Scholastic

March, 1983

China: Beyond the Wall

SCHOLASTIC

[87]

Vol. 124, No. 7, March 1983
Notre Dame, IN 46556

FEATURES

REGULARS

The magazine is represented for national advertising by National Educational Advertising Services and CASS Student Advertising, Inc. Published monthly during the school year except during vacation and examination periods, **Scholastic** is printed at **Ave Maria Press,** Notre Dame, Ind. 46556. The subscription rate is $7.00 a year and back issues are available from **Scholastic.** Please address all manuscripts to **Scholastic,** Notre Dame, Ind. 46556. All unsolicited material becomes the property of **Scholastic.**

CREDITS

PHOTO CREDITS:
Eileen O'Meara, p. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 10, 11; John O'Connor, p. 16; Steve Kaine, p. 18, 19; Tom Ryan, p. 18; Mike Leary, p. 21; courtesy of Lisa DeNiscia, p. 14, 15; courtesy of Keevie McCarthy, p. 23; courtesy of Mrs. Jean O'Meara, p. 7, 8, 9; Information Services, p. 19; Sports Information, p. 19.

Illustration:
Jeff Ripple, p. 20

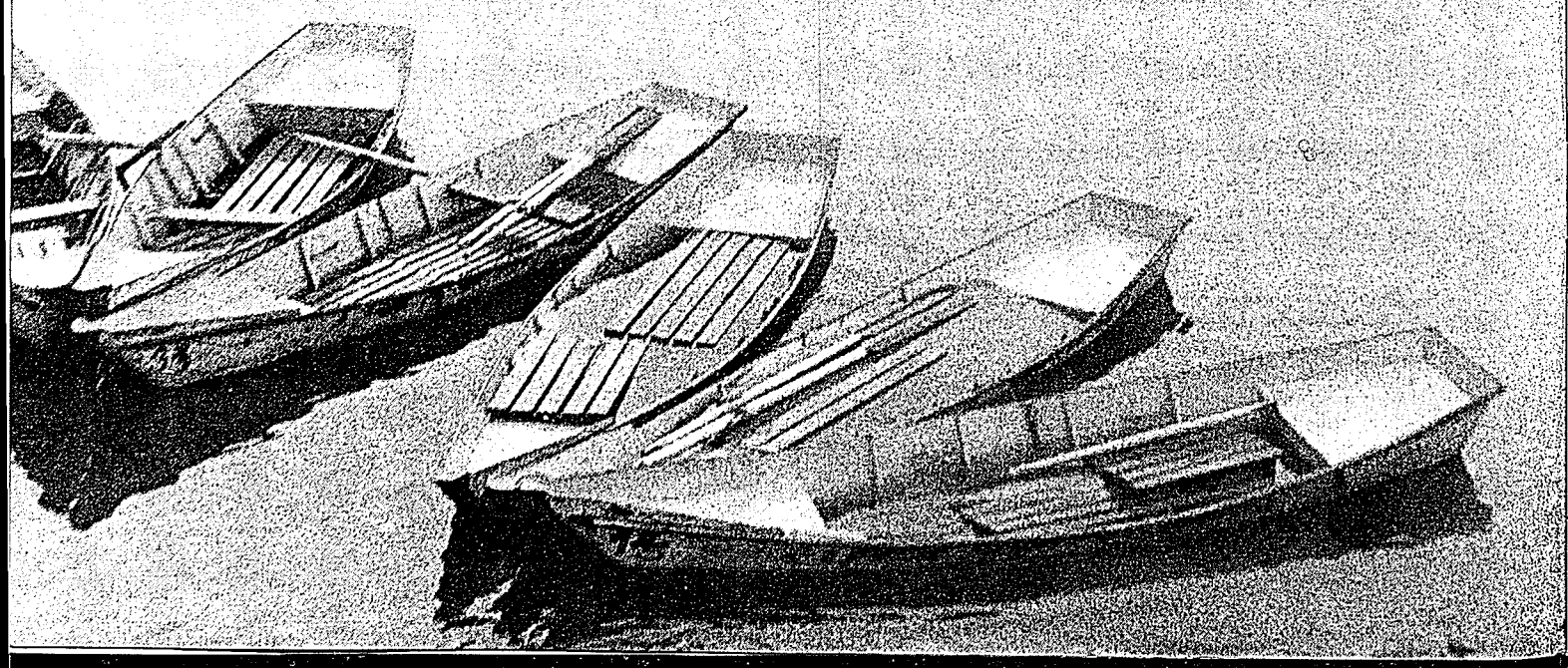
Cover:
Eileen O'Meara

The China Connection

by Beth Healy

A quiet, mysterious land, a long-isolated place expands across the eastern half of the world. To think of it is to imagine the Great Wall, Confucius, chopsticks, and rice fields. Such images are part of it, but in a land occupying one-fourteenth of the world area, 3.6 million square miles, there is much, much more. An alien country for most Westerners, it is the home of over one billion people, one-fourth of the world's population, whose history reaches back in time 4000 years. China.

In January the University of Notre Dame established a student-faculty exchange program with Tongji University, Shanghai, People's Republic of China. Notre Dame in China? One is tempted to ask, "What's a nice university like this doing in a



place like that?" Provost Timothy O'Meara would simply answer, "We hope a lot of good."

O'Meara first made contact with Chinese mathematicians in 1962 regarding his research. Following the initial exchange, however, they did not contact him for the next fifteen years. He later learned the cause for their silence: the years of anarchy and chaos of the Cultural Revolution and postrevolution China (1966-1967). During the silence, however, O'Meara's book on mathematics did make it to China by way of the Soviet Union and following the normalization between the U.S. and China, scholars again contacted O'Meara. The exchange began.

In the fall of 1980, Dr. Lawrence Lee, Notre Dame professor of aerospace and mechanical engineering, gave a lecture tour in China, largely sponsored by Tongji University, one of China's top technical universities which specializes in civil and mechanical engineering. His lectures were nationally publicized and a number of Chinese scholars attended. Returning to Notre Dame, Lee suggested a possible exchange with Tongji University.

A year later, Provost O'Meara lectured on his mathematics research at a conference of 40 mathematicians in Northeast China. Meanwhile, his wife, Jean, and two of his daughters, Kate and Eileen, kept occupied teaching conversational English to 25 students, mostly doctors and scientists.

The lecture series included visits to several universities: Peking University, The Chinese Academy of Sciences in Peking, and Xian Technological Institute. The doors opened wider.

After returning from the lecture, the University accepted two Chinese scholars to do graduate work in engineering and received a request for an English professor to teach at Xian Technological Institute. The University of Notre Dame sent Dr. Anne Marie Mallon to teach. (Her story appears in this issue.)

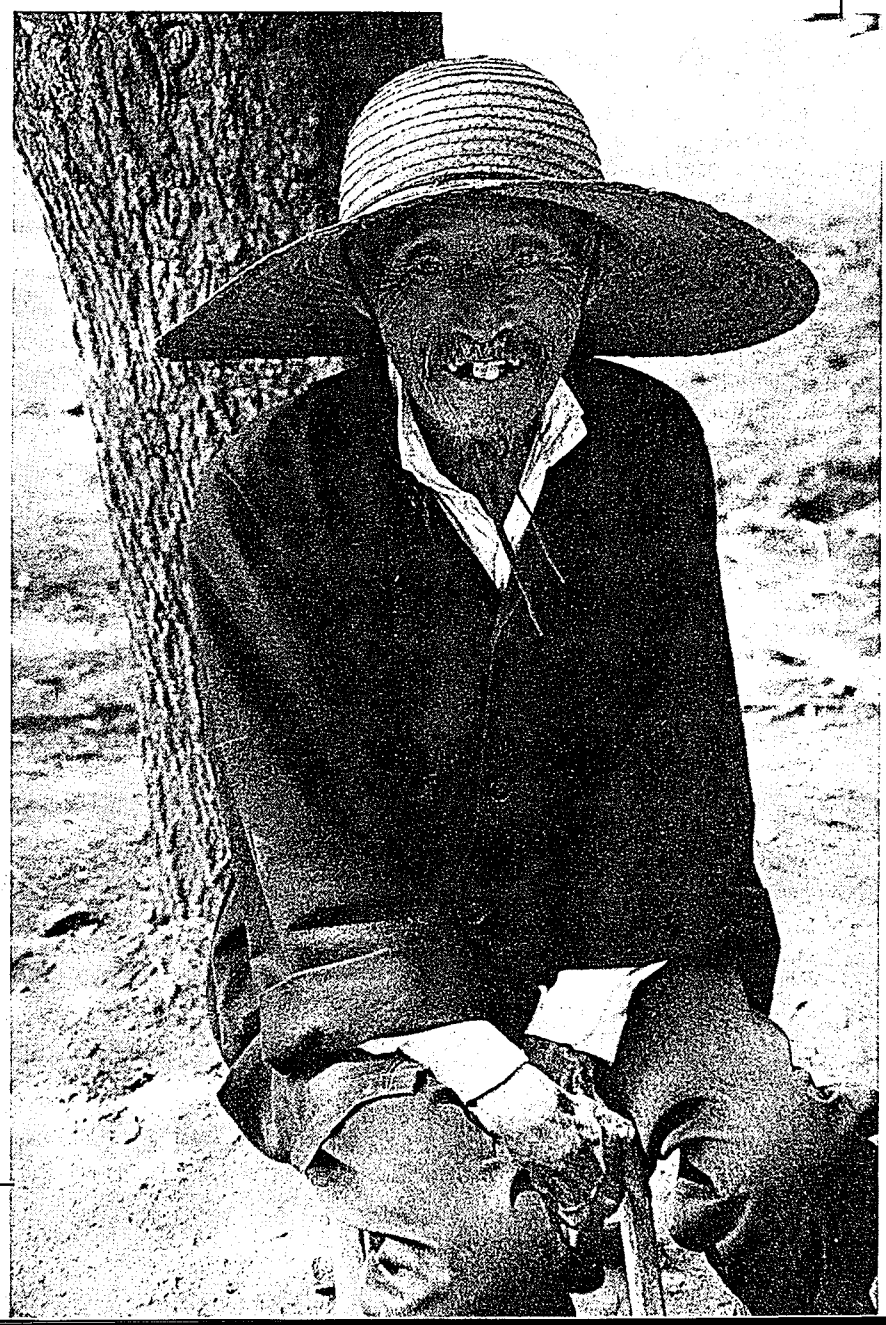
The new exchange program encourages Tongji students and faculty to pursue research, advanced and doctoral degrees at Notre Dame, and Notre Dame faculty to lecture and to explore common areas of interest in research. The program was agreed upon following another visit to China by O'Meara, Dean Roger Schmitz, and vice president Robert Gordon, in the summer of 1982. The program will initially extend through 1985.

The question still remains: What can an American Catholic university have in common with, or have to offer to, a Chinese technological university? According to O'Meara, the Chinese are extremely interested in exchange because of their lack of technology and strong desire to modernize. "There is a shortage of engineering researchers," says O'Meara. "We're helping them and ourselves, and one quarter of the world's population."

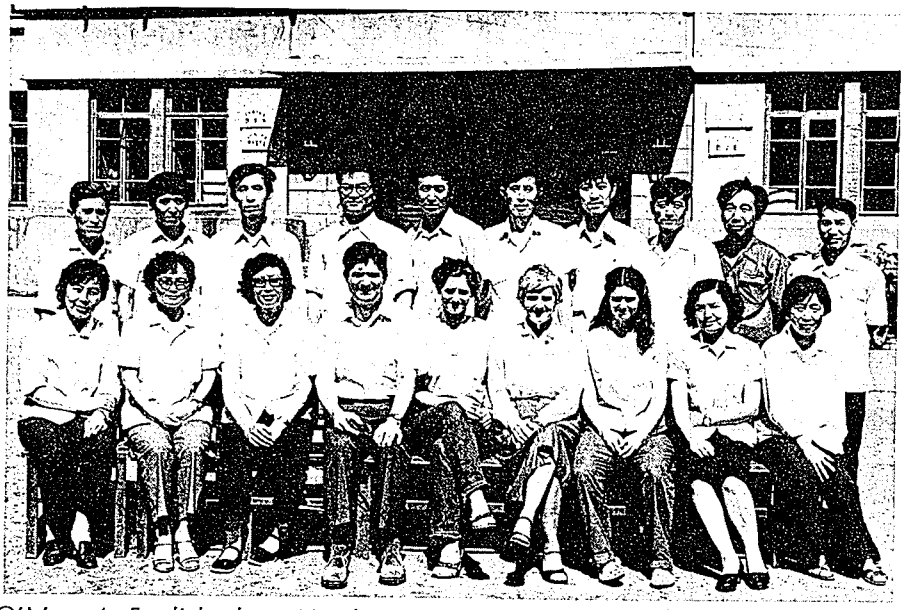
In China, a land that has flourished since the earliest stages of world civilization, modernization is highest on the list of priorities. It is not, however, a new idea. "Modernization has been discussed in China for over a century," says Peter Moody, associate professor of government and international studies. He explains that China's civilization, which is not founded on the same principles of modern Western civilization, has long struggled with the problem of absorbing the technology of Western expansion and retaining the cultural and moral system.

Modern Chinese history is only seventy-two years old, 1911 marking the collapse of the old imperial system. However Professor Moody notes that there was nothing constructive to take its place. In 1949 the Communist Party took control of the land and renamed the country The People's Republic of China. The simultaneous growth of nationalism and communism has pulled and, in a sense continues to pull, the country in two different directions. Such an environment has hardly been conducive to technological development but the know-how is present.

China's recent reopening to the West has been geared primarily to technology. While they want and need technology, cultural modernization is much further off. O'Meara describes them as "cautious." "They're letting in only a little culture at a time." According to Moody, what the Chinese want is "Chinese essence but Western technology." He notes the danger in trying to sepa-



photos by Eileen O'Meara



O'Meara's English class: Northeast Normal University; Chang Chun, PRC

rate technological practice from the attitudes which guide it.

The situation in China today appears almost as a double-edged sword. The Chinese are trying to confine western influence as much as possible to the realms of science and technology, but also realize the need to be more in tune with the world. The Chinese realize the value of brain labor but avoid a hierarchical bourgeoisie-type attitude towards expertise. This has not, however, always been the case.

The Cultural Revolution (1965-1969) and the events surrounding it, took a heavy toll on intellectualism in China. In 1962 Mao got Party support for the Socialist Education movement designed to "train a generation of revolutionary successors" among Chinese youth. Growing tensions within the Party, fear of the "revisionism" of Party leaders, and the danger of an insufficiently revolutionary youth pushed revolution.

In September-October 1965 Mao discussed the first stage of revolution: an ideological and political reorientation in education and the intellectual realm. Militant Maoist students, known as the Red Guard, were mobilized in May 1966. The students denounced the institutions, demonstrated and attacked professors, and later Party leaders opposing Mao. Beginning in mid-August, eight huge rallies of over ten million Red Guards were held in Peking.

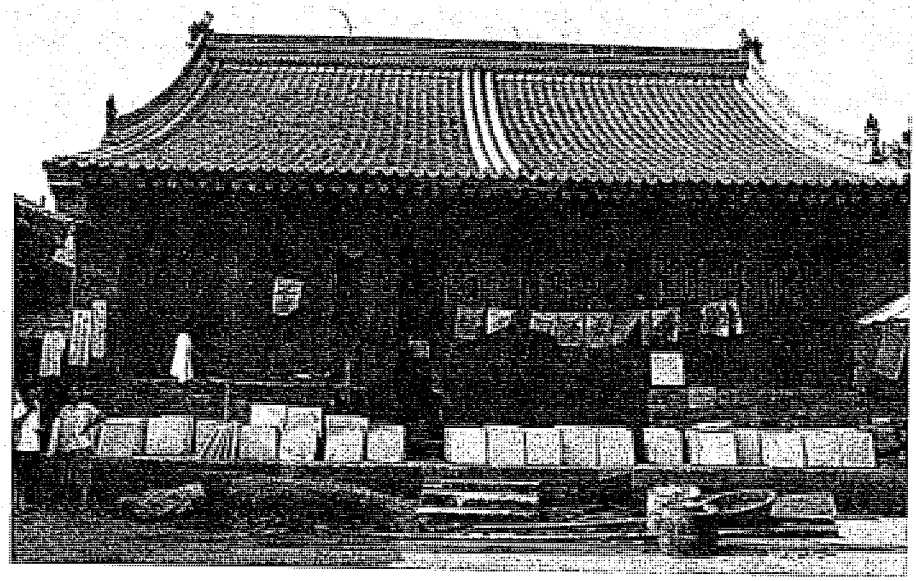
Mao's Cultural Revolution arrived at the total destruction of the old culture and western influence out of which a proletariat would emerge. It targeted everything, especially intellectuals and technicians. Professor Moody explains that this revolutionary atmosphere also constituted the first taste of freedom students had experienced. Objects of powerful military and political stringents, the students were being told that the very same institutions which indoctrinated them could be questioned; in fact, they could be wrong. The revolution, though it meant to be communistic in ideological orientation, was actually democratic and associated with freedom in the minds of many students.

