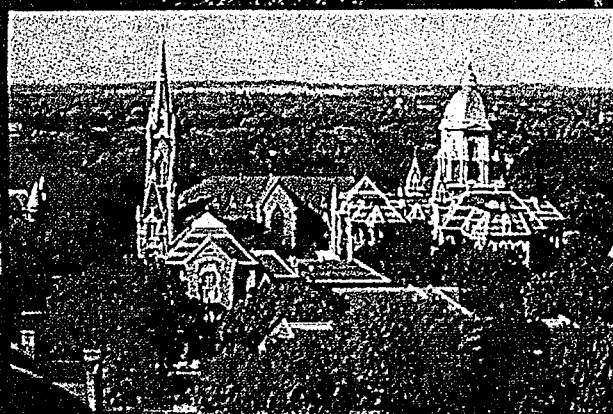


SCHOLASTIC

March 1985

The World at Notre Dame.





i.e.

Xenophobia /zen-o-fo-be-a/ n (NL): Fear and hatred of strangers or foreigners or anything strange or foreign

Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary

English, they say, is a challenging language for foreigners to learn. The grammatical constructions lead the student of English down a circuitous path with exceptions to every rule, miles and miles of vocabulary to traverse, and detours into potential idiomatic landmines. The Anglo-Saxon and romantic roots of the English language pour words into a linguistic canal brimming with synonyms, antonyms, and homonyms. The multitudinous vocabulary choices prove more complex to decipher than Rubick's cube combinations.

The American culture, much like its native tongue, offers a kaleidoscopic view of itself to an outsider. Old-fashioned values and newfangled methods, a friendly openness and a glossy superficiality strike many foreigners as disturbing signs of a schizophrenic nation, a witch's brew and not a melting pot.

Yet still, foreign students flock in greater numbers every year to study both our language and our lifestyle. International students here at Notre Dame and St. Mary's come from all over the world to become citizens of all four colleges, dorms, and campus activities. Despite their interest and determination to discover America under the Dome, little effort is made as a whole community to listen to the different perspectives of our fellow classmates from abroad.

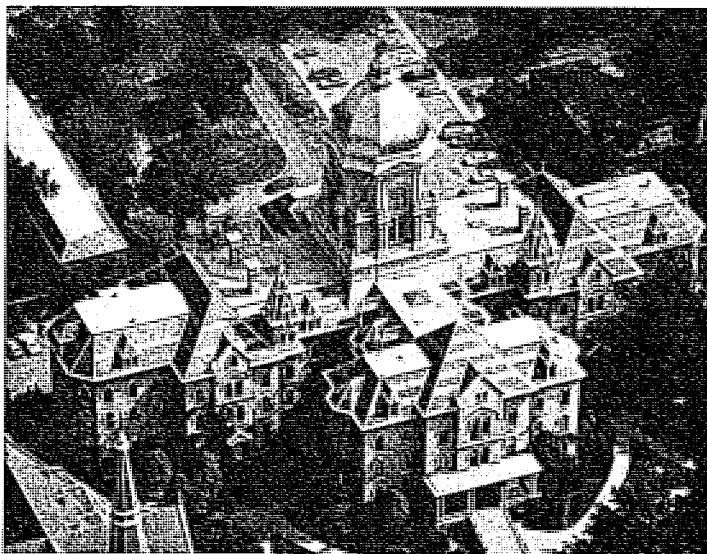
In this issue, *Scholastic* shifts its focus from the Dome to the globe as seen through the rich and diverse experiences of the University's foreign students. Implicit in these articles is the authors' desire to overcome the hurdles of language and culture to communicate to the rest of us who they are, what they think, and where they call "home." Straight from the horse's mouth (an idiom Mr. Ed and many foreigners might find distressing) these students' viewpoints offer a rare insider's glimpse into political issues, literature, and landscapes spanning the globe.

Scholastic's brave reach beyond the Dome could never have been possible without the editorial advice and organizational expertise of Winston Griffin and Maher Mouasher of the International Students Organization and without the attention and enthusiasm of Fred Zimmerman, *Scholastic's* executive content editor.

Kathleen McGarvey
Kathleen McGarvey
Editor-in-Chief

SCHOLASTIC

Volume 127, Number 5



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The opinions expressed in *Scholastic* are those of the authors and editors of *Scholastic* and do not necessarily represent the opinions of the entire staff and editorial board of *Scholastic* or the University of Notre Dame, its administration, faculty, or the student body.

CONTRIBUTORS

Joe Bongiovi is a senior government major from Williamsville, New York, who has traveled extensively throughout Central America.

Naji Boutros is uncertain whether he is a junior or a sophomore, although he's quite sure that he is an Electrical Engineering major from Bhamdoun, Lebanon.

Alfredo Dominguez is a sophomore Mechanical Engineering major from Valencia, Venezuela, who misses coconut trees.

Mark Melchior is a senior PLS major from Kansas City,

Winston Griffin is a very diligent Senior from England and Peru.

Paul Komyatte is a senior government major from Munster, Indiana, and is a frequent contributor to *Scholastic*.

Murray Leibrandt is a graduate student from New York, the Big Apple.

Maheer Mouasher is a sophomore Business major from Amman, Jordan. He is the General Manager for next year's *Scholastic*.

