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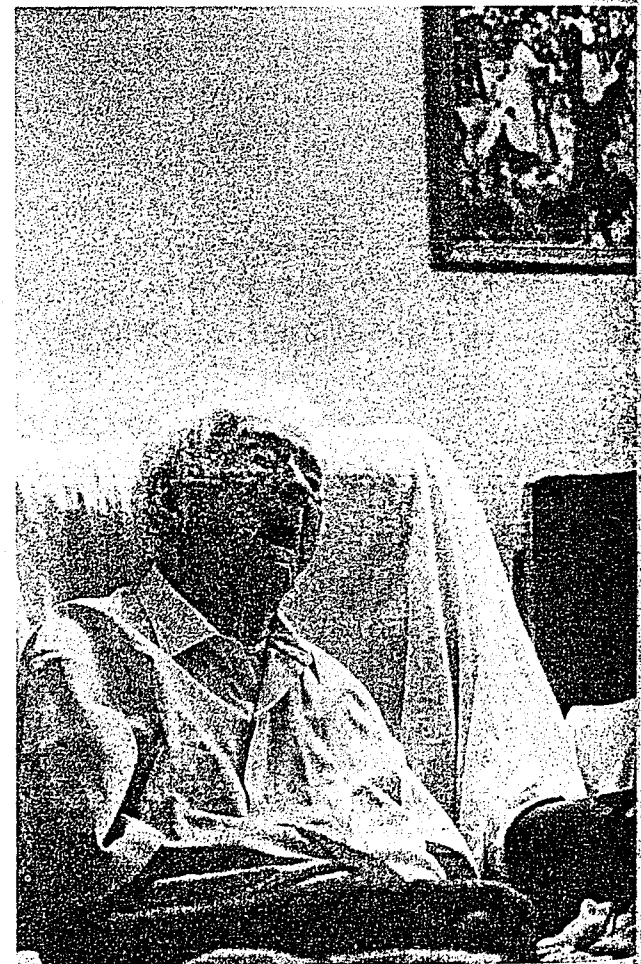
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Volunteer Services





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of some
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(clockwise from
top right),
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South Bend Convalescent
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Nursing Home,
Logan Center,
Sr. Marita's
Primary Day
School.



Rich Man Poor Man And Those In Between

by Fr. Austin H. Fleming

Once there was a rich man who dressed in purple and linen and feasted splendidly every day. At his gate lay a beggar named Lazarus who was covered with sores. Lazarus longed to eat the scraps that fell from the rich man's table. The dogs even came and licked his sores. Eventually the beggar died. He was carried by angels to the bosom of Abraham. The rich man likewise died and was buried. From the abode of the dead where he was in torment, he raised his eyes and saw Abraham afar off, and Lazarus resting in his bosom.

(Luke 16:19-22)

The baptized know this story well. The contrasting images carve themselves deep within us: the diseased flesh of a beggar, the finery of purple and linen; desperate hunger, daily feasts; a gutter for a bed, a porticoed home. The images are keen, cutting through with double-edged precision. The tale's real craft lies in the subtle invitation to identify with one of its characters. Rich man, poor man?

Our first inclination is to identify with Lazarus. He is obviously the winner and to him belongs the happy ending. We shrink back, in horror, for his oozing sores, but are naturally drawn to the peaceful reward of his suffering. Yet, a nagging voice within demands, "How can you identify with the reward if you reject the suffering?" Efforts to ignore the inner voice are suppressed by the rich man's fate. What to do with this business of suffering? What is my claim to identity with Lazarus' poverty?

"Well, I don't dress in purple or linen!" (The worn collar above my alligator shirt becomes a badge of honor.) "Feast splendidly every day?" (Dear God, please join me for lunch in the south dining hall. . .) "My checking account is overdrawn and the bills are piling up. There's a good chance I'll be unemployed next summer! Me? Rich? Hey, you wanna see wealth? I'll show you were the



bucks are! Take a ride down Madison Ave. or Rodeo Drive. Read *People* magazine. Check out those industrial tycoons and oil barons. That's where the real money is. Me? I'm sweatin' this economy just like everyone else. I'm just a poor slob trying to get an education so I can make a living some day. Charity begins at home and I need some as much as the next guy."

* * * *

For many of us poverty and wealth are states of being relative to the life-style we presently enjoy. We readily spot the very wealthy; the media parade them before us daily. As long as there exists a class

of folks with wallets fatter than our own, we perceive ourselves as the "poorer than." Our fantasy of wealth collides with the reality of bank statements, and the dividend is envy; the comparative form drops its suffix, and we are left with the absolute: poor.

In locating ourselves on the poor-to-wealthy scale, we tend to train our vision on those who have more than we. "Richer than" becomes our point of reference and comparison. The situation is ironic and deceptive; we quickly name the wealthy few and fail to recognize the millions of poor.

None of us is destitute and few of

us are millionaires. We form that great midsection whose anatomical counterpart creeps over the belt line of so many Americans. That paunch is a symbol of moderate amounts of guaranteed work supplying food and beer to spare. Master Charge bills and dining hall food notwithstanding, we must admit to tipping the scales on the side of wealth. One hundred percent wool or K Mart polyester; Moonraker or McDonald's; plush single or crowded quad—in the global village we are clothed, fed and housed daily with nary a care for the 'morrow. The truth be told, we are more kin to the rich man than to Lazarus."

* * * *

The parable now becomes a predicament. We are faced with the single alternative of identity with the rich man and his tortuous reward. Suddenly the dynamic is in reverse. While we are tempted by the comfortable life, we have no taste for eternal flames. A desperate voice inquires from within, "Can't we make a case for the rich man? Was he really such a bad guy?" Let's review the evidence.

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury: wealthy man who lived, admittedly, a comfortable life. The evangelist is also witness to a certain beggar named Lazarus who lay at this man's gate. Further testimony reveals that Lazarus had his eye on the scraps which fell from the rich man's table.

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury: the prosecution has offered no proof that the rich man ever met Lazarus or even knew of his existence! A man of wealth with a fine home most likely employed a household staff to insure his own comfort and leisure. Is it unreasonable to suggest that the servants would shelter their master from the sight of a leprous beggar? Certainly they would clear the gate area of such trash as the master came to and from his home! Luke tells us that Lazarus "longed for the scraps" of the rich man's feasting. I suggest that the hired help did indeed offer these leftovers to the poor man if only to quiet a beggar's complaint. Should we not consider that the shade of the master's gate and the scraps from his table helped Lazarus to live as long as he did?

In conclusion I ask you, 'Can we, beyond a shadow of a doubt, convict a man of neglecting a beggar when no evidence has been introduced to even suggest a relationship between the defendant and this starving leper?'

* * * *



Perhaps a court of law would vindicate the rich man. Let us leave that decision to law school haunts. Our case is being heard in the gospel forum where culpability is a sometimes fine and subtle decision. The gospel holds us accountable for those we see *and* for those who live beyond and outside our immediate line of vision. We are responsible not only for our relationship with others but also for the systems and structures which enable or prevent us from serving others. Societal structures nourish or inhibit the flowering of justice; we are the architects and maintenance personnel for these structures. Churchill once noted that we build buildings and then they begin to shape our lives.

The rich man's attorney presented a well-argued case but it falls apart in confrontation with the gospel's law of love. The God of Christians is a Father of mercy; he is also the "Lord who hears the cry of the poor." Thus, the objections are overruled, the verdict sustained: guilty as charged.

* * * *

Nothing new or startling has been revealed in these reflections. The analogies drawn have been as bold and as simple as the parable itself. Circumstances have changed little in 2,000 years. The rich get richer and the poor get poorer. We are the ones

who never worry about surviving this day's hunger; the choices of tomorrow's menu will sustain us. The structures of our community serve us well and perhaps too well. Are we sheltered from human lives wracked in pain? Who longs for the scraps of our feasting? Do we know who lies at our gates?

Nothing new here, just the old gospel story. We baptized know this story well. Do you remember its conclusion?

From his torment in Hades the rich man cried to Abraham, "Father, I beg you to send Lazarus to my father's house since I have five brothers, to give them warning so that they do not come to this place of torment too." "They have Moses and the prophets," said Abraham, "let them listen to them." "Ah no, father Abraham," said the rich man, "but if someone comes to them from the dead, they will repent." Then Abraham said to him, "If they will not listen either to Moses or the prophets, they will not be convinced even if someone should rise from the dead."

(Luke 16:27-31) □

Fr. Austin Fleming is an associate director of campus ministry.

Perspective

Is There Still a Foundation for Hope?

by Kay Tepas

- One out of every five human beings lives in absolute poverty, leading a life "so limited by malnutrition, illiteracy, disease, high infant mortality, and low life expectancy as to be below any rational definition of human decency."
- Incidents of terrorism related to political purposes have risen 400% since 1970.
- 2.4 billion people, over half the world's population, still do not have access to clean water.*

Bit by bit my wall of optimistic hope for the future of mankind, which I had erected in my childhood, has crumbled. The wall kept in all the goodness I saw in my surroundings and blocked out any misery or hate that might lurk in the world. It was easy to be joyful and full of hope as I grew up in American suburbia, living in the big house that Dad built with my six siblings. I assumed that all fathers got raises like my father and that all nations got bigger and better like my suburb did. I first questioned progress when a bulldozer took away the field where I used to feed chopped apples to soft-muzzled horses. But the fresh homes soon filled with young families excited to have made it to the wealthy suburb on the lake — and this meant new friends for me.

I grew up to have a fierce patriotism for my country, the land where all men's dreams could be fulfilled and anybody could be president. America was the biggest, best, and strongest of all nations and we were growing

bigger, better, and stronger every day — or so my grade-school texts and the TV commercials seemed to say. Wars and death were not considered, because they had not pierced my wall and entered my private world. It was a long time before I understood Vietnam and even though the Kent State riots took place less than two hours away, I had always assumed they were someplace very distant, like California.

A few spatters of ugliness did stain my edifice: the gun salute to J.F.K.'s death; my third-grade teacher's cry when she learned that "they got dear Bobby too!"; Sherry's tears on gym day because Nancy called her an elephant and would not pick her for the team; and the discovery that Rose did not have a father because her parents hated each other and had gotten a divorce.

When I worked with a Glenmary missionary in the most impoverished area of my state for 22 days the stones began to fall. I saw an 80-year-old woman living in a foul-smelling shack half-obscured by weeds. She had no running water or electricity and could hardly walk. Another family's home had been burnt to the ground, their chickens poisoned and their cows shot because the family's skin was black. A 13-year-old runaway confided to me that her mother hated her and had given her fifty dollars to disappear. I would not believe that any mother could hate the child she had nurtured within her womb for nine months. But when I met the mother I was chilled to realize that the child spoke the truth.

It has been during my last four years, while being educated at Notre

Dame with a major in social work that my wall of childish hopes completely caved in. I chose social work as a career because I thought that social workers could put the world back together again. I no longer can believe that. In the first chapter of my first social work text I learned that the whole United States welfare system was created in response to the breakdown of the family. This breakdown is illustrated by grandparents living in nursing homes, young children going to day-care centers, divorced parents fighting over their children, and unwed mothers raising their fatherless babies. The breakdown is also revealed in the rejection of traditional family structures and the inability of parents to pass on their moral value systems. Later, when I did internships within the United States social aid system, I was frightened to see how little the government tax money made up for the lack of family. Even if the social services were enough to meet the basic material needs of the recipients they had great difficulty making up for the love and security families once provided.

In other classes I lost my blind trust of the rest of the American system. Watergate and white-collar crime, followed by the dirt dug up against the Kennedys caused me to wonder if there was ever a righteous politician. Politics appeared quite confusing and I pondered whether big business, the press or the speech writers ruled the United States. Maybe anybody can still grow up to be president (if they are rich enough and are in the right party at the right time), but I do not want to be president anymore. I also learned

that capitalism has a few flaws, one of them being the necessity for continual growth and expansion. The trick is to convince people they need what they do not need to keep the money flowing. A manufacturer will even intentionally build a defect into his product so the consumer will have to buy a new one in a few years. The capitalist system will crash eventually when its need for continual growth encounters a limit.

Now I am learning that all the "altruistic" aid our nation gives to the developing nations has strings attached. We intend to benefit both economically and politically from the money we dole out. In fact, many of the countries we give aid to are ungrateful if not antagonistic toward us. Not everybody loves America as the hostage situation too vividly illustrates. The aid itself is only 0.22% of our national GNP at \$4.8 billion a year. We spend six times that much on alcoholic beverages (\$30.9 billion).*

The inequity statistics, growing

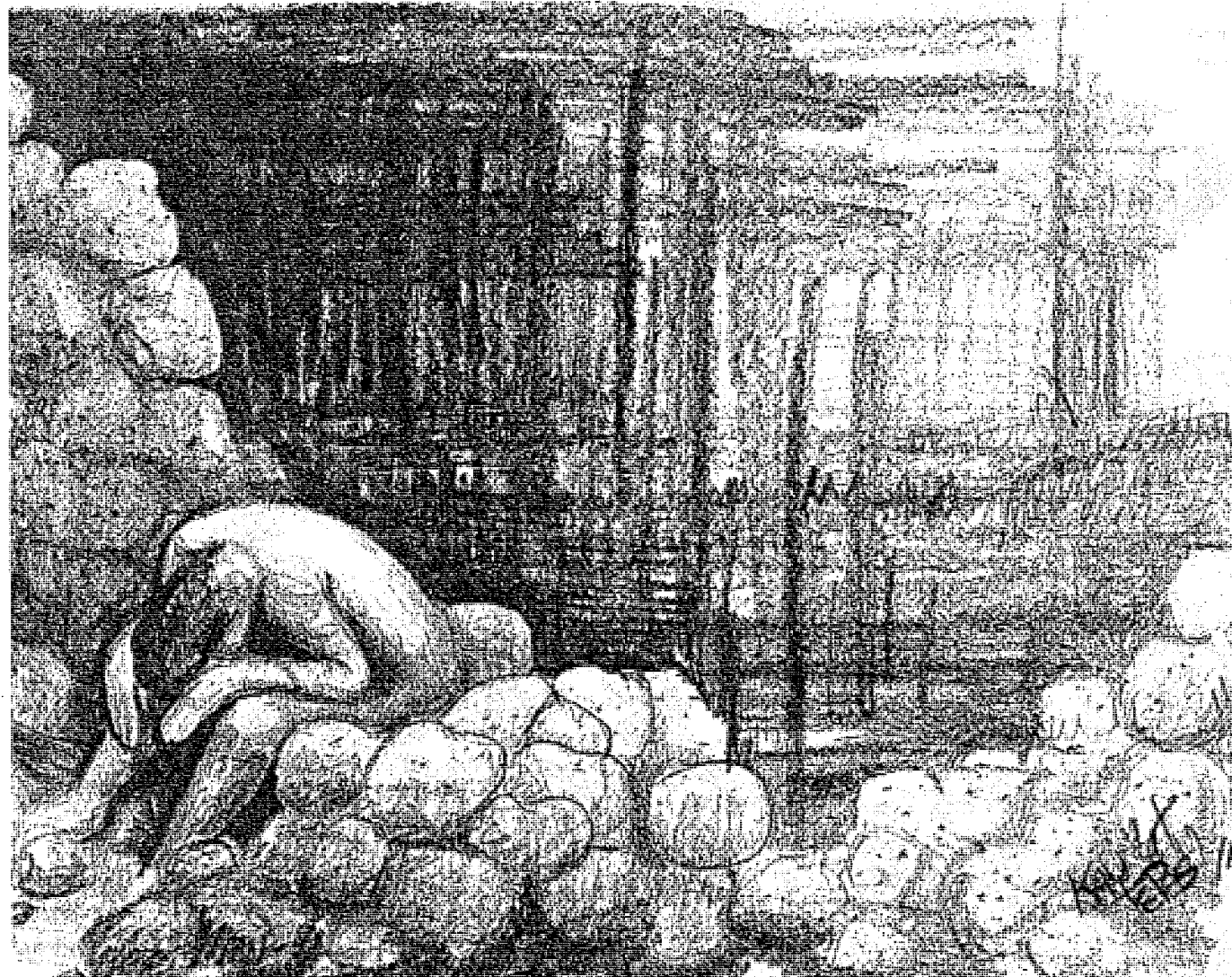
dissatisfaction of the developing countries and their obtainment of nuclear weapons indicate that we may soon have a disaster on our hands. That is, if the national problems of energy shortages, pollution, unstable economics, rising crime rates and the deterioration of the family do not destroy America first. As one of my professors said after a very depressing lecture which highlighted the tensions and problems in the world — "It is only by the grace of God that we have maintained our precarious balance and not plunged into ruin long ago."

Looking at the monstrosity of a mess we have created for ourselves, I strain my brain to think of a true solution. The only one I can think of which can completely solve the social, political and economic confusion of our time is charity: the second greatest commandment of Christ. If men could learn to love one another selflessly our problems of war and starvation would dissolve. If mankind's hearts would undergo a mas-

sive attitudinal change as commanded by Christ, this world would experience some real "progress."

An interesting side benefit of this solution is that the givers will receive along with the recipients of the charity. By loving, a man can gain some meaning and purpose in life. I must believe that my life has worth before I can continue living. Knowing that I added joy to another's life—be it by baking chocolate chip cookies for my brother Joe or listening to a frail old woman tell me with pride about her son—gives me a sense of importance. It feels very good to know that I may be needed by another in this world.