Today that freedom is applicable to scientific and technological liberalization but not to ideological orientation. The Party does not want any real deep political questioning; communism must remain the foundation for political thought and lifestyle. Moody explains that economically China looks to liberalize the market and production; politically, they say they want a general rule of law and due process instead of ironclad authority; culturally, they are conservative and shun western influence, and don't like questions.

Such double-mindedness makes relations between westerners and Chinese difficult. There is undoubtedly an antiforeign feeling and separation is intentional. The foreigners use a different currency, different hotels and restaurants. The ability to make friends with the Chinese is severely limited.

So what is Notre Dame doing with China? Expanding perhaps? Looking to make life better for other people and ourselves? O'Meara describes it as a modern-day version of Father Matteo Ricci's story. Ricci was the first Christian missionary in China and arrived in the late 16th century. It was Ricci who introduced the Chinese to the Copernican system and pre-Newtonian mechanics, to European architecture, to Christian thought and philosophy. Ironically, during his stay in China O'Meara was compared to Ricci: both mathematicians, both Catholics.

In many ways Notre Dame's activities with China parallel those of Ricci in that our efforts concentrate on closing the technological and, in a sense, cultural chasm between the two countries. And who says history doesn't repeat itself? □



Ancient temple of Confucius, now a tile factory; Kian, PRC

China—An Experienced View

by Professor Anne Marie Mallon

I knew as I sat staring at the PLA (People's Liberation Army) staring at me, in the dingy, humid Shanghai airport last August, that the year ahead of me would be unique. Most of the experiences of my past, as a Westerner and an American, would provide no precedent at all for this China reality. Though thousands of travelers, from Marco Polo to Edgar Snow to my Canadian companion in that airport—returning to China as a teacher after a previous year here as a student—had visited this world before me, still, I felt like a first explorer. Even more, my journey seemed to me like a voyage to another planet.

Five months later, I realize that my analogy was, indeed, partly right. From that first car ride through the unlit streets of Beijing—when I was torn between the strong desire to close my eyes to avoid seeing the inevitable (I thought) collision between our speeding, dark car and any one of the numerous nonchalant bike-riders, and the equally strong desire to stare out the window at the dark, squatting figures resting by the road under the trees—to my own most recent bike ride along similarly unlit Xian streets, I have been bombarded by the images and ideas of a world very different from any I have known.

I'm not referring simply to the images within the tourist's view, though many of those are impressive. I've not been to the Great Wall yet, but I have stood beneath that huge portrait of Mao in the People's Square and felt just a little uncomfortable under that steady, implacable gaze. The Summer Palace and the Forbidden City, typical tourist spots, were also included on my whirlwind tour of Beijing those first few days of arrival. In Yenan, "the sacred home of the Revolution," I felt a certain wonder as I stood where recent history was made; and in the Huxian province, I watched with a different kind of awe as a pleasant funeral procession of oxen-drawn carts and white-clad mourners (like our traditional symbolic black) wound its way through the fields to a burial ground that was probably centuries old. And yes, I have visited the famous Qin excavations, with those thousands of life-size statues of warriors and horses.

The normal routine of my days, however, is determined not by visiting hours at this famous tomb or that beautiful park, but by teaching hours at this Institute, an engineering university where I and my three American colleagues live, work, and, despite the system, attempt to connect with the community around us. From the moment the campus loudspeaker blares out "reveille" at 6:30 a.m.—a trauma which almost left me plastered to the ceiling my first few days here—to a similarly energetic reminder at 10 p.m. that the day is "officially" over, our time is shaped by assorted encounters, occasional confrontations, and the universally familiar order of classes and office hours.

This is a diverse community, composed not just of students, but of teachers, workers, and their families. So any walk along the "campus" is inevitably punctuated by cries of "Hello" from preschoolers to teenagers. Foreigners are still very much a rarity in these parts, unlike the more cosmopolitan cities of Beijing or Shanghai. Thus the experience of stepping outside one's classroom or living quarters could be easily compared to an actor's stepping onto a stage in front of a full house. One

major catch, however: we've got the spotlight here, but not necessarily the applause.

Beyond that single greeting of "Hello," most youngsters are unable to go, so any direct encounter with these always curious observers usually causes an immediate lapse into Chinese. "Waiguoren! Waiguoren!" (foreigner) is the typical chant, even from mere babes of three or four. As limited in my Chinese as they are in their English, I nevertheless occasionally reply, just for the pure pleasure of seeing their response. "Zhongguoren!" "Zhongguoren!" (Chinese). This simple retort never fails to elicit one of two reactions: either stunned silence (She talks!), during which I make my hasty retreat; or an enthusiastic chorus of "Hello's" and "Waiguoren's" combined (What a neat new game! Let's all play!), the sound of which will follow me halfway across campus.

One encounter which I always anticipate with pleasure occurs each time I mail a letter in the post office right outside the Institute's south gate. Actually, it would be more accurate to say the post office *in* the south wall, since this small dark room with its single counter is actually part of the wall which surrounds the campus on all sides. The city of Xian itself is surrounded by the ruins of a great wall, for as with most northern cities, there was a lot in ancient days that needed to be walled out—barbarian invaders being on the top of the list.

Despite the language barrier, however, there are no walls between myself and the middle-aged postal clerk who has, since my first appearance at the counter, greeted me with a kind and amiable smile. Though we exchange very few words even now, when my Chinese is at least good enough to understand his last complete sentence to me, spoken about a months ago — "You should study more Chinese!"—our friendship is genuine and special. While the other customers watch, he examines and weighs each of my letters with meticulous care, chooses the proper stamps, and then—and this last act is above and beyond the call of duty —neatly brushes each stamp with glue and places it on the envelope. After his quick calculation on the abacus—cash registers are a rarity in China—he and I exchange money, more smiles, and a cheery "Zaijian!" (good-bye), and the transaction is complete. But the glow from that encounter always lasts for several meters beyond the post office "door," which is actually a large heavy blanket slung across the open entrance to cut down on the cold winter drafts.

Sometimes that glow is even strong enough to give me the courage to walk down the road to my favorite south-gate vendor—a little old lady who stands all day over a large barrel stove in which bake several layers of sweet potatoes. There's usually a small "free market" outside every institute's walls, where the peasants are allowed to sell their extra produce for personal profit. Here, you can buy such assorted delicacies as sunflower seeds, cabbages (or the vegetable of the season), chickens (still alive and clucking), and an occasional pomegranate or tangerine (again, depending on the season). But no matter how many "shoppers" might fill our small side street, the sweet potato lady always sees me coming from meters away — that high visibility factor again—and begins crowing loudly in delight. I'm sure I'm not her best customer, but I'm probably her only foreigner, so I get very special attention. A curious crowd once again gathers in fascination as the waiguoren chooses the sweet potato she likes, which then promptly gets rejected by the old woman, who has already decided which one I must buy. After she calculates the price of this precious spud through a handheld scale that consists of a stick and a metal weight, I pay my one or two mao (one mao = ten cents), she nods in self-satisfied approval, and I return to my room, peeling and eating the steaming potato as I go, in true Chinese fashion.

I did not realize how public an event my first sweet potato purchase was until a few of my students asked me after class the next day how I liked the taste. Covering my moment of speechless surprise by

(continued on page 29)

Anne Marie Mallon is currently on leave from the English Department, teaching at Northwest Telecommuni- cations Engineering Institute in Xian, Shaanxi.

Impressions of Women in China

by Jean O'Meara

Mrs. Zhang at the Great Wall

When we first arrived in Beijing in June of 1981, I felt overwhelmed by the drabness of the city and its people. Chang An Avenue, the main thoroughfare, was crowded with buses and cyclists. Acres of pavement bordered by monumental Stalinist buildings were filled with people moving steadily along in two orderly directions. Everyone seemed dressed in the same colorless uniforms: grey or dark blue pants and white or grey shirts. Some wore wide-brimmed straw hats or the popular navy cotton Mao caps. Women wore no makeup or jewelry. Everyone had short, shiny black hair.

Even on rainy days the army of cyclists around Tian An Men Square moved in the same steady rhythm, covering themselves and their belongings with grey-hooded slickers, like some vast well-disciplined religious order making a pilgrimage to a favored shrine. This indeed was the army of the proletariat. Women were a visible part of that army! I was dismayed.

As the hot summer wore on, and as we traveled and talked with many Chinese women, my initial reaction gradually changed into tremendous admiration and respect. In fact, Katy, Eileen and I went everywhere in our blue slacks and white shirts! Most of the women I met were associated with universities. They were intelligent, witty, dignified and without affectation. During our second summer visit, we saw so many women in an incredible variety of occupations: street-sweepers, demolition workers, managers of rug, silk and cloisonné factories, volleyball champions, ballet dancers, opera singers, cadres in communes, cab drivers, botanists in Bonzai gardens, chemists, university administrators. They all seemed so quietly confident and dedicated to their work. But I could not speak with these women. I only wish I knew the Chinese language. Perhaps my perception of Chinese women would be vastly different.

Of the women with whom I was able to communicate, four stand out in my memory. My brief encounters with them left lasting impressions which I treasure more than the Great Wall or the Temple of Heaven or the still lakes of Hangzhou.

Our official guide and interpreter that first summer was introduced to us as Mrs. Zhang. Although she is known as Tsai Yu Hwa in China (since 1950 married women retain their maiden name), evidently protocol called for a gesture to adapt to our rather shaky American custom. Mrs. Zhang remained steadfastly by our side throughout our entire journey (even to the muddy country outhouses) and was extremely helpful to me in explaining what was a bewildering unfolding scene.

As with most Chinese, her age was indiscernible. A beautiful, poised woman with large brown eyes, dominant cheekbones and a flashing straight smile, she struck me as Polynesian. But she is "Han . . . the original Chinese." In her meticulous white cotton shirt, grey slacks, plastic sandals and shoulder bag, one could never guess her many roles. I remember climbing the last few steps of the steep rise of the Great Wall. I was hanging on to the iron rail, pulling myself to the final shaded archway. The temperature must have been at least 110! Perspiring and exhausted, I turned around. There was Mrs. Zhang right behind me. She looked as crisp and cool as ever. "You must be very tired," she said. "And you?" I asked. She just smiled.

Mrs. Zhang was born and raised in Shanghai, the daughter of a prominent doctor. Her brothers left China before the founding of the People's Republic. One brother is a doctor in Australia, two others are professors in the United States. Her mother lives in Hong Kong where she still keeps her daughter's beautiful silk evening gowns and jewelry. She is permitted to visit her mother once every three years. Mrs. Zhang not only speaks both Mandarin and Cantonese, but English, Russian and French. Her winter months are spent teaching mathematics at Northeastern Normal University in Chang Chun (Manchuria). She is married to a mathematician (who visited Notre Dame this past year) and is the mother of two young sons.

It was through Mrs. Zhang that I first became aware of the extent of the People's Revolution. "The emancipation of all the people takes priority over any personal, private preference one might have." During the Cultural Revolution, she had been an enthusiastic member of the Red Brigade. When we were on our way to visit the Ming tombs, north of

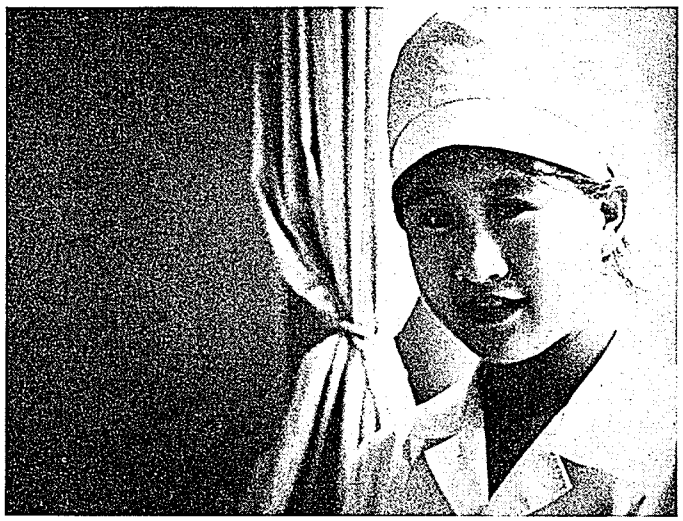
Beijing, we stopped at a beautiful reservoir. On the top of the great hill beyond the still bluegreen water, was a tremendous sculpture of men and women, poised in work. It was dedicated to the people of China. Mrs. Zhang had help to construct the great stone dam. "We helped to bring much needed water to the people." I could not picture this delicate, slim woman carrying huge stones anywhere.

It is very rare for Chinese people to entertain in their home. Friendship with foreigners is not encouraged. Husband and wives, unless they share the same profession, are not invited to official functions together. Their professional lives remain totally separate. So we were indeed very privileged to be the guests of honor in the apartment of the Zhangs at the end of our teaching session at Northeastern Normal University. Besides Timothy, myself, Katy and Eileen, several officials of the government and the university were present. The chef was the son of the chef of the last Emperor. So our twelve-course dinner, lasting several hours, epitomized the unique cuisine of Imperial China.

The university faculty is housed in rows of three-story brick buildings adjacent to the campus. Few trees surround the buildings. No grass. Since the Zhangs have high rank at the university, they have more space than most. We walked up three flights of cement steps to a very modest apartment. We were greeted by many neighbors and the two young sons who quietly excused themselves before the banquet.

The focal point of the small living room was a TV set, protected by a zippered velvet cover. A large floor fan stood by the open window. A small couch decorated with antimacassars, two small side chairs and a coffee table completed the furnishings. The dining room contained a large round table covered with white oilcloth. There was room for nothing else. The only other room I saw was the kitchen. It was the size of a large closet. A small, square table with a wok and narrow shelves above the work area provided the simple necessities for a Chinese meal. Very few people have ovens or refrigerators. "Shopping for food is a daily chore which few people enjoy," confided Mrs. Zhang. "Waiting in long lines just to get a head of cabbage and string beans can take several hours!"

Fortunately, the government has provided Mrs. Zhang with a housekeeper, for she can spend very little time at home. I couldn't help wondering how the housekeeper felt about her role as a "liberated woman." Nor could I ask.



Piezhen

What options do the Chinese women have? Obivously a woman has the right to remain single or to marry the man of her choice when she is eighteen years old (Marriage Reform Law of 1950). An American sociologist might describe her choices as "life-styles," but in China such a term would not apply. In fact, the freedom to choose a way of life in whatever combination an individual finds fulfilling is the antithesis of the perceptions of Chinese women. As Mrs. Zhang so clearly remarked, "The emancipation of all the people takes priority over any personal or private preference one might have."

Besides marriage (for there are rarely any single people in China over thirty years of age), what are her other opportunities? She does not have the option of being just a mother and a homemaker. Since the founding of the People's Republic, the economic foundation of the country is dependent on the productivity of all of its citizens. In a land of one billion people, where 33,000 infants are born daily, to have more than one child is not only frowned upon by the government, but the family is penalized. Exception is made among some of the minority groups with a very low birth rate. A woman is given 56 days of pregnancy leave. So remaining at home to raise a child and do household chores is not considered productive. Grandparents, commune nurseries and kindergartens play a vital role in child care. Husband and wife are expected to share household duties, although men, according to the Women's Congress, are still balking at this section of the Marriage Reform Law.

