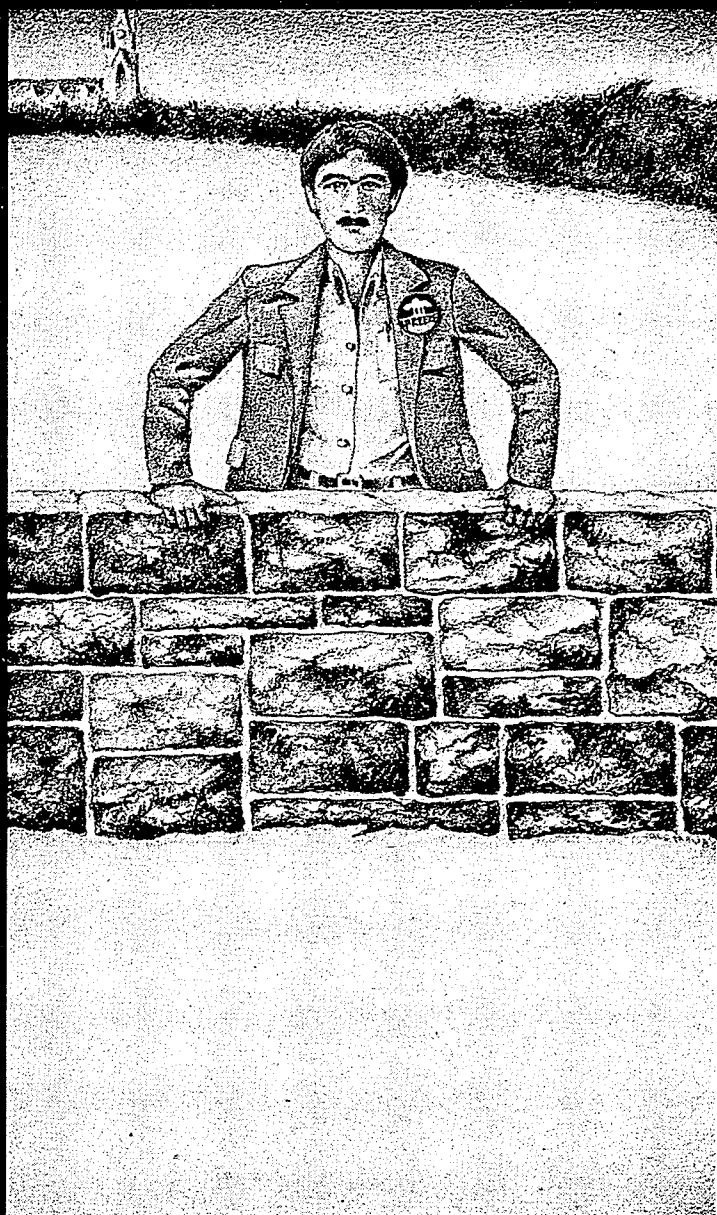
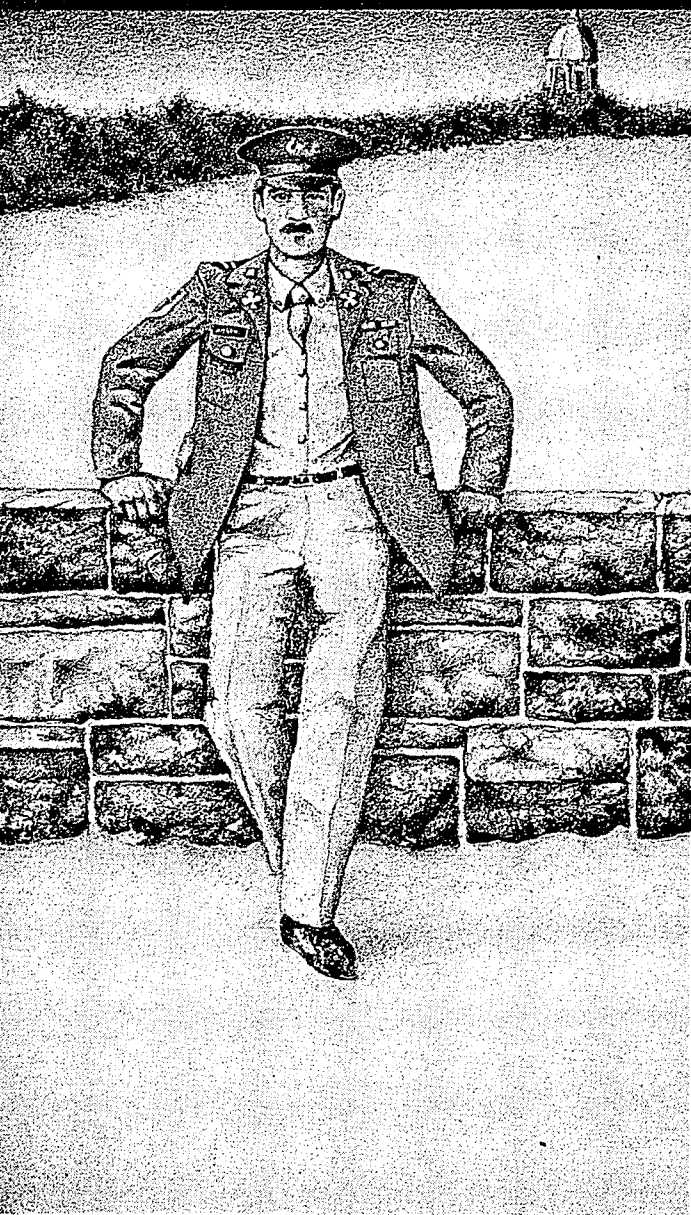


# Scholastic

February, 1983

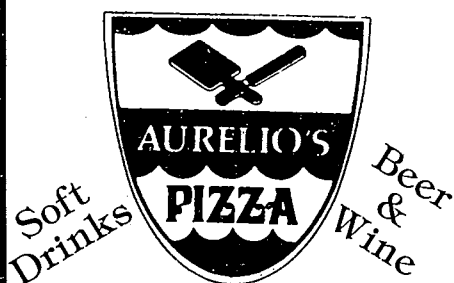


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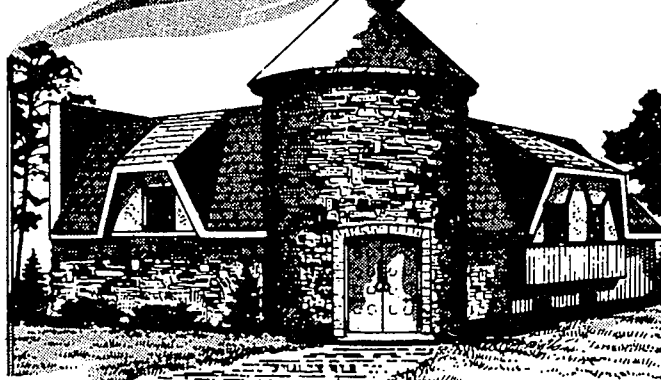
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# SCHOLASTIC

Vol. 124, No. 7, February 1983  
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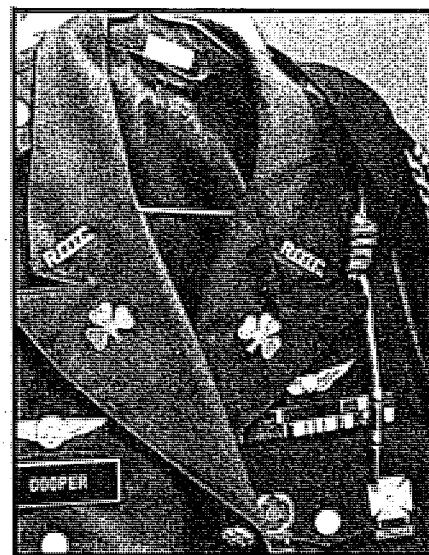
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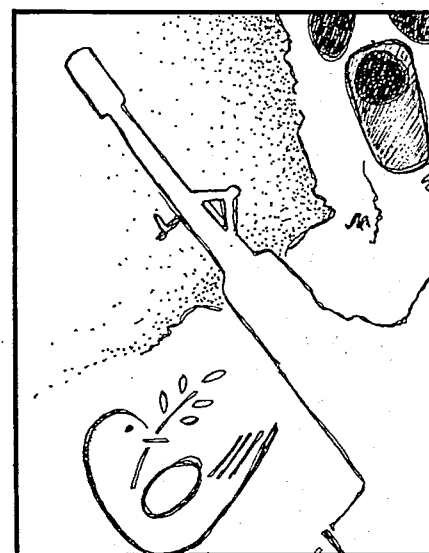
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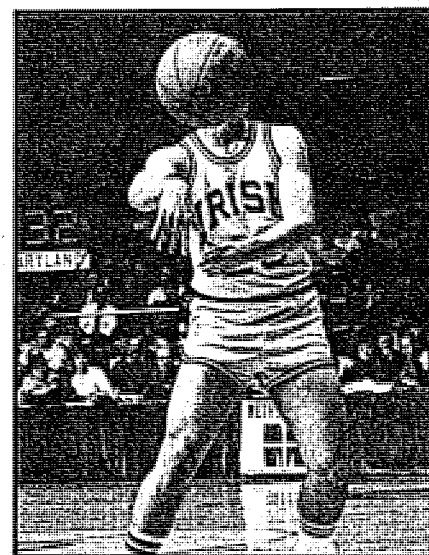
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# Up Front

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by Beth Healy

Believe it or not, as we struggle to surmount the February doldrums spring is approaching and with it, the end of the year. While I daresay any of you are contemplating your activities for next year (seniors excluded for I know well that next year's contemplations weigh heavy on your brains), a little voice inside me screams, "Beth, you're graduating soon. What will become of your beloved *Scholastic*?" While I've tried to silence this little monster, he's become more demanding of late and I'm finally forced, with a good deal of nostalgia no doubt, to admit that I have only one more issue to produce as captain of this ship, "The Unsinkable Molly *Scholastic*." (I know, bad.)

The point of all this is simply: *Scholastic* needs new editors from Editor-in-Chief on down and so I propose an unbeatable offer. If you are interested in a valuable, enriching experience full of frenzy and fun, which looks great on the resume, and is vitally important to both of these campuses, PLEASE apply for an editorial position at *Scholastic*.

To apply, type a short statement on who you are, what you bring to *Scholastic* in interest and/or experience, and what you'd like to see happen at the magazine in the upcoming year. Put it in an envelope and leave at the Scholastic office or Student Activities office (1st floor LaFortune) before March 7, 1983.

One important note: Great leaders are made because they desire to be great. Greatness does not imply experience and you should not feel underqualified. *Scholastic* is open to all who want to be part of this magazine. I repeat—to ALL Notre Dame and St. Mary's students. *Scholastic* has made great strides in the past few years because people wanted it to. That is the only reason and thus, there is no reason why you can't be part of this operation.

Search out the little voice which may be resounding in your heart or head, and help me to silence mine. *Scholastic* will only be as good as those who participate.

Thank you.

*Beth*

P.S. Thanks to Jim Dever for agreeing to embrace the task of writing a *Last Word* for this issue. He now knows that editorial columns don't just fall from the sky. My only comment with regard to what I find a very informative and exciting issue is this: If you believe in something, be it marriage, family, religion, country, or for that matter, *Scholastic*, you had better be prepared to fight for it. If you don't believe in it, then you'd better fight to change it and seek the wisdom to change it for the better. □

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# Scholastic



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# THIS IS THE ARMY



SEE YOUR LOCAL ARMY REPRESENTATIVE

One out of every ten students at Notre Dame is in the ROTC program—a percentage higher than any other college in the country. **Scholastic** examines the ROTC program to find out what it is and why it attracts so many students.

## The ROTC Alternative

by Brian Couch

**A**pproximately ten percent of the University of Notre Dame's student body is enrolled in ROTC programs. This percentage represents one of the largest ROTC presences in the United States. The Air Force, Navy, Army and Marines are all represented on our campus. While it constitutes a significant portion of the campus population, most students know little, if anything,

about the program, its benefits, obligations and purpose.

According to Colonel John Miles of Notre Dame's Air Force ROTC detachment 225, people join the ROTC programs for different reasons and the reasons vary by university. "One of the biggest reasons students join the ROTC program is because of the financial assistance we offer," stated Miles. "These are students who have the academia to get into a great uni-



versity such as Notre Dame but don't have the money required." Miles also cited a desire to serve one's country as another major factor behind students' decisions to join the ROTC programs, "Patriotism is definitely not dead, some of these students simply have a genuine desire to serve their country." The biggest factor affecting another significant portion of the students who decide to join is the opportunity to join the superior flying programs.

Students at Notre Dame do have many different reasons for joining. Joseph Trustey, a junior chemical engineering major in the Army ROTC program, joined mainly because "I come from a military family and after seeing my father enjoy his commission so much, I decided to do likewise." Trustey further believes there are a wealth of benefits associated with the military. "Aside from the financial benefits, it is a good opportunity for a college student to gain leadership experience that will prove beneficial both in the service and private sector." Joe Meyer, also a junior engineering major, says he joined mainly to get the scholarship to fund his education and to serve the country. "I stayed in because of summer camp and seeing the opportunities the Air Force offered," Meyer further stated. When asked what he thought detrimental aspects of a military career might be, Meyer responded, "getting stuck in a job I might not like and a significant difference in pay, although you are not paid badly." Women are entering more fields within the military today

as well. Paula Corrigan, a senior pre-med major, joined because of a family background in the military. However, she has stayed in, "because of the advantages of starting a medical career in the Air Force such as education costs and internship experience." Paula noted the pay difference but added the experience was an invaluable commodity.

There has been an increase both here at Notre Dame and nationwide in the enrollment of ROTC programs. Part of the reason for the increase lies in the increased scholarship opportunities initiated by Congress in 1981. The decision to add 3000 new slots for full scholarship cadets in each of the armed forces has upped their totals from 6500 to 9500 with 500 new scholarships added each semester until the 9500 mark is achieved. A renewed interest in the opportunities afforded by a military position and a dying-out of the anti-military sentiment from the Vietnam era have painted a bright picture of the military in the minds of many students.