The only problem with my all-encompassing solution to the world's problems is that it does not look like it will ever happen. I am painfully aware of how difficult it is to get just one person (myself) to start loving others as Christ loved me. I can hardly forgive my sister for grabbing the biggest piece of birthday cake, and cannot envision for-



giving someone who would crucify me unjustly. I believe there are many people who desire to be loving, but if they are anything like me, charity usually comes after eating two meals a day, seven hours of sleep, being prepared for classes and getting in some good wholesome recreation. I volunteered to tutor freshman year but quit because it was interfering with studies and the all-famous—"I was not getting anything out of it." If I could love selflessly it would not matter whether or not I received anything back in return.

The type of love needed to patch up the world requires the willingness to reduce myself to the bare minimum of material existence (if that much). Like the widow in the gospels I need to be able to give up my last penny. And furthermore, I need to be willing to step up on the cross to help the worst of my enemies. If my hope is to be in man's ability to love his fellowman, mankind's history of war and greed and my ingrained selfishness indicate that my hope is slim indeed.

However, I am not giving up on the world quite yet. I am just taking man off his pedestal and examining my Christian faith further. Christ commanded us to love. Would Christ command the impossible? In one sense of the word . . . Yes! Christ commanded Lazarus to rise from the dead. The fact that Lazarus was obedient cannot be explained through Lazarus' own powers (how much power can a dead man have?), but through the power of God. Likewise when we are commanded to love one another we must humbly admit the impossibility of such a response on our own and call upon our God's strength. (It is not all that absurd to compare the human race to a dead man.)

I have come to see that Christianity is much more than a value system. God did not send His Son to the earth just to say, "Love your neighbor" and then ascend back into heaven. For the Jews already knew that they had to love their neighbor (Leviticus 19:18). It is true, however, that Jesus Christ gave a new twist to the command by giving the example of the cross as the perfect manifestation of love. But I miss some essential aspects of my faith if I see the cross simply as an ex-

ample of the ultimate Christian virtues. There is also power and hope in the cross.

As Christ commanded us to love he also promised to "clothe us with power from on high" (Lk 24:49). For those who are willing to become dead to themselves he promises to make alive in Himself. Christ, God Himself, will live within us and give us the strength (like Lazarus) to do as He commands. The fruits of the spirit which I memorized in grade school: love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, fidelity, gentleness and self-control are the manifestation of God dwelling in power



within those who ask for his presence in their lives.

This is the key to the miraculous and endless source of love seen in modern-day saints such as Mother Teresa of Calcutta. But I also have found that Notre Dame students like myself can ask for and rely on this same source of strength and power. I used to find some sense of worth in life when I acted "charitably" toward someone, until I realized how shallow and small my charity was.

Now I claim worth because God, for some mysterious reason, loved me enough to create me. If I, by His power and love within me, can selflessly love another, it is God's worthiness, not mine, that is proven.

In the final analysis of myself and the rest of my fellow human beings I must conclude that we are indeed a fallen race. Yet I must not abandon mankind in despair but work to better the world in any way I can. We must increase our acts of service, asking in humility for the wisdom and strength of God so that these actions may have a lasting effect. In this way it would be "possible" to have enough men die to themselves on personal crosses and accept God's power to repair the mess we have already created. However, I cannot realistically expect this to happen. And even the actions of perfect love may not be capable of clearing up the environmental problems and the energy shortages, hence I cannot hope to see heaven on earth. Yet I now realize that my Christian faith speaks of another more glorious type of hope for man. This hope is rooted solely in the mercy of God. Christ embraced the cross, not just to set an example of the virtues we must imitate, but to release us from the bonds of our sins because we NEED a savior. I have a foundation for a great hope because "God so loved the world that he sent his only begotten Son that whosoever believes in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (Jn 3:16)!

Bit by bit, as the wall of optimistic hopes erected in my childhood crumbled, I refounded my hope in the structure erected on Calvary: the cross. For it is the cross that is the perfect example of the necessary virtues. It is the cross that must be embraced to receive power to love on earth. And finally it is the cross, as an act of God's mercy, that gives us hope for the undeserved eternal life. □

*All statistics are from *The United States and World Development Agenda 1980*. John W. Sewell and the staff of the Overseas Development Council. New York:Prager Publishers, 1980.

Kay TePas is a senior Sociology/Social Work major, and would appreciate any remarks or concerns related to her article.

Controversy over Catholicism

by Andrew J. Zwernerman

On October 17, Fr. Richard McBrien was inaugurated as the Crowley-O'Brien-Walter Professor of Theology, an endowed professorship at Notre Dame. During the ceremonies the newly appointed chairman of the Theology Department presented a paper entitled "Toward a Definition of Catholicism: The Hans Küng Case" in which McBrien challenges the Vatican's handling of the ex-Catholic theologian. More generally, he discusses questions concerning Catholic orthodoxy and Catholic identity, and he uses his own answers to "complement, refine, and correct" Küng's solutions to the problems facing the Church today.

It is appropriate that Fr. McBrien begin his professorship and chair-

manship at Notre Dame with a paper dealing with this topic. For solving the problem of Catholic identity today is at the heart of Fr. McBrien's contribution to the Church.

Fr. McBrien is perhaps recognized most for his commentaries on Vatican events for CBS. He is also former President of the American Theological Society and past recipient of the John Courtney Murray award for distinguished contributions to theology. Before coming to Notre Dame he was Director of Boston College's Institute of Religious Education and Pastoral Ministry.

Currently, McBrien is being talked about for his two-volume book, *Catholicism*. According to *Notre Dame Magazine* (Oct. 1980) McBrien

attempts in his book to solve the current problem of how "to reconcile pre- and post-Vatican II Catholicism."

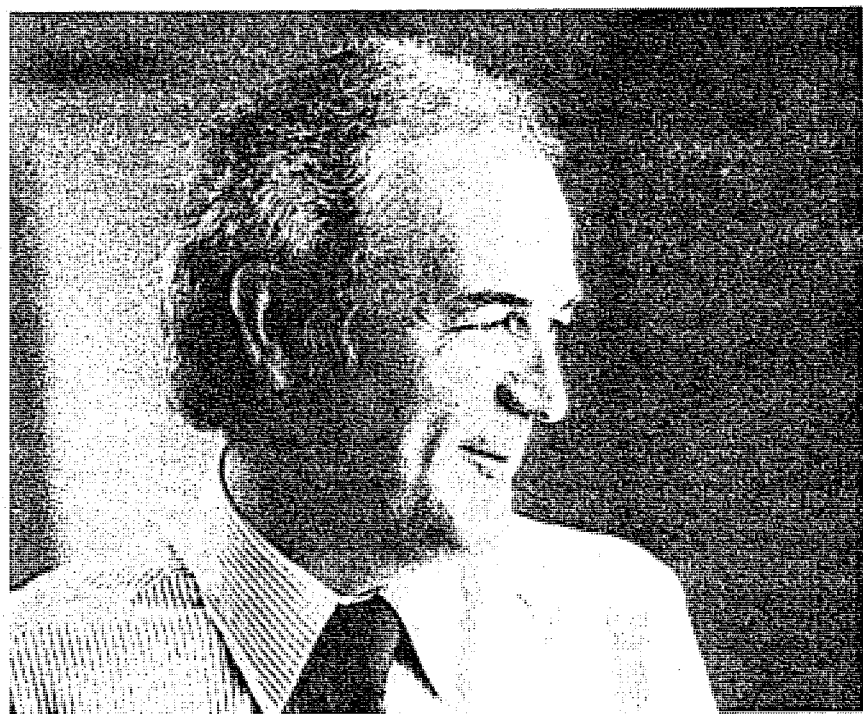
McBrien has received much praise for his massive work, and some feel

"... one of the most important Catholic books published since the Second Vatican Council."

it is destined to be a classic of our times. Denise Stankovics of *The Catholic Transcript* and Fr. Alfred McBride of St. Norbert Abbey liken *Catholicism* to a modern-day *Summa*. Robert Blair Kaiser of the *New York Times* describes the book as a graceful "dance" through theology and history, and Msgr. George C. Higgins in the *Chicago Catholic* calls *Catholicism* "one of the most important Catholic books published since the Second Vatican Council." Other reviewers such as Fr. Avery Dulles, S.J., in *America*, Fr. Thomas C. Widener in *The Criterion*, and Fr. Raymond E. Brown, S.S., in the *Chicago Catholic* salute McBrien for his style, scholarship, and comprehensiveness.

Indeed Fr. McBrien's book is a "great" work; *Catholicism* has already influenced many people, and undoubtedly it will influence many more. However, there seems to be some controversy surrounding the book. While some reviewers have praised McBrien for his objectivity and for the usefulness of his book to Catholics, others challenge him on these very points.

For example, Msgr. Higgins says he would be surprised and "deeply



Fr. Richard McBrien

disappointed if anyone . . . questions Father McBrien's objectivity or accuses him of loading the dice," and Robert Blair Kaiser says "it is evident that Father McBrien's *Catholicism* has 'a radical openness to all truth and every value.'" Others acclaim McBrien for his ability to present, without bias, all sides of the issues.

However, in the Sept. 28 issue of the *Visitor*, Russell Shaw says this about *Catholicism*: "... it is a manifesto. McBrien is usually irenic but hardly impartial. He takes a revisionist line on central points of Catholic Faith. And *Catholicism* itself constitutes an extended apologia for a view of theology which would have the effect of conferring teaching authority in the Church upon theologians." Earlier, Shaw, who is with the National Conference of Catholic Bishops and the United States Catholic Conference (the two official organizations of Roman Catholic Bishops in the U.S.), states that the pendulum-like debate on teaching authority in the Church has swung "in the direction of the theologians. The result has been a movement to accomplish a de facto transfer of teaching authority—from Pope and bishops to academicians. *Catholicism* exemplifies and celebrates this process."

It is on this same point that a recent statement by the Australian Bishops Conference was based. *Catholicism* was recommended to the Australian Bishops as a medium to be used in Catholic schools. The following was included in the Bishops' statement:

"*Catholicism* has some strong features, but it also has real weaknesses.

For example, it puts side by side two things which cannot be equated:—The Church's authentic teaching.—The opinions of theologians, some of them quite radical ones.

The result can easily be confusion about what the Church really teaches.

Therefore, this book needs to be read with discrimination and an alert critical sense. This would require adequate theological training.

For this reason, we do not recommend *Catholicism* to primary or secondary school teachers, even as a reference or resource book.

For this same reason, we do not recommend it to the ordinary layman or laywoman as a book in which to look up some point of Catholic teaching."

Yet, in an advertisement by the Notre Dame Press Alumni Book Club, Fr. McBrien was asked "why he thought his book belonged in the home of everyone who had already been exposed to one of the leading centers of Catholicism in the country" (Notre Dame). McBrien replied: "My book is an up-to-date compendium of Catholic theology that tries to link the past to the present. People who have attended Notre Dame and who are at all serious about their Catholicism should read it."

McBrien seems to include in his audience a vast range of individuals. Most of them have probably not had "adequate theological training," particularly if they have graduated from Notre Dame in recent years and if they rely on the theological training received while at this University. One might have ignored the statement of the Australian Bishops and claimed that such a foreign proclamation is irrelevant to the Church in America. However, Russell Shaw, who is writing for the Bishops in America, confirms the Australians' concern.

It is interesting to note one particular point commonly found in the positive articles about McBrien's book. That is, *Catholicism* is a book well-suited for and needed in "this time" in the Church's history. For instance, Fr. Theodore Hesburgh, President of Notre Dame, says that *Catholicism* "comes just at the right time. Encyclopedic in character, this book probably could not have been written much earlier than now, but neither could we have afforded to wait much longer for it. The need for such a resource has been growing since the Council, and this book meets that need exactly. Its appearance is a significant publishing event. More than that, however, it may be a landmark in the life of the contemporary Church."

Indeed, Fr. McBrien's writing in both *Catholicism* and other works is directed towards solving the problems and issues specifically important in today's Church. In his article for *Christian CENTURY*, entitled "The Roman Catholic Church: Can It Transcend Its Crisis?", McBrien

says "There is no single formula for Catholic progress, to be sure. But if any human instrument stands above the rest, it is a reform of the process by which pastoral leaders are formed, selected and evaluated."

McBrien proposes several steps for the Church to take. For example, he sees a need for a new kind of pastoral leadership in American Catholicism. He recommends that men like Fr. Hesburgh be placed in key pastoral positions (i.e., make Hesburgh "cardinal-archbishop of a major U.S. diocese like New York or Chicago. . .").

McBrien is hopeful about several contemporary American bishops who show promise in leading the move for progress. McBrien mentions Archbishop Rembert Weakland of Milwaukee as one of those bishops. Weakland, for example, proposes the elimination of "sexist" language in Catholic liturgies.

McBrien also suggests stronger

"... Catholicism itself constitutes an extended apologia for a view of theology which would have the effect of confessing teaching authority in the Church upon theologians."

support of the women's movement and thinks that the movement's success might determine the "forward course of Catholicism for the next several decades." He says in the *Catholic Transcript* that the issue of women's equality is the "greatest single challenge facing the Church today, not because it's more important than war or poverty, but because it's a question the Church can



something about."

Concerning the papacy, McBrien has generally been critical. On the women's issue he points out with disappointment that Pope John Paul promises little progress in moving towards the ordination of women. So, James Hitchcock explains in the *National Catholic Register* that McBrien was antagonistic toward the Pope when the Holy Father came to America with a letter on the Eucharist in the spring. Hitchcock names McBrien as one of the prominent Americans who "fell all over themselves announcing the document." When Pope John Paul II indicated "proper forms" for liturgies and pointed out abuses" he saw in the celebration of the Eucharist, McBrien defended what he calls the "American Church." McBrien insisted that most American Catholics are comfortable with things the Vatican considers abuses."

Another example of McBrien's adverse attitude concerns the recent synod in Rome. Archbishop John R. Quinn proposed a change in the way

the Church enforces its ban on birth control. In the *U.S. News & World Report* McBrien admits that the Vatican probably will not accept Quinn's proposal, at least not immediately, but, says McBrien, "That doesn't mean the American church can't follow it."

In both the Hitchcock article and the *U.S. News & World Report* article McBrien displays a certain attitude of independence. Greater regard is paid to the will of Fr. McBrien and the "American church" than to the authority of the Church's leadership.

Many reviewers, academicians, and clergymen have acclaimed *Catholicism* as a great work, and Fr. McBrien's arrival at Notre Dame has been trumpeted by many members of the University community. He has been heralded as an outstanding scholar, and indeed he is.

However, in light of the criticisms noted in this article from authorities who are concerned over McBrien's exalted view of the theologian's role in the Church, one should heed the words of the Pope. Last year while

visiting America, Pope John Paul II spoke at Catholic University. In his address he dealt with these all-important issues of teaching authority and the role of theologians in the Roman Catholic Church. He said: "The theologian's contribution will be enriching for the Church only if it takes into account the proper function of the bishops and the rights of the faithful. It devolves upon the bishops of the Church to safeguard the Christian authenticity and unity of faith and moral teaching. . . ."

Fr. McBrien says he wrote *Catholicism* as "a work of constructive theology, not one more exercise in controversy. . . ." Yet, his views seem to be in sharp contrast with those of the Church.

Some may be excited at the outset to have the author of *Catholicism* at Notre Dame as the head of the theology program, but it remains to be seen what McBrien's real contribution to Catholicism is.

Andrew Zwerneman is the News Editor of Scholastic.

Nuclear Strategies for the 80's

Countervalue VS Counterforce

by Nikolas Nikas



Nikolas Nikas

In the approximately thirty-five years since the dawn of the nuclear age one major issue has dominated much of the literature in international relations studies. This topic is the possibility of a nuclear conflict between the United States and the Soviet Union; or more specifically, how to prevent a nuclear exchange between the two superpowers. The answers to this crucial problem have been voluminous, and out of this huge mountain of writing a sophisticated theory of nuclear deterrence has emerged.

An important debate is going on today (and has been going on for years) concerning the best strategy for implementing the theory of nuclear deterrence. This debate is commonly known as the "countervalue-counterforce" controversy and deals with the issue of whether U.S. strategic forces (i.e., intercontinental ballistic missiles, bombers, and submarine-launched ballistic missiles—America's Triad) should have as its primary targets the enemy's population and industrial centers (countervalue) or its military forces, especially its missile launches and command and communication facilities (counterforce). This debate has had added significance since the announcement in late July of this year that the United States' official nuclear strategy has been switched

from "countervalue" to "counterforce" by President Carter's Presidential Directive 59. While a complete elaboration of the current debate is beyond the scope of this essay, a review of the salient arguments will be helpful in understanding this important issue.

From approximately the late 1960s to 1980 the United States' nuclear strategy was a countervalue strategy known as "mutually assured destruction"—M.A.D. This strategy is based on the assumption that any aggressor who launched an initial nuclear attack would suffer an equally devastating counterattack: thus, the assurance of a massive retaliatory response would deter any initial aggression involving nuclear weapons. Mutually assured destruction involves two important concepts: The first strike and the second strike.

The first strike is simply the initial attack, on one superpower by the other, with nuclear weapons. The second strike is the retaliatory counterattack by the nation which suffered the first strike on the aggressor nation. The second strike is the linchpin of M.A.D. For a nation to be deterred from launching a first strike it must be convinced that the attacked nation will have enough of its strategic forces left to deliver an unacceptable second strike. Thus a *credible* second strike force is the

essential element needed by both sides so as to deter a first strike and thus insure a nuclear stalemate or balance. In other words, as long as both sides believe that they will not escape massive damage in a nuclear counterattack, there will not be nuclear war.

From this view, it can be seen how the countervalue strategy is the logical policy for mutually assured destruction. If both sides target each other's cities and industries, then both sides would be deterred from attacking for fear of having a totally unacceptable loss of life and general destruction of their civilizations inflicted by a second strike. In effect, countervalue strategy holds each side's cities as hostages; hostages which would be immediately annihilated if aggression were initiated. A direct corollary resulting from this strategy is the view that nuclear war is "unwinnable" and that both sides understand this and thus are committed to a countervalue strategy.