Luis A. Hernandez is a sophomore Electrical Engineering major from San Juan, Puerto Rico, who likes beaches on a sunny day.

Sean P. A. McSweeney is a senior government major from Guatemala City, Guatemala.

Reem Mouasher is a sophomore Business and Art major from Amman, Jordan.

Santiago O'Donnell is a senior government major from Buenos Aires, Argentina.

Margarita Villalon is a junior Finance/Economics major from Makati, Philippines, and Luis Razon is a Chemical Engineering graduate student from Manila, Philippines.

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Sanjeev Tak is a sophomore business major from Nairobi, Kenya, who is known in his American home of Stanford Hall as "chief."

Cam Sylvester is a graduate student from the Great White North.

P. Suresh is a graduate student in Civil Engineering from Bangalore, India. This is his first contribution to *Scholastic*.

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Darryl Daniels; Inside Back Cover

Illustrations

Jean O'Bryan; 32,33,51

Jeff DeGraw; 35,41

Cindy Jett; 37

Darryl Daniels; 43

March 18-20

N.C.A.A. Fencing Championships: Angela Athletic Facility/SMC

Pollitt Lecture for Living Series: "Facing Reality In Relationships" with Patricia Livingston, M.A., counselor and National Consultant, Livingston Associates. Held in the Bendix Theatre, 7:30-9:00 p.m. Free.

March 22 & 23

Maple City Postcard Club Show: Held in the Convention Hall in the Century Center, the show will be held Friday, 11:00 a.m.-8:00 p.m. and Saturday, 9:00 a.m.-6:00 p.m. Admission is \$1.00.

March 22-24

The Fischhoff National Chamber Music Competition: America's best young chamber musicians gather to compete for \$5,200 in cash awards. The semi-finals on Friday and Saturday will be held in the Bendix Theatre and in the Recital Hall. These are open to the public. The final competition will take place on Sunday and admittance is by ticket only. Contact the Century Center Box Office for more information.

March 22-24

The Home and Garden Show: ACC/Fieldhouse

March 24

The Notre Dame Concert Band's Spring Concert: At the ACC/Arena at 7:30 p.m.

March 25-28

Room Selections for 1985-'86, Saint Mary's College

March 26

South Bend High Schools Track Classic: ACC/Fieldhouse

March 26

Pollitt Lecture for Living Series: "Sexuality and Teens: Values, Conflicts and Decisions." The speaker is Gary Ingersoll, Ph.D., Department of Educational Psychology, I.U./Bloomington. The lecture will be held in Bendix Theatre, 7:30-9:00 p.m.

March 27-31

The Ice Capades: Always a good time, this show is to be held at the ACC/Arena. For further information concerning times and prices, call the ACC Box Office.

March 28-30

The RV Super Show: An RV fan? Then head on over to the ACC/Fieldhouse to see one of the largest RV shows in the country!

March 29

Czechoslovakian Camber Soloist: Come listen to some truly fine music and singing. For more information, call O'Laughlin Auditorium.

March 29

Professional Wrestling, Bendix Theatre, 8:00 p.m. Admission is \$5.00.

March 29-31

Senior Formal: A weekend for seniors to go all out and enjoy themselves! Pass the time watching Second City, party on Rush Street, stay in the luxurious Palmer House, wine and dine in the Grand Ballroom, and dance until dawn to the music of an eight-piece band! Go and have a great time, Seniors!!

March 31-1

Candidates for hall offices at SMC: Mandatory meeting for all those interested, H.C.C.

March 31-1

"Brother Sun, Sister Moon": A wonderful movie about the life of St. Francis of Assisi. It will be shown in the Engineering Auditorium, 7 & 9:30 p.m. The price is \$1.00.

Hall and Oates Concert: *Coming soon* in the first week of April. Watch for it!!

April 12

Medalist Football Coaching Clinic: ACC

April 12

Holy Cross Hall (SMC) Spring Formal: Dance in Spring at the Century Center from 9:00 p.m.-1 a.m. Tickets are \$10.00/couple.

April 14

Spring Day on Campus: Approximately 400 interested women will be visiting Saint Mary's for the day. Let's make them feel welcome!

April 13-16

Campaigning for SMC hall offices

April 14

The Crop Walk: A ten-kilometer pledge walk from Saint Joseph High School and back. All Notre Dame and Saint Mary's students are urged to participate. The proceeds go to relieve the hunger problem around the world.

April 15

"Brian's Song": Carroll Hall (SMC). 7 & 9:30 p.m. Admission is \$1.00.

April 19

The Harlem Globetrotters: If you think N.D. basketball is comical, then wait until you see these guys!! The show is to be held in the ACC/Arena. For ticket prices and more information, call the ACC Box Office.

April 20

LeMans Hall Formal: Get a date, LeMans women, and celebrate Spring in style at the Century Center! The price is \$10.00/couple and the time is 9:00 p.m.-1 a.m.

April 20

The Charity Ball. If you want to help a great cause or just have a great time, head on over to the Stepan Center. The attire is semi-formal and tickets are \$6.00/person or \$10.00/couple. All proceeds will be sent to Ethiopia.

