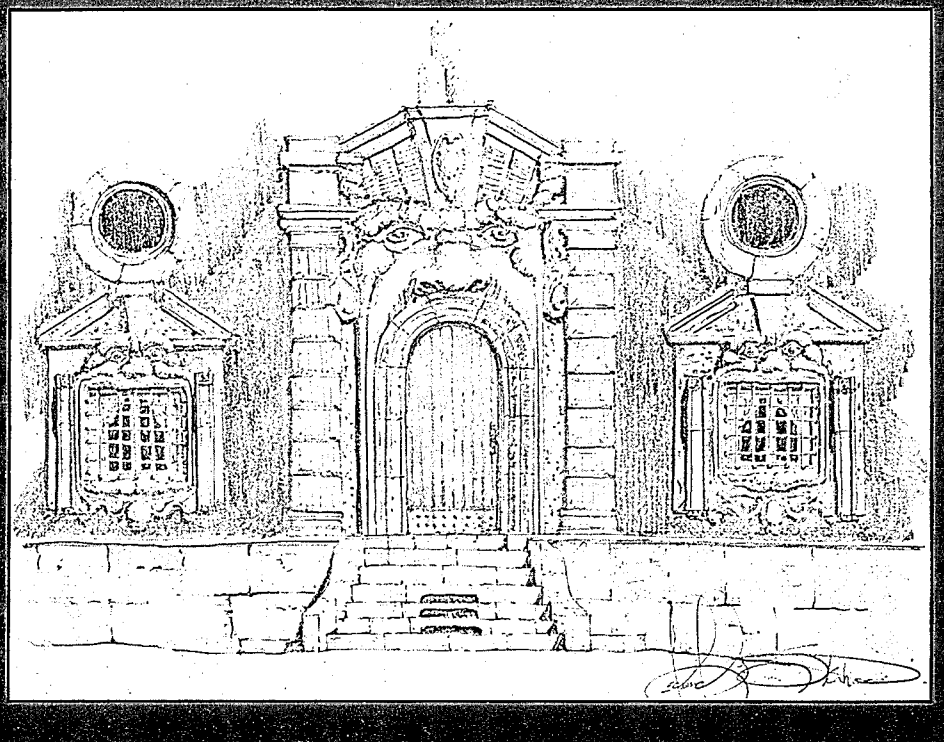
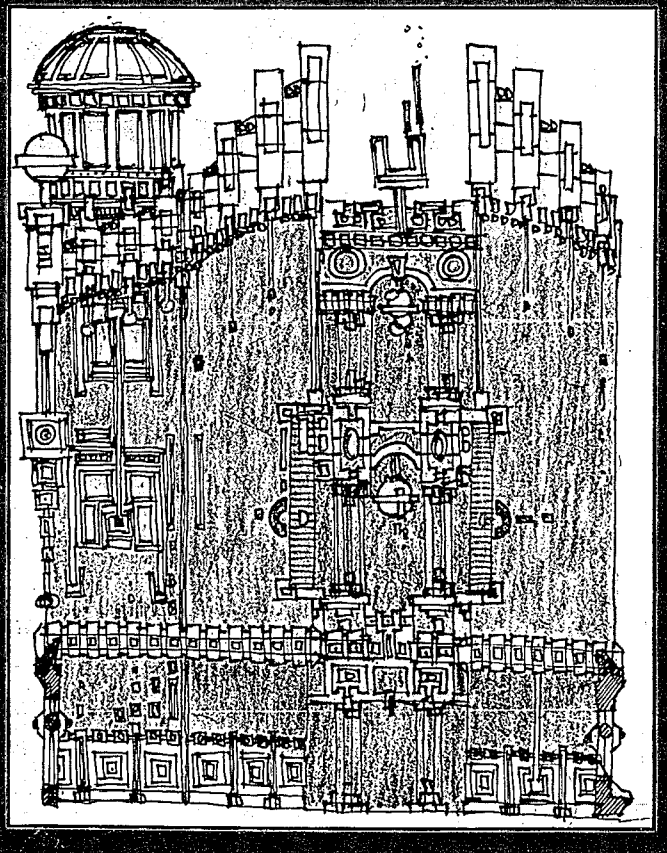
Scholastic

April/May 1983





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Scholastic

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FEATURES

REGULARS

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Up Front

by Charles G. van Ravenswaay

As most of you probably don't know — next year marks *Scholastic*'s one hundred and twenty-fifth volume since it began publication in 1867. In its long and rich history, *Scholastic* has been published in a variety of forms: as a weekly, a bimonthly and a monthly. Although its evolution to its present form has been a uniformly steady process, the monthly format having been predicated by the birth of the *Observer,* its reputation has suffered a more troubled evolution.

As a result, in 1981, under the direction of then Editor-in-Chief Chuck Wood and General Manager Clayton Malaker, a serious commitment was made to upgrade the reputation and the appearance of the magazine. This commitment was continued this year under the guidance of Editor-in-Chief Beth Healy and General Manager Pat Pitz with a great deal of success. It is the intention of this editorial board to support the gains made by our predecessors and to extend them in the year to come.

A major improvement instituted this year by Beth Healy involves the layout process of the magazine. In the past, *Scholastic* only handled the rough preliminary layout of each issue and the printers did the rest. This placed severe limitations on what we could do. Now, however, *Scholastic* does *all* of its own layout from beginning to end. Although this consumes considerably more time than our old method, we feel that the benefits to the readers make the extra effort worthwhile. We now have room for flexibility and creativity undreamed of in the past.

As a result of innovations and the hard work put in by the staff this year, I am proud to announce that *Scholastic* has garnered a number of awards for its efforts. The Society of Professional Journalists awarded *Scholastic* first place in region five (which is comprised of Indiana, Illinois and Kentucky) for best all-round student magazine. The Indiana Collegiate Press Association bestowed upon *Scholastic* the news/general interest magazine of the year award plus twenty-one other awards in areas such as best editorial, best column and best feature story. These come as a pleasant surprise considering the many frustrating evenings and ruined weekends that have marked the past year.

In order to continue our drive for improvement, we at *Scholastic* need student input. Students with skills in the areas of writing, proofreading, layout, photography and drawing are always welcome. If you would be interested in getting involved with next year's *Scholastic,* please contact the editorial board or a member of the staff for more information. □

Scholastic Notables

New Course Announced

The College of Arts and Letters will offer an undergraduate course on the morality of nuclear armament next fall. Students will be able to take the three-credit course entitled, "The Nuclear Dilemma," to fulfill half of their six-credit theology requirement.

"The Nuclear Dilemma" will be taught by a team of faculty from the departments of Theology, Government and International Studies, Theatre and Communications, Philosophy, Economics, and Sociology. The course, however, will be primarily theological in focus and the final draft of the American Catholic bishops' pastoral letter on war and peace will serve as a text.

According to course director, John J. Gilligan, professor of law at Notre Dame, "The Nuclear Dilemma" responds to an appeal made by the American bishops. "The bishops have asked that every diocese and parish develop balanced and objective educational programs on war and peace," he said. "With this multidisciplinary course, Notre Dame can offer an example of how we might begin."

"The Nuclear Dilemma" will be open to one hundred and thirty students. Its lectures, however, will be videotaped for future and wider use.

MBA Students Win

Three Notre Dame MBA students beat out competitors from Ohio State University, the University of Illinois, and the University of Missouri to win a second consecutive title for Notre Dame in the MBA Invitational Case Competition sponsored by the Johnson & Johnson Co.

Carla Cotton, Geoffrey Jarman, and Thomas Rolfs were given 24 hours to develop a formal presentation of strategies for the Johnson Products Co., to use to overcome competitors' marketing of hair care products. The judges, made up of business executives and professors from around the country, chose their presentation as best.

Laetare Medal

Edmund A. Stephan, chairman emeritus of Notre Dame's Board of Trustees, and his wife, Evelyn, will receive the 1983 Laetare Medal at the commencement exercises May 15. They are only the third couple in the 100-year history of the medal to share the honor.

The Laetare Medal is awarded annually to Catholics "whose genius has ennobled the arts and sciences, illustrated the ideals of the Church, and enriched the heritage of humanity." It is generally considered the most prestigious annual award conferred upon Catholics in the United States, and previous winners include Thomas P. "Tip" O'Neill, Jr., Edmund S. Muskie, and John F. Kennedy among a long list of notables.

Edmund Stephan, who graduated from Notre Dame in 1933 and Harvard Law in 1939, has worked for Mayer, Brown and Platt, Chicago's second-largest law firm, since 1945, and is currently a senior partner of the 101-year-old firm. Stephan is also chairman of the board of the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations, and a director of the Brunswick Corporation, the Marsh and McLennan Company, and the Arthur J. Schmitt and William Benton Foundations.

Stephan became a member of Notre Dame's Advisory Council for the School of Law in 1955 and a member of the Associate Board of Trustees in 1960. When Stephan's proposal to transfer the governance of the University from the Congregation of Holy Cross to a predominantly lay board was adopted in 1967, he was named chairman of the new board. He continued serving in that position for 15 years before stepping down last May.

"Ed Stephan was an ideal bridge builder in a time of change," commented Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, C.S.C., who headed the committee that selected the Stephans. "He has an amiable personality, a thorough intelligence, and a sweet voice of reason that carried many a difficult day. He and Evie spent long hours—both on campus and off—doing the sorts of things necessary to keep intact the confidence of our loyal constituencies. The two have served the University as a gracious and effective team. One cannot think of one without the other. We honor them both, and together, as they have served together."

In between raising eight children and in addition to aiding her husband in his work for Notre Dame, Evelyn Stephan has long been active in church, civic, and charitable affairs in Chicago.

The Stephans' family ties to Notre Dame span three generations. Stephan's father, Anton C., graduated from Notre Dame in 1904. And Edmund and Evelyn, who will celebrate their 46th anniversary in July, have sent five of their eight children to Notre Dame.

Death of a Child

by Philip J. Keizer

I listened to the radio as Dad drove the van. Everyone else was asleep. Mom was in the back seat, and Lisa, a year younger than I, was in the next seat asleep with her mouth wide open. Clarice, four years younger than I, was snugly asleep in the second bench seat, and Karen, seven years younger than I, and Teddy, ten years younger than I, were all cozy with their pillows, blankets, and stuffed animals. I was in the front captain's chair opposite Dad.

We arrived in Eugene at noon and stopped at the Valley River Inn. Everyone awoke and we unloaded our luggage. Dad and I unloaded the bicycles from the rack on top of the van. Mom checked us in and got the room keys. Lisa and Clarice carried the suitcases to the room, and Karen and Teddy carried all the blankets, pillows, and stuffed animals to the room. The girls brushed their hair and got ready to go out in the world after being asleep, and Teddy came back to the van to help Dad and me get the bicycles ready. Dad would loosen the wing nuts and slide the bicycle to me, I would lower the bicycle from the top of the van down to the ground and Teddy would wheel the bicycle out of the way and put the kickstand down and come back and get the next one.

After we finished with the bicycles we went to the room, picked up the girls, and went to lunch. We all got to have pie for dessert, which was a special treat, yet everyone was tense, especially Teddy. He hardly said a word and at times would get glassy-eyed and turn away. Then Mom's voice would squeak with emotion as she talked.

After lunch we went and looked in some stores in the mall near the motel. Then we went for a family bicycle ride. When I was younger we would often go on family bicycle rides, but for the past few years we hadn't been on one. Teddy had learned how to ride a bicycle without training wheels just for this bike ride. We took the bridge across the Willamette River and then rode the bike path on that side of the river through the park and then back to the bridge and to the motel. Teddy led the pack and as it started to rain he rode his "fastest ever" to get us back to the motel.

Since we were wet we decided to go for a family swim in the motel pool. We had only been in the pool for about fifteen minutes when the light rain turned into a full downpour and lightning started to flash. The rain came down in big drops that would lightly sting against my skin yet felt good against my scalp, like a shower massage with the faucet turned to full pressure. A man from the motel came and told us that we should get out because of the lightning. We were getting cold anyway, so we went and got into the sauna which was in a covered area that connected with the motel. We warmed up, went up to the room, got dressed and went to dinner.

We went to a nice restaurant but no one ate much. The conversation at dinner was awkward and tense. Teddy had to go to the bathroom three times. The meal seemed to last for years. Finally, we finished and went back and looked at some of the stores in the mall and then went to bed early, for we were getting up early the next day.

As I lay in bed I thought about the day and how everyone had tried so hard to get along, be cheerful, and how tense everyone had been. I was tense, for the next day I was to leave for college. I was the oldest and first to leave. I had no older brothers or sisters to tell me what it was all about. I was soon to be on my own. I wasn't even going to be close to home. I was going to be three-quarters of the way across the country.

Then I thought of Teddy, my kid brother. We had shared a room together since he was born. He had been moping around the house for a week. For no apparent reason he'd go and get in his bed and rearrange his stuffed animals. He even had given me his favorite "Teddy Bear" to sleep with, and asked me to show him how to fold paper airplanes again. Then I thought of Mom and how she had made all my favorite dishes for dinner the last week I was home. And I thought how Lisa, Clarice and Karen had helped me pack and get ready to leave. Clarice even made a surprise box of chocolate chip cookies to eat on the plane. Slowly, then, I drifted off to sleep.

We got up at 6:30 and arrived at the airport by 7:00. The flight was delayed until 10:00 so we ate breakfast in the airport. Dad told me again how hard I needed to study so that I would be able to get into medical school, and Mom told me to be sure to write home right away and tell what everything was like. She wanted me to give every detail of my trip right down to what I ate on the plane and where I sat. Nine-thirty came around and I had to go to the gate and get ready to board the plane. Everyone was there to see me off. I got a big hug from each of my sisters and Mom. Dad shook my hand, and Teddy slapped hands with me Flip Wilson style. I went through the radar and my watch set off the alarm, so I had to go through again. The attendant searched my camera bag and x-rayed my carry-on suitcase. Then I waited behind a big glass wall for the man to open the door to let me onto the plane. Karen had her nose pressed against the glass so that it looked flat. Mom had her arms around Lisa and Clarice, and Teddy was sitting on Dad's shoulders holding his "Teddy Bear." The door opened and the people started to rush onto the plane. I turned and looked out at my family. They were all waving, and Teddy was waving so hard that he didn't notice he had dropped his bear.

As I turned and boarded the plane I was excited and calm simultaneously. I was excited with the adventure of leaving home and travelling three-quarters across the country by myself. I was calm in realizing the family and security I was leaving behind. It was like a line from the song *Big Yellow Taxi,* "You don't know what you've got till it's gone." I don't believe I ever thought before how much my family meant to me, or how much they cared about me. I had to leave my family before I could appreciate them. □

Philip Keizer is a senior Science major from Coos Bay, Oregon. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.

An Art of the Past

by John Rozzi

During the twenty-three years of my life I have been haunted by the beauty of fireworks. The art of making fireworks has been in my family for generations and likewise in many other families in the United States today. Most of the fireworks, besides firecrackers, bottle rockets and other similar toy devices, have been passed on to us by the Italians. They are not the only people who make fireworks but in the United States their influence is prevalent. The story of my Italian immigrant ancestors who took up the fireworks trade resembles many other similar stories. They all struggled to survive in a harsh country hostile and different from their own. Many first came here dreaming of the day that they would have enough money for the trip home. The land was so vastly different from their homes, they could not speak its language, and they missed their families. For many that return trip never came true. The younger generation adapted to the American way of life, and today our generation remains to carry on the tradition that finds obstacles with every passing day.

Since writing objectively about something that pervades my life confuses my thoughts and feelings, I have instead chosen to speak of my recollections. First, as I reflect on the concept of fireworks, I think of the craft and the art. The art of fireworks has developed as much as many other arts but unfortunately little is known about them and they have remained basically a possession of the experts. Today we see beautiful fireworks shows but none compare with those of the past. The greatest masters have long since passed away and with them most of their knowledge.

John Rozzi is a senior Arts and Letters major from Cincinnati, Ohio. This is his first contribution to Scholastic.

The beauty of those masters haunts me. Since I am a young man I feel unfortunate to have missed the splendor of my grandfather's work, of his struggle to achieve a dream he carried with him all through his life. My father grew up experiencing his father's dreams of success. They were a poor immigrant family who for the first time felt a future in the United States. They struggled together, clutching one stone after another, like an infant clings to its mother, slowly ascending a peak as distant and remote as the darkness of the future. Today I see myself as a growth on that peak reaching back down the mountain for some recollection of the vitality of that climb. The image I see in my mind of those fireworks that became each stone in that ascent haunts me like the image of my dead grandfather.

I know their struggle was not easy. Fireworks is a meticulous art and a difficult business. Almost everything is still done the way it has been for centuries, by hand. The fireworks maker takes paper, string, paste, and chemicals and creates beautiful fountains, blossoms, and thunderous music. Brought to life by the spark of fire, they breathe the air, fly, burst, and in one fleeting instant of wondrous life they fade and die.

It is this living quality of fireworks that accounts for my fascination. Like music, it is an art that we experience. To be a true fireworks maker, a *pirotecnico,* one must understand all the arts. He must know what he sees as color and shades of light and darkness, what is graceful and rhythmic movement, and what is drama, emotion, energy, and vigor. To achieve the full aesthetic force of fireworks, each piece the pirotecnico makes must be orchestrated into an elegant, powerful symphony of light and sound.