Critics of countervalue strategy, however, argue that the assumption that both sides are committed to a countercity policy is only half true; that is, the strategic policy of the Soviet Union is counterforce and that the Soviets are planning in the event of a nuclear war to win it. They argue that the U.S. should (and as of July it did) switch to a

counterforce strategy so as to be in a position to deter any Soviet aggression. The proponents of counterforce argue that the Soviet policy makes vulnerable U.S. nuclear forces and thus puts in grave doubt the theory of mutually assured destruction. The scenario is usually explained as follows.

The Soviet Union launches a first strike against U.S. nuclear forces (counterforce) and destroys 90% of our ICBMs and a sizeable proportion of our bombers and subs. The U.S. launches a second strike in retaliation with its remaining strategic forces. The targets of the counter-attack are Soviet cities. The Soviets, however, and this is the key argument, then would be in a position to finish off the U.S. with an awesome third strike. Thus, the "inevitability of a Soviet third strike would keep the U.S. from launching a retaliating second strike which is supposed to deter a Soviet first strike."² The U.S. leadership (or whoever would be in command) after a Soviet first strike would be faced with the unacceptable choice of either "capitulation or suicide."³

The solution to this no-win situation, counterforce proponents argue, is to "recreate an effective U.S. second strike which would deter the Soviets from a first strike."² This credible second strike capability would be a counterforce strike against the remaining Soviet nuclear forces which would make it impossible for the Soviets to launch a third strike and thus would deter them from any first strike.

To more fully grasp the essentials of this debate, one must analyze the basic working assumptions of both strategies and show how they support their specific strategy.

The most important assumption of a countervalue (i.e., M.A.D.) strategy is the belief that the enemy (in this case the Soviet Union) understands the theory and accepts it as a viable and useful theory. For such a statement to be true, the Soviet Union must accept the remaining assumptions of American nuclear strategy.

The first assumption of U.S. countervalue strategy is that nuclear weapons are qualitatively different from all other existing weapons. That is, the development of nuclear weapons has "accomplished a complete revolution in warfare."¹ The destructive potential of nuclear weapons puts them in a class by themselves. The fact that a distinction is made between conventional

(i.e., nonnuclear) and nuclear weapons highlights this point.

The second assumption of countervalue strategy is the belief that in a nuclear exchange between the superpowers there would be no winner. If the potential for complete destruction by nuclear weapons is guaranteed by their inherent nature then a nuclear exchange between the superpowers would only be an exercise in mutual suicide. For a nation which has just had tens of millions killed and 25-50% of its industry destroyed to label itself the victor of the war is madness.

The third assumption that the

utilization of nuclear weapons is not a rational policy option follows from the second. If the use of nuclear weapons would lead to the inevitable destruction of both sides then to argue that nuclear weapons could be a possible option for a nation's policy is both extremely dangerous and utterly irrational. While Clausewitz's dictum that war was just an extension of politics might have been acceptable in the prenuclear age, any belief in such a policy now should be clearly ruled out, if one hopes to survive.¹

(cont. on p. 34)



Fiction

Under the Ornament

by Mark Traverso

The cigarette butt fell submissively to the pavement, flickering a last sign of burning life before being crushed vigorously underfoot.

Fine droplets of perspiration lined Phillip Keller's forehead as he glanced up from his work. The onrush of the impending evening had already pushed the long rows of shadow up to the balcony of his twelfth-floor east side apartment. He set his brush and palette on the work table, resigning himself to the fading twilight with mixed feelings: on the one hand he loved the softly blending colors and cool evening air that made up the appealing sensual menagerie; but on the other hand he silently cursed the natural timetable that continuously changed the lighting and shadow surrounding the skyline. Painting was difficult enough, he thought, without having to rush through a scene before the sun changed position too much.

He was hungry, but with his wife out of town he had not been eating very regularly. He walked through the glass sliding door and across the floor to the kitchen. He reached into the refrigerator and pulled out an apple and a can of beer, washed the apple, and returned to the balcony.

The vibrant colors of the sunset made him think of his ex-teacher, George Andre. As an art student, Phillip had studied long hours under him in the technical aspects of color blending and transition. As an artist, Andre made a good teacher; he had never won any contests, nor even entered any, as far as Phillip knew. And now that Phillip's skills had surpassed those of the old man he really didn't see Doctor Andre much anymore. Once in a while Phillip would stop in his studio to say hello, but only as a courtesy, rarely to get advice. Phillip didn't need him anymore.

"Hey, now that is a beautiful scene."

Phillip jumped at the sound of his wife's voice, not realizing that she had come home. He watched as her eyes panned the scene, her lips parted in awe as she window-shopped among the trees, buildings and shoreline in the distance. She sighed, leaned her shoulder into the frame of the half-open door, and flashed him a smile. His stoic face softened under her pleasant disposition.

"How was your trip?"

"Great. Four days of sunshine and relaxation and we closed the deal on top of it." At twenty-nine, Doris Keller was a year older than her husband. And yet Phillip often thought that she had the youthful exuberance of a twenty-one-year old.

"That's nice."

He was looking away from her, out towards the city. She moved against him and kissed his cheek.

"It's good to be home," she said.

"Good to have you."

Phillip bent and kissed her fully on the lips, then moved away.

"I got in almost forty minutes today."

"Forty minutes of what?" she inquired teasingly.

"The light," he explained, sweeping his hand towards the greying silhouette of the skyline. "When the sun drops behind the tops of the buildings it forms an interesting pattern of shadows. But it only lasts for a little while before the sun sets."

"You're still doing that skyline scene?"

Phillip picked up the cigarette lighter from the table and examined it.

"I just started on it a few days ago. I gave up on the other one."

"You gave up the other painting?"

He took a large bite of the apple,

chewed it thoroughly, and swallowed. "I didn't like the way that it was turning out."

"But you weren't even finished with it," she began to protest.

It had been one of her favorite paintings, even in its earliest stages. He sipped on his beer before looking at her.

She brightened. "I'm sure the other one is good, anyway. Can I see it?"

"Like I said, I haven't been working on it very long," he said as he lifted the cloth from the easel. Her eyes took in the scene at a glance.

"It looks like one of those impossible drawings from my high school geometry book," she teased. Phillip turned on the balcony lamp and returned to study the canvas closely. He set his apple on the table. They studied the unfinished painting together, trained and untrained observers, both recognizing the crisp lines and distinct divisions of color which jumped off the canvas at them. He smiled as he noted the unambiguous clarity of the scene. Phillip waited for her reaction as she studied the unfamiliar form. Even with her limited knowledge of art she could see that the scene was stripped of any ornamentation. It was a painting of a skyline she knew well, yet a city she had never seen. It was, in the purest sense, unemotional, rigid, and totally out of character for Phillip.

"I don't like it."

"I knew that you wouldn't," he responded, covering the canvas.

In the three years that they had been married this was the first time that he had deviated from his usual style of painting—a style that had earned him a modest income and mixed critical reviews.

"The contest is next weekend," he offered.

The Metropolitan Art Fair was a yearly event in the city, and it attracted some of the finest artists on the coast. Besides a week-long exhibit of the various paintings, sculptures, and drawings, the Fair featured a contest in which all the competing artists were assigned the same subject. The subject for this year's painting competition was "Urban Skylines: the cityscape as art." It was a natural for Phillip; he had used city architecture as a subject often when in school—it had been one of Andre's favorite subjects.

He looked out over the city intensely.

"I know that I can win. That is, if I can get enough late afternoon

daylight in the next week."

"Can't you just pretend that the shadows line up right?"

"Are you crazy?" he snapped, in a voice not unfamiliar to either of them.

The phone rang, breaking the tensions before a conflict arose. Phillip was glad. He hated fighting with his wife. It was too complicated.

As was the custom, Doris ran to answer the phone. It was probably for her. Phillip carried the half-eaten apple and empty beer can to the kitchen wastebasket and returned to the balcony for his palette and brushes. On his way inside he turned out the light and closed and locked the door behind him. He thought it was funny that balcony doors had locks on them when they were twelve stories off the street. His supply cabinet was meticulously organized. Phillip prided himself on his organization. He put the brushes and palette in their proper places and returned to the kitchen.

His wife was off the phone.

"Who was it?" he asked, not really caring one way or the other.

"Jack Swanson. He wanted to remind me about the party they're throwing tomorrow night."

"Oh. Well, am I invited too?"

"Of course. It starts at nine o'clock."

Doris had been unusually quiet on the way to the party.

"What inspired you to try that new form?"

O.K. This was it.

"Basically, I was tired of failing. Andre's whole premise that perfection is the unreachable ideal of emotional involvement has left me frustrated. It was either change or quit as far as I was concerned."

She looked away impassively. He was not deterred in the least.

"Lately I've come to realize that the only perfect work is one which can represent real life without all of the idealizations. I've got to strip away the imaginative ornament and get to the bare meaning of reality."

Doris disliked philosophical conversations—especially when she was not well versed on the subject—but he had sparked her.

"But how can reality possibly exist in the absence of the day-to-day emotions and struggles? That's what life is all about."

"Reality is nature in its purest, most uncomplicated form. The best work of art should depict that reality unambiguously," he nodded emphatically.

"You're full of shit," she remarked, laughing to herself. "You're really full of it."

Phillip turned somber. "It can be perfect. This contest means too much for me to settle for anything less."

"A work can only be perfect if you let it be perfect." The profound impact of her statement was lost on him—its timeless implications diluted in his swirling thoughts. He changed the topic more out of apathy than disapproval.

"Just for once I hope that a party can avoid being superficial."

Doris cast a comforting glance.

"Relax. It'll be great."

"You know how I hate parties."

Jack and Kathy Swanson were the type of friends that the Kellers saw rarely, yet they regularly attended the others' social gatherings. For Doris these consisted mostly of small, intimate dinner parties. But the Swansons never did anything small, and this was no exception.

"We're not staying late," Phillip insisted, just before walking in.

Once he was inside and had a few drinks Phillip started to loosen up. Many of the guests were part of the artistic community, so he had been able to discuss some of the different exhibits that would be coming to the Art Fair. Doris had settled in by the piano and was displaying her vocal talents to a receptive gathering.

The gin was beginning to have an effect on Phillip, so he looked for a place to sit and take a break. He noticed an open spot on one of the couches, next to an attractive woman of about his own age. As he got closer he recognized her as a fellow graduate of the art school. They had had some classes together.

"Hi. I'm Phillip Keller. I recognized you from a few years back in art school."

They remade acquaintances quickly, and as the night wore on they rehashed countless old stories. Phillip was slowing down his consumption, but still feeling quite drunk.

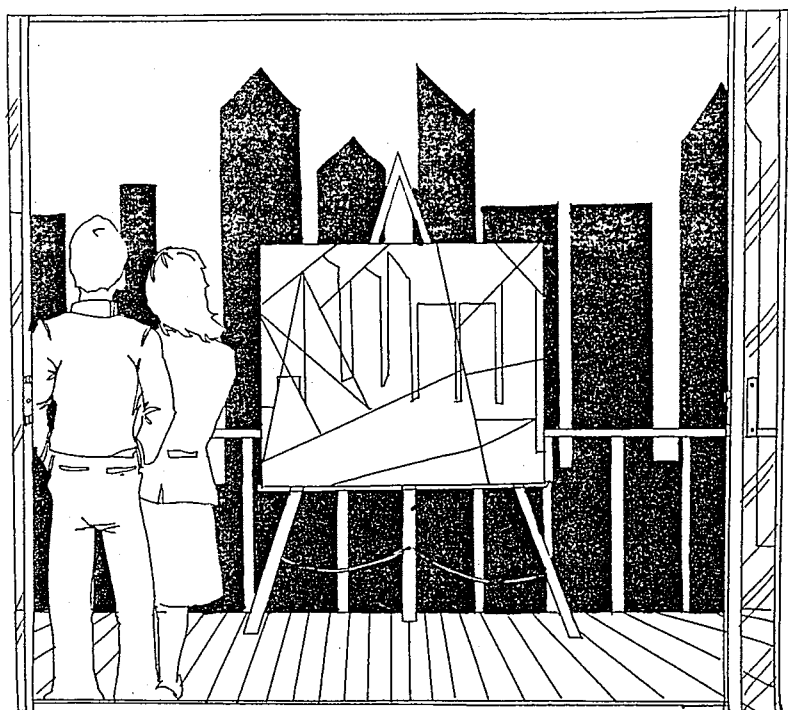
As it grew late, just as Phillip was planning to leave, her mood turned solemn. "Did you hear what happened to old Doctor Andre?"

"No." Phillip was not sure what to make of the question and he shifted uneasily in his chair.

"He had a heart attack. They buried him about six weeks ago."

He heard the words, but he did not comprehend. "That's too bad. I guess everybody's number comes up sometime." He regretted the words as soon as they left his mouth. He was surprised more by his concern over death than by Andre's death itself. He looked for Doris and could not find her. The car was gone, too. At least his coat was still there. He phoned for a cab, and went to wait on the porch. His head was still spinning, so he sat on the step. A red and white taxi pulled into the Swansons' driveway fifteen minutes later and Phillip climbed into the

(cont. on page 18)



Poetry

by Joe Pleifer

Frustration/ Self Termination

Frustration from an unknown source
Aggression will be my course
of action in this situation
whambam! clang! bang! smash!
The sounds emotion alive
Negative emotions are valid
and necessary in this century
to combat alienation
from oneself and everyone else
Love may exist but not often
It can't permeate the plastic passion
that stupid modern fashion
So now I'll take my life
Twenty Valium should do alright
I am too tired to fight anymore
Shut the door, turn out the light
turn on some music, a glass of water
a short letter, goodnight.

Roses Have Thorns

I feel an emptiness
that comes from loneliness
I am so disillusioned
because there is no solution
I am in love
but she is far away
I love her so much
that I cannot stray
But I still feel alone
although I'm in her heart
and she is in mine
When we are apart
it's eternal time
I guess this is called "feeling the
pain"
They say love hurts
—now I understand.

(cont. from page 17)
wide back seat. He suppressed an
intense urge to lay down.

"Where to, Buddy?"

Phillip thought about it.

"1645 East Orchard," he responded, "and if you don't mind, I don't feel much like talking."

Just getting outside made him feel much better. He rolled down the car window and sat back in the seat. The cool breeze felt good against his warm, dry face.

He glanced out the window as the car drove past the public beach. A young couple drifted along the shore in a rowboat, their silhouettes framed against the canvas of the starlit horizon. The colors of the scene blended as Phillip closed his eyes. The sounds of the late night traffic were muffled by the low hum in his head. Somehow, Andre's voice filtered through this congestion—his words echoing persistently through the corridors of Phillip's memory:

You can be as good as you want, Keller. It will take hard work and patience, but you've got real talent.

You're a good man, Andre. I know that you will go along with my decision to experiment in a new form. Probably.

Phillip leaned his head back against the seat. The lecture continued:

As artists we must convert concepts to images, using the canvas as our podium of expression.

Not bad for someone who couldn't paint. It's coming back to me now.

Of course, through interest and experience we will each develop our own style and form.

I've been trying it my way—your way—for three years.

But the true aesthetic essence of art is that the form evolves freely as the work progresses.

The work was not taking shape as I had hoped.

You must give it your full attention. Never doubt whether or not it will be worth your time.

"That'll be three-fifty without tip." The driver's voice snapped him out of it. Phillip reached into his wallet and gave him a five-dollar bill.

"Keep it."

"Thank you. Good night." He drove off.

His head was feeling much clearer by the time he reached the apartment door. He slid the key in the lock and opened the door quietly, so as not to wake Doris. It didn't matter. She was standing in the middle of the living room looking, nostalgically, at a painting—the one that she liked so much and he had never finished. She covered the easel as he came into the room.

"Why didn't you tell me that Doctor Andre had died?" she asked.

"It wasn't important."

Doris searched the green shag carpeting for the right words.

"Just what is important to you?"

"I don't know." He went to the closet and hung up his coat.

"We should visit his grave." She sighed. "I think it would be nice to bring flowers."

"All right."

Phillip started toward the balcony door.

"I need some fresh air. Do you want to come out for a while?"

"No. I'm tired." She tightened her robe and started towards the bedroom. "Good night."

He stepped out on the balcony and breathed in the cool night air. It felt good. He kicked some crushed cigarette butts off the balcony and leaned against the railing. In the quiet of the early morning, looking out over the city from his twelfth-floor balcony, Phillip Keller thought a lot about painting. And he thought about his wife. He turned and looked back through the sliding door. The apartment was dark. Tomorrow he would kiss her. In the morning, he thought. Yes, tomorrow morning he would kiss his wife. □

Mark Traverso, a Senior in American Studies, is the Scholastic Fiction Editor.

An Epiphany In Brooklyn

by Fran Cryan

When I was seventeen years old I was, of course, wise and wonderful. I'd lived all of my short life in that well-protected, almost shrouded world of middle-class suburbia. We had more to complain about than the normal middle-class American family which consisted of 2.2 children. My six brothers and sisters and I occasionally wore, of all things, hand-me-downs. But we succeeded in never wearing the same outfit twice in one week. Dinners never consisted of filet mignon, but each of us usually managed two servings of the meat, potatoes and vegetables served, although no one ate the lima beans. And leftovers were carefully preserved. Generally my parents succeeded in instilling in us a sense of respect and concern for others, and they attempted to inspire us to care for the important things of life, and to strive for high ideals.

I was certain that I lived according to these guidelines. I knew that I was socially concerned. Mostly I was sure that life was good and people were good and I was free and happy. Even school was acceptable. In fact, I liked school. I could do no wrong there. I'd been told often enough that I was one of those bright children, one of the cream of the crop. It seemed that from every angle I was led, almost lured, into a tangible sense of comfort and security.

