


September 1981

To Beth
Time 3:00 AM Date July 23
While You Were 
We came by to go swimming
were we you?

23

running

JULY 1981

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
		7	1	2	3	4
5	6	14	8	9	10	11
12	13	20	16	17	18	25
19			23	24	31	

To all n.o/k

Time

TO Bill
DATE September 19
WHILE YOU WERE
M Pete
OF Pete
PHONE _____
TELEPHONED _____
CALLED TO SEE YOU _____
WANTS TO SEE YOU _____
PLEASE CALL _____
WILL CALL AGAIN _____
RUSH _____
MESSAGE Spate Museum
has a new
exhibit.

To All N.O./S.M.C. Students
 Time _____ Date September
Will You Were 
 M _____
 of _____
 Phone No. _____
☐ Telephoned
☐ Called to see you
☒ Left the following message: _____
☐ Please call back
☐ Will call again
☐ Returned your call
 The Summer has
 passed us by _____

 Scholastic Staff
 Operator

AUGUST 1981

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THU
	3	4	5	6
	10	11	12	13
	17	18	19	20
	24	25	26	27

9/15


Electric Staff
Operator

178

JUNE 1981

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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2

To _____ Date _____
Time 9:15
While You Were 
M _____
of Paul - your father
Phone No. _____
☐ Telephone _____
Opportunity _____

						WED		THU
	3	4	5	6				
	10	11	12					SUN
			19	20				
				27				

Sunday
August

981

return from
D. 11. 11. 11

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SCHOLASTIC

Vol. 123, No. 1, September 1981
Notre Dame, IN 46556

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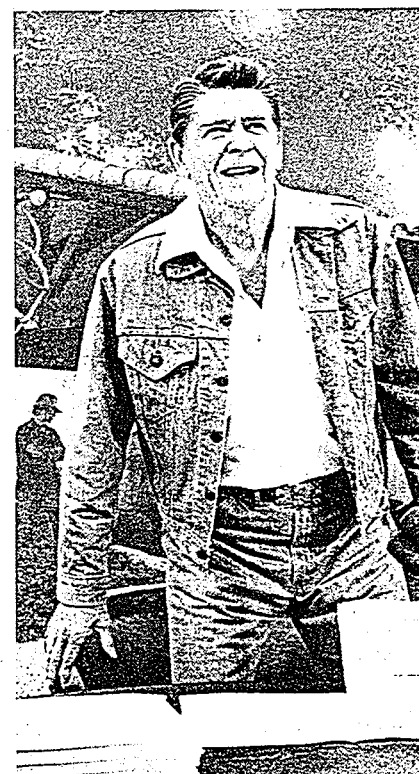
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SEPTEMBER, 1981



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UP FRONT

Perhaps you have noticed it already — *Scholastic* has acquired a new look. Once known for its drab external presentation, *Scholastic* will have only exciting glossy covers this year. The new design of the contents and staff pages should be a welcome change to our readers, as it provides extra information about each feature or column. There will continue to be more pages devoted to artwork and photography. Lastly, there will be more advertising in *Scholastic* this year than in recent years.

When one considers that this year we have the same Editor-in-Chief as last year, these changes may seem surprising. A tendency to be satisfied with previous achievements exists in most people, but Editor-in-Chief Chuck Wood revealed that "the only way I can justify the headaches and ulcers of a second consecutive term as Editor is to make definite improvements in the magazine, building upon last year's foundation of experience." The task of improving the magazine will not be easy, yet several important changes in the Editorial Board should alleviate some of the difficulties.

Last year, the position of General Manager was created to oversee many of the jobs that distracted the Editor in past years from his primary concern, that being the content

of the magazine. The General Manager will direct the business, distribution, production, and advertising departments in the future. Other changes in the Editorial Board included adding the position of Advertising Manager, and merging four former positions into the News/Sports Editor and the Culture/Fiction Editor.

Advertising merits special mention, since it will be the largest overall change. This year the Notre Dame/Saint Mary's community will be presented with local advertising of special interest to students and faculty. We are looking forward to building an effective advertising department this year. If you feel that selling advertising would be a rewarding business experience, as well as a way to earn a modest commission, please contact Brian Graham.

Besides business-oriented students, *Scholastic* can use students with skills in the areas of writing, proofreading, layout, photography, or drawing. If you are interested in a rewarding yet enjoyable experience in the field of journalism, please contact a member of the staff or the Editorial Board for more information. ☐

Clay Malaker

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doing today? Find out in

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SCHOLASTIC

In Retrospect . . . *Excerpts from Scholastic's Past...Sept., '52*

To Father Hesburgh, Congratulations

We would like to make the very first words in this space this year a welcome to Rev. Theodore Hesburgh, C.S.C., new University President. He has taken on the spiritual, material, and physical leadership of more than 5000 faculty members and students. He is the one man who must answer the question "Which way Notre Dame?" during the next three years. And he will be the symbol of Catholic education in America to many people.

The SCHOLASTIC, then, take this opportunity to respectfully offer Father Hesburgh our congratulations and wish him, and Notre Dame, the best of luck during his term of office.

First, and most important, the next four years will give you the best opportunity you'll ever have to live your religion and become a real practicing Catholic in the true sense of the word. Notre Dame presents you with wonderful facilities for prayer coupled with a genuine religious atmosphere, but the rest is up to you. No one will make you pray, for adult religion cannot be fostered under duress. Whether you leave Notre Dame a much better Catholic or a worse one is squarely on your shoulders.

If you'll pardon a trite saying, college is what you make it. You'll make your own decisions from now on, so whether you work hard, have a good time, or both, is your baby.

Now we'll get off our upperclass soapbox. Once again, Freshmen, glad to have you, and good luck.

To the Class of '56, Welcome

A welcome and best wishes are also in order for the Class of '56. If we remember correctly, a Freshman's first few weeks are rather trying, with everyone trying to advise him and few telling him what he really wants to know.

We feel compelled to inject a little advice and a few thoughts at this point, too. Becoming a Freshman consists of a lot more than leaving home, it represents moving into a whole new way of life. And there are a few things gleaned from three years here that are worth mentioning along with the words of welcome.

To All, a Few Questions

The beginning of a new school year is a time for questions, and here are a few which we hope will be answered favorably during the year:

Will the young-minded hecklers at pep rallies wise up to the fact that nobody considers them comedians except themselves?

Since the Freshmen and Sophomores have been given greater privileges this year, can upperclassmen be so honored?

And will the rumors of a Student Union materialize into something concrete?

The Huddle

Mon-Thu 7:30 - 12:00 a.m.

Fri 7:30 - 1:00 a.m.

Sat. 11:00 - 1:00 a.m.

Sun 12:00 - 12:00 a.m.

DAILY SPECIALS:

MON — Huddle burger, fries, Coke

TUE — Double cheese burger, fries, Coke

WED — Huddler burger w/cheese, fries, Coke

THU — Frank, fries, Coke

FRI — Fish, fries, Coke

Football Saturday's — Open 8:00 a.m. - 1:00 a.m.



Los Niños

Rancho de Justicia

by Celeste Hanke

Editor's Note: Several students devoted considerable time this summer to CILA Summer Service Projects. CILA, an ND/SMC campus organization, educates and involves students in areas of social justice. The following articles are accounts of the experience by three of the participants: Celeste Hanke, who volunteered for five weeks of service in Mexico, John Revord, who served five weeks in southern Georgia, and Mike Mulligan, who served two weeks in Coalfield, Tennessee. E.K.

Every morning the Los Niños vans, loaded with ten to twelve volunteers, leave the old army barracks in San Diego and head towards Tijuana, Mexico. We travel along Highway 117, an old potholed road which is dotted with Border Patrol cars camouflaged in the fields. From what kind of land do these people flee? Tijuana, with a population of 800,000, is a dusty, rocky city in which thousands live in poverty. Los Niños, meaning the children, is a social service organization in San Diego where four other ND students and I traveled to participate in their summer service programs. It was then that an immersion into a new lifestyle and culture was about to take place. We were working in the garbage dumps of Tijuana where homes made of cardboard and worn tire roofs are common. Families of eight to ten members live in these shack homes which are no larger than our average-size bathrooms. Running water is a luxury which no one can afford, so many eye and skin diseases are common. The children run barefoot amidst the broken glass and rusted metal in the dumps and infections acquired from the cuts are left untreated. The poor have accustomed themselves to inadequate medical treatment and apathetic attitudes from several doctors in the city. The silent suffering of the poor Mexicans living in the garbage

dumps can be seen in their tired eyes.

Our activities in Mexico ranged from establishing schools in the impoverished areas in order to teach the children basic reading and writing skills to visiting "El Ocho," the city prison where we gave peanut butter and honey sandwiches and clothes to the prisoners. There I recorded messages both in English and Spanish given to me by the inhabitants, and then contacted family, friends and often attorneys of the prisoners. We also taught self-help skills to adults living in the dumps in order to build a foundation for them to battle their poverty. For example, we helped folks raise chickens and make sellable craft items. We tried to bring impoverished people together so they could share what resources they might have had.

It is difficult to relate the many experiences one encounters in a month of working with the impoverished; however I'd like to share an event which I had recorded in a journal kept daily. . . *We unloaded the lunches of apples and peanut butter sandwiches, all four hundred of them, which were to be distributed among the prisoners in El Ocho jail. While standing outside the prison gates waiting to get permission to enter, we began to feel a bit nervous. The guard motioned for us to enter through the large iron gates, and while walking through the hallway the stench of perspiration and urine was overwhelming. Since there were no windows in the cells, the courtyard was dark and screams from the prisoners set the stage for a possible horror movie. My job was to record the message of the prisoners in order to contact the family, friends and attorneys of the inhabitants. One man, Raul, had been imprisoned for several weeks on pot charges and our attempts to release him in the past had failed. A few men like Raul were upset when we came around to their cells for more messages so we were bombarded with the crusts from the sandwiches and apple cores. It was*

"Each time a man stands up for an ideal, or acts to improve the lot of others, or strikes out against injustice, he sends forth a tiny ripple of hope, and crossing each other from a million different centers of energy and daring, these ripples build a current that can sweep down the mightiest walls of oppression and resistance."

Robert F. Kennedy

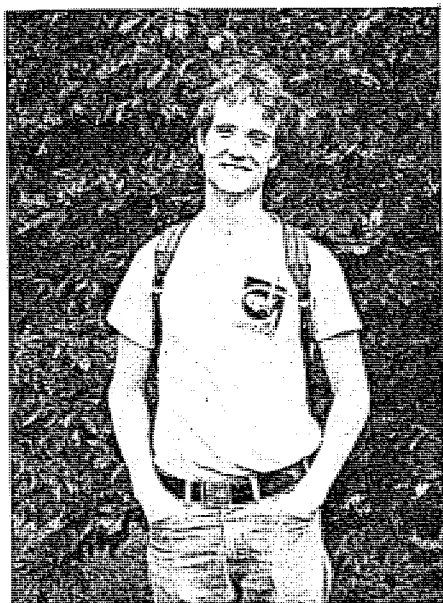
difficult to manage but somehow we had to push aside our thoughts and move on. The living conditions of the jail were deplorable. The men were fed once a day, oatmeal paste which was ladled onto the dirty floors of their cells and eaten with their hands. A guard then came by to hose down the floors leaving puddles of water to dampen the cells. As many as 24 men were living in a cell 11' by 6' which had six metal-framed bunks and no mattresses. We gave our cardboard boxes to the prisoners to sit on since the floor had puddles of water on them. We couldn't believe how the prisoners were treated like caged animals, and it was difficult to understand how anyone could treat another human so unjustly.

We had seen how the impoverished received inadequate housing, medical treatment, and education, and it is especially due to the latter that they remain a powerless group. Most of the poor living in the garbage dumps are malnourished. Many eat only once a day the scraps of food they have found in the trash. One view of the issue of hunger in the domain of justice is to say that others have the right to eat and that we have an obligation to help them. We have a responsibility in justice for feeding the hungry; it is not just a matter of being generous in charity. This past summer taught us the meaning of justice and the realization that we must all play a part in reaching our goal, which is to see a world free from hunger.

Los Niños is a special place where people can become aware of the depth of poverty and, for many, be touched by it for the first time in their lives. Perhaps it's a place to strengthen a Christian commitment in helping our brothers and sisters. If we want our unjust world to change we must change ourselves. We must realize that we are responsible for initiating a change for justice through actions as well as words. It is up to us. □

The Gift of Friendship

by John B. Revord



John Patrick Revord and Quin Kruis spent five weeks over Summer in Metter, Georgia, two of eleven ND/SMC students participating in CILA-sponsored Summer Projects.

The Glenmary Home Missioners' purpose is to bring the Catholic Church to the people of Appalachia and the deep South, where only 0.7% of the population is Catholic. As Catholics are so few and far between, so too are Catholic churches. Often, a single Glenmary priest serves a four-county area as the only resident Catholic religious. Glenmary nonetheless continues to find communities of Catholics wanting to start their own church; in a land where Baptists outnumber Catholics 142 to 1, the few active Catholics are diehards.

Quin and I were assigned to a young church in Metter, Georgia; the entire Catholic community numbered only seven families. Father Bob, the pastor, greeted us with a wince-eyed smile, passing over the inconvenience of our 1:30 AM arrival. Our assignment asked much of us: to live alone in a one-room church; to plan and teach a one-week Bible school for children; to make home visitations to those Catholics in the area who had dropped out of the church; to visit the local nursing homes. Fr. Bob added, "I'm leaving for vacation in three days. A priest will come by every weekend to say the Masses, but during the week you'll be on your own." Help, God! We're not ready to be pastors!

Metter, Georgia, even had a Radio Shack! I was dismayed by the relative affluence I saw when we first toured the small town, a new-found home where we would volunteer for the next four weeks: two funeral parlors, three banks, Piggly Wiggly and Dairy Queen. Quin and I had left Notre Dame and all this only three days previously, intending to serve the Lord in a poor Appalachian mountain community, forsaking the comforts of home in the name of Christianity. Obviously, Metter was neither mountainous nor poor. Where had we gone wrong? Wasn't this called the Glenmary *Appalachian Summer Service Project*?

We asked our director, Father Jerry Dorn, about this case of seemingly false advertising. He responded, "When prospective volunteers read our brochure for this program, their eyes somehow fixate on the word 'Appalachia,' and they immediately strike up an image of working beside the mountain folk, laboring by day and fiddling by night. Glenmary has sites in 'Appalachian and the deep South,' as the brochure says, but some people read only what they want to read."

I admit that when I read the informational brochure about this venture, my eyes read only 'Appalachia.' How romantic, serving the Lord in the backroads of America, living in poverty with people of down-home goodness. Through the Glenmary program I hoped to learn about poverty by living in it. I didn't expect to make any tangible difference on the living conditions of the people in the short five-week period; I only wanted to live with the poor, to be present to them, to share in their everyday.

I found myself in a small Georgia town, with clean streets and middle-class citizens. My narrow ideal of being present to the poor would have to be scuttled for a wider, more diverse concept of service.

Having settled comfortably into the small church which was hand-built by Glenmary brothers, we proceeded to go to our first assignment, the Pleasant View Nursing Home. Quin had gathered some wild flowers that morning, beautiful violet blossoms which we brought along as an ice-breaker. Nursing homes always made me uncomfortable; what do you say when the conversation runs

dry? To my surprise, verbal communication was not difficult or even necessary.

One woman beamed as we handed her the small bunch of purple-blue blossoms, overjoyed in the receiving. After we continued past her, I turned around to see her adoring her flowers; she slipped them into her lapel like they were precious jewelry, smiling always. Oh, the joy! Two residents I approached sat on opposite ends of a small couch, silently staring ahead. I sat down between them and handed them both a small bunch of wild flowers. Although neither spoke, both were clearly thankful, and together we appreciated our flowers by smelling their light fragrance. Our simple exchange took place in silence.

Another duty of ours was to visit the more than thirty inactive Catholics in the area, making home visitations. This tested our spirits more than any other facet of the project. How awkward it seemed; two city boys who had no business in Georgia to start with, inviting themselves into the homes of inactive Catholics and welcoming them to become involved again in the Church. Fortunately, most people on our roster welcomed us in warmly, offering iced tea and an easy chair. Still others responded to our alien presence with suspicion and silence. Though we had more good home visitation experiences overall than bad, the distress of groping for conversation during the bad visits remained salient in mind every time we pushed an unknown doorbell. Relief of previously unknown heights filled us when we reached the last name on that cursed list.

The last week in Georgia was reserved for Bible school. We gathered up ten children, bundles of energy all of them, between the ages of four and ten; most came from families headed by parents who were either non-Catholics or inactive in the Church. Bearing this in mind, along with the age span and the short time available, Quin and I chose not to be too technical in our Bible lessons. Instead we hoped to teach the kids that "God Is Love" and "We Are a Family In God." In concept it

(cont'd on page 25)

The Cumberlands:

Scattered Recollections

by Mike Mulligan

I arrived in the Cumberland Mountains town of Coalfield, Tennessee in early August, not really knowing what to expect of my stay with the Holy Cross Brothers of the Andre Mountain Community. I had never been in the Appalachian area, but was eager to learn of the land and meet its people. The several weeks of phone calls, budget proposals, and meetings to set up this trip — a summer service project cosponsored by the Community of the International Lay Apostolate (CILA) at Notre Dame and my high school in Montgomery, Alabama — all seemed far away.

I remember nervously pulling into the driveway marked by Box 492 some four miles outside of the small community of Coalfield. I drank in my first view of the white frame house with its pleasant looking porch, horses in a neighboring field and corn by the side. Gonzy greeted me with a hearty, "Well, hello Jim!" from the kitchen. "Uh . . . it's Mike," I stuttered, wondering if I had somehow wandered into the wrong country house. "Oh yes," said the tall, white-haired man stirring a pleasant-smelling pot of soup. "Well, we've had so many that I forgot. Jim just left not long ago."

From that point on I felt completely at home in the Tucker Inn, as the house was dubbed by a past visitor. As I soon learned, there is a constant flow of visiting brothers, summer volunteers, and other assorted guests at the Andre Mountain Community. There is also a solid Notre Dame connection here because of N.D.'s Holy Cross tradition. This link with a familiar part of my life made the radical adjustment to living in rural mountain country after being in the suburban sprawl a little bit less of a shock.

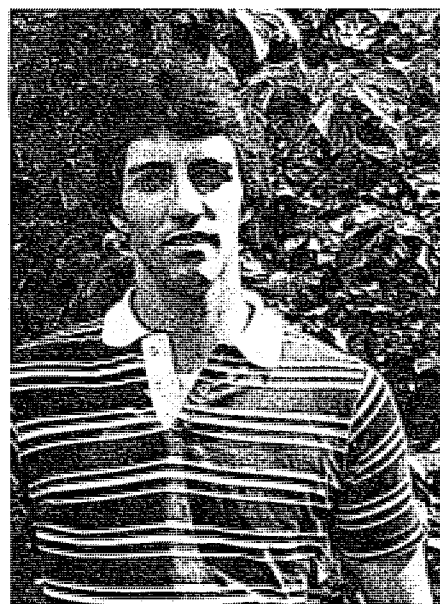
The Andre Mountain Community is a group of four Holy Cross brothers living with and working to serve the poor of Morgan County, Tennessee, and the surrounding area. Each member strives to serve using his particular talents. All four pursue separate projects; yet they maintain their common religious commitment and hopes for the economically

depressed people of this region of Appalachia. Brother Chester (Chet) Caster, M.D., organized and staffs the Mountain Community Health Center in Coalfield. Brother Gonzaga (Gonzy) Day developed the resources for and now operates the Seton Thrift Shop and Friendship Center in a neighboring town. Brother Don (Donny) McIntyre provides direct social services — from transportation to social welfare agencies to home visitation and food delivery. Finally, Paul Brey uses his carpentry talents to assist in much-needed home repairs and winterization for those unable to complete these projects themselves.

By pursuing different areas of service, the brothers form a sort of network reaching out and touching several different aspects of the lives of the poor in this area. This often leads to collaboration among two, three or all four in providing for the needs of a specific situation — a beautiful example of Christian community at work.

Morgan County is extremely rural, heavily dependent upon welfare programs, and, on the whole, quite unreligious. Outside of the commerce provided by the several small towns in the area, what work opportunities exist are with the coal companies and Union Carbide — both of which have been more likely to lay off employees than hire new workers over the past few years. The county has been listed as one of the one hundred poorest in the nation.

With a total population of approximately 15,600 people, the county is home to only about sixty Catholics — of whom nine are religious personnel and many are not active in their faith. Anti-Catholic sentiment in the area has at times been strong. A mission church in nearby Deer Lodge was burned to the ground twice before it was rebuilt in brick in the 1940's. For these reasons, the Andre Mountain Community does not actively seek to convert the recipients of its services to Catholicism but rather serves,



comforts, and teaches by example what Catholicism in its most active sense is all about.