The full ROTC scholarship pays for tuition, books, fees, uniform, \$100 a month stipend and affords the cadet the opportunity to fly space-available flights within the military network. The scholarship program ranges from two years to the full four years of college. After graduation from college and completion of the ROTC curriculum, the student is commissioned as a junior officer in his or her particular service. The cadet is then required to serve for





four years as an officer. Students entering the ROTC programs as freshmen and sophomores currently have until the beginning of their junior year to decide whether or not to stay with the military. If they decide to leave they are not responsible for the repayment of any part of their schooling the military has already paid. Once they do sign on as a junior, however, if they break their contract they will be liable to serve as an enlisted person. Those who do not receive a scholarship receive a \$100 a month stipend their junior and senior years. It should be noted that a large majority of the total number of students enrolled in ROTC programs are not on scholarship and that the case of Notre Dame's high scholarship recipient level is the exception rather than the rule.

The job opportunities within the armed forces are abundant with special considerations often going to engineers pursuant with the flux of technology into practically all aspects of weaponry. The starting salary for an officer straight out of college is around \$17,000 and rises to around \$24,500 at the beginning of the fourth year, but when the amount paid by the service for the student's four years at Notre Dame is added those figures rise to about \$24,500 and \$32,000 a year. PX privileges as well as free medical and dental care are accorded to the officer.

The chance for travel is another incentive for the prospective military man. Tours of duty in Europe, Japan or the Philippines are but a few of the options open to ROTC graduates, as well as free use of military airlift to destinations military air-

craft service.

Miles believes the level of responsibility offered to an ROTC graduate straight out of college is unmatched almost anywhere in the private sector. "Our people are given responsibility and have to learn to interact with subordinates, peers and superiors," commented the colonel. The ROTC role is one of preparation for the responsibilities and duties of an officer. The leadership skills and the management experience an officer gains increase his market value greatly. Documentation proves the overall value of officers entering the job market after four years of service as compared to their contemporaries is noticeably higher.

There are decisions a person must make, however, before he enters the military on any level. The person must be willing to take orders from others in addition to telling others what to do. Herein lies the one obstacle for many people. When someone dons the bars of the U.S. Air Force, Army, Navy or Marines he becomes responsible to a superior officer for his performance, appearance, and conduct just as he would in practically any corporation. However, violation of his superior's orders will not only get him fired but quite possibly could put him in the stockade. The option of telling one's boss off and throwing in the towel is not afforded a member of the United States Armed Forces. Discipline is a way of life. It is no longer I, but we. To suggest that a military organization could be run any other way is foolish. The purpose of our armed service is to protect and defend. If defending leads to war, the people of this nation need reliability, the rela-

bility which is only assured through discipline.

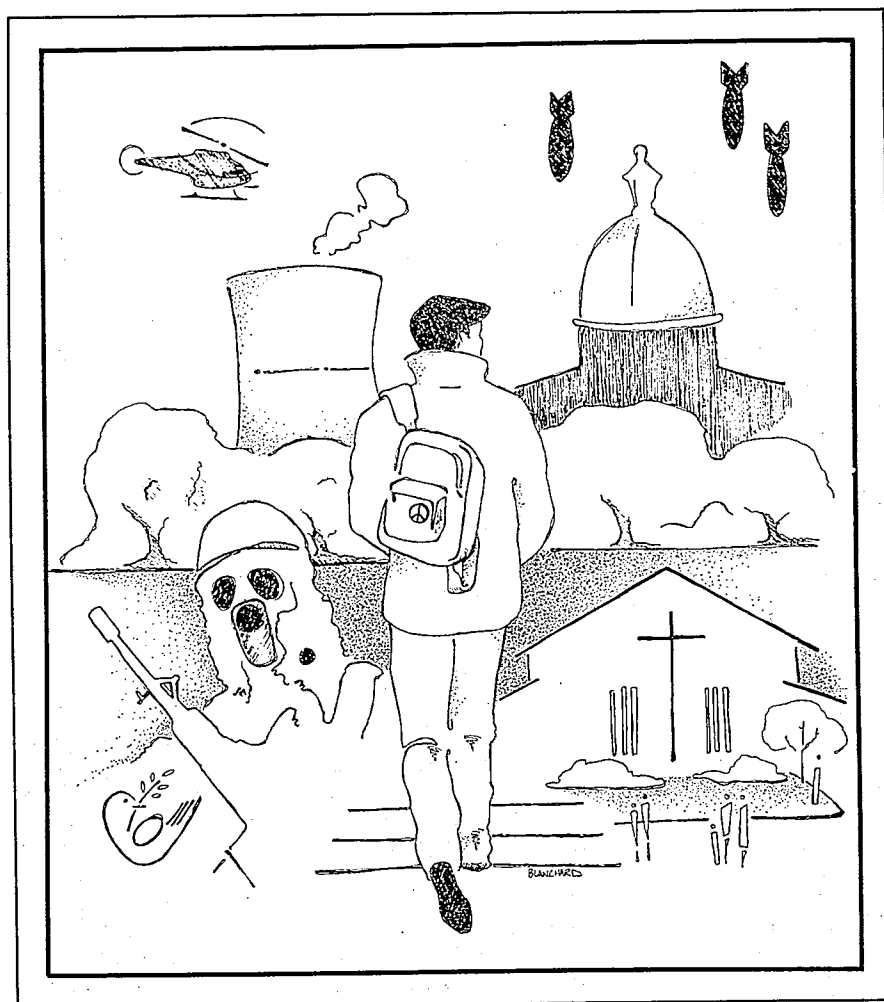
The duties of a military man will often take him far from home or even prevent him from having a place to call home for a period of time. There are undeniable sacrifices to be made for a military career. For after all, the military's needs are paramount. The call of duty separates man from family, with Navy men being at sea up to six months out of the year. One's decisions are no longer totally in his hands. If Korea is where they need you, Korea is where you'll go.

In these times of peace, war seems distant, and indeed our generation for the most part has had little personal exposure to war. Our nation is but one of the few that does not have mandatory military service; it is so much easier for us to balk at military involvement. The examination of conscience is encouraged by the armed forces. An officer will be thinking not only for himself but for others and making decisions for them as well. "We want people with integrity and good moral values," elaborated Miles. The picture of demented, homicidal maniacs wielding destructive toys that some people have of military officers couldn't be farther from the mark. Religious devotion is no doubt higher among military officers than most any group. They've most often taken the time to consider life's options and have come to value the gifts we enjoy, not the least of which are the freedom of religion and the freedom of speech. □

*Brian Couch is a sophomore Engineer from Chico, California.*



Alongside the strong military presence at Notre Dame exists a growing number of conscientious objectors. Next we look at the C.O. program at Notre Dame as well as the moral decisions involved with choosing—or refusing—to serve in the military.



## Conscientious Objection vs. Military Service: Facing the Moral Questions

by Pat Pitz

**A**fter the summer of 1980, when 18- and 19-year-olds were required to register with the Selective Service, young men could no longer avoid the issue of military service and the moral con-

siderations that go along with it. For the first time since 1975, students had no choice but to face the fact of a possible draft. Some men registered gladly with feelings of patriotism and willingness to serve the country, others protested, and still others—and probably the majority—did so simply because it was the law. But whatever the reasons, registration brought the whole question of mili-

tary service to the surface again, and along with it came the conscientious objectors: those who feel their moral convictions prevent them from participating in the military. Because of this, Notre Dame's conscientious objector program was formed.

The head of the conscientious objector program on campus is Michael Baxter, a third-year seminarian who works with Campus Ministry. As

that the Church's acceptance of conscientious objectors is relatively recent (since the 1960s) and previously the Church probably would have discouraged the C.O., insisting that he has a duty to defend the country. Recent developments, however, in-

human life and would be a break in my Christian faith. For these reasons, I am opposed to participation in the military.

Rich says he formulated his views on conscientious objection through



***"The moral responsibilities that Catholics have typically had are to support the nation as well as the Church."***

*Lt. Col. Robert Webster, director: Army ROTC*

Baxter says, "The program here is not to raise as many conscientious objectors as we can, but rather, it's a place to go if someone *does* hold those views—or if he just wants to sort out the issues involved." When a student comes in, the first step is to talk with him and determine if he really is a conscientious objector. If so, the next step is to set up a file for the student which will include the necessary C.O. forms, letters of recommendation supporting the student's claim, and a personal statement which must include: the nature of the person's beliefs (i.e., are they religious?), the origins of these beliefs, and how the person's day-to-day life puts these beliefs into practice. Baxter insists that it is imperative that students formulate a moral response *now*, because if a draft resumes, there is little time to discern one's conscience and prepare an application for C.O. exemption. He also warns, "And it is not unreasonable to anticipate a return to the draft."

I asked Mr. Baxter if, since Campus Ministry is sponsoring the program, the Catholic Church supports or encourages conscientious objectors. He explained that the Church today holds a dual position: it accepts the theory of the just war and fighting under certain circumstances, but also accepts pacifism and conscientious objection as an authentic Christian position. Baxter points out

include the American Bishops' *Statement on Registration and Conscription for Military Service* written in 1980 after the registration laws went into effect. In that statement the Bishops conclude, "We support the right of conscientious objection as a valid moral position, derived from the Gospel and Catholic teaching, and recognized as well in U.S. civil law." Baxter sees the two views on military service as irreconcilable and therefore encourages each student to "look at the issue seriously, and then make a decision."

#### **Portrait of a C.O.**

Rich McLaughlin is a senior theology and ALPA (Arts and Letters Program for Administrators) major who has filed as a conscientious objector. Rich insists that the basis for his position stems from his religious beliefs. Rich gave me a copy of his personal statement from his C.O. file; in it he says:

Matthew 22:37-39 serves as a guide for Christian life, "Love the Lord your God with all your heart, with all your soul, and with all your mind. And love your neighbor as you love yourself." I feel that the spirit of love and the spirit of war run in different directions. I feel that participating in the military would be taking part in a deliberate effort aimed at ending a

careful study of the Bible. "As I studied it closer, I found that Jesus' teachings and example pointed toward pacifism." And through his study of Church history, Rich says he discovered that the early Christians *were* pacifists; theories such as the just war were formulated later, during the 4th century, when St. Augustine formed a theory which allowed Christians to serve as soldiers in the Roman Armies. Unable to find justification in the Gospels, Augustine turned to Roman philosophy to justify the theory. Rich concludes, "The just war theory simply can't be proved through scripture."

In addition to his religious beliefs, Rich says many of his views were formed during his sophomore year while studying in Ireland and traveling through Europe. He maintains, "Through my travels, I saw firsthand that before people are Irish, French, and German, they are people like ourselves." Rich claims that too often we simply stereotype people and give them labels, and this makes it easier to justify war. "As long as we can give people names like 'the Japs,' 'the Krauts,' 'the Commies,' and don't see them as persons we could meet on the street, killing becomes much easier."

When I asked Rich if he felt he had a duty to serve his country, he said yes, but qualified his answer by quoting words of Sir Thomas More

saying, "I am the king's loyal servant, but God's first."

#### The Perspective from the Military

To get a more balanced view of the topic, I decided to talk to Lieutenant Colonel Robert Webster, head of the

puts it, "There are two views which, depending upon the education and elocution of the arguer, can be convincing. In the Bible there are arguments for pacifism and arguments for militarism, and for some reason, God chose not to settle the issue."

***"I think the more you explore Christianity, the less of a soldier you become."***

*Chuck Schuler, conscientious objector*



Army ROTC program at Notre Dame. Col. Webster teaches the Military Ethics course required by Army ROTC and is one of three teachers of the War, Law, and Ethics course offered by the Philosophy and Theology departments. Col. Webster does not feel that the Bible opposes military service and insists that a person can be a good soldier and a good Christian at the same time. Col. Webster gave me a copy of a speech he gave on campus last year entitled *A Christian and a Soldier*. The speech begins:

Good evening. I am Lt. Col. Robert Webster. I am a Catholic and I am a professional soldier. My purpose is to pinpoint the Biblical precedent for Christian soldierhood and to explain the military profession today as it relates to Christian ethics.

The speech goes on to point out many of the Old Testament heroes like David, Samson, Moses, Saul, and Joshua and the battles they fought; he also refers to New Testament passages which tell of the great faith of the Centurion, and the commands to be subject to earthly governments. "Nowhere does it say," claims Webster, "that being a soldier is unchristian." Webster does not, however, deny that one can also find in the Bible evidence for pacifism; as he

I asked Col. Webster whether he thought there was a tension here at Notre Dame between the large numbers of ROTCs and organizations such as the conscientious objector program. Concerning the C.O. program he remarked, "Although I disagree with what they say over there, I don't disagree with their right to say it." Furthermore, he says he feels no real tension because of the "intelligent atmosphere here" and the fact that Notre Dame has always supported the military. "The moral responsibilities that Catholics have typically had are to support the nation as well as the Church," he proclaims. He thinks that oftentimes people simply don't understand the role of the military, saying, "Nobody wants war—and anyone who does has something wrong with them—but during war, the military needs moral, Christian officers equipped with the education to handle the complex ethical problems and to make sound moral decisions."

Holding a similar view is senior Ed Burley, Cadet Lieutenant Colonel, one of the top students in the Army ROTC program and a graduate of the Ranger school, an intense two-month course designed to build leadership skills and to test endurance in combat situations. Burley likewise sees the need for ethical, Christian soldiers in the service. In fact, during high school he was en-

rolled in the preseminary program of his diocese. After he was accepted to Notre Dame, he decided that at least for the time being, he would delay his plans to enter the seminary and join the Army ROTC program. He feels his Christian faith supports him in his decision to join the military. He tries to dispel the "war-monger" image often attached to soldiers today: "Killing someone is the last thing in the world I want, and the thing I am the most afraid of; but under certain circumstances, in protection of my family, my friends, and my country, it may be necessary."

Burley came to Notre Dame because, he says, he wanted "the Catholic influence." He turned down his appointment to West Point freshman year in order to attend Notre Dame. "I wanted a more well-rounded school—not just a place that is steeped in military tradition. Notre Dame produces a *thinking* person, a person who can make wise decisions."

Burley finds no conflicts between his Christianity and his commitment to the military. He insists, "After all, Christians aren't pansies, they must fight for what they believe in." He adds that Christians have to be practical: "We live in the real world, and wars and evil *do* exist. And once the decision for war has been made,

*(continued on page 30)*

# Defense Research Under Academic Inquiry or

*"Would a university ban on the receipt of Department of Defense grants resolve the question once and for all, or would such a ban be an unfair constraint of academic freedom?"*

Research is at the heart of the University's mission. Make that Department of Defense (DOD)-funded research, and place it at a Catholic university such as Notre Dame, and a troublesome question arises. Where does the freedom of academic inquiry end and Christian responsibility begin?