When did that become a false sense of security? When did school become a waste of time, and home become a bed of contention? When did my parents, brothers and sisters, friends, start to move in and out of focus? Time went too fast, too slow. When? How? Why? There was no catastrophic or even memorable event that announced the beginning of my journey. That clouded time was marked by an uneasy feeling of questioning and not finding answers. All my senses were affected. A very real feeling of sliding away permeated even my dreams. It is only today that I see that a visit to a friend's home was an integral part of that moment. It did not mark the beginning of my growth, or the end, or even the midpoint. But it was a significant time interval that at its very least portrayed the leaden, yet

deliberate journey down from my tower. Or perhaps was it up from the clouds? I still am not certain.

Her name is Pat. Actually our friendship began when I still referred to her as Sr. Pat. Yes, she is a nun. She is a sister who befriended me when I was fourteen years old. After that year she moved out of wonderful suburbia, into the dark forests of Brooklyn; for reasons I know she tried to explain, but which I did not understand. But we kept up a somewhat labored correspondence for a few years. With apparently perfect timing, Pat invited me to spend a weekend, a funny sort of a vacation, with her and five sisters in a tenement house in Brownsville, where they lived and worked. I looked forward to seeing Pat after three years, to telling her of my high school adventures, my plans for college, and all that important stuff.

I arrived at about 9:00 p.m., in a tan corduroy blazer, carrying my Samsonite bag. Pat laughingly said to ignore the roaches; they moved too fast anyway. She'd told me to be prepared for another kind of world, but it did not seem so different. I had not seen much of Brooklyn on my way in; we'd walked quickly from the car to the tenement. Somewhere inside me I knew that I should be taking things in, looking at this different environment. But it was cloaked in darkness, overcome with tense quiet. Or was that tension coming from within me? I did not want to know.

We walked the streets of Manhattan the next day. We'd left early so as to see the museums and the artists on the sidewalks, and Central Park. I lost myself in our talks of plays and art and other such items of culture. But this part of New York was not what I had come to see. We both knew that. I was scared then, deep inside me. We both knew this visit was important. Pat in her wise, gentle way, and I in my very slow, vague way.

The car took us, as if by instinct, or in accord with some plan, back to Brownsville, to the city my mind did not want to see, but to the place that seemed to be my heart's destination. We did not talk in the car. I stared out the window at the

neighborhoods we passed. Could I call them that? I was barely catching glimpses of that world when Pat sighed and finally broke the silence. Did I want to walk for a while, she asked with a hesitancy in her voice that told me immediately that she did not want to hold me back, but she feared that I would not be able to look at it. Would I be able to see? I instinctively hoped not, knowing that I would not like what I saw, but also knowing that I had to look.

We walked for a while and talked together quietly until we came to a rubble-filled lot. What should have been a no-man's-land was filled with signs of life. They were not hopeful signs. Here lived human beings who could not live anywhere else. There were makeshift shanties, scattered pieces of clothing and other evidence of habitation. I wanted to turn away but something held me fast. A surge of feeling, something akin to warmth, went through me. I knew they were good people. Why here? My thoughts and feelings moved too quickly. My eyes turned all around me, but my mind, and my heart, could only see bits at a time. As I tripped through the rubble of burned-out tenements, past the shanties and the tent structures, I wanted to yell out, to hurl something far into the sky, to cry. But it was not for them I cried. Not for them who suffered, but for me. I could not cry for them yet, I had to feel the hurt for myself first.

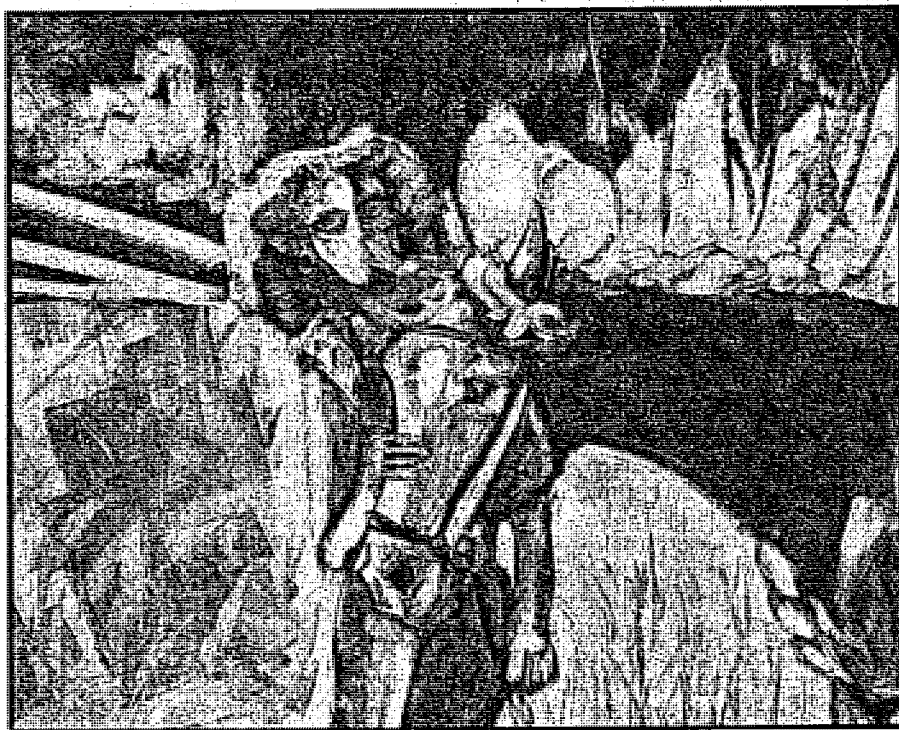
The clean linens burned when I finally made my way home and into my bed. It took days for me to get interested in school again. And then everything seemed to relate to that experience. And it's funny. I don't know why, but I wanted to cry about the silliest things! I was still scared. I fought for everything to be the same, but it couldn't be. The smile of the child playing in the lot is indelibly printed into my mind. I don't know how long it took me to realize that it was a smile of hope. Shaky hope, yes. But if he could smile, so could I.

Fran Cryan is a sophomore History/Education major hailing from Com-mack, N.Y.

Gallery

by Francoise Poinsatte

"The aesthetic elements of line, color, and form inherent in nature have always been a fascination for me. The subjects that exemplify these elements can range from organic plants and nude figures to vibrant movements in water. However, my primary interest is not the replication of natural elements but rather the interpretation of them. In each painting or drawing it is my intention to convey a feeling or mood. This I hope to achieve through a variety of ways. For example, it could be through the expression of gesture in my figures, the psychological impact of certain colors or composition, or through the deliberate distortion of line or shape. I choose to draw the human figure to a great extent because I find it the most direct revelation of the human emotion I wish to express."





"Concrete" & "Stoney"

A "HARD" ACT TO CATCH

by Tom O'Toole

"Closeness is a great thing in football. Next to a St. Jude medal, it's about the most important."

Coach Devine

At the start of this football season, no man knew that after its first seven games the Irish would be undefeated and indisputably ranked #1. At least, no sportswriter did, for the preseason polls had Notre Dame ranked anywhere from seventh to twentieth and lower. *Sports Illustrated* wouldn't even reserve us a spot in their top 25. But now, after Mississippi State's turning of the "Tide," we find our team passionately, if not permanently at the pinnacle of college football. Primarily, this is due to the performance of players at our tailback position, precisely where the preseason pollsters supposed us to be weak. "The running game," they said, "will surely suffer after the loss of 'All Everything' Vagas Ferguson." But as much of a favorite Ferguson was with the writers and fans, they have already found not one but two men who have proved worthy to "carry" on our great running tradition.

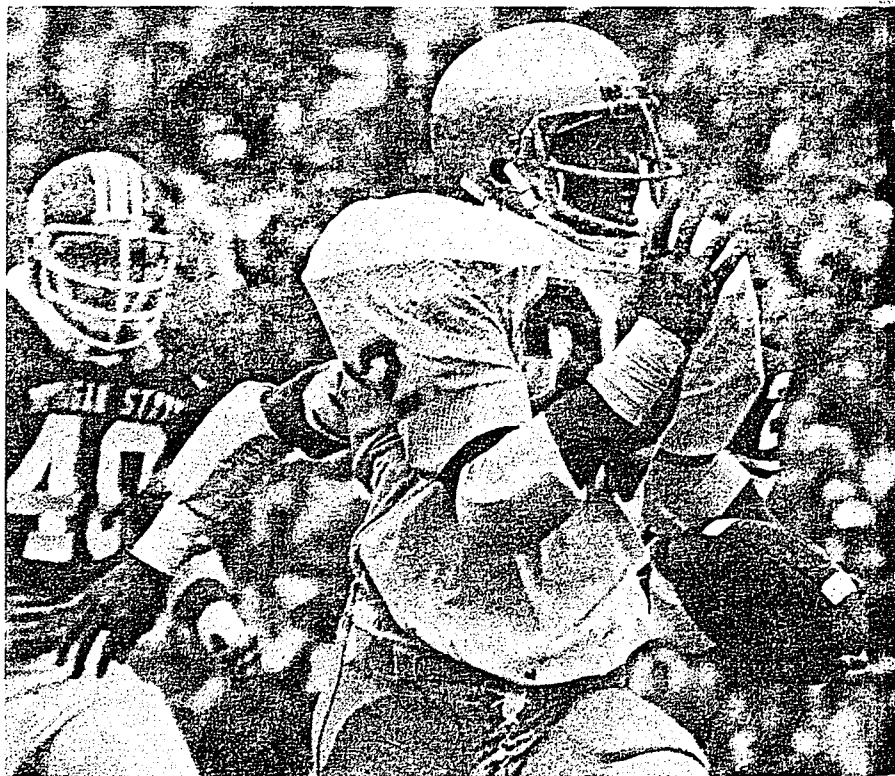
The first man tabbed to fill Ferguson's shoes at tailback was the hard-running sophomore, Phil Carter, affectionately dubbed "Concrete" by at least one sportswriter thus far this season. Although they cheered "Phil Who?" at the start of the year, after Phil rushed for over 100 yards in each of our first three games, including 254 in his last start, the fans had quickly caught on, and cries such as "Carter for President" began to take over. And it wasn't "Jimmy" they were talking about. THAT came later. For after having surpassed Vagas' one-game rushing record in the Michigan State game, Carter was viciously tackled for a loss that not only cost him the record, but an indefinite amount of playing time, as he left limping with an injured thigh. Ferguson's heir-apparent had been found, only to be lost so soon, and the situation again got hairy. For our next foe was Miami, who boasted

the nation's #1 defense against the rush, and their players were doing a little boasting themselves, saying they ate inexperienced backs like ours for lunch, and would crush Notre Dame's fabled ground game convincingly. So as our huddled masses gathered inside Stepan Center that Friday to rally around their fallen hero, Mr. Carter calmly told the people not to worry, and offered these prophetic words of comfort.

"My injury won't matter tomorrow," he predicted. "The tailback position will be capably filled by Jim Stone." But despite his roommate's assurance, Stone knew that the pressure would be on. Not only would he be playing for his brother Chris, who was laid up in the hospital undergoing knee surgery, but his parents had flown all the way from Tacoma to watch their son's first starting assignment in three years. Jim needed reassurance, and it came from an unnamed member of the offensive line. "Follow me," he said to

"Stoney," and from that moment Jim knew he would be all right.

Phil was right, for Miami soon found they couldn't mess around with Jim either. Notre Dame easily blew the Hurricanes away, as Stone rolled for 224 yards alone, including an electrifying last-second touchdown to put him over 200. Stone didn't stop there though. He continued to gather no moss (that is to say, he kept rolling) in his next three games, getting at least 100 yards in each of them to break the consecutive 100-yard game record. So after seven games of what has already been a record-breaking season, Stoney has already accumulated 735 yards and a 5.07 yards per carry average, while Concrete, who is healthy again and wants badly to win the tailback job back, has amassed 499 yards on the ground for an average gain of 5.04 yards. But in reality, the tailback situation is even closer than the statistics indicate.



Phil Carter

Actually, the Carter and Jimmy story began long before this season. It was during a senior year of high school visit here that Concrete first met Stoney, when Jim was assigned to be his escort around the ND campus. Though he was sought after by many schools, Carter called Notre Dame's recruiting tactics "by far the most honest." While many colleges were offering him easy courses and under-the-table riches, Notre Dame recruited him only once a week (in accordance with NCAA rules) and promised him nothing except that academics would be his primary focus. But Phil had already found a friend in Jim, and on this he based his choice. Carter received no Cadillac when he came here, but got a "Stone" instead. But this Stone turned out to be quite a "Rock." Not the type of rock Charlie Brown would receive on Halloween, but more in the St. Peter (or Knute Rockne) sense—a steadfast friend whom he could count on to get him through the rough times that every "green back" has.



Jim Stone

And yet, it was really no surprise that Stone became such a settling influence on Carter, for the same thing had happened to him when he was a new recruit. Then it was Jerome Heavens and later Vagas who took Jim in under their wing. Certainly, it was their closeness to Stoney that enabled Jim to get through the long years on the bench. But whether second or third string, Jim continued to give his all, awaiting his senior year and his chance at starting and stardom, only to have his upstart roommate take it all away . . . after ALL he'd done for him . . . but Jim didn't pout. He never doubted his coach's decision, but congratulated and encouraged Carter, and continued to push himself (and thus Phil) even harder in practice, just as he had done with Jerome and Vagas the three years previous. But as in Harry Oliver's case, persistence paid off, and after Carter's injury Stone high-stepped into the starting role, as well as an instant stardom that few have ever known.

"One of the reasons why guys like Harry and me have been able to step in and do so well is because of Coach Devine's philosophy . . . that we always have to be ready. No one knows when that time will come, so he tells us to just practice our hardest so if something happens . . . I could be walking down the stairs, turn my ankle, and someone else would be ready to step in and take my place. Because if we *all* hadn't worked so hard this spring . . . we

wouldn't be where we are now."

But BEING #1 this early in the campaign brings on other complications. For how do you relieve the pressure of constantly pushing yourselves and each other to be the best?

For Phil and Jim, this quest to stay cool but play hot at the same time leads them to friendly kinds of competition off the field as well. In one of these "friendly competitions" the two strip down to their shorts, take out a deck of cards—and do push-ups! The first player simply picks the top card from the deck, then quickly does the amount of push-ups that correspond, at which point the other player picks and does push-ups, until the deck and players are exhausted. Sounds easy? Well, I forgot to add that face cards are "passes," so you have to keep adding ten to the next card until you pick a plain one. So if you draw three or four face cards in a row toward the end of the deck . . . but at this point Phil grunted, and I took it as a cue to move on.

Still, through games such as these, the players can keep their minds as well as their muscles loose. And while staying loose is important to staying close, it's ESSENTIAL to staying on top. Actually, Jim has a lot less trouble staying close than most, for besides his adopted son Phil, he has two younger brothers on

the team with him, making the Stones the only other family trio on campus besides this sportswriter's own. But while my sister "Mo" and brother Larry's names almost force us to be nicknamed after the "Three Stooges," the Irish players feel that its talented threesome should at least keep up with the "Joneses," and has nicknamed the Stones after Texas' famous football family. So Notre Dame now has the services of Jimmy "Jam" Stone, Dan "Ham" Stone, and Chris "Lamb" Stone. I stated that "Lamb" Stone sounded almost like a contradiction in terms, but Phil seemed to think it still better than "Concrete" Carter.

Perhaps more important than Stone and Carter's closeness on and off the field is the nearness of their career plans, and their readiness for the "outside" world. Thanks to his astounding performances in his last fantastic four games, Stone will undoubtedly be given a shot with the pros, and he hopes to make the most of it. But the senior Communications major has also been taking many business courses and is prepared for a career in either of these areas, or perhaps a combination of both communications and athletics. And Jim may just be the rare type of person who could pull it off, as he did during one "How To" speech in speech

(cont. on page 28)

Paul Roche:

The Orchestration of Language Towards Maximum Perception

by Elizabeth Blakey



Paul Roche

The Ode begins—

The late-summer trees are heavily
shawled.
The campus boulevards strum with
boys and girls.
A clock chimes, the church bell tolls.
There is shade for the flowers in
Brownson Hall,
And a chipmunk scrabbles dapper
to his hole

Oh how to be truthful and not
offend?
How to be true and not pretend?
How to be real and yet transcend?

Far away and near, the minutes
make amends
Towards some act of history—and
everywhere
Potency hangs in the atmosphere.
The Black Prince prances through
the English ranks
As the French and Italian bowmen
stand
Drawn and taut elsewhere
And the forenoon trails to the
fields of Cressy

But here in the West in another land,
Before noon of the fight near
Bunker Hill,
The same testing moves to another
end
And what is taut and drawn is
destiny.
How to be true and not
pretend?

Paul Roche is a poet from England. He is poet in residence at Notre Dame this semester and a renowned translator of Greek tragedy. Edith Hamilton, the noted classics scholar, said that his "translations from Aeschylus are the best I have ever read." Both his Aeschylus and Sophocles translations are being sold in our bookstore. He wrote the screenplay for a cinema production of *Oedipus the King* starring Christopher Plummer and Orson Welles. Paul Roche is also the careful observer who wrote "An Ode to the Ineluctable Encounter of Such Sweet Flesh," a poem about the Purdue game (and much more), which he read at his "The Breaking Open of Words," a talk about poetry and poetry reading.