I can think of one young woman in Chang-Chun who would have preferred another way of helping "to emancipate the people." She was our charming young waitress, Peizhen, who served us in the Southlake Hotel during our stay there. Dressed in an immaculate white dress and demure headband, she would flutter around our table like a butterfly. She had a mischievous sense of humor. Everytime she served us the Wednesday special (featuring a platter of little black crows with legs sticking straight up and little mouths gaping wide), she would whisper, "Caw! Caw!" and run away like a ballerina. Peizhen was twenty and had been assigned her waitress job in the hotel when she was seventeen. Since a very small percentage of youths graduating from middle schools have the opportunity to attend university, she found herself contemplating waitressing as a life's work and decided there had to be a way out. She began to study English assiduously and tried to converse with any and every English-speaking foreigner. Whenever we returned from class in our classy celadon government car, she would dash out from behind one of the great marble pillars at the hotel entrance and engage us in conversation about the day's activities. Her enthusiasm and unabashed determination became contagious. When we left for Xian, I gave her a large picture dictionary and a new text on English as a second language. She curtsied coyly, "These will be very helpful for me." It wouldn't surprise me if on our next trip to China, I will greet her in another uniform, perhaps as a government translator.

Things have changed radically for women since the Anti-footbinding law of 1924. With the founding of the People's Republic in 1950, the

Chinese Communist Party recognized that: "True equality of women is only possible in a socialist society and the success of the revolution itself is dependent on the support and the participation of the vast majority of women." To me, one of the most difficult aspects of the liberation is its effect on family life.

When we first met Young Dai, she had just returned from a two-year stay at Berkeley as a Chinese scholar. She was able to spend just a few days with her husband and four-year-old daughter before being assigned as translator for Timothy's math lectures in Chang-Chun, Beijing and Xian. This absorbed her entire summer. When we left her, she would just have a few days with her husband and child, then he would be leaving for Berkeley for two years. Although she was forty, she looked more like twenty-five. Of Muslim descent, she had black eyes, set in a heart-shaped face. Her hair, short and clipped with bangs, gave her a childlike appearance which was very deceptive. She spoke English like a Californian. She was very open about her youthful days as a member of the Red Brigade. Caught up in the Cultural Revolution in 1966, she had been one of the students who made posters and carried signs denouncing the universities, mocking the professors.

After returning from California, Young Dai found herself very disturbed about the vast numbers of people who do not have a chance to live in a decent house or have enough to eat. She was upset over her ignorance of Chinese history. After translating math lectures in the morning, she would take us on afternoon tours through whatever city we were visiting. Every night she would borrow *Fodor's Guide to China,* studying it in amazement. "How can I show you all the beautiful places of China when I know

Young Dai

Janey

nothing about them?" Like so many young people, she had never studied the history of her own country. Buddhist temples, Ming tombs, the Emperor's Way, were all a part of the landscape. After each new venture, which we all shared for the first time, we would drive her to the Chinese Hotel in the center of town (except in exceptional circumstances, Chinese are not allowed to stay in foreigners' hotels). These were the times I could feel her sadness and loneliness. How much of her life would be spent separated from her family? We gave her our *Fodor's Guide* when we left her at the hotel that final morning. She was clearly delighted.

Hope springs eternal in China's youth. Free from the traditional xenophobia, the university students are curious to find out for themselves how foreigners live and think. Yang Jie, who introduced herself to us as Janey, typifies this open spirit. We first met Janey in her native Xian, the ancient walled capital about which Marco Polo wrote so vividly, his countrymen thought he was raving mad. Except for her years at Beijing University, Janey has spent her life in this cultural capital where her mother and father are both university professors. As a graduate student in the foreign language department, she was given her very first assignment as our translator and guide. Janey resembles one of the women painted at the entrance tunnel of the Maoling tomb. A perfect oval face, black hair drawn back in a bun, soft brown almond-shaped eyes and delicately arched eyebrows, she carries herself with the innate dignity of royal ancestry. Dressed to greet us in a soft blue cotton dress, which she had stitched herself, she showed instant delight in finding Katy and Eileen close to her own age. With irrepressible curiosity, she examined their clothing, hair, lipstick and earrings.

One of the most informative ventures with Janey was a tour through several of the people's parks in Xian. It was a very hot Sunday morning in July. Xingqing Park is across the street from Janey's home, hidden from view beyond a tree line of poplars. As a child she had been taken there every Sunday to ride the merry-go-round and climb the great painted stone animals. She found the whole scene boring these days. "It will please everyone if we go to the park. Everyone goes to the park on Sunday. Since parents and children seldom visit with each other during the week, Sunday is family day." I cautiously asked if there were any churches open in Xian. "There aren't any, nor have there been for years. They are now either museums or factories. We are very conservative here in Xian. A few are open in Beijing and Shanghai, but we are far away from these changes."

Lianhu Park is one of the most beautiful in Xian. The site of a very large Buddhist monastery, its buildings and pagodas are painted lavender. We came upon a huge poster hanging on the great red entrance door of the main temple. Janey told us that it was announcing weekly meetings of the "Friends of the Buddhists." Who were the friends of the Buddhists? Janey looked skeptically at the scene. For as we peeked into the interior of the temple through the shutters, it looked as if nothing had been going on for years. Long benches were piled high in the corner, covered with the same heavy grey dust that enveloped the floors and straw mats. Janey thought the "Friends of the Buddhists" were

(continued on page 29)

Mrs. Jean O'Meara accompanied her husband Timothy O'Meara to China in the summers of 1981 and 1982.

Chinese and Catholic—"A Volatile Mixture"

by Bill Cavanaugh

It was in 1979 when the church opened again; the first Mass was the Assumption, August the 15th. I remember when that Mass was held. I did go, but it was impossible to get in. The church was simply packed." Paul Chao takes another puff from his Chinese cigarette and leans back. "I think for us there was still a lot of fear; I got into a lot of trouble during the Cultural Revolution because of my faith. I hadn't realized that it was such a bad thing until I was told—you know, we had all the sessions where we were criticized and things like that, and somebody asked me, 'Do you still go to church?' I said, 'I stopped going to church in 1964 . . .' And somebody said, 'It's a good thing you stopped going in 1964, otherwise you wouldn't be sitting here, you would be in jail!' "

A student, Paul Chao relates his story frankly and openly with an element of anguish lurking just below the surface. He has something urgent to tell. He is Chinese. He is also a Catholic. Historically this has been a volatile mixture. Under the Communists since 1949 the tensions have grown even greater, despite the current thaw.

Although raised in a Christian atmosphere and schooled by missionaries as a child, it was not until after Mao's victory that Paul Chao was baptized, "and that was considered a very foolish thing to do" at the time. Nevertheless, he became a Catholic and was confirmed two years later, for although the government did not approve for ideological reasons, it did not forbid religious practice for practical reasons. So soon after the "Liberation," the Maoists were interested in consolidating their power without provoking active opposition from the various religious groups within China's borders.

Paul and his other Catholic friends practiced their faith openly during their college years as a way of demonstrating their independence. "Some people overdid that part; they wanted too much to assert their Catholicism. Some got in trouble because of that, and more or less we were all involved. After that it was still free to go to church. Nobody thought too much about it. It wasn't a thing you advertised but it was alright. It was really in the middle of the sixties that we realized that it was not an easy thing to be a Catholic, and after the Cultural Revolution we all went underground; there was no church to go to anymore."

Lasting from 1966 to 1976, the Cultural Revolution was the most difficult period of persecution for the Chinese Church. This was the renewal of ideological purity for the Maoist party, when the fanatical Red Guards purged elements of the State bureaucracy as well as the nation's intellectual elite. Religion was also attacked with a terrible new vigor. Churches were closed, and all religious education was banned.

So there was this long period when there was no church to go to and, in the meantime, I always felt a lot of guilt because I just felt that I had denied my own faith in a way by not going to church. It's very difficult to talk about that part. . . . I don't think I can ever get rid of that guilt."

Although tensions eased and churches reopened after Mao's death in 1976, that guilt remained an agonizing presence, and in some ways worsened, for Paul Chao. As an intellectual, the risks to his career that openly

admitting religious faith would entail would be considerable. "You don't know what's going to happen, if there's someone out there watching or not." Again he stares off intently, wrestling with the problem. "The thing is, the church is always packed with people. Why aren't they afraid? That's what makes it so difficult for us to resolve this problem. It is most of us so-called intellectuals who are afraid because we are the people who really get into trouble. Even now, every time I go to church, any sort of service, I always feel that I'm going to weep."

He tells an anecdote which illustrates the dilemma. Walking down the street on a day after the Cultural Revolution had passed, he saw for the first time in years his priest-confessor and confidant from before the worst of the persecution had begun. "I was walking with one of my colleagues and we were almost face to face, and I didn't even say hello to him because I couldn't. I went home and I felt so awful. I felt all the time like I was denying God."

Although Paul Chao could not admit his faith publicly, he often met the priest and sometimes made arrangements to slip into church in the afternoon. "We Chinese," he says, "have our ways of adjusting." The adjustment, however, has not been easy. Trying to practice one's faith in China in any way still involves tremendous risks for many people.

I asked Chao if a situation of adversity such as the one in China actually enkindles and intensifies faith. "I believe it does," he replied, "and that's why I find it very hard to adjust to Catholicism here. When you're so used to believing in that kind of situation, you can't take freedom. I find myself very unhappy in this situation, very resentful of this freedom." He confesses to mixed feelings in the matter. On the one hand he is moved, "to think that young people who could do anything, who didn't really have to go to church would go there just to be with God." On the other hand, he resents "that it is so easy for people."

To an American Catholic who is used to the idea of guitars, liturgical dance, and generally an open sense of community among the faithful, these remarks of a Chinese Catholic are a bit of a shock. I asked, "Don't you find that this kind of community of believers is conducive to your faith?" "It should," he answered. "I thought that coming here would be like coming to heaven almost. I could go to church without fear and I could be in this atmosphere of faith, but I don't think it's necessary because I'm so used to this private thing." The most joyous liturgies, he admits, are sad for him. "Somebody told me that I'm a Christian pessimist because I just feel that, what are we here for but to suffer? I always feel more at home with suffering. Maybe that's because I've had so much of it. I can deal with it better: 'Okay, that's my cross, I'll carry it.' "

Although he believes that this suffering can serve to fortify the faithful, he is also wary of the possibility that the Church in China, isolated as it is from all outside Christian sources, including Rome, will become an aloof sect, an "inverted elite." He says of those who remain in China, "People have gone through real persecution and have stood up and have been strong. When they come out of it, they have a sense of pride in themselves that's not quite right, I think. As though: 'We are the chosen people.' "

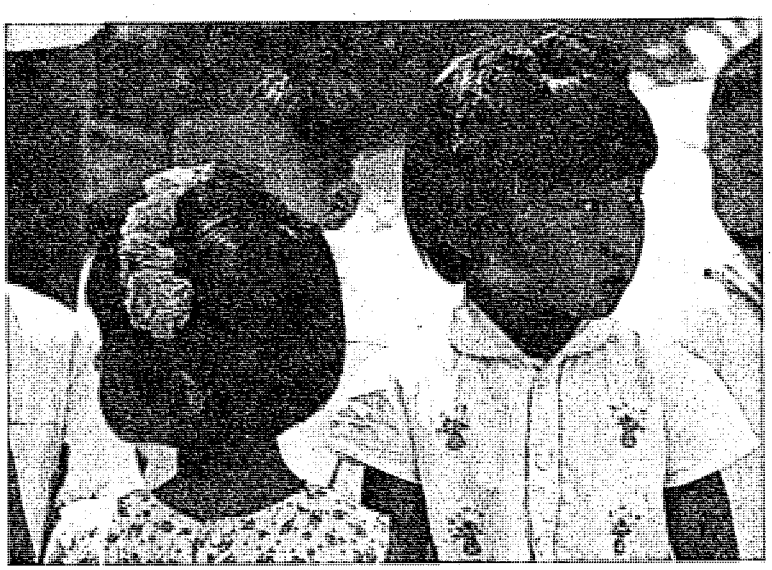
The restrictions under which the Catholic Church in China must struggle are, according to Paul Chao, due more to the government's fear than to ideology. Historic Chinese Xenophobia has played an important role in the Marxists' decision to sever all ties of Chinese Catholics with Rome and, even though this contact has been denied, the government still views suspiciously the autonomous authority of many priests. Explains Chao, "We treat priests with such reverence because for us they are representatives of Jesus Christ."

The issue for the government is one of conflicting loyalties. "If you believe in God, your loyalty will be divided at least. As a priest you might want more to serve God and forget about the government." Chao goes on, however, to espouse a cooperative and decidedly Christian attitude toward the persecutors of his Church. "I would think if they thought deeper and were not so afraid — there is really no danger from Catholics or Protestants . . . because we work according to our conscience. I think we really work hard. The funny thing is, there is so much in common if we put aside all the politics and that sort of thing. What communism advocates and what Christianity or Catholicism advocates — some of the things are really parallel." He brings home his point with an anecdote from his days in China. "I remember there was a doctor who was a Christian. . . . He was a true Christian because nobody would do the things he did for the patients. He didn't care about disease or filth or anything. He would do anything. And he was elected model worker and things like that, *because* he was Christian!"

As for the future of the Catholic Church in China, Paul Chao is optimistic. "From what I see, I don't think the faith will die out; it'll go on. If people like me can't carry it on, the working people will, because they don't have all these burdens that we do; they don't have that fear." He stops for a moment to think, and then says with a warm, and somewhat ironic smile, "The thing is, you can't kill things that way. You can strike fear into people but that faith doesn't go."

The insights that Chao brings to us, the Church in his adopted country, are valuable to us as an example of the continuing strength of our fellow Christians who must live under the hand of persecution. Although Chao says that he is generally impressed with the vitality of the faith in the United States, he does offer some advice. "I would think that perhaps you would learn to treasure what you have more. It would be good for anyone in this country to realize how fortunate you are for any kind of freedom you have." And perhaps, also, as we relish our freedom we might say a silent prayer for those faithful who remain behind in China. May the faith of our fellow Christians like Paul Chao strengthen us for our task here. □

Bill Cavanaugh is a junior Theology major from Saint Charles, Illinois.



America, Poland, and Solidarity: Five Polish Students Speak Out

by Janet Drobinske and Liz Crudo

Most students at Notre Dame do not worry each day about the safety of those they love. They do not fear their own government, and its potential to lash out at them or their families. But for the Polish graduate students here, these fears are all too real.

Urich, Eva, Stan, Ted and Tom came to the United States to study because of our superior graduate programs. "In Poland," says Ted, "as a graduate student, your advisor might also be in charge of a hundred other students." They find the situation here much improved, and they are able to gain assistance and advice in their research. Eva and Urich are studying Civil Engineering, while the others are pursuing degrees in Mathematics.

They arrived here under different circumstances. Eva, whose father is a sound specialist, taught at Purdue University some years ago and advised her to attend Notre Dame. She came here in January, 1982, just a few weeks after the imposition of martial law in Poland. "It was very difficult to get the permission to come," she says, "even though I was being sent on official business by the government. Of course, under no circumstance would they allow my husband to join me."

Urich and Tom arrived in August, 1980, and were joined by Stan and Ted last summer. For the four of them, there was not much choice about where they would study. They were simply advised to come here, even though they knew little about Notre Dame.

The decision to leave Poland was not easy. "We knew it was a good opportunity," says Ted, "and we might never get the chance to study in the United States again." It was very difficult for them to leave their families, however. Ted misses his wife and daughter immensely and hopes they will join him here this summer. Unfortunately, the possibility of this is slim. Of the five students, only Tom is single, and while Urich and Eva have succeeded in getting their spouses to the U.S., Stan and Ted continue to confront the red tape. "One never knows if the government will allow this union," Ted says, "you can expect they would but until the last minute you are never sure." Ted and Stan have applied frequently for permission for their wives to travel to the U.S., but they receive no reply from the government. Tom describes the endless waiting and reapplying that the others endure as a "kind of Russian roulette." Spouses and children remaining in Poland, they explain, are essentially hostages and are not even allowed to travel freely through their own country.