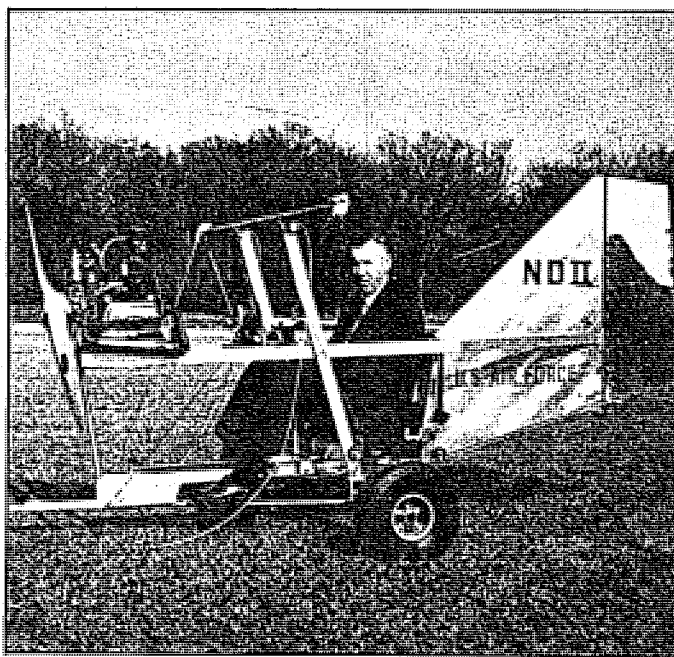
"I'm not sure where you draw the line," says Dr. Francis Kobayashi, assistant vice president for research and sponsored programs at Notre Dame.

DOD research grants totaling over 400,000 dollars passed through Kobayashi's office in the period July 1, 1981-June 30, 1982. The DOD funds comprised

4.1 percent of the 10.8 million dollars in assistance received by Notre Dame faculty in that period. The departments of Air Force, Army and Navy provided the bulk of the DOD grants, which supported several projects, primarily in the College of Engineering.

The projects do not appear to be weapons-related. For example, a professor in the Aerospace and Mechanical Engineering Department received 65,179 dollars from the Department of the Air Force to continue research on the "Aerodynamics of Airfoils Subject to Three-Dimensional Periodic Gusts." The U.S. Navy provided 32,000 dollars for the "Experimental Studies of the Boundary Layer Characteristics of a Two-Dimensional Airfoil at Low Reynolds Numbers." An award that has sparked some controversy is a grant of 49,730 dollars from the Defense Nuclear Agency for the study of "Blast, Fire and Wind Effects in an Urban Setting Due to a Nuclear Explosion."

Kobayashi explained that the University has no policy that prohibits faculty from accepting DOD funds. The University does, however, discourage secret, or classified research.



*Professor John D. Nicloaides displays one of his aerospace research projects done for the Defense Dept. in the late '60s.*

"The University will not accept an award which specifies that there is a restriction on publication. That's the idea behind a university, to be free to publish what you please," Kobayashi said.

The popular objection to DOD-supported research is that the results are applied to the development of more efficient weapons and delivery systems. Dr. Roger Schmitz, dean of the College of Engineering, disagrees with this view.

"Most of these (DOD) agencies are particularly interested in supporting research at universities that is basic, fundamental and generic, not strongly applied, classified or commercial," he explained.

Schmitz said that the greatest moral responsibility lies not in research, but in the use of that research, outside of the university laboratory.

"We take care of the fundamental end of it. The actual deployment and application are the commercial end of it. . . . We usually leave it with the publication," Schmitz said.

He added that the more basic the research, the more difficult it is to envision its many possible applications.

"I don't think we can possibly foresee all the good and bad things to which a research result can be put to use," Schmitz said.

Consequently, those who apply research findings bear the burden, he said.

This is not to say, however, that scientists are not concerned with the eventual application of their research results.

"I think anyone publishing something has in mind the application of the work," Schmitz explained. "If I were to publish a piece of work, and some engineer in industry applied it in an irresponsible manner, it would bother me. I would say, 'Where in the world did you

# the Dome:

## Christian Responsibility

study?" I hope it's not a Notre Dame engineer."

Schmitz pointed out that the professor's responsibility lies within the university classroom, in the training of future engineers.

"Our responsibility is to produce engineers who are responsible and sensible, because they are the ones who will be in industry, and they are the ones who will be applying these things. At a place like Notre Dame, we should be particularly sensitive to that," he said.

Schmitz believes that professors should be more concerned with the proper training of their students than with the eventual application of research results. The possible applications of the findings of a project now under way in the Aerospace and Mechanical Engineering Department, however, sparked some concern in the media when the project was announced in August 1982.

Prof. A. Murty Kanury, an associate professor of aerospace and mechanical engineering, is currently studying "Blast, Fire and Wind Effects in an Urban Setting Due to a Nuclear Explosion." When contacted, Kanury refused to comment on the project.

Rebecca Voelker, assistant director of Notre Dame Information Services, described the project in an August 1982 press release. Voelker wrote that Kanury "is conducting feasibility studies to find out if the test blast of a scale-model city built on a Western desert is the most effective means of studying how a nuclear explosion would affect a modern city."

In the release Kanury was quoted as saying that "we could build a one-one hundredth scale of Manhattan in the New Mexico sands and use a 5 megaton TNT blast to determine if the model will give us a realistic picture."

The controversy that followed the announcement of Kanury's research surprised Schmitz.

"I am surprised at all the fuss that has been made about it (the project). Kanury's objective is to do something good," Schmitz said.

"The major thrust of the project is toward the study of blast waves, and how systems of structures affect them. . . . As far as protection, we realize that there are destructive nuclear weapons existing. What do you know about how a nuclear blast would destroy things, not a single building, but systems of structures?" he asked.

One of the major objections to the project was that the results could lead to improved targeting of nuclear weapons, and greater destruction in the event of a nuclear war. Schmitz called this objection "preposterous."

"They say you can turn that around and use those results to answer the question, 'How should I deploy the weapons to achieve maximum destruction?' That's preposterous. This country and Russia now have enough weapons to destroy the world without wondering about exactly how to deploy them. I just can't

believe that anyone who claims to use a nuclear weapon is going to look at a professor's research publication to see whether we should hit this way or this way or that way," Schmitz said.

He suggested that the highly technical nature of the project may have led the public to misunderstand Kanury's research. "But I believe that if people really understood what we're doing here, they wouldn't question it," Schmitz said.

Notre Dame Theology Professor John Yoder, a noted pacifist, said he saw nothing wrong with the pursuit of research such as Kanury's at a Catholic university, provided the studies occur under certain conditions.

"It might be that a study of the destructiveness of war could lead to further clarification of Just War principles," he explained, and added that, "if the research could lead to making war less destructive, then it could be done at a Catholic university."

Yoder qualified his statements with two caveats: that the research should not have lethal consequences, such as in chemical warfare research, and that the professor must be wary of DOD grants that may be Pentagon attempts at buying friends in academia.

The theology professor said he did not know enough about the Kanury project to comment specifically on it.

Schmitz, in his support of the Kanury project, admitted that "not all projects are so easily classified as A or B, black or white."

Where does the Christian responsibility for DOD-sponsored research lie? Apparently, this question is not always easily answered. Kobayashi noted that, "Gosh, if you take a look at aerodynamics, you can eventually say that aerodynamics, or whatever is discovered, may be used on bombers or pursuit planes."

Would a university ban on the receipt of DOD grants resolve the question once and for all, or would such a ban be an unfair constraint of academic freedom? Kobayashi takes the latter position.

"Not that I would accept any kind of research activity, but at first glance, I would say it (a ban) rubs me the wrong way," he said.

The point where academic inquiry ends and Christian responsibility begins is difficult to place, as even the most basic DOD research could be connected, even indirectly, to weapons development. In the words of Kobayashi, "Where do you draw the line? I'm not sure." □

*Tim Vercellotti is a senior Government major from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.*



# What Is

## Amnesty International?

"... Every person has the right freely to hold and to express his convictions and the obligation to extend a like freedom to others..."

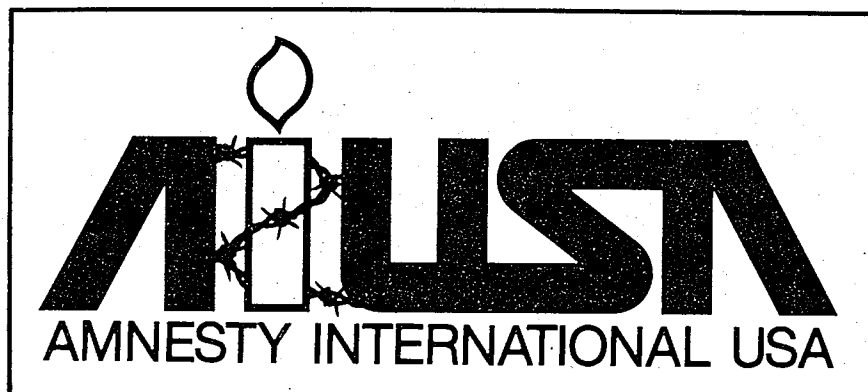
Statute of Amnesty International

by Mary Frances DeCelles

There is an obscure, but expanding group on the two campuses seeking to promote the Universal Declaration of Human Rights and the United Nations Standard of Minimum Rules for the Treatment of Prisoners. The name of this organization, which also includes interested individuals throughout the area, is called Amnesty International and is part of an international organization of the same name.

AI works for the freeing of prisoners of conscience being held in other countries. (The latter insures impartiality.) As the AI handbook states, prisoners of conscience are those who are being held for political or religious beliefs, race or color. These prisoners have neither used nor advocated the use of violence. They are being held for the reasons stated above and their human rights have been infringed upon.

One may wonder how accurate the information concerning the prisoner and his crime is. Peg Falls, SMC philosophy professor and faculty coordinator, says that information is obtained from newspapers and various articles, the government holding the



prisoner, friends and relatives, lawyers, experts, etc. This information and case history are sifted through by the International Secretariat at the London headquarters. AI also sends out its own investigators in order to gain additional information. After the information has been sifted and approved for further work, it is sent to one of the many adoptive groups classified as open, restricted, or confidential, depending upon the particular case. The function of these individual groups is to publicize the violations of human rights in general and to write letters to the particular governments detaining a prisoner of conscience. AI also provides assistance in the form of money, clothes, books and other material as well as financial needs for the prisoner and his family.

Professor Falls informed me when I questioned her about the form of the letters, that examples of independent letters are given to any member to be used as a guide. The letters must be written free from any kind of affiliation with either a government or religious group. The letters are devised impartially towards any one particular government or ideology. These are not to be verbally abusive attacks on the government itself. The letters inform the government that the detainment of a prisoner of conscience will not go unnoticed and the letters seek to encourage the release of the prisoner according to principles of human rights. The welfare of the prisoner is in no way jeopardized. If there is any possibility that the prisoner's life might be endangered, letters are immediately discontinued. Citizens of the particular country do not write letters concerning any case within the country's boundaries.

AI maintains a political balance by freeing itself of all affiliations. This is a state distinguished from neutrality, since AI does take very firm stands concerning capital punishment and the use of torture. AI does refrain from making any sweeping political statements about any one particular government or form thereof. Being an international group allows AI to endorse or condemn any action of a government, not the government itself. These attacks are based upon violation of human rights, not of government or religious ideals.

AI is not apolitical; capital punishment and torture are political issues the practice of which AI condemns. Both punishments are viewed as

direct violations of human rights by AI members. Health, well-being, and life are believed to be fundamental, unalienable rights. In 1973, AI began a Campaign for the Abolition of Torture. AI opposes the use of the death penalty in all cases, but this is not to imply that AI desires to free or lighten the burden of sentence for prisoners of such a status. According to AI, all people regardless of crimes committed are entitled to a right to life.

AI was founded in 1961 in London in an effort to preserve the right to hold and express convictions. Now it has become a worldwide human rights movement consisting of 1,600 adoptive groups and national sections in thirty-three countries in Africa, Asia, Europe, the Middle East, North America and South America. Added to these groups are individual members in sixty-five countries. AI holds consultative status with the United Nations, UNESCO, and the Council of Europe. Cooperative relations exist between AI and the Inter-American Commission on Human Rights of the

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***"I detest your ideas but I am ready to die for your right to express them."***

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Organization of American States. In sum, AI is well-established and respected by human rights committees representative of many countries. Finances are provided by the national sections and individual subscriptions and donations. An annual report publishes all income and expenditure.

The AI adoptive group here at ND/SMC is now working on the release of a Soviet and a Syrian prisoner, according to Prof. Falls. During Human Rights Week, AI sponsored a talk and discussion on capital punishment conducted by Prof. Falls. Another task facing the ND/SMC group is gaining publicity and recognition from the area, specifically the two campuses.

Prof. Falls said that there is a possibility that the local group might become a college group instead of an adoptive group. This would change the function of the group with the

emphasis being placed upon educating the public. As an adoptive group, letters should really be sent year-round, but on a college campus such an effort would be less than successful. The work is left undone during the summers.

Though AI does not claim direct responsibility for the release of prisoners of conscience, many have in fact been released since the formation of AI in 1961. AI recognizes the numerous variables involved in such a decision and therefore does not wish to take full credit for any release.

The spirit of AI would seem to best be embodied in the quote from Voltaire that heads the list of AI objectives: "I detest your ideas but I am ready to die for your right to express them." AI does not intend to attack any political, religious or racial groups with the hopes of bringing all peoples under the same rule. AI abhors the violation of human rights which its members feel belong to every person regardless of their ideals or beliefs. AI does not protect criminals from their just punishment under a law that preserves human rights and human life. AI protects from any kind of punishment those that have expressed their political, religious, etc., beliefs without violence. Such a task would seem to be the responsibility of anyone claiming his/her right to freedom of speech and movement, etc. AI is small in the SMC/ND community, but those in the ranks of this adoptive group compensate for the loss by the vitality of their convictions. □



Mary Frances DeCelles is a sophomore Philosophy/History major at St. Mary's. She is from South Bend, and this is her first contribution to Scholastic.