The bulk of my two weeks in Tennessee was spent working with Chet. The Mountain Community Health Center is a free-standing rural health care facility, operating on a fee-for-service basis as its sole source of income. However, no patient is refused help for financial reasons as long as they are willing to discuss the problem. A group of civic-minded locals helped fund the clinic's construction, which was completed less than two months ago. This community spirit can be seen in the faces of all those who visit as well as run the clinic. While there, I helped perform the initial screening of patients, conducted laboratory tests, and transported patients. I also accompanied Chet on daily rounds at the Oak Ridge Community Hospital, some twenty miles away, and during his regular visits to an area nursing home and Brushy Mountain State Prison.

This wide variety of involvement in several types of medical facilities helps to keep Chet from becoming numb to any particular aspect of his work. Interest is continually renewing itself and the fullest appreciation for life in all its stages is possible. My stay in Coalfield started off with a bang as I witnessed a live birth my first day. I wrote in my journal that night:

After a long day of progressive labor the mother was finally approaching her last moments of physical union with her child. She worked hard and did all her proper breathing. Chet had to do an episiotomy. The baby was disgusting looking —

blue and covered with placenta. Her first few breaths were a rude awakening as Chet jammed a rubber suction tube down her throat and nose to remove the choking membranes and tissue. The initial cries were miraculous . . . the mother's smile beatific. "I can't believe I did it!" "Waahh!" Born a beautiful blue, Vanessa soon glowed a healthy pink.

The next day we visited the nursing home. I had never really been exposed to senility and terminal illness before then. I described the visit later in my journal:

Amazing, disgusting, grueling . . . there are so many problems here. Many of the residents showed the despair of never being well again, with pain and dissatisfaction clearly visible — even through the wrinkles and rough skin. The nurses here seem to be very caring, even loving with the patients. What a juxtaposition — baby born yesterday, people on deathbeds today! The family practice physician must deal with it all.

The large amount of time I spent with Chet allowed for plenty of ethical discussions—often prompted by specific patients' problems: releasing the old mountain man admitted to the hospital with a massive heart attack, who did not want to be kept alive by any extraordinary means beyond the time God had deemed for his death; consigning to a nursing home the old woman hospitalized for a month with acute health problems associated with age, from which she could probably never fully recover, making it impossible for her family to care for her; refusing to use drugs to sedate prisoners at Brushy Mountain or residents at the nursing home. In Chet I found that blend of Christian belief and practical application that I had hoped were possible but often seemed missing in medical practice.

Several of my days were also spent working with Brother Donny McIntyre in home visitation and food delivery. This allowed a much better understanding of the actual lives of some of the poor in this area than the medical clinic alone could provide. On one of my first nights at the Tucker Inn, I wrote the following:

The mountains are full of mystery at sunset as the wisps of

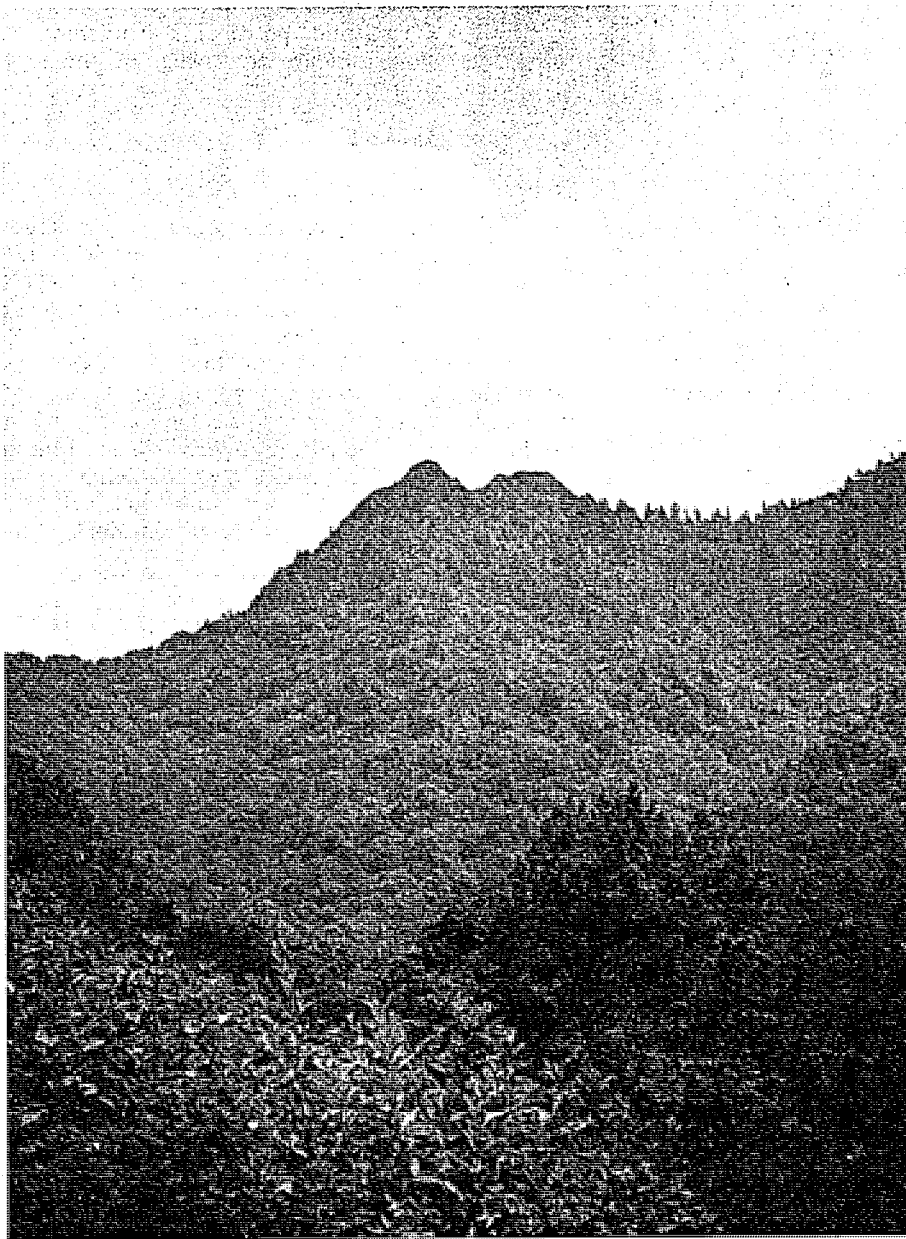
low-lying clouds lick over the tops of the ridge. The crickets sing their rhythmic song to the brilliant spots above. An occasional peal of a wild child's laughter comes bounding off the tops of the trees — a few feet or perhaps miles away — part of the mystery. The bull in the pen sings his mournful song of sorrow at his captive fate . . . and I wander down the rough country lane, over the bridge and up the gravel drive to the rickety porch of the quaint country house, soon to be asleep in the midst of these many wonders — marvelling at it all.

Captured by the beauty of the hills, the next day I was exposed to some of the harsher realities of the lives of the less fortunate of the area. Donny and I drove to visit some old mountain folks to see that

they were doing all right — an aging prostitute, a cripple, and a senile ex-nursing home resident — all alcoholics. In my journal I wrote these impressions:

Old windowless shambles with paint long faded. Call it home or call it prison. The stench of lice-ridden mattresses and foul bodies blends into one with the heat of the day. Up the rickety, rotten porch steps — a long stretch as the first one was broken through. Past the broken outside windows. As we approached the darkened open doorway cautiously, no life was apparent. After an eye-adjusting minute the ragged interior materialized into a fearsome display of utter squalor and self-demeaning dinge.

(cont'd on page 25)



Before His Policies Do?

Catching Up On Reagan

by Ed Kelly



Ed Kelly

Positively unique: A 75-year-old candidate of the minority party, backing a new and specious twist in economic theory, promises *everything* — immediately upon entering office he will introduce massive budget cuts, lowered taxes for everyone, a bolstered national defense, reduced inflation, greater incentives for the "little guy," deregulation for business, greater respect for American government at home and abroad, and an unambiguously tough stance against the insidious communists — and all this despite minority standing in both houses. Then, he is elected over an incumbent President —and (surprise!) within six months of taking office, he *delivers*.

Or does he?

Yes, America was ready for a change, and we've got one. The President's performance through his first summer has apparently been successful beyond the expectations of some of his closest supporters. During his first summer in office, Mr. Reagan has proved himself to be a strong leader and perhaps something of a political genius while the Democrats have been left behind

in a cloud of dust. Nevertheless, despite successes in domestic economy, defense planning, foreign affairs, and political ascendancy, it now appears that each of the new administration's early successes have their own built-in ambiguities which threaten in the long run to undermine the very essence of the Republican strategy.

The economic strategy of budget cuts and across-the-board tax reduction to eliminate the federal deficit and beat inflation got off to a great start. Railroaded through Congress, the \$35 billion budget slash was later accompanied, to the dismay of Democratic leaders, by the even more impressive four-year \$280 billion tax cut. This is awe-inspiring work, no matter what your political persuasion — especially considering the

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Or does he?

failure of Carter's energy program to get through a Democratic Congress four years earlier. The tax cuts have caused a revenue problem, however, for which the budget cuts cannot compensate — and the result is that Wall Street remains doubtful of the administration's ability to curb inflation. Such an attitude keeps interest rates high and discourages the kind of economic activity and growth envisaged by the administration. Presumably, the solution is more cuts in the federal

budget — but David Stockman is running out of sliceable programs.

This "solution" uncovers the area where the administration's strategy begins to feed on itself — the one area where spending has been *increased*, despite the fact that it is *not* economically productive: defense. The seven percent real increase in this department is beginning to become a sore spot for Reaganomics and may have to be moderated somewhat. Of course, Mr. Stockman would love to swing the lean-budget sickle at defense a few times, and it looks as if Reagan will be forced to allow it.

But Wall Street is likely to remain unimpressed until the inflation rate actually drops. This will make the administration's economic growth goals impossible, as high interest rates will remain a block to the increased activity supposed to be caused by the tax cuts. Both sides may be trapped in a dismal cycle, waiting for something to break — the economic stagnation or the whole Reagan economic plan — and it does not look good for the guys in white hats.

Aside from mere economics, there are other storm clouds forming on the new administration's horizon. These are the endemic human problems which have been aggravated by the budget-cutting. The elimination of 300,000 CETA jobs is one obvious example. Vista is another. Not only are these persons now out of work, but many of the public service programs which they ran are now eliminated. Among the underprivileged thereby affected are the American Indians, inner-city blacks, and the Appalachian poor. The education cuts will also have a profound

effect on the depressed areas, not only in terms of employment, but in the quality of the education received there. The political and social implications, though hidden in the uncertainties of the future, are ominous, especially if the economic forecasts of the administration do not prove accurate.

Another long-range effect of administration policy implemented this summer which may prove to be to the ultimate disadvantage of the nation lies in the energy field. To cut energy research and development, synfuel projects, and solar energy outlays, as well as tax incentives for conservation, may be to court energy crises in the years ahead. Will progress in the energy field also depend upon the success of the economic program?

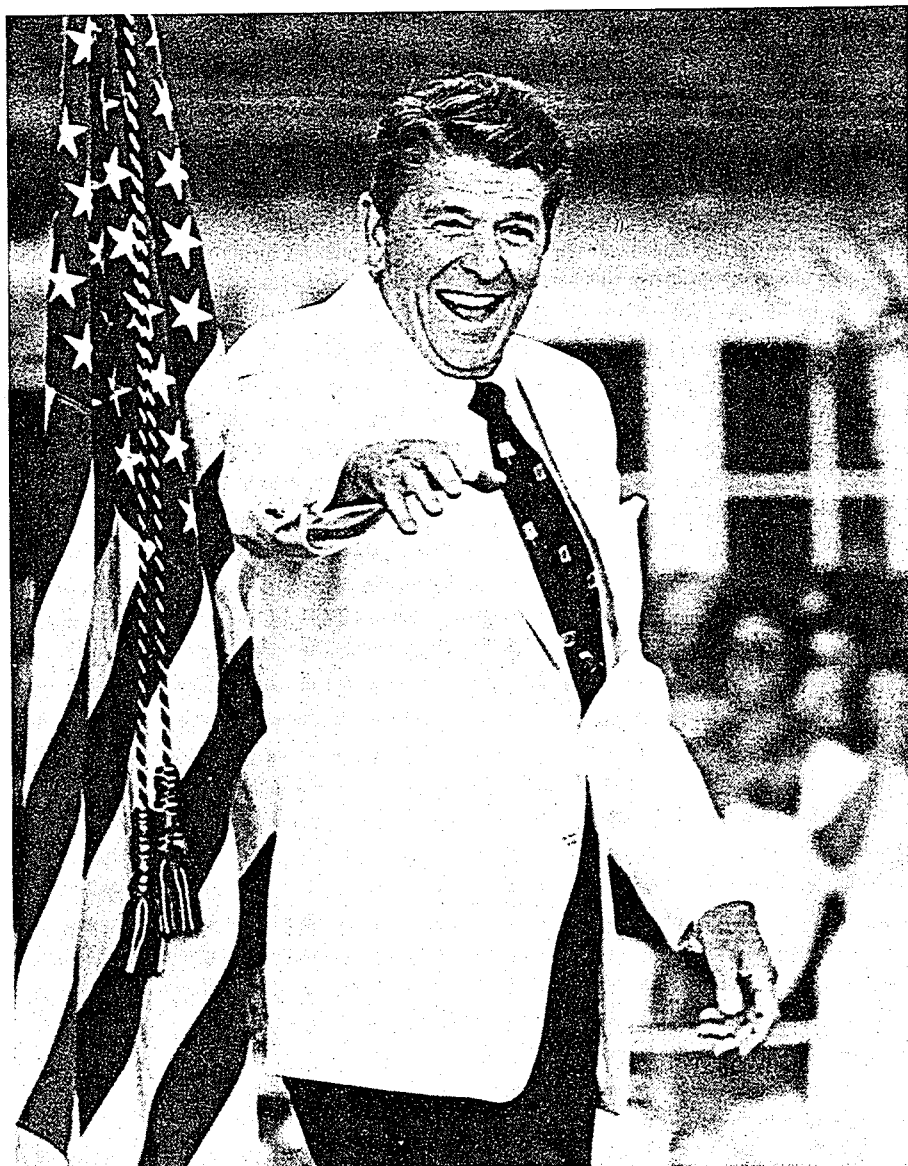
There is one administrator who considers the question entirely irrelevant. With enough coal in the country to last 500 years, James Watt,

Secretary of the Interior, is apparently not worried about elaborate new sources of energy. To the infinite consternation of ecologists, Watt proposes to open as much federal land as possible to exploitation, without the cumbersome restriction of having to return it to some semblance of its natural state. The administration also envisions the reduction of other ecology-based restrictions of industry, such as enforcement of the Clean Air Act. Presently, such liberties with the environment seem to be supported by the public. Is the Reagan administration correct then, about the Democrats having gone overboard with regulation, or has the public forgotten its former enthusiasm for environmentalism? If the latter possibility is the answer, then regulation and the environment are other issues which may come back to haunt Reagan when the nation's collective memory is jarred.

Still painful in America's memory, especially at the time of the hostage crisis and the presidential elections, was Vietnam. The administration's first decisive action in the foreign policy department was the stepped-up military and economic support of the El Salvadorian government. Though moderated somewhat after evolving cries of dismay from many concerned Americans, the El Salvadorian position in many ways characterizes Reagan's foreign policy. Here he delivers on his promise of a tough line against the Soviets and indicates clearly the new emphasis on the role of the military solution in foreign policy, while de-emphasizing the human rights issue. The policy is in sharp contrast with the Carter-Young idea that in the competition with the Soviets more is to be gained through economic and diplomatic pressure, which the Soviets cannot match, than through the threat of force. Given the contrast, a crucial part of Reagan's foreign policy depends on an impressive display of military preparedness, but this stance is a difficult one. Opposition to U.S. missiles and the deployment of the neutron bomb in Europe, the West German economic ties with the Soviets, Francois Mitterand's rapprochement with the Third World, and America's own economic problems complicate the difficulties. Insistence on bilateral as opposed to multilateral communications with the developing countries and reluctance to sign such documents as the Law of the Sea Treaty make international relations sticky, but work to the United States' short-term economic advantage. This interest is a prime focus for the administration and supersedes the Third World considerations of the Carter years which were considered excessively moralistic. Once again there lies potential danger for such a course in the future, but the President has commenced his foreign policy, like the domestic ones, without immediate setbacks.

Having enjoyed such initial success, proven himself to be an extraordinary political leader, and beyond all expectations, implemented many of his originally proposed solutions, the question remaining for Ronald Reagan is no longer whether or not he can do it, but whether or not, in light of the ambiguities present in his domestic and foreign policies, it was worth doing at all. □

Ed Kelly is Scholastic's News Editor.



Are Unions Really All That Bad?

by Paul Roper

Due to my conservative nature, I first doubted the importance of modern-day labor unions. But this past summer, I awakened to the real need for organized workers to challenge the authority of management. Raised by white-collar parents who taught respect of knowledge and fear of ignorance, I hesitatingly began my job as mail room helper in a large urban newspaper. Though filled with a sense of superiority and a selfish desire to succeed, I was awe-struck when I began my first day. What I never imagined was the intense camaraderie and wholesomeness which permeated the characters of my fellow workers. Persons whom I formerly labeled as lazy suddenly seemed workaholics, cast into the mold by their status. More than a simple eye-opening experience, my job relayed a sense of intimate involvement in the lives of my co-workers.

Each morning began with a two-mile bike ride through 85 degree heat/90 percent humidity. Even before I reached my 7:30 destination, I bathed in a sickly sweat which slowly glued my jeans to my thighs. The biting smell of auto exhaust added to my headache-spurred disgust as I continued toward the "Citadel of Freedom." Upon reaching the plant, I routinely locked my bike and strode through the air-conditioned office area and into the steamy world of stuffing papers with advertisements.

Though the task for the twenty-odd full- and part-time employees was relatively simple (to insert ads into the features section of the Sunday paper), the management seemed bent on squeezing as much work out of its workers as possible. Rarely was consideration given to the fact that the monotony of the job caused fatigue and real morale problems. Seemingly, the hierarchy of the paper believed that since the wages were rather substantial, we "unambitious" employees would satisfy ourselves by the simple earning of money. The management made its hatred of unions clear, through a propaganda orientation slide show and through offhand remarks, the point of which seemed that any union activities would be summarily squashed by firings. Only a few years ago, it seemed that the stenographic department was moving toward establishing a union. To offset

any power which a union might acquire, it appeared that management quickly decided to update the stenography section by installing computers. Suddenly, most every stenographic position disappeared.

While management claimed that our wages were supposedly on par with those of most union newspapers, our work load appeared much larger. As we diligently worked to keep up with hierarchical plans, we penalized ourselves. The more work we completed, the more assignments we received. Finally, the whole paradox of "worker laziness" struck me with such a force as to send my puritanical work ethic reeling. For us, it paid to be lazy. Whatever seemed previously to be a "do my best" contract with management quickly disappeared. My ultimate concern came not in producing to my capacity but in appearing busy.

Though these problems were not peculiar to my job, the newspaper industry seems especially susceptible to such practices. Since our particular corporation was but a part of a larger news network, the average worker was immediately faced with monstrous power, power relatively unconquerable without labor organization. As management stressed duty to the company, each worker was torn by his inbred sense of loyalty and by his need to seek happiness. As often as each worker looked about him, he saw good men, men dedicated to their jobs, yet men downtrodden by smashed dreams.

As my department contained seven full-time employees (with a total of nearly two hundred years' experience at my job and at similar tasks), I continually sensed a hopelessness that can come only from such a tedious and unappreciated position. For most, the only recourse was to hope for better lives for their children and to exhibit a profound confidence in God and in each other. Their friendliness and outright jocularity seemed to wrench me from thoughts of the tedious work which lay before me.

Suddenly, these men to whom I first showed little respect became my heroes. Their ability to bounce back proved that no situation should ever capture me. I finally realized that I was master of my life, no matter how degrading or tedious. With each bundle I added to the stuffing machine stack, I began to pride myself in knowing such people, people who never admitted defeat.

As 3:30 came, and I prepared to sign out, I visualized the upcoming period of relaxation, only to realize that in sixteen hours the process would again commence. It was a job done without love but an experience with people now cherished.

□

Perspective

by Beth Healy

I was sad June 10, 1981. I hugged dear friends one last time and said farewell to those with whom I had shared nine months, knowing that our friendship would change with time and place. I moved on once again, this time from Angers, France, back to South Bend, Indiana. I came home. Suspended over the Atlantic from Paris to New York, I was uprooted from one culture to be repotted in home soil. One adventure ended. A new one began and continues. Now each day I adjust, accept, repudiate, criticize, observe, enjoy and delight in the transition. Where does it all lead?

My year abroad opened my eyes and mind to many of man's and God's wonders. I saw and did all that was physically possible in such a short time. Every day revealed a new discovery, a new insight on Europe, America, myself. Submerged in a different culture, I left it feeling more objective, especially towards America. Sometimes I border on being too critical: yet, I am pleased and excited to be exactly where I am. I realize that the real wealth of a foreign studies experience comes from the reflection that follows it. If Europe in all her historical splendor teaches one lesson, she teaches that a nation and its culture mirror the creative talents of her people. Those individuals enduring the challenges and hardships create or destroy a land. So too, I must use my experience to create. Greatness does not spring up overnight; it is shaped and molded through the years. I vividly see that America, Americans, and I have much development ahead.