"The overwhelming participation in Solidarity resulted in not only practical changes but spiritual and attitudinal ones as well."

In the meantime, the five have formed a temporary family, and like a family, they quibble on many issues. Urich, who is gregarious and enthusiastic, and Eva, who is elegantly calm, seem to share a similar, optimistic view of the Polish situation. Ted is stubborn, and acts as a devil's advocate. Tom and Stan, who feel less comfortable with the language, choose to limit their participation in the discussion.

They describe the differences between the two countries. "Americans are less aggressive, more nice to each other," says Ted. He adds, "Life here is, from an economic viewpoint, much easier." Urich finds the atmosphere here much more relaxed. He feels Americans lack the tension that arises from constant shortages of money and food, from the long lines for all goods, and from the suspicion and worry. He explains that the shortages are so severe that people will often join a line forming on the street before asking, "What are we in line for?"

Solidarity, in voicing the spirit and pride of Poland, began as an attempt to deal with the economic problem. Urich explains that there had been a strong underground at work through

"Before Solidarity, people regressed their true thoughts and feelings, and hid their anger. Solidarity was a release for that tension, and a symbol and vehicle of freedom, resulting in freer speech in the press and in conversation."

---

the 1970s. During that time, there were several different organizations, representing artists, workers, or the intelligentsia. They were unsuccessful, he points out, because they failed to act simultaneously or to communicate among the groups. Only through Solidarity were they united, he says. "Everyone was involved in Solidarity — even those who had never been involved with any group in the past," says Eva. "It was a surprise for us," she adds.

Urich agrees, saying, "It was a huge surprise for the government, too — they weren't prepared. For the first time since World War II, the people as a whole had something to say."

The overwhelming participation in Solidarity resulted in not only practical changes but spiritual and attitudinal ones as well. Explaining that, in times of crisis, there is only something to hope for, Urich cites a Marxist maxim: "If it's worse, it's better." He continued, "I remember a beautiful thing . . . shortages came to a dramatic point, and people changed . . . they organized themselves." In the shortage lines, when tension erupted, the people seemed to recall their common situation and calmed themselves.

The students emphasized the two levels of life in Poland, the public and the private. These exist in any country, but in Poland the difference is more obvious because of the consequences of dissidence. Ted argues that the rise of Solidarity did not affect the private level, since this is an open communication reserved for family, for those who are trustworthy. But in a communist country, any public statement must be carefully selected and guarded. Before Solidarity, the five say, people repressed their true thoughts and feelings, and hid their anger. Solidarity was a release for that tension, a symbol and vehicle of freedom, resulting in freer speech in the press and in conversation. On the crowded buses, in lines for bread, and in the factories, people voiced their opinions, and spoke openly about their dissatisfaction with the government. Eva said that, during those times, "nobody cared" about the shortages, because "even if they didn't have anything to eat, even though their children suffered, they could say what they wanted."

Ted says of Solidarity, "It is like a religion," while Urich adds that Solidarity "now has much more than admiration. It is a kind of glory." Eva believes that the teenagers in Poland today are much more mature and determined, and she also believes this is so because "they have nothing to lose." The Polish youth has seen the success of Solidarity, and knows it can work. No matter what the government does, the five believe, Solidarity will not die. It will live "as an idea," says Ted, as a beacon of hope, freedom, and future.

Because of the various departure dates from their homeland, the five have different views of the Poland they left behind. However, they share a similar vision of the Poland they will return to when their studies are completed. Urich explains that the underground is already rebuilding and they expect an even stronger civil reaction when the reorganization is complete. The current economic policy will not work, they believe. They expect the basis of the next movement to be economic again, and they anticipate strong social and political consequences. Indicating the student and worker uprisings in 1956, 1968, 1976, and 1980, Urich predicts "an explosion in 1990: "People will never agree with the government regime."

The five students feel that Polish people are aware that there are alternatives to the rigid lifestyle the communist regime imposes on them, and that it is this awareness that acts as the spark igniting the underground movement. However, the students explain, in their neighboring communist countries this awareness is absent. In their youth, each of the five visited Hungary and Czechoslovakia, and saw that the people there were ignorant of an alternative way of life. "And in Hungary or Czechoslovakia," says Urich, "if you tried to talk to anyone, they were trying to escape you. They were afraid of the secret police, who are everywhere."

Eva said that there was a Solidarity-type of worker revolt in Russia several years ago, which was silenced quickly. "They were almost ready," she says of the Soviet laborers. Then she adds, "we don't know how many were killed."

Like the Russian government, the Polish government wanted to put a stop to Solidarity from the beginning, the five believe. They say that the strength of the movement frightened the government tremendously, and that, as a result, the government refused to act on any of the laborers' demands. They explain that many of the grievances were local, and called for the removal of corrupt officials. Communist party leaders who wanted to aid Solidarity in "cleaning up the government" were dismissed, and many officials changed their public opinions in order to maintain their positions. The government also continually provoked the people in order to discover the movement's leaders and supporters. Urich describes the government propaganda as "playing with the nation as a matador plays with a bull." He points out that the government signed an agreement in Gdansk on August 23, 1980, stating that it would act on twenty-one points, which grant a variety of things to the Polish people, including acceptance of free trade unions, wage increases to help the people deal with the difficult inflationary economy, and workless Saturdays. "How many have been fulfilled?" asks Urich indignantly. "Four?"

A world of hunger and repression seems a long way from the ease and freedom we are accustomed to in the U.S. The five students, who seem to be enjoying their time here, are nonetheless aware of the plight of their countrymen. Let us offer a prayer for a life of harmony and peace for the Polish people, and for the speedy reunion of the students with their families. □

Liz Crudo is a senior English major from San Francisco, California.

Janet Drobinske is a junior American Studies/CAPP major from Woodcliff Lake, New Jersey.

Modern Living in an Ancient World

by Lisa DeNiscia

The Bedouin's dingy canvas tent flaps in the warm breeze as camels and goats wander nearby. The Bedouin, in his white thobe and red-and-white checkered ghutra clumsily placed upon his head, minds his own business as Cadillacs and Mercedes fly by whipping sand in all directions.

Saudi Arabia has entered the twentieth century and is involved in one of the largest and most important industries in the world; Arabia carries on business on the international level. Yet, in some ways Arabians are still in the Middle Ages. They have maintained and continued customs that have been a part of their culture for centuries. It seems, at times, as if the modern world outside doesn't exist.

The most "modern" parts of Saudi Arabia, at least according to our Western ideas and standards, are the American compounds. Actually there are several of these in the country. Inside these confined communities are American-type houses with trees, grass, landscaping. They have also developed, essentially to accommodate its Western inhabitants, various facilities such as ball fields, swimming pools (the Arabs were amazed that Americans enjoyed spending time in what seemed to them a huge bathtub), weight rooms, racquetball and squash courts, tennis courts, a pool room, a bowling alley, movie theaters, the "Half Moon Bay" yacht club, "Rolling Hills" country club, etc. The country club includes a golf course. It is often difficult to distinguish the fairway from the rest of the desert, although it is a slightly darker color because it is oiled down. Orange golf balls are used and everyone must carry around a piece of Astroturf in order to play an enjoyable game. Due to the intense heat, the ideal time to play is at 4 a.m.

Another facility, particularly designed to occupy the time of teenage girls, is a hobby farm on which there are about eighty Arabian stallions.

The elements of a comfortable living are there. However, adjusting to the Arabian style of living is the problem expatriates encounter when they first arrive. The restrictions and regulations are the most difficult to become accustomed to. The readjustment begins with the foreigners' experience of "Customs."

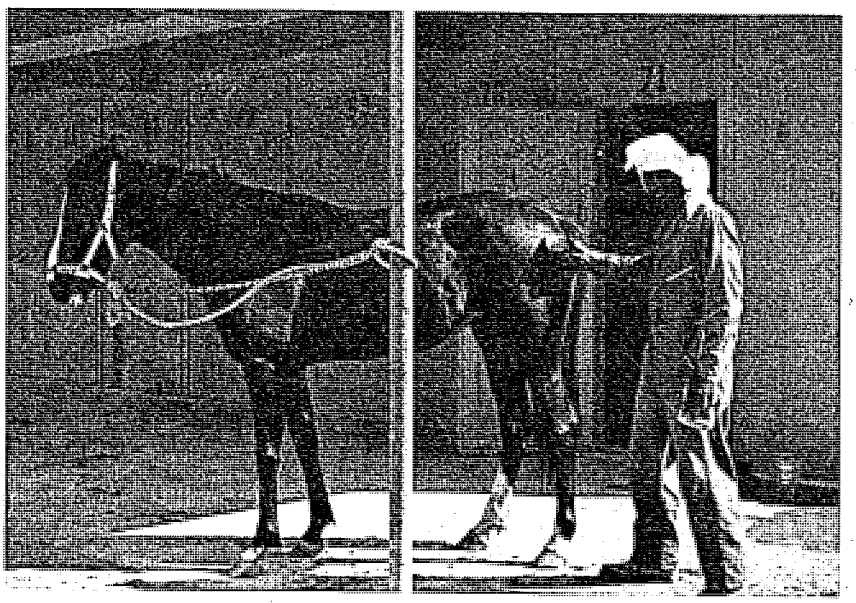
The Arabs' approach to customs is unlike any other most people have experienced. Every single suitcase, bag, and box is opened and thoroughly gone through. They search mostly for alcohol, drugs and pornography. Many people have difficulty accepting the fact that alcohol is forbidden in Saudi Arabia. Anything that has alcohol in it, including the vanilla used for baking, is illegal. The Westerners in the compound overcome this dilemma by illegally making their own wine. The Saudis are well aware of this practice but ignore it unless it is sold.

The Saudis are also very strict about drug smuggling, although many drugs like codeine and morphine can be bought over the counter with no prescription. This past Christmas a sixteen-year-old American high school student was caught with drugs (there were conflicting stories as to what was found), and is now spending the next few years in a Saudi prison.

Other items illegal to bring into the country are playing cards, Monopoly, chess and any other game that involves chance, dice, or gambling. Bibles are confiscated because the Saudis fear conversion. Videotapes are taken away immediately to be reviewed. (Last year's Superbowl was confiscated because of the cheerleaders. A woman's shoulder or thigh is considered pornographic.) Record albums are often taken because of the covers.

Once out of the airport and "home," the next discouraging process expatriates go through is that of being fingerprinted and having their pictures taken with their identification number held below their head. The I.D. is extremely important because one cannot go anywhere without it. To enter any building like the grocery store, library, or recreation facility, one must show an I.D.

After the entrance and adjustment to the Saudi rules there are still small things that become frustrating no matter how well one has accepted this new way of life. One of these annoying things is the censoring of all magazines, newspapers, television programs, movies, and music and news on the radio. The Saudis remove, blacken out, cut out, or erase anything considered pornographic, anything that deals with alcohol and gambling, or anything the Arabs don't want anyone else to know. For example, the people in the American compound didn't know that Sadat



Hobby Farm in Dhahran

had died until a few days after the fact. Also, on the radio they bleep out any words they find wrong, or they stop a song in the middle. Television is also censored and interrupted five times a day during prayer time. At prayer time, the programs just stop and "Prayer Intermission" will appear on the screen. Television becomes a discouraging thing to watch after a while. One rule that is very discouraging is that taking pictures is illegal. Usually people get around this rule but there are more illegal things to photograph than others. For example, taking a picture of a mosque, Saudi women, or an oil well is, by far, more illegal than taking a picture of a city street.

Contrary to what some may believe, it is not difficult to buy most things in Saudi Arabia. The commissary carries a good selection of food. The dairy products come from Holland, the vegetables from Lebanon and the meat from Australia and the U.S. To buy pork products one must go to an "illegal" pork store, in which one must sign in before entering. Pork is forbidden in Saudi Arabia but is brought into the American compound to accommodate the Westerners. All bread, cookies and pastry are made on the premise of the commissary and are excellent.

Finally, one of the most difficult times a non-Muslim experiences in Saudi Arabia is the month of Ramadan. It is a very religious and conservative time for Muslims. They fast all day, and no one is permitted to eat, drink or smoke in public. This presents a problem when one has been outside in one-hundred-degree weather and can't use a public water fountain. Non-Muslims must be extremely conservative in dress—no shorts or any clothing that reveals too much skin.

Women within Darkness

Configurations of black travel slowly along the sand-paved roads. Children usually accompany these figures, running about them or obediently walking alongside them. The black abaya flies with the breeze, often revealing a motley group of colors and flashes of sparkling gold.

Saudi Arabian women appear to Westerners as people in seclusion, being denied many rights we assume everyone has and wants. Prisoners in a world of darkness, always covered in black when out in public. What is in public view are their hands and wrists adorned with gold rings, bracelets and watches. Proof of Western influence is also evident with the bright red nail polish that Arab women find appealing. However, the gold jewelry belongs to the Arabs' own tradition.

The Modern Saudi Arabia

Saudi Arabia, throughout the years of fighting until finally its unification took place, retained its traditions and long-standing ways of life. One custom that survived which pertains to women is the use of henna. The same henna that Western women use on their hair, the women of Saudi Arabia use in a slightly different manner.

Wearing henna all over their hands and on the bottoms of their feet is as decorative to the Saudi women as makeup is to women of the other parts of the world. This is a common practice in all parts of Arabia, among the old, young, educated and uneducated. To non-Muslims, the reddish brown hands and feet of these women seem entirely out of place with their beautiful jewelry.

To the Arabs, gold is not just aesthetically pleasing. Its use is also a custom. Gold is abundant and inexpensive in Saudi Arabia. The gold souks (stores) are crowded with Saudi women purchasing necklaces, earrings and bracelets for themselves and their daughters. The gold is a form of security for them. By the time they marry, the women would have acquired more gold than it would seem possible that one person could wear at one time. However, women wear ten or fifteen gold bracelets on each arm at one time. Gold is considered a security measure because the women could sell the gold to support her family if her husband were to die.

Certainly gold enhances any style of clothing, especially the beautiful European silks and designer fashions the Saudi women now wear underneath their black abayas and veils. Rarely can they be seen wearing the long dress or "caftan" that foreign women in Saudi Arabia are strongly encouraged to wear when in public. To view the extravagant clothing that is kept hidden by their black abayas and to consider their way of life, one tends to think that something is wrong.

On the contrary, the women of Saudi Arabia do not feel anything is wrong. It is hard for Westerners to accept that position because they are not treated by our standards of "right" or equality. A very obvious example of this is segregation. There are many instances where segregation is quite apparent. One of these is public transportation. The buses have separate entrances for men and women. The women sit in the back of the bus behind a divider. Also, there exist in buildings elevators for men and elevators for women. Saudi Arabia even went to the extent of building two identical amusement parks next to each other with a wall between them: one of them for men and the other for women. Men and women do not pray in the same places, either. In some mosques there are separate places for women to pray, but most pray at home. Finally, the law that most Western women are unable to adjust to states that no woman is allowed to drive.

The way of life for Saudi women seems quite unfair and anachronistic. An astonishing rule that affects their lives is that Saudi men can have up to four wives. This would be hard

(continued on page 30)

The India Program—

Don't Miss It!

by Kathleen Curran

When I imagine India, I can think of only horrendous sandstorms, wandering cows, ailing bodies lying in the streets, and Mother Teresa, dressed in her white garb, feeding thousands. Granted, my ideas are not quite that shallow—I have studied Hinduism and I know about the Prime Minister, Indira Gandhi. But my lack of knowledge about a country so huge—with so many millions of people—is ridiculous.

I have my excuses: 1) What earth-shaking event could happen in a country that builds skyscrapers next to shacks? 2) How many Indians will I come into contact with in Mishawaka, Indiana (the cultural hub of the Midwest)? 3) My roots are in Ireland, Italy, England, and Sweden —first I have to learn about those countries, and 4) What are the chances of me being assigned an article on the "India Program"?

No, India did not supersede the United States or the Soviet Union in nuclear proliferation. The new principal of my alma mater is from Fort Wayne, Indiana, not New Delhi. I did not just realize that my grandfather traded spices—he was an accountant for Westinghouse (an "all-American" corporation). But . . .