March/April Calendar

NOTABLES

Music warmed the cold, February air, and dance sparked a fire in the imaginations of those who

enjoyed the various musical and dancing events on Saint Mary's campus during the past

LINDA'S



Village
Greenhouse

NORTH VILLAGE
MALL

272-5335

month or two. On February 15, the College hosted the Chicago City Ballet under the direction of Maria Tallchief and Paul Mejia in O'Laughlin Auditorium. Tallchief, one of America's most prolific dancers, was the prima ballerina in the late 1940's and '50s. Under the direction of her husband and teacher, George Balanchine, she dominated the realm of international dance for two decades. Following Balanchine's creative and artistic patterns, she developed the Chicago City Ballet in 1980. Balanchine's influence was clearly noticed by the speedy musicality and athleticism of Tallchief's dance movements during her performance. Mejia, also a master of the Balanchine style, directed and choreographed most of the pieces. The audience, including a large number of Seniors who were present for "Senior Night at the Ballet," responded very favorably to both Mejia and Tallchief's presentation.

In addition to the dance performance, Saint Mary's played host to the Midwest Historical Keyboard Society in mid-February. The three-day event, sponsored by the Music Department, featured scholarly papers on harpsichord practice and performance. Recitals were given on each of the three days of the festival by members of the society. Bach, Handel, and Beethoven would have been delighted by the moving recitals.

The music continued to play on when Saint Mary's hosted a concert by internationally acclaimed Canadian classical guitarist, Liona Boyd. Ms. Boyd, who has been ranked as one of the top classical guitarists in the world, played selections

from Bach and Chopin among others. The classical approach is a switch for Boyd who travelled for three years with Gordon Lightfoot, but she has indeed made her name in the business. Her records outsell every other classical guitarist by ten to one, and she has performed for such people as Ronald Reagan, Pierre Trudeau, Margaret Thatcher, and Francois Mitterrand. It was a pleasure to have had her at Saint Mary's.

Saint Mary's faculty has been making a name for itself in music too. Jeffrey Jacob, a concert pianist and professor at the College, recently returned from a three-month European tour where he received rave reviews and honors. Jacob's tour began successfully in Belgium and followed with concerts in England, Germany and Poland. In Holland, he was hailed as "a young musical genius" and in each country such praise was ordinary. Jacob's program featured contemporary music, and in a few instances he played music that was expressly written for him by such composers as Britain's George Crumb and Francis Routh. Jacob also recorded several times while in Europe. While he was in Poland the Polish television recorded Jacob's recital in Paderewski Hall, Warsaw. The Polish National Radio is planning to broadcast the concert this month throughout Poland.

Jacob's ingenuous manner and prodigious talent made him a remarkably effective goodwill ambassador for Saint Mary's and his country as well. And pleased as it is about his radiant success, the College is proud to have its first-rate musician return home.

Help bring the world together.



Host an exchange student.

As part of International Youth Exchange, a Presidential Initiative for peace, your family welcomes a teenager from another country into your home and into your way of life.

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The World at

by Brother George Schmitz, C.S.C.

From the founding of the University of Notre Dame to the present, its international connections have been consistent and pervasive. The relationship of the University to concerns wider than just the boundaries of the United States reflects the spirit of the French missionaries who arrived here in 1842, and it has continued for a century and a half as Holy Cross missionaries, Holy Cross associates and Peace Corps workers have left Notre Dame to labor in Asia, Africa and Latin America. The international aspect of Notre Dame with which most of us are familiar, however, is the group of students who comprise the international portion of the student body.

The first foreign students arrived on the campus of Notre Dame in 1929, and by the late 1940s there were 50 or 60 foreign students at the university. Most of them were Latin Americans and Canadians with a very few students from Eastern countries or Europe. In the 1960s the numbers began to increase as the university drew more students from Asia and Europe. In 1965 there were 250 foreign students on campus; by 1975 there were 300 and today there are approximately 375 foreign students from 64 different countries. Indian students

comprise the largest single national group followed by Canada and the People's Republic of China. In the past two years the number of students from the People's Republic of China has grown rapidly as the Chinese government has become more open to the West. As a unit though, the students from Central and South American countries still comprise the largest group of foreign students on campus.

The special needs of international students are met through the Office of International Student Affairs. This office was established in 1969. Until 1969 the foreign students were not given much more information than the American students received upon acceptance to the university. An interesting series of letters in the archives of the Office of International Student Affairs shows how a campus organization called Young Christian Students (YCS) took on the task of writing letters to newly accepted foreign students. The purpose of these letters was to make the foreign students feel welcome and, also, to advise them of American customs and of the rigorous winters of Northern Indiana. (We can only speculate what would have happened if Fr. Sorin had been so forewarned.)