Many aspects of the American culture puzzle me. Separation sharpens the senses. I see around me a country vast and powerful, full of potential and energy. We have only just begun to shape this land. To Europe, America largely represents the constant beacon of vitality in an aging universe. Yet how are we harnessing all this potential? Arriving in New York, I remember being swallowed by the immensity. A skyline as lofty as the Alps, Lincoln Continental tanks, throngs of richly wrapped bodies rushing through corridors and packing into elevators, all greeted me. Everything is so big. I felt very lost, insignificant—a speck of individual in an ocean of modern, automated conformity. I reconfronted the American ideal of bigger, better, industrial, technical, material land. This is the work of

our people? I wonder if this use of American resources can honestly be the best for this land, her people and God.

Americans operate an amazingly active society. Calm and quiet peek into our days very seldomly. As my summer was relatively short and restful, I often felt almost guilty that activity did not reign. But at the same time I observed that we constantly rush through our days, without really sharing that activity with anyone. I greatly miss the long, lazy afternoons spent at Edith's cafe, two-hour lunches and special four-hour dinners shared with family and friends. The French share these lengthy meals as a means of sharing themselves. The importance placed on the meal reflects a healthy appetite for conversation. Returning to this active society, I struggled with the fact that America's ears are hiding. We take little time to communicate and discuss. Constant activity seems to have conquered conversation. A slower pace would perhaps force us to talk, to share. We need time to listen and converse.

Two short months later I am back at Notre Dame. A new major ahead of me and much learning to do in a short time, I am eager and excited. I long to meet new people and share more of myself with others. Sensitive to my reunion with Notre Dame, I respond seriously to some heartfelt reactions.

Where has the real world gone? I feel closed in, protected on a little island in the sea of the living. Everything is handed to me on a silver platter—my meal (well, not exactly a silver platter), my room, my profs, my books, my laundry, my mail, my entertainment. I could conceivably exist on this campus for four years without the need or, heaven help me, the desire to explore beyond her boundaries. I wonder how many students do just that? In the intellectual spirit of "learning how to live in the modern world," I fear that we leave this place quite unprepared to face that world.

I often wonder about my fellow students. We pass on the route to class and most often don't know each other. Those we do know, we only know by name. Yet we all are working towards a degree, a future. We rest in our narrow worlds of

accounting, chemistry, psychology, working for the diploma. Is that the way it should be? We plod along but without much spirit. Are we looking for the position, the name, the money alone? What about the fulfillment of spirit, the glory of individuality?

This confusion becomes vividly apparent in the social situation. I hopelessly fail to see the real companionship and satisfaction derived from a cold beer in an overstuffed, hot dorm room. That's entertainment? Yet every weekend, the quads, halls, rooms scream "PARTY!!" What ever happened to the symphony, theater, dinners, discussions? Have they too been blasted out by stereos? Do young Americans really lack the ingenuity and creativity to change the pace? Great appreciation enjoyment await beyond the present social atmosphere. We desperately need to cultivate and broaden our entertainment before we slip into numbness, when beer and stereos will be life's only entertainment.

Perhaps I have done too much complaining. Perhaps not. I know that these observations and criticisms do not belong solely to one foreign studies student or even all the foreign programs combined. No, I honestly believe that many young Americans, many Notre Dame students, pose the same questions. We have definitely not reached the horror of mental stagnation, not yet anyway. But where is it all leading?

I do not have all the answers. I am grateful for my year abroad and all experiences and insights gained concerning both foreign and the American culture. Such lessons teach me to examine the world around me, strengthen those beliefs I know as the Truth and search to change the bad, to live the good. This task rests with each of us. The potential and energy wait to be harnessed. Strip off the superficiality. Listen to others, to ourselves. Communicate our individuality. Do not live for the job. Create, do not destroy. Develop the strength and inspiration to make the most of life's experiences, and with those experiences to shape and develop this land, America. □

Beth Healy, a Junior from South Bend, spend last year in Angiers, France.

Perspective

EL SALVADOR

A Critical Analysis...

by Andrew Zwerneman

The spirit of the '60s is alive and well . . . or so it seemed on May 17, the day of the University of Notre Dame's 1981 commencement exercises. While the concert band played "Hail to the Chief" for President Reagan's entrance into the Athletic and Convocation Center, outside the arena, on Orange Field, some 2,000 protesters sang out "We Shall Overcome."

The demonstration, which had been trumpeted as a public declaration of support for Notre Dame's social justice ideals and an outcry against U.S.-supported injustice in El Salvador, turned out instead to be two distinct protests, both minimally effective: one by a handful of sincere but barely visible Notre Dame students, the other by a mixture of religious and political organizations from the Midwest and Northeast.

Protesters for the Orange Field demonstration were bused in from surrounding states. As in many '60s demonstrations, guerrilla theater, rousing speeches, and folk singing rallied the various groups against the Reagan administration. Also reminiscent of the '60s was the diversity of interests represented in the crowd of 2,000. The Chicago Religious Task Force on El Salvador turned out in support of its own agenda, as did the Marxist-Leninist Party.

One participant, a Sister of Mercy from Vermont, commented that the protesters are "real patriots. We abhor the way the U.S. is being misled. Human needs simply are not being met."

Most of the protest centered around the U.S. policy on El Salvador. In an interview with *The Observer*, Sr. Rosalinda Ramirez of the Chicago Religious Task Force on El Salvador charged that Reagan's support of the Duarte government is "dramatically opposed to the official Catholic stance."

Ramirez, a teacher of theology at Chicago Theological Union, helped to organize the Task Force, along with fellow Chicagoans Marge Tuitte and Rene Golden. This group works closely with the Latin American Solidarity Network to oppose political and religious oppression in Latin American countries, particularly El Salvador. The Task Force members, strongly opposed to the Duarte-led junta in El Salvador, served as organizers and leaders of the Orange Field protest.

One Task Force member described the protest as an opportunity for "all kinds of people to say 'Don't send military aid to El Salvador.' This protest really gives people the sense that individuals can come together from different groups and backgrounds to struggle for a common cause."

The protesters did, in fact, come from a wide variety of groups, but some of the organizations appeared not to be as idealistically pure as the Chicago Religious Task Force on El Salvador. One prominent group, for example, was the People's Anti-War Mobilization, a nationwide organization which grew out of the May 3 march on the Pentagon in Washington, D.C.

In addition to their objections against U.S. involvement in El Salvador, the People's Anti-War Mobilization, with national headquarters in Washington, D.C., and regional centers in Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, and Milwaukee, demonstrated against U.S. arms buildup, U.S. aid to the "racist" South African regime, sexism, oppression of gays and lesbians, and racist violence and repression.

Several national political parties were also represented at the protest. Diana Mendelsohn, head of the local chapter of the Citizen's Party, said that her group was there to "educate the people." The Citizen's Party, based in New York City, is primarily

concerned with combatting nuclear power, defending minority rights and civil liberties, and promoting "economic democracy."

Members of the Chicago chapter of the Marxist-Leninist Party were on hand to shout protests, wave their red banner, and be counted among the 2,000 of which the protest organizers boasted. When asked what he thought about the Marxist-Leninists being there, a member of the Chicago Religious Task Force on El Salvador replied, "I wish they weren't here. I'd like to tell them 'Find your own protest.' But it's a free country."

Apparently, the Marxist-Leninist Party shows up whenever such a protest or meeting is held in the Chicago area; they take advantage of the opportunity to be seen or heard in a publicly acceptable protest environment. Even though other groups disassociate themselves from the Party, the Marxist-Leninists still join them in their protests and campaigns.

The de facto alignment of Catholics, Socialists, and Marxist-Leninists at the Orange Field demonstration underscores a point frequently made by observers of the Latin American scene. Observers note the facility with which extreme leftists align themselves with Catholic activists. The Catholics apparently manifest a vulnerable blend of idealistic social concern and innocent naiveté concerning the realities of global politics. Frequently overlooked is the oppressive curtailment of human liberties, such as the exercise of religious freedom, that prevails in countries where the extreme leftists have succeeded in gaining the political power they seek.

(cont'd on page 39)

DEMONSTRATIONS

...and a Possible Solution

by Dan Bell

If a tree falls in a forest and no one is around to hear it, does it make a sound? More importantly, if students and faculty at Notre Dame voice an objection and the administration ignores them, are they making a sound? Last spring, a significant number of students and faculty expressed serious concern over a decision to bring Ronald Reagan to this campus as a commencement speaker and as an honorary degree recipient. No response was ever uttered from the powers who sit beneath the dome; the circus went on as planned.

Though some may enjoy the excitement of protesting and some may enjoy the opportunity to throw eggs at protestors, the majority on both sides of the controversy found the ruckus annoying. Those seniors organizing the protest surely would have preferred to spend their last days at Notre Dame quietly enjoying the warm spring weather and not so quietly enjoying the parties and other activities of Senior Week. Perhaps students on the other side were embarrassed by the national coverage which the protesting received.

It has been said that those who do not learn from the past are condemned to relive it. With such advice in mind, perhaps one ought to take a look at what caused last year's controversy and then attempt to implement changes which would prevent a similar occurrence in the future.

The disagreement was over whether or not Ronald Reagan should have been invited to give the commencement speech and receive an honorary degree. If the administration had chosen Kurt Waldheim or Edmund Muskie there certainly would not have been the same motivation for such an active protest.

What could have been their criteria? It is doubtful that Ronald Reagan would have been considered two years ago; after all, since he vacated the office of Governor of California the former actor had done little more than campaign. Could it be that he was invited as an afterthought, when Pat O'Brien was selected to receive a degree in this 50th year since Knute Rockne's death? If so, then why was Mr. O'Brien not chosen to speak? He had the role of Rockne. The criteria could not have had anything to do with Ronald Reagan's achievements as the President, for he had only recently entered office.

This leaves only one other option. Ronald Reagan was selected for his success in getting elected. This seems sensible since Jimmy Carter was invited for the same reason four years earlier. But is this a criterion by which to select a commencement speaker? Is this the type of achievement which merits an honorary degree from the University of Notre Dame? What has successful campaigning to do with the philosophy and goals of this Catholic University?

This explains why many members of the faculty were embarrassed to learn that the degree was given on

behalf of the Board of Trustees, President, and *Faculty* of the University of Notre Dame. They had had nothing to do with the selection of Ronald Reagan.

Could this be the underlying cause of last year's controversy? The problem is in the process by which a commencement speaker is chosen. This process bypasses the opinion of faculty and students. Without seeking any input from these groups, how was the administration to know that their decision would spark such active protest?

Due to the activism of concerned students and faculty, two weaknesses in the selective process have come to light. A confusion over the proper criteria by which a commencement speaker should be chosen is a problem to be clarified by those most qualified, the faculty. Secondly, a gap in communication between the administration and the rest of the University calls for a means of bridging the gap. Before the University President selects a speaker, he needs an avenue to analyze faculty and student feedback. Such feedback might have altered last year's choice and allowed a more peaceful commencement. Unfortunately, a widely publicized preliminary list of candidates might lead to hostility between unselected candidates and the University. The solution is for the President to discuss his possible choices with a small yet representative group of faculty and students. An ideal existing group is the Academic Council. It could give some indication of how the University would react to any one of the President's potential speakers. The final choice would fall upon a President with a much broader perspective.

Well, does the tree make a sound? Timberrrr! ☐

A Bout With Bengal

by Rev. David Schlaver, C.S.C.

In some ways it is like getting back into an old comfortable shoe, or picking up a favorite novel for re-reading — this coming back to Notre Dame. Familiar faces in the same places, new faces with similar smiles, sincerity abounding and “hope” as the unwritten slogan. I have come back to Notre Dame again; it's getting to be a habit. This time I had tried to get as far away as I could, the other side of the world in fact — Bangladesh. But I'm back, and not unwillingly. The pain of leaving there was much worse than the difficulty of re-entering. Circumstances and a lot of trust and good will have “conspired” to change the course of my life once again.

Father Bill Toohey's death was announced in a telegram one sad day last October while I was working at Notre Dame College in Dacca. Several months later our antiquated and seldom-activated telephone rang with the surprising news and invitation to me to return to become the Director of Campus Ministry. The phone had only rung for me twice before, once to tell me of the failing

health of my father, and another time to inform me of the death of my best friend. Seldom does good news travel the tenuous lines to or from Dacca, I thought. The news *had* to be good this time, for if Bill Toohey accomplished anything in his ministry, he preached Good News. And if I was being entrusted with the task of leading ministers at Notre Dame, that *had* to be good news. For me at least.

My thoughts were confused. Who will take care of my patients? Who will replace me here? How could I gather the experiences I was having and hoped yet to have in Bangladesh and bring them to a satisfactory conclusion in the five months before I had to return? What did I have to offer to Notre Dame and this task of “ministry” that others seemed to see? How could I return to a very familiar place like Notre Dame, whose changes are much more perceptible to one who has been away, after what had transpired in my own life these two years? The questions were endless, but had a way of quickly fading when the Honda revved up for the early morning ride

to the Holy Cross Brothers' residence for Mass before the sun rises over Dacca. And as the gates of the college swung open for business each morning, the poor lined up for their daily dose of medicine and tender loving care.

Ministry is what I was doing, though in a different way than I ever imagined; and ministry is what I was being called back to do, in a familiar place, but with my own approach assuredly altered. How would I bring together what I knew and loved about Notre Dame and the poverty of Bangladesh — the other end of God's created spectrum? How could I live once again in the comfort of these blessed surroundings without taking on the responsibility that all those blessings give?

I have only been back a few months and have scarcely begun to evaluate, or order, or even reflect on what my short two years in Bangladesh mean for me. I went there armed with a fresh Ph.D. from the University of Michigan and a decade of university experience at Notre Dame and Ann Arbor. I had spent two years abroad before that, in Holland — hardly a hardship post-though a very different and enriching experience.

I went to Bangladesh ostensibly to work at Notre Dame College, a Holy Cross school, elite as most good schools are, and probably the best in the country. I went to “help out” — to “assist” our assignment letters always read — to beef up the thin ranks of administration and our community presence there. I studied a little about the country, read our community history there, and knew a number of the Holy Cross people working there. I thought I had a reasonably good theoretical knowledge of poverty and social justice, and even of Islam and Muslim culture. I have moved around a lot and considered myself quite able to adapt and live and work, even in strained circumstances with limited resources. Much of what I found was “expected,” and the conditions of



Father Schlaver with some friends

our life there were quite bearable, if different. But I must say that I had no real inkling of what I would find.

In a country with practically no internal sense of social welfare, or justice, or brotherhood, or value for human life, the problem of poverty can be overwhelming and seem impossible of solution. And the living color of it surpasses all photos and treatises on it. I was especially overcome when I discovered first-hand that the poor have names, and smells, and make noises, and have their hopes squelched daily in their own personal battles for survival. I know this is true most anywhere in the world. My fortune, my fate,

"Ministry is what I was doing, though in a different way than I ever imagined; and ministry is what I was being called back to do, in a familiar place, but with my own approach assuredly altered."

however, was to discover it in Bangladesh, and it shook me to the core.

Working with young men at Notre Dame College who had already moved into the "elite" of their poor country, if not by economic strata, at least by educational level, can be a challenge and is often tense and disheartening. Especially when the poor are constantly at the office window, trying to be noticed. Some seek medicine to ease their pain, or a piece of clothing, or some food; others ask for work to give them some self-respect. This tension never lets up. I was constantly faced with it. (I had only thought about it theoretically in the past, as I sat in various offices on this campus and dealt with another sort of elite, vaguely conscious of my brothers and sisters who were out there directly serving the poor.)

In Bangladesh I faced poverty in the skinny, wasted, and diseased flesh of the poor. As I talked to sincere parents who begged, even bribed me to accept their son in our college "or his life will be ruined," I often had to swivel my chair to attend to the poor boy scratching on my window. It was a real-life experience, one of those forever etched in my active consciousness. Sitting in my present office, I hope I will forever be more aware of what goes on outside my window.

As I read the Gospel while living in Bangladesh, story after story, parable after parable came to life. Daily the scenes confronted me outside the window, and nightly as I carried my medicine bags downstairs to set up my little clinic, to wash and bandage the wounds of the poor. This ministry was *my* response — spontaneous, inefficient, draining, at times futile, and utterly different from anything I had done before or ever dreamed of doing. The chasm between rich and poor was so great, so unbridgeable, that I cried, thinking of what we human beings had done to God's loving gift of creation. I experienced, or at least noticed for the first time, the fleshy reality of humanity without love.

As time went on, more and more people came, bringing their sick, their blind, their lame, their discouraged, their elderly, thinking that I could touch and heal them. I got to know them all by name. Some had to struggle to tell me a name they scarcely knew themselves. When I called them, they liked the sound of their name. They had never heard it called out loud before by someone who seemed to have no reason to pay any attention to them at all. No one had ever told or showed most of them that Allah really does love them. I found myself doing it, and meaning it, and praying that I could make it come true for them in some way. Ministry for me became washing feet, touching, healing, and speaking in tongues that only God's love can loosen. A thousand and more stories of individuals, all with joys and sorrows, have touched my life and humbled me, not with the hopelessness of their situation but with the reality that even God cannot get through to them with love if we do not.



Father Schlaver

This is what ministry was for me these past two years. It ended before I was ready. What shape my ministry will take in the years ahead is now a greater mystery than ever.

Many of us profess to do "ministry" at Notre Dame. And many, while avoiding or not recognizing that label, do it as well. Others could and should be doing it also, and a little prodding can, I think, convince them that their work, too, can have that dimension. Wherever it is done, ministry is reaching out, serving others, healing and forgiving, developing talents and characters and skills, helping one another to celebrate and find meaning and put vision into our lives — to dream dreams. In short, ministry is doing as Jesus did.

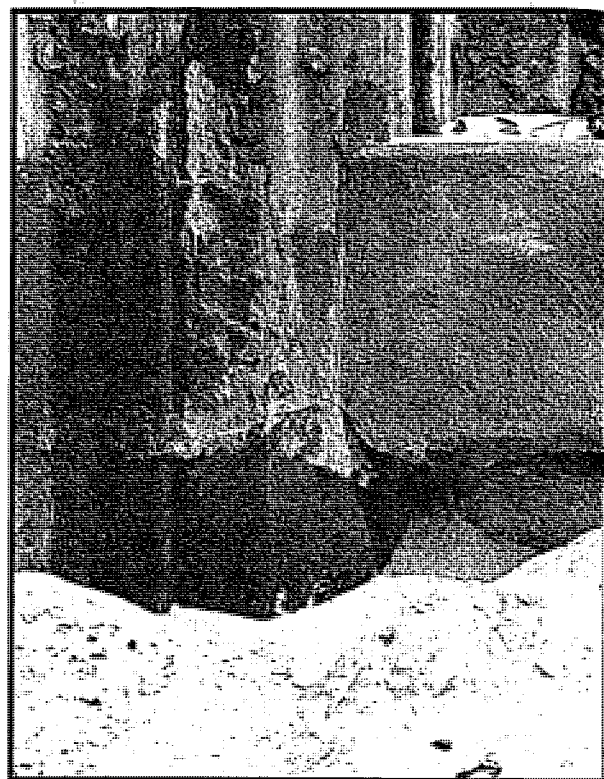
This is what we are about, as Christians, as men and women who read the Gospel publicly and try to live it. We may not always succeed, but neither did He whom we follow. We may make mistakes, but so did those who have followed Him long before us. We may at times weaken and tire and need forgiveness. We who have been at it many years and we who are novices come together in learning, in a community of scholars filled with faith and hope. Some have enlivened a career by filling it with this dimension of service. Others, preparing for life choices, are looking for concrete ways to serve and love their brothers and

(cont'd on page 36)