Their beauty was born out of a people's struggle to survive. I have seen none better than art that has grown from such a struggle. Now that I rest in the arms of security, the struggle over and partly won, the ghosts that haunt me walk even more feverishly. Something has been achieved, but what it is seems nebulous. It is gone as quickly as a fireworks shell burst. As we proceed with our own lives, with the shadow of our past diluted by the light of the present, the light of security and ease, we cannot help but experience the ultimate death that follows the struggle of life. We live in the United States of America, rich, secure, and dead to the past. As the beauty faded, the stars shone, and the explosions silenced, we remain as the smoke from that past.

senior works '83

The Medium Is No Longer the Message

by Dan LeDuc

On the past several years this country has become a nation of news junkies. There are those among us who wake up to Diane Sawyer, eat dinner with Dan Rather, and fall asleep to Ted Koppel. In between, their day is filled with all-news radio or the Cable News Network humming in the background like Muzak.

And in the true American fashion, all this demand creates supply. News, once the money-losing deadweight of television, has now become the hot commodity. The three networks want to expand their flagship evening newscasts to an hour. In many of the large local markets there is as much as four hours of news broadcast each day. Ted Turner gives us 24-hour-a-day news on the Cable News Network. The networks have responded with late, late-night newscasts from NBC's innovative "Overnight" to CBS's marathon four-hour (!) "Nightwatch." And if you don't want to stay up all night, you can always catch a full two-and-a-half hours on each network when you get up. (NBC calls their morning programs "Early Today" and "Today." We can only assume "Later Today" will soon follow.)

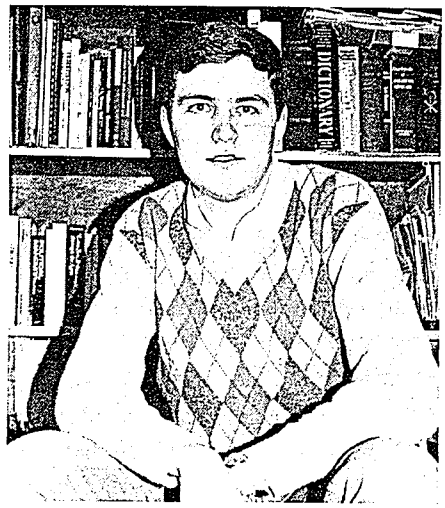
One observer believes this obsession with news might be explained as a "by-product of anxiety." Crime news gets compelling when your house has been burgled. Economic news becomes riveting when a bag of groceries costs fifty dollars. But Robert MacKenzie also observes that this "jumpiness," if indeed it exists, has not caused us to read more newspapers. This new Information Age—with all of its news junkies—is an electronic one.

Television news has tons of new technology to play with. Mini-cams, helicopters and live-on-the-scene reports are boosting the ratings of local newscasts. We feel like we are there. That blinking eye with "Sony" stenciled across its forehead has learned how to hook us with split screens, a spectrum of colors, pulsating electronic music, and lots of pretty faces. But are we better informed? We may see the front steps of city hall in a live-on-the-scene report, but do we find out what's going on inside? MacKenzie rightly asks, "Are we being backdated when we need to be updated?"

Some examples of how the new technology can influence news reporting on television:

Greater speed—will increase competitiveness and decrease time available for checking facts. The difficulties and errors following the attempted assassination of President Reagan are an example.

More visual variety — will allow more graphic explanations of complex issues, but taken too far, this could cause oversimplification and distortion of facts.



Increased mobility—will influence story selection. The new technology and its lightweight cameras and other equipment may be the reason to cover the story, instead of the merit of the story. Broadcast journalists might well heed the admonition from the irascible Fred Friendly, "All these other trappings don't mean a tinker's damn. It's the substance that matters."

In this new technological era, Americans want more than just news, they want "information." Surveys show that there will be a rapid increase of tele-information services and some have gone so far as to say that by the turn of the century, entertainment as we know it will be less than 10 percent of what is punched up on the home screen. Punched up. Tuned in. Wired up. Plugged in. It sounds like we're not using this new technology, but that we're part of it.

Johann Gutenberg didn't realize what he started when he invented mass communication more than 500 years ago with the creation of movable type and the printed page. During the 19th and 20th centuries recordings, motion pictures and videotape came into being. Now, moving into replace them all in the Information Age is the home computer. These computers are revolutionizing the entire business of storing information and, with the aid of telecommunications, the way it is distributed. This is what the home information revolution of the next two decades will be all about.

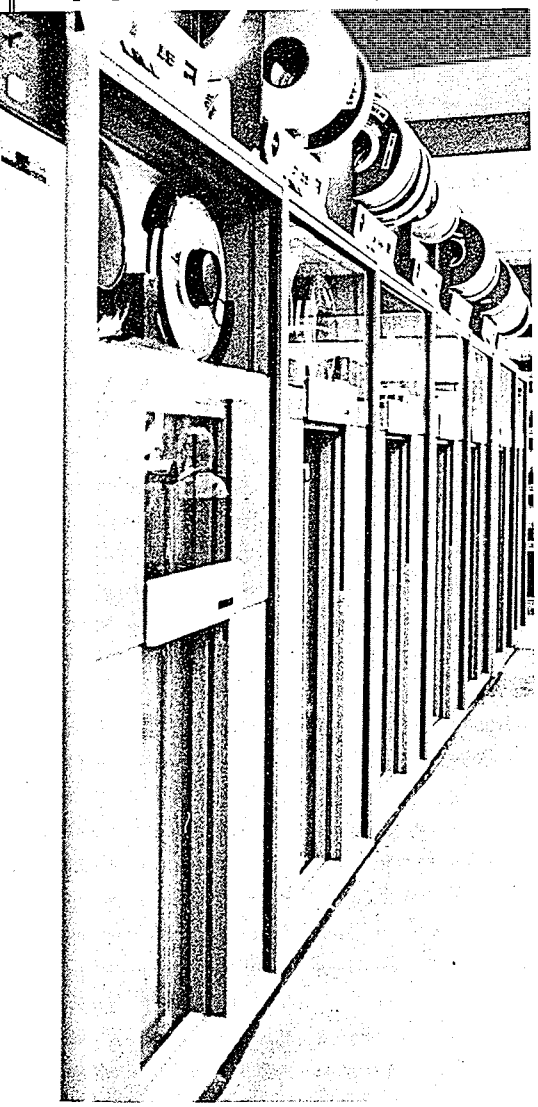
What exactly will this new technology offer in terms of information? The ideas are endless: weather reports, stock tables, sports, traffic updates, airline schedules, restaurant guides, classified ads and shop-at-home guides, home improvement plans and school courses are among the many options that will be offered in addition to news and magazine-type programs. The new programming will enter the home through two-way interactive videotext or the simpler one-way teletext systems in which pages of information appear on the television screen. The rise of these two media will create an extensive industry of information suppliers and service providers. This industry will form a

(continued on page 28)

CONFESSIONS OF AN EX-LUDDITE

by Paul Lee Radan

Logon . . . logoff . . . invalid subcommand . . . diagnostic error . . . What are these words? What do they mean? And exactly how does the humanist respond to this computer language? To the hard-core humanist, these words may be considered unutterable. In fact, the unyielding humanist probably doesn't even know what they mean. However, there are also other groups of humanists whose attitudes toward the computer are more favorable. Among these more tolerant humanists are those skeptical types who ultimately yield to the changing world, and those artistic people who use this new technology for creative and aesthetic purposes.



One stand a humanist can take is to reject computers outright—to consider them nothing but an unnecessary evil. In Mae Goodman's opinion, they are "flashing, beeping, belching little monsters." Ms. Goodman and other computer haters view these confusing creations as impersonal mechanisms which are displacing not only the blue-collar and lesser-skilled laborers, but also a certain number of middle managers and skilled professionals.

Although no repeat of the Luddite revolt of 1811 is yet visible, computer-hating humanists are quick to point out that the computer age of today does pose a serious challenge. As William Serrin comments:

> Experts say that the new technologies, based on the computer and microelectronics, may constitute as fundamental a shift in the American workplace as the move from agriculture to a manufacturing economy a century or more ago. . . . Some authorities predict dire consequences similar to the upheaval at the beginning of the industrial age in the last century.

Among hard-core humanists, there is great concern about the social effects of advances in technology. Specifically, they worry that the nation has no policy to deal with problems caused by technological change. Today's stagnant economy appears unable to provide jobs for the displaced workers, and the thought of man being replaced by a machine stirs the wrath of these Luddite sympathizers.

Another option for humanists, however, is to try to accept the computers as a positive force in society. People in this group possess a certain fear of the computer, and as a result, they are uncomfortable and skeptical of its merits. As a middle-aged Japanese housewife commented after her first encounter with a talking microwave: "I was terrified, I didn't know what was what." With a little persistence, however, she probably will find computer cooking to be a time-saving, culinary experience.

Slowly, many humanists, like the Japanse housewife, may come to see the advantages of the new technology. Yet, the process of acceptance is usually long and painful. Judith Hooper, a free-lance writer struggling with her first personal computer, discusses the horrors of computer use:

> An entire "file" of written material, perhaps an immortal ode, could exit this universe as a result of an unexpected electrical surge while another file, say, one containing last week's shopping list, might remain lodged in the computer's brain forever, defying every attempt to lobotomize it.

Despite this apparently negative view, Judith Hooper clearly believes in progress, and her initial reluctance gave way to the growing technological advances. As she relates:

> It finally happened. My portable Smith-Corona, with its familiar stuck "h" key and its jet engine take-off noises, has been retired, and a sleek, silent home computer/word processor now squats in its place. It's a handsome instrument, more like a rocket console, I think, than a typewriter, and it gives my words a certain austere nobility as they glow from the computer's CRT, or television screen.

Ms. Hooper has crossed that line of resistance and now seems intrigued with her new processor. Yet, the process, no pun intended, of acceptance is difficult for many people, and in order to convince more humanists of the wonders of the computer, companies such as IBM and Apple have released "Peanut" and "Lisa"—the friendly, personal computers. Clearly, they are attempting to replace the dog as man's new best friend, and to entice the skeptical humanist to enter the world of low-priced computer software.

A third option for the humanist is to accept the computer and to use it for creative and aesthetic purposes. In an article addressed to staunch computer haters, Steve Gibson comments:

> . . . there are computer programs that make it possible for any child (or adult) to draw beautiful pictures, compose music and even increase their IQ! . . . computers can play Mozart (quite well too!) or Brahms or even the Beatles.

(continued on page 28)

senior works '83

Annual Student Exhibition

by Cecilia Lucero

With the advent of spring comes once again the Annual Student Exhibition, a tradition at Notre Dame for nearly forty years. Sponsored by the Art Department in the spirit of a celebration of spring, the annual event presents a compilation of individual masterpieces created by undergraduate and graduate students and representing the seven concentrate majors of the Art Department. Exhibit categories are divided according to the individual concentrations—painting, sculpture, fibers, ceramics, photography, printmaking, and design—and are judged by a faculty panel, who determine which displays will gain the honor of "best of works."

Tamera Mams, a senior from Wytheville, Virginia, reflects on the significance of the Annual Exhibition for student artists: "As an artist, any kind of participation in exhibits is good. I've been here for four years," Mams says. "This is my opportunity to show (my work) in a recognized museum."

Mams, who majors in printmaking, has entered a few of her color intaglio works, which are currently on display at the Isis Gallery. Intaglio, she explains, is similar to engraving, where pictures are created by carving into a surface. Ink then flows into the incisions and reverses the carved image.

The Annual Student Exhibition, according to Professor Frederick Beckman, chairman of the Art Department, had previously been open only to graduate Master of Fine Arts students and Master of Arts students as part of their requirements for a thesis program, and also as an expected activity. However, the student show this year has invited undergraduate students as well due to the fewer number of graduate students and senior participants.

Mams also explains that preparations for the exhibits met with some difficulties this year. Because of late advertising, students interested in entering their artwork learned nearly too late about the entrance deadline, which was April 12. Many students are disappointed by this because they feel their work has not sufficiently been prepared for display, and for the faculty panel's scrutiny. Chances for "best of works" awards are compromised this way.

"That opportunity (to prepare exhibits) was not given because whoever was in charge simply did not advertise," Mams says. "A lot of people just did not have their work together."

Although a theology major who finds his art elective "somewhat less cerebral," Joe Barry says he took a fibers course last semester "and enjoyed it so much to do it again this semester." Barry, a senior from Cleveland, decided to enter his work, a tablet weaving, into the Annual Student Exhibit at the last minute.

The tablet weaving, made from strips of cards and used for belts, clothing, and decoration "stems back to the early Egyptian times," according to Barry. "A lot of these things have been found in pyramids, in the tombs." He adds, "They've also been found in bogs in Sweden and Finland, where people have been buried."

Barry says of his tablet weaving, "I thought it was a rather unique thing to enter. I do not know how popular it is in terms of artist circles. But it seems, for me, close to people who started things like that. This is a very ancient art form which is functional at the same time."

The Annual Student Exhibition opened on Sunday, April 17, at the Snite Museum of Art and will run through the rest of the semester until commencement.

Says Mams of the Annual Exhibition, "I think it's about the best way to let people know what's going on. When you get out of here, you're going to show and you're going to sell work. And the only way to do that is through galleries or museums. I'm glad it is open to everybody this year." She adds, "To have exhibits — that is what being an artist is about." □

Cecilia Lucero is a junior Arts and Letters major from Sewickley, Pennsylvania. This is her first contribution to Scholastic.

Goodbye N.D.

by Pat Pitz

It seems strange sitting here preparing to write a final farewell to the seniors. I never thought it would come. It seems like such an incredibly long time ago when I first received my application and began looking through the information bulletin; I can remember reading the book and simply thinking, WOW.

In fact, it was actually a little bit of a letdown coming here and finding out Notre Dame was a real place and not a fantasyland described in a book with pictures of the golden dome, or Sacred Heart Church at night silhouetted by the moonlight, or the 14-story library ("Does Notre Dame really have a 14-story library? WOW!"). But the excitement I felt since first learning I was accepted quickly faded after about the first two months when I realized there was more to graduating from Notre Dame than just getting accepted—there would also be a lot of hard work. My first semester here I wrote more papers than I had previously written in my whole life; and I remember thinking, I wonder if there is a limit, set by the University, to the amount of work teachers are allowed to assign. Evidently there wasn't.

But now, looking through the eyes of a second-semester senior, things don't seem quite as bad. When you become a second-semester senior, you start to get nostalgic. You may be walking across campus and suddenly stop and think, in a month from now this will all be gone; I wonder if I'll miss it. During the last semester even the ordinary things seem special. You keep reminding yourself that this will be the last spring break you'll ever have, or the last football or basketball game you'll attend as a student. Like all things, you don't really appreciate them until you realize they'll soon be gone. Graduation seems like the greatest thing in life until you finally arrive at that point and question if the "real world" is going to be any better. It's like being on a game show and you've already chosen door number 3 and are now just waiting to see what's behind it. You stand anxiously waiting to see whether you'll win the prize of your dreams or whether you'll get screwed.

Probably the hardest thing will be leaving behind certain people. It seems strange when you realize that the next time you'll see many of your closest friends may be in the year 2006 when you're both in South Bend to drop off your oldest son (or daughter) for his freshman year at Notre Dame. It may have been 23 years, but you'll recognize your old friends immediately: they'll be the ones in the green station wagon with the leprechaun on the side, the large Notre Dame decal on the back, and the horn that plays the Notre Dame Victory March.

But wait, I must be careful about getting too sentimental (usually that doesn't set in for a few more years). I'm still close enough to Notre Dame to remember how depressing the place can get. I can remember that when I first came here, someone told me that the best way to look at the golden dome was through my rear-view mirror. In the following years this statement proved to be absolutely true. I know that for myself, the most depressing thing in the whole world is driving back from Christmas break—or spring break—or fall break—or summer vacation—at night and seeing the faint glow of the golden dome in the distance. From about ten miles away (heading east on I-80) the golden dome blazes through the darkness and immediately sends a message to the brain which sneers, "VACATION IS OVER."

But in just a few short weeks it will be over—for good. Soon I'll be completely grown up and living comfortably, reaping the fruits of capitalism. I'll have my home in the suburbs, my two cars, and my two children—both of which will probably be dressed in child-size Notre Dame sweatshirts. And I'll sit at home and often reflect on my college years. I'll pull out some of my old yearbooks (or maybe even the May '83 issue of *Scholastic)*, tilt back in my easy chair and think, Boy, those were the days.

Good-bye, N.D. Good-bye, seniors. See you in 2006. □

PRELUDE

by E. Kevin Rose

On May of 1983, I will graduate from the University of Notre Dame with a bachelor's degree in microbiology. At that point, I will receive a piece of paper which verifies that I have completed the necessary course requirements and, perhaps, a hearty handshake from Fr. Ted. I only wish that I could also receive another award; another piece of paper and a hearty handshake from the director of Psych Services to verify some of the bizarre events which have occurred during my four-year stint beneath the Golden Dome.