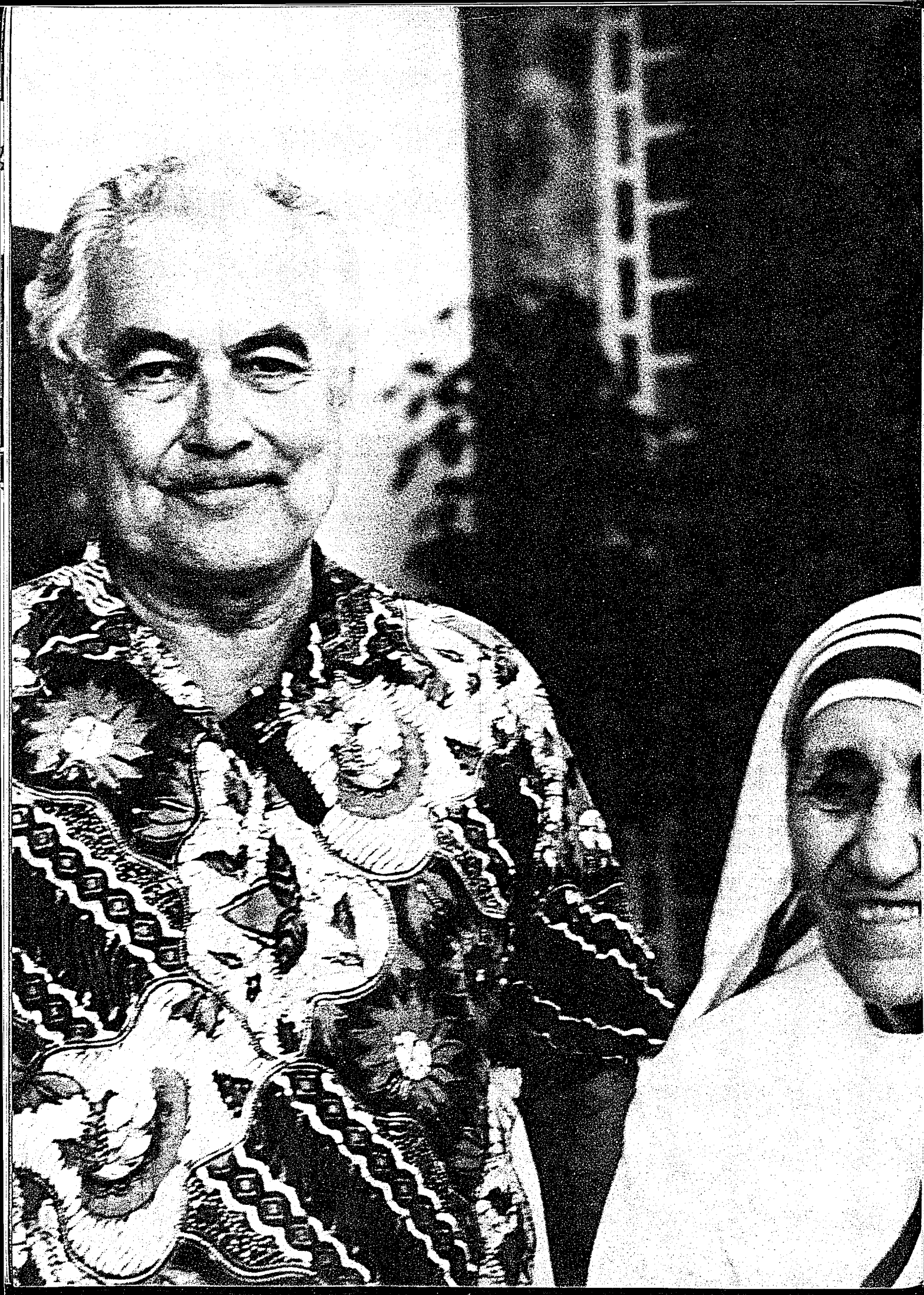
Notre Dame

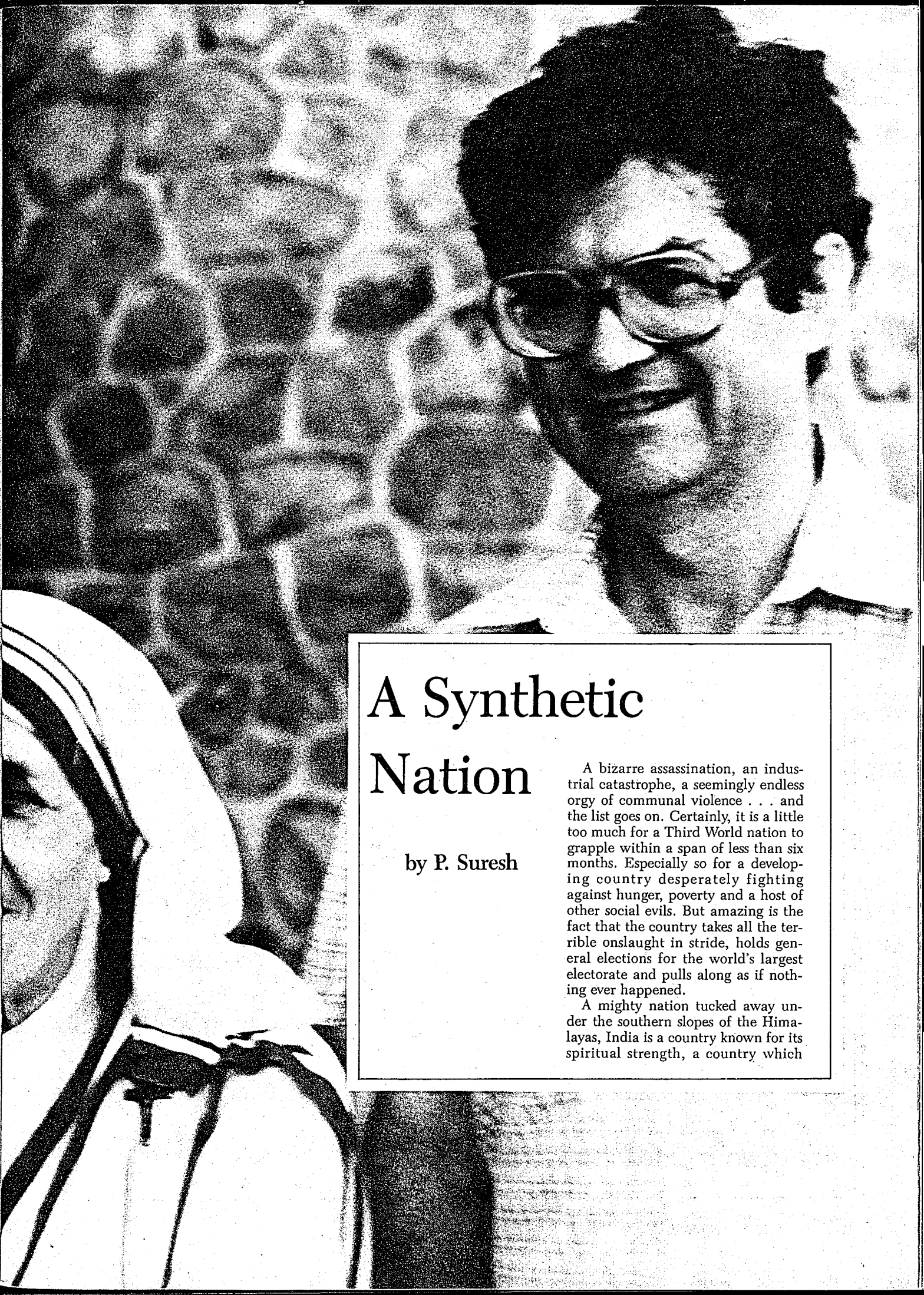
The foreign students had organized the International Student Organization early on. Their representation in Student Government was through a branch of Student Government referred to as "The International Commission," which, in the early 1960s, organized quite popular panel discussions, debates and lectures on international topics. In the midst of the campus unrest of the late 1960s, the International Student Organization formulated a list of grievances and petitioned the administration to appoint a full-time foreign student advisor and to establish a separate office for foreign student affairs. This was done in 1969 when the late Rev. Daniel O'Neil, C.S.C., Assistant Vice President for Student Affairs, was appointed full-time Foreign Student Advisor and Director of International Student Affairs. Fr. O'Neil held that post until his death in 1978. He was succeeded by the Rev. Thomas Tallarida, C.S.C., who directed the International Student Affairs Office until June, 1984. Brother George Schmitz, C.S.C., is the current director.

The present academic year has been an especially active one for the International Student Organization. The International Student Organization brought

cricket back to Notre Dame last fall. (A Cricket Club had been established in the late 1970s.) Other International Student Organization activities which have kept the international students busy this year have been a Big Brother-Big Sister program, an Adopt-a-Child program, the International Banquet, the International Festival and this "international" edition of the *Scholastic*. In addition to the International Student Organization there are several national organizations such as the India Association, the Chinese Students Association, the Chinese Scholars Association, the Korean Association, the Lebanese-American Club, and the Japan Club. These groups organize special activities which bring national groups together for camaraderie and to celebrate national holidays.

This year Notre Dame's foreign student population increased by 9%. This is at a time when the number of foreign students nationwide is decreasing. As our world becomes a global village and as international relations become a force that shapes our future, we at Notre Dame can be thankful for the "strangers in our midst" who come to learn from us and to share with us the wealth of their traditions and cultures. •





A Synthetic Nation

by P. Suresh

A bizarre assassination, an industrial catastrophe, a seemingly endless orgy of communal violence . . . and the list goes on. Certainly, it is a little too much for a Third World nation to grapple within a span of less than six months. Especially so for a developing country desperately fighting against hunger, poverty and a host of other social evils. But amazing is the fact that the country takes all the terrible onslaught in stride, holds general elections for the world's largest electorate and pulls along as if nothing ever happened.

A mighty nation tucked away under the southern slopes of the Himalayas, India is a country known for its spiritual strength, a country which