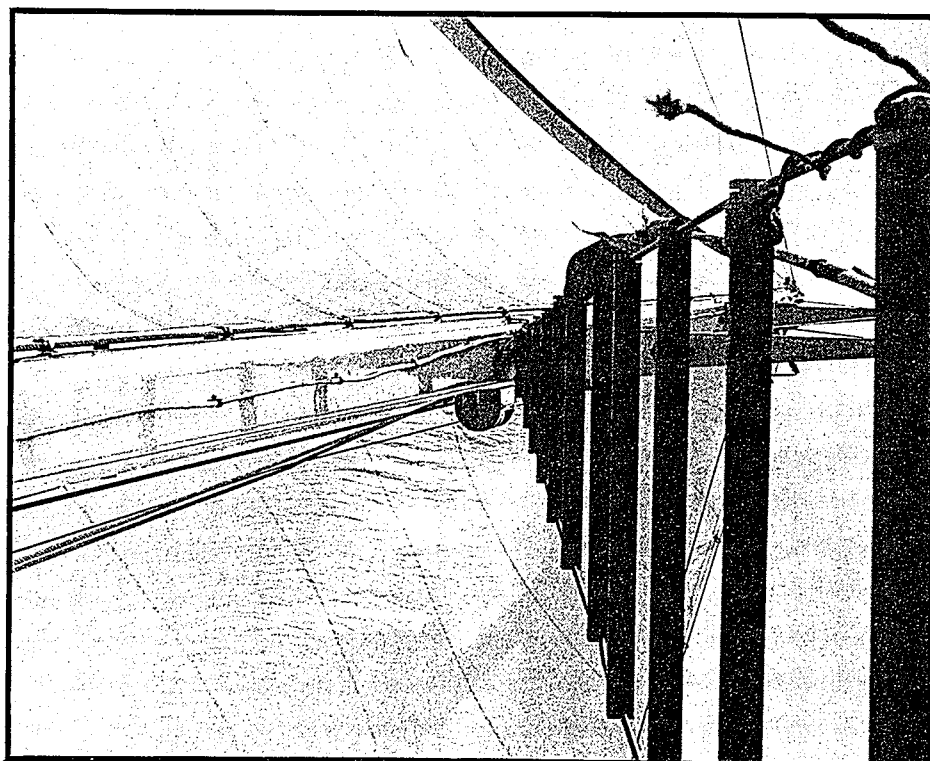
Gallery



Angela Allyn Adamson



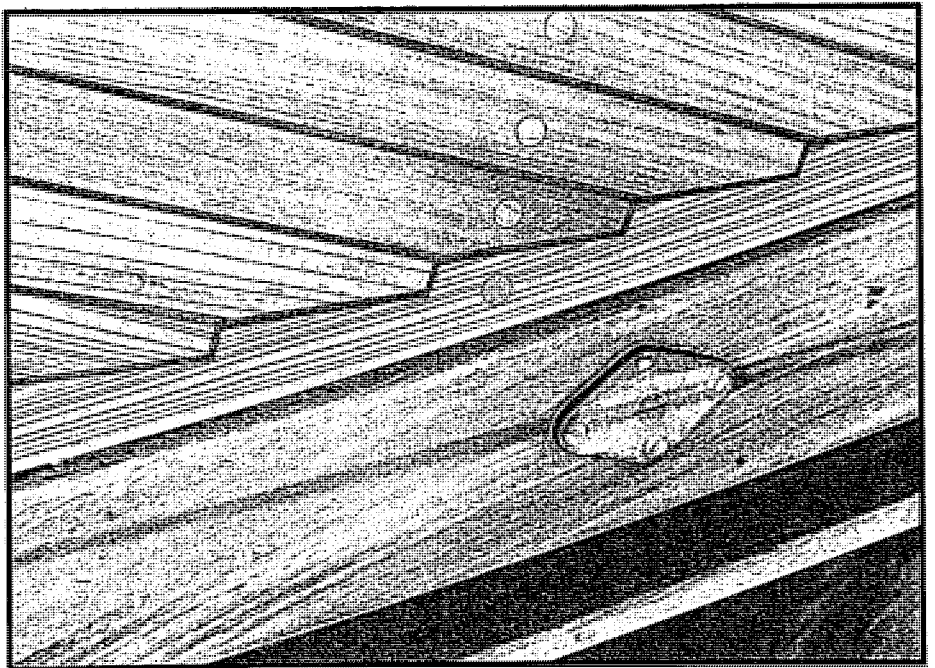
Mike Mulligan



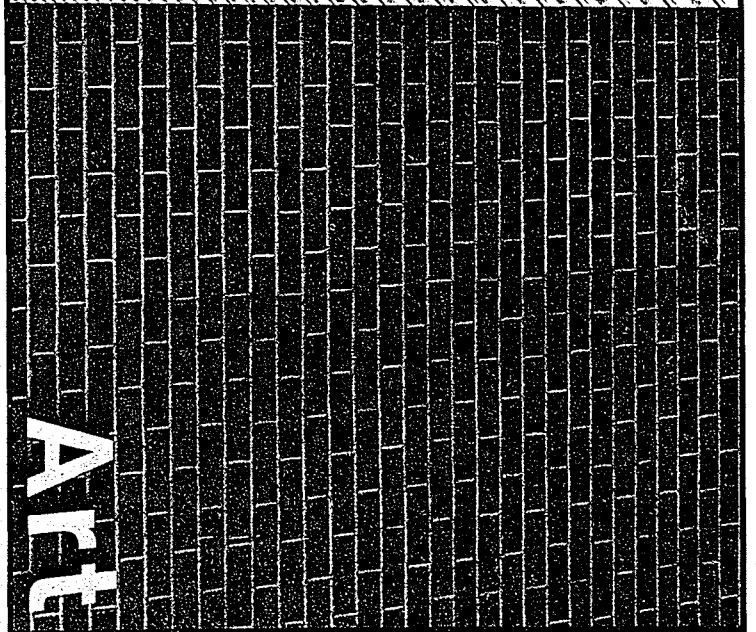
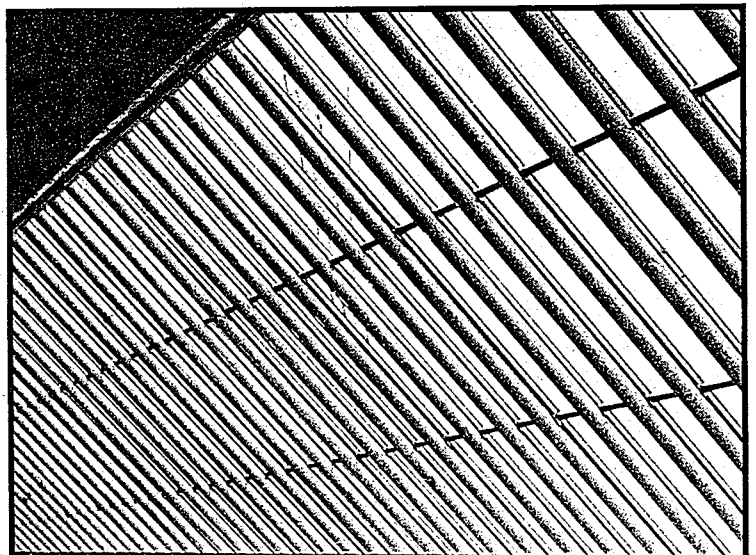
Angela Allyn Adamson

Forms
 Evoke wonderful
 Responses
 Through the rhythms
 of repeating verticals.
 Through the stable drone
 of horizontals . . .
 And there is nothing
 Like the
 Secure
 Comfortable
 Warmth
 That is inspired by
 A really good
 Texture

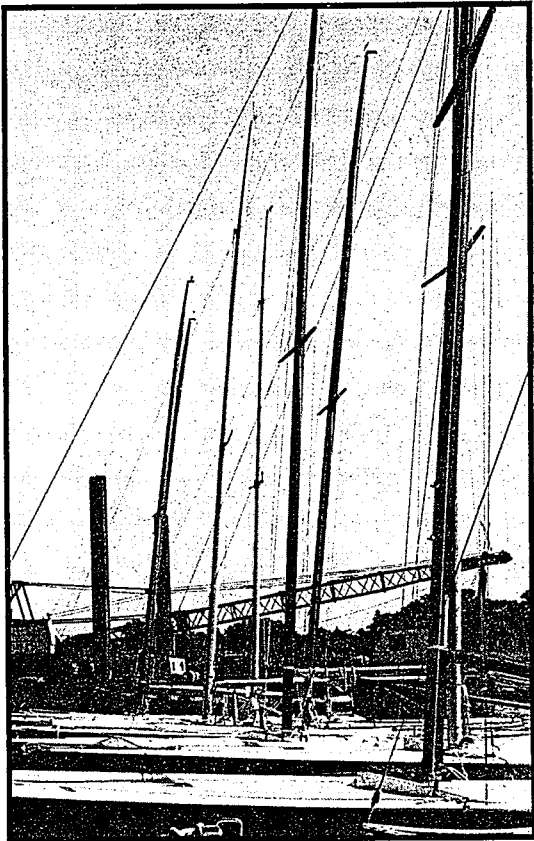
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Mike Mulligan



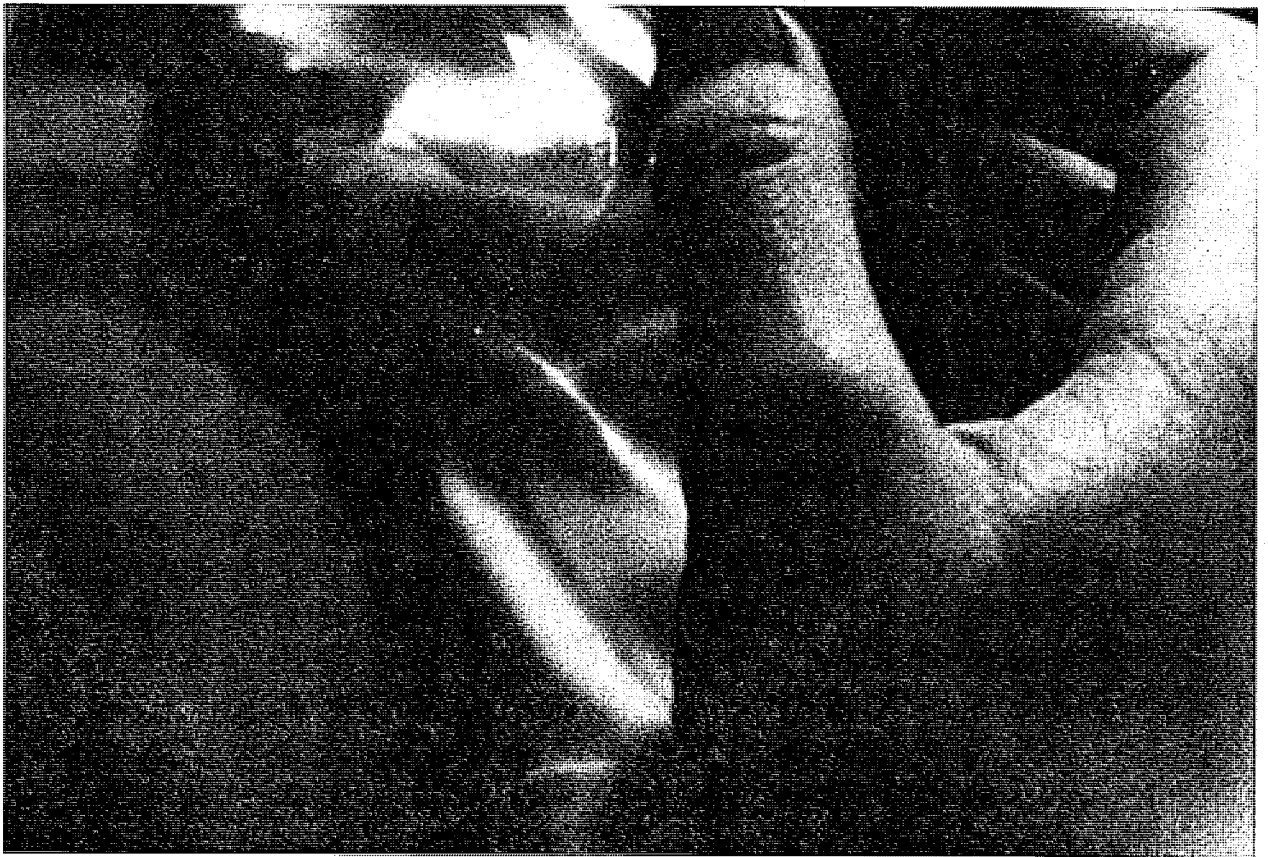
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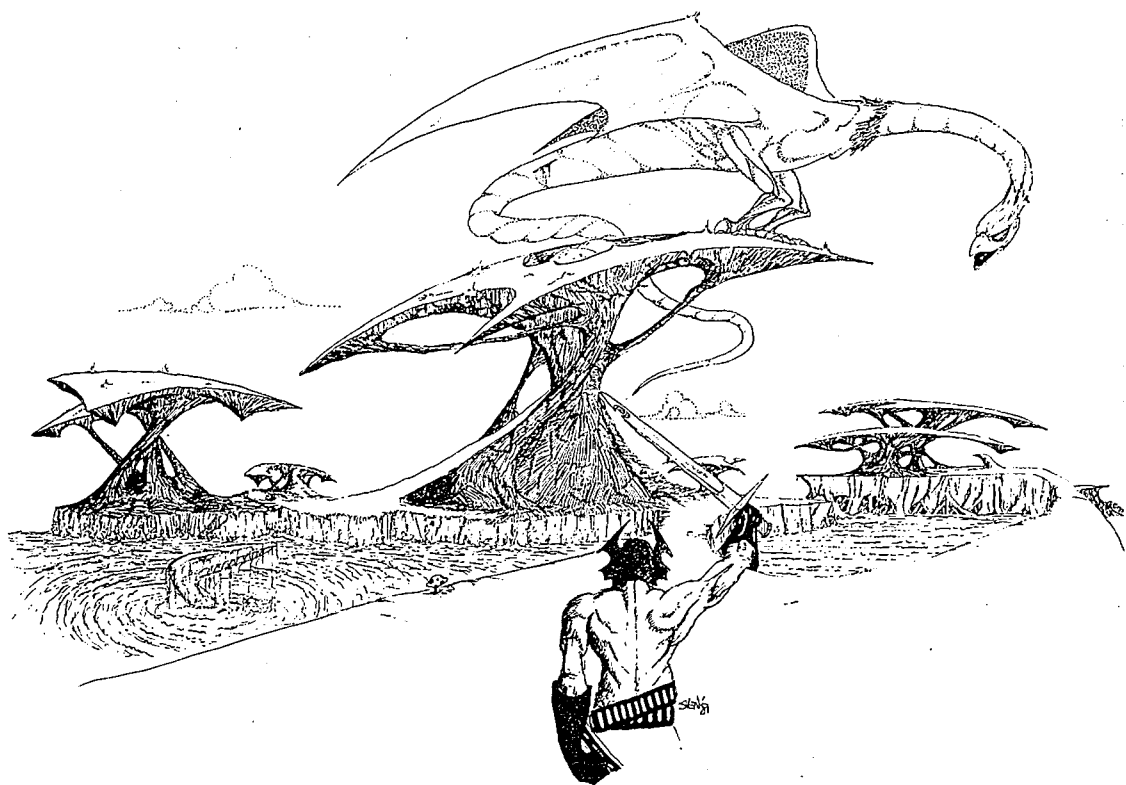
Angela Allyn Adamson