Let me begin my recollections with freshman year. I knew it would prove to be a unique experience after I attended my very first section meeting. Our R.A., a pre-med from St. Louis with a 4.0 G.P.A., carefully explained all the intricacies of life according to *Du Lac*. He stressed the importance of maintaining a "homey" atmosphere in our rooms. "Make sure you don't come home to a cave," he said, "or you'll be sorry come January." He suggested that we try to buy some furniture, build a loft, perhaps purchase a plant or two. So far it seemed that I had been accepted to a school of interior design. The resident assistant concluded by asking if there were any questions. My roommate's arm quickly shot up.

"Do we have to live with the same people until, like, we leave?"

I knew that it was the beginning of a long and beautiful friendship. Later that year he placed a pickled pig's head in my bed. (Note to freshmen: if you get a chance to see *The Godfather* with your roommate, don't.)

I shall always remember my sophomore year at Notre Dame as being the "zoo year." I continued residing in stately Alumni Hall, this time in room 118. And 119. And 120. And 121. Yes, that's four (count 'em—four) rooms. These rooms were inhabited by six people: two juniors and four sophomores. Space does not permit me to elaborate on the incredible system of musical beds we devised to accommodate the late night schedules of my suitemates, but I might mention that I never slept in the same bed for two consecutive nights that entire year. I distinctly remember never being able to complete any of my homework because one of the juniors happened to be Mike Weidt, then president of the Pittsburgh Club. As far as I know, that has to be the largest hometown club at N.D. Anyone who has roomed with, say, the director of Junior Parents' Weekend or Li'l Sibs Weekend will know what I mean when I say that the phone never stopped ringing. The two weeks prior to October break were a nightmare. I don't even want to talk about what would happen before Christmas. My roomies and I finally cracked during those last few days before Easter. A typical call would begin: "Is Mike Weidt home? I'm calling about the Pitt bus." Of course, Mike was never in. We began by answering the calls politely: "No, Michael is not in at the present moment. May I take a message?" As the days progressed the answers became less civil: "Wouldn't you rather go to Newark for break?" We'd play "I Left My Heart in San Francisco" into the receiver.

At last, sweet revenge. One night we captured Mike and tied him up in room 118. We then force-fed him shredded Pitt Bus tickets while playing "New York, New York" on our stereo.

Mike resigned as president later that week.

I suppose it's worth mentioning that Mike sold us ten pounds of leftover Pitt Club hamburger as a peace offering. We grilled five pounds. The other five pounds we allowed to defrost in his pillowcase.

As was the case for many of my friends, junior year was my cultural exchange experience. While I didn't go to France or Austria or Tibet or anything, I got a little taste of foreign lands right here in South Bend.

"Do you speak any Chinese?" asked my advisor.

"Egg roll," I replied.

"Solid!" said my academic guru. "Be in the lab at one next Wednesday."

And so I came to meet my forty-year-old lab partner for my second semester: Pong Wang, a Ph.D. candidate in microbiology from Peking. I initiated our first conversation, "Do you speak any English?"

"Oh yes, oh yes!"

"Have you ever studied microbiology before?"

"Oh yes, oh yes!"

"When do you want to start our lab report?"

"Oh yes, oh yes!"

It was obvious that this man spoke not a word of the English language. This was sure to pose problems, for good communication is essential for the efficient operation of a laboratory.

In the very first laboratory period, the class was to extract the DNA, RNA, and protein fractions from *E. coli,* a common rod-shaped bacterium. Extraction of the RNA component is by far the most tedious, the most time-consuming, and the most easily blundered portion of the experiment. The experiment began at 1:00 p.m. By 4:30 p.m., I was holding in my hot little hands the purified RNA extract; the experiment was very near completion. "OK, Wang, all you have to do is hold this test tube for thirty seconds while I prepare the spectrophotometer."

This did not seem to register, for Wang looked at me as if I had just said, "One of the flay robs has gone out askew apparently on the treddle."

I then tried to communicate my message to him via the written word. This seemed to make more sense to Wang. "Oh yes, oh yes!" he exclaimed. Satisfied with his progress, I began to "zero" the spectrophotometer, a procedure which basically consists of turning a few knobs until a meter gets the desired reading.

As I turned the knobs, I felt a slight tug on my lab coat. "One moment, Wang," I said, "I'll need the tube in just a second. Hold on."

The tugging continued. I abandoned the spectrophotometer to see what exactly it was that Wang needed.

"It spill, it spill," muttered Wang.

I was overjoyed. For once Wang had said something other than "oh yes, oh yes!" His English was obviously improving. "Now say that again slowly and clearly and I will help you with your pronunciation," I said to my Oriental sidekick. Wang swallowed hard and repeated what he had said.

"It spill?" I shouted. "What spill?"

I looked down to find what represented three and a half hours of work, $200.00 in supplies, and an entire

letter grade lying on the floor at our feet. "Oh, !@#$," I said.

"!@#$," said Wang, smiling happily. He had learned a new English word. Moments later, the professor who ran the lab entered and asked, "What seems to be the trouble?" He glanced down at the broken tube on the floor.

"Oh !@#$," repeated Wang, this time mimicking my New York accent.

"He just said it was bad luck," I interjected. I felt like I was covering for John Belushi as Samuri Microbiologist.

Many Domers agree that Spring Break in Florida can be one of life's most memorable experiences. In the March of this, my last year at Notre Dame, I finally made that pilgrimage to the Sunshine State. What occurred during the trip south almost resulted in its being my last year, period.

After driving my six-hour shift, I crawled into the back seat of our Chevy Suburban for some well-deserved sleep. I was totally exhausted, and quite happy to turn the task over to Stan Rheck (pronounced "wreck"). It was somewhere near Knoxville, Tennessee, when Stan lived up to his name.

I was sleeping soundly in the back seat when Stan hit a patch of ice as we crossed a small bridge doing 70 mph. I awoke to the sound of squealing tires and screaming women. I sprang up to find that the back seat was now the front seat, and we were backwards at 70 mph. For some reason, I wasn't bothered by the fact that "Billie Jean" was playing on the radio again. Facing death, I guess, anesthetizes musical taste. We spun off the road, and landed snugly in a Tennessee ditch. I really thought we were going to die. I closed my eyes and waited for a hearty handshake from the Grim Reaper. I was naturally relieved when the massive explosion I was expecting failed to materialize; all that reached my ears was a dull thud. We had come to a sudden halt against the back bumper of a car full of IUSB women. What a way to go.

As senior year draws to a close, I would only like to say that the most interesting episodes of my Notre Dame career involve the opposite sex. Unfortunately, I don't have time to expound on that topic, but if I did I would surely include the story of when I dated a SMC student who claimed to be from Mars; the time a manic Pasquerilla West R.A. tickled me until I fell on my stereo and split my ear open; the time I dated a girl whose sweat smelled like the llama cage at the Bronx Zoo . . . but time does not permit.

For these stories and more, you'll have to wait for my upcoming book. □

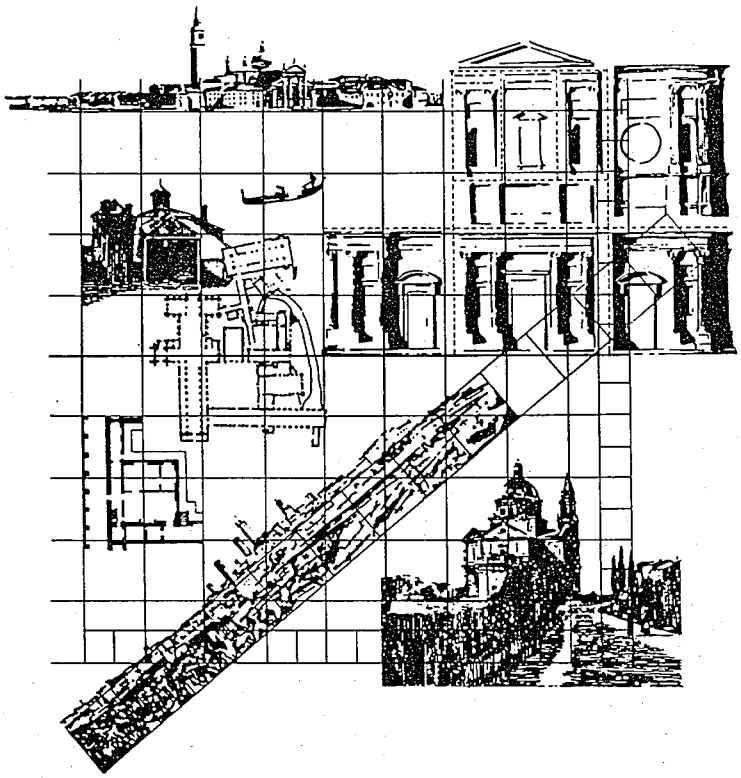
E. Kevin Rose is a senior Microbiology major from Old Bethpage, New York. After Notre Dame, he is pursuing an MBA.

The Fall for Nietzsche

by Phil Fowler

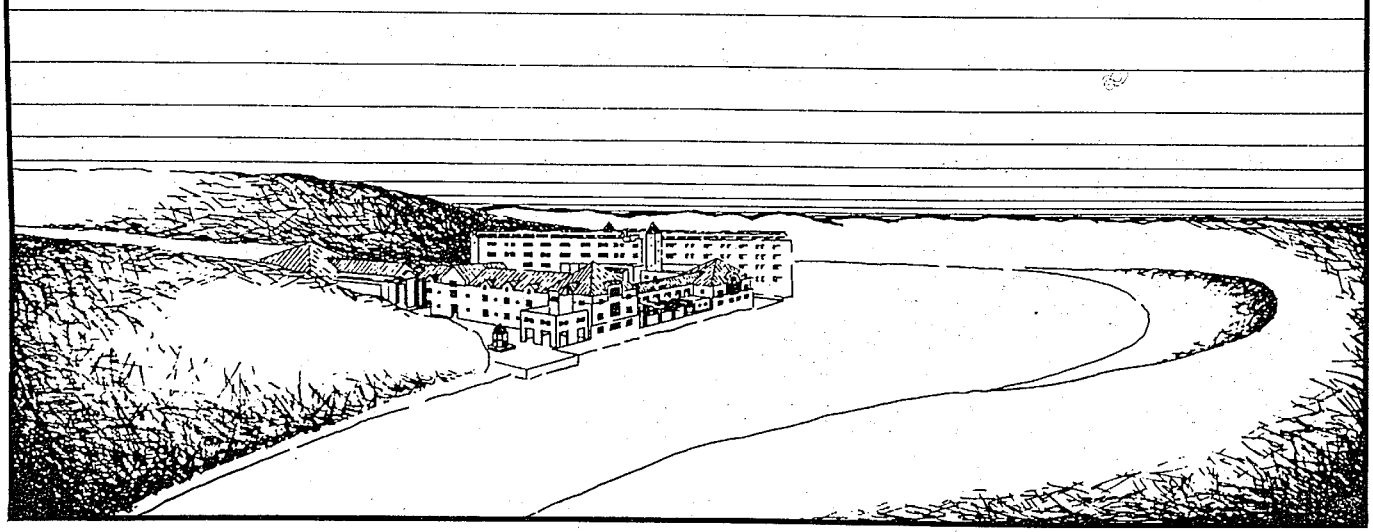
Drips squeeze from the black pool on the ceiling,
And bucket fills with constant drum, then splash.
And I sit staring at each drop's rippling,
Still wondering who determines each drop's crash?
Outside is rain that cuts the pressing gloom
Only to splatter 'gainst invincible pane.
I ask what reason drives these drops to doom
And makes one's fall to end, a streaking pain?
I think our own lives hurl toward world's currents
And splash headlong and quick 'gainst violent sea.
Though born of Breath eternal we are spent—
Drivels of spit from wetted lips are we.
And though each drop musters just one mad rush,
A faint ripple rouses each basin's hush.

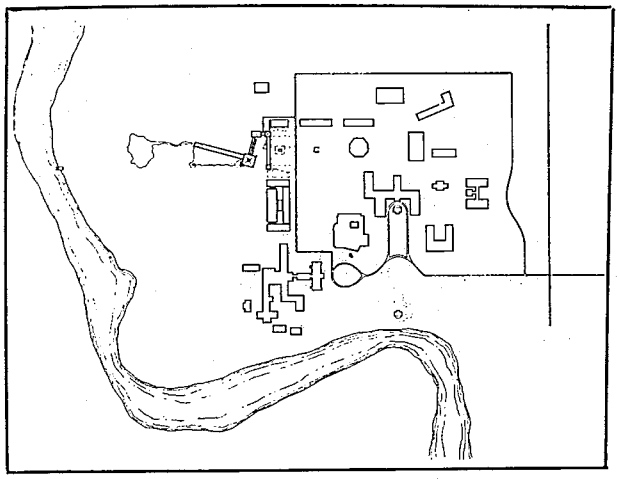
ARCHITECTURE PROJECTS



Daniel P. Shannon — Collage of Design Elements

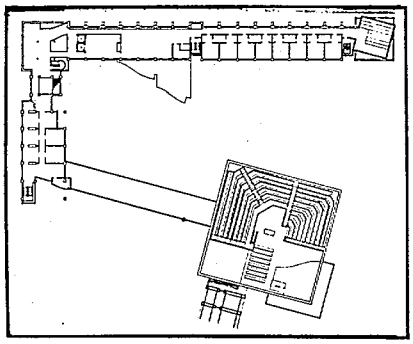
The projects shown here are examples of three different design approaches to the problem of a Benedictine Monastery located at St. Mary's. The final semester-long project is done in fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Bachelor of Architecture.



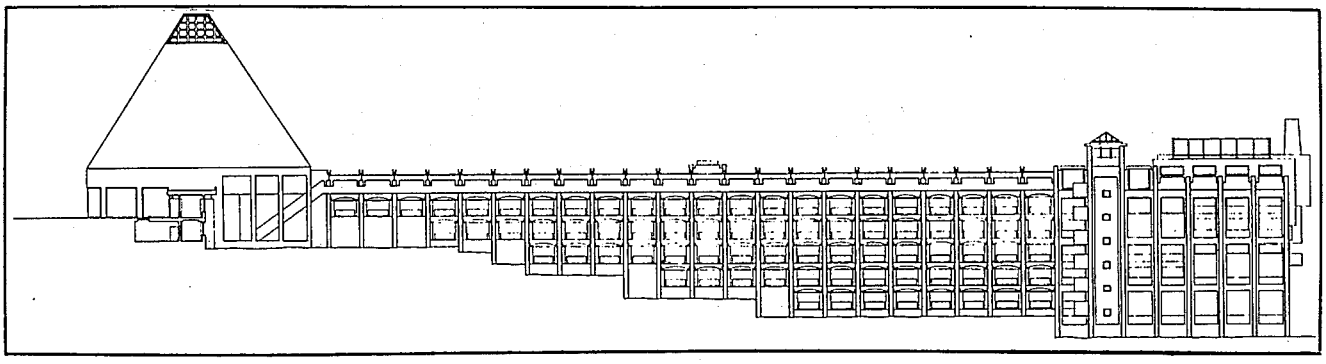


Site Plan

Edward Carroll



Church and Lay Retreat House Plan



North Elevation

The monastery is a place where men as both a community and as individuals discover and commune with God. The daily life of a monk is conceptualized as a journey, with the complex situated on a steep hill on the edge of the St. Mary's campus. The church becomes the place where the community worships God, the ultimate destination in the journey.

The monastery consists of a lay retreat house which sits on the hill forming a wall separating the campus from the sanctuary of the monastery. The monastery itself exists beyond this wall and is organized on the sacred grid of the church. The building extends on to the fertile plain below in full view of the St. Joseph River. From this fertile plain and the river comes the sustenance for physical and spiritual life. These natural elements define the cloister which all monk cells look out upon. The cells are continually presented with the work of God embodied in the sublime image of nature.

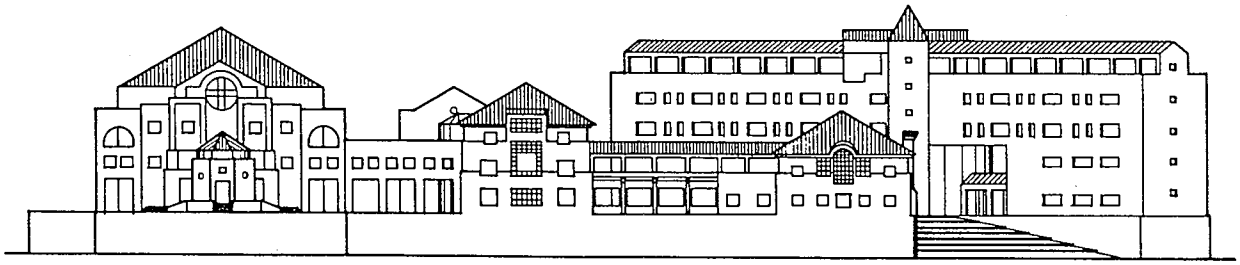
The journey takes the monk on a path through a series of nodes which are hierarchically placed in relationship to his ultimate destination, the church. The monks must first reconcile themselves as individuals. This takes place in the cell. As a community, the monks must work together to survive. This work is always visually connected with the dominant image of the church on the hill. The refectory and the chapter house exist as the final preparation for the monk on his climb to the church. Here the community socializes, eats, and fulfills the rigors of a monastic life. Finally the monk is prepared to terminate his physical journey and enter the spiritual part of his existence, the church. The monks, through their daily work and ritual worship, have arrived in the sacred arena, the church, reaching for God and striving for the essence of a Christian existence.