INDIA

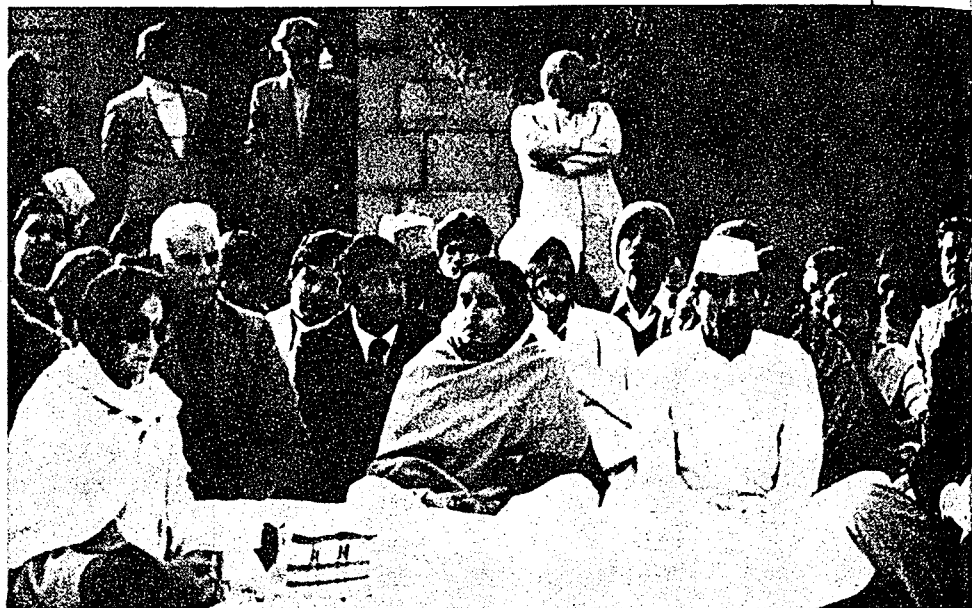
professed peace and nonviolence to the rest of the world, but had to witness one of the worst bloodsheds of recent times. India, however, has survived.

India has never ceased to fascinate both West and East. Scores of European adventurers set their sails during the 13-16th centuries hoping to discover India—the exotic land of spices, silk, muslin and gems. Credit goes to the Portuguese sailor Vasco da Gama who first landed on the west coast of India. However, those that followed him, the French, the Dutch and the English were the ones that made the best of the then existing situation in India. After 200 years of foreign rule the once prosperous and flourishing land found itself reduced to shambles—a land utterly divided, dismembered and disorganized.

The liberal spirit which helped get independence from the British in 1947 brought about new hopes for a free and united India. Although Mahatma Gandhi, the chief architect of India's freedom struggle, was gone not long after independence, leaders of stature like Nehru, Patel and others were able to mold all the splinter elements into one strong India. And so, on 26th Jan. 1950, India adopted its Constitution and declared itself a Sovereign Democratic Republic.

Although intended to be like a strong alloy, it was more a heterogeneous mixture of people, religions, languages and cultures. Sixteen States and Union territories were carved out during the Reorganization of States in 1956. There were fourteen officially recognized languages, not to mention hundreds of dialects spoken in different pockets of the country. And India became home to six major world religions.

Today, with a population of over 730 million, India is the largest Democracy in the world. This is nearly three times the population of the United States—a problem which can be better appreciated considering the fact that India is only one third the size of the U.S. Over 75% of this population lives in villages where agriculture is the only source of livelihood. Abject poverty exists next to ridiculous affluence, which leads to tensions between the haves and the have-nots. Add to this the haunting ghost



India's former Prime Minister Indira Gandhi (left) and former U.S. Secretary of State Edmund Muskie (second from right) attend a multi-faith memorial service for independence leader Mohandas Gandhi.

of illiteracy: only 37% of the populace can read and write while only 3% can understand English, which has so far been the sole language used in government offices and other official machinery. Even giving credit to the fact that there are twice the number of educated people today than there were at the time of independence does not make matters any better: the country's population has also doubled over the same period.

On the whole, however, through the last 37 years of independence India's progress has been, to say the least, extremely impressive. The first leaders of the nation adopted the policy of five-year plans to help the country march towards a definite goal. While the first two five-year plans heavily stressed agricultural progress, emphasis slowly shifted towards industrial development in the later years. Under these five-year plans five major steel plants and a couple of fertilizer and chemical industries were set up. The industrial development since then has simply been phenomenal. The country now boasts industries of all classes—light, medium and heavy. Aircraft building, machine tools, earth movers, heavy electrical industries and telephone industries are the most progressive ones in the public sector. In

the private sector, however, there are textiles, electronics and a host of other consumer service products. Cheap labor and comparatively low cost of production have resulted in the country taking over most of the overseas market in Africa and South Asia.

The progress on the scientific and research front has also been incredible. The climax to this progress came when, in 1974, India successfully conducted its first Nuclear Explosion test in the Thar Desert of Rajasthan. It thus became only the sixth nation



Rajiv Gandhi



in the world to acquire nuclear technology, an act which left the developed world stupefied and spellbound. The late seventies even saw India build its own space satellites, designed to help improve its telecommunications and its weather forecasting system.

Thus, starting off as a poor and battered nation in the forties, India has now established itself as the most progressive developing nation in the world. A founder and a staunch advocate of the Non-Alignment Movement, which avoids siding with either of the two superpowers, it has now grown independently into an industrial giant in the Third World.