# The Nuclear Issue:

## Is Notre Dame "Following the Leader"?

by Michelle Dietz

Although some students may not be aware of all of this, in light of the recent happenings on campus one could safely say that many do care. Apathy always drags its tail throughout the student body on some issues; some students only care about what is for dinner or what parties are being thrown on weekends. But while Hesburgh has been discussing a nuclear ban with world leaders in Vienna, Notre Dame has not merely sat back to watch his efforts.

One of the most recent steps Notre Dame students took was to place a unilateral nuclear freeze referendum on the student government election ballot.

Although the referendum did not win in the elections on February 8, controversy and awareness did mobilize, according to Chris Beem, one of the steering committee members of the Two-Campus Freeze Coalition which sponsored the referendum.

"A political atmosphere exists now at Notre Dame," Beem said. "It's easy to be cynical. That's why something like the referendum is so important. This is the beginning of a beginning. People won't let it (the issue) go to bed after the election."

Beem also stressed that even though the referendum did not pass, it has a significance in the Catholic world "in that the best-known Catholic University is taking a position."

Meetings were held throughout the 1982-83 school year up until elections to work on the campaign, but it only took one hour to get enough signatures — 15 percent of the student body — to put the referendum on the election ballot.

Even before the voting took place, controversy arose, spurring a debate between the Freeze Coalition and the Notre Dame College Republicans who took the stand against unilateral freeze.

Why did the Coalition choose to push a unilateral (as opposed to bilateral) freeze? "If we did a bilateral freeze referendum, we'd automatically win," said John Blandford, the spokesman for the Coalition at the February 6 debate which over 200 people attended. "Since we did a unilateral freeze, we created a political atmosphere that will educate people. If you want discussion to take place, you need this atmosphere. Bilateral freeze is not an issue anymore."

"A lot of students would vote for a bilateral freeze, but a lot don't know why," Beem said. "This (referendum) gets people to know *why* a freeze is important. It forces you to look at things a bilateral freeze doesn't and since it is more radical, it will force people forward."

Father Hesburgh has publicly stated that he is against a unilateral freeze. "We both see bilateral disarmament as the ultimate goal, but disagree about the best way to go about it," Beem said of the contradiction between the University President's stance and that of the student coalition group. "Father Hesburgh is working in a different political sphere than we are. He couldn't fight for a unilateral freeze even if he felt it was right. His public image is important."

Mark Lynch, chairman of the College Republicans and a debate spokesman, argued that there are "better ways of going about a nuclear freeze" and that a unilateral freeze undermines national security. He argued that the United States must keep a balance with other nuclear powers and that unilateral freeze is irresponsible and dangerous.

Besides the debate, there was a "Teach-In" on the freeze referendum the night before elections at which several professors, grad students, a priest, and an administrator spoke on

Since Father Theodore Hesburgh plays two roles these days, Notre Dame has been cast in a new light as the University whose president is in the papers as a leading champion against the threat of nuclear arms.

But is the land of the Golden Dome shining any light of its own on the situation? What is Hesburgh's student body doing about the issue while his international religious and scientific body makes major statements over in Vienna? Are students aware of the nuclear issue upon which their leader spends much of his energies, and do they care?

Father Hesburgh has recently returned from Vienna, Austria, where he met with over 50 internationally known scientists from all over the world to further discuss a statement given to the Pope in November, 1982, that was drawn up at an earlier meeting of world religious leaders, also led by Hesburgh. The statement called for a ban on nuclear warfare and the elimination of nuclear weapons.

various perspectives of unilateral and bilateral freeze and of the nuclear threat in general. Alven Nieman, Assistant Dean of the College of Arts and Letters, was one of the speakers at the Teach-In. Extremely interested in nuclear issues, he was responsible for introducing Jonathan Schell's book on nuclear threat, *The Fate of the Earth*, to the Sophomore Core Courses, one of which he teaches. Speaking about the campus and its concern for nuclear issues, Nieman said, "My guess is that the issue will rise here at Notre Dame. I would hope and expect that Catholic universities would be in the forefront on this issue."

Nieman thinks that Father Hesburgh has had an effect on Notre Dame's awareness. Hesburgh participated in a panel discussion, hosted by Nieman, for the Sophomore Core Course students in November, 1982. It was Hesburgh, in fact, who suggested the importance of Schell's book, which prompted Nieman to use it for the Core courses. "Father Hesburgh had a great influence on our students through us," Nieman said.

Chuck Schuler, Activities Coordinator of Notre Dame's Pax Christi, a Notre Dame student branch of Pax Christi, a national Catholic peace organization, agreed with Nieman. "(Hesburgh's efforts) provoke a lot of middle-of-the-road Catholic students who believe politics and religion should be separate," Schuler said. "He has bolstered some fond approval and faith to declare that this arms race is insane." He added that Hesburgh contributed to the amount of student reactions to the referendum campaign, which Pax Christi formally supported in the University newspaper. Cathy Krause, vice-president of Pax Christi at Notre Dame, said she feels that "the press coverage Father Hesburgh has received has made a difference, but not much." She believes that students are becoming increasingly aware of the nuclear problem due to other concerns, such as economic factors. For example, students resent money being spent on defense when student loan cutbacks are in effect. Pax Christi is making its own efforts involving nuclear concern. They are planning an Indiana State Pax Christi conference for Spring, 1983, which they hope will raise consciousness and emphasize nuclear disarmament and peace education.

Yet beyond the efforts of organized parties, beyond the classroom, are students concerned about the threat of nuclear warfare? When asked how he views student concern

on the issue, Father Hesburgh said, "I haven't asked them. Some are and some aren't. But I hope a majority are. They'd better be because if I get knocked off tomorrow, it won't matter, I've already lived a long life. But if they (students) get knocked off tomorrow, it will matter because they have their whole lives ahead of them."

"I don't think students are aware of the complexity of the situation," said sophomore Jeremy Obaditch. "When they hear 'freeze' they think 'That's great, we're gonna end the nuclear problem.'"

"I think a majority of students are concerned, but a minority are informed," senior Michele Thomas said. "Students don't really take the time to get informed and get involved. The nuclear issue is a concern that gets misplaced in the rush of other things."

Sophomore Mike Beaudine agreed. "There is apathy about doing something in action, but there is no apathy in opinion," he said.

Chris Beem remains optimistic. "Through people talking about it over 'MASH' and in the dorms, dialogue is diffusing itself into the student body," he said. "This is the most powerful movement since abolition."

Dennis Goulet, O'Neill Chair for Social Justice at Notre Dame and a speaker at the Teach-In, spoke of the attitude the common man, including students, should take. "The burden is on all of us," he said. "We don't need to feel we are trespassing among a field of experts. This is too important to be left to experts." □

*Michelle Dietz is a senior American Studies major from Baltimore, Maryland.*

## Untitled

by Lisa Twardowski

You fumbled for a pen  
with which to punctuate  
my heart.  
And with a stroke  
somehow surer than a comma,  
infinitely more gentle  
than a period,  
you scrawled a semicolon;  
inserted a pause  
in the rambling charade  
of a soul that is learning to write.  
I winced,  
and slowly caught my breath.  
Bruised by a stroke  
that softly throbs  
beneath the pounding of my heart.  
Forever aware of a rhythm less hurried  
that echoes in chambers unseen.  
A grammatical grazing  
that heals as it hurts  
since I let you proofread  
my heart.

# Gallery



Monotype 8" x 8"

## Recent Prints

by Curt Labitzke

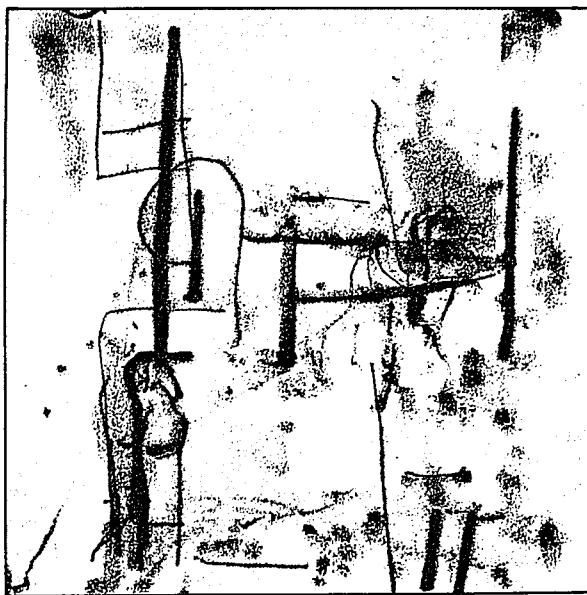
*Kay in the Sewing Room*

1983

My work is based upon how I relate to my environment. This can include inanimate, natural or human interactions. I am essentially a realist painter deriving all my images from these situations. Although I consider myself a realist, I do not express reality in a traditional, illusionistic sense. After initially working directly from my environment, the work undergoes a metamorphosis of subjective abstractions. These abstractions allow me to express my environment as I perceive it. Even though my images go through many personal abstractions they should never be considered totally abstract.

Every work of art can be ambiguous. A viewer does not always interpret an art form the way the artist has intended. What a viewer assimilates from my work is just as important as what I initially absorb from my environment while creating that work. For people to see my work the way they want to is not enough. My job, as an artist, is to control their visual and intellectual responses. That is what art must do.

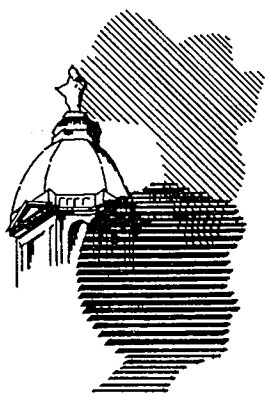




*Lithograph 10" x 7"*



*Direct Transfer Monotype 13" x 14"*



# The Black Cultural

## The Festival's Focus

by Ursula Crooks

On the 30th of January, the 15th annual Black Cultural Arts Festival opened with a song. Not even the disappearance of the piano from the library auditorium could stop the students of the University and choirs from the surrounding communities from praising the Lord in the Gospel Program.

The Black Cultural Arts Festival (BCAF), which is entirely organized and run by students, is a celebration of blacks and their contributions to society. This celebration, which at one time was a week concentrated on the arts, is now a variety of events, entertainment, and speakers that are combined to form a month-long program of culturally enriching displays of black accomplishments. The BCAF also proves to be a learning experience, for it provides black students with a way to become involved with their history and heritage, as well as giving all students a chance to view presentations of positive role models and images.

In the past a theme for the festival was chosen and all events of the festival were centered around that particular theme. This year's theme is "A Portrait of a Black Artist." Throughout the month, the events that the BCAF committee has planned will highlight blacks in the performing arts. Events such as the speaking engagement held by John Amos gave students the opportunity to listen to the trials and tribulations of a black actor. Likewise the show that Warren Bowles will give on the 28th (Bowles is a Notre Dame alumnus) will let students see a his-

torical interpretation of the life of another great actor/scholar/athlete—Paul Robeson. The festival also gave students a chance to meet with former scholar-athletes, such as, Tom Hawkins, Aubrey Lewis, and Larry Sheffield, to talk with them about their lives at Notre Dame as well as their present lives.

The students here also display their talents and accomplishments in functions like the student talent show and the fashion show. These student-produced programs exhibit how talented our student body of minorities is as well as displaying their ingenuity in producing and choreographing the shows. The festival also gives students of Notre Dame an opportunity to interact with members of the community, thus helping both to grow together.

The BCAF began in 1968, but not without problems. During the early years, the major issue was an unestablished budget. In the beginning, the festival was considered to be under the authority of the Black Cultural Arts Council. Any money for the festival was allotted from the small budget of the BCAC. The absence of an established budget had a definite effect on the festival; because the festival had no existing budget of its own, there was a problem with being able to make explicit plans concerning the events of the festival. For instance, if the festival itinerary contained a speaker, the festival committee first had to contact a speaker about making an appearance. If the festival committee was given an affirmative answer, potential speakers were kept waiting while various departments of the

University were being entreated for funds to cover the expenses. The festival, then, lost many speakers because of this long, involved process.

However, in recent years and for many reasons, primarily financial, the festival and the council have become two separate organizations. Although most people believe that the BCAC is still the sponsor of the BCAF, because of the similar memberships of the two organizations, the festival does indeed maintain a rapidly growing budget of its own.

Presently, the festival has very few problems when one considers the difficulties it encountered during the early days. The festival has finally come of age and established itself as a part of campus life. The University has aided this by generously giving support and finances to the program. In the past, despite the problems the BCAF had, nationally known personalities such as Benjamin Hooks, Gil-Scott Heron, Marva Collins, Nikki Giovanni and Cicely Tyson have helped in attaining wider recognition for a relatively small and young festival. The main objective of the festival is to work for the continued awareness of the Black Experience. This idea was summed up in a statement made by this year's BCAF chairperson, Alena Harris. When asked what expectations she had for this year's festival, she replied, "I hope that the festival will bring the Notre Dame community together in understanding the goals and achievements of each other."

With this goal in mind, the Black Cultural Arts Festival will be assured continued success. □

*Ursula Crooks is a sophomore American Studies major from Gary, Indiana. This is her first contribution to Scholastic.*

# Arts Festival

*"If a race has no history, if it has no worthwhile tradition, it becomes a negligible factor in the thought of the world, and it stands in danger of being exterminated."*

— Carter G. Woodson

## The Evolution of a Tradition

by Jackie Burns

While helping to put together this year's Black Cultural Arts Festival (BCAF), I had had to answer two questions repeatedly: What is the purpose of the Black Cultural Arts Festival and why is so much emphasis placed on black history? To answer the first question, the Black Cultural Arts Festival attempts to enlighten the entire Notre Dame community to the achievements of black Americans. The festival attempts to do this by bringing speakers and various artists to the University.

Now for the second question, why is it important for the community to be enlightened? Prior to this semester, my answer would have been based on emotion and my reply would be "pride." Being black, naturally I

feel that the history of my people is important. However, I found an *intellectual need* for Black History Month this semester. The name Carter G. Woodson came up in a discussion that I had with Mr. Ed Blackwell, Director of Minority Student Affairs. Until this, my senior year of college, I had never heard of Mr. Woodson. As our conversation continued, I learned that Mr. Woodson was not only the second black to receive a doctorate in history from Harvard University but was also the initiator and Father of Black History.