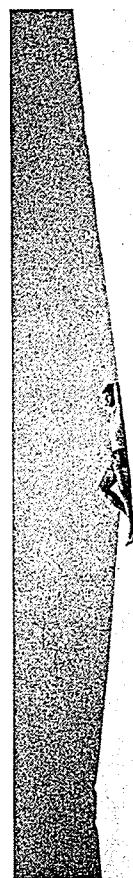
Kathy Pairitz



Sven Johnson



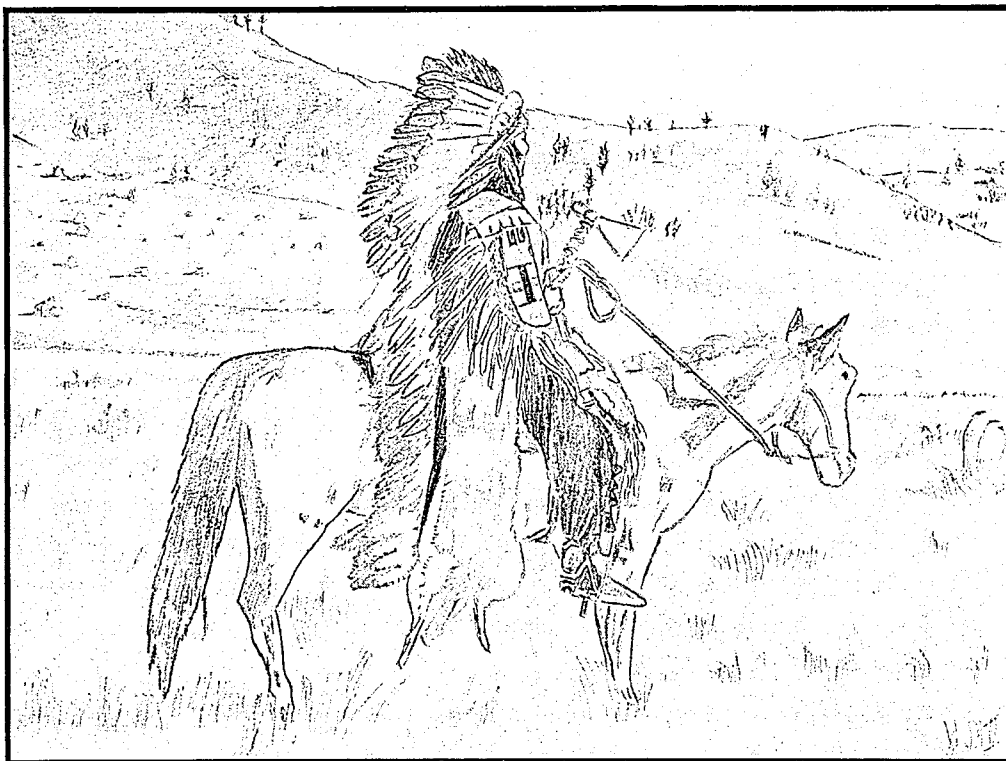
Mike Mulligan



Mike Mulligan

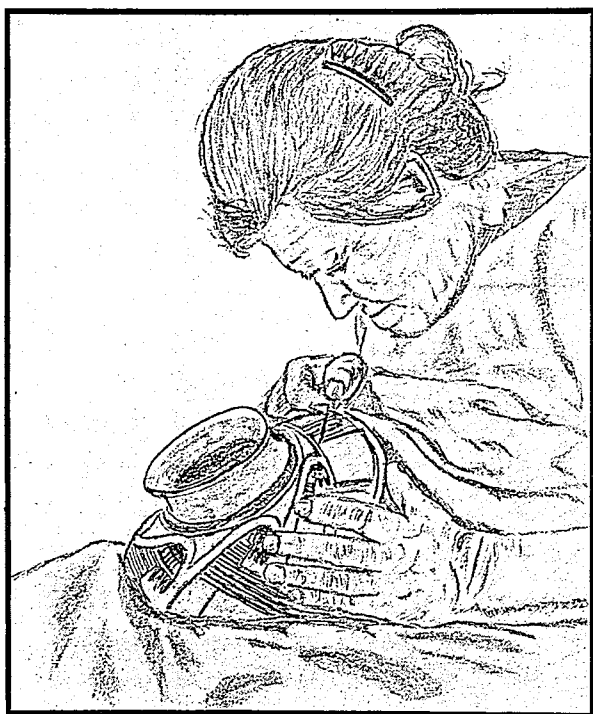
Fantasy

Bill Hoogterp



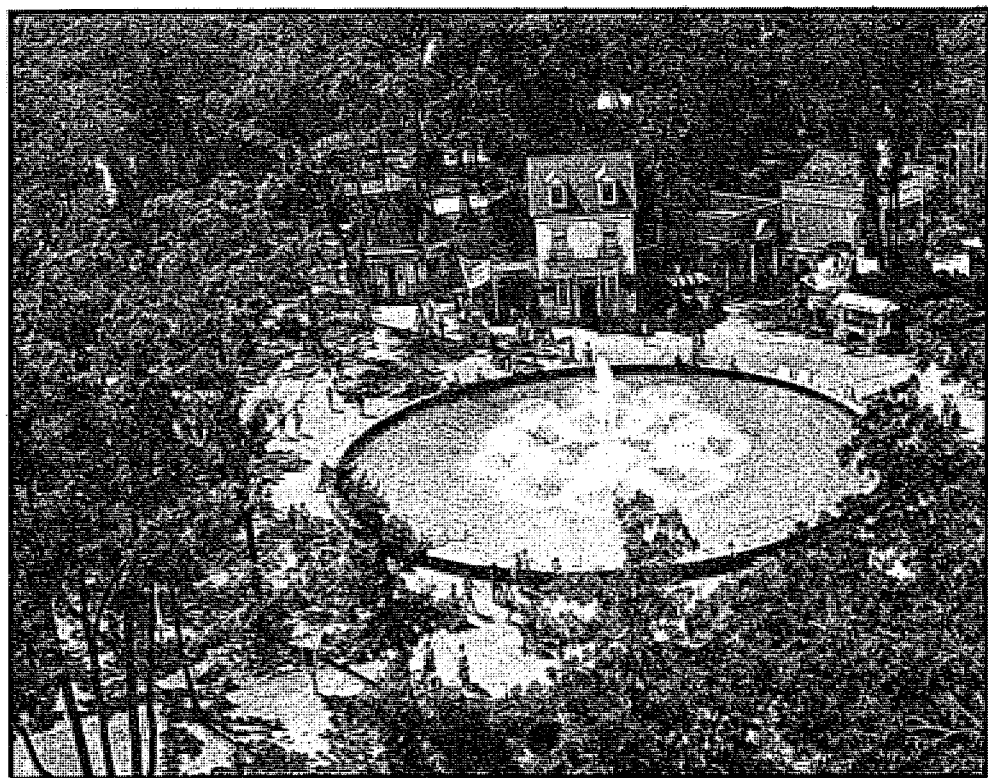
People and

Bill Hoogterp

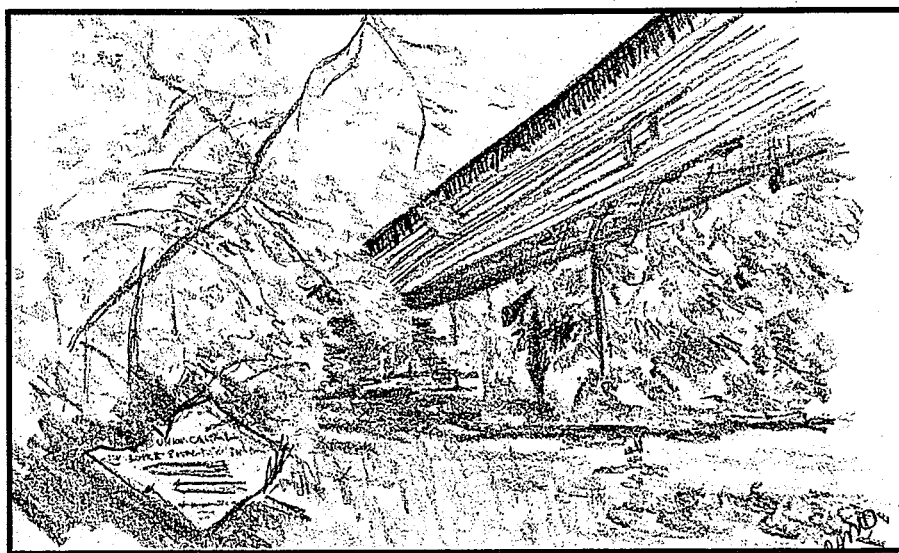


Mike Mulligan

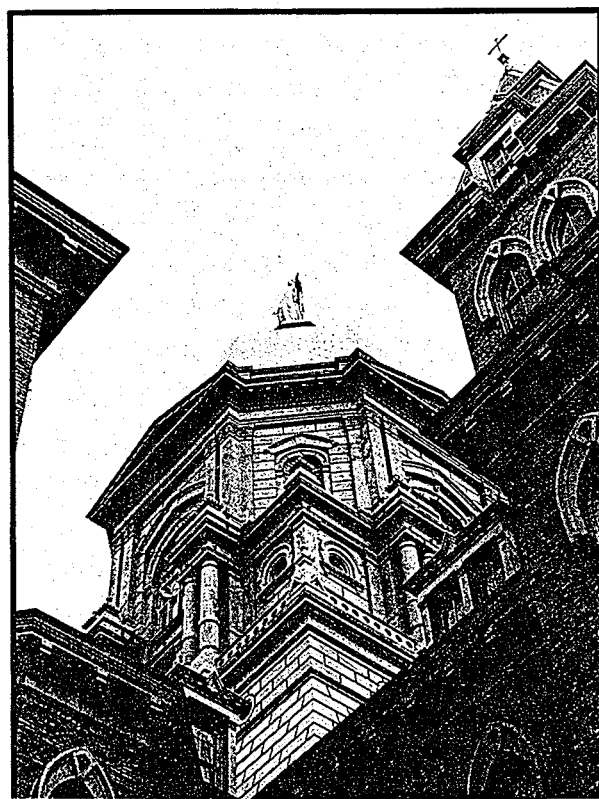




Alyson Hritz



Cheryl Duchynski



Mike Mulligan

Places

Ray Jenkins:

The Link That Broke

by Bill Kolb

A tall, eloquent southerner, Jenkins throughout the sixties championed the struggle for human rights by writing editorials for a Montgomery, Alabama, paper, the Advertiser-Journal. Last January he finished serving under Jody Powell as managing editor of the White House Office's daily news summary for the Carter Administration. Today, as a southern liberal, Jenkins is "concerned" about the press and feels a sense of helplessness about the country's turn to the right.

Ray Jenkins smiled and tossed the hate letter across his disordered desk.

"When I was in Montgomery," he said, "I used to receive hundreds of letters like this. My standard reply was 'Dear Sir, Thank you for writing. Your remarks remind me of an observation once made by Oliver Wendell Holmes: The mind of the bigot is like the pupil of the eye—the more light it gets, the smaller it becomes.'"

Bald on top, his pate permanently sunburnt, the Georgia-born editor straightened his horn-rimmed glasses, folded his long arms behind his head, and leaned back in the swivel chair behind a desk cluttered with papers. Beyond the open door of his modest office, the *Sun's* video display terminals chattered under the hands of busy reporters. But submerged in thought, Jenkins stared off into space. He was in his element, reminiscing about his life and career over the chaotic sounds of the pressroom.

Carrell Ray Jenkins was "the link that broke" in a chain of Jenkinses who were born, grew up and lived out their lives at Jenkins Crossing, Georgia. Only a stone's throw from Plains, the deserted place is a rural train crossing located deep in peanut country. Founded by his ancestors "scarcely 25 years after the issue of the great Declaration," Jenkins Crossing is a place he says Jimmy Carter would understand.

Here, says Jenkins, is where an ancient little train still makes its "clickety-clack daily run over decrepit tracks, hauling fertilizer, cottonseed and lumber." Here, he says, is where he once "picked cotton all day in August . . . castrated a live pig with a dull pocket knife . . . wrung a chicken's neck with his own hands . . . felt like a nigger was being mistreated but was afraid to say so, and rode a bareback mule three miles to visit a purty girl who waited in a clean, flimsy cotton dress."

And by attending high school at a nearby small town because a drop in enrollment closed the country school, here is where Jenkins "broke the link in the chain" begun by "some poor wretch" who had sailed to Georgia to avoid debtor's prison.

Young Ray Jenkins left "the desolate region dotted by gray shacks" in 1947. He attended the University of Georgia and majored in journalism. After graduating, he went to work as a reporter in Columbus, Georgia. There he won a Pulitzer Prize for the *Columbus Ledger* as part of an investigative team that had exposed local crime and corruption after the assassination of Georgia's Attorney General. In 1956 he married.

On a brief errand in 1976, he returned to Jenkins Crossing accompanied by his six-year-old daughter. "Overwhelmed by the heavy presence of the past," Jenkins attempted to convey his feelings to her, to help her appreciate the significance of her roots. He recalls

Her curiosity was aroused, and she waited expectantly for some point to my story. But alas, there was none. Then, sensing my uncertainty, this slip of an offspring of all those celebrated ancestors closed the matter with a shrug and a murmur, more bewildered than impertinent, "Well, so what?"

As an experienced journalist that

has been involved in the big issues, Jenkins also seems bewildered about a similar "so-what" attitude he finds among his readers. When working for the *Montgomery Advertiser-Journal*, he covered the explosive civil rights clashes "from start to finish," his most important story being the 1965 March on Selma. Leading to the passage of the Voting Rights Act, the march meant to Jenkins that "never again would a southern politician have to bow before the god of segregation in order to get elected." But that comment, which he made in an editorial this summer that supported the re-passage of the Act, elicited only a single response.

When things were just beginning to quiet down in Montgomery, Jenkins grew restless. "As Martin Luther King put it, I had 'been to the mountaintop.' Civil rights issues were gone . . . a person ought to change careers every fifteen years and I was five years overdue." Jenkins decided to move on.

Then, in the summer of '79, after having accepted a teaching position in Florida, he received a phone call from the White House. Press Secretary Jody Powell was going to be busy with the presidential campaign. Would Jenkins be interested in working directly under Powell and assuming Powell's duties in his absence? Jenkins said yes.

As a newsman covering politics, he had known Carter for a long time. The Montgomery paper had strongly supported Carter throughout his political career, and the two men, with similar rural Georgian backgrounds, "had a natural affinity."

"They needed someone who could act as 'managing editor' of the White House Office," says Jenkins. His job was to produce a daily compilation of the news from newspapers across the country, "something approximating a daily paper." He also edited and wrote press releases.

Jenkins defends Carter when peo-

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ple question his surrounding himself with fellow Georgians. "They talked about the 'Georgia Mafia' pejoratively, but any president is going to surround himself with people he's comfortable with." Noting that Kennedy, Johnson and Reagan did so as well, Jenkins admits that there are more than one hundred people across the nation that could competently fill almost any position in the White House.

Throughout his two-year tenure, Jenkins worked closely with Jody Powell and President Carter. When around Powell, he could occasionally set aside business and joke with the sharp-witted Press Secretary. But when in the presence of Carter, "it was business all the way."

"(Carter and Powell) were superb people to work with. The President, of course, is unique to all individuals.

There is something about the office that is so awesomely overwhelming . . . I always felt if I tried to chat I would be imposing on his time and the people's time."

One of Jenkins's more rewarding moments at the White House, he says, was "catching Jerry Falwell in a lie." Falwell claimed publicly to have had a certain conversation with the President regarding homosexuality.

"We recorded his meeting with the President (not surreptitiously, Jenkins quickly adds). I dug out the recording and there was no such conversation." Ultimately Falwell "had to admit" the fabrication. "Apparently," says Jenkins, "truthfulness ranked low."

The theme of truthfulness pervades Jenkins's stories about the White House. Recalling a disturbing

incident that occurred after the election, Jenkins expresses concern about the press's credibility.

The day after Carter lost to Reagan, he recalls, a *Washington Post* reporter working for the "Style Section" called to find out who would be writing books about their experiences. When dealing with unfamiliar reporters, the Administration was "a little uneasy."

"We thought we had given (the reporter) everything she needed," says Jenkins, but the next day when the *Post* came out, Jenkins was "thunderstruck."

The reporter had written that the Scott Meredith Literary Agency had talked to the President the day after the election, telling him how he could make 8 million dollars if he wrote a book the way the agency advised.



Ray Jenkins

Jenkins "was pretty damned confident—although anything is possible at the White House—that the conversation had not taken place." Shocked, he immediately spoke to Carter. "Mr. President," he said, "I hate to bother you with such a trivial problem, but did you have a conversation with Scott Meredith yesterday?"

The President had not. But he had read the article, and was "quite angry in his own quiet way." Jenkins then called the *Post* reporter and demanded an admission that the story was false. But the reporter, says Jenkins, simply responded with denials of guilt and asked, "Why is it you all are so upset over this?"

"Well, I ask you," he replied, "what does it make the President look like when you have him negotiating an \$8 million contract 24 hours after the election?"

"Carter is rather bitter about the press," says Jenkins. "The thing that distresses him most is their willingness to print a lie." Jenkins, also distressed, simply shakes his head.

Although there were no great surprises in suddenly working for the Administration thereby dealing with the press "from the opposite side of the fence," Jenkins says that certain things he felt about the press were "reinforced."

"Though there is a cumulative effect to writing that does have an impact capable of warping the public's opinion of the president, before (working at the White House), I could write an editorial and be reasonably assured that nothing would happen. But writing an editorial is easier than making policy. . . . The next day, editorials are used to line shelves and wrap fish.

"I also became concerned about

the press's preoccupation with scandal." If a story contained the slightest taint of scandal, he says, the press would blow it out of proportion "regardless how significant the underlying story really was.

"The adversarial climate is a little unhealthy. When things go wrong in government, it is often the same as in private business. . . . There was an unfair tendency to fix malevolent motives on officials, to ascribe political motives to every decision the President made." The press had a "tendency to place inordinately high demands on the president" which at times, Jenkins admits, made him "preoccupied with media successes."

Noting the erosion of trust between the press and past administrations, Jenkins expresses pride in the Carter Administration's relations with the press. Carter, he says, restored a "minimum degree of confidence, trust that is absolutely essential if government is to function." Though he feels it is too early to evaluate the Reagan Administration's press relations, he characterizes the Carter Administration as "open." "The Billy Carter case was a good example. Carter adopted a full disclosure stance. I strongly urged full disclosure."

Jenkins feels the press faces serious problems today. "I think the press is in a very precarious position. If we are going to retain our credibility and support, we've got to get away from the paranoid inability to admit error and inadequate performance. The public would like to see us slapped down. Plus there is a changing attitude reflected in the courts—subtle changes in the laws regarding libel. There's a great difference in the public's and the press's perception of the First Amendment."

When growing up at Jenkins Crossing, life for Ray Jenkins was much less complicated. He was the type of boy who "stepped in the droppings of a chicken and really didn't care . . . drank water that worked alive with mosquito larvae called wiggletails . . . ate sardines out of a can with a stick . . . and had his sins washed away in the Blood of the Lamb in a baptism in a muddy creek."¹

But, like so many Americans, Ray Jenkins was "the link in the cultural chain that broke." He left Jenkins Crossing, and embracing a destiny apart from his ancestors', quietly included himself as a member of "that ever-renascent, ever-elusive 'New South'"—a south that he claims regards speaking too much about one's ancestry as unfashionable. Yet even though his visits to Jenkins Crossing are infrequent these days, the tall southerner still refers to the "desolate region dotted by gray shacks" as home. And sometimes he pauses wistfully to reflect upon the past. □

¹Some quotes concerning Jenkins Crossing were taken from "Georgia . . . Georgia on My Mind," by Ray Jenkins, *The New York Times*, July 5, 1976.

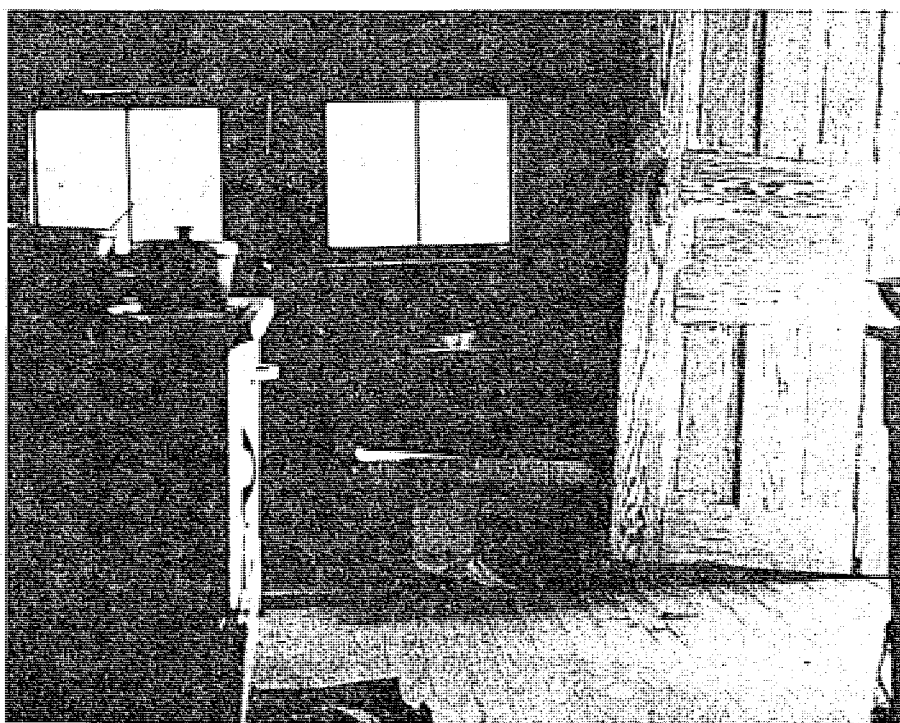
A senior government major, Bill Kolb spent six hot weeks this past summer at a journalism workshop in St. Petersburg, Florida. When not baking in his squalid apartment or frying on the beach, he reported news and attended classes.

Cumberlands

(cont'd from page 7)

The old man came raging out of the doorway as we stepped closer — shaking a cancelled check stub in Don's face while pointing an accusing finger in my general direction. It was difficult to know the subject of his tirade as his eyes skewed towards each other and wandered aimlessly over the surrounding scene. It seems his Social Security checks were being pirated by a less than scrupulous county health care facility. As he continued his rampage, the dim interior light produced another even sadder figure — the shaking, hacking ruins of a once beautiful, often-desired (and had) woman. Her head periodically contorted at a grotesque angle. She smiled as the senile old man raged on. His language was incomprehensible to me, but her look and smile revealed all. Sad . . . very sad.

For these people there seems to be very little which can realistically be done. They are so destitute and deprived and have lived the way they do for so long that any change for them seems almost impossible. Consequently, these people have been noticeably ignored by most of the missionary activities around them. Donny is not trying to convert them,



Interior of the old man's cabin

he does not condemn them — he is simply their friend. During my stay, we visited and brought food to several other people. While Donny's approach is quite different from Chet's, his direct social services are equally valuable and important to the Andre Mountain Community's efforts to serve and befriend the needy of Morgan County.

My two weeks with Chet, Donny, Gonzy and Paul passed as all time must pass — but I have with me

still that mountain view off the front porch, that child's first cry, the old mountain man's desire to let God's will be, the sultry stench on that ragged cabin's front porch, and the Andre Mountain Community's simple but effective answer to part of the many needs of rural East Tennessee. □

Mike Mulligan is the Scholastic layout Editor.

Friendship

(cont'd from page 5)

sounded easy enough, but the three-minute attention span (no exaggeration) of the kids made the reality of teaching a bit more difficult. Spontaneity was the key. Quin and I tested the depth of our creative wells, initiating activities such as puppet-making and macaroni art. In order to make parables fun, artist Quin told the tales through cartoons drawn on an overhead projector. The kids' favorite Bible school activity turned out to be the more secular "Slip and Slide," a 45-foot-long sheet of plastic which, when sprayed with a hose, made for some fine belly sliding. The children, though a drain on energy and patience, were a joy; nothing could compare to the freshness of the children's faces.

As the weeks living in the church

passed, Quin and I grew in many respects. We grew to depend on God, discovering that peace can be found in the midst of the unknown by trusting in the Lord's secret ways. We grew to value the calm of quiet, and to marvel in the joy of each other's companionship. Due to the experience of volunteering, our traditional images of service were blown away, to be replaced by a less restrictive sense of the word.

Several weeks into the project on a particularly hot Friday, I walked alone down the dirt road to the church. Under my arm were tucked three children's movies for Bible school, fresh from the mailbox; I thought about the day. We had visited the nursing home all morning, taken eight residents for an afternoon drive and then out for ice cream; my entire day had revolved around service to others. Still, I felt no different; this was still me, living out today, not driven by any

unusual motivation.

How were my actions any different from when I am at school or at home? What transformed this experience into "service"?

Doing what we did there was no different from what we do at home or school. The work performed and its effects were largely inconsequential. Our greatest gift to the community was our presence, and a desire to become friends; the community's greatest gift to us was to extend a hospitality within which that exchange could take place. Our service then can be summed up in this: being a friend.

I had to travel to Appalachia to learn that; I felt the call of service far away. Now that the romance of Appalachia has burned off like the morning fog, I can see that service takes place not in the distance, but in the here and now. We can take our openness to people anywhere, everywhere. □

Fiction

The Drop

by Greg Bachhuber

A large, black thunderstorm was rolling in over the tree-lined bluffs rimming the northern end of the marsh. From my rowboat in the main channel, I could see the flashes of lightning lance down over the ocean of yellow-green cattails, and the redwings and pipers in the reeds around me grew quiet in preparation for the late August storm. The marsh became silent. I thought the thunderhead to be about three miles north, probably dousing Kekoskee or Leroy, so I began to pick up the cane poles and night crawlers that had been my companions on that lonely Wisconsin afternoon. As I took in the last pole, I noticed its bright red bobber popping up and down in the murky water and, after yanking it up, found a ten-inch bullhead fluttering on the end of the line. It was nothing exciting, for I had already caught over a dozen, and I grasped the fish behind its fins (being careful not to get stung by the barbs), forcefully ripping out the hook. As I pulled, a black object dropped out of the bullhead's mouth onto the dirty floor of my grandfather's boat.

It was a shiny black stone, perfectly oval and flat, about two inches long. Setting the fish in the creel, I picked up the stone and dried it, gazing at it in wonder as I could not imagine what the bullhead was doing with it. The stone was jet black and smooth; it reminded me of the local obsidian rock that the Menominees and Chippewas had used for mirrors.

Holding it between my fingers and staring into the stone, I found that it was a mirror, a black mirror. I could see the lightning bolts over my shoulder as they crackled over Mysky's Bay and the egret rookery on Four Mile Island (the storm was nearing), and I could see a solitary mallard wing over my head in the darkening sky, looking for a place of refuge. Large drops of rain began to fall, making the marsh water dance as they exploded in tiny ripples. A drop hurtled down over my shoulder and struck the stone in the center. I stared at the wet spot as the most unforgettable event in my life began to unfold.

The spot began to swirl, to deepen into a dark tunnel that seemed to expand and stretch to infinity. The stone became a dark passageway that begged me to enter. I stared, paralyzed. I seemed to stand on the edge of a precipice, looking down into a black unknown. For a moment I hesitated, frightened, then my mind dove into the tunnel and followed it, searching for the shaft of light that I could see emanating from the far end of the passageway.

After what seemed a million beats of my pulsing heart, my mind burst through the distant hole and was instantly bombarded by a plethora of colors, lights, patterns and images. I looked down at my feet, but there was no ground, and yet I was not falling. I turned



around, horrified, but the entrance to the tunnel was gone. The tunnel was gone. My reality no longer existed. In wonder, I began to concentrate on the images that seemed to form on a giant spherical screen that surrounded my diminutive body.