Dr. Cyriac Pullapilly, a History professor at St. Mary's College, is initiating a new semester abroad program in India. A maximum of twenty female students will have the opportunity to spend their 1983 fall semester at Stella Maris College in Madras, India. The cost will be approximately the same as the expenses at St. Mary's and Notre Dame—and financial aid does transfer. Courses from various departments will be offered: 1) Politics and Developmental Economics of the Third World, 2) Philosophy and Religions of India, 3) Indian Society, 4) Art, Theatre, and Film in India, and 5) History and Literature of India.

An integral part of the experimental India Program is travel; the students will be spending nights in Tokyo, Hong Kong, Peking, Shanghai, Canton, Bangkok, Singapore, Delhi, Katmandu, and Agras. During the first four weeks at Stella Maris College, classes will be held Monday-Thursday, with Friday, Saturday, and Sunday set aside for travel. At midsemester the students will tour southern India for ten days. Following that, four more weeks of regular classes will be conducted. Then for ten days the students will visit northern India. All during this time, they will be meeting government officials, artists, actors, film producers, and other "important people."

The purpose of this program, though, is not to "make connections in the international scene," nor is it to convert Hindus. As Dr. Pullapilly

Cyriac Pullapilly: India Program

states, "To be fully educated, to be a leader in business, politics, or any profession, you must know the outside world. There is no better learning experience than being in places. Students participating in the India Program will be exposed to practically the whole world."

Dr. Pullapilly mentions that the most amazing aspect of India is its diversity. There are ethnic, religious, climatic, and economic differences throughout the country. Some cities are as modern as New York City while other areas seem to be huge orphanages. There are deserts and tropical areas, along with oceans, beaches, and coconut groves. To add to this diversity, many religions are represented in India. Most people are Hindus and Muslims, but there are many Sikhs, Jainis, Christians, and Zoroastrians. Dr. Pullapilly summed it up, "Move a few feet, and you're in an entirely different place."

Tarique Ansari, a senior business major, is an Indian student at Notre Dame. He contends that a major difference between the countries' educational systems is the role of the professors. With the impact of John Dewey, American education is much more relaxed. Professors are seen as almost peers and active class participation is strongly encouraged. According to Ansari, in India "the idea of sitting down and having coffee with a professor is never even thought of. Teachers disseminate knowledge—they are considered to be almost on a higher plane."

The social scene also differs. Although the students "do not study as much" (and in many classes there is only a 30 percent attendance requirement), "the Four Corners" would not exist in India. Drinking does not play a major role in the students' extracurricular lives. Cultural activities take precedence—movies, classical and folk dances, plays, etc.

As does Dr. Pullapilly, Tarique recommends the program. "It will be quite an experience." In response to questions about adjustment difficulties, Tarique pointed out that, "If the students think it will be a problem, it will be. They must be accepting. They must adjust to being foreigners in a strange land. Most of all, they must give it a little time."

Don't miss the India Program because you cannot stomach anything except American food—you will find fried chicken and hamburger patties. Don't miss it because you are afraid you won't be able to fulfill your Sunday obligation—almost any denominational church can be found. Don't miss it because you are one of the fortunate few who receives mail regularly—letters travel across the world in one week. Don't miss it because you don't want to risk your life—cows are relatively docile animals and Dr. Pullapilly will not be leading tours in the border areas of Cambodia.

I am no salesman. I do not receive commission for the number of students who sign up for the program after reading this article. (But you may send your donations to the "Send Kathy to India" fund.) For additional information on the India Program, please contact Dr. Cyriac Pullapilly, Room 336 Madeleva Hall, St. Mary's College (284-4468). □

The Cliffs of Cuma

by Sheila Beatty

She runs the slope of rain-slick clay
and stones moss'd green,
breathing deep the clean catch
of forest cool
and pauses,

at the brink.

Beaded leaves glimmer half spheres,
light and shade dapple
green gray patterns in the deeps.

Rustle and bob; patter,
sun glints sudden
breeze-sprung showers
from birch heights.

And below,

the sea,
the sea,
the sea

calls.

Breast to the leeward breeze
that caught Aneas
to the cliffs of Cuma
she dreams of distances,
dazzled by white-bright glass sharp sparks
on soundless
slow-motion waves.

From its brilliant, ageless expanse

the sea,
the sea,
the dangerous,
sun-seared sea.

calls.

A Step Above the Rest

by Brian Couch, Allison Hilton, and Sheila Shunick

The Notre Dame athletic program has long been one of the University's greatest gems, its tradition spanning almost a century. Its heritage no doubt began with a tattered pigskin and a group of fun-loving young men dressed in ragged knockabouts. Major college athletic programs are multimillion-dollar operations today, with the success a team experiences often greatly enhancing its fiscal standing. The performers no longer play in worn khakis on open pastures, they play with flashy jerseys in multimillion-dollar arenas and colossal stadiums.

The change in stature of college athletics is not seen as healthy by all. Some would argue the stakes have become so high that major college sports teams are nothing more than semipro farm clubs for professional athletics, and indeed this suspicion is confirmed by the actions of some schools.

The administration at Notre Dame is always striving to ensure that sports are kept in perspective. Both Fr. Edmund P. Joyce, Vice President, and Gene Corrigan, Athletic Director, believe athletics are in perspective under the golden dome. Corrigan states, "All during the week it's a college campus, sports are only a Saturday event." Fr. Joyce believes the special atmosphere of Notre Dame athletics comes originally from the close-knit all-male community that was the Notre Dame of old. He feels this unity has been maintained and is heightened by ensuring the athletes are integrated into the student body, unlike other schools where players often have special dorms and other amenities not offered to the rest of the student body.

Fr. Edmund P. Joyce

At the heart of any athletic program is its coaching staff. The coaches' attitudes and philosophies shape a program and make it what it is. Herein lies one of Notre Dame's greatest assets. The integrity of Notre Dame's coaching staff is recognized nationwide. Being the Catholic University that it is, Notre Dame's athletic programs represent more than simply a geographic sector of the nation. They represent a University that tries to give its students more than a textbook education. The teams represent a school trying to instill moral and ethical values and therefore must bear up under scrutiny for the sake of the University and the millions of fans who take pride in doing things the honest way and succeeding. The administration's stance has been that athletics are always secondary at most to the academic aspects of this University and has chosen the coaching staff accordingly.

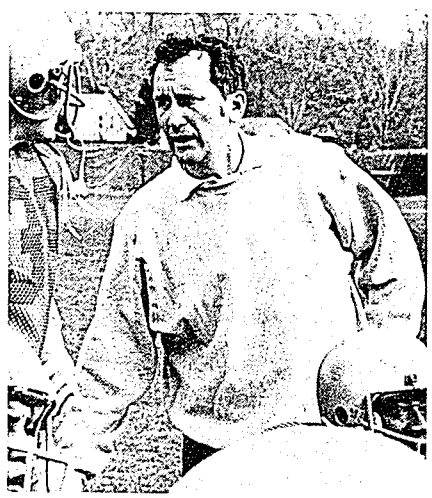
Fr. Joyce lists three criteria in the choosing of Notre Dame's coaches. First on Joyce's list is the competence of the coach, second to be considered is the coach's experience and lastly, but most important for the major sports, Joyce lists character, "We want a man of integrity." Corrigan further elaborated, "They don't have to be a Catholic, although it would help to understand the people, but they must have strong beliefs. We want good people." Joyce emphasizes the fact that coaches are generally given four- or five-year contracts because although winning is important, it isn't everything and they want to be sure the coach gets an adequate chance to perform.

Gerry Faust and Digger Phelps are by far the most visible Notre Dame coaches. We talked to both of them as well as to Sharon Petro, the women's tennis coach, in an effort to find out more about the people at the core of Notre Dame sports. They have their own approaches to coaching but central to the philosophy of each is the integrity and character of the program, focusing especially on the student-athlete combination.

Gerry Faust jumped at the opportunity to coach for Notre Dame and unabashedly claims to be one of her greatest lifetime fans. Faust came to Notre Dame because, "I wouldn't have to worry about living out my faith, this is an atmosphere that helps with faith." Faust claims to have enjoyed his time here immensely with his only regret being that he hasn't been able to lead the Irish to more victories. "Winning gives proof that you can succeed with a Christian attitude, losing is a part of life and you learn from it, but I'd sure like to win for both the players and student body."

When reflecting on the most important thing he could do for a player Faust stated, "I want to see them graduate, have a great philosophy on life, and have them go on and excel through leadership in making the world a better place to live in." He further commented that, "I'd also like to see them excel at football, because the more successful they are in things the more impact they'll have on others."

According to Faust, the moral values and philosophy of players even



Gerry Faust

Gene Corrigan

have a role in recruiting. "We look at their approach to life with their family and their philosophy and morals because they will represent Notre Dame. We're very proud of the people we have on the whole, proportionately we have problems like anyone else, but overall the players are very impressive." Faust went on to say, "Notre Dame students on the whole are very sensitive, thoughtful, loving and generous people and I'm sold on them."

Faust sees athletics as just another classroom or lab. "Football is a lab to learn about life through teamwork, struggles, ups and downs and competition." Faust believes that if it is in the right environment athletics can be a very worthwhile education.

When asked how he tried to incorporate his Christian views into his coaching, Faust replied, "A coach can't tell people what to do but if he tries to live a life of Christ, and does the best that he can, much more can be done by example rather than preaching." Being a public figure, Faust acknowledges that there are things he deliberately doesn't do, although they are not bad, because they could give bad impressions.

Sharon Petro coached women's basketball before she became the women's tennis coach at Notre Dame. In retrospect Petro states that she too was much more conscious of her actions on the court while coaching basketball because of the high visibility. "You really have to be aware of what you do, crowds keep you on your toes and keep you honest. You always have to remember your actions represent Notre Dame."

Petro began coaching because her primary concern was working with young people. She sees athletics as another of life's arenas for growth. "Athletics can help you grow because learning to handle performance pressure really helps later on in life." Petro also believes that athletics can help one to develop respect for others while competing with them. She sees teamwork as one of the integral learning experiences because one has to give up a little of himself for the team.

Petro emphatically states, "I believe in the 100 percent effort at all times." She likes to draw an analogy in this area between being physically fit and spiritually fit, "They're both a lot of hard work." When asked how an athlete keeps sports in perspective, Petro responded, "A Christian athlete should play at all times as if Jesus Christ were the only spectator."

Digger Phelps has the most longevity at Notre Dame of the three coaches we interviewed. Digger sees the challenge of competition as being the greatest benefit from athletics, "even if it's jogging five miles a day, you're still competing with yourself." As a coach he feels he needs to "help the players learn to compete in any aspect, and help them find their strengths."

What is the biggest responsibility a coach has to his players? Phelps believes it is honesty. "I have to be honest with him and bring him into reality, balancing his career opportunities in athletics in perspective to other job opportunities. After all, the average pro basketball player only plays three years." Phelps deems it crucial that his players have a career outside of basketball waiting for them. The priority at Notre Dame is that students not be misled, for their well-being is paramount. Phelps feels Fr. Hesburgh has allowed the programs to grow in this manner, and that we have never lost the discipline or curriculum which is healthy.

In response to what he thought should be special about Notre Dame's athletic approach because of being a Catholic university, Phelps states that Notre Dame's Catholic background and atmosphere are a definite plus, but he cautions against going out and selling Catholicism. "We're a Christian university and probably the best in the world with our ability to touch people, but we have to be cautious. We have to realize this is not just because of athletics but because of the whole University. It's a whole student experience." Phelps believes that, "if religion is there people will want to be a part of it because they are touched by that experience."

Sharon Petro

The athletic tradition at Notre Dame is definitely an integral part of the total Notre Dame experience and coaching at Notre Dame involves much more than winning games. Athletics greatly enhance the unity and spirit of Notre Dame while augmenting student life and providing a common rallying point for millions of fans across the nation. Notre Dame coaches are entrusted with protecting the integrity of these programs. They bear up admirably under pressure to perform and ensure that the meaning of the term "student athlete" does not get lost in the shuffle. □

Digger Phelps

Social Justice: The Laws of God and Man

by Barry Jones

A cry goes up, not infrequently these days, concerning man's lack of justice toward man, especially in the area of social justice. We hear about the injustice of capital punishment, the injustice of poverty, the injustice of hunger. All of these crimes presuppose a background of some pattern of behavior which can be held up as a standard to judge the acts.

Aristotle defines justice as consisting in treating equals equally and treating unequals unequally but in proper proportion to their differences. He also points out that there are two aspects of justice: distributive, which has to do with justice as meted out from the society to the individual; and corrective, which is primarily concerned with justice between individuals. Aristotle's concept is clearly founded on a notion of *law* and justice is properly spoken of here only in regard to the ways people interact in society.

We see a somewhat different conception of justice in the Judeo-Christian tradition. This tradition, though influenced by Greek thought, has contributed some crucial ideas of its own. The most basic difference between the Judeo-Christian concept of justice and that of Aristotle is the introduction of man and his relationship to God. This is not a relationship between equals; there is not a strict legal equality between giving and receiving. The true structure of all real justice springs from man's relation to God. This sense of justice is, in some ways, far more demanding of our attention. We are creatures and this means that whatever is in us that can be considered good is attributable to the Creator.

Such a relationship obviously places man in a position of great indebtedness. Along with this essential element of man's relationship to God, the Judeo-Christian tradition provides us with a much broader sense of justice. In the Old Testament, the word justice is frequently translated as righteousness and thus involves a much more complete notion of virtue than merely treating equals equally. Righteousness implies a virtuous life in that it requires man to "love God with your whole heart, your whole soul, your whole mind, and your neighbor as yourself" (Mt 22:37). This broad concept of justice can also be found in Greco-Roman thought but it is not emphasized as heavily.

There are then two primary subjects of justice: God and fellow man. It will be necessary to pursue the question of justice with respect to God at a later point. For now let us look at justice as Aristotle has defined it: with specific regard to others. The principle of treating equals equally and unequals unequally can be summed up in what is really the most general definition of justice, that is, "rendering to each his due." Immediately the question arises: What is a man's due? A man's due is that which is rightfully his and this implies that a man has certain rights defining what is rightfully his. In modern times the question of justice has been almost completely reduced to talk of rights. Such talk is not completely incorrect. As Thomas Aquinas says, "If the act of justice is to give each man his due, then the act of justice is preceded by the act whereby something

becomes his due." Aquinas is indicating that right is prior to justice and justice is second. Any discussion of justice must be founded in a proper notion of rights and those rights will only be fulfilled in a proper framework of justice.

It is obvious that talk of "rights" is correctly used when the subject is man. "Rights" seem hardly to apply to God. Aristotle's division of justice into corrective distinctions appears to fit nicely into a discussion of rights: Justice in this case will be the proper distribution of reward and punishment to those who have it due them, on the private scale. This is done because every man has a right to reward for good things done and punishment for wicked things. Take for example the boy who has just mown your lawn. He has a definite right to recompense for his work; to pay him is justice and not to pay him is injustice. Aristotle's second distinction, distributive justice, is also important. This aspect of justice is primarily concerned with the dispensing of justice by society to the individual, i.e., justice dispensed on public grounds. The question of right is harder to answer here, but take as an example the political terrorists. For the good of society the terrorist is sentenced to prison. The society clearly has a right to a stable existence, hence the just thing will be that which removes society's undermining forces —in this case the terrorist. Both distributive and corrective justice work within a framework of the law. The law defines what is a man's by right and is designed to enforce the common respect for that right. It is through the law that the workman is paid and the terrorist punished. What is significant about the law is that it subordinates everything to the common good; the law encourages the development of justice and provides the framework for the activity of justice. As interesting as all this may or may not be, it is not yet sufficient for a true understanding of justice. Justice, as that principle which directs a man's actions toward others or toward society as a whole, is only secondary. A truly human understanding of justice can only be had when justice is understood as the partner of love. This brings us to the discussion of man's debt to God. Man is a created being—he derives his very existence from another and cannot be understood apart from the other. He is a rational being of an order infinitely lower than the Creator. Man is not to God even as a slave is to his master. It is due to the fact that he has been created, given life, that man has incurred a debt to God. What, then, is God's due in this regard, i.e., what does man owe God? Since God is God there can be no recompense made except through obedience to His law, and God's law is righteousness and love.