I was shocked. After receiving what this society considers a quality education, I had never even heard of Mr. Woodson. The majority of my black history education had covered

slavery and the underground railroad (not to complain but . . .) not much emphasis was placed on learning of the accomplishments of blacks in this century. I asked some of my peers, both black and white who had gotten an even better quality education, but none had heard of Carter G. Woodson. It then occurred to me that something was lacking in my education; so being a history buff, I went to the library to do something about it.

Born in 1875, the Father of Black History was unable to attend school until he was 19 years old. With the help of his uncles, he taught himself the alphabet. He worked in the fields with his father until he was 13 years old. Then, he started working in the coal mines of Huntington, West Virginia, so that he could get money to finance his education. He enrolled at Douglass High School and mastered four years of knowledge in two years. He attended Berea College for several semesters but received his bachelor's and master's degrees from the University of Chicago and his doctorate from Harvard. He became principal of the high school that he attended and he taught in the Philippine Islands for a while.

In 1915 Mr. Woodson along with several supporters organized the Association for the Study of Negro Life and History. In 1916 Woodson published the first issue of the *Journal of Negro History*, at his own expense. In 1920 he organized Associated Negro Publishers. The purpose

(cont'd on p. 30)



# Learning Through

## Doing—Mexico

by Julie Chesky

*"We will not transcend an unfair planetary structure that has been four centuries in the making. But we must try to transcend that structure. If one has seen the ragged children selling chewing gum on the streets of Mexico City or the Indians in the mountains of Guatemala who are drunk with an alcoholism that is, quite literally, a social disease; if one has suddenly turned, sitting in a cab in Bombay, startled by the soft, insistent voice of a little girl begging; if, driving outside of Nairobi, you have seen women and children carrying firewood on their backs, bent halfway to the ground; then there is no alternative to seeking those improbable changes. For you are a haunted person."*

*from The Vast Majority  
by Michael Harrington*

Mass communication and rapid mobility have done much to mold and construct our present society. For better or worse nearly every aspect of this society of man may readily be known to us through technological gains. Another key instrument, however, in the diffusion of such mass awareness is in a more traditional mode, that of experience. As simple as experiential awareness may seem in the face of a computer chip world, "learning through doing" is as much an effective and provoking reality as it is an old adage. In the final analysis, experience may even surpass fast-paced media and mobility in its ability to impart a true, meaningful awareness and concern.

Like many students here, I have seen the value of experiential learning often since coming to Notre Dame; but not until I stepped outside its academic and cultural walls did the full value of experience present itself to me. Along with six other students I lived and studied in Mexico through the Center for Social Concerns' program at Universidad Iberoamericana.

Reflecting on my experience I realize opting to go to Mexico was the hardest decision I have yet made. It seemed such a huge step away from Notre Dame and all the security I

had known. It seemed a huge step because I suspected, almost feared, that much of my way of thinking



*Julie Chesky is a senior Government/Latin American Studies major from Scotia, New York. This is her first contribution to Scholastic.*

and reacting would change; some of my friends "worried" I would come back a crazed revolutionary, wearing a headband and a wool shoulder bag, slinging arrows at the capitalist foe! It seemed a huge step because I would be abandoning myself to a vastly different culture, people, language. How could I go to Mexico when I didn't even know the perfect subjunctive?

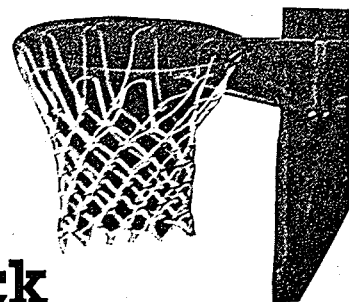
Despite the grammatical and personal obstacles, on January 14 I found myself careening in a bright red taxi-van through a city of 17 million people. Mexico City—a complex, fascinating, polluted, teeming, elegant, shocking city—holds within its burgeoning boundaries much of what is Mexico. In Mexico City I

found one of the main reasons I had considered the Ibero program: the experience to be had outside the confines of a classroom, beyond the crisp textbooks and practiced lectures that sometimes shut us in from the real "real world" (even the "real world" we often envision at Notre Dame of the corporate position, the law school struggle, the big house, two-car suburban setup is not itself the *real* real world).

Abstract and statistically-based concepts like "The Third World," "Poverty," and "Capitalist Development" that I had recorded in some blue book became vividly real and close to me. In lurching rides on the famous sardine can, the Metro, in listening to Doña Lucía talk of her struggles and of God's mercy, her leathery, wizened face etched on my mind, in halting walks down a noon-day street so congested with jobless men and women as to belie any U.S. claim to intolerable unemployment—in all these experiences and one hundred more, I could not escape what I had learned, realized, and admitted by simply closing the text or going off to lunch at the dining hall as I could do back at Notre Dame.

It was through the personal confrontations in the real real world, beyond the University and outside the United States, that I experienced the most personal impact. Yet, these same experiences also became the source of many of my difficulties in Mexico. By about the second month, after the initial shock of being culturally transplanted had worn off, after the spoken language became less of an agonizing chore, and after the inseparable connection had been made in my mind between the suffering I

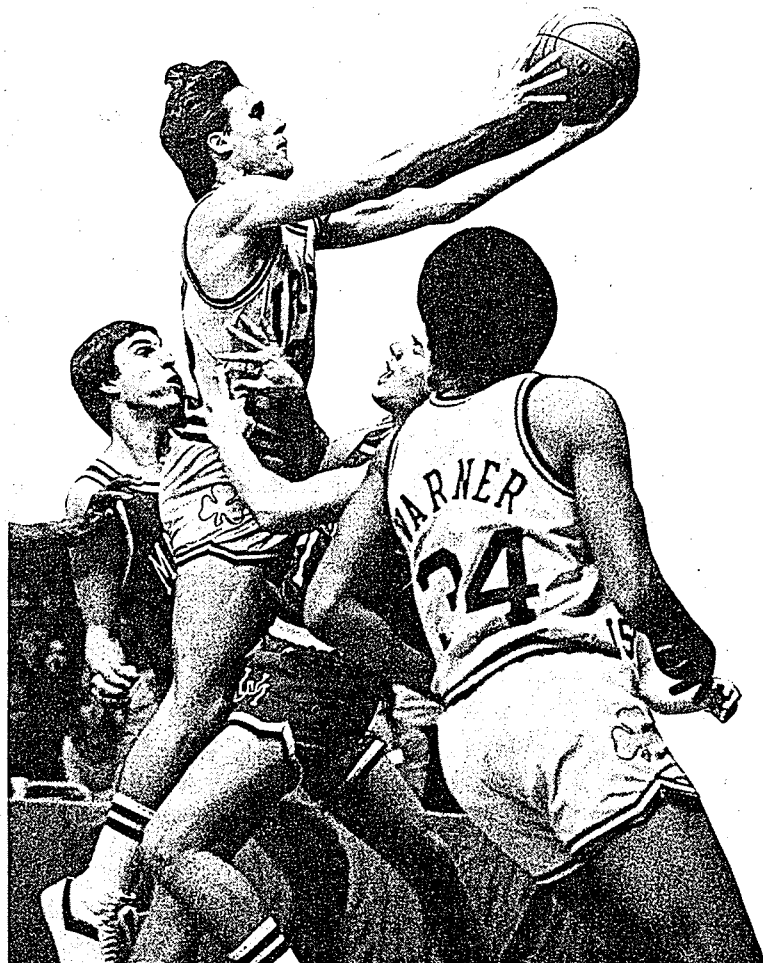
*(cont'd on p. 30)*



# The Graduating Irish Look Back

by Daphne Baille

Photos by Dion Rudnicki



**February 27, 1980**

**Notre Dame, Indiana**

*Kelly Tripucka scores 28 points in the ACC to lead the Irish to a 76-74 double-overtime victory over number-one-ranked DePaul.*

**February 22, 1981**

**Rosemont, Illinois**

*Orlando Woolridge sinks a 16-foot desperation shot at the buzzer to give Notre Dame a 57-56 win over top-ranked and previously undefeated Virginia.*

Games like these are games that Irish players and fans will remember for many years to come. Notre Dame seniors Tim Andree, John Paxson, and Bill Varner have stored away several memories like these since

their arrival at Notre Dame in the fall of '79.

"I had a feeling after that game that I'll never forget," recalls Andree of the Virginia victory. "I had to guard Ralph Sampson, who was one of the best players in the country at the time. It gave us a great feeling to beat them."

All-America guard Paxson agrees with the center. "The Virginia game was one of our biggest games. Moments like those are what make playing basketball here special."

There are other reasons that the players have found satisfaction in playing at Notre Dame. "Being a basketball player means getting a lot of recognition," reflects Varner. "We also get to play for one of the best college coaches in the country."

"We've gotten to play on some great teams," adds Andree. "When we were freshmen, we were playing with five guys who are in the pros now. We've played with great players, we've had some great victories, and we get national exposure."

All this in addition to those "special moments." "There's nothing like that feeling when we run out of the tunnel and 11,345 fans are going berserk," says Andree. "I think the fans have been great. Our performances haven't always been up to par, so we've gotten fewer students than usual at the games—but the students that do show up are great."

Andree compares the fan support now with the capacity turnouts a few years ago. "Before, the students really felt like a sixth man," estimates the Farmington, Michigan, native. "If the success isn't there any more, they don't feel like they're a part of it." Still, he says, "We're just happy for all the support we can get."

Both Varner and Paxson enjoy the support too. Varner explains, "Being a player at Notre Dame is like being a movie star in the town of South Bend, because people treat us so well. I enjoy the attention and I've gotten to meet a lot of people. I especially like it when a little girl or a little boy comes up asking for an autograph, because it's really important to them that we sign it."

Paxson echoes this feeling. "I like the attention when it's genuine, like when little kids write cute little notes. Attention is nice and I accept it, but the more you get, the more you appreciate your privacy. I try to take advantage of the time I have alone too."

Part of this time spent alone must be devoted to academics. Varner admits that school was difficult at the beginning of his college career. "When I first got here, it was real tough academically," states the com-





John Paxson

munications major. "There were tutors, but I was too ashamed to ask for one. Finally, I realized that if I wanted to stay here, I'd have to get some help. I had made a commitment to come here so I was going to work to stay here. After the first year though, it becomes easier. This is still a tough school academically, especially when we're traveling—sometimes we go on a road trip Wednesday and don't come back until Sunday."

Paxson also recognizes the importance of academics here. "So often we read about athletes not graduating," notes the marketing major. "At least here we'll graduate. If basketball doesn't work out, this place has left us prepared for other careers."

Andree agrees. "A degree from Notre Dame is a solid degree—I've worked for it. I wish I had worked harder my freshman and sophomore years. Last semester I darn near made Dean's List—I wish I had gotten the enjoyment out of my classes then like I do now. I could have made academics competitive, like sports."

While Andree may have changed his attitude academically, there is little else he would like to have done differently here. "I feel I made the best decisions I could at the times I had to," he says. "I expected a lot more out of basketball, but not so much academically or socially. As it turned out, I've grown in these other areas basically because basketball didn't go so well."

"A lot of people expected me to do better," continues the economics major. "I did too. I couldn't put my finger on why things haven't gone so well. Part of it was my injuries, also my performance. I've been disappointed because my role has been somewhat less than what I would have liked, and that's a factor in how much confidence you have in yourself. I felt I could have done more for the team, but that's just something you have to adjust to."

Varner echoes some of these thoughts. "I haven't been able to really show other people my talents as a basketball player." Varner would advise young players "not to get down on themselves as I have in the past. When you start second-guessing yourself, it starts making your career as a student and as an athlete deteriorate."

Paxson looks back on his career with satisfaction, although last year's



Bill Varner

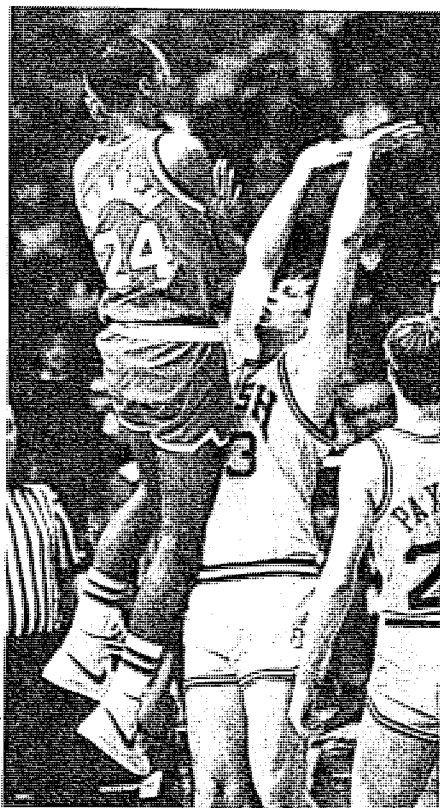
10-17 record was an unappreciated experience. "Last year was frustrating," recalls the Kettering, Ohio, native. "But anytime you participate in athletics there are goals you don't achieve. So many things are important—you have to put basketball in perspective. That doesn't mean that I don't give one hundred percent every time I go out there though."

"There have been so many ups and downs," offers Varner, who hails from Kensington, Pennsylvania. "When I first came here I was all excited about playing on TV and maybe someday having a shot at being a professional basketball player. Now I don't know what's in store for me after I get my degree. I'm going to play it safe and look for something else to do in case basketball doesn't work out."

"I love basketball," Varner continues. "I enjoy playing the game—it's a big part of me. I'd like to play until I realize I'm too old to play it. Otherwise, I'm thinking about law school or working for a business that my major has prepared me for."

Andree is not sure what the future will bring either. "I don't know what basketball holds for me. I'm looking forward to getting into a new program to see what I can do. I'm not an NBA player next year, but there is the opportunity to play in Europe. I like the game and I'd like to keep playing it as long as I can."

Andree too has options if a basketball career is unsuccessful. "I've had some interviews and I've already had



Tim Andree

two job offers," he says. "When I went home this summer, I did a lot of thinking about basketball and my career. I decided that if this is my last shot, I'm going to give it my best. So I took off fifteen pounds and worked hard to prepare for the season. After the first three or four weeks of practice, I could see that things weren't going to go as well as I had hoped, but at least I knew I had done all I could to play my best."