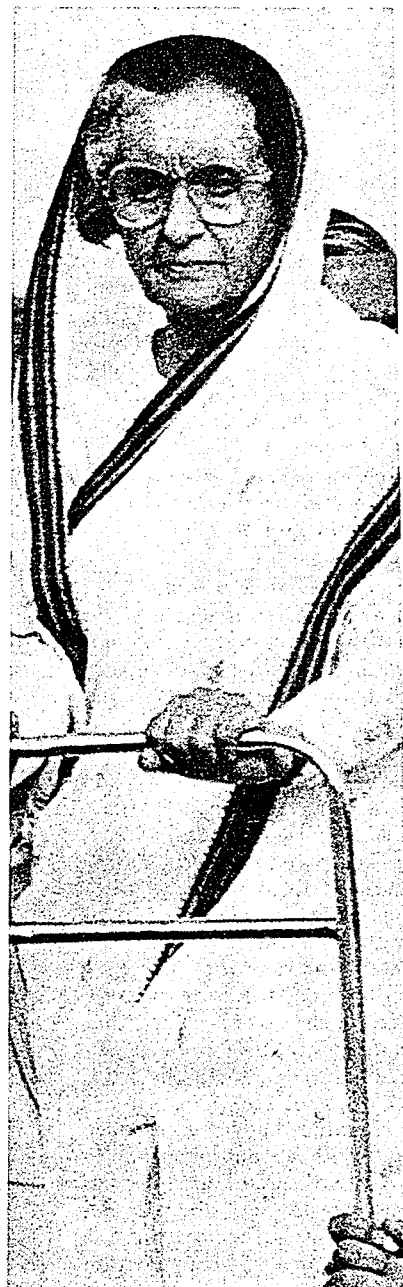
However, the running hasn't been as smooth as it may seem from the outside. India has had more than its share of troubles and disasters over the last four decades. It has had to fight three expensive wars and face an incessant fury of alternating floods and famines. Moreover, even the scene within its borders has not been all too rosy. The formation of States in 1956 was based on linguistic lines and has taken its toll time and again. This was perhaps the greatest blunder that the founders of this nation committed. The country has dearly paid and will continue to pay for this lapse. Recurring flare-ups on lan-

"Today, with a population of over 730 million, India is the largest democracy in the world. This is nearly three times the population of the United States

guage issues have only helped undermine the unity of the country. To add to this, religious tensions prevailing in different parts of the country have raised serious doubts about the State's ability to remain Secular.

The Country, currently run by the Central Government seated in New Delhi, has State Governments in each of its States and Union Territories. The bulk of the authority being concentrated at the Centre, however, has recently opened up raging controversies about conferring greater autonomy to the States. The States feel they have had little or no say in matters such as Resource Allocation, developmental policies, etc., while at the same time the Centre, in the name of preserving the unity of the country, is refusing to loosen its grip over the States. Perhaps it is time the Centre made attempts to put an end to this tug-of-war and accepted the fact that real unity could only be achieved by recognizing the true aspirations of its diverse society. In this regard can there be a better example than the great United States itself?

Today, there is a new and ambitious government in charge at the Centre raising new hopes for rapid all-round progress. However, problems like exploding population, unemployment, corruption at all levels of the bureaucracy and widespread restlessness among the people are also raging at peak. It will be interesting to see how the government tackles these issues and maintains peace both within and outside the country. The



Indira Gandhi, shortly before she was assassinated by members of her own security guard.

next couple of years are, without doubt, going to be the most crucial in the history of this illustrious nation.

The history of India has been a story of a continuing struggle for identity. It's a struggle for identity among the States within the country and a struggle for identity as a nation, as an equal in the higher ranks of the world. •

Outside Psychology

by Naji Boutros

In 1931, in the great city of Boston, the traffic came to a halt along the route that would take a man from Lebanon to his temporary resting place. Many people followed the procession and, weeks later, the silent homeward journey of Kahlil Gibran ended at a cemetery in Lebanon. Nowadays, in the middle of Copley Square in Boston stands a bronze-and-granite memorial erected by a grateful city in honor of this gentle poet from Lebanon.

"His power came from some great reservoir of spiritual life else it could not have been so universal and potent, but the majesty and beauty of the language with which he clothed it were all his own."

Claude Bragdon

An exceptional childhood in the town of Becharre, under the "cedars of the Lord"—the cedars of Lebanon—prepared Gibran for a life of greatness. Gibran's mother realized the exceptional talents of Kahlil when at four he planted torn paper so that it might take root and produce white sheet for him to draw upon, and when, at six, he said that he was an Italian after seeing paintings of Leonardo da Vinci. "My son is outside of psychology," said his mother, claiming that her son's voice was vested with an authority not to be confused with mere human excellence. In short, he was a dreamer, believed by many to be beyond his world and his time in his perception of truth and of beauty.

In 1895, and because of economic hardship, Kahlil's mother journeyed to the States with her 4 children, joining the immigrant Lebanese community in Boston. The 12-year-old Gibran eventually moved to the Denison settlement house where his talent as an artist was discovered by a publisher, Holland Day: "When his brush and pencil visited canvas and paper, these became endued with a vital and vibrant force that rendered them no longer dead, but living."

In 1896, at the age of 15, Gibran

travelled to Lebanon where he immersed himself in Arabic literature and developed a keen consciousness and a thorough appreciation of the Bible. Back in the States, he began writing for "Al Muhajer" ("The Immigrant"), an Arabic newspaper popular among the Arab community in the United States. His literary works were influenced by the American transcendentalist movement and the Romantic literature of the West. This influence is obvious in books such as "Spirit Rebellious" and "Nymphs of the Valley."

*Mankind have I loved. Ay, much have I loved men,
And men in my opinion are three;
The one who curses life, the one who blesses it, and the one who contemplates it.*

*The first I have loved for his mystery,
the second for his beneficence, and
the third for his wisdom.*

Nymphs of the Valley

"He is a world in himself. His soul is that of an excited god who, being sad and weary and homesick, passed the time singing of other worlds."