As I concentrated, I could pick out bits and pieces of my world as if seen through the eye of a television camera, except the images were three-dimensional and much more clear than on TV. I saw strange people, glimpses of deserts and oceans and fields, machines, symbols, but I also saw worlds that were not mine — planets that were Earthlike but with different land masses, alien creatures, strange machines and lifeless, hideous landscapes. My mind began to flicker like a candle caught in a draft. I screamed in confusion. The sphere went blank.

I was hovering in total blackness, rigid with fear, totally helpless.

"Scion of Adam," a voice whispered out of the black. I whirled, but could not see anyone.

"Scion of Adam, why have you come?" said the voice.

"Who are you?" I cried as I searched the blackness.

The voice whispered, "In honor of your Father, I shall call you Adam. I am the Aleph, you do not know this? I am the gateway. I am all things that were, are, or will be, a key to perception. I am time outside of time. I am a teacher. I am that stone which you hold in your hand."

I looked down at my hands, felt them, but they were empty. I said, "I am holding no stone. I was before I got here."

"You are holding one in your reality, but you are in mine now; Adam, why have you come?" begged the Aleph.

"I didn't come, I don't even know where I am!"

"I understand now. You are in me," whispered the voice, "I am yours to command. Ask to see anything, and I will show you. All come to me to learn, Adam. Ask to see."

"Where are you?" I screamed.

"Ask," softly said the voice.

There was a period of silence.

I thought awhile, thought I was hallucinating.

Remembering the images and what they reminded me of, I finally said, "Show me war" (for I liked war movies then).

The images returned, and all around me, men died. I saw two men in animal skins wrestling over an antelope carcass, until one split the other's skull with a rock. I heard his head squish. I saw a Macedonian phalanx cut its way through a sea of Persians, slowly grinding through the undisciplined enemy like a huge machine. Broad swords flashed as red Roman legions destroyed countless armies, and I saw burning Rome. A thousand cavalry charges of medieval chivalry hewed down endless rows of peasants, until arrows with bodkin points filled the sky and the horses vanished. I saw a thin line of red-dressed men on a crest pour volley after volley of musket fire into thick columns of men in blue, dying in vain for their emperor. A swarm of barefoot men in gray charged a hilltop of iron cannons, and I watched in horror as the gray withered and died like an ocean wave as it rolls up a beach. I saw an Arapaho mother and her baby lying face down on a river bank, as their blood trickled slowly into the icy waters of the Washita. I saw men in neat, orderly rows advance on a heavily protected machine gun. They fell like stalks of wheat in a July hailstorm. I heard men scream, "Gas, gas!" as their lungs oozed out of their mouths. I saw a pilot trapped in a burning Spitfire over London, unable to open the splintered canopy of his fighter in order to bail out. I felt his pain, his agony, his helpless frustration. I watched the sun drop from the sky and melt a peaceful city. The screams of the people evaporated from their mouths as the artificial star turned their bodies to vapor. I saw all the weapons of war that have ever been or ever will be. I saw the Earth shudder as red buttons were pushed, and our cities glowed red on the horizon as man entered his final age. Finally, I saw all the dead at a single moment, all the mass graves and the mutilated bodies and the horribly wounded — fields and fields of crushed arms and legs and corpses bloating in the sun, oceans of blood! The screams of the little children rose to an ear-bursting roar. . . .

"Stop!" I yelled at the top of my lungs. I never wanted to see a war movie again.

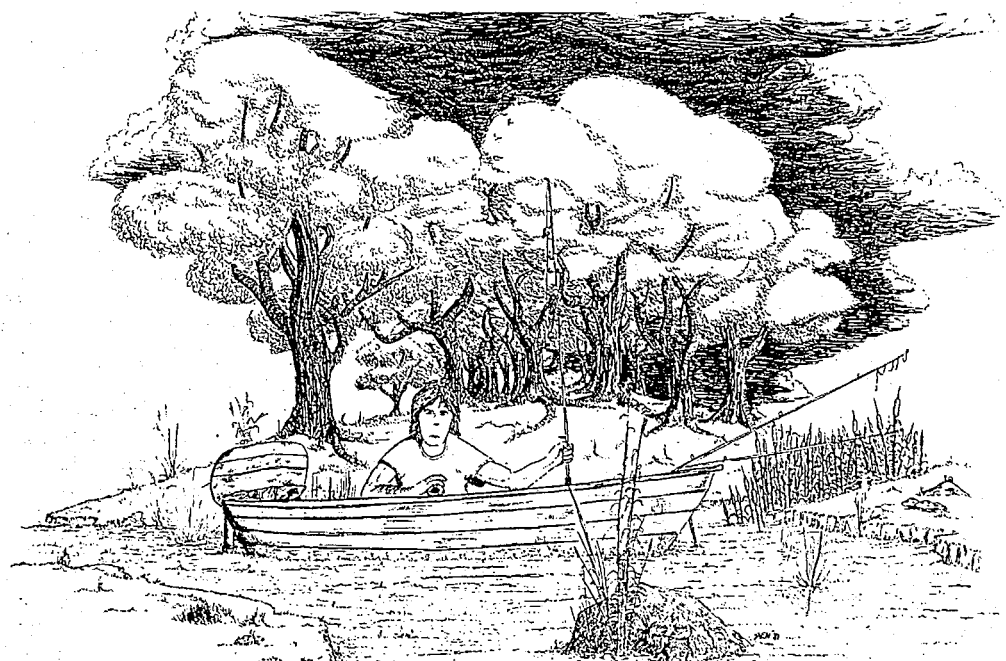
The images disappeared, and I was in darkness.

"Show me something else, something nice. Show me some life," I sobbed.

I was in a cell — a million molecules danced around my body, enzymes and proteins and sugars and fats, all moving and interacting in a perfectly orchestrated rhythm slow enough for me to see. The cell shuddered as chromosomes curled up; the cell divided. I was outside the cell, a cell in the leaf of a tree, and watched as the leaf was eaten by a caterpillar, which was eaten by a tree shrew, which was killed by a barn owl. The owl died, and its body was invaded by bacteria and destroyed. I was all these creatures at once. I knew a food chain as no scientist can understand. I saw the progressions of the seasons, saw a forest go green, red, and then bare, repeated an infinite number of times. I saw life through the eyes of all animals, great and small. Nature throbbed and vibrated around me, and I knew her. Finally, I saw a tremendous flock of Canadian geese rise up out of an October Wisconsin cornfield, thirty thousand birds swirling like black smoke into the autumn sky, drowning out with their honking the laughter of the eight-year-old boy huddled with his grandfather in the gooseblind below. The scenes began to fade.

"Show me love," I smiled.

Little children, hundreds of them, all with splinters in their fingers or bumps on their heads, were kissed and hugged by their mothers as the tears dried. Proud fathers watched sons play high-school football in the pouring rain. An old woman looked up and saw her only Son hanging from a bloody tree, crucified between two thieves because He loved a fallen people. I saw family reunions, Polish weddings, bar mitzvahs, Christmases, and funerals. Lifelong friends traded jokes in the dimly lit bar of a dirty steel town. They rolled dice and shot pool and laughed as if their world would never end, but it did. Out of the darkness appeared two steel-blue eyes, reflecting the soft glow of the embers of a dying fire. They held in their gaze the mixture of love and innocence that only a girl of sixteen can have. As the eyes looked upon me I knew that I loved them, even though voices in the darkness



whispered that I should not. The eyes begged a question. I smiled at them, promising a future and a place in my heart. The eyes faded away, but I knew that from then on I would be lonely without them. A young boy romped and wrestled with his black Labrador in a Midwestern hayfield. The dog died, and was buried on a bluff overlooking a marsh. The boy wept. I saw every wedding night that had ever been. I saw a single rose, a single tear, initials carved in trees and spray-painted on highway overpasses. A boy and girl embraced on a high, sandy bluff overlooking a river. It was sunset, and they looked to the west. A fatherless boy stood in a driveway next to a rusty, green station wagon, and the eyes of the old carpenter inside glistened as he felt the pain his grandson felt. They shook hands, their pride allowing only a trickle of tears and the chest-crushing feeling that only a broken trust can bring. Then the car drove away down a gravel road, and the man was alone.

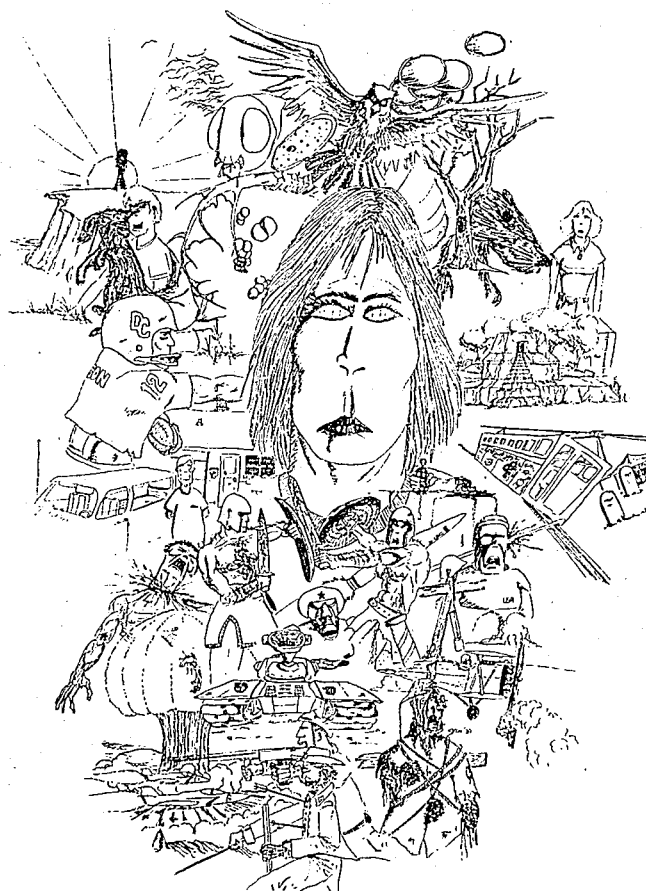
"Show me," I asked softly, "show me places."

A streetcar clanged down a hill while the sun rose out of eastern San Francisco sky. The bay was bathed in the morning rays while a pelican rose out of the aquamarine waters. I saw peasants advancing line abreast in a Cambodian rice paddy, stooped over in the ancient ritual of planting the fragile shoots. A silent Mayan temple brooded as the jungle slowly swallowed it. A bright yellow train pulled into the passenger station of a snow-swept Austrian city. A girl of about twenty jumped out of one of the shiny cars, pulling behind her three immense suitcases that each weighed more than herself. Her eyes laughed and then I knew she was from Ohio. Determined, the girl headed down the street towards the mass of old buildings and culture that was Innsbruck, but as she walked she was followed by a mob of Turks. I didn't worry. The Turks would never catch that girl — no one did, unless she wanted to be caught. I saw children of the ghettos play stickball in their dirty streets as they have always done and always will. I saw a beautiful rainbow arch its back over a noisy northern city, but the city smiled and the rainbow died. I saw skyscrapers and tenements, quiet farms, forests, and beaches of dirty white sand. I saw the wind howl over a desolate polar ice pack; the ice turned into sand dunes and lava fields and rolling prairies of golden wheat, but the wind never changed. I saw a Roman temple with milky white pillars gleaming in a sunrise. I saw the same temple crumbled in the rocky slopes of an Italian mountain. On a dark, desolate, January night in Chicago, a young man disappeared into a subway tunnel, leaving behind on the lonely and dimly lit street above a friend whom he would never see again. I saw a bright red Massey Ferguson leave a swath of black dirt as its plow tore up a shallow slope. I saw a full harvest moon hovering over the top of a silent forest; the scene shifted, and I saw the same moon resting in the sky next to a golden dome, queen of a Midwestern college campus. I saw a cemetery with a group of saddened mourners gathered around an open grave on a green, tree-shrouded hilltop. The casket contained an old man. As the six pallbearers lowered the oaken casket into the black opening, I noticed a young man standing alone away from the other mourners. The people left, except for the solitary figure who stood there for an hour, head bowed, not noticing the gentle August rain that had begun to fall. In his heart he clutched the memories of a sacred childhood spent with a kind teacher, for he had learned well, yet his pride only allowed a single tear to caress his deeply tanned cheek. However, the old man

still lived, although never seen, and wherever the solitary man went a rabbit always ran with him. He was never truly alone. As the screen began to fade, I caught a final glimpse of a large ore freighter, struggling for her life in the midst of a November gale. The ship was caught between the crests of two gigantic waves, and as the rain swept down upon her decks, the back of the freighter snapped and she slid into the icy waters of Lake Superior. A golden bell tolled sadly as the sun slipped down below the Detroit skyline. The screen went blank.

"Adam, do you wish to see more?" whispered the Aleph.

"But you haven't taught me anything," I said, "I don't understand what anything means. You've showed me all these places and people and trees and histories, but they all seem so insignificant. What difference does the life of any one person make when compared to all this time?" I asked this question, because I did not understand.



"Adam," sighed the Aleph, "learn this."

I saw a man, an old man dressed in a dark blue suit. He had brown hair (flecked with gray) and green eyes, with the same pear-shaped body that I remembered my grandfather had. In fact, I thought the man was my father at first, because he looked so much like him. In his hand the man carried a silly black bag that he seemed to both love and hate, yet cherish no matter which, and I noticed that the man's body was covered with scars from old wounds; I seemed able to see through the man's suit and saw that the worst scars were over the heart. A look of peace was in his eyes, and he seemed to have wisdom in them that can only be gained through the great depths of personal experience. The man began to change. Before my eyes he evolved

(cont'd on page 39)

Listening With Love

The Art of Christian Listening

by Thomas N. Hart

Paulist Press; 128 Pages

by Dan Keusal

I have a habit of glancing at the display window of the bookstore as I go in and out. That display represents an hour or so of creative effort on the part of a bookstore employee; the least I can do is take the time to glance. Last May I glanced long enough to see a book whose title intrigued me: *The Art of Christian Listening* by Thomas N. Hart. "How can listening be an art," I thought to myself, "and what distinguishes 'Christian' listening from 'non-Christian' listening"? I decided to advance myself five dollars of my summer earnings and buy the book. The five dollars were well spent.

The opening point of the book falls into the "simple but profound" category: to listen with an open and receptive heart is to bestow a gift of great value. Listening takes patience and can mean inconvenience. The opportunity to listen may coincide with the time you set aside to study for a test. But so many people yearn to be heard — to be someone who is willing to listen with love is not only giving one's self to another, it is bringing the presence of God into that person's life.

In chapter one, Hart writes, "God may well be believed in, but there is not real experience of him. He is a notion, not a reality perceived. And then comes incarnation. At the hands of someone in a helping role, a person sees flesh and blood on a lot of faith notions. . . . Through the experience of being ministered to by one who shows a genuine personal concern, an acceptance which goes beyond one's deserts, and an affirmation of all that is good in one's life, a person can believe, perhaps for the first time, that God is love and what he is said to have said is true."

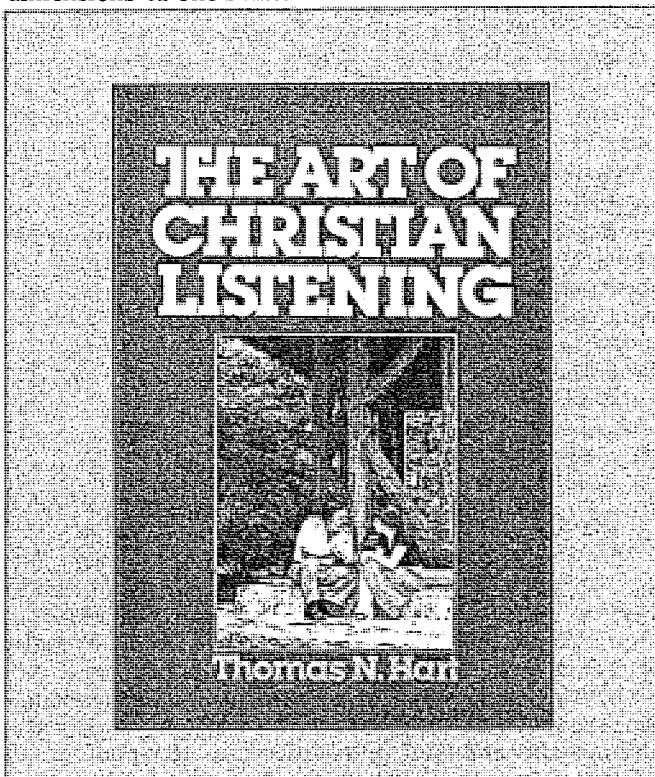
A person who implicitly or explicitly seeks out our attentive ear may simply be looking for a place to unload what is on his or her mind. More often, they want some type of response, and this is where most of us begin to fidget a bit. We may feel we lack the experience, wisdom and holiness to respond to another's problems. It is at this point that we must realize that God can work through our weaknesses. "We often do our best work," Hart writes, "when we operate from weakness and totally empty hands, passing on something we do not possess, producing effects we can in no way explain out of who or how we are."

Hart shows that this idea has a sound scriptural basis, citing 1 Cor. 2:1-5 and 2 Cor. 12:7-9. In fact, Hart's prudent use of scripture to lend support to his thoughts is one of the book's outstanding features. Each of the author's thoughts are backed by several scriptural citations used in proper context.

The extensive use of scripture as a reference is indicative of the informed and insightful, but humble and sincere style in which the book is written. Hart

writes that "the willingness to enter into a helping relationship is essentially the willingness to be a companion." It is just such a relationship that Hart enters into with the reader. He draws on his experience as a theology professor at Seattle University and a counselor at the Catholic Counseling Center of Seattle to provide the reader with a basic guide to improving his or her own capacity as a Christian listener.

The first three chapters of the book deal with Christian listening as defined for the "helper" — a broadly conceived function which includes all relationships. The discussion of the difference between counselor and "spiritual director" which begins chapter three is the point of departure for a more detailed look at the functions and limitations of spiritual direction in the classical sense. This is the focus of the rest of the book. It is to Hart's credit, however, that one need not be called to be a spiritual director to benefit from chapters three to thirteen; the entire book presents a thought-provoking view of Christian spirituality. Hart says that "religion is not a distinct area of life, but a dimension of all life." The role of the spiritual director, then, is to help one see where God fits into any one or all dimensions of one's life.



After a brief but admirably successful summary of what it means to grow in the Christian life, Hart spends several chapters discussing the role of prayer in Christian decision-making. He then lists and explains a few pitfalls the spiritual director must be careful to avoid and includes chapters intended to help someone discern if he or she does indeed have the gifts to be an effective spiritual director, and to "say something about the typical sorts of interaction that arise as one deals with persons of any age or circumstances who wish to grow in the Christian life."

It is fitting that Hart ends the work with a chapter entitled "The Gift of the Needy," which tells of the benefits the helper reaps from a helping relationship. The explicit theme of this chapter and of the entire book is that it is truly in giving of ourselves that we receive, and each of us can give in a profound, significant way just by taking the time to listen with love. □

Refinement at the Snite Museum of Art

by Paul McGinn

Last year, the staff of the Snite Museum of Art began the process of establishing a full-fledged home for the fine arts. Little more than a year later, Snite now stands not only as a building but as a philosophy of liberal education as well. Home of the University's permanent collections, the museum provides the students and people of Northern Indiana with concerts, lectures, films, and traveling exhibits.

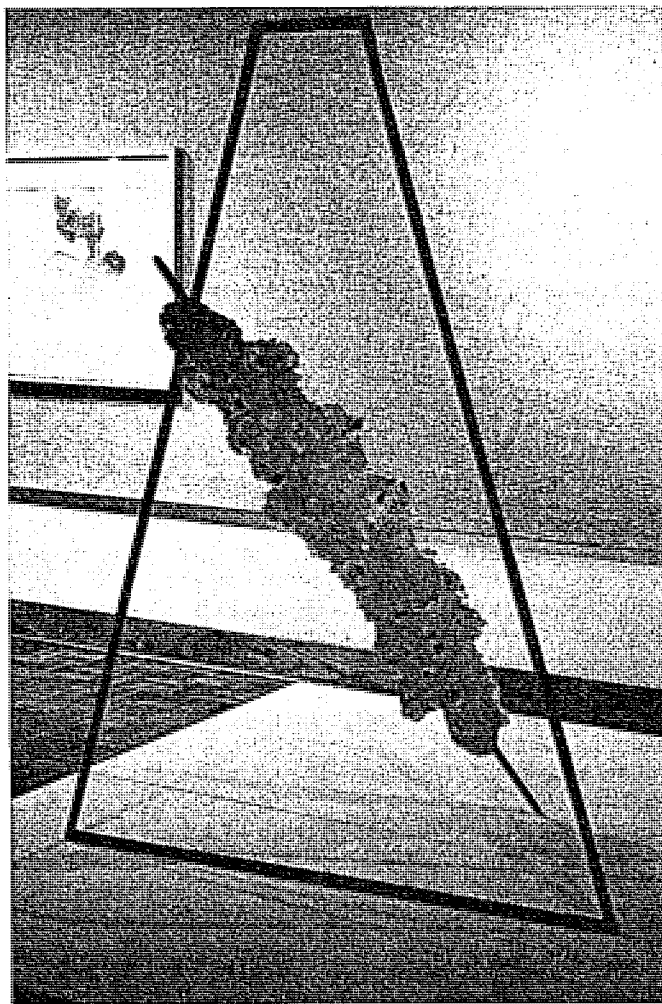
To Museum Director Dean A. Porter, the past year was "like having a big pile of clay . . . you throw the clay onto a kind of armature, which is a rough model. But then you go back and refine that clay before you fire it. . . . I think that's the state we're in now. I can see the next ten years as a period of refinement."