Paxson sees basketball as playing a role in his future as well. "We'll just have to wait and see what happens with the draft," he comments. "So far my career has progressed pretty smoothly, so if I get the chance to play professionally, I want to take advantage of it. I'm just hoping for the best." □

*Daphne Baille is a senior American Studies major from Grand Blanc, Michigan.*



## A Change of Seasons or Death on the Highway

by Michael P. Leary



Evening fell with such somber charms;  
I felt quite welcome in these arms.  
Do you feel the breeze? she whispered,  
and the leafless trees,  
a golden carpet for a lawn.

My evening bids adieu with an anxious sigh;  
the impudent morning calls me to his side,  
there, like a dangling participle, he lies.  
Such an evil wind  
and these sentinel trees,  
this bloody carpet of an unkempt lawn.

It was winter coats today,  
scarfs and sniffly noses.  
Oh, these many seasons we can see  
so many come . . .  
so many go.  
Another winter here, we say,  
as the fall slips away.

A shattered body among shattered glass,  
I wonder, was he like this . . . man,  
who stands next to me staring  
with his mixture of curiosity and distaste.

As I searched the chariot of this liberated man  
I, alone, wondered at his loneliness  
in his hurried sojourn from death to death.

Is he dead? asks the curious man.  
Such, this such, is the cold of winter.  
He is dead, I say,  
as I turned to walk away.

# Fiction

The antiseptic-white-clad nurse came down the antiseptic-white corridor carrying a newborn baby. When she came to a set of brightly polished steel doors, she touched a button on the wall to their right, and they slid quietly open. She brought the newborn into the white and black room where the doctor waited in his lead apron and lead gloves. "Is that the one?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," the nurse replied.

The doctor took the child and held it face-up under the lights. The baby, bothered by the brightness, began to wriggle and cry. "See the eyes?" asked the doctor.

"Yes," replied the nurse. "They are a very strange color."

"That's how we know it is diseased," said the doctor as he handed the baby back to the nurse. He pressed a switch on the wall and parted a lead curtain. The lead cylinder-within-a-cylinder revolved until an opening appeared. The doctor took the baby from the nurse and placed it into the opening. He pressed the switch again. The cylinder would revolve and the hydraulics system would push the baby out and deposit it outside the wall.

"What happens to them?" asked the nurse.

The doctor replied, "Well. . . . If there are any wild animals still living, I suppose *they* get them."

"If not?"

"The radiation. . . ."

Down vast hallways showed vast numbers of doors, similar to those of hotels or dormitories. Behind one of these doors sat a grey-bearded man, old yet vibrant. As he sat on the bed in his little white box of a room, he hummed to himself, busying his right hand with some scribbles on a pad of paper and his left with a silver ornament with a clear blue stone which hung from a chain around his neck. A buzz caused the old man to look up at a series of lights on the wall between the door and his dressing closet. The blue light was lit; it was time for dinner. As he rose, the old man slid his paper and pencil under the mattress of the bed and went out the door and down the hall to the cafeteria.

The line the old man waited in to get his food was silent, except for a frequent grunt or a few words between the server and the servee. The old man listened to the server's conversations, for there was not much else to do but stand and wait. A young man, about twenty-five, with sandy-brown hair stepped up to the server. He waited until his sectioned tray was full, then asked politely, "Do you think I could have some 'greens' to go with this?" The old man's eyes lit up. He seldom heard the word "green" here.

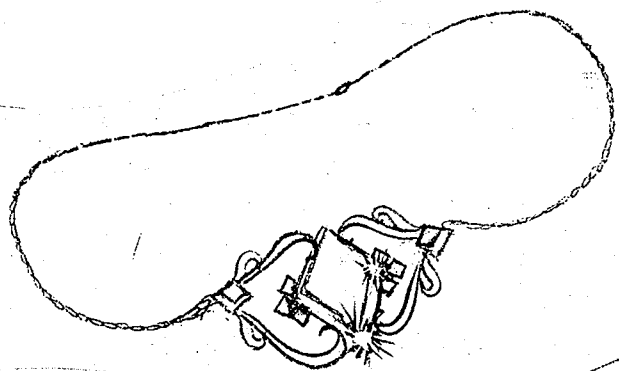
The server's face registered puzzlement. "Greens? What're they?"

"I was hoping you could tell *me*. I'd heard that they were very good."

"Well I've never heard of them. If we do have 'em back here, we don't call 'em 'greens,' " the server said as he ladled another scoop of viscous brown liquid into a sectioned tray.

"Well, thank you anyway." The young man walked to the end of one of the long tables and sat down, by himself.

The young man looked up when a tray clattered onto the table across from his own. It was the old man.



## GREEN

by Tom Wrobel, Copy Editor

"Good day," the old man said.

The young man slurped some of his brown liquid and said nothing.

"Tell me," the old man said, "what does a boy like you know about greens?"

The young man gulped a spoonful of white matter and looked up. "Are you one of them?"

"One of who?"

"The officials. You know."

"Now that hardly matters, does it? If I'm not, that's okay for you, but if I am, then you've already been caught now, haven't you?"

"Well, since you put it that way, I suppose I can tell you. But not here."

"Alright then. Let's go to my room."

Both men wiped up their trays and left them on the conveyor. As they walked down the white corridors leading to the old man's room, the young man remarked, "They won't unlock the doors until the dinner hour is over. How can we get into your room?"

"We'll just have to find a way to fool one of the 'trainee' guards," the old man answered. "Hmmm. How good of an actor are you?"

"Pardon?"

"I mean," the old man said, "can you pretend that you're in pain in, oh, let's say your stomach?"

"I think I know what you're getting at, old man. How's this?" The young man doubled over and moaned, stumbling as he walked.

"That's fine!" said the old man.

Corporal J. Witter sat in the small command post box, watching four halls, one out each window. Down one of them, he saw an old man and a hunched-over young man coming towards him. Upon reaching the box, the old man tapped on the window and beckoned Witter to come out. Witter stepped out of the box.

"Would you mind helping my friend here get into his room?" the old man asked. "He's in terrible pain and needs to lie down."

Witter glanced quickly down each of the hallways and said, "Sure. I guess I can do that. But let's make it quick. I'm going off duty pretty soon."

"Thank you," the old man said, and, looking at the

guard's identification badge, he finished off his sentence, "Corporal Witter."

The old man led the way to his room, and when they reached it, he asked the young man, "This is the one, isn't it?"

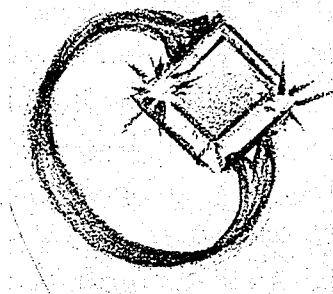
The young man nodded.

"This is the one," the old man said to Witter.

Witter inserted his identification card into the slot above the electronic lock and a key into the lock box. The door clicked open. Witter and the old man helped the young man into the room, and as they were helping him onto the bed, a signal buzzed within Witter's uniform. "Sorry, I've got to go report out now," Witter said.

"Thank you for your help!" the old man said.

"You're welcome, old man," Witter replied as he turned on his heel and walked out the door. He calmly walked to the transport room and took out his teleporter, a small black box with many tiny wires running around it and one silver button on the top. He set the teleporter in the rack, in the slot marked "Witter," pressed the silver button, and held it down. His body tingled as it was split apart and transmitted to his other teleporter as a high-pitched sound wave. As the last of him faded into nothing in the lower-level transport room, he was being reassembled in the upper-level transport room. Witter came alive again in a room exactly as the one he had just left, his finger pressed on a teleporter button in another slot marked "Witter." He smiled at his transport performance. He had remembered the slot in the rack. Countless other overanxious rookies just pressed their teleporter buttons, forgetting that if they didn't place the teleporter down on something before pressing the button the teleporter would fall to the floor when they faded out. Witter stepped from the upper-level transport room and walked to the command center to report out.



"Well, first of all," the old man asked, "who are you?"

"My name is Nathan," the young man replied.

"Nathan," the old man spoke. "Hmmm. Well, Nathan, just what do you know about greens, and how in the world did you come to know it?"

Nathan answered, "I work in the incinerator room. We were burning trash today and this must have gotten separated from the rest of the trash." Nathan pulled some folded papers from his back pocket. "I found these under one of the garbage bins."

The old man unfolded the papers. They were covered with doodles of vegetables, with names and comments scribbled alongside. The heading read "Edible Greens." The old man chuckled.

"Hey, old man —"

"Please, call me Reliance."

"Okay, Reliance. What do you find so funny about those drawings?"

"Only that I am the one who drew them."

"How do you know about this stuff? I've never even heard about these."

"I learned about these when I was a boy. Out there." The old man pointed nonchalantly, not in any particular direction.

"You were out there . . . before the Great War. Right?"

"That's right, Nathan. I came to the Safe complex when I was thirteen years old. I was one of the lucky ones. The only reason I was let in was because my father was one of the engineers on this project."

"Outside the complex. It sounds so strange. What's it like out there?"

"I can't tell you that. I could tell you what it *was* like, though. You, however, could get firsthand knowledge of the outside."

"But how?"

"By leaving, of course! I'm sure there are ways of getting out of here."

"But the radiation —"

"The radiation is only an excuse to stay inside here. Tell me, Nathan, how many years has it been since the Great War ended?"

"Oh, about sixty-five."

"About sixty-five!" Reliance blurted out. "According to the figures on residue radiation, the levels out there have been safe since around ten years ago!"

Nathan was puzzled. "Well, then, why is everybody still here?"

"Fear, I suppose. Fear of change, possibly. The new scientists are too content with their antiseptic prison to risk a change."

"Please tell me about the world before the war."

"Here," Reliance said, as he removed his pad of paper from under his mattress, "I have more pictures. These are some animals I knew. A cat. A dog. A horse. A cow." Reliance pointed out the pictures one by one to Nathan.

"This is fantastic!" Nathan cried. "I've imagined other creatures existing, but these are so real!"

"There's no doubt that some still exist. At least in the forested areas."

"Forested areas?"

"Forests — trees. A lot of trees. Huge green plants."

"This 'green,' what is it?"

"Oh! It's a color," replied Reliance. "And I can show you easier than I can describe it." Reliance took the chain from around his neck and popped a yellow stone from a ring of similar design on his left hand. He snapped the yellow stone onto the back of the silver frame of the blue stone. Holding the ornament up to the light he said, "A parting gift from my father. Take a look."

Nathan peered at the light through the two stones. "It's beautiful! Why isn't there anything this color around here?"

"The authorities don't want anyone to see it. Maybe they're afraid it would stir up hidden instincts to be out in the open. You know, long ago, Americans admired the color so much, they printed their currency with it."

A knock at the door startled the two men and caused Reliance to drop his precious green ornament. "Come in, come in," the old man cried, as he picked up the object from the floor. Witter peered in through the doorway he had partially opened. "Oh, Corporal Witter!" Reliance exclaimed.

"Just checkin' in on this guy. Are you feeling any

better?" Witter asked Nathan.

"I'm feeling better now."

"That's good," replied Witter. Glancing at the drawings on the bed he asked, "Say, who's the artist?" Neither Nathan nor Reliance answered the question, so Witter stepped into the room. Picking up the pad and leafing through it, Witter asked, "What's this? Fantasy creatures?"

"They're real!" answered Nathan, instantly regretting what he had said.

"Real? Come on! Where did you get those ideas?"

"From me, I'm afraid," Reliance answered. "I was just showing Nathan here some of the things I remember from before I came into the Complex."

"No kidding? You're one of the 'originals'?"

"Yes. If that's how you choose to refer to us. I was thirteen years old when I came in."

"That makes you plenty old. Eh, old man? Gee," Witter looked up at the ceiling. "Seventy-eight, seventy-nine. Bet you never expected to be around this long, huh?"

"Well, not here, at least," Reliance answered.

"Pardon?" Witter asked.

"This shelter wasn't built as any *permanent* housing project," Reliance answered. "We should have been released back into the outdoors years ago."

"You can't be serious, old man. If you went out there, you'd die."

"Better there than in this stuffy old place. The radiation levels out there have been safe for years."

"You can't be sure of that. Can you?" Witter asked.

"My father helped build this place. I'm as sure as he was."

"I ought to tell the authorities about this," Witter said.

"No, no. Don't do that. I tried it a while back. All I got were threats to keep quiet."

"Wait a minute! Wait a minute!" Nathan blurted out. He could control his emotions no longer. "Why are you letting all this out to this guy? We don't know him! We can't trust him! He's one of *them*!"

"I'm pretty sure I've detected something special in Mr. Witter. Something a little more than *Officer*. Something *human*. You saw how he came back to check on your health. That's something. Isn't it?"

Nathan silenced himself. Witter said, "Thanks for the vote of confidence, old man. I think there may be some truth to your story. I'm going to find a few answers. If I find out that it's true, I'll be back. If not, you might find yourself heading for the looney stockade."

"I believe you'll find that I'm not lying to you."

Witter walked out and swung the door shut behind him.

Nathan turned to Reliance. "I still don't think you should have told him anything."

"Now Nathan," Reliance said, "this is what's called taking a gamble. It's a pretty big wager, but judging from the sense of humanity in Mr. Witter, I think the odds are pretty good. Besides, if he finds that I'm right, he may even help you in your escape."

"My escape?" Nathan questioned. "I never said I was leaving."

"But you implied it."

"But I can't go alone."

"Do you expect me, an 'old man' to go with you? I could only be a hindrance."

"I don't know. If that Witter guy comes back with any evidence then I might consider leaving. But right now. . . ."

It was two A.M. Witter couldn't sleep. There was something gnawing at him, something he had to know. He put on a uniform and walked down the white corridors that led to the central computer information bank. Upon reaching the central bank, he slipped his coded card into the slot and opened the door. He selected a terminal and began to punch in the code which was to pull the first few weeks of the log out of data storage.

"HIGH PRIORITY: CODE UNACCEPTABLE," the computer terminal printed back.

High priority, Witter thought. Sometime, somewhere he had used a high-priority code before. He sifted through the back of his mind until he found the answer. The Colonel. Sure, that was it. Captain Prečol had at one time assigned him the task of sending some messages to the Colonel. He had used *his* code. He pressed his mind to find the right numbers and letters. S . . . K . . . X . . . these three came easily. Witter's code started with SKL, and he remembered the similarity immediately. He had once been forced to memorize this code. 4 . . . 4 . . . Think! 6 . . . 9 . . . or was it 9-6? 9-6 he thought. 7 . . . 8 . . . that was all. His fingers quickly punched in SKX-449678.