Monasticism, in its departure from society, is not intended as a denial of life. Rather, it provides an unobstructed opportunity for man to develop conscious attitudes concerning his relationships with himself, his community, his God, and his world. Aspiring to a purity of life, the monastery avoids becoming a refuge for those unwilling to confront reality. On the contrary, life within cloister exposes reality as unmitigated fact. The passing of time is a celebrated ritual. Consistency and repetition become praxis and within this routine the monk pursues life. The principles of religion as knowledge attain empiricism and in contemplation the monk begins to synthesize his experience with the ideal.

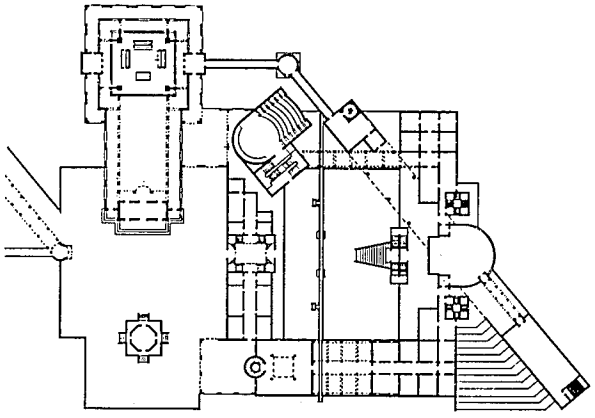
This monastery is both true and false, loved and hated, yes and no. The intention of its design is to express the dialectic between the real and the ideal. The principle north-south and east-west axes represent a Platonic view; man's scientific presence and participation within idealism. In contrast, the axis formed in response to the site embodies a poetic or pastoral vision. The confrontation of these two systems becomes order and the complex evolves as a microcosm of life. Traditional forms and materials imply a permanence and stability, yet its image yields to seasonal changes to reveal an ephemeral quality.

The Benedictines placed their monasteries atop mountains visible to all, Cistercians modestly laid within valleys, and Carthusians demanded the strictest isolation. This monastery is not at once one of these, nor all of these, yet it is a product of a synthesis of their ideas.

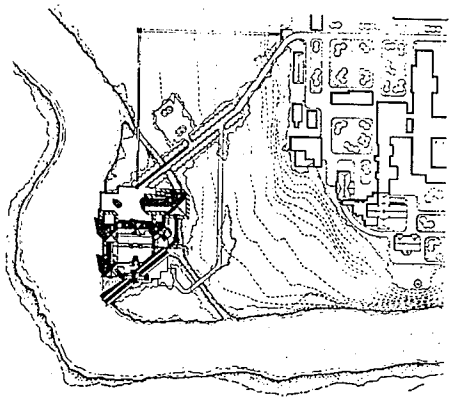
Daniel P. Shannon



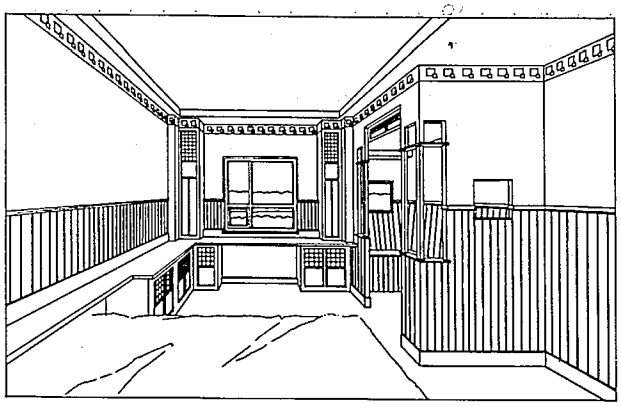
West Elevation



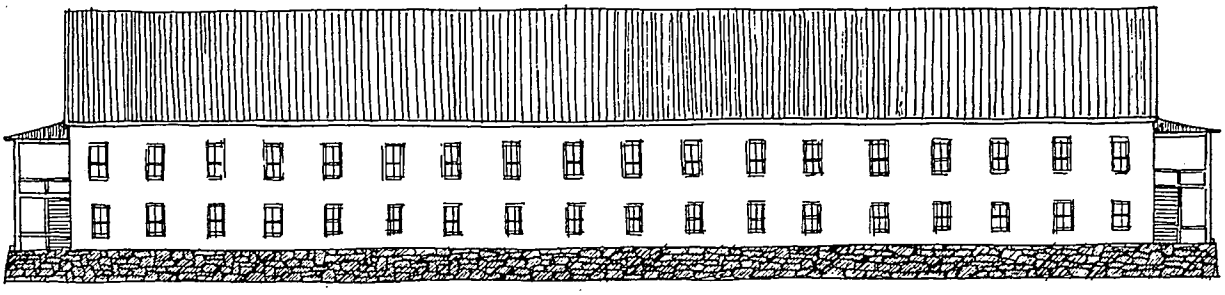
Ground Plan

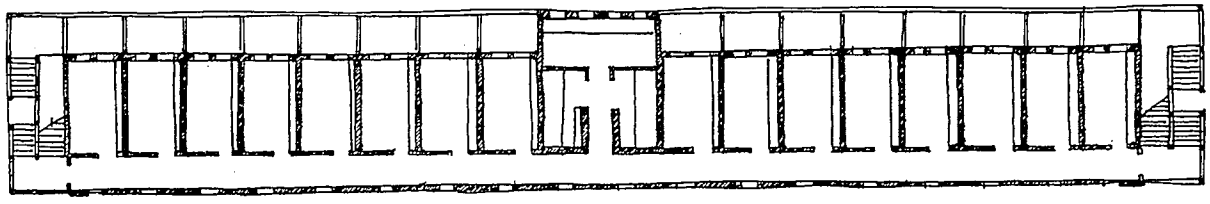


Site Plan



Perspective Drawing of the Monk's Cell



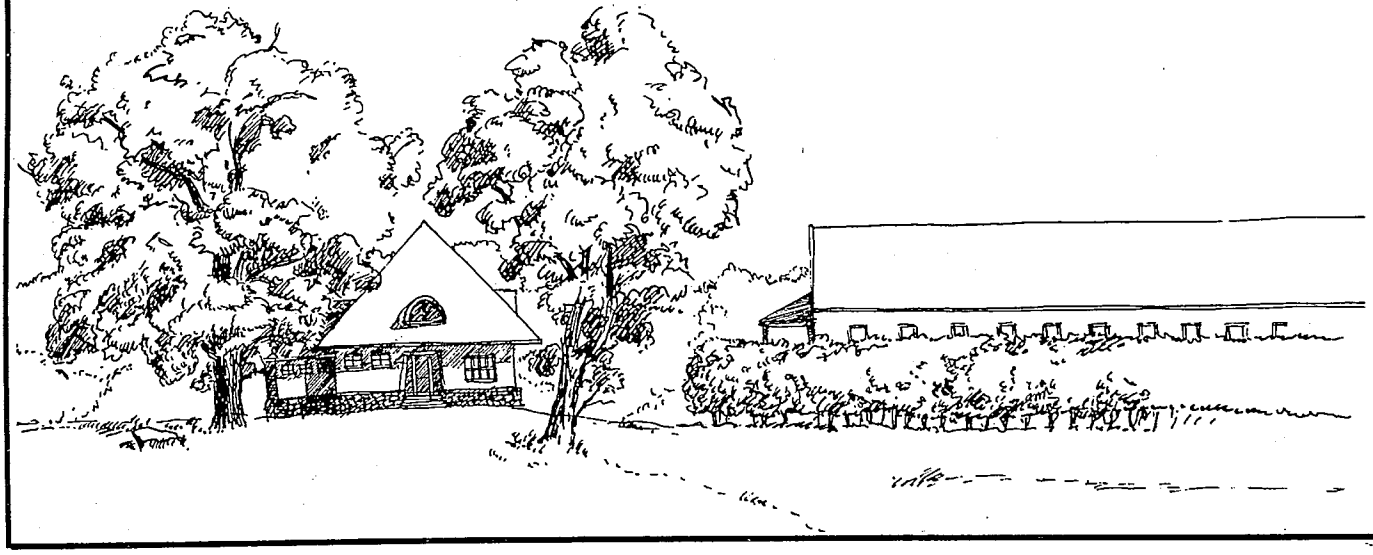


This design aims to create a monastic complex in which nature—the hand of God—is in the forefront. Where another architect might impress his stamp upon a site, continuously reminding one of his presence, my goal is to continue in the tradition of the region's vernacular architecture, which is most eloquently preserved in barns and farm buildings. There honesty and simplicity of form bespeak a timelessness that I believe is fitting for a project such as this.

Everywhere nature's seasonal conditions—life, death, and rebirth—were employed where in another design a man-made creation might be used. An example would be where a stained-glass design might be featured I substituted a growth of ivy clinging to translucent glass, effecting a display of myriad colors that no artisan could reproduce. Rather than present images of saints and martyrs which might remind one of a particular designer or school of stained glass, I let the beauty of the glass speak for itself, catching the rays of the sun and the reflections of the water playing out a design of its own.

I adhered strictly to natural materials—wood, stone, stucco, and glass—which embody life, death, aging, and beauty, the properties of the human condition.

John Dowd



senior works '83

Come Saturday Morning

by Beverly Lawrence

"Anne, you'd better get up now. We have a lot to do."

Anne turned over to take a glimpse at her clock radio. 7:30, she thought. I can't believe she wants me up now! Resolved to ignore her mother's first call, Anne rolled over and began to doze.

At 8:00, Mrs. Lawson came to the bottom of the stairs. She couldn't understand why Anne refused to get out of bed. "Anne, will you please get up?" she shouted up the stairs. She's so lazy, she thought. Doesn't she know we have a lot to do?

Anne gradually raised her legs and swung them over the side of the bed. Another Saturday. Take Mom to the hairdresser and then to the supermarket. Come home and Dad yells because Mom spent too much. Mom complains about being tired and lies down on the couch. Every Saturday is the same. Anne stood up and reached for the cord to open her curtains. The windowpanes were covered with tiny droplets of drizzle. Anne felt as miserable as the day looked, definitely not in the mood to chauffeur her mother around all day. "Anne, did you hear me?" her mother's voice again resounded. "Yes, Mom, I'm coming!" Anne shouted back. She sighed, draped her robe around her body, and headed downstairs.

When she entered the kitchen, her mother was standing at the counter cutting wedges into her grapefruit. "Would you like the other half of this?" she asked in a softer tone. Anne's going to be miserable again today, she thought, it's raining and she'll complain about her hair getting messed up.

"Yeh, that sounds good. Thanks, Mom," Anne said as she sat down at the table and began shuffling through the pages of that week's *National Enquirer*.

"It's about time you got up!" her father remarked as he entered the kitchen. "Your mother has been calling you for over an hour!" Mr. Lawson was already dressed, holding a bottle of Windex in one hand and an old rag in the other. Anne looked up at the kitchen clock. It read 8:05. "What do you mean an hour? Mom called me at 7:30!" He's starting already, she thought. "Still, you should get up the first time she calls you. You have things to do today." Mr. Lawson shook his head in disgust. How can she be so lazy, he thought as he started down the stairs. Doesn't she realize how sick her mother is? Doesn't he realize how early it is, thought Anne.

After her father left the kitchen, Anne stood up and walked over to the counter where her mother was slicing the grapefruit. "So what do we have to do today? The usual Saturday stuff?" Mrs. Lawson handed her the dish of grapefruit and replied without looking up, "Yes, and I also want to stop in and see the doctor." The familiar solemn silence came upon them. For three years Mrs. Lawson had been fighting cancer and all its complications. The mere mention of the word "doctor" caused Anne's stomach to jump. Anne looked over at her mother's face. It was slightly pale, but she always looked that way without makeup. It was hard to tell how her mother felt just by looking at her. She might look horrible but she always insisted that she felt fine. Anne watched as her mother lifted her own dish of grapefruit, shuffled to the table, and sat down.

"Is it your leg that's bothering you?" Anne asked as she walked over and sat in the chair next to her. Anne had visions of more cancer. He mother's illness had begun with breast cancer, then, two years later spread to her pelvic bone and leg. Anne's hand quivered as she raised a spoonful of grapefruit to her mouth. Could it be the cancer is still spreading? "Not really," her mother replied, breaking Anne's thoughts. "It's my eyes that are bothering me now. I haven't been able to see very well for the past couple of weeks." Mrs. Lawson looked down at the *National Enquirer* and began turning the pages. Anne dropped her spoon into the dish and stared at her mother.

"Isn't that a sign of diabetes? Do you think your diabetes is coming back?" Anne asked trying to conceal the worry in her voice. "I don't know. That's why I'm going to see the doctor," her mother replied trying to conceal her own worry. I don't want to go, Mrs. Lawson thought. He might put me in the hospital again. "Mother, you know and I know it's a sign of diabetes. Why didn't you say something earlier?" Anne's worry was slowly transforming into anger. It was a familiar feeling to her. For three years, she worried about and yelled at her mother. Why should today be any different? This lady is going to drive me crazy, she thought. I wish she'd tell us when she isn't feeling well!

"Anne, just finish your grapefruit and get ready to go. We have a lot to do!" Mrs. Lawson pushed herself up off the chair, struggled to the sink, and stood there looking out at the drizzling rain. Anne could tell her mother was upset but she couldn't drop the subject. "Mom, I'm worried," Anne finally admitted. "Maybe we'd better go to the doctor now."

"No, I have things to do this morning," replied Mrs. Lawson with a little more force than usual. She was not going to let anyone else see her worry. "Are you sure you feel alright?" Anne asked as she carried her dish over to the counter. "I'm fine," her mother replied, "now you go up and get ready." She's such a stubborn lady, thought Anne as she left the kitchen and ran upstairs. I'll bet she didn't say anything to Dad yet.

Mrs. Lawson stood at the kitchen window and listened to her daughter's footsteps mixed with the sound of the tiny raindrops bouncing off the windowpane. I'm so thirsty. Oh, God, I know it's my diabetes!

"Hurry up, Mom! I'm getting wet!"

Anne stood in the drizzling rain holding the car door open for her mother. She always takes so long, she thought. I wish for once she'd hurry! "I'm coming," her mother said as she turned the key to close

the electric garage door. "Go ahead and get in." "No, I'll wait, but please hurry."

Mrs. Lawson turned and walked cautiously over to the car. Anne stood like the good chauffeur and waited patiently as her mother eased herself onto the seat and lifted her legs inside. Anne quickly closed the door and ran to the other side of the car. Within minutes they were under way to their chores of the day.

Anne drove slowly to avoid any comment from her mother. The trip lasted only five minutes but it seemed longer to both Anne and her mother. Neither said a word. They were worried and angry and knew an argument would result if any words were exchanged.

When they arrived at the grocery store, Mrs. Lawson finally broke the silence. "Could you let me off in front?" she asked almost afraid of the answer. She's so miserable today. I hate to ask her to do anything anymore. Anne mustered up a semicheerful reply. "Sure, Mom," she said as she pulled the car alongside the curb and stopped. "Do you want me to get out and help you?" Anne asked. "No, I can do it." Anne watched her mother struggle out of the car and into the store. Her anger melted into nonexistence. Oh, God, what more can go wrong? She's been through so much. A beep from an impatient driver jolted Anne from her thoughts. She eased the car from the curb and drove to the nearest parking space.

Anne said "hi" to all the cashiers as she entered the store and began looking for her mother. Anne and Mrs. Lawson were regulars. Everyone knew they came as a pair. Anne resented this idea. After all, who ever goes shopping with their mother every week? Young children, that's who. At 21, Anne thought she was a little too old to still be doing this. After all, Mom can still drive and she does all the shopping herself anyway. All I ever do is walk beside her and every so often pick up something and put it in the cart. Anne's anger began to rekindle as she walked up behind her mother. "Mom, let's do this quickly, O.K.?"

"Oh, Anne, don't start again!" Mrs. Lawson was becoming irritated. "I have a lot of things to get so don't try to rush me!" You'd think she'd want to help me, she thought. I'll never understand her. Anne's moods seem to change so quickly these days.

Soon they came to the deli counter. Frances, the woman behind the counter, greeted them with a cheerful smile. "How are you, Meg?" she asked. "You look a little tired."

"Oh, I'm fine," Mrs. Lawson answered, forcing out her warm smile. Frances and Mrs. Lawson had become friends since Mrs. Lawson had become a regular customer. Frances knew of her illness and always showed concern. I wonder if she's telling me the truth, she thought, but immediately dismissed the idea as being ridiculous. If she was really sick she'd tell me.

"I'll take a pound of ham and a quarter pound of American cheese," Mrs. Lawson said after surveying the selection. Frances nodded, and as she reached under the counter to grab the ham, she looked up at Anne and said, "Your mother is lucky to have a daughter like you with her now." Anne smiled to conceal her surprise and said jokingly, "She sure is!" Inside, Anne's emotions began to churn. Her anger quickly faded. Mrs. Lawson looked over at her and they exchanged a nonverbal message. They said I love you, I'm sorry, and I understand with one brief glance before looking away.