Dr. Porter credits the success of the past year with the "professionalism" of his limited staff. Administrators, secretaries, volunteers, and security personnel continually combine efforts to produce one of the most respected university museums in the Midwest.

In that same spirit of refinement and professionalism, the galleries of Snite present three temporary exhibitions: the annual faculty show; a fifty-photograph selection from the museum's permanent archives; and "About Line," examining the linear image in the works of renowned artists.

Located in the O'Shaughnessy Gallery, the Art Department Faculty Exhibition presents a sampling of this past year's accomplishments. A striking creation of Douglas Kinsey, *Studio Corner*, sets a vibrant mood to the gallery entrance. The oil displays an artist among his works, including a fluorescent pink painting of a seated model. Among Kinsey's other projects are a monotype (a technique for which Kinsey is renowned) entitled *The Dance*; *Academic Model*, in pencil; as well as *Concert I* and *Concert II*, two oils. The concert paintings focus toward a deep sense of the concentration required to perform a solid piece of music.

Robert Leader's oils emit a purity of sea, ships, and sky. Bright blues and greens provide a joyful yet unobtrusive look. A singular image of a mission church, *St. Mary's Gudja* establishes an air of content aloneness.



"A Shadow's Space," by Moira Geoffrion, harmonizes space and structure.

Fred Beckman, Art Department Chairman, sits upon a bleacher-styled staircase in a portrait by Thomas Fern. An eye-wrenching spectacle, the bourgeois red shag carpeting not only covers the stairs but obliterates the entire scheme of the oil-acrylic as well.

Three striking sculptures of Moira Geoffrion combine copper tubing, wood and paper to produce the most interesting and appealing works of the show. The leaf-like designs of *A Shadow's Space*, *A Paper's Place*, and *A Copper's Shadow* delightfully exhibit grace and harmony. Complementing these forms hang two multimedia designs which equate the same feeling of peace and beauty.

Two photo displays describe the sculptural accomplishments of Fr. James Flanigan. Both the *Music Man* (Corten steel trumpeter completed for Conn Music Co.) and *Our Lady of Jerusalem* (bronze-filled fiberglass Madonna and Child) thrust vitality. Four drawings (three charcoal, one pencil), complete Flanigan's display.

Don Vogl's *Place of Hope* provides serene greens and oranges in acrylic and pastel. A rainbow across the work adds an optimistic tone to the placid surroundings. *Peaks and Valleys* combines jagged paper and paint in a realistic look at nature. Further evidence of Vogl's color balance lies in two iridescent watercolors.

Highlights from the Photography Collection marks a crucial step in the evolution of Snite's permanent photo accumulation. From a seeming disavowal of the "mechanical picture" as an art form, the museum has now opened a concerted effort to acquire various artistic

photographs. The exhibit, therefore, reveals a continuing effort to recognize the abilities of the individual behind the camera.

Nearly forty large prints, each an expression of form and feeling, range from political views to nature scenes, to form studies.

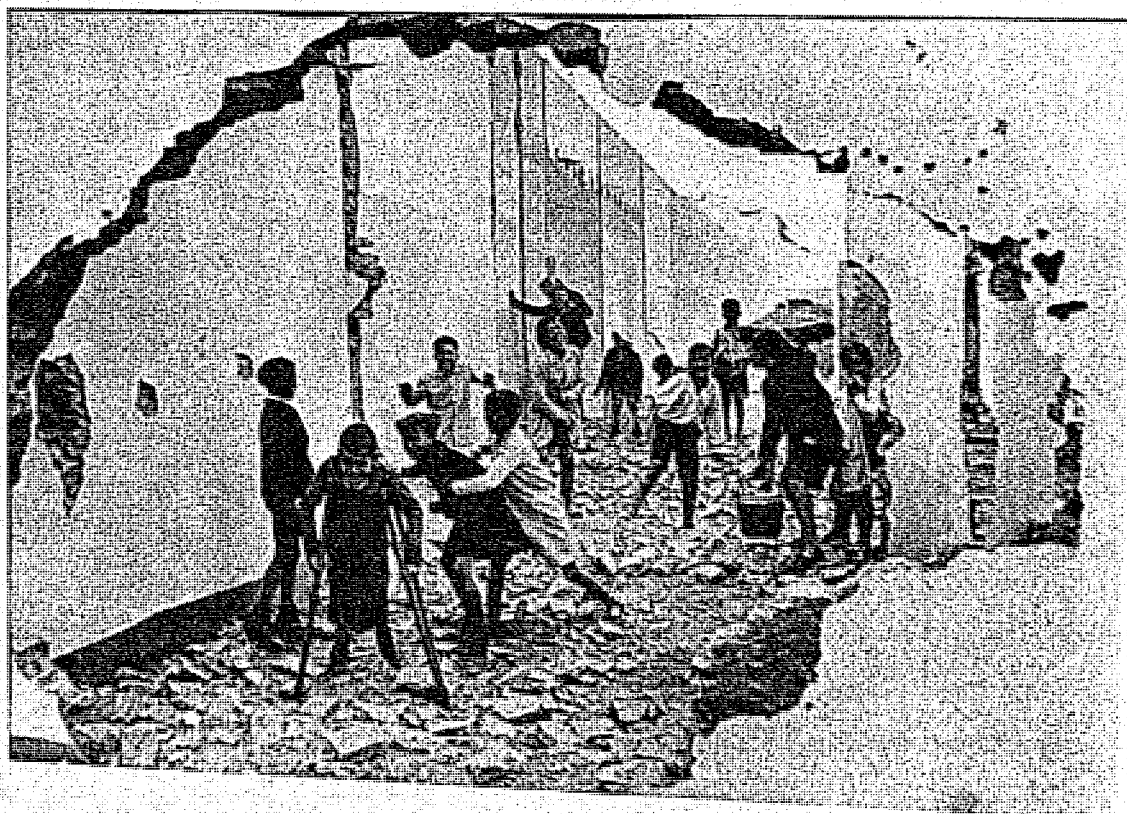
The American Edward Steichen depicts a crouched nude in *The Little Model*. With maiden-like embarrassment, the girl turns her face toward a corner. *Moonlight: The Pond*, another Steichen work, sets an eerie yet pleasing tone as the moon rises above a tree-lined lake.

Alvin Langdon Coburn's London Portfolio provides a critical view of the effects of industry upon London. Within *Wapping* and *Saint Paul's — Ludgate Circus*, Coburn describes a not too complimentary view of the offensive character of Britain's industrialists.

* * *

Though lines have always marked man's basic tool of imagery, the artists of the twentieth century realize fuller straight and curved forms. The dramatic effect of the over forty prints in "About Line" exhibit a greater understanding of modern directions. Each drypoint, etching, or engraving presents a deep awareness of the image-maker and his world.

A captivating *Self-Portrait* of Max Beckmann dominates the exhibit entrance. While the determined stare of Beckmann controls the forefront, a background dreamlike view of a house seems to display his ideas. Another drypoint by Beckmann, *Bathing Women*, visualizes three polka-dot swimsuit-clad bathers. With a seeming look of contentment, each wades, dives or floats amidst a few spectators.



"Children playing in Ruins, Seville" by W. Eugene Smith.

Dominated by the surrounding countryside, a small village in Ansel Adams' *Moonrise, Hernandez* depicts the greatness of nature. Majestic snow-capped peaks and open fields swallow this poverty-stricken hamlet of dilapidated shacks and weed-infested cemetery.

Four daughters, a son and a wife stand round the deathbed of a poor Iberian in *Spanish Village* by W. Eugene Smith. Within one shot lie expressions of grief, disbelief, and pity.

With *Children Playing in Ruins, Seville*, Henri Cartier portrays the destructive power of war. Though the area in which the children play was gutted by bombing, the faces betray no fears of impending crisis. Even a boy upon crutches, an apparent casualty of the Spanish Civil War, joyfully participates in the game.

Color adds richness and creative beauty to the *Dairyland* of Joel Meyerowitz. Hues of orange, red, and blue form an aesthetic elegance rarely associated with fast-food restaurants.

Held from his calves by his sweetheart, a young beau casts a glance toward the ground which rubs his nose. This humorous piece, *Lovers by the River*, created by Marc Chagall, displays a truly masterful feeling for the French commoner.

Wassily Kandinsky's *Little Worlds* combines many unrelated forms. Swiggles and crude figures unite to symbolize the parts which together complete art's larger schemes.

Plate V of Georges Braque's portfolio, *Theogony*, poses two standing figures as they confront one another. Rounded and sharp edges relay the hectic mood of this apparently predetermined mythical event.

In Jacques Villon's *Crucifixion* (a print from Jean Racine's *Cantique Spirituel*), curved lines produce a three-dimensional effect on the corpse of Christ. Through this "layering" style, the figure is so tangible

(cont'd on page 35)

Poetry

Samuel Hazo Poetry Award

A Letter to Hal

by Joseph Babington

Do you too think of those August days
fishing in the pond your father built?

We can wade across it now, but it seemed
the ocean itself then, seemed our whole
world those days and you and I the only
ones in it.

And when the bass and bream
and catfish didn't bite, we'd explore
the woods, following the creek down
to the fallen magnolia where a trapper
(we pretended Daniel Boone) had set his
trap, sprung and rusty, yet sacred
in our eyes—we dared not touch it.

Do you too long for those days,
when by the old sycamore, imitating
beavers, we dammed the left fork of
the creek to form a pool in which to
throw our catch?

And it didn't
matter really that the raccoons
feasted on our meal, leaving us
their clear, sharp prints on the freshly
packed mud and clay, for we had the
patience those days to catch grasshoppers
and beetles and earthworms.

Do you too still feel the hook I snagged
in your skull flycasting that September
morning, under the cottonwoods and the
willows? You were calm as the doctor cut
the barb, though I looked on wincing.

And do you too, my friend, remember how
the club we formed with our brothers,
the "Krumpi Club" we called it, after your
sister's baby word for country, had an
account in Citizen's Bank where we put
the money made from polishing wood floors
and draining resin from white pine.

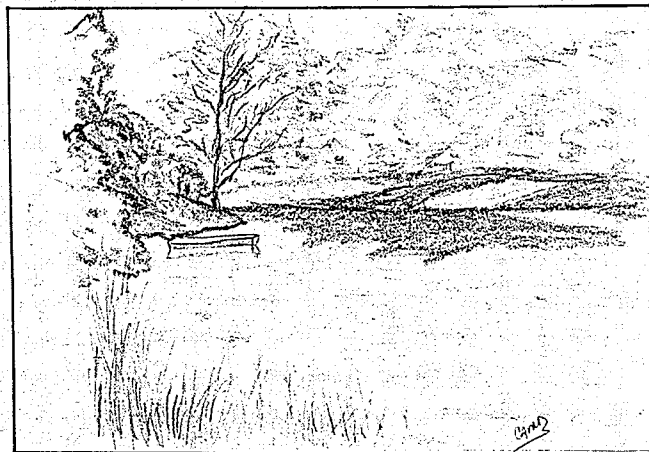
Do you recall? We took pride in our
exclusions and elaborate (we thought then)
rituals, swimming naked in the creek
and, later, making heckling phone calls
to blacks and rednecks which we taped
and laughed at again and again.
Our mothers never knew.

Sometimes you came to New Orleans
and we explored Audubon Park and the zoo
and flew paper kites with rag tails
on the levee—can you too see the last one,
fluttering across the Mississippi when we
released it, three thousand feet of twine
away?

And do you too, my brother, remember
those summers in Carolina? We were older
then and into our world (the dark pine woods,
the streams of stone and clear water,
the games of hearts and spades on rainy
mountain days), there crept, like the
rhododendron, a distance we did not notice

or understand? I often think how it
all happened, but I can not find the place
or the point—is there something I've
forgotten? Is there, in the recess of my
mind, some reason, like a discarded picture
in a heaped attic, why, now, you dissect
cadavers at Tulane

and I poke among
the crisp, yellowed pages here,
amid these Midwest cornfields?



Your hands are, I recall, firm (an incision
here, an incision there, we used to say, as we
fileted bass and bream, yours a surgeon's
accuracy) yet strong (from the days on the
white water and the afternoons of tennis).
Do they serve you well now?

Do you too wonder what intruded into
our world, intangible yet widening our
interests? I think of last summer's sail
and the rain soaking our shirts,
your smile fluttering in the wind.

We never spoke the words we felt (though
I would recognize your breath in any cocktail
babel). Is this our strength and weakness,
this voiceless depth? Is this what remains
after these years, knowing you'll be there
when my father dies?

The Retreat from Galacia, 1915

by Joseph Babington

"We hardly replied—there was nothing
with which we could reply. Our regiments,
although completely exhausted, were beating
off one attack after another by bayonet."

"1,400,000 killed or wounded.
976,000 prisoners.
Half the army . . . destroyed."

"We hardly replied—there was nothing . . .
The German artillery swept away
whole lines of trenches, defenders with them.
There was nothing . . . attack by bayonet."

"Half the army!"

"I shall remember all my life
the German artillery.
Nothing with which we could reply.
Bayonet."

"1,400,000 killed or wounded!"

"Blood flowed unendingly,
the ranks became thinner and thinner.
The number of graves
constantly multiplied . . .
There was nothing I shall remember."

"976,000 prisoners!"

"Nothing.
I shall remember all my life
the German heavy artillery.
One vast tragedy.
The graves multiplied.
The blood.
Retreat . . . attack by bayonet."

"The army destroyed?"

"The German heavy artillery.
Attack by bayonet.
I shall remember the blood.
I shall remember
the blood."

"The ordeal of graves."

Academy of American Poets Prize

The Baby Picture

by John Thorton

Open-mouthed you sit up,
your round head peanut-shaped
at crown and chin,
Mr. Planters with monocle and top hat
cocked behind the beggar's cup
as we pit the snow's white skin

on the way to the photographer's.
Your top hat nods against my neck,
a car-dog wagging yes, yes,
my head's too heavy;
you dribble looking at a bird,
make my collar a wet nest.

All this to blanket you beneath
the lights, to still your melon head
above its cloth frills
from the shutter of the night—
just as her parents did with your mother,
we move to touch your lover.

Distractions

by John Thorton

The bird's wingtips are all
that can be seen of its flight.
The rest is a blur,
spinning like a buzz-saw,

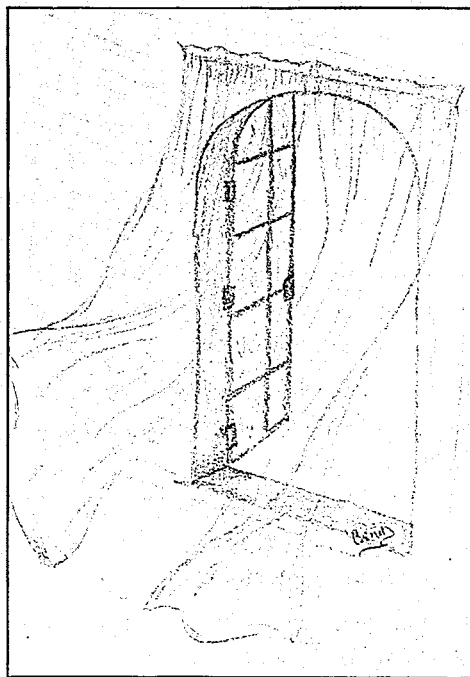
a ring of light
around a black stone:
peripheral vision
as the pupil loses hold.

. . . what is this?
What rumblings of sofas
jerk me to my feet
as soon as I settle in them?

What whispers leave
coffee cups full,
hats in the closet,
keys lost in the hand?

Is it the Muse
—that eclectic thrush—
who leaves us toothless
at the table,

staring in the rain?
—unable to distinguish
her wordless song
from a refrigerator's whine?



The Poets Song

by Anthony Walton

He melts words as one
Major seven sounds
He is not Debussy.

He makes consonants crash.
Kaleidoscopic cacophony
He is not Coltrane.

Sounds slide through his pen,
Snaking into silence.
This is no blue river.

Still Life

by Anthony Walton

There is a stretch of earth,
Somewhere, I can't be exact, though
I've heard it is on a green hill in another land,
The place where someone I knew died for his country.
Exigencies of the situation
Dictated he be left, missing in action,
To mingle with his maker
And crumble in the dust.

There must be a bit of philosophy in that earth.
As well as literature and poetry, art
Composing the dirt,
Fertilizing the rust-colored cat-tails.
I imagine them implying an elegy
As they scrape the breeze.

I see the beginnings of a sun-baked landscape,
His favorite Cezanne,
Brown and orange and green hills and coves,
A weatherbeaten castle of sand-blasted stone,
A dead and lonely sea pine,
A bay of blood,
He sits straight-up, teeth-clenched,
Propped by rotting carbine
Amid the dirt, grass, flowers,
Polished bone-white by the wind.

Three Untitled Poems

by Michele Madden



Painful moments
—jagged rocks—
So prominent
When underfoot.

But cast aside
in streams of
time . . .
Edges are soon worn smooth.

The memoirs are old
but the memories are good
and the promises more than just
words.

The wedding dress
now
with yellowed lace
In the attic is carefully preserved.

The dusty pages
of a tattered book
reveal flowers
scentless and dried
Oh! The memories are old
but the wedding bells ring
once again
for the white clad bride.

The parasitic mouths
of the neighborhood
bridge club
are as loose
as their eyes are wide.
As the bitter words
that sour their coffee
are dealt
with twice the vigor
of the half forgotten cards.

For Not So Foolish Icarus

by M. F. Callahan

On honeyed wings you took your flight
through the door which separates
gods from mere mortals—
the infinite expanse which easily hosts
a million stars with room to spare.
Did you want a star?
With a pair of honeyed wings,
you cast aside your Reason.

God, why attempt mere men such feats?
Why did you aspire and ascend
into the lower reaches of the clouds?
Did you think you could pull
into your pocket a star?
Dreamer!
Such souvenirs defy mortal consumption;
knowledge surely possessed in the
Reason of your mind.
But, oh that I were you!

The sun slowly seared your skin,
simmering away your life and
death was a pair of sticky arms
coupled with fast-approaching
ground.

What were you thinking when
the stars fell farther from your eyes?

that Reason is for the worshiping . . .

Mere waxen tools were not your wings.
Of passion, pride and love of beauty,
yours were fashioned.
And though the heavens lured you,
then loosened their tenuous grasp
when upon the threshold of their secrets,
you stood—
a piece of the heavens you did manage
to snatch for your pocket.
That which we call immortality is yours,
for you are remembered.

Oh Icarus, Reason is not for the worshiping;
we remember you for taking off—
not falling.

Snite Museum

(cont'd from page 31)

as to create a sculptural feeling. Etched within the lower part of the cross, a human figure adds to the complex design.

Masculine Resistance, by Asger Jorn presents a wide-mouthed woman barking into the ear of her spouse. Though the male figure seems aware of her plight, his plump appearance enforces his unchanging attitude.

Jean-Paul Sartre's *Nourritures* provided the basis of Wolfgang Wols' three illustrations. While the upper and lower drypoints entail an uneasy strength, the center print connotes an imprisoned feeling through Wols' interpretation of dense city living.

Two untitled engravings of Jackson Pollock provide vital forms and shadows. Through both curved and straight shapes, Pollock affirms the inner energy of individual parts.

A puzzled look emanates from the model in Henri Matisse's *Reclining Nude with Goldfish Bowl*. Though the figure's posture lends a somewhat cramped feeling to the scene, the sensualness of a protruding breast and of supple arms creates a dramatic effect.

Extending toward the heavens, the character of Paul Klee's *Height* seeks new quests. While a pleasant backdrop presents a calming atmosphere, the stretching human excitedly reaches to better worlds.

Among others, the exhibit features such notables as Pablo Picasso, Nicholas de Stael, and Yves Tanguy. The event, made possible through the Museum of Modern Art, New York, and with the assistance of Larry Scholder of Southern Methodist University runs through October 25.



"Colette" by Andre Dunyaren de Segonzac complements
femine grace with individual intensity.

* * *

True examples of sense and form, these three exhibits put forth Snite's determined effort to display quality works of various genres. Yet the excellence of the exhibitions does not merely satisfy a hunger for art; it creates an unquenchable thirst that should continue to challenge the people who embody the Snite Museum of Art. □



sisters. Some may not find this dimension at all, but they too are touched, more often than not, in imperceptible . . . and surprising ways.

This is what engages us, students, faculty, and staff, semester after semester, long day after long night. Partners, indeed colleagues, junior and senior to be sure, we are nevertheless united in a quest, in a sincere human adventure, and in a place which allows, and occasionally prompts, the best to happen.