"COLONEL G.: PRIORITY 4 UNDER 5" the output read.

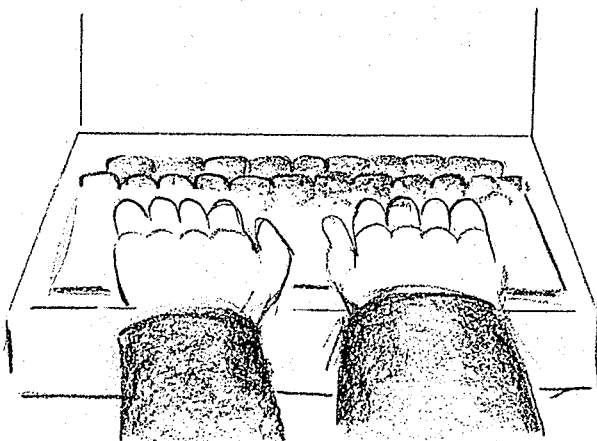
Witter hoped this was high enough.

"SUBMIT REQUEST," the screen printed out.

Witter typed in "LOG."

"LOCATIONAL PARAMETER?" the screen printed out.

"001" Witter input. This would start listing the log at the very beginning . . .



"That's it! Fifty-five or fifty-six years! The old man was right," Witter said to himself as he scanned the records. "The old man was right!"

"You've won again!" Reliance exclaimed.

"This 'checkers' is an easy game," Nathan said.

"Hmmm. I wonder if we're playing by the right rules. I haven't played this game for so long, I might have lost track of how to really play it. No matter, I suppose. It's still great fun anyway, heh?"

"Sure it is," Nathan answered as he set some torn-out pieces of paper on the paper checkerboard which Reliance had made.

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in!" Reliance shouted, a note of cheer in his voice.



The door opened and Witter stepped inside, closing the door gently behind him. "Do you mind if I say a few things?" he asked Reliance

"No, not at all," Reliance answered. His mood had grown more somber.

"I checked the log. You were right. We should have cleared out of this place long ago. I told my commander that you told me about this, but he said you're just a crazy old man and you just made it all up. That's it. A dead end. I can't convince anybody that it's safe to go outside."

"Do you know of any ways out?" Reliance asked.

"Only one. The disposal system for the diseased infants."

"Ah, yes," Reliance replied. "I know of the place, too. Tell me, Mr. Witter, would it be beyond you to help Nathan escape from this place?"

"I would do it in a minute, sir, if I could be assured of getting out too."

"If you come up with an idea —"

"Sure, old man. I'll be back."

After Witter stepped out, Reliance turned to Nathan and said, "None of them were diseased, you know. The only reason those children were gotten rid of was because they had green eyes."

A terrible knot formed in Nathan's stomach. Now

he knew he had to get out.

Through various meetings among the three men, Witter had learned about the outside, or at least how Reliance had remembered it to be, and Witter had come up with the way to get both him and Nathan out of the Complex. The answer was easy: his teleporters. Witter would let Nathan out through the disposal system, then teleport himself through to the outside. It was now time for the escape to take place, and Nathan stood in the shadows of the hallway, waiting for Witter's shift to end.

"Witter!"

"Yes, Captain!" Witter said, snapping to attention.

"Bandeck is in the infirmary," the captain said, "and I know your shift is almost over, but I was wondering if you'd mind taking over his shift after you finish yours."

Witter thought for a moment and said, "I don't know, sir . . ."

"Witter, look at me!" the captain barked. "This is not a request, this is a command, and I suggest that you carry it out! Thank you!" The captain strode away as Witter stood openmouthed.

## Paestum Sun

by Sheila Beatty

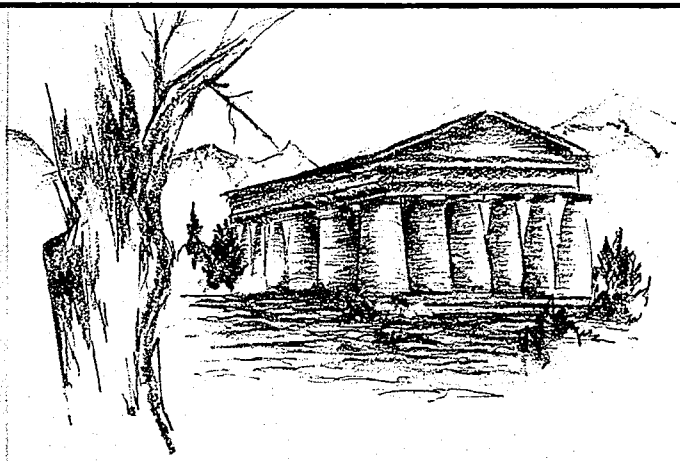
After the temple lecture,  
the tourists gaggled on, a ragged pack  
with *Blue Guides* and bag lunches  
to explore, with hurried thoroughness,  
the exposed remnants of  
another world.

But one  
climbs, tennis shoe'd, three stairs each half her height  
and settles on the temple peristyle,  
faces the time-cracked crags  
across the valley  
that fade gray-green texture of rock and plant  
to barely blue silhouette against white haze.

She rests against the base  
of a Doric column,  
Levi'd legs crossed,  
head back,  
sun-warmth on eyelids,  
palms relaxed on warm, aged stone  
as smooth as old newspaper.

Alone, alone  
with lizards and butterflies.

Tall grasses shift and wisp  
dry hushes,  
like wavelets receding over a shelled shore.



Afternoon breeze coaxes  
softer sounds among moist olive shades.

Muted tones of charcoal, slate,  
green-grey, ochre, buff  
blend in stone cracked, chiseled and crafted  
to blocks and capitals for Apollo.

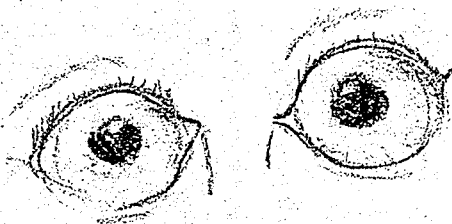
Weeds flower yellow and die brown  
on slab-stacked, waist-high walls  
of crumbled homes and shops.

Alone, alone  
with lizards and butterflies  
she watches the home  
of a dead people  
and eats her lunch.

Nathan looked at his timepiece. Witter was a half-hour late. Well, hell if he was going to wait any longer. He never thought Witter could be trusted. Anyway, he would bring the stupid teleporter with him, in case Witter did change his mind. He reached the disposal room, and the steel doors slid open. The white and black room yawned at him. He flipped the switch on the wall, and the lead cylinder revolved to reveal the opening. How could he get the cylinder to turn with him inside? He thought for a moment, then went to a radiographic supply cabinet. In the bottom drawer, he found what he was looking for: a sheet of lead foil. He rolled it into a ball the size of his fist. He crawled into the cylinder, rearranged himself into a comfortable throwing position, took aim, and threw the lead ball at the switch on the wall. As the cylinder began to revolve, Nathan pulled his arm inside. He came out on the other side of the wall, in darkness.

The nurse, again dressed in white, carried an infant down the corridor. She pressed the button on the wall and the steel doors slid open. Inside the white and black room, the same doctor waited in his lead gloves and apron. The doctor pressed the switch on the wall, and the lead cylinder-within-a-cylinder revolved one half-turn. Nathan burst forth from the opening and ran toward the open doors. The doctor opened a small box on the wall and pressed a red button inside. An alarm sounded, and the steel doors slid shut behind Nathan.

The doctor put the baby into the opening in the cylinder and pressed the switch on the wall. . . .



The guards' station was alive with action. Alarms buzzed and lights blinked. "This is an interesting one, men," the major declared. "Something from outside entered the Complex through the disposal system for the diseased infants. Carling, Frowe and Witter, I want you to go down to the disposal room with the decontamination squad and get a description of the intruder. Then I want you to hunt it down and kill it."

Witter's hopes started to sink as he tromped down

the hall behind the other two guards. Was the "intruder" Nathan? Had he tried to get out and gotten stuck in the system so he was forced to come out back on the inside? Witter hoped not, but his mind told him not to get his hopes up.

When the three reached the disposal room, they found the nurse seated on a black chair and the doctor standing with his hands in his pockets. "Thank God you're here," the doctor said. "A wild man from the outside came in when we were about to put an infant out."

"What did he look like?" Carling asked.

"He was tall, middle twenties, sandy-brown hair . . ."

Witter knew it was Nathan.

"... and he was wearing a brown shirt and brown trousers."

"Wait a minute," Carling said. "Didn't you say it was a wild man? Where did he get clothes from?"

"How do I know?" the doctor said. "I only know what I saw."

"Thank you, doctor," Frowe said, and he and Carling left, followed by Witter, as the decontamination squad began to spray a white foam around the room. Carling pulled out a communicator and pressed a button on it. "Do you have a lockdown on that intruder?"

"Yeah, Carling. Locked down to south wing. Center sector."

"Bravo. Over." Carling clicked off the communicator.

He went back to see the old man, Witter thought.

Nathan was a damned fool!

"You were foolish to have returned," Reliance said to Nathan.

"But Reliance, I want you to go back with me. You were right . . . about everything! Look!" Nathan said, forcing a bundle of fresh grass into Reliance's hand. "Please go back with me."

"I can't go back. You can't either. Once you stepped back into the Complex, you became a dead man. Can't you understand that?"

"Wait!" Witter shouted, as Carling and Frowe burst through the door. "Don't kill them!" Witter shouted as he unholstered his energy pistol and levelled it at Carling's back. "Don't move."

Frowe turned around slowly, holding his pistol in the air. "Witter, orders are orders." Frowe's arm came down and Witter's shoulder was seized with pain from an energy bolt that struck it. Witter rolled backward through the doorway. From where he lay on the floor he saw, between the legs of Carling and Frowe, his two best friends getting shot down right in front of him. He moved his left hand over and removed his pistol from his right hand. He aimed it as best he could, at the back of one of the other two guards. But

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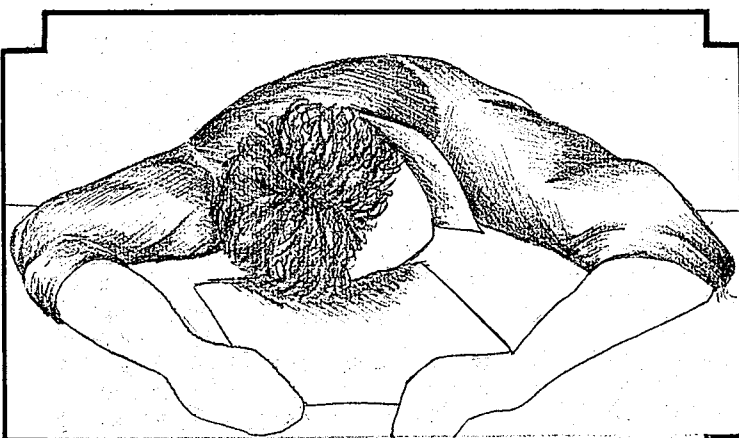
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he couldn't fire it. He tried, but something inside him prevented him from actually doing it. He saw Reliance's hand open as it struck the ground, and the green grass spilling onto the floor.

Witter put his pistol inside his jacket and, with his left hand, removed the teleporter he was carrying. He pressed the button, hoping that Nathan had left his other teleporter outside the Complex.

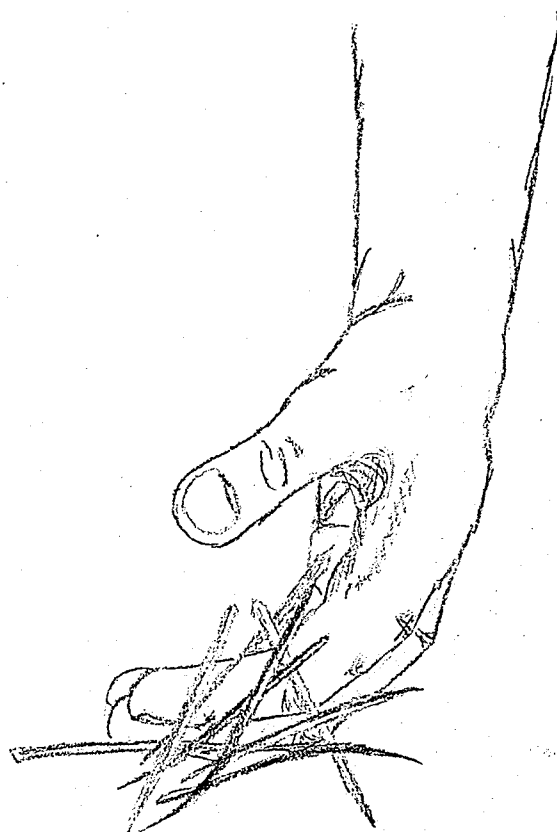
Witter was reassembled where Nathan had left his other teleporter, next to a tree a few hundred yards from the Complex. He got onto his knees and dropped the teleporter onto the ground. He took his energy pistol from inside his jacket with his left hand and aimed it at the teleporter. He thought, I'd better save my firepower for other days. He dropped his pistol on the ground and picked up a small rock. He smashed the teleporter under the rock.



## Ode to a College Student

Stuck on conclusions  
Filled with disillusion  
My brain sags to my toes  
Frustration rolls off my nose  
Words are stuck  
Thoughts are muck  
Dreary colors paint the sky  
Stale smoke stings my eye  
I lie motionless  
Emotionless  
Sleep  
Come  
Take  
Sorrow  
Finish  
Paper  
Tomorrow

by Mary Beth Hocks



Frowe picked up Witter's teleporter. "Where did he go?"

"Follow him, stupid!" Carling barked out.

Frowe pressed the button. Nothing happened. "It's dead!" Frowe said, a confused look upon his face.

Witter peeled the shirt from his right shoulder. There was a pretty bad burn on it, but it would go away in a month or so. What wouldn't go away were his thoughts of Nathan and Reliance. Why did Nathan have to go back? His thoughts were interrupted by a faint squealing. "Business as usual for them," he muttered as he stood up and walked in the direction of the sound. When he had located it, he awkwardly picked up the green-eyed baby from its deposit point outside the wall of the Complex. When he picked it up, it ceased its crying. Witter winced in pain as he moved his right arm to clutch the child to his chest. "Looks like it's just you 'n' me, buddy," Witter said quietly to the child as he walked away from his old white prison. "We may be alone, but we're not gonna be lonely."

