (I don't even remember the name) on a brilliant blue-green morning. The royal Canadian sky was cloudless and the fields were just beginning to reach the bright green hue usually seen only in more moist, sunny regions. The town was small and clean. None of the buildings or homes were large. The architecture was simple, unpretentious and efficient. The "business district" was all of one city block, contained four old red-brick buildings. Surrounding this "business district" was a large, open park area. And on the particular day that I drove into this town, a week-long spring festival was coming to a close. Two long banners announcing the festival hung above the highway at each end of town. The banners flapped recklessly in the breeze which swept off the lake north of town.

I had no real mission in the town so I parked the car and began to explore. The park area was packed with a variety of people but despite the variety, they all had one thing in common; they knew that spring had arrived.

Children ran everywhere, carrying balloons. It was virtually impossible to count the number of little heathens because they never sat still. Or kept quiet. This peaceful town was only peaceful I'm very sure, when school was in session, when the TV was on and when the sandman was out. I soon realized that not everyone holding a balloon was able to bite your knees without bending over. Bright red, yellow, green and orange balloons filled the usual void above our heads, held by young and old alike. These balloons had no advertising on them; the only speaking they did was visual; dancing in the warm breezes, they sang of spring.

I came to a booth where an older, probably retired, man was selling ridiculously expensive and rather poorly crafted paperweights, coffee cups, coasters and wallets. After explaining to him that I was not interested in buying any of his souvenirs and that I was just passing through town, he asked me what I thought of his town. I told him the buildings were nice, the weather was nice, the people were nice, "All in all, a nice town." He then explained, "Yes, son, we've had this spring festival for as long as I can remember. It's always on the first three days in May and this ain't no lie, but I swear to God on a stack of Bibles, the weather has always been like this right here on those three days. It's never rained, snowed, sleeted or hailed. Let me tell you, this is the best spring town in the world. I don't mean to brag, but the facts speak for themselves. You know, most of you people from the States, I have found, think of Canada as a fall place. Big yellow-brown trees, lots of deer and moose, good ale and snow. You never realize that where there's fall, there's also spring. I don't know who it was, but somebody once said that God left his fingerprints on Canada in the fall. I like to think that that's true, and if it is, then spring was the crime he committed. And there's no doubt that it's the best damn crime that's ever been done."

I smiled at the man's enthusiasm and sincerity,

wished him a good day and walked on. Children everywhere were playing hopscotch, jump rope, marbles, tag and whatever else it is that children play. Their shrill, obnoxious voices, ten times too large for their bodies, made me want to napalm the lot of them. I suddenly realized what it felt like being a conservative Republican. But the spirit was contagious and in no time, I found myself involved in a ferocious game of marbles with two kids, Eddie and Bill. In less than five minutes, the game was over. For sure this time, I had lost my marbles.

I walked on and found one of the culprits of this wonderful hedonistic festival standing on the corner, tall, bearded, a rubber band of a frame, holding countless number of balloons in his large hands. As I approached, he handed me a red balloon and said "Bonjour, stranger" in a thick southern accent. I laughed and we talked. His name was Mark; he was a draft dodger in the war, a transplanted American and a very happy one at that. "Yea, my number came up in the early winter of '68 and there was no way I could go. I couldn't kill and I couldn't stay so I came up here. I found a job with this little town doing outdoor work, mostly landscaping, lawn work, clean-up and stuff like that, found a wife and made me two little kids. They're over there." His wife, a very attractive woman, stood at a booth selling baked goods and his two sons, Eddie and Bill, were in the process of beating another sucker at a game of marbles. "I guess now that the war's over, I made the right decision. The attitude in the States was so bad at the time, I had to come up here. I settled down and in May of '69, this festival rolls around. I had never felt better in my life. I finally came to know what spring was actually about, when you think you're dead, when you've got no place to turn, there's always a spring somewhere. For me it's here." We talked on and I asked him about the situation now. "It's really frightening for a kid to be growing up now. I can't give any advice either. Everything is different now and everything changes. All I can say is do what you gotta do and keep hoping for springtime and places like this. With a town like this, you know somebody's got to be up there watching over us." With that, he laughed and winked at a young girl walking by. I asked him for directions to a good restaurant and he invited me to eat with him and his family. I accepted and we ate and talked for quite some time. As we talked, children ran by, screaming and giggling, men and women chuckled over good coffee and gossip, and I began to understand that spring involved much more than melting snow and greening trees.

It grew late quickly and I had to be off. I thanked Mark and his wife for their hospitality and walked out into a universe that had never exposed so much of itself to the human eye. Stars I hadn't dreamed of glowed in the dark, cloudless sky and a half-moon hung tightly above the spot where the old man's booth was.

As I reached the outskirts of town, I noticed a young couple, holding hands, slowly walking beside the road. He carried a big blanket over his shoulder and she carried a large, empty wine bottle. Two people, a blanket, a bottle and a clear Canadian night. The man in the moon winked, Orion blushed. The festival was not over.

Oh yes, the crime has been committed.

□





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