Anne and Mrs. Lawson continued shopping in much better spirits. Mrs. Lawson would ask Anne if she wanted this or that and if she thought this or that would be good for dinner on Sunday. Anne cheerfully gave her opinion and ran to pick up whatever her mother needed. Soon the shopping cart was filled and Mrs. Lawson had scratched off everything on her shopping list. As they were approaching the checkout lane, Mrs. Lawson turned to her daughter and said in a calm voice. "I think we'd better get these groceries home and then go straight to the doctor." Anne stopped and stood looking at her mother. Visions of her mother lying in a hospital bed flashed through her mind. Oh my God, something's wrong, she thought frantically. "Mom, what's the matter? Are you alright?" Mrs. Lawson replied just as calmly as before, "I'm a little shaky right now. I think we'd better go now." Inside, Mrs. Lawson was not feeling very calm. She was thirsty. She was shaking. Above all, she couldn't see ten feet in front of her. I'm not going to alarm Anne, she resolved. We'll just go home, I'll eat something, then we'll go to the doctor. I just know it's my diabetes. Bob is going to be all upset. Oh God, give me strength!

Within minutes, the cashier finished ringing up all the groceries. Anne put the bags in the cart and headed out to the car. "You stay here and wait for me to bring the car up," she said as she left the store. What next? she thought. Anne took deep breaths as she approached the car. I don't know how she can be so calm. I'm shaking all over and she's the one that's sick! Anne quickly put the groceries in the trunk, got in and started the car, and without waiting for it to warm up, she pulled out of the parking space and drove to the front of the store. Her mother stood on the sidewalk waiting for her. Anne could see the worry in her face; the worry her mother always tried so hard to conceal. When Mrs. Lawson eased onto the car seat, Anne again tried to interrogate her. "Mom, maybe we should go now. Are you sure you are alright?" Her mother looked down and murmured "You're right. We'd better go right now," between clenched teeth.

Anne sat in the waiting room slowly turning the

pages of *People* magazine. Unable to concentrate, she only looked at the pictures. Not even the article on Tom Selleck could hold her interest. Anne couldn't help but think the worst about her mother's condition. Mrs. Lawson had been with the doctor for over thirty minutes. Anne couldn't help but worry. Why's it taking so long? Anne thought as she tossed the magazine aside. No sooner had she done this than Dr. Broadhead and her mother came walking out of the examination room. The look on the doctor's face sent an immediate chill through Anne. Before she could collect herself, the doctor gave her an ultimatum. "I want you to take your mother straight to the hospital. If you don't, I'll have to call an ambulance." Anne stood up and stared at her mother and the doctor in surprise. Her mother sat down in the chair across from her and looked down at the carpet. The doctor resumed his ultimatum. "Your mother is very sick. Her blood sugar is so high that it doesn't even register on my scale. I know how your mother is. Don't you let her talk you into going home to pack. Take her straight to the hospital or I'll have to call an ambulance." Anne managed to nod her reply. She was too shocked to do anything else.

The doctor helped Mrs. Lawson to stand up. Anne walked over and gave her mother her arm. "Remember what I said," the doctor repeated, "go straight to the hospital. I'll be at the hospital within the hour." He directed his command to Mrs. Lawson as well as Anne. Finally, Anne managed to open her mouth. "Thank you, doctor. I'll get her there." Mrs. Lawson was lost in her own thoughts as she mumbled her good-bye to the doctor. I knew it. I don't want to go to the hospital again. What's Bob going to say? The tug on her arm jostled her out of her thoughts. "Come on, Mom, let's go."

Mrs. Lawson's defenses came down during the car ride to the hospital. Anne saw her worry about everything from what her father would say to what they would eat while she was in the hospital. Anne tried to console her mother as well as console herself. "Don't worry, Mom. It'll be all right. Dad and I can take care of ourselves. What you should do is just relax." Anne's hands were shaking on the wheel as she uttered these words of wisdom. She'll be all right. She's made it through everything else, she'll make it through this. Anne wouldn't permit herself to think any negative thoughts, but she couldn't help seeing those visions of her mother lying frail and helpless with tubes in her arms.

Mrs. Lawson's only concern was her husband's reaction. "Anne, call your father the minute we get to the hospital. He's probably wondering where we are." He's pacing the living room right now waiting for us, she envisioned. He's going to have a fit when he finds out what has happened.

As the hospital came into view, Mrs. Lawson gave her daughter directions. "Bring me a nightgown and some panties. I rinsed some out this morning so they are hanging down on the line in the laundry room." Anne patiently listened to her order, making a mental note to herself so she wouldn't forget. In the past she always managed to forget something her mother needed. "I have everything packed in my little suitcase upstairs." Mrs. Lawson resumed. "Oh, and don't forget to put my brush and little mirror in, too." This last remark brought a smile to Anne's lips. She always wants to look so good in the hospital. She's sick. Why can't she look sick like everyone else in the hospital! Anne looked over at her mother. She didn't say anything, but her mother felt her look of love.

Anne pulled the car up to the patient's entrance of the hospital. She put the car in park, got out, and helped her mother out of the passenger side. After closing the door, Anne took her mother's arm and helped her walk into the waiting room. Mrs. Lawson gladly accepted her daughter's help. She felt so weak she could barely lift her legs. Maybe this rest will do me good, she thought as she approached the registration desk. The nurse recognized her immediately. "Dr. Broadhead called and told us you were coming," she said as she walked around from behind the desk to relieve Anne of her mother's arm. "Come on, Mrs. Lawson, we have a room all ready for you." She gently guided Mrs. Lawson into a waiting wheelchair. "I'll come up with you, Mom, then I'll call Dad," Anne said

Taung Baby

by David McInerny

You scuffled across the plains only a short while, until,
For some unknown reason, you died along with your
species.
Your large eye sockets have a look of sorrow,
Some pain that is three million years old.
Little one, shall we call you human, or did you just
Fall short of some barrier?

Three million years from now
I hope they look in the sockets of my eyes,
And see some peace.
Little one, so long ago decayed, You make me look deep
inside.

(*Reflection on the skull of a fossilized five- or six-year-old Australopithecus Africanus*)

as her mother sat down. Her mother nodded and leaned back into the wheelchair. The nurse made sure she was secure before she began pushing her toward the elevator. Anne followed in silence. I hate this place, she thought as she gazed at the wheelchairs which lined the wall.

When they arrived at the room on the sixth floor, the nurse asked Anne to wait outside until she finished settling her mother in. Anne couldn't understand this. Every other time her mother had gone to the hospital, Anne was the one to get her settled. Now the nurse insisted on doing it. What's going on, she thought as she paced outside the room. She was completely confused with this new procedure. Suddenly, two nurses and a doctor rushed down the hall and into her mother's room. Anne panicked and ran in the room after them, but one of the nurses stopped her before she could get too far. "What's going on? Is she all right?" Anne asked almost in tears. The nurse grabbed her arm and directed her out of the room. When they were out in the hall, the nurse turned to Anne and said, "You can't see your mother right now. She's unconscious. Her blood sugar is quite high, but we're doing everything we can to regulate her." Anne began to shake. Her hands began to sweat and her stomach to churn. The nurse tried to console her. "She's in good hands. Dr. Carter is administering the insulin right now. Why don't you call your father now. I think he should be here." Anne's eyes grew wide. She had forgotten to call him. Oh God, she thought as she ran to the nurse's station to use the phone, he's going to kill me for not calling sooner!

I can't stand this waiting anymore, Anne felt like shouting as she sat in the waiting room. Her mother had been moved to the intensive care unit just fifteen minutes before. Her father was due any minute so Anne stood up and walked to the window to watch for him. Visions of the tubes in her mother's arms made her feel like crying, but somehow she couldn't. She was too scared to cry. Anne was so absorbed in her thoughts that she didn't hear her father come up behind her. "How is she?" he asked, his voice shaking. Anne turned and fell into his arms. "Oh Dad, it's awful!" she sobbed. "They won't let me see her. She's in intensive care!"

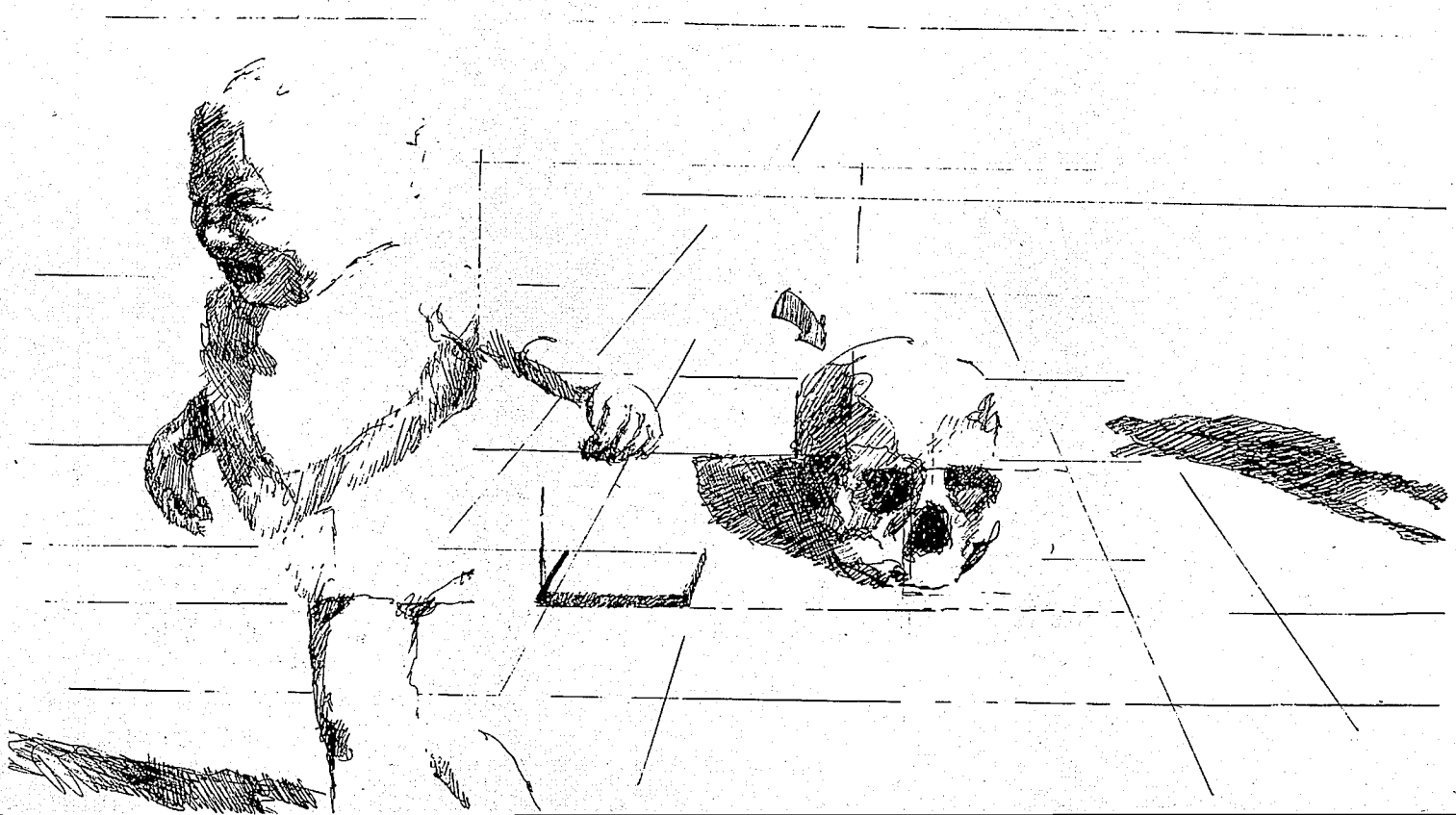
Mr. Lawson looked at Anne and saw the fear in her eyes. Still, he couldn't control his anger. "Why didn't you call me from the doctor's office or stop home?"

"Dad, we couldn't. Dr. Broadhead told me to bring her right here. I was going to call you the minute we got here but — Oh, what does it matter anyway?" Now Anne was getting angry. "She's really sick, Dad and we can't even see her!" Anne walked away from her father and sat back down. Mr. Lawson hesitated a minute before walking over to sit next to her. I shouldn't yell at her. She's just as worried as I am. "Now tell me what happened," he said to her in a much softer tone.

Before Anne could answer him, Dr. Broadhead emerged from the intensive care unit. He had a smile on his face as he approached them. "You can see her now," he said cheerfully. "She's awake now and doing fine."

Mrs. Lawson was propped up in the bed when they entered her room. The tubes Anne had envisioned protruded from her arm and led to the bottle of insulin hanging from the bedpost. Mrs. Lawson smiled a weak smile when she saw them. Anne immediately ran to her side. "How do you feel, Mom?" she asked as she grabbed her hand. "I'm fine," her mother responded as she looked up at her husband standing at the foot of the bed. "I'm sorry, Bob," she said softly.

Mr. Lawson moved to the other side of the bed and grabbed her other hand. "Why didn't you tell me you weren't feeling well? I didn't know what was going on." Mrs. Lawson looked at Anne then back at her husband. "Oh Bob, I'm so tired," she said faintly as she closed her eyes. I can't answer his questions now. I feel so weak. Anne looked over at her father. "We'd better let you get some sleep," he said as he let go of her hand. "Anne and I will go home and get you your things." Mrs. Lawson opened her eyes and looked at him. He leaned over and kissed her on the cheek. "We'll see you a little later," he added before he left her side. Mrs. Lawson nodded her head, closed her eyes, and drifted to sleep. □



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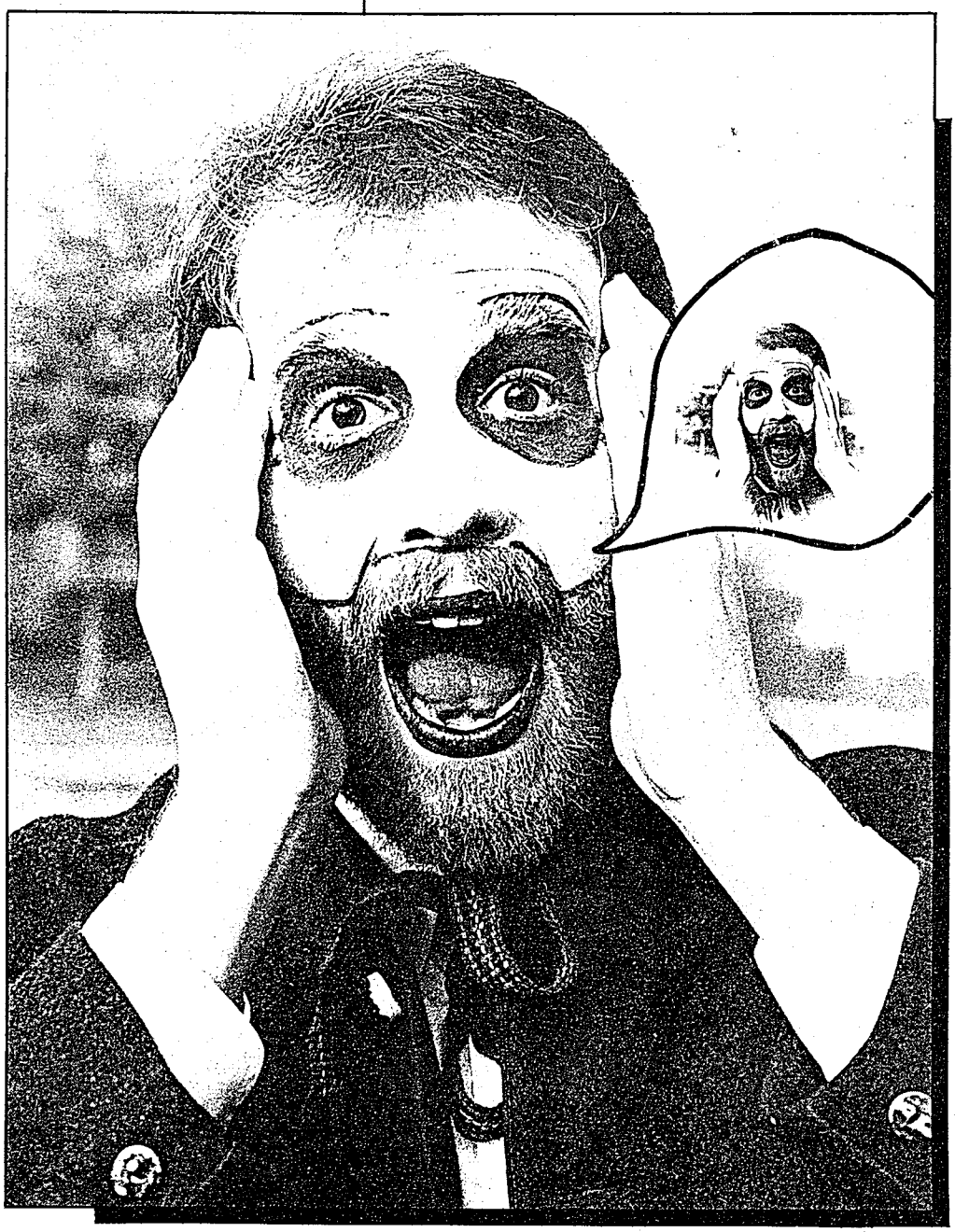