The Beginning . . .

Tom Wrobel is a junior American Studies/CAPP major from Orland Park, Illinois. His nickname is Spike and he needs a summer job.

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CARLO ANASTASIO

saw, those sufferers to whom I spoke, and a global network of socioeconomic and political structures which cause and exacerbate this pain, I was constantly nagged by the question all of us down there asked: ¿Que voy a hacer? What am I going to do? I had been right in suspecting the experience of Mexico would expand and change much of my thinking; yet this question and its implicit personal challenge proved more difficult and provoking than any shift in attitudes. Other difficulties appeared when I returned to the United States and to Notre Dame. All of us are secure and satisfied in our corner of the world. We find it almost impossible to believe another people really exist, with a daily life, history, and language that are distinctly theirs, not merely an aberration of the American way. We have become so secure, so ethnocentric as to choose to ignore different realities that press at our borders. In returning, I had a hard time talking with family and friends because of a disbelief and disinterest I felt standing between what I wanted to share, explore, question of my experiences and what others wanted to hear. "How was Mexico?" became an empty question with empty answers.

I realize now, seven months after Mexicana Airlines brought me safely to Chicago (something I had sworn to be impossible!), that the apparent difficulties brought on by my decision to go to Mexico were actually my expectations and the fruits of the decision. Still asking "¿Que voy a hacer?" I better understand my options, the alternatives, and the response I will give myself, as all is framed in a realization of the need for effecting change. I also see that much of the frustration in relating to others finds its roots inside oneself. Not having completely arranged my ideas and impressions into a compact statement left me frustrated initially. Then maybe I did come back the crazed revolutionary they predicted (i.e., don't wear a Che Guevara T-shirt and display a "Question Authority" button and expect an immediate, warm reception).

Now I settle back into the Notre Dame routine; I apply to graduate schools in Latin American Studies, I open textbooks, and I go to the South Dining Hall, but I am never too far from a city of 17 million whose voice and face I want always to provoke and haunt me. □

we're going to need ethical leaders to make the right decisions."

### Challenging the Christian Soldier Philosophy

One person who questions the validity of the Christian soldier philosophy is Chuck Schuler, a conscientious objector and the activities coordinator for Notre Dame's branch of Pax Christi, an international organization dedicated to nonviolence and world peace. He claims, "The Gospels say that killing is wrong, and I don't think it can ever be justified under any circumstances." I asked Chuck what he would say to a person who claims to be a good, sincere Christian and a dedicated soldier at the same time. He responded, "I would have to challenge that person to examine the Christian teachings further because I think the more you explore Christianity, the less of a soldier you become." The reason for this, Chuck explains, is that a soldier must simply follow orders—and not his own conscience. "On the battlefield, you can't question orders. If you follow your own conscience over your commander's orders, how effective can you be as a soldier?"

And so, the questions that arise when considering military service remain unresolved. Convincing arguments can be given by both sides. Even the Catholic Church will not

take a stand for or against either position; instead, it leaves the choice up to the individual. Rich McLaughlin admires the Church's decision not to take sides on the issue because he feels it is important that each person make *his own* decision—whether that person chooses to serve in the military or not to serve in the military. He says that although he is a conscientious objector, he can't condemn anyone in the military because *for them* it may be right, and to do anything contrary would be to go against his conscience. Rich sees this following of individual conscience—and not simply following public opinion or going along with what friends say—as the most important aspect of the issue. He believes that Sir Thomas More, in the play *A Man for All Seasons*, serves as a good example for us all to follow. He tells of one dialogue in the play where More's friends are trying to convince him to change his mind and follow them. One of them begs, "Can't you do what I did, and come with us, for fellowship?" To this More replies, "And when we stand before God, and you are sent to Paradise for doing according to your conscience, and I am damned for not doing according to mine, will you come with me, for fellowship?" □

Pat Pitz is a senior American Studies/Theology major from Loveland, Colorado. Pat is General Manager of Scholastic.



(continued from page 19)

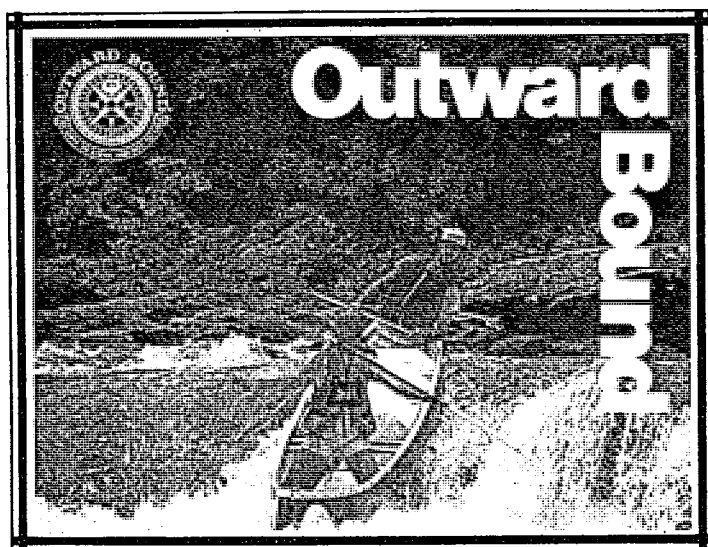
of this association was to publish and circulate valuable books on the history and accomplishments of blacks which were not suitable to most publishers. He served as dean of Howard University and West Virginia State. He also wrote books and journals which are available in libraries across the country.

In 1926 Mr. Woodson organized the first Black History Week in this country. It was Mr. Woodson's belief that blacks had been conditioned to believe that they were inferior. This conditioning was fostered in the public school system; blacks were taught to admire the Greeks, Romans, Italians, and British yet they were never taught anything positive about their own race. Blacks were never noted as writers, artists, inventors, or scientists. This was demeaning to students because they did not have a

positive black image to identify with. They began to have problems relating to their own people with their increased education. Besides, the history of an entire race of people was being ignored, forgotten, slowly diminished.

These are the reasons that Carter G. Woodson started Black History Week. It has since grown to encompass the entire month of February. This is also the reason that the Black Cultural Arts Festival is so important. It too has grown from a week-long program to a month-long celebration. □

*Jackie Burns is a senior American Studies major from South Bend, Indiana.*



## Culture Update

### ART

... at the Snite Museum of Art

Mar. 20 — Closing of Biblical Narratives in Old Master Prints

Mar. 20 — Closing of Christo Collection

### LECTURES

Mar. 2 — Leading still photographer Bruce Davidson—7:30 p.m.—Annenberg Auditorium

Mar. 8 — Associate Professor of Art Tom Fern will discuss Mark di Suvero's public sculpture

Mar. 24 — Dennis Luzak, Illustrator—Received BFA from Notre Dame—4:00 p.m.—Annenberg Auditorium

### MUSIC

Feb. 26 — Denise Kuehner — Graduate Cello Recital — 8:15 p.m. — Annenberg Auditorium

Feb. 27 — Heinz Wunderlich—Organ Concert 8:15 p.m.—Sacred Heart Church

Mar. 6 — Edgar Muenzer and William Cerny, Violinist and Pianist—4:00 p.m.—Annenberg Auditorium

Mar. 6 — Michiana New Music Ensemble—Roger Briggs, Coordinator — 8:00 p.m.—St. Mary's Little Theater

### THEATRE

Feb. 25, 26;  
Mar. 3, 4, 5 — Marathon 1983—June Havoc —Directed by Reginald Bain —Notre Dame—TBA

... at St. Mary's

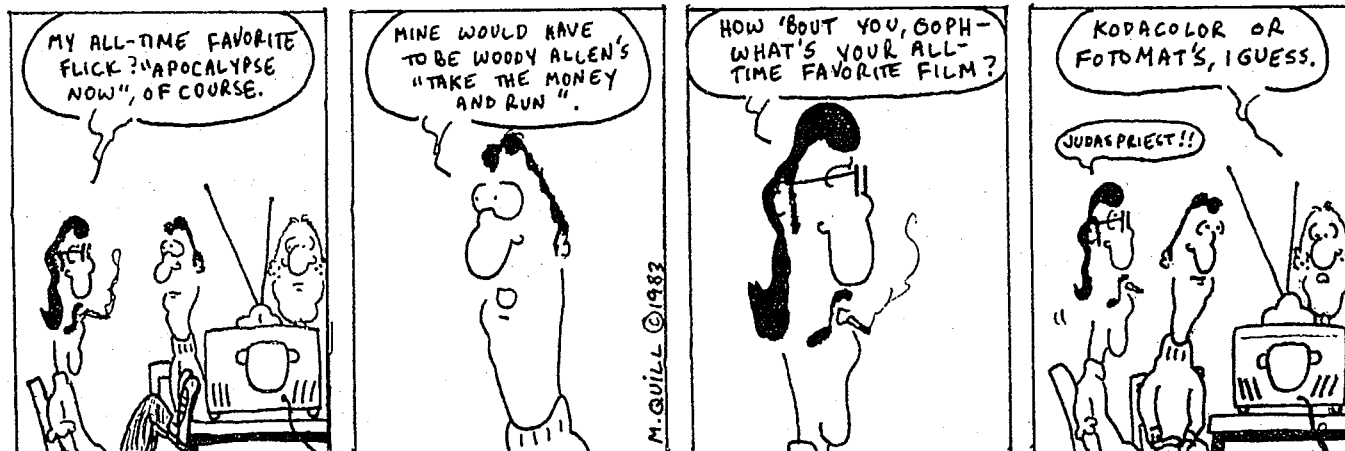
Mar. 4-11 — Senior Comprehensive I—Moreau Galleries

Mar. 22-23 — Portfolio Review—Moreau Galleries

Mar. 25-31 — Senior Comprehensive II—Moreau Galleries

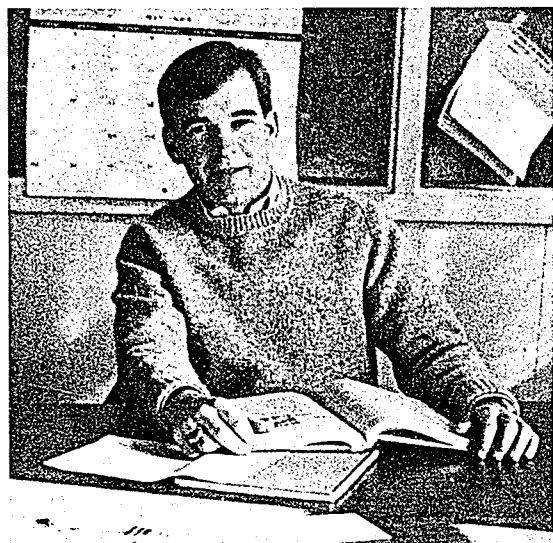
## Leave It to Gopher

by Mike Quill



# —The Last Word—

by Jim Dever



Recently the media have focused a great deal of attention on the United States military. This focus has made it nearly impossible for one to pick up a publication without reading about such topics as the morality of nuclear weapons, the projected budget deficits linked to President Reagan's "rearming of America," or cost overruns on military weapons systems currently under production. No one ever seems to mention the people who comprise the military, the lifestyle which they lead in defense of the United States, or their perspective.

I am a junior finance major in Army ROTC. My father is a Brigadier General in the United States Air Force, which makes me a "military brat." I am from Lake Charles, Louisiana; Rome, New York; Stratford, Connecticut; Apple Valley, California; Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Ocean City, New Jersey; Sacramento, California; Newport, Rhode Island; Albuquerque, New Mexico; Fountain Valley, California; Macon, Georgia; Dayton, Ohio; and currently, Washington, D.C. We have lived in nearly every part of the United States. The constant relocation is just one of the sacrifices which servicemen and -women make.

Nearly every student here at Notre Dame expects to put in long hours in their chosen profession in an attempt to make great strides towards promotions, increases in pay, and everything else associated with "success." People in the military also seek promotions and pay raises. However, the duty hours of a serviceman cannot compare to any other profession. Although my father's day begins around 7 a.m. and finishes for dinner after 6 p.m., he is never actually off duty because he, as well as every other member of the service, realizes that defense is not a nine-to-five job. It is a twenty-four-hour-a-day, seven-day-a-week, three hundred and sixty-five-day-a-year job.

There is a large contingent of American servicemen and -women working around the clock in places like South Korea and Iceland. These are unpopular places for unpopular people. I have never understood why

so many people lambast the military for the duties which it performs, while the civilians who make the policies which determine where our forces will be deployed rarely receive any negative feedback. I will never forget first grade and trying to understand why so many people seemed to hate my father and what he and his fellow servicemen were doing in Vietnam. This is not an attempt to justify the Vietnam War; rather, it is an example of the misdirected wrath aimed at the military.

The service aspect of this profession is also seen in the lack of financial reward. I unquestionably classify the career enlisted man as the lowest paid professional in the United States. His technical and personal expertise is displayed in countless ways on a daily basis at every military installation in the world, yet people who cut the defense budget always seem to freeze the soldiers' pay first in their attempt to trim the budget. No matter what kind of defense systems we have, the most vital element is unquestionably the professional enlisted man.

I probably seem to be painting a bleak picture of what it is like to be reared and to serve in the military by discussing long hours, low pay, and constant relocation but, the key word is SERVICE. The men and women of the military are serving our country in a very real way. They are giving of themselves for everyone else. Servicemen and -women, contrary to popular depiction, are not warmongers bent on the destruction of our planet. I have never met a person in the military who is not willing to make the ultimate sacrifice of his own life for the defense of others' rights. I believe Jesus said that the ultimate gift which a person can give is to lay down his life for a friend. No other profession demands this type of service in such a real way.

Too often people in our society emphasize the military-industrial complex is an ogre which devours the taxpayer's money to produce weapons which could conceivably destroy the world. They rarely, if ever, speak of the many professionals and their families who sacrifice their time and energy providing a service to our free society. The people in the service definitely are not involved in work for financial rewards or personal recognition which are so often associated with "getting ahead" in our society. They are a group of men and women who have made a personal commitment to defend the rights of a free society to keep it free.

I am not asking you to join ROTC or to support fiscal policy aimed at building American defense. All that I ask is that you remember that a dedicated group of servicepeople are relocating their families, putting in long hours, and adjusting their lifestyle in the hope that none of you will ever have to drastically adjust yours. □

*Jim Dever is a junior Finance major from the United States of America. He is Business Manager of Scholastic.*



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