Can a man from another country, a man who says, "My ignorance of American football is monumental," write a poem about a Notre Dame football game? Not only write it, but carry it off successfully? Yes. He can because he is a poet. He can because he doesn't write about football. His is not an ode to a Harry O.—however worthwhile such might be, Roche writes about the pregame excitement by linking it to the tension of famous battlefields. He writes about, in his own analysis, "all that glorifies and all that threatens the human animal (in his prowess and God-given sexuality) on his way to testing and fulfillment." Roche uses

the game as a symbol of all the life of man.

He celebrates "the exquisite vitality, innocence, and arrogance of youth poised on the brink of triumph or tragedy as the incarnation of a more than human spark, which must burst into flame and burn through to the final illumination," which is that "every moment is fraught with its own surreality, and this includes the humble awareness that triumph and tragedy are indistinguishable."

I am sure that none of us thought of the Purdue game quite that way. We need the poet to show us what he sees, what is there. Roche says that "the poet should have a single vision, not asking that you believe him, but that you see and feel what he does, what it is like to have a complete vision. People are so fragmented."

During his talk, Roche spoke of how he came to be a poet. He was educated at Gregorian University in Rome and graduated in Philosophy, but he wanted to escape from the abstractions and universals of metaphysics. "Not that metaphysics is not necessary, it is. But it is terrible dehumanization. So, I went off in a ten-foot foldboat."

Alone in the boat for two and a half months, he sailed from Nice, France, to Barcelona, Spain. "I was amazed by the ubiquity of nature. The sun, the sea, the wind. I was forced to write poetry."

Paul Roche teaches a poetry class in the General Program Department. One Monday afternoon in his class, a tremendous thunderstorm erupted. He exclaimed, "Oh, we must stop and watch. Open the window wide and turn off the lights, someone, please." It became dark, inside and out, and students in the class periodically interjected comments on the storm. "If anyone wishes to write a poem about this, please do so. But no generalities like 'There was a lot of rain and wind.' Give precise images."

Roche believes that "poetry is the incantation of exact experience that seizes the heart and mind. It is the apprehension of being through the beauty of words, an arrangement of words to produce a resonance beyond the meaning of words. It is the orchestration of language towards maximum perception."

He also believes that everyone can write poetry. We all speak poetically to a certain extent. Every cliché at one time was a "leap of free association." And are not such free association leaps being spoken daily? An exercise that Paul Roche uses to help people begin to write poetry goes like this: put an everyday object in front of you and write down anything that comes to mind. "Jot it down whatever it is—the banal, the senseless, the obscene; speed is the thing. When you have done so, read them all out. You'll be amazed at the wealth of buried imagery inside you." You will then have the beginnings of a poem. The imagery, form, and sound are there and only need some shaping. During his lecture "The Breaking Open of Words," he read a poem which he wrote using this method. It is called "The Brick." Here is the beginning of that poem—

By itself and from a distance
its redness is cinnabar and hard
contusing the air
It thrusts away space
with a small
brute displacement
And yet it is there—contained:

It lines with and against
and in
the great box of the sky
through all the unperceived
laminations
of reality

Put it nearer
and it impinges on the air
with angular assertion

Another poem he has written this way is called "The Spent Matchstick." One of its stanzas contains a striking (!) image.

Sucked in:
an aged tit
that nourished flame
supined: memorial
of the devouring and the dance
and her one flare.

Roche's "The Coca-Cola Bottle (Empty)" was also written this way. It begins:

Vertically glaucous
with greenish lines
trapping the light
a magpie of hues
It stands neither squat nor tall
with its hard vitreous rind.

Nozzling upwards
the O of its empty
mouth
annuleted with a high
double collar
It will clink against its kind
but elsewhere voices only
a dull chime.

We are not all going to write poetry like this, but this method does give a good beginning.

Paul Roche calls poetry "the orchestration of words," because the "sound comes first, then the sense." The sound of a poem can tell so much more.

Half a Glass Of

Half a glass of burgundy
And a green grass bank
Half a glass of green grass
And a bank of burgundy
Half a grass bank
And burgundy in a green glass
Half a bank of grass
And a glass of green burgundy
Half a grass of blurgundy
And a green brass blank
Half a glass of clean grease
And a blink of glurgundy
Heelf a brass gleenk
And blurgundy in a grass gleese
Herlf a grease of glank
And a glunk of blast gree gundy
Half a bank of grass glass
And a green of glargundy
Half a glass of Burgundy
And a green grass bank.

Paul Roche is a poet using his five senses consciously. During his lecture, he discussed what he termed the "problem of poetry and the intellectual." He said that "poetry seldom appeals directly to the intellect. It works through the senses. That is not to say that it cannot sometimes deal with the loftiest of ideas."

Winter Solstice

The starling-egg sky
Is cold, clear of birds

Or clouds. No swift or swallow
Throws its shuttle through

The transparency up there
Where a man's soul

Is as clearly not seen
As the shining space

Roche knows that poetry says things faster than prose, "contrary to what most people think." It would take an infinite number of words to say in prose what Shakespeare expresses in fourteen lines or to say in an article what Paul Roche tells us in a poem. □

Elizabeth Blakey is a sophomore in the General Program. This is her first contribution to Scholastic.



Inside Golding's *Leviathan* *Rites of Passage*

by Ken Scarbrough

Rites of Passage by William Golding
Farrar, Straus, Giroux; 278 pp.
\$10.95

The eternal gates terrific porter
lifted the northern bar;
Thel enter'd in & saw the secrets
of the land unknown;
She saw the couches of the dead,
& where the fibrous roots
Of every heart on earth infixes
deep its restless twists:
A land of sorrows & of tears
where never smile was seen.
—Blake; from "The Book of Thel"

For many a junior high school class, the reading of William Golding's *Lord of the Flies* serves as a frightful but nevertheless poignant awakening. One may assert that the 12- or 13-year-old who reads the Golding classic for the first time finally "bites fully into the apple." Who can forget the initially enigmatic title, the gradual unravelling of the idyll on the island, Simon's vision, and the nefarious actions of Jack and Roger? Part of the power of this Golding novel exists in its skillful retelling of an old story: Genesis 3.¹ Certainly, most of us can recall the reading of *Lord of the Flies* as a powerful experience of early adolescence. Part of the novel's greatness lies in its expansion of meaning as we grow older and read more.

Well, Golding has just published a novel which continues his search into that fallen nature which exposes itself so frightfully in *Lord of the Flies*. Although the recently released *Rites of Passage* possesses a setting, style, and mood quite different from Golding's first novel, it serves as a continuation of his quest into the nature of man. *Lord of the Flies* explores the results of the Fall; *Rites of Passage* examines that experience of sudden alienation, shame, and despair that was/is the Fall. Although not a novel of *Lord of the Flies*' stature, *Rites of Passage*, like

the earlier novel, echoes Mr. Kurtz's cry of "The Horror! The Horror!" in *Heart of Darkness*. As we shall see, Conrad's short novel has more than a casual relationship with *Rites of Passage*.

As the novel opens, we find ourselves within the journal of Edmund Talbot, a young aristocrat who is making a voyage from England to the Antipodes sometime after the Napoleonic wars 'to assist a governor in the administration of one of His Majesty's colonies' (p. 4). Over the next 277 pages, Talbot will reveal to his patron-godfather the events of the microcosmic society upon the aging ship. All types of men and women are present, and the "policeman" of civilization is present in the ship's Captain Anderson and parodied by the ludicrous character of Mr. Prettiman.

Within this situation, Talbot undergoes two "rites of passage": the first, his initiation into the life of the sea as expressed in his learning the language of sailing, "Tarpaulin"; the second, his relationship with the Rev. Colley, a young Anglican minister who experiences the true "rite of passage" in the novel. Through Colley's fall from his ideals into the abyss of self-degradation and shame, Talbot realizes that he has participated in this experience with Colley and must share in the shame.

Immediately, Talbot finds himself within a world less insular and well ordered than the life of an aristocrat:

Well then, to resume, I am aboard. I climbed the bulging and tarry side of what once, in her young days, may have been one of Britain's formidable wooden walls. I stepped through a kind of low doorway into the darkness of some deck or other and gagged at my first breath. Good God, it was quite nauseous! . . . A fellow who announced himself as my servant conducted me to a kind of hutch

against the vessel's side, which he assured me was my cabin. . . . "My good man," said I, "what is this stink?" He stuck his nose up and peered round as if he might see the stink in the darkness rather than nose it. "Stink, sir? What stink, sir?" "The stink," said I, my hand over my nose and mouth as I gagged, "the fetor," the stench, call it what you will!" . . . "Lord, sir!" said he. "You'll soon get used to that!" (p. 4).

Soon after, Talbot and the other passengers suffer the common enemy of all unaccustomed to the sea: nausea. Talbot's description of the ship's action in the ocean reflects his wit and learning: "But this ship has more strings than a violin, more than a lute, more I think than a harp, and under the wind's tuition she makes a ferocious music. . . . (the monstrous vessel has become "she" as a termagant mistress)" (pp. 17 & 19). However, Talbot's wit and learning become mere pretension when he throws in a quotation in Classical Greek to a deckhand who mistakes it for French.

From within all of this discomfort, Talbot has an encounter with the Rev. Colley on deck during a storm and later with a ship's lieutenant, Mr. Cumbershum, who provides Talbot and the reader with a description of the character and views of the ship's captain:

"A chaplain, sir? We have no chaplain!" "Believe me, I have seen him. . . . Come, come Mr. Cumbershum! Are not seamen notoriously superstitious? Do you not require the occasional invocation of Mumbo Jumbo?" "Captain Anderson does not, sir. Nor did the great Captain Cook, I would have you know. He was a notable atheist and would as soon have taken the plague into his ship as a parson" (p. 21).

The basic conflict within the novel is

established; from this point, the parson will suffer increasing alienation. Talbot asks Cumbershum how a ship without a chaplain maintains order; he dodges the question by answering that Anderson would never allow his ship to have a chaplain.

Of course, the headings of Talbot's journal entries begin with day one and progress sequentially. Soon after, however, Talbot begins to lose his sense of time and begins to give his journal headings titles such as "X," which does "its algebraic duty and represents the unknown" (p. 46), and various letters from the Greek alphabet. During the "X" entry, the reader meets most of the characters who will play a role in the fall of Rev. Colley and Talbot.

The key figure in Colley's demise, Billy Rodgers, remains for description within Colley's letter to his sister which Talbot will later reproduce in his journal. Among the other characters are Mr. Prettiman, "the inveterate foe of every superstition" (p. 56), whose main desire is to shatter certain perceived notions about Mr. Coleridge's famed albatross, and Miss Zenobia, a simultaneously repulsive and attractive young woman who lures Talbot into his first experience of shame on board the vessel: "I must rouse myself from too dull a view of the farmyard transaction by which our wretched species is lugged into the daylight" (p. 92). When Talbot asserts that Prettiman "demonstrates to the thoughtful eye how really irrational a rationalist philosopher can be!" he provides the context for the remaining events of his journal's narrative (p. 73).

In a journal entry entitled "Ω," Talbot remarks to his godfather that this must be "the last scene"; nothing more, except disaster from the weather, can occur (p. 104). Life on the ship becomes like a Greek play, but more a farce than a tragedy (p. 104). The Rev. Colley engages in drunken abandon and becomes a "Punchinello." The parson becomes excessively inebriated, ostensibly commits only a social misdemeanor and then, with temerity, proceeds to bless his onlookers. Colley's behavior remains inexplicable until we later read his letter which describes the mental and physical torture he is subjected to by various members of the crew and the absolute indifference and disdain with which Captain Anderson treats him. For the rest of the narrative, Colley remains bedridden with shame and guilt.

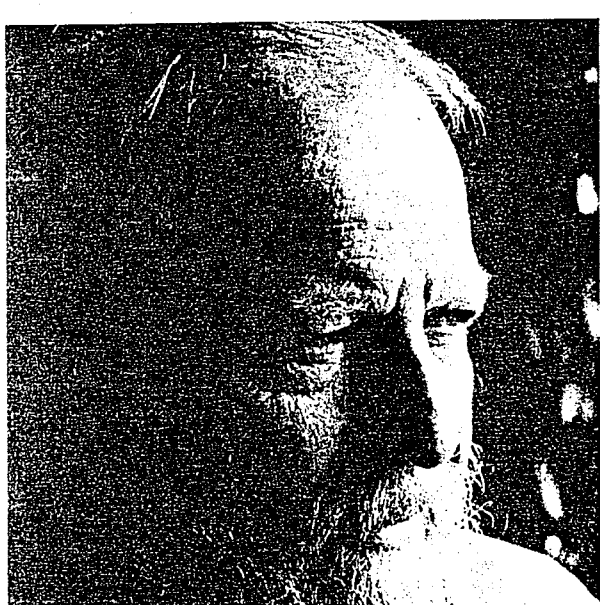
The Captain learns of the journal that Talbot is keeping and, knowing it is intended for influential eyes, attempts to exonerate himself from responsibility in the Colley affair. Talbot possesses other ideas: Anderson must speak to the stricken Colley and, in a sense, finally acknowledge his existence as a parson. Of course, the Captain does not. Instead, he searches for anyone aboard the ship who might either cure Colley or pronounce a convenient cause of illness. A certain Brocklebank, an artist who studied medicine for one year, is called in to assist. After learning of Colley's death, Anderson begins his search for an excuse for the death. Standing outside Colley's cabin, the drunken Brocklebank, "Silenus" in Talbot's eyes, claims:

"I know you all, . . . all, all! I am an artist! The man is not dead but shleepeth! He is in a low fever and may be recovered by drink—" (p. 177). The Captain now possesses his excuse.

After Colley's death, we read the letter that exposes his alienation, torture, and suffering. Talbot attempted twice to speak with Colley after his drunken revelry, but each time only silence greeted him. After the second visit, Talbot came away with the writing that indicts Captain Anderson, exposes Colley's shame and guilt, and places Talbot in shame. Before his fall, Colley sensed brotherhood in Talbot but received only distance from him. Totally forlorn, Colley committed a single transgression which filled him with such remorse that he willed his own death.

Like Mr. Kurtz, Colley's fall involves loss of his "Intended," "station," "career," and "ideas."³ Although the similarities between Kurtz and Colley generally end here, both descend from missionary zeal into self-degradation. Whereas Kurtz's legacy of "unspeakable rites" is carried out over a period of time deep within the Congo, Colley's descent into sin occurs in one moment. He succumbs shortly after he sings with drunken lust a tune whose melody and "words [are] well enough known: . . . 'Where have you been all the day, Billy Boy?'" (p. 115). Although Colley's "Intended" is his church, his sister resembles, in function, Kurtz's fiancée. As the novel ends, Talbot intends to write Colley's sister a letter concerning her brother's actions and death without exposing the truth.

Symbolically, all of the guardians of civilization are present within the confines of the ship. Colley's experience exposes the ultimate inability of either civil, military, or religious institutions to control the propensity towards evil that lies within the crew members' and passengers' "hearts." Terror and violence emerge in *Heart of Darkness* and *Lord of the Flies* partially because the "policeman" of civilization is not present to regulate the instinctual. In *Rites of Passage*, the "policeman" is present and is completely ineffectual. Hiding under a facade of rationality, the Captain allows his passengers and crew to isolate Colley and to subject him to a degrading nightmare performed by some of the ship's officers. As God's representative, Colley becomes the foe, "a low, filthy fellow [who] must be sham-poo'd" (p. 238). This unwillingness



William Golding

(cont. from page 27)

and/or inability of the Captain and of Talbot to do anything to prevent the parson's isolation illustrates a comment Golding has made concerning *Lord of the Flies*:

The theme is an attempt to trace the defects of society back to the defects of human nature. The moral is that the shape of a society must depend on the ethical nature of the individual and not on any political system however apparently logical or respectable.⁴

Because *Rites of Passage* presents each human as fallen, stranded between the "heights of complacent austerity" and the "lowest hell of self-degradation," we cannot hope in an ultimate ethical change in man that is not accompanied by something greater than man (p. 278). However, as in *Lord of the Flies*, *Rites of Passage* does not present an ultimately effective means for that salvation. The boys on Coral Island reject the enigmatic Simon, a "messianic-like" boy who attains the revelation of true human character from that grotesque pig's head

impaled on a stick. As a frail and quixotic representative of religious belief, Colley is rejected by the crew and passengers. In *Lord of the Flies*, those like Ralph who attempt to establish a rational, "respectable" society fail soon after they begin their attempts; in *Rites of Passage*, an apparently well-ordered, rational, and authoritarian society is actually a thinly cast "veil" that hides all sorts of heinous and uncontrollable instincts. Need we remember that Jonestown was a very well-ordered society?

Some have remarked that in his literary career, William Golding has "baited his hook for the Leviathan."⁵ In *Rites of Passage*, Golding's characters reside squarely within the belly of that great monster, and that beast resides directly within the characters. The implicit hope in this novel would be in a "Jonah-like" capacity for "rebirth" from within this setting of chaos, slime, and filth. The possibility of salvation would partially lie in the capacity of those who have fallen from innocence to be aware of the Beelzebub that resides within man. Unlike Blake's Thel who retreats in

horror after viewing the world of experience, man must accept his fallen position on earth.

Rites of Passage is a story of two men and their awakening to the true nature of much human experience. This novel continues a legacy of a writer who has unflinchingly gazed at the Leviathan, that "impenetrable darkness" that one looks at as if he were "peering down at a man who is lying at the bottom of a precipice where the sun never shines."⁶

NOTES

¹ William R. Mueller, "An Old Story Well Told," in William Golding, *Lord of the Flies*, casebook edition, ed., by James R. Baker & Arthur P. Ziegler (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1964), p. 249.

² Joseph Conrad, *Heart of Darkness* and *The Secret Sharer* (New York: New American Library, 1910), p. 147.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 146.

⁴ Mueller in Golding, p. 251.