Love must be first directed toward God, as is seen in the story of Mary and Martha as well as in Jesus' teaching on the highest commandment. It is only through love of God and an understanding of what is His due that a true understanding can be had of what is man's due. Love is primary and justice is the mediator in the personal order of love. Justice is essential because it preserves the personal capacity for love, but love is first because only through love can rights be known. Love allows the most basic rights of man to be recognized. Justice removes obstacles.

As Christians, we can only understand justice in the Old Testament sense, that is, as righteousness; we must couple it with love. Justice considered solely as "rendering each his due" becomes too specific, too pharisaical. Aristotle said, "Where justice is, there is further need of friendship; but where friendship is, there is no need of justice." It is interesting to note that the author was a Greek — he had no knowledge of the God of the Jews. The God of the Old Testament was portrayed as a judge and a bookkeeper tallying merits and demerits until judgment. In the New Testament, God has become man and has said, "No longer do I call you servants, but I have called you friends." Thomas Aquinas ranks gratitude, generosity, and affability as parts of justice, not in a strict sense but as having some affinity to justice. How much better is the relationship between the employer and employee who are friends! The perennial struggle between the employer who tries to get as much as possible while paying as little as possible, and the employee doing as little as possible while trying to get as much as possible, is a constant concern in the courts of justice. So often debts are incurred which could be avoided if Aristotle's and St. Thomas' concepts of justice were taken to heart. It seems clear from the Gospel that the truly Christian way is not solely the way of justice. Consider the parable of the servant who, having been forgiven his debt by the king, leaves and immediately throttles a fellow servant for an infinitely smaller debt. In strict justice, the demanding servant had a legitimate claim, regardless of what he himself owed to the king. We see that the king, however, takes the forgiven servant and "unforgives" him, so to speak. The servant is thrown into prison to be tortured until he pays his own debt. How can we, who have incurred so huge a debt to God, take Aristotle's notion of justice as the sole guide for our lives? Moreover, in this parable it is the king who forgives and the servant who demands "justice." God is the king, infinitely greater than we his servants. It is truly arrogant of the small and insignificant servant to presume by not following the king's example. Who has the greatest right to demand his due? Obviously the Creator, our king. But at the same time, it is also the Creator who forgives the debt. If this is what the Creator is doing, how can the created do less?

Discussion of the law and justice always raises terribly complex problems. These problems are far beyond the scope of this paper, but it can be helpful to note that in the Judeo-Christian tradition man's law is subject to God's law. This helps to explain how rebellion and other such problems might be just at times. When the laws of man lose their foundation in the laws of God, they lose their binding force. That the laws of man are second to the laws of God is absolutely paramount for a full understanding of justice. □

Barry Jones is a junior in the College of Science. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.

The Forest and the Trees: The Church's View of Social Justice

by Tom Cushing and Jim Ganther

As the recent referenda at Our Lady's school point out, the issues of social justice are not confined to far-off lands with unpronounceable names; they are as near as a Nestle's Crunch bar or can of Campbell's Chunky Soup. The issue of equity in the world community is before us always, and whether manifest as matters of public policy or personal conscience it requires our thoughtful and sincere consideration. So often it is easy to ignore the reality of poverty, discrimination, and oppression both here and abroad, but ignoring such problems will not make them disappear. And making them disappear is something for which we all must strive—so states the Catholic Church in its uncompromising teaching on the inherent value of every human being. It is especially appropriate for members of a Catholic institution such as Notre Dame to look to the Church for guidance in matters of social justice. An informed conscience must be the foundation for our actions towards the betterment of this world.

To most citizens of the modern world, the term "social justice" conjures up thoughts of guerillas fighting for the overthrow of the local despot. But this view is too limited; those who hold such images can't see the forest for the trees. The real vision of social justice is far broader. It embraces every circumstance where the dignity of man is degraded or denied. In this sense, the need for social justice can be seen to stretch across all levels of society in all lands, from the steaming barrios of Mexico City to the comfort of a college dormitory. For justice is simply that which is in accordance with the will of God.

The taproot from which all Church doctrine concerning man and justice grows is the great commandment of Jesus Christ: "You shall love your neighbor as yourself" (Mark 12:31). Where such love exists, widespread evil cannot succeed. The Second Vatican Council, in the *Pastoral Constitution on the Church in the Modern World* states, ". . . everyone must consider without exception his every neighbor as another self, taking into account first of all his life and the means necessary to living it with dignity, so as not to imitate the rich man who had no concern for the poor man Lazarus."

"In our times a special obligation binds us to make ourselves a neighbor of absolutely every person, and of actively helping him when he comes across our path, whether he be an old person abandoned by all, a foreign laborer unjustly looked down upon, a refugee, a child born of an unlawful union and suffering from a sin he did not commit, or a hungry person who disturbs our conscience by recalling the voice of the Lord: 'As long as you did it for one of these, the least of my brethren, you did it for me" (Mt. 25:40).

The light cast by this statement illuminates the Church's philosophy of social justice: the responsibility for our brothers' welfare rests primarily with us all. The Church of Rome does not spend much time condemning particular governments. Rather, it stresses the urgent need for all persons to "seek first the kingdom of God" (Mt. 6:33). To seek a new temporal order before the interior conversion necessary for sustaining such a state is putting the cart befor the horse. The hierarchy of the Catholic Church recognizes the essential truth of the words of Christ: "It profits a man nothing if he gains the whole world but loses his soul."

Enough then of the official party line. What does it all mean? What does the Church recommend to a world rife with injustice? An excellent example of the type of soldier the Church encourages in the battle against inequity in this world is Mother Teresa. While few of us can expect to be called to such a faraway place as Calcutta to serve the cause of justice, the force which drives this modern-day saint works as well in South Bend as in the most squalid Third World location.

The ministry of Mother Teresa is simple: to acknowledge that all men are created in the image and likeness of God, and recognize the dignity in every person which flows from that fact. Without criticizing the less than optimal government under which she operates, this Nobel laureate tends to the poor and dying with little more than her bare hands and an enormous heart. And yet this single life of love has accomplished more for the improvement of this world than all the bullets and rhetoric of the world's liberation theologians and "reformers." Her selfless career of giving has spread across the globe. All this from one single woman who took Jesus at His word. Such is the means of attaining justice which the Roman Catholic Church endorses.

One of the principal authors of the *Pastoral Constitution on the Church in the Modern World,* Karol Cardinal Wojtyla, provides an eloquent interpretation and application of its meaning concerning the area of social justice. Since the drafting of that document he has been elected Pope John Paul II, and has remained far from silent on the issues of social justice.

Many of us are aware that Pope John Paul II has issued pleas in the past exhorting the religious of troubled societies, particularly in Central and South America, not to enter directly into the disputes among factions and rulers. As a result of the great concern which human rights and the nations south of the U.S. receive here at Notre Dame, many of us are also cognizant of the serious problems in those countries regarding various economic, social and political issues. We tend to revolt at the reports of people being denied lives of equality and dignity, and so we question why the leaders of the Church discourage bishops, priests, and nuns from actively working for reform in those troubled nations.

Let us begin by understanding that John Paul II has not neglected the question of social inequity. In fact he has spoken out strongly, calling for justice in the world. In an appeal to a delegation of diplomats, the Pope implored that all leaders and citizens

in the world "learn to live in peace, educate themselves for peace," and achieve "justice and respect for the rights of every person, so that peace may be firmly established." Despite his concern for political problems and exploited individuals, John Paul teaches that intervention and the particulars of these issues do not fall into the domain of the Church.

"Let our first care be to seek the Lord," the Pope announces. This declaration reflects his feeling regarding the Church's role in society. Christ's bride must concern herself with issues of the Spirit—spreading the message of Jesus and promoting the salvation of our souls. This responsibility succeeds in occupying the energies of the Church, and attacking additional, temporal matters diminishes the lofty function and status of it. This is not to say that the Church is "status conscious," but that the leaders should keep in mind what they stand for as a body.

At the root of the pontiff's instruction lies the observation that Jesus, contrary to some popular heterodox opinions, was a thoroughly apolitical individual. His message—delivered by one who lived, certainly, within a political milieu — stood independent of the political forces of the day, applying to all segments of His own society. John Paul argues that Christ rejected "the position of those who mixed the things of God with merely political attitudes."

Building on this foundation for a politically disinterested Church, the Pope warns against the inevitable and damaging divisions which would arise among the religious if they were to be politically active. To avoid crippling schisms, he urges priests in troubled areas to choose opportunities to minister to the lowly without resorting to partisan camps.

What John Paul does suggest that the representatives of the Church concern themselves with is the spiritual nature of life. The essence of the Church's message supercedes the disputes of men over specific social issues. He quotes his predecessor, John Paul I, who told us, "It is wrong to state that political, economic and social liberation coincides with salvation in Jesus Christ, that the *Regnum Dei* (rule of God) is identified with the *Regnum hominus* (rule of mankind)." While society is the laboratory for the principles of Jesus' message, the Church is not to enforce those principles. Rather, the religious are to illuminate the vast laity to Christ's truths and encourage them to live according to that truth.

Tying the Church to specific political causes, John Paul II teaches, essentially would limit the boundless intentions of the Church. He cites Paul VI who warned that a Church declaring political loyalties would expose itself to "monopolization and manipulation by ideological systems and political parties." Declaring fidelity to a political opinion fixed in a historical setting would curtail the universality of the Church's legitimate message, specifically the continually original nature of its energies.

Within this politically neutral Church which John Paul envisions, each member of the flock has the responsibility to strive for justice in society. Bishops must accept that the truth which they teach is not a rational one, but rather one which comes from God. Their area of expertise, concern and authority does not include the social sciences. Priests and nuns are obliged to dedicate their lives to prayer and service, striving through their enthusiastic relationships with the Lord and with people to comprehend more fully the elements of faith and love in Christ's world. As examples and mediators of God's love, they shall instruct the laity in the knowledge of Christ and the ways of His gospel. Any more specific responsibilities rest, then, with the lay members of the Church.

The lay body of the faithful is called upon to declare the message of the Church in economic and political issues. These faithful, having formed capable consciences within the body of Christ, must represent the stance of Jesus and the gospel in daily affairs of justice and governing. These are the laborers in the Church who work with the plan of Christ implanted in their minds by the faith and illumination which they cultivate as members of the Church.

Within this plan, Jesus' work on earth—and particularly among the downtrodden—is carried out by the Church through the laity. As a body expressing the limitless truth of the gospel, though, the official representatives of the Church, the religious, avoid direct contact with the particulars of social issues of inequity. □

Tom Cushing is a senior English major from Chicago, Illinois.

Jim Ganther is a junior Finance major from Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

Wholeness, Holiness and the Catholic University

by Professor Janet Smith

Everyone finds the call to wholeness appealing, for it impresses us as a call to being an authentic and complete human being; wholeness allows us to be what all humans want to be: true friends and true lovers. Those who are familiar with Christ and His message realize that He calls us to be whole and that this wholeness is in fact a call to holiness. Most of us are unclear about what it means to be whole and to be holy and some of us hope to clarify our understanding of these ideals here at Notre Dame. We are indeed fortunate, for Catholicism too has as its ideal the transformation of all of us into energetic and expansive, whole and holy, promoters of all that is good and loving. The Catholic university, if it is to help Catholicism achieve its aims, has an enormous responsibility to preserve and transmit authentic Catholicism.

The Church in its new canon law code, by directing competent authorities to monitor (in a sense) Catholic universities, has reaffirmed the importance of the Catholic university for fostering authentic Catholicism. In fact, it denies even the name "Catholic" to any university which does not remain true to Catholic teaching. Canon 808 says: "No university can use the title or name, 'Catholic university,' even if it is really Catholic, without the consent of the competent Church authority." (There is not yet an official translation.)

Some might ask: What does it matter if Notre Dame calls itself Catholic; or even more, What does it matter if it is Catholic? That is, what is all the fuss about? Well, it doesn't matter, if in fact it is unimportant to be Catholic. It doesn't matter, if indeed there is no such thing as an infallible magisterium which protects the truth handed down in the Church. It does not matter, if Christ did not institute the Church. It does not matter, of course, if it is false that Christ rose from the dead and if it is false that He is our redeemer. But if Christ in fact is our redeemer and if He founded the Church as a sure and reliable guide and if when the Church speaks, she speaks for Christ Himself, then it does matter; for, then, in being indifferent to what is true Catholic doctrine, and indifferent to deepening an understanding of and promoting the dissemination of that Truth we become indifferent to Christ. And if we become indifferent to Christ, we become indifferent to ourselves; for what He taught and what He was are essential for our wholeness, our holiness, and ultimately for our salvation.

Perhaps now it is clear why there has been such a lively debate on the Notre Dame campus about what it means to be a Catholic university, for we have a sense that what it means to be Catholic is tied up with our wholeness, our holiness, and our salvation. This question, as one might readily see, is intricately connected with what it means to be a Catholic and what it means to say that any university is a Catholic university. The question certainly has been a topic of much discussion on the Notre Dame campus recently: last year the *Scholastic* printed an excellent issue devoted to this question, the faculty last year held two forums to discuss the nature of a Catholic university, and the recent publication of the Pace Report and the new canon law code have again raised the question what it means to be a Catholic university.

What might also be interesting for us to consider in this regard are the views of our vibrant Pope, who has shown much interest in Catholic education and has grounded his many speeches concerning the subject on scripture and Church tradition. Now here, some readers might be thinking: why should we consult the Pope on this matter; must he control all of our lives? How can he know the needs of American professors and scholars? Here is not the place to explore or explain whether or not the Pope is infallible or what respect his views deserve when he is not speaking *ex cathedra*. Let us for the moment consider him as a man who has a manifest love for the truth, for Christ, for his fellow man, and who wants none of us to be indifferent Catholics, or incomplete human beings, but desires to turn our lukewarmness into a fervor for promoting what will make us, and others, truly whole and holy. He does not wish us to be Catholics in name only, but to be Catholics to the very core of our being. Let us see if we cannot find in his speeches an ideal worth emulating and actualizing at Notre Dame.

When Pope John Paul II visited the U.S., he spoke to the professors and students at Catholic University and indicated the three aims of a Catholic university or college:

> A Catholic university or college must make a specific contribution to the Church and to society through high quality scientific, in-depth study of problems, and a just sense of history, together with the concern to show the full meaning of the human person regenerated in Christ, thus favoring the complete development of the person. Furthermore, the Catholic university or college must train young men and women of outstanding knowledge who, having made a personal synthesis between faith and culture, will be both capable and willing to assume tasks in the service of the community and of society in general, and to bear witness to their faith before the world. And finally, to be what it ought to be, a Catholic college or university must set up, among its faculty and students, a real community which bears witness to a living and operative Christianity, a community where sincere commitment to scientific research and study goes to-

gether with a deep commitment to authentic Christian living.

This is your identity. This is your vocation. Every university or college is qualified by a specific mode of being. Yours is the qualification of being Catholic, of affirming God, His revelation and the Catholic Church as the guardian and interpreter of revelation. The term "Catholic" will never be a mere label, either added or dropped according to the pressures of varying factors.