I am personally excited about once again being a part of what happens here. I have lived here off and on since 1960, as a student, a rector, a teacher, an administrator, and as a priest. These years — eleven out of the last 21 — have been happy years, hard years, lively years, learning years. I have studied and reflected on this phenomenon "Notre Dame" both from within and without the comfortable old shoe. I have changed because of the many experiences and blessings I have found here. I have seen physical growth and spiritual miracles. "Excellence" has become real, not just a fond hope. People have been changed forever, the Gospel preached, vocations discovered, commitments spoken, breaks healed, love disclosed.

Ministry of this sort happens in other places, too, or we wouldn't recognize it when it happens here. It is good and necessary to know that God is at work in wondrous ways at places other than Notre Dame, and that He calls us to do His work in many places. But we like to think it happens better here, and is not only more possible, but more likely. Maybe that is because more of us want it to happen, work harder to make sure it happens, and suffer more when it does not.

My Campus Ministry team and I are only a part of ministry at Notre Dame, but an important part, a catalyst, a resource, a sounding board, a prod. Our task is to serve

the University. But we also intend to call *you* to service, to consciously live your commitments, to courageously put this dimension into your lives, to unashamedly stand up for what you believe in, and to confidently come to all this if you are not there already. We in Campus Ministry cannot do this alone, nor do we have to, for it is long built into the bricks and greenery and traditions of Notre Dame.

We come out of a Catholic tradition, if not by our own profession of faith, then out of a sincere willingness to belong to a community that states this publicly and proudly at every chance it gets. We share the vision of a large folk moving forward in a unified direction in classrooms and residence halls, at liturgies and lively social gatherings, all rooted in a desire to find out more that is good and human about God's world — our world — His gift to us.

Isn't this what we are *all* about, after all is said and done? Even if we are here for only a short time, or by happenstance, or even reluctantly? Though periods of discomfort and frustration may interrupt our progress, isn't this perhaps why we have come, or at least why we've stayed, or maybe why we've come back? Is it not exciting and necessary to learn more about our roots so that we can move beyond them into a future with hope? Is it not fitting and just — and enjoyable besides — that we should find each other, and talk and grow and change and minister to one another?

The hurts of the world are all too evident, there for Jesus' healing touch, through our human touch, our informed touch. And Notre Dame people are active throughout the world in this form of "ministry," mostly because they began to learn and experience it right here. We are blessed to be so close to the source, which challenges us even more to make sure it continues to happen. □

Father Schlaver has, during his years at Notre Dame, received a B.A. in 1966, a Master of Theology in 1969, served as Rector of Dillon Hall, Director of Volunteer Services, Director of Student Activities, been assistant to the dean of the College of Business Administration, and a chaplain for the candidates at Moreau Seminary. He is now a resident of Grace Hall and works out of the Library Campus Ministry Office.

SHAKESPEARE at Notre Dame 1981 Film Festival

September 21 — Laurence Olivier's *Henry V.* — Engineering Auditorium

September 30 — *A Midsummer Night's Dream*
with the Royal Shakespeare Company—Annenberg Auditorium

October 7 — Franco Zeffirelli's *Romeo and Juliet* — Annenberg

October 14 — Olivier's *Hamlet* — Annenberg

October 28 — Roman Polanski's *Macbeth* — Annenberg

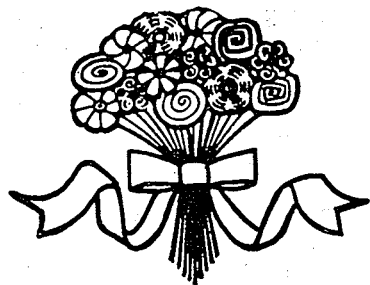
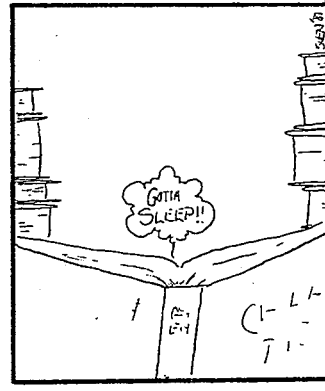
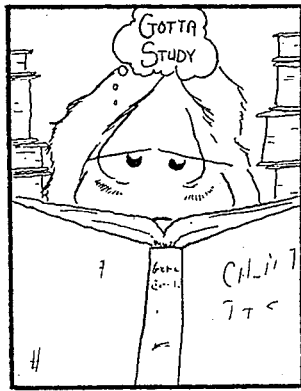
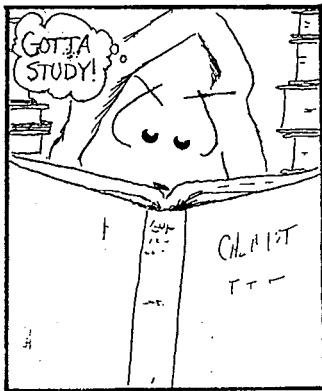
November 16 — Paul Scofield as *King Lear* — Engineering

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Perspective

The Arms Race

by Randy Fahs

There are volumes of printed material which are either in support or condemnation of the arms race. The one item that all of this material tends to neglect is the fact that we have been in similar positions many times before. The main difference now is the total strike capability which is possessed by the United States and the Soviet Union. We can no longer afford to make the same mistakes that we have made in past times.

I would like to turn the clocks back to pre-World War I days. Then, as now, there were two major power blocs. They were formed as "defensive alliances" to insure the power balance and maintain peace. The major players for the Allies were France, Great Britain, and Russia, while the Central Powers consisted of Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Turkey. Both sides were intensely nationalistic and circumspect as to the motives of the other. For peacetime, they maintained unusually large standing armies and kept them in full battle-readiness by sending them on elaborate maneuvers. The countries were also in the midst of arming themselves with the newest and most destructive weapons.

The nationalism and militarism of these nations were also creating a new wave of imperialism. England and France had controlled colonial empires for some time; the only way for Germany to gain one was to take territory away from the older colonial dominators. This created many tense situations and several armed conflicts were narrowly averted.

There are a great many parallels which can be drawn from the information that has just been presented. Our world today has broken into two armed camps much like the ones that existed at the turn of the present century. NATO and the Warsaw Pact have a complex system of alliances and an almost unimaginable capability for destruction. Then, as now, the arms buildup is justified because the fear of mutual destruction is supposed to act as a deterrent to armed conflicts.

Very complex lines were drawn across Europe as World War I approached. The war did not start between the major powers. Rather, it began between two of the lesser nations, when an insignificant Serbian nationalist named Gavrilo Prinzip threw a bomb which killed the heir

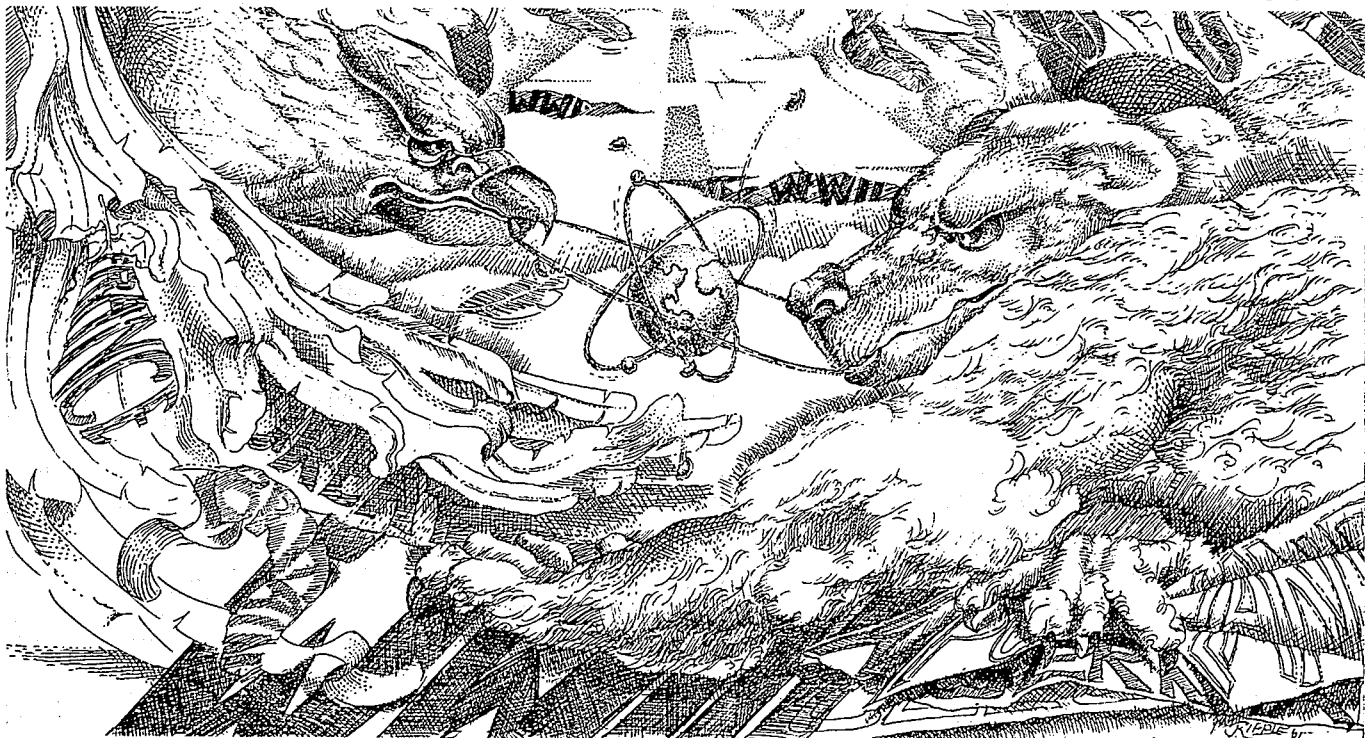
to the Austro-Hungarian throne, Archduke Francis Ferdinand. The major powers were drawn in because of the elaborate system of alliances which had set up the two armed camps.

All in all, there were fifty-two declarations of war. The costs in lives and damage were staggering.

With these events in mind, perhaps we should reassess our present policy. One of the great tragedies of the First World War is that it left unanswered problems which helped to cause the Second World War. It is frightening to realize how many unanswered questions were left after the Second World War. We still have divided nations in Germany and Korea. Europe has once again been split into two groups with very complex alliances. Is it possible that a minor dispute may develop into a much larger conflict? The problems in Poland, or some confrontation in the Third World might very well mushroom into World War III.

Large amounts of resources are being used to promote methods of destruction. Nuclear weapons are justified because the threat of using them will be the thing which will keep them from being used. Also, the United States has vowed that it will never be the first to use nuclear weapons. If this is true, then why are we developing tactical nuclear weapons like the neutron bomb? It is supposed to offset the edge in

(cont'd on page 39)



Demonstrations . . .

(cont'd from page 12)

While the Orange Field protesters were singing and shouting, approximately seventy Notre Dame students participated in a silent protest against Reagan at the commencement. They protested by wearing white arm bands and white mortarboards.

Seventy is a small number compared to the 1,977 students who received degrees that day. One student protester said afterwards that he was disappointed with the small number of silent protesters. "I felt as if no one else was supporting me," he said. "My friends who did protest felt like they weren't even seen." Indeed, the few white mortarboards were hardly noticeable in the sea of black robes filling the arena.

The silent protest was coordinated by a campus group called SCAC, Students Concerned About Commencement. They were organized primarily to voice opposition to the University's selection of Reagan as the main commencement speaker. They stated that the president's domestic and foreign policies are in opposition to the Christian ideals which they believe Notre Dame stands for.

In particular, the SCAC criticized Reagan's budget cuts and appropriations as being harmful to America's poor. They also criticized the administration's support for Duarte as contributing to the violation of human rights in El Salvador. Implicit in their statements is the idea that Reagan's policies are anti-Christian and opposed to human rights.

The SCAC was also responsible for an on-campus rally against Reagan's appearance at Notre Dame as the main commencement speaker. The April 29 protest rally accomplished little, other than raising questions about Notre Dame and its connection with Reagan. Their weak showing at the commencement's silent protest indicated that SCAC had recruited few, if any, new members since the April rally.

In the time preceding the commencement and during the graduation itself, the SCAC consistently and conspicuously maintained a distance from other protest groups. Although SCAC spokesmen had some communication with the Chicago Religious Task Force in El Salvador before the commencement weekend, the students were still emphatic about their independence from the Orange Field protest. □

Arms Race . . .

(cont'd from page 38)

conventional armaments that the Soviets have. If the Warsaw Pact should come pouring into Western Europe, would the U.S. use small neutron warheads to stop their advance? If we did not our forces would probably be pushed into the sea.

The Soviets are building their cities and diversifying their industrial locations so that they might better withstand a nuclear attack. Most Western analysts feel that the USSR thinks it can win a nuclear war. Whether it can or not isn't as important as how it proceeds if it thinks it can. The Soviets might be more willing to push the U.S. to the

point of confrontation.

Right now there aren't that many nations with nuclear capabilities, but as nuclear proliferation increases, an already complex situation might become unworkable. Fanatics all around the world may gain the capability to destroy large population centers with relative ease. In the last 20 years, more than half of the Third World nations have doubled their military expenditures. Is it possible that they plan to make a triangle out of the clash between the two superpowers? The situation is parallel to that of pre-WWI days, though certainly more complex. Yet, it is much more frightening when you consider the fact that man now has the capability to destroy the world in a matter of minutes. □

The Drop

(cont'd from page 28)

into a drop of water, and the universe that had been his home—the trees, the loves, the personal wars, the memories of a Wisconsin childhood, all that had been and will be, became a great blue ocean that rolled and flowed beneath him. The drop began to fall towards this ocean, but just before it hit the sun came out from behind a cloud and the drop sparkled like a diamond, caught in the golden light. The droplet fell into the sea and became one with the great blue motion of the universe.

"Adam," said the Aleph, sounding like a night breeze in the edges of a pine forest, "be true."

I was out of the Aleph. All around me the rain fell, but the thunderstorm had veered off the marsh and now all that came down was the gentle rain of a Wisconsin summer. I was soaked to the skin. My boat was filling with water. Somehow I knew that the Aleph was closed to me now, so I took the black stone in my left hand and threw it high in the air, towards the bay from where it had come. Midway down, the stone turned into a white egret and flew off, not towards the west where the thunderstorm had gone, but towards the east, where I knew someday the sun would set. I started up my boat and headed south down the main channel, into my future with a peaceful heart. ■



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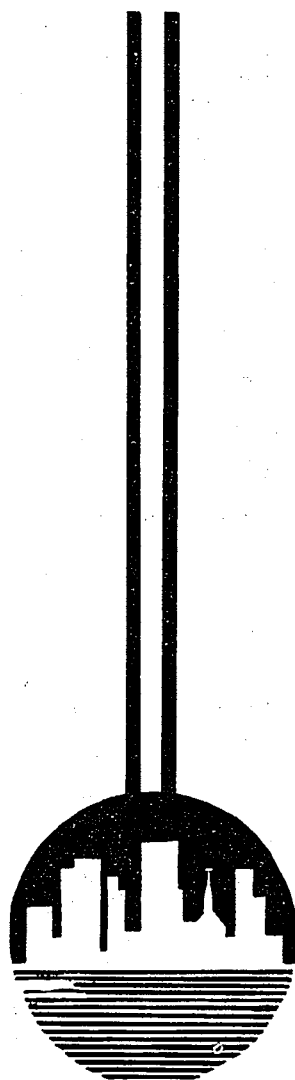
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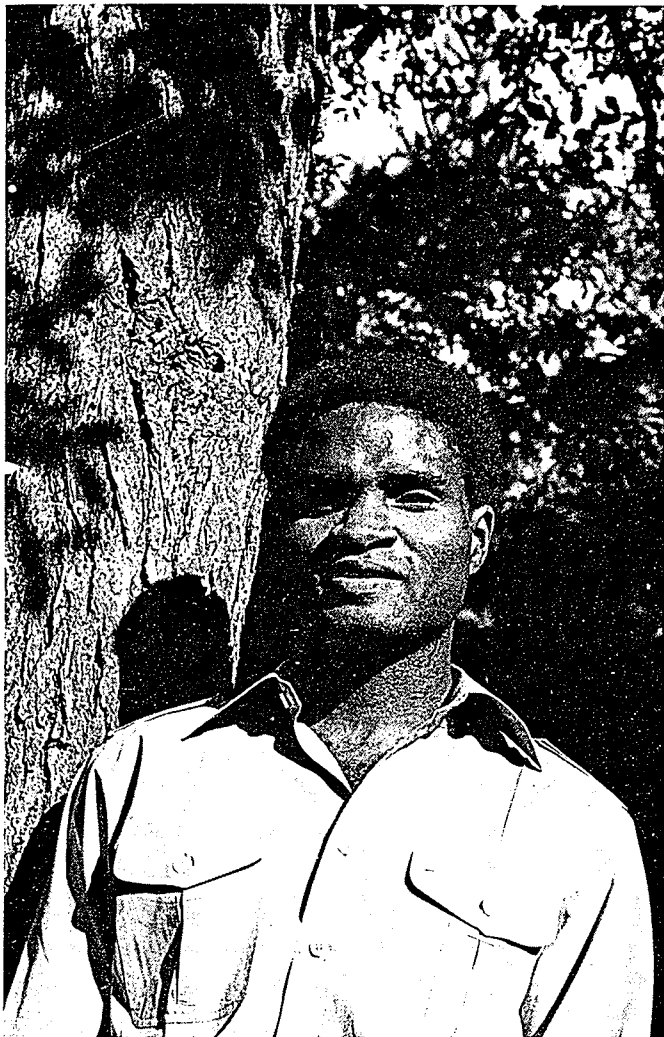
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PLUG GAME



—The Last Word—

by Chuck Wood



As soon as school starts, too many people begin to use a particular verb construction that drives me crazy. That's right, a *verb construction*; I call it the Academic Past, otherwise known as the Past Pessimistic. A perfect example of the past tense in this mood (well, actually the only example) is in the question, "How was your summer?"

Now some of you out there may wonder why I'm talking about this question since everyone will have stopped asking it by the time the magazine comes out. What everyone forgets is that summer is not over until the sun equinoxes autumnally on the twenty-second of September. So it is only after the magazine is out that we can start asking each other how the summer *was*. The question reflects a pessimistic surrendering over of May, June, July, August, *and* the beginning of September to the power of the academic year.

My desire to hold on to the summer is probably stronger than that of a lot of students, but I bet most seniors share the feeling. For seniors, this summer is the first occasion that fits into the long litany of, "This is the last time I'll . . ." For this is probably the last time we will get a three-month-long break from routine, whatever our routine ends up being.

Send in the violins with sad, nostalgic songs; I cannot believe I'm already talking about last times. It all sounds sickeningly like another verb construction that just about drove me nuts this summer. I call it the Warnings-of-Nostalgia Future, otherwise known as the Future Alumnistic. This mood is the favorite construction of the people with whom seniors come in contact, especially at their summer jobs. They use it in such statements as,

"You might think school is tough now, but just wait until you get out and . . ." or

"You probably think you'll have a lot of spare time since you won't have to study all the time. Well . . ." and the ultimate,

"It won't be long after you start a job that you'll see how college was the best four years you'll ever have."

If anything can spark thoughts about being a professional student, it's all those "friendly" warnings. But I refuse to believe that it's all downhill from here. After all, what's the use of going through these four years (or more for some) if the time doesn't help us make something good out of the rest of the time? (Note: I would warn freshmen, sophomores, and juniors that this is the kind of thing you start worrying about in senior year, but then I'd be guilty of using a modified form of the Future Alumnistic.)

In my freshman year, my Humanities Seminar teacher asked the class an odd question. If given the choice, he wondered, would we want to have the summer that had just passed (note the use of the Academic Past tense here) so we could live it over again, or would we take our chances on the next summer? Both choices were compelling, and I cannot remember what my answer was then. I am afraid to admit that I don't know what my answer is now either; I hope that does not mean that the intervening education has been a total waste. If forced to make a choice, however, I think most seniors would, as I would, decide to jump ahead to next summer simply to find out if the "routine life" is all it's cracked down to be. Will nostalgia spoil idealism?

Obviously the forces of time and academia are not about to let any of us skip ahead to next summer. So I'm going to make sure I have a good time editing the magazine, living on a new quad (more about that later), and adding up the "last times." I'm going to get as much out of being here as I can. Try it yourself. □

To Gary Date August 12
 Time 4:00pm
While You Were Gone
 M _____ of _____
 Phone No. _____ Telephoned ☒
 Called to see you ☒
 Left the following message: I think

To Mary
 DATE August 3 TIME 12:00
WHILE YOU WERE OUT
 M _____
 OF Bob
 PHONE _____

TELEPHONED	PLEASE CALL
CALLED TO SEE YOU	WILL CALL
WANTS TO SEE YOU	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> RUSH

MESSAGE: - What cha Friday night

To Mary
 DATE _____ TIME _____
WHILE YOU WERE OUT
 M _____
 OF _____
 PHONE _____

Thursday June 1981
- cash check
- pick up laundry
- buy groceries

To Ted Date _____
 Time 4:00 pm
While You Were Out
 M _____
 OF See you at drive-in

Monday June 1981

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To _____ Date July
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