⁵ Stanley Edgar Hyman, quoted in Herbert Mitgang, "Bookends": "William Golding's World," *The New York Times*, November 2, 1980, Sec. 7, p. 47.

⁶ Conrad, p. 147.

(cont. from page 23)

class. His subject was the art of jump roping, and much to the surprise of several classmates, Stone did his tiring tricks during the entire ten-minute talk.

Phil was now laughing at the unusual versatility of his roommate, so I put the same question to him. "A pro football career," he said as easily as if breaking a tackle.

"But barring that?" Carter shrugged.

"A garbage man."

But pushing the usual questioning further, I found out that Phil was also a Communications major, and hoped to use his degree to find a job. And being a team leader, he certainly has been getting a lot of practical experience.

Listening to this discussion, it is easy to see why Carter and Stone feel this team wins so many close ones. It's because there are so many "close ones" on the team. "You don't often see freshmen hanging around seniors around campus," observed Stone, "except if they're on the football team." "And you won't find too many players on other teams, competing for the same position, as close as me and Phil. I think that the success we've had has an influence on

the younger players. They see we're friends, so they're not afraid to be friendly with us, or each other. Until it doesn't matter what age you are or what color you are or what religion you are. Like Phil and me, they'll be ready to do whatever's necessary for the good of the team."

"This is beginning to sound a little like *Brian's Song*," I said in all sincerity.

"Yeah, but at least we never have to play in the SAME backfield," quipped Phil.

Despite Carter's sarcasm, Stoney's point was well made. After last season, sportswriters said that Vagas' successor would have a hard act to follow. But even after witnessing the overwhelming encore Phil and Jimmy have put on for us thus far, I will not make the same mistake. Instead, I shall call them "a hard act to catch." And if you don't believe me, ask any defensive back, and I'm sure sure he'll agree. Perhaps because they are so used to putting each other down off the field, it makes it hard for the unfamiliar defensemen to put them down when they're on it. But even in the event that both become injured, or have been brought down to earth for the last time, they can rest assured knowing men like Moriarty, Mosley,

Bell and Adell are ready, always ready, to take over.

And yet, as solid as our ground game is, one wonders if it will be enough to keep us #1. For one expects that someday, the Irish, whose feats have been almost solely on the ground, must come to pass, and do it well and perhaps often, to beat the best. I mean, Blair HAS Flair, but when it comes to moving us through the air, is Kiel for real?

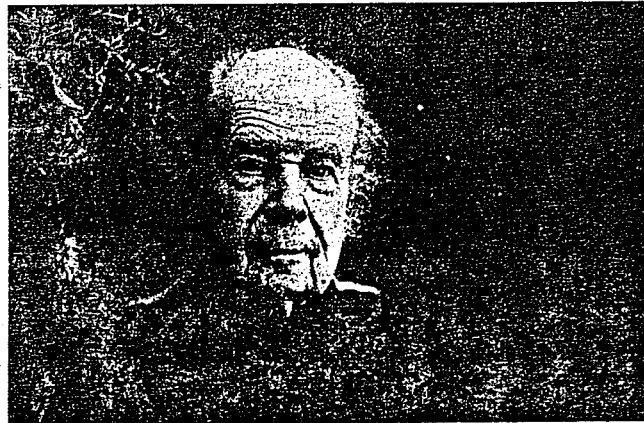
"The passing attack will be ready when we need it," said Stone so confidently he made it sound like a foregone conclusion. "But you win with your strength," he added, leaving no more room for uncertainty.

So after seven games, we can now see how the team stands. Our running game, led by Concrete and Stoney, or Stoney and Concrete (since they are too close to call one a leader over the other), is ready and willing, behind an offensive line that always holds together, if sometimes too often. Then there is the defense that denies, but never doubts; and of course the kicking game, led by Harry and St. Mary's. Which, added together, can all mean only one thing.

We must save our St. Jude medals for the quarterbacks.

A Wise Man's Gift to Those Who Follow

by Professor Edward McGlynn Gaffney, Jr.



Fritz Marti

FRITZ MARTI, *RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY: COLLECTED ESSAYS*

(Washington, D.C.: University Press of America, 1979).

Although written over a period of four decades, the papers in this anthology are well selected, forming a coherent book on religion and philosophy. This volume is now available in paperback at the Hammes Bookstore. Taken as a whole, the papers reflect the life of a fruitful and patient scholar who for over half a century (in 1923 Marti joined the faculty at the University of Oregon and in 1974 retired as professor emeritus at Southern Illinois University) has provided philosophical guidance to students who, in his words, have been "baffled by the verbiage of religion."

All of us, I suspect, have experienced that sort of bafflement at one time or another; and Marti insists that we cannot drop the matter "the way college students drop a course they think they cannot handle." He offers no easy solution in these essays for those for whom God is truly a question or a problem, nor does he think it is enough for contemporary persons to express naive confidence in the mythic or poetic form in which religious truths are encapsulated. Not that Marti is out to abolish the myth. To the contrary, with Vico and Jung he repudiates the equation of myth and fake, and he draws attention to the profound significance and superhuman power of myth in human life.

Marti then suggests that those who would mature in their thinking must attend to philosophical discourse as a way of translating religious truths into nonmythological language. In short, this volume argues that Jerusalem and Athens have much to do with one another, that religion and philosophy are mutually interrelated, or in Marti's words, "that philosophy

without religion is empty, and religious experience without philosophic verification is blind."

If it appears strange that a philosopher is so overtly interested in religious experience, Marti suggests that the very strangeness is itself symptomatic of an age in which "the language of traditional religion has lost the vitality with which it would assail everyone."

In such an age, however, neither religious revivalism nor its secular counterparts, rationalism and scientism, will do. All of these isms are reductionist, too simple to be of help in a world where faith, reason, and science need one another.

As a guide for his journey of philosophic exploration, Marti has chosen Friedrich Schelling (1775-1854), who forged an important link between the major German philosophers of the 18th and 19th centuries (Kant, Fichte, and Hegel), but is perhaps the least well known of all of them in the English-speaking world. Only two of Schelling's works have been published in America (*Of Human Freedom* in 1936, and *The Ages of the World* in 1942), but Schelling is cited in virtually every essay of this volume.

One of Marti's complaints about his American colleagues in philosophy is their innocence of foreign languages (would Berkeley be dominated by linguistic analysis and logical positivism if American philoso-

phers could and did read French, German and Dutch?). It is interesting to note that in this collection of essays Marti shows complete familiarity with his sources, providing his own translations rather than relying on published translations and secondary literature.

Although intended as a document of Marti's major essays for his former students and for his son and five daughters (one of whom, Moira Marti Geoffrion, is a noted sculptor on the faculty of the art department), *Religion and Philosophy* is a gift of a wise man for all of us at Notre Dame.

For administrators at an institution attempting to defy Shaw's famous quip that a Catholic university is a contradiction in terms, Marti provides living witness to the possibility of serious interdisciplinary reflection.

For the rest of us, students and faculty alike, Marti shows that the life of a scholar has its own rewards, reflected not only in the perceptive essays in this volume (including the narration and interpretation of a recent dream of Marti's in the eulogy, in which God appears as a white-hot rectangular iron which without uttering a word "would consume . . . everything, and especially every word ever said or written about God"), but also in the penetrating eyes of the gentle man depicted at the end of the volume. □

Cinema

Ordinary People, Extraordinary Performance

by Liz Ann Welly

The Jarretts are ordinary people, if by ordinary we mean a middle class family that subscribes to the values associated with that class. They enjoy the comforts of suburban living. There is an external order and predictable pattern to their lives. Nothing threatens their view of themselves as ordinary people until something unpredictable and uncontrollable occurs. Because their adolescent son, Conrad (Timothy Hutton), is unable to deal with feelings of responsibility for the accidental boating death of his brother, he attempts suicide. As a result, each member of the family is made to realize, to different degrees, that there are feelings and emotions that have to be expressed and dealt with at the risk of destroying the family's image of itself as ordinary. The film focuses on the different responses of the individual members of the family to that realization.

The realization that the members of a family cannot survive in isolation from one another is forced upon Conrad because of the intensity of his feelings of grief and of responsibility for the death of his brother, Buck. In realizing that he cannot carry the burden of his grief alone, Conrad recognizes the fundamental senselessness of sacrificing genuine communication for the appearance of order, the appearance of an ordinary household. Conrad understands that he cannot return to the normal existence he led before Buck's death because he is not the same person he was before. Fragmented not only by the need to share his feelings with his mother and father but also by his fear of rejection, Conrad attempted suicide. In recognizing the loneliness and frailty that led him to the despair of suicide, Conrad has taken the first step necessary for communication with others—self-confrontation.

When Conrad tells Karen, a friend

from the hospital, that he misses it there because "nobody hid anything there," he discovers an important element about himself. In order to reveal anything of himself Conrad needs an atmosphere of openness and honesty. Conrad is frustrated by the recognition of the sharp contrast between the hospital and the repressed and strained atmosphere of his own home. Gradually Conrad comes to feel the same ease that he felt in the hospital with his psychiatrist, Dr. Berger (Judd Hirsch). Because Dr. Berger is authentic, Conrad is able to share his feelings with him. It makes perfect sense in light of Conrad's need for honesty that, when he learns of the death of a friend, he reaches out to Dr. Berger rather than to his parents.

Conrad's need for friendship with genuine and authentic people is clearly revealed in his relationship with Jeannine. Jeannine is all that Conrad wants to be. She is warm, open, and spontaneous. She does not restrict her thoughts or conversation to what is usually considered "proper territory." She gently treads on often untouched and sensitive areas. She is the first person other than a doctor to ask Conrad about his suicide attempt. When she is embarrassed by an uncomfortable silence in their conversation, she bluntly remarks on the difficulty with which people talk to each other for the first time. She helps Conrad see the liberating quality of self-expression.

The mother, Beth (Mary Tyler Moore), is entirely unable to deal with the disruption in her life caused by her son's attempted suicide. Her only concern seems to be "to get back to normal." Blindly, she prefers to live her life ignorant of the pain in which her family is enmeshed. The demands and burdens of love are too many for Beth. Love is imperfect and disorderly. Because she cannot control the pain that is tear-

ing her family apart, she tries to impose an external order on their world. She plays golf on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Her house is immaculate, perfectly ordered, and cold. Her appearance is always impeccable and appropriate for the occasion. She prefers artificial Christmas trees to real ones. Her commitment to remaining ordinary—like everyone else in the neighborhood—does not allow her to examine the contents of her soul. Because she is afraid that her thoughts may be inappropriate or indecorous, she hides her feelings behind a mask of forced gaiety.

Beth's concern for social appearance can be seen in her adamant refusal to allow others to share in the family's pain. She refuses to be a part of family therapy because in her participation she would be admitting that there is something wrong, that her family is different—out of the ordinary. Beth has a similar reaction when her husband, Cal (Donald Sutherland) tells a friend that Conrad is seeing a psychiatrist. She is outraged by what she considers to be a violation of privacy. How can the family be considered ordinary when Conrad is seeing a psychiatrist? Her concern for appearances is also strongly evidenced when she vents her anger at Conrad for not telling her he quit the swim team. She is upset not because he quit, but because a neighbor told her the news. Certainly she never deals with the fact that Conrad could not tell her because she is not able to listen.

When sensitive response and deep emotion are called for, Beth is unable to provide any warmth. Because she cannot bear the responsibility of loving Conrad, she physically and emotionally cuts him off. The despair and attempted suicide of an adolescent son do not fit into the ordinary pattern of one's life in Lake Forest. Beth cannot even bear to

stand next to him during a family picture. The emotional cutoff is best elucidated in the scene in which Conrad finds her alone in Buck's room. Both Conrad and Beth are in deep pain at that moment, but they are unable to share the heavy burden of their grief. The silence is awkward. The only words that Beth can produce are senseless and meaningless. She can only tell him that she has bought him two new shirts.

The father responds to the crisis in his family in the only way he knows how—the ordinary way. Cal tries to help Conrad achieve some sense of normalcy by encouraging him to participate in activities that he thinks will make Conrad happy—ordinary activities—the swim team, football in the yard with friends. He becomes very excited when he learns Conrad is riding to school with his friends. Cal is limited in his understanding of Conrad's need, but this limitation is not due to his lack of interest or patience.

It is not until Cal confronts his own feelings that he begins to understand his son. When Cal goes to Dr. Berger's office, he discovers that he not only came to talk about Conrad, but also to talk about his whole family. At this time he begins to articulate many of the feelings he has repressed. He tells Dr. Berger that he sees that Beth cannot forgive Conrad. He feels that perhaps it is because they are too much alike. Neither of them cried at Buck's funeral. While he is at the psychiatrist's office, Cal begins to question some of the wasted effort the family expends in trying to create a superficial calm. In a scene of rare and painful self-confrontation, he asks Beth, "Why was it so important what I wore on the day of our son's funeral?" Cal has begun to sense the tragedy of their lives. They are lonely people living together.

Cal does not realize that Beth is incapable of loving until the scene in which she is totally unable to respond to Conrad's warm and clumsy hug. She is so desperately out of touch with her feelings that she cannot possibly give of herself in a relationship. Cal realizes that beneath the mask of calm Beth wears is a

woman who is weak, alone, and afraid. He discovers that Conrad is strong because he possesses the rawest kind of courage needed to examine the contents of one's own heart. When Cal tells Beth that he does not know if he loves her anymore, we become aware of the depth of his strength. Cal has begun that painful and constant task of self-reflection and expression. It is in that beginning—the advent of real communication among the Jarretts—which marks the end of the film.

Director Robert Redford has left us with only a beginning in the ambiguous results of the Jarretts' attempt at renewal. We do not know if Cal will ever be able to love Beth again. The family has only just begun the painful process of sharing the thoughts and feelings that have remained deep in their hearts for so long. Despite all the pain and suffering the family has endured, Redford makes it difficult for us to blame any one of the persons involved. There are no villains in the world Redford has created. They are simply ordinary people trying to love each other.

The film's impact lies not in the originality of its insight, but rather in the simple and sensitive way it explores man and the human condition in many of its complexities. We come to understand Redford's *Ordinary People* through his use of

simple language and delicately suggestive, progressive details. We quickly come to understand that the efficiency with which Beth runs her house is a substitute for the disorder in her personal life. We come to realize that the calm patience Cal exhibits finds its source in deep strength. Finally, we see that Conrad and his family are struggling, not only for themselves, but also for all families contending with the responsibilities of familial love. Robert Redford accomplishes all this with uncomplicated scenes, terse dialogue, and a delicate understanding of the quality of ordinary human lives.

The film is most extraordinary in its ordinariness. Even if we cannot personally identify with the immediate circumstances in which the film evolves, we are all familiar with the underlying tensions that surge beneath the superficial calm of the Jarrett household. We have all felt isolated and alone in our pain, and yet have been afraid to share that pain. Yet often those emotions and common experiences that we want most to share remain the most ineffable. *Ordinary People* overcomes that difficulty of expression. It gently invites us into the sphere of the unspoken and inexpressible. □

Liz Ann Welly is a junior English major from Toledo, Ohio. This is her first contribution to Scholastic.



Music

Springsteen: Worth the Wait

by Keith Caughlin



In 1975 I remember sitting in my high school library. The weekly supply of magazines had just come in. It was lucky if you got to see the magazines before guys would rip out the pages. On the cover of both *Time* and *Newsweek* was the same face, Bruce Springsteen's. I read the articles but words can't tell you what a sound is like so I forgot about it. Three years later I saw Bruce Springsteen in the ACC. Then I heard the sound and I liked it. Listening to his albums the week before the concert it sounded like Mr. Springsteen was singing with mashed potatoes in his mouth. But after seeing the intense four-hour show I knew that Bruce Springsteen was rock and roll in human form. It was music, but more than that it was sounds of emotions. I began to wait for the next time I could hear those sounds.

Last year the rumors started: "It will be out before Christmas." "There is a disagreement in price but the albums are in the boxes." "It's coming in February." Everyone had their own version of the new album story. With the release of the *No Nukes* album anticipation mounted. Would the album, could the album live up to people's expectations? Would there be live cuts, perhaps a new sound on the album? I waited.

I waited until October 13. On that day I called River City Records and was told the album would arrive in the early afternoon. After inquiring weekly, I had received the answer I was hoping for; it was here. I drove to the record store at one o'clock. A box stood near the counter: "Reserved for Bruce Springsteen's new album" the sign read. The cashier said the manager would return at three o'clock with the shipment. Another wait. It would be worth it.

At three o'clock twenty people milled around the store. More customers were coming in and fewer

were leaving. Two Saint Mary's girls camped themselves in front of the cash register, a line loosely formed. High school kids buying Van Halen tickets wondered what was going on. The clerks counted their change and watched the clock. The shipment was late—the line looked at the clock and expectantly back at the clerks. A car arrived at 4:45, a big guy rushed in carrying the boxes; he threw them on the counter. The albums were here, inside those boxes. The line got quiet. He ripped open the boxes and the blue grey album peeked through; taking a stack of albums out he gave them to the girls in front. They took their thick copy off and passed the rest to me; I lifted mine off and passed on the stack. Like a teacher passing out exams or a priest Communion the album distribution continued. The huge face on the cover looked gloomy but not nauseous like the cover of *Darkness on the Edge of Town*.

Walking to the car I flipped the album over and looked at the back cover. It was a photo of items on a dime store shelf. There were paper decorations: grooms and brides, an eagle, a flag, a liberty bell. "Geez, you'd think he was going to sing about marriage or independence." I drove quickly back to school. "But Officer, I just got this new album . . .," I pictured myself saying. The stylus touched the vinyl and the sound came out.