Now, what the Pope says here and what the Pace Report (Notre Dame's statement of goals for the next ten years) advises are similar to some degree. The Pace Report speaks of "a certain distinctive configuration of beliefs in Catholicism" which are designated as "sacramentality" (the seeing of God in all things), "mediation" (seeing that God works through all things), and "communion" (seeing the way to God and God's way to us is communal and not individualistic). While the intended meaning of these terms is perhaps somewhat unclear, there are certainly senses in which they can be taken which make them compatible with authentic Catholicism. One wonders, though, if in their intended sense they are distinctively Catholic. Any of these beliefs would be "Catholic," of course, if they were grounded in distinctive Catholic doctrine. Certainly the Pope, whenever he speaks of Catholic education, places a great deal of emphasis on Catholic doctrine. The word doctrine is conspicuously absent from the Pace Report. In the same speech cited earlier, the Pope speaks of the right of the Catholic faithful (and here, he seems to mean particularly students, since they are his audience) to a clear and true presentation of Catholic doctrine. In speaking of theologians, he says:

> The theologian's contribution will be enriching for the Church only if it takes into account the proper function of the Bishops and the rights of the faithful. It devolves upon the Bishops of the Church to safeguard the Christian authenticity and unity of faith and moral teaching, in accordance with the injunction of the Apostle Paul, "Proclaim the message and, welcome or unwelcome, insist on it. Refute falsehood, correct error, call to obedience . . ."(Tm. 4:2). It is the right of the faithful not to be troubled by theories and hypotheses that they are not expert in judging, or that are easily simplified or manipulated by public opinion for ends that are alien to the truth. On the day of his death, John Paul I stated: "Among the rights of the faithful, one of the greatest is the right to receive God's word in its entirety and purity . . ." (September 28, 1978). It behooves the theologian to be free, but with the freedom that is openness to the truth and the light that comes from faith and from fidelity to the Church.

Professor Rice in his article in *Scholastic* commented upon the applicability of these words to Notre Dame. The point being made here is that Pope John Paul II, unlike the Pace Report, shows great concern in many of his speeches for doctrine, a concern which is shown most clearly in his insistence that theologians in teaching the Catholic Faith remain true to the authentic Magisterium of the Church.

Several articles in the encyclical *Sapientia Christiana* stress this point. Article 70 concerning the faculty of sacred theology reads: "In studying and teaching the Catholic doctrine, fidelity to the Magisterium of the Church is always to be emphasized. In the carrying out of teaching duties, especially in the basic cycle, those things are, above all, to be imparted which belong to the received patrimony of the Church. Hypothetical or personal opinions which come from new research are to be modestly presented as such." Article 26 which refers to teachers in all faculties reads: "1) All teachers of every rank must be marked by an upright life, integrity of doctrine, and devotion to duty, so that they can effectively contribute to the proper goals of an Ecclesiastical Faculty. 2) Those who teach matters touching on faith and morals are to be conscious of their duty to carry out their work in full communion with the authentic Magisterium of the Church, above all, with that of the Roman Pontiff." *Sapientia Christiana,* of course, speaks particularly to ecclesiastical universities and faculties and not to private colleges and universities, but, then, there is no reason that any Catholic university cannot aspire to such high ideals.

Furthermore, the new canon law code clearly means to extend these stipulations to any college or university which hopes to call itself Catholic. As noted earlier, canon 808 reads "No university can use the title or name, 'Catholic' university even if it is really Catholic, without the consent of the competent Church authority." And, canon 810 reads: "1) It is the office of that authority which is competent according to the statutes to take care that in Catholic universities teachers should be named who, besides their scientific and pedagogical competence, are also marked by sound doctrine and rectitude of life, and that when these requirements are wanting that they should be removed from their function according to the procedures defined by the statutes. 2) Episcopal conferences and diocesan bishops, where they are concerned, have the office and the right to see that the principles of Catholic doctrine are faithfully preserved in these universities." The new canon law code clearly finds the teaching of authentic Catholic doctrine to be a foremost obligation of the Catholic University.

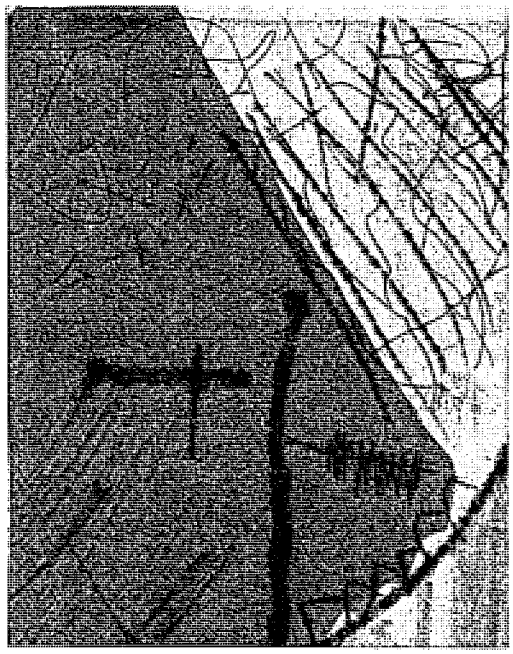
Any Catholic university which in good faith intends to act according to these aims and laws is then faced with deciding what is the Catholic doctrine which is to be imparted to its students. Those who teach and study at Notre Dame know well that there is great controversy over what is Catholic doctrine. In October, in a talk with the faculty senate, Father Hesburgh stated that he felt comfortable in saying that Catholic doctrine was contained in the Nicene Creed. The Creed, of course, does not articulate all the teachings of the Church, such as the moral teachings and the full teaching on the sacraments. Yet, it is a good foundation: Pope Paul VI, when distressed because of the unfaithful teaching of theologians, also felt that an acceptance of the Nicene Creed was basic. In his preface to his Credo of the People of God, he makes clear his intent in these words:

> Likewise we deem that we must fulfill the mandate entrusted by Christ to Peter, whose successor we are, the last in merit; namely, to confirm our brothers in the faith. With awareness, certainly, of our human weakness, yet with all the strength impressed on our spirit by such a command, we shall accordingly make a profession of faith, pronounce a creed which, without being strictly speaking a dogmatic definition, repeats in sub-

(continued on page 30)

Gallery

Primitive Expressions by Tamera Mams

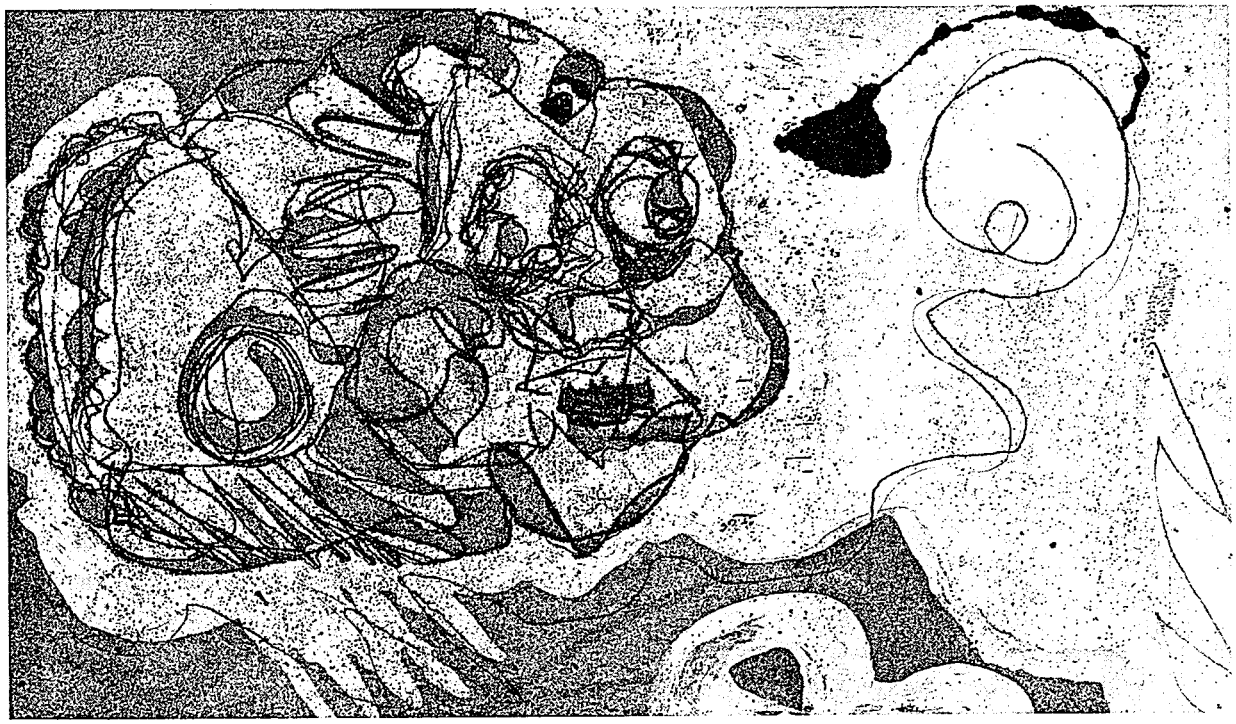


The Charm Color Intaglio with Chine-Collet
2½" x 3½" 1983

I scream—You shout
I speak English
You speak otherwise
Yet we understand
Your scream—My shout

The imagery I use to express my ideas and imaginings is derived from an interest in Archaeology and Anthropology. For me, the excitement of cultural interplay is not a verbal one but rather an emotional one. The communicative bond that exists never changes whether we are separated by transient centuries, physical miles, or ideological differences. It is an energy as primitive as the emotions and as sophisticated as the soul.

My efforts to create and to communicate are attempts at tapping this energy. The manner by which I develop a plate for printing reflects my regard for this force. The violence and degree of unpredictability of acid biting into the plate and the spontaneity of drawing directly rather than transferring renderings to the plate enable me to retain the vitality of expression that is of foremost importance to me and the "life" of my images.



Self-Analysis Color Intaglio 15" x 8½" 1982

Drosophila Melonogaster (Pre-Colombian Fruit Fly) Color Intaglio 4½" x 4½" 1983

Tamera is a BFA candidate at Notre Dame with a concentration in Printmaking.

The Charm Color Intaglio with Chine-Collet 2½" x 3½" 1983

Fiction

"Lil' Injuns Swing into Season's End"

by Phil Fowler

Dark clouds began to gather and a strong breeze blew in. It crossed the field third to first and blew out, more or less, towards right field. The fence was a hundred and fifty down the line and two hundred to dead center.

The umpires, one behind first, the other to the left and back of the mound, shuffled uneasily, nudging pebbles with their toes, bringing up small clouds of dust. Each new fidgeting motion caused their big bellies to jiggle over their belts. They wanted to get the hell out before the rain and had called in the warm-up balls a bit early last inning. A game such as this was bound to come down to a close call, at best an impersonal guess looked upon (hysterically of course) as a mere guess, and a wrong one at that, by one side or the other.

In the coaches' boxes stood two more enormous, but babbling, masses: black cotton on which "coach" was spelled stretched across the huge, round collection of years, beer, sausage, and desk jobs, rather advertised like words enlarged and deformed on an expanding balloon. Stretchy shorts and cellulite legs, curlers, sunglasses, hairnets, cigarettes, Styrofoam coolers to accompany more fat bellies, stupid air horns, skinny tee-ballers, sun-baked balls of dirt on banana-seated bikes, and lawn chairs surrounded the diamond, caged out. Only the verbal venom of advice from not-even-weekend athletes penetrated the foul lines: "You can do it, Jimmy, two strikes don't matter," or, "Slide, Jamie, slide!" or "Kill the ump!" And always Ralphie's dad, cooler emptied by the fourth inning: "C'mon ya rag arm, you little son of a bitch." Parents made their uneasy side glances, but still smiled when confronted by his direct stare.

And, in each dugout, swarms of caged activity — popping bubbles, daydreaming Pirates, and nervous and curious Indians always forgetting their order in the lineup, bouncing balls or giggling while bending the bill of a base runner's cap left unattended on the bench. And always the chatter, a cloud of vocal energy which jumped through the dugout fence, louder, but less commanding than that which came from the bleachers.

And the bases are loaded in the last of the seventh, the last inning of a little league game. There are two outs and it is dramatic but not unusual — there are two outs in every inning. The Casey of legend was not alone. Today little Bobby Marusarz takes part in the drama, Gage Park's drama, and he is seven and his heart is racing. He's a two-inning ballplayer and he hasn't had a hit all year. In the Indians' dugout the scorekeeper shouts down little Tom and Al for trying to get Tommy Weaver, who is sitting on his bike leaning on the fence, to buy 'em gum.

"The game's out there not behind you, now pay attention or get your gloves and go home!"

The scorekeeper wondered how the manager could be so dumb as to not play Bob in the early innings. I should've got him in and out early, the manager thought as he shouted halfhearted encouragements, almost prayers, to Bob as he approached the plate.

"C'mon Bob, just a little bingo bud, just a little hit." From the other coach's box came more blabbering accompanied by another bouncing belly.

"Have a good eye, Bob, look 'em over now," the coach said. Shit! he thought to himself.

From the concession stand in center field Marge complained:

"Will they want hot dogs? Did the coach order Cokes? It's so hot in here. I think this point system stinks. But I'm tired of me and the same people doing all the work. Get someone else to volunteer." Marge is there every week. Ralphie's dad cracked a beer and said nothing for the moment. Tommy kicked a batting helmet in the dugout and pronounced the game over.

"It's over, Bobby can't hit!" The team agreed and the scorekeeper snapped back: "Shut up. If you can't say nothin' nice then don't say anything."

George's mom eyed Leroy's dad.

She was going to sleep with him the next day.

George was pitching, but forgotten for the moment.

Two boys on bikes behind the right field fence discussed what place the Bandits were in.

"Get a real batter in there," yelled Ralphie's dad. Mrs. Shift and Mrs. Seasons bent over the arms of their lawn chairs and whispered to each other.

"Why does he play him at all?"

"No hitter, George, give him the dark one, chuck 'em in there" the shortstop shouted encouragement to George on the mound. The home plate umpire was hungry for dinner. A short gust blew a momentary swirl across the infield howling. A little baby cried and an irritated mother hunched over the carriage complaining back at the pink raisin face. Bobby's mother laughed with Mrs. McDonell about a bald-headed teacher her son had. Bob's dad was working late again, delivering a bulk shipment of ball bearings.

Bobby approached the plate, slight arms cocked, shaking, sweaty, tiny palms squeezed around the bat handle. He looked around. White flesh, pink-veined and goose pimply from the approaching evening, pressed up all around the caged backstop, and then down the lines a monster of appendages hung limp and sickly over the fence.

Cheers of sincerity and viciousness mixed together into a confusing roar that filled the wind to be wisped through the ear flaps of Bobby's bright orange helmet. He dug in, choked up, and cocked his bat. The pitcher was a blurred mass, no one noticed the tears welling up in Bobby's eyes and trickling down in muddy streams on his dusty face. He was ready to take a swing. □

Phil Fowler is an Arts and Letters senior from Bridgeview, Illinois.

(continued from page 6)

taking a slow swallow of tea—I used to drink coffee in class; now it's tea, provided daily by the student on duty for the week—I finally managed to murmur my praise. Since then, I've grown accustomed to being the subject of what must be regular news bulletins. But every so often, I nostalgically recall the anonymity of American life.

Finally, however, it is in the classroom that I feel most at home, though certainly the circumstances even in this familiar setting took some adjustment. How was I to know, for example, that desks and stools must be wiped every morning because the air here is so full of dust and insulation is not the best? Now, however, I understand why every student usually carries a small dust-rag in his/her book satchel, and casually performs a little cleaning ritual before settling down for class. It also took some time before I could ignore the large red characters painted on the wall above the blackboard and facing me from the back of the room. These are Mao's words. As one of my students explained to me during my first week of teaching, they suggest "a certain kind of attitude that [the students] should hold in [their] working or studying." Loosely translated, they advocate diligence, generosity, efficiency, and responsibility, with a final caution that a little fun and relaxation are also conducive to a good academic performance. Similar sayings adorn the walls and porticos of buildings all over China; they are known and respected by adults and youngsters alike, though given less intense attention than in previous years.

But all such initial physical and psychic distractions quickly became tangential to the main event within the classroom. However different the conditions, the dynamics of the classroom world, I've discovered, are always sparked by the spirit and energy of the people who share that common space and time. And these people here, my students, have a very special spirit and energy. Whether I stand before my English Training class, a group of thirty engineers of all ages, or before my six English teachers or my ten American literature students, the experience continues to tell me that the boundaries between countries and peoples intersect in the classroom. This is not to say that certain cultural, historical and political distinctions can—or should—be erased as easily as illusions about the gaps, indeed chasms, that can exist between nations. But those distinctions can also give to the classroom experience a richness that you might never know in years of teaching within a single cultural milieu. You can't begin to share a language and a literature with someone outside their cultural origins without reseeing both for yourself, or, as Willa Cather would say, having your own perceptions transformed by new effects of light.