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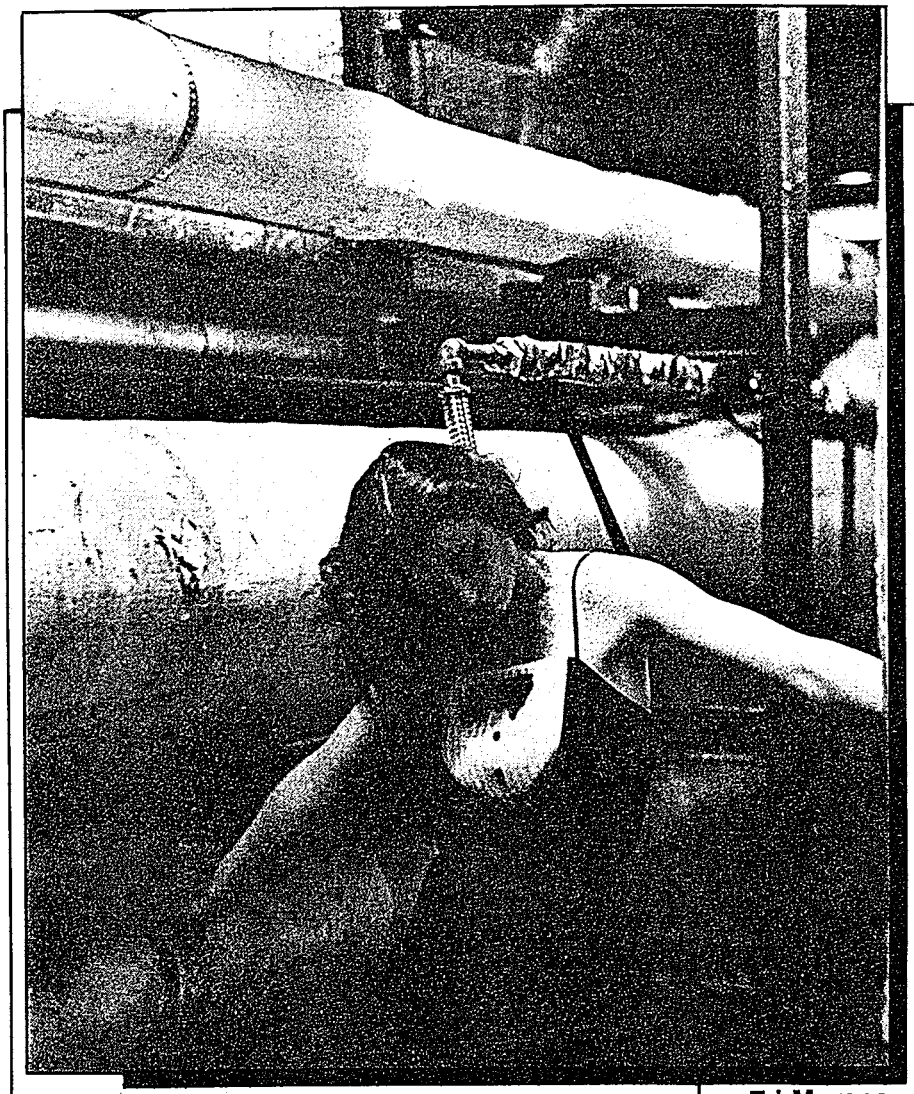

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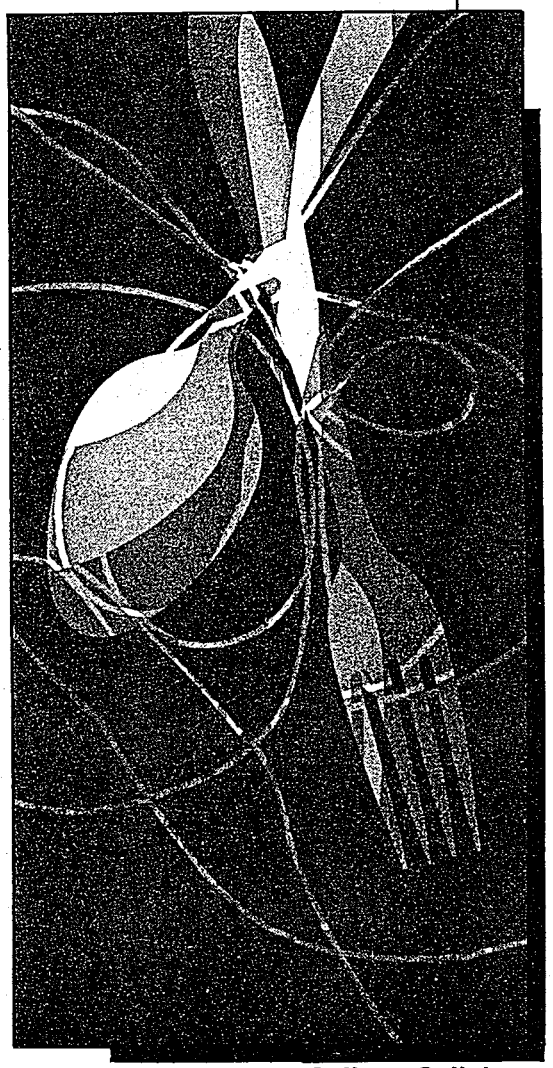
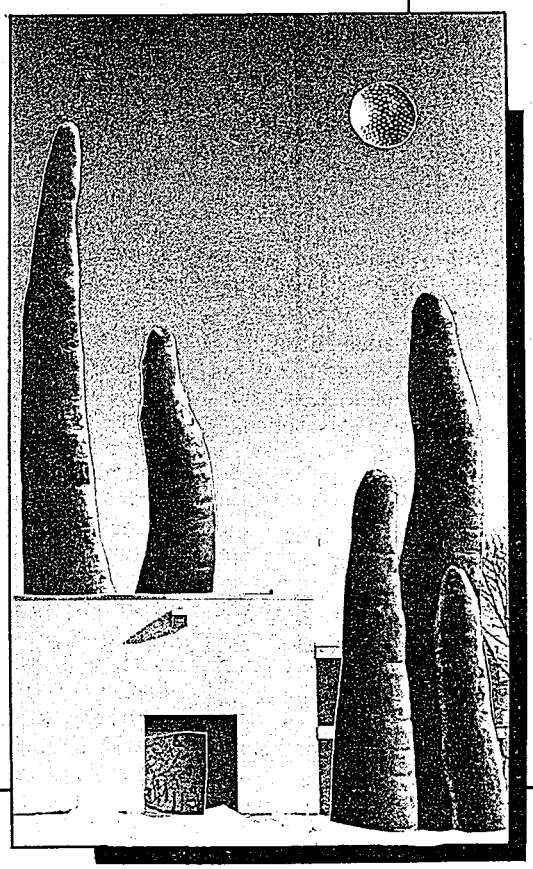


Colleen Callahan



Eileen O'Meara

Christian and Democratic Capitalists

by Michael Novak

The experience of Catholics in the United States has borne many fruits for the Church universal, of which perhaps the most fundamental has been a new idea in political economy: religious liberty. Even as late as 1962, before the Second Vatican Council, the official teaching of the Church had not yet embraced the American Catholic experience of religious liberty; officially, the Church favored the union of church and state. Arrangements of religious liberty like those of the United States created many practical problems, but so did the classical alternatives (in Spain, Portugal, and elsewhere). In finally judging the American experiments by its fruits, the Church did not deny its earlier patrimony but enlarged it and showed reasons for enlarging it. Church judgment about the institutions of political economy proceeds through reflection upon experience. This is the natural law tradition at its best.

So, too, with Church judgments in other matters of political economy. Through the interventions of Cardinal Gibbons, Pope Leo XIII issued statements far more favorable to labor unions than he had at first been inclined to do. The close bond between labor and the Church in the United States across the generations has borne good fruit.

In judging capitalism more broadly, however, the tradition of the universal Church has never fully considered the historical record of democratic capitalism in the United States. Both Leo XIII (1891) and Pius XI (1931) spoke in favor of systems of private property and markets, but sharply criticized "Manchester liberalism" and liberal "individualism." To what extent has the American experiment in political economy enlarged Manchester liberalism? It has done so in a multitude of ways. Pope John Paul II may have had this in mind in *Laborem Exercens* (1981), when he sharply distinguished the "rigid capitalism" of the past from the "modified" capitalism of today.

In the preamble to the U.S. Constitution, one of the major purposes of the new government was clearly set forth: "To promote the general welfare." James Madison in *Federalist 10* (and elsewhere) argues that to protect democracy the government will be obliged to promote the multiplication of commerce and industry. Hamilton's *Report on Manufactures* began to make this vision concrete. From the first, when Jefferson placed on the seal of the United States *Novus Ordo Seclorum,* it was understood that the U.S. system was something new in the history of political economy, and that it would be constituted by three quite interdependent systems: a democratic polity, an inventive capitalist economy, and a vigorous set of moral-cultural institutions: independent families, universities, churches, a free press, and vigorous intellectual institutions. Each of these three systems has some independence of the other two; but each is also checked by the other two.

Later, by the Homestead Act, the government prevented the American West from following the feudal pattern of Argentina, El Salvador and other Latin nations to the south. There was to be no landed aristocracy or system of peasants, but rather, a multiplication of homesteaders. The land-grant colleges and free churches would be in their own way vigorous agents of rural development. Soil banks, the extension service, agricultural credits and price supports, rural electrification, dams and canals, the interstate highways and many other actions of government would promote and regulate economic development.

In a word, the model for the U.S. was original. It was not pure *laissez-faire.* It was not free enterprise alone. It was not "Manchester liberalism." In his brilliant textbook on the American system, Martin Diamond called it, as have other authors before and since, "democratic capitalism."

The American system is far more cooperative and communal than many observers notice. Voluntary associations to help the needy and to meet every sort of need abound. The impulse to help is broad and deep; it is widely cherished as characteristically American. There is probably not a nation on earth that has not benefited by aid of multiple sorts from our people.

The United States is not richer in resources than South America. But the *system* of political economy pioneered in the United States is more conducive to liberty, invention, and productivity than the more traditionalist Catholic systems of Latin America. Most of the great inventions that have transformed the lives of the poor of the world—including the lives of each of our own families—were deliberately elicited by a system of liberties and incentives. The U.S. has been more thoroughly committed to *praxis* than any nation in history. Ideas have consequences, and the move from idea to practice is made quickly and systematically.

In 1800, there were only 800 million persons on this planet. Most were poor, hungry, and living under oppressive regimes. Today there are 4.4 billion, and still almost 800 million are living in hunger and misery, but 3.6 billion are not. The job of democratic capitalism will not be done until a firm material base is placed under the lives of every one of the poor. To feed, clothe, instruct and care for all the peoples of this planet calls for a future of invention, crea-

tivity, vast production, and interdependent distribution. (That vision even made Adam Smith in 1776 call his book *The Wealth of NATIONS,* not *The Wealth of INDIVIDUALS.)*

Each of our three interdependent systems—the polity, the economy, and the universities, churches, press, etc., has grievous faults. None does all it can do. Each generation has the task of bringing these institutions closer to their full potential than they found them.

Some graduates from Notre Dame will devote most of their professional efforts to the political system, some to the economic system, some to the moral-cultural system. Good people are needed in each. The *institutions* of each need improvement. Our national ideals are very high—not only high but transcendent: "Liberty and Justice for all." Institutions must constantly be improved accordingly.

In 1859 and again in 1861, Abraham Lincoln spoke of the priority of labor. Theodore Roosevelt spoke of the limits to property. Franklin Delano Roosevelt launched a system of entitlements that has quite expanded the nature and types of "property" and legal rights. Our tradition is full of ideas, idealism, and social inventiveness.

In Catholic thought, there have been countless articles and books on church and state. There are vast numbers of books on the church and the arts, the family, the university, the press. But Catholic theological reflection on the nature and role of economic inventions, marketing, business associations, the corporation, finance and banking, international trade, and the like has been far too thin. The next generation faces a huge creative task.

No one can doubt that economic institutions — once freed from the traditionalist state (still so evident among the large landholders and generals who predominantly run Latin American economies)—are today among the most dynamic in the world. Their inventions and the goods and services they produce are everywhere transforming conditions of immemorial misery, disease, and want. If Catholics have "an option for the poor," surely that option is to help the poor to escape from the clutches of misery.

Those graduates of Notre Dame who bring goods and services to the needy around the world follow a great vocation. The world's poor depend disproportionately on their inventiveness, their know-how, and their sustained creativity. The ideals of our system are high, and our institutions are open to development, invention, and reform. There is much to be done. We need doers. We also need thinkers.

It is the vocation of American Catholics — perhaps especially of those whose vocation calls them into professional tasks in the economic order—to lead the Church universal into a new vision of how humane economic development is actually achieved. The main test lies in action, in doing, in accomplishing, for it is the Christian vocation not only to reflect but to change the world. The world's poor depend upon our fidelity both to our faith, enlarged as it must be, and to our nation's own longing to be steadily reformed and shaped to its potential.

Democratic capitalism first grew up in Jewish-Christian lands; it is the fruit of Jewish-Christian soil. To nourish the former, one must nourish the latter. Democratic capitalism is *not* the Kingdom of God: it is a system designed for sinners and the imperfect, but also for those who aspire. The liberties it affords us give us great responsibilities. □

Spirituality and Social Action

by Mary Frances DeCelles

The subject of spirituality and social action is one that is often avoided or dealt with only superficially. Usually, groups are so excited about new faces that intentions and spirituality matter little. In this article I would like to look at some of these motivations and their validity in terms of social action in general.

To speak in general, abstract terms may not seem either adequate or fair. But I will make some general observations and do so by creating four categories that people can be placed in only for the sake of argument. The first two are those that are motivated for other than spiritual reasons to either become involved or to remain distant and unaffected. The second two categories both deal with spiritual motivation. This motivation leads these people to different and personal action.

The first class of people become involved in social action because it is "the thing to do"; everyone else is doing it. Rebellion against the "system" was popular in the sixties and early seventies. But rebellion itself became the end-all and the result oftentimes was what I term a "causer" mentality; one who will fight or sign a petition for any cause. Just for the sake of being involved, they become involved. These people become blinded to other options and there is no room for compromise that could be more beneficial. To see the advantages of not rebelling in some situations, to test the water before jumping in is not an option for these people.

Sometimes these people fall into elitist social action groups that promote an attitude of superiority over those that are less "socially enlightened" than they. Often members are carefully selected and those that do not measure up to their standards are rejected. What seems to be of ultimate concern for these groups is their image. The immediate needs of the people they are supposed to be serving become secondary concerns with politics or society taking that position instead.

A second class of people are those that see absolutely no value in any

(continued on page 27)

by Jeff Phillips and Jeffery L. Monaghan

Answering the Questions of the Day

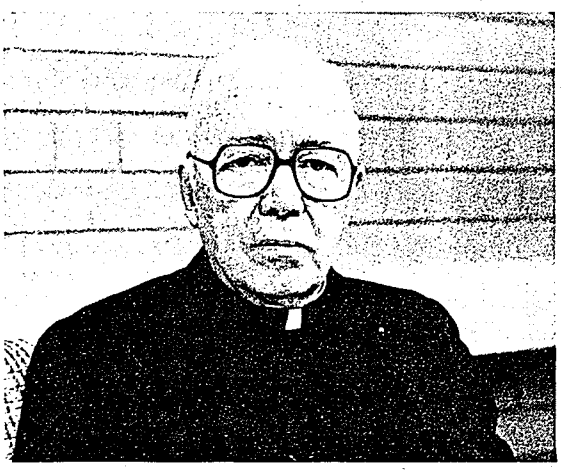
As church history scholars know, Walter Rauschenbusch, an early 20th-century Protestant theologian, is best known for his primordial work, *A Theology for the Social Gospel.* In it he renegaded the notion of forming society to "make bad men do good things." Perhaps an oversimplification, this comment has inspired many Christians to be directly involved in the political arena. Indeed, 60 years hence the Catholic bishops' statement "Justice in the World" is best known for having said:

> Action on behalf of justice and participation in the transformation of the world fully appear to us as a constitutive dimension of the preaching of the Gospel, or, in other words, of the Church's mission for the redemption of the human race and its liberation from every oppressive situation.

How this statement is to be interpreted is the ambitious task of this article. Specifically, we seek to understand the link between spirituality and social justice work. In consulting Monsignor John Egan, Fr. Claude Pomerleau, CSC, Fr. Edward O'Connor, CSC, and Sr. Marietta Starrie, CSJ, we have discussed issues which cause us to ask—What is social justice? How is it brought about? What role does spirituality play? At a University which vocally claims to be Catholic and stridently works to live up to that claim, these are *the* questions of our day.

Msgr. John Egan, former director of the Center for Pastoral and Social Ministry, has recently left Notre Dame to join the Archdiocese of Chicago as head of the Office of Ecumenism and Human Relations. His work, which included acting as director of the Catholic Committee on Urban Ministry until 1976, accounts for an office of social action "in almost every diocese in the country." After 13 years at Notre Dame, Egan reflects, "I only wish I could have done more."