The River is a noble work. It is the product of a more mature Springsteen. He has gone from boy/man to man, the singer's self-image shows this. From his first album, *Greetings from Asbury Park*, "I could walk like Brando straight into the sun" to the recognition in *The River* that, "Once I spent my time playing tough guy scenes/But I was living in a world of childish dreams." *The River* is very powerful and cul-

minates a trilogy according to Mr. Springsteen. *Born to Run*, *Darkness on the Edge of Town* and this album are thematically connected. The ever-present darkness, a rebelliousness beyond and within conformity, work, driving, angelic images and redemptive love are themes which are strung throughout the eight album sides. The locales of the songs are now more universal. A trend, starting with *Born to Run*, of broadening the scope of the lyrics is continued. The New York and Jersey Shore flavor of *Greetings* and *Wild and the Innocent* no longer dominates and has been replaced with rural, small-town images.

Words can not capture sounds. I can only hope to surface some things I picked out and themes such as linked images. Mr. Springsteen is still looking for the best way to convey his feelings through music. He has changed and will continue to; gone are the grating guitar solos and mumbled vocals. *The River* has a much clearer, more distinct sound. You have to listen for yourself though.

While there is a thematic continuity in the last three albums there are many contradictory statements within *The River* itself. These clashes are purposely effected through the albums' programming. For example, Mr. Springsteen begins side one with "The Ties That Bind" and ends it with "Independence Day." The first emphasizes the importance of bonds, links to others through relationships. "Now you can't break the ties that bind/You can't forsake the ties that bind," the singer advises. The second is based on an opposing stance, one must sever the bond. The son in "Independence Day" must, regardless of whether he wants to, break the paternal ties that bind. This is the same relationship which began on *Darkness* with "Adam raised a Cain." In this earlier work

the father and son live, "with the same hot blood burning in our veins." Later on "Independence Day" the son realizes that, "There was just no way the house could hold the two of us/I guess that we were too much of the same kind." The darkness in "Adam raised a Cain," where the son can be called by his true name, has grown larger in "Independence Day." It now includes his house and the town, "a darkness in this house that got the best of us/There's a darkness in this town that's got us too."

A second conflict within a side of an album is on side two. In "I Wanna Marry You" and "The River" two opposing viewpoints on marriage are portrayed. In the first song the singer proposes to a lady with children. The love he feels for this woman would make a home, a family. He knows "true love can't be no fairy-tale," but he feels it can happen if she wears his name. In "I Wanna Marry You" true love is manifest in marriage. The marriage in the second song, "The River," does not hold this ideal. The past love and caring is forgotten between the singer and his girl once the marriage takes place. On its own "The River" is a very strong song weaving the same pictures and musical tapestries as "Racing in the Street" or "Meeting Across the River." The themes of marriage and independence are portrayed ironically like a cardboard centerpiece trying to capture the beauty of a bride and groom or a paper eagle and flag trying to capture the spirit of independence.

One way of characterizing the songs on this album is through the labels of "party" and "serious." Each side has a couple of rockers which break up the ballads. The party songs which everybody and their brother (*The New York Times*, *The Village Voice* and *The Observer*) have called "frat rock," "trash rock," and "junk rock" are fun to listen to. The ultra-powerful, "turn up the volume" guitar solos have been replaced by Danny Federici's organ and Clarence Clemons' saxophone. Federici's keyboards do everything except whistle Dixie on most of the songs. I think the lack of a guitar sound is due either to Mr. Springsteen and Miami Steve Van Zandt paying more attention to producing rather than playing. On the other hand, it may be due to the many complaints that guys were acting stupid at parties pretending to play imaginary guitars to the music.

One party song which deserves a special listen is "Cadillac Ranch." Like the other songs in this category it is fun to listen to, but when listen-



ing with an attentive ear, one considers it more seriously. The Cadillac he is singing about, "long and dark, shiny and black," is a hearse. The Cadillac Ranch referred to, reinforced by the lyric sheet photo, is a graveyard. Where else could James Dean, Burt Reynolds, his pa and his aunt all meet except in the afterlife. The hearse greets a workingman when his day is done. The singer's body will be thrown in the back of a hearse when he dies. All these little clues are in the lyrics on this charged-up song. The Cadillac is said to "Ride just like a little bit of Heaven here on earth." Well of course it has a smooth ride, how many bumps in a road can a corpse feel?

If you listen to the album the first time in one sitting, the serious songs begin to sound alike. Most of them begin with an organ and percussion introduction. They are all tight works broken into sections by a chorus and they shy away from the free form, long song style of the early albums. The lyrics on the "front-runner" songs are very captivating, "Point Blank," "Ties That Bind," "The River," "Independence Day" are the obvious pieces.

One song which grows on you and is a definite must for the next Springsteen show, is "Drive All Night." The lyrics on paper seem

most ordinary considering the themes of the trilogy: a guy, a girl, a car, something on the edge of town, a couple of angels. The singing of these lyrics is unbelievable. Even from the studio there emerges a concert-like intensity. Emotions not pictures are drawn out of the listener. Here I go again trying to write about sounds, sounds charged with feeling; you can't read about them—you have to hear them. The weak lyrics serve to let the expression of them overwhelm the ears. "I swear I'd drive all night just to buy you some shoes" is not the most picturesque oath of love ever vowed, but when Mr. Springsteen sings it, you know he means a lot more than a trip to Thom McAn's. The quiet screaming of "Heart and soul" and the natural adversities ("Through the wind, through the rain, the snow") compounds the depth and the endurance of his love. There have not been vocals like this since "Jungleland."

I like the album. Thirty years from now, when there is a special collector's edition of Springsteen songs released on television (order before midnight tonight), many of these songs will be on that set. I'm just waiting to see him in concert. I've heard some rumors. . . .

Keith Caughlin is an English/philosophy major from Detroit, MI.

(cont. from page 15)

The final assumption is really derivative from the first three, that is, that no leader would rationally initiate any actions that might well lead to his country's cities being bombed with nuclear weapons. To U.S. supporters of countervalue strategy no sane human being would allow this to happen (and thus deterrence occurs). This position is perhaps best expressed by the following:

In the real world of real political leaders — whether here or in the Soviet Union — a decision that would bring even one hydrogen bomb on one city of one's country would be recognized in advance as a catastrophic blunder; ten bombs on ten cities would be a disaster beyond history; and a hundred bombs on one hundred cities is unthinkable.³

Opponents of countervalue strategy (i.e., proponents of counterforce) argue that for a countervalue strategy to succeed as a deterrent both sides must hold the same view on the matter. Counterforce adherents argue that the Soviet Union does not accept the basic assumptions of a countervalue strategy, thus making such a strategy incapable of deterring.

First of all, the argument begins, nuclear weapons in the Soviet view are not qualitatively different, but quantitatively different. That is, nuclear weapons to the Soviets are, simply, "bigger bombs." As Richard Pipes puts it for the Soviet Union:

the atomic weapon had not in any significant manner altered the science of warfare or rendered obsolete the principles which had guided the Red Army in its victorious campaigns against the Wehrmacht.¹

While some could argue from 1945 through 1949 that the Soviet Union held this view because they had no nuclear weapons and "it was not in its interests to seem overly impressed by a weapon on which its rival enjoyed a monopoly,"¹ this view today is clearly not the case.

Thus, Soviet strategists, it is argued, while recognizing that nuclear weapons have deeply altered warfare, "deny that nuclear weapons have altered its essential quality."¹ Therefore, Soviet strategists repudiate U.S. claims that Clausewitz is no longer applicable. As the great Russian strategist V. D. Sokolouskii stated, "It is well known that the

essential nature of war as a continuation of politics does not change with changing technology."¹

With this view of nuclear weapons it is a simple step to the Soviet view that a nuclear war is not necessarily a "no-win" situation. In fact, the Soviets believe such a war could be won: "the country better prepared for it and in possession of a superior strategy could win and emerge a viable society."¹

Finally, countervalue critics argue that even the sacrosanct assumption that no sane person would expose his country's cities to nuclear attack is not a guaranteed fact. They argue that to a country like the Soviet Union, which experienced approximately twenty to thirty million casualties in W.W.II and perhaps as many as thirty million killed in Stalin's purges, the possibility of a nuclear attack on huge population centers is not as paralyzing a horror as it is to U.S. minds. They also present the fact that the Soviet Union studied the effect massive bombing had on cities during World War II and came to the conclusion (which the data supports) that bombing of cities does not bring about the enemies' surrender but only stiffens his will to fight on.¹ Thus Soviet strategy, the argument concludes, is planned to attack the war-waging capabilities of an enemy, not his cities.

Along with the Soviet rejection of the basic assumptions of counterforce strategy, counterforce proponents argue that countervalue strategy is defective for some technical reasons. First, it is argued, that countervalue strategy is a misnomer, since as a strategy "it ceases to be useful precisely where military strategy is supposed to come into effect: at the edge of war."¹ Secondly, countervalue strategy wants to insure that each side has an effective second strike capability and once this is accomplished it attempts to freeze the balance (e.g., S.A.L.T. I). Critics argue that this strategy does not allow for technological advancements in nuclear weaponry; advances which could cancel out an opponent's capability for a second strike. Thus a countervalue strategy does not guarantee that one's deterrent will exist indefinitely. Finally, countervalue strategy, critics argue,

constitutes passive defense which usually leads to defeat. It threatens punishment to the aggressor after he has struck, which may or may not deter him from striking; it cannot prevent him from carrying out his designs.¹

For all of the above reasons then, countervalue critics argue that a countervalue strategy is not capable of deterring nuclear war and that a counterforce strategy is the correct strategy for the United States. With these criticisms as a base, counterforce proponents present their game plan.

While the intricacies and nuances of counterforce strategy fill volumes, several main assumptions manifest themselves. First, proponents of counterforce strategy argue that the Soviet Union's nuclear strategy is clearly counterforce and that this implies an offensive use of nuclear weapons. Specialists quote Soviet strategists and publications as proof of this claim. For example, the Soviet officers' handbook flatly states "Soviet military doctrine is offensive in nature" and also that "the prime task [of nuclear strategy] is preparing for waging war."² This being the case the United States' strategy to defend against this threat is a counterforce option. The second assumption is that if the Soviet Union launched a first strike (surprise preemptive attack) at the U.S. a devastatingly high percentage of our land-based ICBMs would be destroyed. This virtual destruction of one arm of our triad would occur because of the vulnerability of the missiles (in strategic parlance—Minuteman Vulnerability). A recent New York Times article highlighted this concern:

For the first time, Mr. Brown (Secretary of Defense) said last month, the Soviet Union might now be able to destroy all 1,053 of the Air Force's land-based missiles in their underground silos in a surprise nuclear "first strike."

Thirdly, if the United States' response to such an attack was a counterforce second strike the Soviet Union would still have the capability to launch a third strike at our cities; thus the U.S. would be paralyzed into not launching a retaliatory attack because of the fear of a third strike (i.e., the S.U.'s second attack at the U.S.). The fourth assumption is that a United States counterforce second strike would completely wipe out all remaining Soviet missiles, thus removing the threat of a third strike. Finally, inherent in counterforce strategy is the idea that nuclear weapons would be used as part of a controlled, rational response by the United States to a Soviet attack.

Criticisms of these assumptions

flow readily from the pens of countervalue proponents. Starting with the first counterforce assumption critics argue that while they accept the fact that Soviet nuclear policy is counterforce they strongly disagree that this implies that the Soviet Union is planning an offensive first strike designed to insure a Soviet victory. Opponents of counterforce argue that the Soviet Union accepts the reality of mutual deterrence and only use the rhetoric of winning a nuclear war to legitimize their military expenditures and power. In reality the argument continues, the Soviets do everything they possibly can to prevent a nuclear war. Typical of this view is the argument made by Raymond L. Garthoff, U.S. Ambassador to Bulgaria. Garthoff quotes in support of this thesis, the late Russian Major General Nikolai Talensky, an outspoken Soviet military theorist, who emphatically stated:

In our days there is no more dangerous illusion than the idea that thermonuclear war can still serve as an instrument of politics, that it is possible to achieve political aims by using nuclear weapons and still survive.⁵

Finally, critics also argue that the Soviet Union's signing of the S.A.L.T. I treaty was an implicit acceptance of mutually assured destruction and thus the Soviet Union is not planning to initiate a nuclear war regardless of their counterforce strategy. They quote a statement made by the Soviet delegation and cleared by high government and military leaders in Moscow which states:

Even in the event that one of the sides were the first to be subjected to attack, it would undoubtedly retain the ability to inflict a retaliatory strike of crushing power. Thus, evidently, we all agree that war between our two countries would be disastrous for both sides. And it would be tantamount to suicide for the ones who decided to start such a war.⁵

Critics also attack the second assumption to counterforce; the alleged vulnerability of a majority of our missiles is a fallacy. Opponents argue that counterforce strategy is based on certain technical assumptions, the correctness of which are highly doubtful. They make a clear distinction between "theoretical accuracy" and "likely performances" of the Soviet ICBMs.³ As James Fallow, Washington editor of the

Atlantic Monthly magazine, argued in an article on U.S. defense postures,

No one doubts, despite all the inaccuracies and foibles, that the United States and the Soviet Union, with 15,000 strategic nuclear warheads between them, could come close enough to destroy cities and annihilate people. But very few who understand the mechanics of nuclear weaponry consider the perfect timing, precise coordination and pinpoint accuracy of the first strike scenario as anything more than a frightening, but unrealistic fantasy.³

This same reasoning is used to show that a U.S. counterforce strategy would be just as unlikely to destroy all of the Soviet ICBMs on a second strike, as a Soviet counterforce attack would be on a first strike. (Thus the fourth assumption is also criticized with the second.)

Criticism of the third assumption is aimed not at the assumption itself but at a hidden corollary that stems logically from it. The assumption itself, as mentioned above, states that the United States would not launch a retaliatory second strike attack on the Soviet cities for fear of a Soviet third strike on the United States cities. Implicit in this reasoning is the notion that the Soviet Union would be willing to risk all of its major cities to a devastating U.S. second strike. That is, if their reasoning failed and the threat of a Soviet third strike did not keep the United States from launching a counterattack they would be willing to sacrifice their cities. This possibility critics argue is totally unbelievable and absurd; no one, including the Soviet Union, would open up its major population centers to extinction. To argue that the Soviets would accept fifty to one hundred million of its people killed so it could get in a third strike is ridiculous. Critics also argue that any effective U.S. counterforce second strike has the potential to be a very threatening U.S. first strike. They argue that during a crisis the Soviet Union, fearing a preemptive counterforce strike might itself launch a preemptive first strike to "beat the U.S. to the punch": the so-called "itchy trigger finger syndrome."²

Finally, critics reject the fifth assumption of a counterforce strategy; that of a controlled U.S. response to a Soviet nuclear attack. They cite statistics that indicate that even in a Soviet Union counterforce first strike the United States would lose some ten to twenty million casual-

ties—so-called "collateral damage."⁵ With that many dead Americans, critics reason the United States could not be sure that the Soviet's first strike was not a countervalue attack. What if a Soviet warhead mistakenly landed on a major population center? Would the U.S. be able to exercise and maintain rationality and restraint? Even more significant, critics argue, is the idea that the U.S. would approach nuclear war like a chess game; that is, by allowing the Soviet Union to complete one move and then the U.S. responding in a controlled manner, and then the S.U. moving again, etc. They argue that if U.S. early-warning radar picked up two hundred incoming missiles headed for the ICBM sites in the Midwest then it is highly unlikely that the U.S. would allow them to hit their targets and much more likely that we would "launch on warning."³ Therefore, our silos would be empty when the Soviet missiles detonated and the entire concept of a controlled response would be useless. Thus, for this and the above reasons, counterforce strategy is deficient and should be countervalue.

The debate goes on and on. Each side criticizing the other side's arguments while extolling the virtues and logic of their own reasoning. There are good arguments on both sides. Who one believes usually is determined by what one's views are on many complex sociopolitical issues and on what expert opinions one is willing to accept. While the thought of nuclear war is horrifying and consequently hardly a usual topic of discussion, it is an issue that affects all our lives and which deserves our full consideration. □

Nikolas Nikas is a second-year graduate student in Political Theory.

1. Richard Pipes: "Why the Soviet Union Thinks It Could Fight and Win a Nuclear War," *Commentary*, July 1977, pp. 21-34.
2. *The Economist*, Aug. 16, 1980, pp. 9-10.
3. James Fallow, "The Muscle-Bound Superpower," *Atlantic Monthly*, Oct. 1979, pp. 59-78.
4. Richard Burt, *New York Times*, pg. 1.
5. Raymond L. Garthoff, "Mutual Deterrence and Strategic Arms Limitation in Soviet Policy."

Behind Bars --- A True Confession

by Debbie Elliot



It's a Wednesday night, we're having a special on this gross drink called "Husky Piss," it's 10:30, and no one's here. Where is the Senior Class? It's Senior Year—the Big One! They must have accepted an overload of nerds in 1977. A couple of guys stroll in. They have on those ridiculous painter pants in the winter. It's a wonder they didn't get hit by a car, blending into the snow like that. They order two beers and shove the twenty cents change into their queer painter pants pockets.

Thank God the TV is on. It's like an oasis in the desert because after some of these yoyos order a beer, they don't have anything to talk about. I wish I were at home pretending that I was studying or making a long-distance call with a fake billing number. Customers creep into the bar like a drippy faucet. Some total nerd with a "Ball U" tee shirt on hugs the wall. The only girl he probably knows is his mother. A hopeful big tipper wants quarters for some dumb, space game machine. The "Husky Piss" is not selling.