Facing both those who have survived the Cultural Revolution and those who endure its memories indirectly, those who have traveled to coastal cities and tasted a larger world and those who came here from small towns and even the countryside, those who seem closed to the ideas behind the language and those who reach urgently and independently for such ideas, I am involved in a constant translation not just of words, but of images and realities. And so I am forced to examine not just my language—for proper structure, grammar, and such—but the beliefs, perceptions, experience which make the language operate. This is not a task I could do alone; it is activated by each question from my students, every fresh interpretation of the language we struggle to know together. With every idiom that is explained, every essay that is analyzed, every Emily Dickinson poem that is opened up, the human bond between us deepens. I often said before, in my American classroom, that language is power. Today I understand that truth in a new personal as well as professional way.

Thus there are no neat "packages" into which I can fit my China experience so far, nor, I believe, will there ever be. But an encounter I had last November did tell me, in a small but significant way, how far I have really traveled. I met a group of American tourists at a hotel one evening, and they generously shared many of their "luxuries" with me. I still remember their comments during what evolved into a kind of orgiastic ceremony of gift-giving. "How about some dental floss, honey?" "Could you use safety pins?" "What! You can't buy any Kleenex here?" "I've got extra vitamins! Would you like some of those?" As I rode back to the Institute later that night, balancing my precious bundle on the handlebars of my bike, two responses to that encounter were uppermost in my mind: the first was my disappointment that no one in the entire tour group had brought cheese to China. How could they have forgotten it? Cheese belongs right up there at the top of the travel list, next to warm socks and aspirin. Yet, two months later, the inevitable withdrawal from my cheese addiction is now complete. But my second response to that evening's encounter has proven to be of a more durable nature. After I said good-bye to my beneficent American companions, they returned to their hotel rooms to pack up and prepare for yet another brief stop and momentary highlight in yet another city on their economical tour of the People's Republic. I, however, was going in another direction. Though the way was bumpy, cold and dark, though I knew that I had already missed the hour's allotment of heat and hot water at the Institute that night, still I realized, with a new sense of identity, that I was returning "home." □

(continued from page 9)

friends of the government. They intended to restore the temple and would support it financially, or any other religious building for that matter. The reason so many of the churches and temples had been turned into factories was to teach the Chinese people not to look up to the sky and dream childlike dreams. Their eyes must look to the earth and see that work must be done in order to make a better country for the people. The government was now looking at these temples as historical sites, as part of the cultural heritage of China. Perhaps they regretted the destruction of so many beautiful buildings.

Janey's main ambition is to visit America. After our first visit, she wrote to us during the winter months asking us to describe American life, its people and customs. When we returned to Xian this past summer, Janey was given permission to visit with us. As vibrant and enthusiastic as ever, she embraced us like long lost friends. She wore a brightly colored chiffon dress, American style. "Janey, you look like an American!" we exclaimed. She laughed, "But I must not keep this dress on very long. My mother will be very anxious!"

Early the next morning, she arrived at the Xian airport, dressed in the traditional grey slacks and white shirt. She walked slowly on to the field with us, then as we were about to board the plane, she kissed each of us on the cheek quite spontaneously. Signs of public affection are rarely seen in China. "Farewell, my American sisters. I will see you soon again!" □

Saudi Arabia . . .
(continued from page 15)

for any Western woman to accept.

Being a Saudi woman is difficult if you desire to live in a twentieth-century world, though Saudi women are not aware of what being a woman in the twentieth century means. To Westerners they seem to be an entire population of people who are confined and deprived of experiencing life and of having rights that seem natural to us. Although they are allowed freedom they appear to be timid and intimidated because they aren't encouraged to go out and face the world.

Images of a City

Abdul Aziz Boulevard, with its palm trees along the median strip, appears to be an ordinary thoroughfare. However, this particular avenue leads those who want to follow it into the city of Khobar. Khobar is a comparatively young city (although it looks very old) in which there are approximately one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. It was built twenty-five years ago to serve as an oil storage and shipping terminal. Thus, Khobar is conveniently located on the Persian Gulf (or Arabian Gulf, as it is referred to in Saudi Arabia).

During the day the city is not too crowded, but at night it comes alive with people from neighboring cities. (In the summer months this is understandable because it is cooler during the evening, the temperature being only in the high nineties.) However, the large crowds do not deter anyone from going into Khobar to do shopping.

Basically, that is all anyone can do. It is not like the United States, in which you can go to the movies, restaurants, arcades, or bowling alleys. There are restaurants but many of them are restricted for the use of men only. Very rarely does one see Saudi men and their wives go out to a restaurant. In addition, there are no movie theaters or any places of recreation or entertainment. The closest to "recreation" that Saudis come is the alleyway in which the Saudi men smoke their "Hubbly Bubbly," or hookah, with water, tobacco and a sweetener inside.

There are, however, plenty of stores to keep you busy. In particular, there is one group of stores that usually attracts much attention; those are the "gold souks." There one can witness store after store with gold jewelry of all kinds piled in the windows. The Saudi women are not seen anywhere in such multitudes as they are seen in the gold souks.

One type of store that is extremely popular, especially among Americans, is the "Tape Store." There are many tape stores in which pirated cassette tapes are sold for five riyals each, which is equivalent to almost $1.50 (In addition there is an offer that can't be refused; buy ten and get one free!). To say the least, all Americans between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one accumulate quite an extensive tape collection.

There is one group of shops and boutiques that is unique in that they are for women only. The unique characteristic of this arcade of shops, which consists of sewing shops, seamstresses, and beauticians, is that men are not permitted to enter at all. On the door of the only entrance to the stores there is a sign that states "No Men Allowed."

Along the streets there are booths set up in which men and women sell various items, ranging from children's toys to screwdriver sets. There are also booths that sell "Shawarma" and "Sambeisa," which are Arab foods that are as popular to them as hamburgers and pizza are to Americans. To accompany the food is Pepsi. Saudi Arabia, being a non-alcoholic country, sells immense quantities of Pepsi, especially during the very hot weather. They even named the road on which the Pepsi factory is located Pepsi-Cola Road. In addition to the booths and restaurants that are typically Arab, there is evidence of Western influence. Khobar has one Kentucky Fried Chicken and one Hardee's.

An interesting observation one can make while in Khobar, or in any city in Arabia, is that the shopkeepers and the people who sell merchandise on the streets don't keep their money in a cash register or strongbox. They just leave it out, sometimes pinned to a board. In Saudi Arabia the punishment for theft is the amputation of the hand that did the stealing and it is more like a chop than an amputation. The punishment is carried out, in most cases, shortly after the incident has occurred and is performed near the scene of the crime.

There is also one detail that sometimes puts a damper on many Americans' (or any non-Muslims') shopping plans. The stores are closed during prayer time. The Muslims pray five times a day and all work stops to allow for this. In the hot weather it becomes uncomfortable waiting twenty or thirty minutes in one-hundred-degree weather for a store to reopen.

Despite what may seem to be deterrents from going into the city to shop — the hot temperatures, crowds and dress codes for non-Muslim women (women must wear long dresses called caftans), Khobar is a popular place to go on a Wednesday or Thursday night (Thursdays and Fridays are their weekends).

Although Saudi Arabian traditions and religious customs seem hard to live by if one is a non-Muslim, one must respect the Saudis for successfully preserving their culture despite the rising influence of the Western world.

However, taking everything into consideration, all the facilities, activities and programs provided to make Americans feel "at home," it is very difficult for this "at home" feeling to sink in when your next-door neighbor sacrifices goats in his living room.

Lisa DeNiscia is a sophomore English major from Dhahran. This is her first contribution to Scholastic.

University . . .
(continued from page 25)

stance, with some developments called for by the spiritual condition of our time, the creed of Nicaea, the creed of the immortal Tradition of the Holy Church of God.

In making this profession, we are aware of the disquiet which agitates certain modern quarters with regard to the faith. They do not escape the influence of a world being profoundly changed, in which so many certainties are being disputed or discussed. We see even Catholics allowing themselves to be seized by a kind of passion for change and novelty. The Church, most assuredly, has always the duty to carry on the effort to study more deeply and to present in manner ever better adapted to successive generations the unfathomable mysteries of God, rich for all in fruits of salvation. But at the same time the greatest care must be taken, while fulfilling the indispensable duty of research, to do no injury to the teachings of Christian doctrine. For that would be to give rise, as is unfortunately seen in these days, to disturbance and perplexity in many faithful souls.

Pope Paul VI then restates the Creed with considerable amplification of each clause. Again, he does this because he believes that he has as his office to defend and teach the deposit of faith.

Again, we may be curious how many of the doctrines of the Creed or those doctrines articulated since might in fact affect our wholeness or holiness. It may not, for instance, be clear how belief in the doctrine of Mary's bodily assumption into heaven (a doctrine not defined in the Nicene Creed) may enhance our wholeness. Here only a thumbnail sketch of the implications of this doctrine may reveal the importance of it for our self-image and for the way in which we treat others. This doctrine demonstrates, as does, of course, the doctrine of Christ's resurrection, that the human body as well as the human soul is immortal and that doctrine, in turn, demonstrates the inherent goodness of the body, for nothing bad can be deserving of eternal bliss. Indeed, it has always been the teaching of the Church that man is a unity of body and soul. This doctrine was initially affirmed to combat the heresies of those who thought that whatever is material is inherently evil — and that of course included the human body. The doctrine of Mary's assumption was defined at a time when philosophy was tending more and more to associate humanity with only the mind and to argue that man was essentially only his mind. Clearly, the ontological status of man, that is, whether he is only a soul, or a union of soul and body, makes an enormous difference in how he thinks of the body and perhaps how he thinks of all the created world: Is it good? Is it bad? Is it open to our exploitation, or deserving of our respect? Man will view illness, sex and many other human conditions differently, depending on how he views the body. Indeed he will alter his relations to others, depending on his view. The doctrines of the Church, then, illuminate much more of reality than many may initially realize.

Throughout his speeches, Pope John Paul II calls upon professors and students to cherish Catholic doctrine, for indeed it is a means of cherishing Christ Himself. The Pope urges us all to live lives centered on Christ and steeped in love. He seems particularly to enjoy addressing crowds of young people and students and encourages them to allow their natural idealism and spontaneity to permeate their lives and assures them that rooting this idealism and spontaneity in a love of Christ will only ensure the growth and effectiveness of these characteristics. He spoke these words to a group of students from Catholic University:

True knowledge and true freedom are in Jesus. Make Jesus always part of your hunger for truth and justice, and part of your dedication to the well-being of your fellow human beings.

Enjoy the privileges of your youth: the right to be dynamic, creative and spontaneous; the right to be full of hope and joy; the opportunity to explore the marvellous world of science and knowledge; and above all the chance to give of yourself to others in generous and joyful service.

I leave you now with this prayer: that the Lord Jesus will reveal Himself to each one of you, that He will show you that He alone can fill your hearts. Accept His freedom and embrace His truth, and be messengers of the certainty that you have been truly liberated through the death and resurrection of the Lord Jesus. This will be the new experience, the powerful experience, that will generate, through a more just society and a better world.

The vision which Pope John Paul II gives us of the Catholic university and of the Catholic life is a liberating and exhilarating one. He calls us to draw ever closer to Christ and he advises us that keeping close to true Catholic doctrine is a sure means to that end. And as members of a special Catholic community, the Catholic university, we have a special obligation to honor, deepen, preserve, and transmit Catholic truth so that others, too, might be filled with a love and zeal for Christ and all the love and goodness that entails. And even more, we have an obligation to become authentic Catholics, for the promise of the Church is that this will make us authentic Christians, which is to say, whole and holy human beings. Let us hope that Notre Dame is true to its implicit promise to provide us with a true Catholic environment where we might begin to transform ourselves (with God's help!) into all we are meant to be. □

Janet Smith is a professor in the Program of Liberal Studies.

If I Could Know

by Jean Healy

I looked into the old man's face,
that shone with a sparkle and glow;
I could see much in that old face,
but the meaning, I could not know.

For time had cast a darkened shadow
on the memory of that old gent,
And stole away his youth and wisdom
leaving him stranded; wrinkled and bent.

If I could know all that he once knew
beginning with my young year,
I'd be a genius . . . an amazing man,
But alas, time won't let me near.

Time will not wait for us to catch up
it speeds on instead;
And when we almost have the chance,
the source of knowledge is dead.

I looked into the dead man's face
and realized one painful truth:
I have no power to control time
Alas, it will also steal my youth.

McDonald's of Roseland and McDonald's of IRONWOOD

COLLEGE SURVIVAL KIT

52665 U.S. 31 N. | 1519 N. Ironwood

5 **Good Only:** May 2 till May 8, 1983

Limit One Coupon Per Purchase

Buy One Get One Free (Sandwich of Your Choice)

Regular Hamburger, regular Cheeseburger, Big Mac,® Quarter Pounder® or Quarter Pounder® with Cheese, Filet-O-Fish,® McRib,™ Chicken McNuggets.™ When you buy one of the same. Quarter Pounder® wgt. before cooking 4 oz. (113.4 gm.)

Good ONLY at 52665 U.S. 31 N. or 1519 N. Ironwood

Cash Redemption Value is 1/20th of One Cent

6 **Good Only:** May 9 till May 15, 1983

Limit One Coupon Per Purchase

Buy One Get One Free (Sandwich of Your Choice)

Regular Hamburger, regular Cheeseburger, Big Mac,® Quarter Pounder® or Quarter Pounder® with Cheese, Filet-O-Fish,® McRib,™ Chicken McNuggets.™ When you buy one of the same. Quarter Pounder® wgt. before cooking 4 oz. (113.4 gm.)

Good ONLY at 52665 U.S. 31 N. or 1519 N. Ironwood

Cash Redemption Value is 1/20th of One Cent

3 **Good Only:** April 11 till April 17, 1983

Limit One Coupon Per Purchase

Buy One Get One Free (Sandwich of Your Choice)

Regular Hamburger, regular Cheeseburger, Big Mac,® Quarter Pounder® or Quarter Pounder® with Cheese, Filet-O-Fish,® McRib,™ Chicken McNuggets.™ When you buy one of the same. Quarter Pounder® wgt. before cooking 4 oz. (113.4 gm.)

Good ONLY at 52665 U.S. 31 N. or 1519 N. Ironwood

Cash Redemption Value is 1/20th of One Cent

4 **Good Only:** April 18 till May 1, 1983

Limit One Coupon Per Purchase

Buy One Get One Free (Sandwich of Your Choice)

Regular Hamburger, regular Cheeseburger, Big Mac,® Quarter Pounder® or Quarter Pounder® with Cheese, Filet-O-Fish,® McRib,™ Chicken McNuggets.™ When you buy one of the same. Quarter Pounder® wgt. before cooking 4 oz. (113.4 gm.)

Good ONLY at 52665 U.S. 31 N. or 1519 N. Ironwood

Cash Redemption Value is 1/20th of One Cent

1 **Good Only:** March 28 till April 3, 1983

Limit One Coupon Per Purchase

Buy One Get One Free (Sandwich of Your Choice)

Regular Hamburger, regular Cheeseburger, Big Mac,® Quarter Pounder® or Quarter Pounder® with Cheese, Filet-O-Fish,® McRib,™ Chicken McNuggets.™ When you buy one of the same. Quarter Pounder® wgt. before cooking 4 oz. (113.4 gm.)

Good ONLY at 52665 U.S. 31 N. or 1519 N. Ironwood

Cash Redemption Value is 1/20th of One Cent

2 **Good Only:** April 4 till April 10, 1983

Limit One Coupon Per Purchase

Buy One Get One Free (Sandwich of Your Choice)

Regular Hamburger, regular Cheeseburger, Big Mac,® Quarter Pounder® or Quarter Pounder® with Cheese, Filet-O-Fish,® McRib,™ Chicken McNuggets.™ When you buy one of the same. Quarter Pounder® wgt. before cooking 4 oz. (113.4 gm.)

Good ONLY at 52665 U.S. 31 N. or 1519 N. Ironwood

Cash Redemption Value is 1/20th of One Cent

McDonald's & You™

BULK RATE
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
Notre Dame, Indiana
Permit No. 7