Spirituality is linked with social justice work, Egan feels, where it is done "in the face of hopelessness. I know that the times in which we live can very easily be discouraging," he says, but because "the problems of our country are so great, we have to be satisfied with modest success" in dealing with them. Egan says that faith sustains him, and he knows that he can "only try to be a person of service to others." In doing this much, he says, "I have to leave the rest up to God."



Msgr. John Egan

Social justice calls for the correction of injustices which Egan calls "social sins." To correct these sins "we have to be good Samaritans, prophets, and help to change the social systems so that they will serve the peoples of the world." Egan feels that we have been chosen as Christians to help "build the Kingdom of God upon this Earth." Egan says, "The beginning of the Kingdom of God is here at the present time."

Egan looks to the student body of Notre Dame for the leadership needed to reach this Kingdom. "If we cannot expect leadership to help change the social structures of society then I don't know where we could possibly expect it." Egan hopes that the new Center for Social Concerns on campus will help "open students' eyes."

Fr. Claude Pomerleau, CSC, is Notre Dame's Director of the Latin America Area Studies Program and a professor in the Department of Government. Spirituality and social justice, he says, are linked in work with the poor. Pointing to Luke 4:16 as the inauguration of Jesus' ministry, Pomerleau says, "As a follower of Jesus if I do not, then, work for social justice with the talents that have been given me I am a hypocrite."

Fr. Claude Pomerleau

Citing the terrorism, violence, and oppression in Latin America, Pomerleau says, "Anybody who takes his faith seriously today must work for social justice." He adds that there are many ways of working for social justice, but what is important is a "preferential option for the poor." This "option" is translated as "promoting peace," and the Church has a responsibility to denounce any violations of human rights wherever they may happen. "I don't think you can be a truly honest and integral member of the Christian community without doing what you can for social justice."

The healthiest tension, Pomerleau feels, is a Christian's struggle with the notion of the Kingdom of God; it is here but not yet. He quotes an Argentinian aphorism which reads, "Man's suffering is greatest when he gives up that suffering," i.e., working for social justice with hope and faith in the face of despair and hopelessness. The Eucharist for him is "an experience of liberation from sin and death and corruption. . . . I don't think there is any, any true spirituality which separates

itself from this world."

The biggest challenge at Notre Dame Pomerleau says "is to be more humble and realistic about our claims in the area of social justice." When asked why people are involved in social justice he quipped, "They want to save their souls. . . . But I believe there is no way of knowing God's presence except in serving the poor."

Fr. Edward O'Connor, CSC, professor of Theology, identifies social justice as "that part of justice which insures that individuals receive their due participation in the common good." Social justice, he says, involves "changing legal structures," and, hence, "only a certain fraction of people can — properly speaking — work for social justice."

"Tinkering with the structures is the work of specialists," O'Connor feels. Moreover, even a good legal system "will not give you social justice; until you have just people you are not going to have social justice, and that is why the Church's role is so important."

The primary role of the Church is "to make just human beings by inculcating the principles of justice and still more by bringing people into contact with God, who by His grace alone can make just human beings." Citing the Pope's role as articulating Church teachings, O'Connor says the Church also should "denounce injustices" when they occur.

Those who work for social justice, O'Connor says, are not properly building God's Kingdom; rather, "they are preparing for it. And our chief preparation is through prayer and faith in Christ." This is spirituality: "With this in mind, working for social justice would be an overflow of spirituality." Further, "spirituality is more important [more fundamental] than social justice, and the purpose of social justice is to make possible a spiritual life."

Fr. Edward O'Connor

At Notre Dame there is a serious lack of attention to Church teaching, O'Connor believes. "Issues which the Church is concerned about are often treated with indifference. . . . What the Pope can do in favor of social justice is terribly curtailed because he is speaking to deaf ears." At Notre Dame, he says, there is "much apathy about Catholicism."

Sr. Marietta Starrie, CSJ, rector of Lyons Hall and instructor of "Church and Social Concerns" with Fr. Don McNeill, CSC, recently visited Peru. In her contact with the Church community there she saw "glimpses of the Kingdom" in how they lived a simple lifestyle. After visiting the Aymara tribes in Peru, she claims that her traditional definition of the Church has changed. " 'Church' is much broader than what

Sr. Marietta Starrie

white America or western European peoples think about it," she says.

She saw the Aymara people as "being 'at one' with themselves; for them, Church is much, much more than simply coming together to pray on Sundays. It is every bit and fiber of their life," she notes. Starrie sees the Gospel message as a "call to be a people of hope in the most hopeless of situations; we must hope against hope." She sees the need to correct injustice by "raising consciousness, to rattle a lot of cages and get people discomforted about the situation" in order to get people involved.

Starrie feels the Kingdom of God is here "but not yet." To reach it she thinks "we must take the step toward simplicity." The simple lifestyle and the spirituality of the Aymara people bring them close to the Kingdom, she feels. To work for the Kingdom is to keep people mindful of the poor and "to simplify our lifestyles so that we attend to the Gospel message more accurately," she says.

Starrie thinks that Notre Dame's Catholic atmosphere should not be allowed to "ghetto-ize us into not looking beyond ourselves." This atmosphere can become a "Catholic Christian navel-gazing kind of thing," she says. Notre Dame is fortunate to have so many students involved in social justice issues; she notes that many people here "are sincere about taking the Gospel seriously."

Taking the Gospel seriously is what education at a Catholic university is built on; few would dispute such a claim. But what Egan, Pomerleau, O'Connor, and Starrie share is a professional ministry at a university which strives to bring Catholic Christians to their potential. This involves more than attention to the Gospel, as it is a transforming and maturing process. In the field of education, it is also a process of controversy.

The spectrum of opinions presented here highlight different themes which warrant comment. Specifically, there are issues raised about our Church, God's Kingdom, Pomerleau's "tension," O'Connor's "tinkering," and, ultimately, what this means for students at Notre Dame.

In understanding the Church, Starrie's idea that it is one with the community it serves should be highlighted. This seems to contrast with O'Connor's observation that the Church is simply a part of the community "inculcating" just human beings. These notions have repercussions to bringing about social justice. Starrie sees the Church dealing with problems

(continued on page 29)

Something Special

by Laurie Giunti

I have read this in the admissions catalogues, heard it from enthusiastic alumni, truly felt it on my first visit to campus, and have been trying to define it for the past three years. There IS something special about Notre Dame, but what exactly is it?

In the spring of my senior year, I, like most other college-bound students, was out shopping for a university. One Saturday in April, my mother and I drove the two hours to Notre Dame for our first visit to the campus. We drove up Notre Dame Avenue, parked at the Morris Inn, walked passed Fr. Sorin, ducked behind the Dome, said good morning to a passing priest, and headed back to the car. From this walk I knew that Notre Dame was special. I talked to no one, had no guided tour, no interview, but I felt, saw, knew for myself the specialness of Notre Dame, and I knew that I wanted to be a part of it.

I do not exactly know what to call the Notre Dame feeling except special. I cannot pin it down to a substance or entity; I can only describe it, this atmosphere that I did not find anywhere else on my college search. It is that sacred, wondrous, scary, yet peaceful feeling that sinks in at the grotto, the happy/sad, tearful, lumpy-throated feeling when saying goodbye for the summer, and the heady, tingly, awestruck, nervous feeling when returning in the fall. The feeling inspired by great art or breathtaking landscape is similar to the feeling at Notre Dame—one that is deep, reverent, constant, full of passion and concern; this is the feeling of Notre Dame. And it pervades the campus. It hangs like the clouds, penetrates like a breeze. This special closeness, holiness, concern is found in the students, in the faculty, in the very buildings, structure and history of Notre Dame.

Notre Dame attracts those who will cherish its specialness, and immerse themselves in it. It draws those who are sensitive to its beliefs and will perpetuate them. As a result, the Notre Dame people exemplify this feeling. They are intense, constant, passionate people, who think, wonder, question and worry. Notre Dame people can feel, not only for themselves but for others, for Notre Dame people have a conscience.

Like the Notre Dame atmosphere, the Notre Dame conscience is a special thing. It is an active, probing conscience that is not afraid of tough problems or biting answers. It tackles issues both public and personal. This conscience makes the student aware of himself, of his blessings, of his sins, as well as those of others. This conscience is a special thing, yet it is not always an easy, pleasant thing. It nettles students, prods them, sometimes haunts them with the taunt, "You have so much, so many have so little. What are you going to do? What are you as the recipient of a Catholic education doing to help others? How can you justify the inequalities of the world? Is it your duty, as a Christian to be aware of these problems, to think of them, to be moved by them and to wish to solve them?" The Notre Dame student must resolve these problems. He must search for outlets that put his education to work; he must find answers to calm his raging conscience, and search he does.

The Notre Dame student throws himself into issues. He cries for the oppressed in El Salvador. He is outraged at the plight of the migrant farmworker. He is moved by the hungry, poor and unfortunate. And he is horrified by nuclear threats. Though his conscience and its search are intangible, the results are quite visible. The Center for Social Concerns, the Volunteer Services Program, The Right to Life Movement, the trips to Logan Center, to nursing homes, to Appalachia are all examples of this conscience made tangible. That Notre Dame was the site of the Campbell Debate, the site of the Nuclear Freeze Conference, that Notre Dame is a recognized, appealed to force and authority on Social Justice all show this conscience and its workings. But deeper than these programs, beyond their structured organizations this conscience is still visible. It can be seen in the clouded eyes of a student, struggling for inner peace, seen in the gentle hands of a priest distributing Communion in the crypt. It can be found in the concern of a good friend, the smiles, words, glances exchanged, the memories made and shared. This conscience is captured in a laugh, wrapped in a tear, embodied in the feeling here at Notre Dame, that special feeling, that Notre Dame feeling.

The individual conscience and the total Notre Dame specialness are intertwined. The individuals make Notre Dame, yet Notre Dame forms these individuals. Here the individual, potential conscience is realized. Under the protection and guidance of the Golden Dome, these young consciences are nurtured, fed and freed. They are encouraged to be open, to be vulnerable, to feel, without self-consciousness, without embarrassment. Because of this Notre Dame feeling, students can become involved, can be active, can be earnest. Notre Dame provides an atmosphere that fosters the conscience, and it has outlets for the conscience. Notre Dame banishes smugness, derision and complacency. At Notre Dame, it is not silly to care. There is no shame in feeling, for at Notre Dame one is expected to care, expected to feel. The individual conscience thrives in this atmosphere. The students attracted to Notre Dame, enraptured by its feeling, grow and mature here. They, in turn, perpetuate the Notre Notre Dame feeling, returning to the whole all and more than they were given. The Notre Dame feeling is renewed, made immortal by the individuals. The nurturing received is transformed into works enhancing, promoting, exemplifying Notre Dame, and its specialness.

And when the four years are over, when the protection, guidance and freedom of Notre Dame are at an end, a part of the specialness leaves with each student, in his memories, in his conscience, in his soul. While parts of the Notre Dame feeling disperse, migrate and settle far from the campus, the whole remains the same. Though the feeling, the specialness is transportable, it never leaves Notre Dame. It is still encased here, still vibrant, moving, tangible, prodding its students, while enrapturing them, nettling them, while protecting them. The Notre Dame feeling is particular to Notre Dame, and that indescribable entity remains here, attracting new consciences, new lives to form, to nurture, to teach, for there is something special about Notre Dame. . . . □

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kind of social action. Either they have become smugly complacent in their own satisfaction or they do not see the value of fighting for the abstract ideals of freedom and justice. Concern for others fades into the background; the poor and oppressed become distant shadows of reality they choose to ignore. They are too interested and preoccupied with visible results. Everyone would like social action to have positive and successful results, but to lose sight of the primary motivation for social concern could lead to dissatisfaction and disillusionment for the individual relying on his strength alone. Statements of justification ring from their mouths in words like "What good would it do anyway?" or "I know what you are really trying to do." (The latter implying that there is some hidden motive that all social activists cover up through their outward actions.) There are those that have been left in despair after countless failures. There are those that simply "don't want to get involved." The result is the same for each—they reject any future social awareness and concern for humanity.

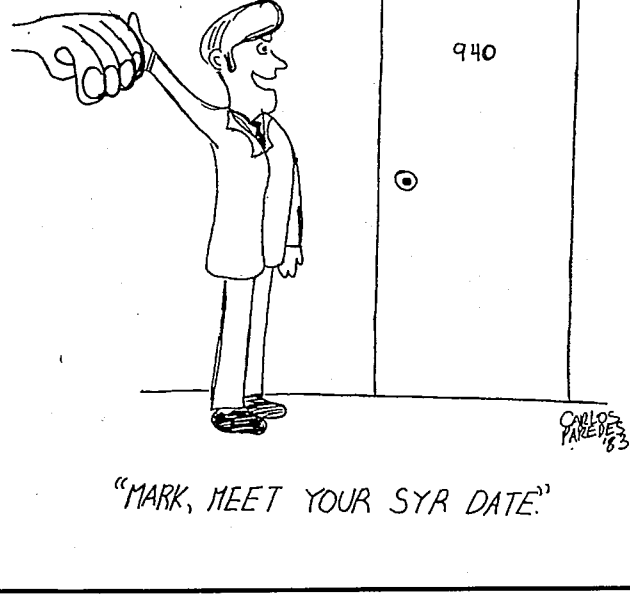
The third and fourth classes of people can be called those that are "spiritually motivated." They are those that understand the meaning of service and don't look for personal gain. The external application of their spirituality is different, but both remain devoted to an inward source of motivation that directs and guides them truthfully.

Some people will become involved in some form of social action because that is where they feel that they could best use their talents. They become involved with their entire heart, not in a blind sort of way of the "yes-man." Rather, they believe that what they are doing matters because they can honestly say that their spirituality has led them to this place. Feelings of inadequacy dim when they believe that what they are doing is right. Their satisfaction does not come from success or an elitist position. These people are not the ones that cry out for external recognition of their good deeds. They silently do the work that they feel is their own personal duty and obligation; they do not make judgments about other people's activity. The ideals are primary for them and application of these in the world around them only secondary. They try to achieve ideals, but are not then disillusioned if success is in the distance. Idealism is absolute and does not need external realization. Their social action is only an extension of their spirituality.

Finally, there are those that feel that their talents and abilities would not best be used in any social action group. *Their* spirituality does not lead them to this kind of work. The goal or object for these individuals will be different. Possibly, they feel that they are called to prayer, or they become involved with the more immediate needs of those around them (i.e., a friend, family). The opportunities for extending spirituality are not limited to social action alone; there are many ways in which humanity can be served and sometimes this can take the form of less glamorous duties.

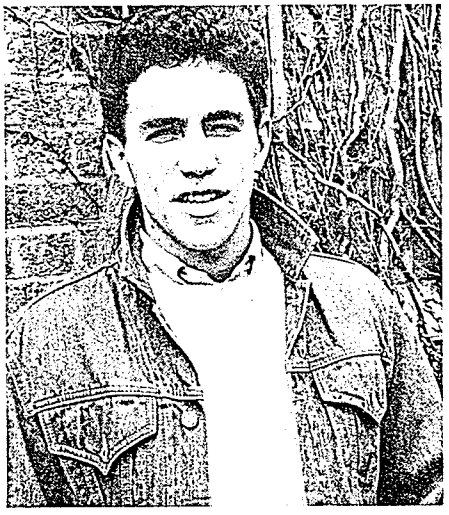
This article is not meant to be a derogatory attack of either social action or uninvolvement. I am neither trying to categorize *all* people in the general classifications that I outlined. To illustrate the basic observation that I am trying to make I will relate an experience of my own in which these four types of people were encountered. While obtaining signatures for prisoners of conscience the reactions of the different students betrayed some basic misconceptions of social action. Some students simply signed without any regard for the purpose of the petition. They had no knowledge of the situation and did not even bother to read what they were signing. Others would not sign wishing not to get involved or because they thought it was a useless effort. Still others signed only after reading and discussing the reasons for such a petition. They asked questions and became acquainted with the problem before simply signing. Finally, some did not sign, but only because they had valid reasons for not doing so. Their own personal ideology was in conflict with the proposal of the petition, but at the same time they were not all unapproachable and were willing to talk about and/or defend their position.

One should act according to an inward spirituality and motivation and not be dependent upon external definition of their spirituality. Those that act (or act by responding in other than "socially active" ways) should be respected for their decision. Without this kind of spiritual foundation or ideology social activists might find themselves disillusioned and weighted down with responsibility and concern; an individual cannot do it all, and often this is forgotten and the weight of responsibility becomes too heavy. All social action should be given to God as the ultimate motivator. Reliance should not be placed on humanity, but on God. To do God's will in the world should be the primary factor of motivation, not self-interest, definition or satisfaction. □



"MARK, MEET YOUR SYR DATE."

Ex-Luddite



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Mr. Gibson is a self-proclaimed technocrat offering advice to doubting humanists. As he himself claims: "The computer serves to expand man's abilities, man's universe—and give man more time and mental reach to exercise his creativity." One group of humanists which supports this belief is the board of directors of the Sheldon Memorial Art Gallery at the University of Nebraska, which is sponsoring a conference entitled "The Computer and Its Influence on Art and Design: The Concern for the Practical and the Aesthetic Use of This Technology." According to the brochure, the purpose of the Computer Art Exhibition and Symposium is to "celebrate the increasing access to electronic technology available to artists today and the growing aesthetic awareness in computer graphics." The speakers at this conference include artists, sculptors, painters, and other humanists who see the computer as an exciting means of artistic expression. As A. Robert Noll states:

> In the computer, man has created not just an inanimate tool but an intellectual and active creative partner, that, when fully exploited, could be used to produce wholly new art forms and possibly new aesthetic experiences.