It begins to get crowded. The library must have closed or they ran out of books. I scurry around serving drinks. The first two guys are still sitting in front of my tap; ordering two beers; keeping the change; and discussing, problem by problem, their engineering test. There is a slight back-up at my bar while I restock glasses. Suddenly, some girl who wouldn't lend me a pen in class becomes my best friend. Of course she wants a fast drink. Of course I immediately become deaf. Finally, it's her turn. I pour her beers. Lites. She weighs seventy-two pounds.

"What are you doing for break?" she asks, flipping her hair.

"I'm going to Boston," I reply.

"Why there?" she asks like I was going there to have an abortion. I decided to humor her, "For the springtime—I'm staying there with some friends and they've got lots of room."

She looks at me funny.

"Get it—the song!" I plead.

"Oh yeah," she says dumbfounded.

Why bother? Why waste my time on people like her? I thought it was funny.

Someone puts on a "Police" tape. No one recognizes the band. Sorry boys, the Barry Manilow tape drowned in a fire. Where the hell is the Senior Class? The fun class of classes—the blowoffs of school—the parties? Maybe we started break, and I don't know it. The TV is still on. The music is blaring. I have a headache.

"Hi!"

I look over expecting Paul Newman. It's a nerd. And why not.

"It's my birthday," he says matter-of-factly.

"Oh, well, happy birthday," I said.

"Do I get my birthday drink? I have my coupon."

I made the birthday drink really strong and hoped he'd pass out, throw up, and leave me alone, not necessarily in that order or at my bar. Don't ask me why. The maximum occupancy at my bar is thirty eight. There are about a hundred people jammed into it. It's crowded as all hell, and I notice someone brought his parents here. The mother's lynx coat is wet from flying beer, and it looks as though the dead, wet animal's seventy pounds are weights on her shoulders. She hates her son, not to mention his classmates.

Two birthday drinks and four strong seven and sevens later, the birthday nerd is still feeding my tip jar. *The Tonight Show* comes on, and he's watching it. So are twenty other

people. It's tremendously crowded. I wonder if the Nerd Party is tonight but remember it was last week. Someone orders ice water. A bunch of football players had their three beer limit and started stumbling all over like trees in the Enchanted Forest. I have to go to the bathroom. I notice two guys whispering and they finally approach me.

"Do you know what a slow, comfortable screw is?" one of them asks.

"Yeah, orange juice, Southern Comfort, and sloe gin," I answer.

There faces fell. The joke was over. Where is the Senior Class? I wonder. I guess this is it. Cheap entertainment. It's still crowded. People are shouting things at me. "What's in a Husky Piss?" "Do you have watermelon shots?" "Turn off the music—Orson Bean is on the Johnny Carson Show."

Finally, I call last call. By this time everyone had his limit and was ordering chips and popcorn. I was counting my money when in strolled the birthday nerd with two friends.

"Can I have a birthday kiss?" he slurred.

"No kisses," I apologized. Why me?

"Please?" Did he think I was Miss America?

"Sorry, someone please rescue me!" I yelled.

A fellow bartender came over, put his arm around me and said to the birthday nerd, "Excuse us while we make out." I laughed it off.

I punched out. 3:12. I don't have to work until next Saturday. We're having a special on "Nerd Punch"—it's nonalcoholic. Thank God.

Debbie Elliott is a pseudonym for a St. Mary's senior who bartended at Senior Bar.

Throating It Out

by Donna Teevan



You probably know one. You might even be one yourself — a "throat," that is. A throat is the person in your Jock 001 class who finds copies of the course's tests from the last ten years, starts studying a week in advance for a minor quiz, and even then must pull an all-nighter just to get a "decent" grade. The throat often has superior academic ability and a good grade point average (G.P.A.), yet every time you talk to him he is on the verge of "flunking out." Though the throat is often the object of campus humor, he is also the object of campus resentment. His existence proves the presence of, and perpetuates, a destructive strain of academic competitiveness that is found in every college and department of the University.

Students who have succumbed to this competitive madness ultimately pursue high grades without really thinking about the social, emotional, physical, and spiritual damage they may incur along the way. They limit their collegiate experience and education to those courses and activities for which grades (preferably high ones) are given or which hold promise of future monetary rewards. These supercompetitors may be overly concerned about how others are doing in a class, since they want to be sure they are on top. In addition, they usually have an exaggerated and unfounded fear of failure, which is probably due to their own inflated definition of failure.

The throat himself suffers the most because of his attitude. He comes away from what should be a well-rounded educational experience with little more than knowledge of lecture and textbook material, instead of a broader and more sensitive understanding of himself and the world around him. He misses the unique fun of collegiate camaraderie.

His health may be in poor shape because his studies leave him no time for the basic necessities of food and sleep.

Perhaps the greatest harm of fierce competitiveness is the damage done to the self-esteem of the competitor. His self-esteem is constantly unstable, since it is almost completely intertwined with his G.P.A. What happens to one's self-image when the grades are not good or when there are no grades? Surely self-esteem should not be dependent on any one evaluation. Unfortunately, grades can easily become the measure of personal worth for the throat.

The deleterious effects of the throat's unrelenting competitive drive are not confined to the throat alone, but extend to everyone around him as well. From his distorted perspective, the overly grade-conscious student sees his time as better spent on homework, than on listening to a troubled hallmate or working for volunteer services. He does not have many friends, because the people who

know him sense that they are secondary to his competitive devotion to academics. They may feel his animosity toward them if they do better in their coursework than he does. Courses that attract the most intense competitors get a reputation for being "throaty," which discourages other students with interest in these courses from taking them.

It is essential to remember that not everyone who is hardworking and making good grades is a throat. Some students desire to excel purely for the sake of achieving excellence itself. This kind of student wants to do well in everything—athletics, classes, parties, volunteer work. To him excellence is independent of the progress of others. He realizes that high grades do not always truly indicate excellence and that poor grades do not necessarily represent failure.

There are also students who have an intense interest in learning and simply enjoy acquiring knowledge.

(cont. on page 38)

(cont. from page 37)

Some of them may not desire an active social life or extracurricular activities. This type of student can be distinguished from the throat because his goal is to learn, not to have the highest grade.

Then, of course, there are the students who study hard constantly and never seem to do better than average, though they labor longer than the average number of hours. On the surface they resemble throats, but they lack the cutthroat instinct. The only throats they want to cut are their own after they receive yet another dismal grade for their diligent efforts. They do not want to be the best, they would just like to see the results reflect their efforts.

These students, however, are in a precarious position: they may become more and more obsessed with grades until they finally degenerate into throats. The important idea for them to remember is that the real value is in the effort itself—the discipline and learning—not in their grade or position in the curve.

The prevalence of academic competitiveness at the University causes one to wonder where and when this attitude originated. Much of it undoubtedly stems from the typical Notre Dame student's high school experience. Every year a few poor freshmen are shocked to discover that many of their classmates were also high school valedictorians, newspaper editors, varsity football team captains, or head cheerleaders. Suddenly, being selected "Teen of the Century" in high school is not quite the honor it once seemed.

When highly successful high school students find themselves together in college there is bound to be rivalry, since none of them are willing to relinquish their status of academic superiority. Not everyone can get the A's to which he is accustomed. Some students have difficulty in making this transition and soon become throats, desperate to continue their high level of achievement.

Perhaps their competitive drives began earlier, in high school or even grade school, which may account for their great success in high school. Many of the students who come here are not only good students but competitive ones, making for a tense situation from the start.

Students do not create academic pressure all by themselves, however. Parental expectations are powerful shapers of a student's attitude. Some parents expect their Notre Dame son or daughter to reach the same de-

gree of success they achieved in high school. They too are used to a high level of academic performance.

Moreover, professional schools are sources of pressure. Pre-meds are legendary because of the sometimes fanatical drive with which they push toward their goal of being accepted into medical school. Students aspiring to law and graduate schools are also haunted by the specter of rejection from these institutions. Their futures seem to rest on their grades, and so they give them their utmost attention.

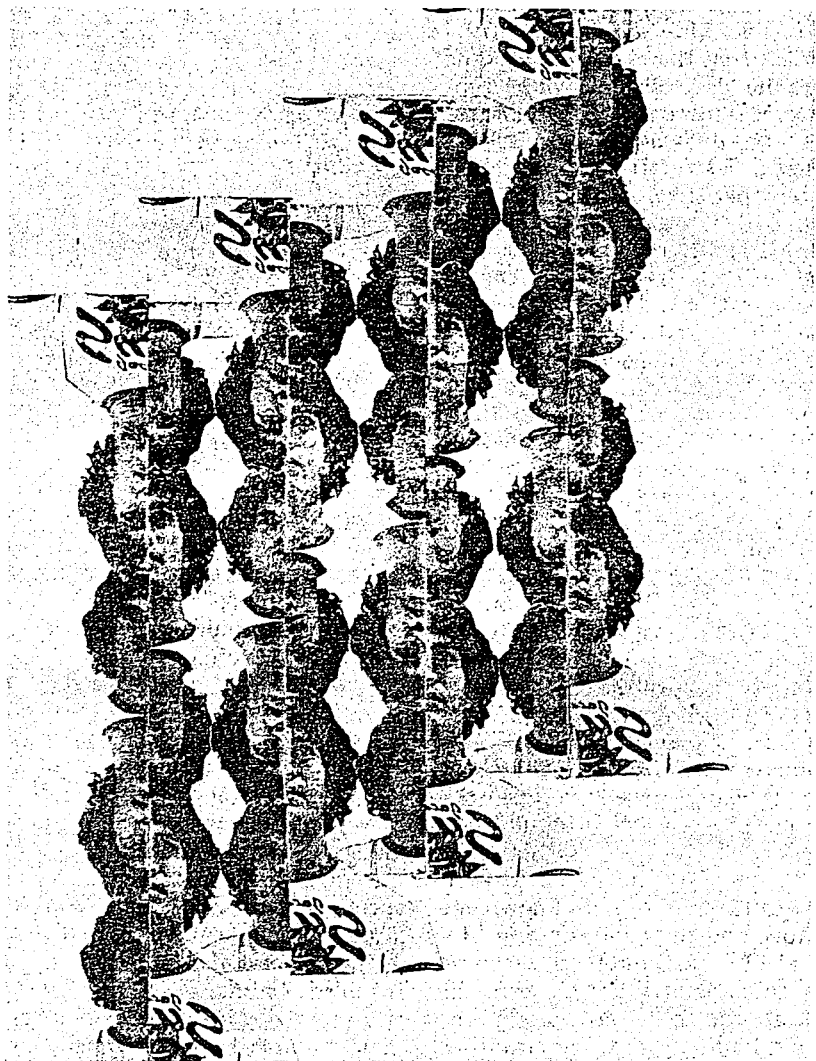
... being selected "Teen of the Century" is not quite the honor it once seemed

It is easy enough to bemoan the existence of academic competitiveness or "throatiness" at Notre Dame, but it is more difficult to find solutions to the problem. In a way, the problem is inevitable at a university such as Notre Dame, because it at-

tracts good students and has high admissions standards. (It is not, however, a situation unique to Notre Dame.)

Perhaps the first step is to bemoan the existence of competitiveness at the University—to realize that the problem does exist. In doing so, we must acknowledge that it is not just someone else's problem, but our own as well. There is a little bit of throat in each one of us. If we recognize this tendency in ourselves, we can then work to eradicate it or, at least, to control its destructiveness in our own lives. We must understand both intellectually and emotionally that life cannot be measured by G.P.A. Only then can we begin to appreciate the small wonders: each day, the happiness friendships brings, the simple pleasure of a relaxing evening, the importance of sharing time and talent without expecting anything in return, and the true value of our Notre Dame education.

Donna Teevan is a junior English major from Memphis, TN, and Co-Editor of Scholastic.



The Last Word

by Chuck Wood



I wonder what there is about the unreasonably remote hours of the morning that brings out the philosophers in students. At two or three o'clock in the morning, there are three kinds of students: those who are asleep, those who wish they were, and those who have the irresistible need to talk to anyone who will listen.

Once, after I had been studying much too long, I met someone who needed to talk. It was just after 2:30 a.m., I believe, and I was going west toward Pangborn. My trip from the meeting of an underground study club in one of the science buildings was uneventful until I saw a tilted silhouette ahead of me. I caught up in front of the bookstore and saw that it was a fellow "Bornian." He had his backpack hitched with one strap over his shoulder. His pack was so weighted down with books, it seemed to make him lean to one side as he walked.

Whether the tilt of his body was imaginary or not, the disgusted, I-resign-from-the-world scowl on his face was not. Mumbling "hello" with an edge that dared me to say anything back, he nevertheless allowed me to walk with him. I thought that was some concession, considering his frame of mind. As it turned out, though, he really wanted to share his philosophical reservoir. He just was not ready to do so right away.

I wanted to take up his dare and cheer him up at the same time. "Pretty good sunset we had, wasn't it?" was the best I could come up with.

"Sure was," he answered; the edge was sharper. "All those glorious colors brought to you courtesy of the chemicals drifting downwind from the Gary mills! See these?" He shook his backpack, "I've been bookin' since that sunset, and I'm still playin' catch-up."

Then we reached the Pangborn steps, and he finally said what was on his mind. "What's the use of all this work, anyway? Won't be long until everything is used up and comes apart. There won't be anything left for us to apply all the stuff we learn."

Well I couldn't think of a thing to say since I hadn't been pondering apocalypses then. But I could empathize with him. It is too easy to get caught in a cycle of burning ourselves out through both studying too long and partying too hard. And even when we suspect that this cycle is absurd, we continue because we assume our future careers will give it some meaning.

My philosophical friend couldn't even believe the future would compensate for the absurdity. Admittedly, most of us never become as pessimistic as that, but now and then we probably worry about the value of what we are doing. And yet even when we worry we assure ourselves that the future will get us out of it. I'm afraid that, unless we begin to find ways to

break the cycle now, our future careers and responsibilities will simply provide new forms of the cycle.

One way to get out of the cycle is to be more concerned about the present and doing things that can be valuable within the scope of the years we are at Notre Dame. We have to take advantage of the present. Working with a volunteer service group, such as those highlighted in our photo essay, can be a very good use of time. There one receives a little real world experience and can learn from the association with a wide variety of people beyond the campus community. And the service given as tutors, mental health aides, just as visitors, or in numerous other capacities can bring some hope to those served. I think that more students (myself included) should try to do some work with a service group on campus before they leave.

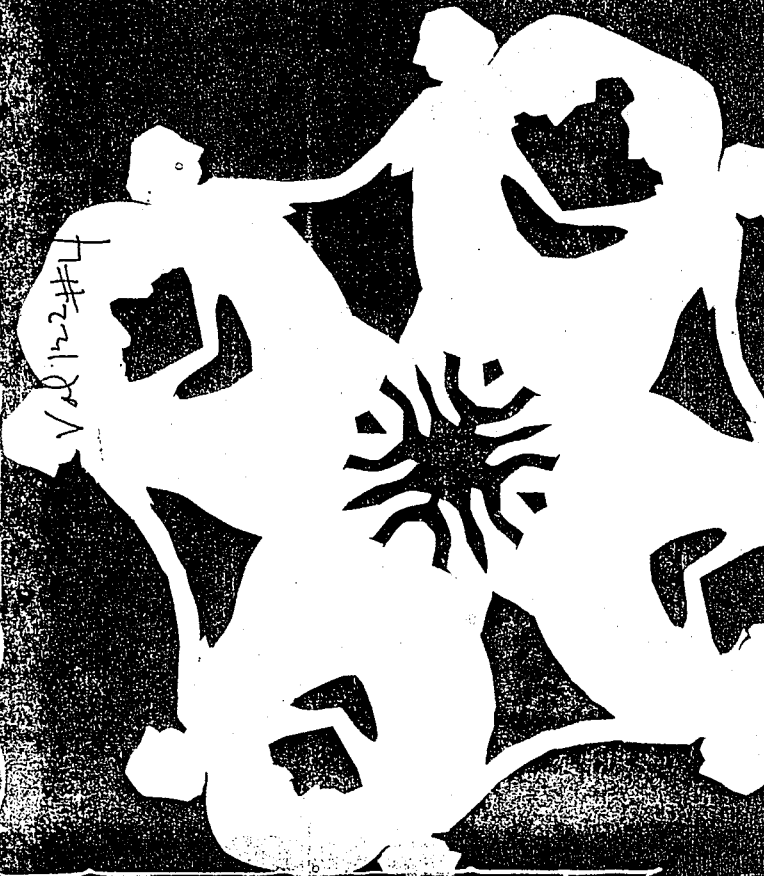
But if we go into any volunteer service thinking about how much of a sacrifice we are making and how much we are going to help mankind with our talents, there will be a shallowness to what we accomplish. We might see the people we serve as objects to boost our egos and soothe our consciences.

That which can add depth to such work reflects another way to use the present in a valuable way. What I mean is that those who call themselves Christians should care about developing that Christianity in personal and practical ways. In the specific case of volunteer actions, this service can be a concrete response to the challenge of Jesus' teachings and his life, a way to take our religion out of the realm of dogma and abstract concepts.

Further, I believe that in a general sense one of the best uses of the time here is to begin to discover how the gospel message we hear can affect our whole lives. It is common to hear spiritual discussions of charitable work for others, but how often do we find people discussing the more personal aspects of Christianity? The most common times for conversations on spiritual matters such as these are those remote hours when deep thoughts abound. This is unfortunate if it reflects a separation of faith from the rest of our lives. I say "unfortunate" because it seems that putting our faith off to one side robs it of any power to get us out of the absurd cycles we find ourselves in. Such power is, of course, rooted in a hope for the future, a hope in something that will endure even if "everything is used up and comes apart." But this power also lies in the way a Christianity with day-to-day applications can give value to the present. The work of exploring faith in personal, concrete forms, then, is not just another kind of work that will be made meaningful by future events; it can be applied to our lives now, providing the challenge and the ability to change them. □

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