Thus, several options exist for the humanist. He can fight the invasion of the computer with Luddite-like zeal, he can choose to accept the new technology and slowly incorporate its use into everyday life, or he can move one step further and attempt to use the computer to exercise his artistic creativity. □

Medium

(continued from page 6)

foundation of a communications system that stretches nationwide integrating computers and communications.

At first glance, these new information sources appear to be great for our democracy, our personal freedom, and our access to information. A 24-hour television news service provides a choice. Daniel Schorr says it is like a water tap that someone can turn on when thirsty. Perhaps. Combined with videotext, teletext, videocassette recorders and the home computer, this new technology helps people better control their lives. Doubtful.

I think the proliferation of all this new electronic wizardry poses a real threat to our republic as we know it.

There is an intrusive character to some of these new communication systems. Where is our right to privacy if two-way videotext becomes a marketing or surveillance tool? This goes entirely against the grain of those of us who are lovers of the First Amendment and the free flow of information. But the new computerized systems could be used to organize personal information about systems' users. Am I paranoid about "Big Brother?" Yes.

As observed in a recent survey by the Columbia Graduate School of Journalism, "If the videotext data bank knows that someone reads a lot about Marxism, watches lots of movies like "Debbie Does Dallas," and buys many bongs and Turkish water pipes, the computer might concoct a profile of a drug-crazed, sex-starved bomb thrower."

Another concern is regulation of operations such as videotext systems. The systems share characteristics of newspaper publishing, broadcasting and the telephone industry. Should cable operators have the same First Amendment rights as newspapers enjoy? Should they be required to lease their channels? To whom? At what rate? Established by whom?

I also question if there is a market for the hundreds of channels that will soon be available. Although cable TV systems have been springing up across the country, penetration in markets is often not as good as expected. There are also many cancellations among subscribers after several months. Much of the content of cable presently is no different than commercial broadcasting. And the specialty channels such as CBS's recent effort at a fine arts channel have failed. Perhaps the simple business realities of cable television will eradicate my fears of this profusion of channels. But I fear the worst.

I am convinced, in any regard, that Marshall McLuhan's most famous aphorism, "the medium is the message," cannot hold if this nation of free and independent thinkers is to survive. There is a symbiotic relationship between the profusion of channels and the content of channels. We are being bombarded with information as more and more of the new technology is put into use. It is already accepted in academic circles that Americans are not adapting well to the present switch from an industrial society to a technological one. The sociological and political effects of the technological changes in our means of communicating could be devastating.

The problem is twofold. First, in this information bombardment we could be overwhelmed. When faced with the choices available or soon to be available we may not know which information source to select or believe. The editing and filtering process of the press could be destroyed. No perspective, or perhaps too many perspectives, could render all the information meaningless. Too much emphasis on the technology could lose the message in the noise.

The other extreme would be that all the channels available will make for a fragmentation of information. If an audience is built for the specialized channels as there now is for the Cable News Network, the homogeneousness of our society could be at stake. Everyone knows who the Fonz is because broadcasting as we know it touches all of us in one way or another. With specialty channels —that is, "narrowcasting" instead of

Answering

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directly while O'Connor sees the Church working for justice as a virtue in its members and thereby promoting social justice indirectly. The mission of the Church as Body of Christ has many dimensions; categorically, the Church should promote social and personal justice as a virtue. After all, it is expected that God's Kingdom will exhibit both of these qualities.

In understanding the Kingdom of God the concept of salvation deserves attention. In the work of social justice and its companion, spirituality, one is not "saved" by faith or good works alone but by proper attention to both. This seems obvious, but in practice some people place a clear priority toward one or the other. Social justice is the work of changing hearts as well as changing social structures. It is the vocation of the People of God to do what can be done for society and its individuals. In a democracy, for example, every voter tinkers with the political system, and in a deeply personal way, all are called to "be perfect as the heavenly Father is perfect."

Pomerleau's depiction of a Christian's struggle with living for God's Kingdom which is "here but not yet" shows how spirituality is linked with social justice in a very real way. Jacob Needleman's recent book *Lost Christianity* identifies this "missing link" by speaking of it in terms such as "voluntary suffering" or a "bittersweet" struggle with nurturing hope in the face of hopelessness. Perhaps the most that can be said in response to this piquant tension is what Needleman says: our spirituality should be sophisticated to the point where we "lose emotion" while living for the love we may never see.

In closing, then, we should recognize that as students at Notre Dame we are in a period of transition. We ought neither to shy from the social injustices of our day nor neglect a deeply personal spiritual maturity which is needed to address them. Indeed, while we are preparing ourselves for work to last our lifetime we should also be prepared to live our faith which lasts much, much longer.

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"broadcasting"—many viewers may choose a steady diet of sports or financial news or first-run movies—instead of the potpourri now available on the networks. Soon audiences may be so fragmented that they rarely venture out of their "electronic cottages" bringing on some of the greatest sociological change history has ever seen.

The changes will affect the class system and politics of America also. This new technology means information will cost more. The public's right to know (granted, a sometimes jaded term) is enhanced by free TV and inexpensive newspapers. With expensive information, Eli Abel warns us that there may be a "less common sharing of knowledge by rich and poor, by advantaged and disadvantaged," that "could seriously erode the common data base of self-government." The fears are real ones and are not being adequately addressed in society today. As scientists Armory B. Levins and L. Hunter Levins warn us, the result of the continued information explosion without thoughts as to its consequences could be to "spread darkness with the speed of light." □

Dan LeDuc is a senior American Studies major from Michigan City, Indiana. Next year, he will be working for the St. Petersburg Times.

Untitled Need

by Mary Powel Jabaley

I wait a magic from you.
Crumbling, I wait for you to mend me
My torch smolders, smoke in my eyes,
    I give up on heat altogether, except
Somewhere in the corner of me, I wait
From you a magic, a rekindling to watch.
Without you, I will smoke and do nothing.
    (Why have I tied my hands?)
Please—give me the magic.

The gradual pain of living a dying
Love: my wells are very near
the surface now—just a little digging
brings forth water.
Once, I was deep, and well-protected.
Now I am wrapped in emptiness, because
You will not be wrapped in me. So why
do you stay? Why tell me half-truths?
    I love you.
    Who knows?

I am half-starved on your half-truths, and
the only half of you you'll give. What do you
dream about?

Nicaragua

by David McInerny

Certainly more than a gray political area of conflicting
values?
Certainly more than dubious elections, acquiring of
arms?
It is not some notion, a decision, a position to maintain.
Those mountains do not hide the fact,
And oceans do not drown the increased buzzing.

It is two uneducated brown eyes
Which have still learned the denial of human need.
It is a muffled droning wail which drifts back
To the forming of clay, a life-giving breath
Which separated man from beast.
It is a single mind crying out its neglected,
Fundamental truth:

I am more than backbone and muscle.
I am more than the strivings of flesh.
I have a soul.

The First Last Word

by Jim Ganther

"Editorial columns," to quote the outgoing Beth Healy, "do not just fall from the sky." How right she is. It is late on a Monday night; no big deal, but I'm missing the Houston-N.C. State game and inspiration for my editorial debut just isn't forthcoming. Since I lack any pearls of wisdom which I could impart on the reading public, perhaps I should explain how I came to be stranded behind an IBM Selectric on the night of the NCAA basketball finals.

It was a night I'll never forget — January 31, 1983. Ken Fisher and I were helping Fr. Jenky put the Alumni Hall chapel in order following the daily 10:30 Mass when the conversation turned to February. Not the events or the weather which that month entailed, mind you, but the very concept of February itself.

"Is February really necessary?" Ken asked of no one in particular.

"Of course," said I.

"Of course not," said Fr. Jenky.

The battle was on.

For the next ten minutes our priest in residence held forth on the various reasons for the banishment of February from the Julian calendar: the abysmal meteorological conditions, the disheartening lack of football, the month's incredible propensity for disasters. February, he explained, was the Monday of the year, Friday the 13th in a twenty-eight-day package. Compelling arguments, I agreed, yet I left the chapel unconvinced.

My roommate greeted me upon my return to our clothes-strewn suite. "Beth called," he spit out through a mouthful of Fritos.

"Beth who?"

"Healy, I think."

Probably wants a date, I thought to myself. Will that girl never give up? Desiring to get it over with, I dialed her number. After an hour I broke through the barrier of busy signals which separated me from her attention.

"Hello?"

"Beth? This is Jim."

"Oh, Jim! How would you like to apply for the editorship of *Scholastic* next year?"

Outside the wind drove freezing rain against my window. The digital clock on my roommate's desk flipped to 12:00 — February was upon me.

Perhaps Fr. Jenky was right.

That, in a nutshell, is how I came to be stranded behind an IBM Selectric this night instead of sitting before a color T.V. watching Phi Slamma Jamma take on the Wolfpack, like any normal red-blooded American male. My situation brings to mind the advice of Chuck Wood, my predecessor's predecessor: don't consider the helm of *Scholastic* "unless you're crazy enough already so that the additional insanity won't show any visible scars."

That I assumed this post in spite of Chuck's well-meant warning points to one of the reasons I did so: I enjoy challenging projects, insane or not. There are other motives. Many people on this campus feel a magazine such as this is best left to the Arts and Letters types. I am a Finance major, and a glance at our masthead will reveal three other men who share my interest in the world of business. So much for the fable that literary ability is the sole possession of English majors (I hope).

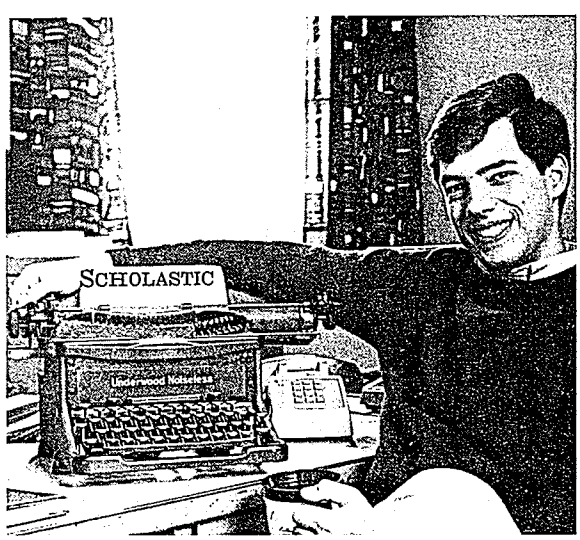
The most compelling reason for my getting involved with this magazine at all was my approval and great admiration for what it constantly strives to be: a publication firmly rooted in the Christian tradition. *Scholastic* reflects the Catholic heritage of the Notre Dame/St. Mary's community with style and without apology. Not everything which I do is "religious," nevertheless, my Christian faith shapes all that I do. It is more than just a part of me — it defines me. So it is with *Scholastic*. It does not, nor shall it cover merely stories with a spiritual slant. Rather, it will continue to keep its finger on the pulse of Notre Dame/St. Mary's, and do so from a Christian perspective. This is not always an easy task; it is a difficult thing to define, even more so to put into practice. But it is my goal to try. As Joshua said, "choose this day whom you will serve. As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

And so, lofty ambitions stated, I begin where Beth leaves off. It is a tough act to follow. *Scholastic,* thanks to Beth and her crew, was recently awarded first place for collegiate publications in Indiana, Illinois and Kentucky by the Society of Professional Journalists. She left, fortunately, three experienced and valuable staff members behind her to help carry the flame. Hopefully, we will be able to make that flame increase its glow in the coming year.

Finally, I would like to place some well-deserved credit where it is due. Many thanks to June Casey, Ethel Heise, Mark Poorman, Mickey Hanrahan, and Marilyn Behn, without whose guidance along the way I would never have learned to write, much less assume command of a magazine. Thanks also to my parents; aside from the obvious, their support made this undertaking possible. And special thanks to Beth Healy and the outgoing staff of *Scholastic* for trusting me with their baby. We won't let you down.

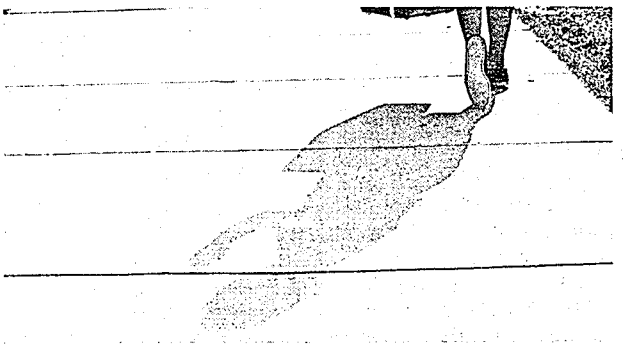
And there it is: three hours and one basketball game later, my first last word is behind me. Thanks for taking the time to read it. And keep it up.

The best is yet to come.



The Last Last Word

by Beth Healy



Is it really the end of April? Already? Whew! Who would have ever thought . . . .

There is something about graduation that makes me feel like Dorothy in the *Wizard of Oz*. We've come to the end of our "yellow brick road" and now the Wizard must pay up and give us what we've been travelling for, our ticket home.

The Class of '83 has been described as "pragmatic idealists" who cope with "economic uncertainty, global instability and complicated technology." There is something about that image that makes my skin crawl. I guess I just hope that is not all we are. There must be something more.

An idea has been turning around in my head for the past few months. Willa Cather believed that the pioneer spirit she celebrated in her fiction was the ability for men and women to combine vision and courage, imagination and strength. Producer Richard Attenborough claimed his Oscar for *Gandhi* in the name of "vision and courage." It's becoming a rather haunting phrase!

I sense that having endured four years of college with all of its ups and downs, hard work and play, seniors hardly lack courage and strength. In fact, it permeates the atmosphere of Notre Dame. The ability to carry on and move forward, to endure and exist, is, to a large extent, what gives Notre Dame much of its aura. This is the stuff traditions are made of; what makes history so important.

The "vision" is a little more difficult to pinpoint. We live in a technicolor world; no longer are we forced to see things in black and white. Such variation also lends itself to challenge, for while we can find supporters for almost any vision under the sun, we are challenged to identify ourselves with the best possible vision. Where does it lie?

"The history of every country begins in the heart of a man or a woman. (*O Pioneers!*). The heart. The vision begins in the heart! We who are to create future history must guard that heart and its vision. "You must find your own quiet center of life and write from that," wrote Sarah Orne Jewett in a letter to Willa Cather. "To write [or work, or study, or play] on this level we must live on it — we must at least recognize it and defer to it at every step." What do we find at our quiet center?

Love appears to be most essential for without love we are "a noisy gong, a clanging cymbal," we "gain nothing." By love I do not refer to our romantic attractions but, rather, the recognition of the value and dignity inherent in every human being. It is not earned but bestowed on us by the nature of our very essence; a gift from our Creator. It is an unmeasuring, unjudging love and in a world where we are "graded" by our performance, it often seems difficult to maintain.

My French friend, Brigitte, sent me a postcard two years ago which I still have and look at often. The golden honey color of dawn illuminates the dew-sprinkled spiderweb which stretches across the paper. There is nothing else: no landscape, no spider; just the web. It reminds me of the strength and fragility of life. Under the photograph the card reads in French, "We must always keep near to us a great canvas of love." It is a quiet center of love which gives us our strength and makes us so fragile, so vulnerable. Yet without it, there seems little possibility for insight and vision. Perhaps Shakespeare was alluding to this when he wrote Sonnet 116 (one of my favorites):

Let me not the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments, Love is not love
Which alters when alterations find,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O, no, it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wand'ring bark;
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love is not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

Notre Dame has been a place to foster vision. The greatest image I think I shall carry from this place is the intensity with which we have lived here. At no other time in our lives will we have the opportunity to isolate ourselves so completely from the everyday occurrences: paying rent, making dinners, caring for home and family, earning a wage. In our isolation we have looked very deeply within ourselves and so very far outside. No longer will we have the luxury of throwing ourselves completely into campaigns against Nestles, Campbells, world hunger, nuclear disarmament. Yes, we have lived on an island in the complex and teeming ocean of the world but it has been a necessary stay. While the luxury will no longer be ours, the intensity must remain and must carry over into our work, family, lifestyle. It must stem from the quiet center, from love, and Love.

Perhaps the greatest favor we seniors could do for ourselves during these final days is to take the time to look at ourselves and search out that quiet center. We should not be surprised when, like Dorothy, we are told "you had the power all along." We have made it and though we may be "pragmatic idealists," we shall not get far without vision and courage.

I thank my parents who had the courage to send me to a place where I could foster vision and who now accept with courage and, no doubt, some parental apprehension, my desire to live out that vision. I thank my fiancé, Rich, whose love and support has helped me strengthen my vision. And I thank Notre Dame for giving me the isolation I needed to grow. God bless us one and all.

Best of luck to Jim Ganther and the 1983-84 *Scholastic* Editorial Board. I have no doubt that you have the Vision and courage to continue to make it work. □