But the American art was soon unable to satisfy his literary and artistic ambition. He therefore decided to travel to the art capital of the world, Paris: "... The time which I'll spend in the city of Light will be, with the help of God, the beginning of a new Chapter in the Story of my life ... My trip to Paris will offer me an opportunity to write about things which I cannot find or imagine in this mechanical and commercial

country whose skies are replete with clamor and noise."

After 2 years in Paris, he returned to the United States and settled in New York for the rest of his life.

Gibran's works have always been controversial. His first writings, including such notable books as *Jesus the son of man*, *Sand and Foam* and *The Forerunner*, were religious in context and their unorthodoxy eventually led to his temporary excommunication from the Christian Maronite church in Lebanon. The maturity of his thought is revealed in *The Prophet*, a book deeply spiritual in nature, written in simple and beautiful language and reflecting optimistic tone in presenting man's innate goodness. Gibran later wrote of this work, "While I was writing *The Prophet*, the prophet was writing me."

When Kahlil Gibran died in 1931, the world lost a great man, a man whose fame and influence spread far beyond the Near East, whose poetry has been translated into more than 20 languages, whose drawings and paintings have been exhibited in the great capitals of the world and compared by the famous French artist Auguste Rodin to the work of William Blake, by Day to the incomparable and by Shelley to a god: "He is a world in himself. His soul is that of an excited god who, being sad and weary and homesick, passed the time singing of other worlds."

In spite of all the fame and glory, Gibran remained faithful to his homeland, spreading his word of wisdom throughout the whole world, without ever forgetting the feeling of the glory, under the almighty Cedars of the Lord, until his last whisper.

*"Sons of my ancient mother, you riders of the tides,
How often have you sailed in my dreams. And now you come in my awakening which is my deeper dream.*

Ready am I to go, and my eagerness with sails full set awaits the wind." •



Humoring the Situation

by Margerita Villalon
and Luis F. Razon

MANILA-Dec. 29, 1984. "All Armed Forces of the Philippines police units on red alert."

MANILA—Jan. 3, 1985. "Governor hurt; mayor shot dead."

It cannot be said that the Filipinos never laughed while all this was happening. To newcomers, the barrage of jokes about the Aquino murder, the high inflation rates, and Marcos' health can be disconcerting; the Philippines has just gone through one of the worst years in its recent history. Devastating typhoons, earthquakes, a volcanic eruption, an inflation rate of 63%, and viciously contested Parliamentary elections just aren't the sort of things Americans are accus-

tomed to laughing about. Yet in the Philippines the jokes and the laughter persist.

The ability of Filipinos to laugh at their own shortcomings has always set them apart. Call it a blessing because it helps people get through difficult days, but call it also a curse—they seem never to worry or do anything about a situation.

The population of the Philippines totals 56,000,000, scattered over 7107 islands comprising an area of 115,831 square miles. The climate is largely tropical with a short, fierce season of typhoons and heavy rain in the central and northern regions. The country is located north of Indonesia and east of Vietnam. It sits squarely on

the most important sea lanes from the Indian Ocean to the Pacific.

The original inhabitants were an aboriginal people from mainland Asia; the Aetas, and the Malays came from the south. The sixteenth century brought the Spaniards and with them, Roman Catholicism and a very strong Western influence. While this succeeded in modifying the indigenous Filipino culture, it did not completely replace it, and the result was a rather unique blend of East and West.

In 1965 Ferdinand E. Marcos was elected as the seventh president of the Republic of the Philippines, and re-elected in 1969. During his term in office, the threat of a general insur-



Mrs. Aurora Aquino, mother of slain opposition leader Benigno Aquino.

rection seemed to grow larger and larger. Finally, on September 21, 1972, the President imposed martial law in an effort to curb insurgent and subversive activity. Marcos ruled by decree and imprisonment, and deported most—if not all—opposition leaders. One such opposition leader was Benigno Aquino. Imprisoned at Fort Bonifacio after the imposition of martial law as a "subversive," Aquino was released in 1980 due to political pressure exerted by the Carter administration campaign for International



Philippine President Ferdinand Marcos in New York.

Human Rights.

In 1981, Marcos had lifted martial law and announced that there would be elections for the Batasang Pambansa (The National Assembly). There was talk of Marcos' illness, and with elections coming up, Aquino, who had been living in the U.S., felt that he could be of help in organizing the opposition.

Imelda Marcos, the president's wife, talked to Aquino in New York and asked him to delay his return "for security reasons." "There are people," she said, "loyal to us that we cannot control." Aquino was insistent, however, and, using forged papers, left for Manila. He arrived on August 21, 1983, but never got to touch Philippine soil. Aquino was shot from the back and killed as he was coming down from the plane. His body lay in a pool of blood on the tarmac of the Manila International Airport, a few feet away from his alleged killer, Rolando Galivan.

The shock and anger that resulted from the murder was to be felt for months afterward, and many blamed the assassination on President Marcos. Numerous demonstrations and rallies (some of them 50,000 strong) demanded the President's resignation. There was worldwide pressure, in particular from the United States, for the establishment of a nonbiased commission to investigate the killing. Corazon Agrava was to head this special fact-finding board that was later referred to as "The Agrava Commission."

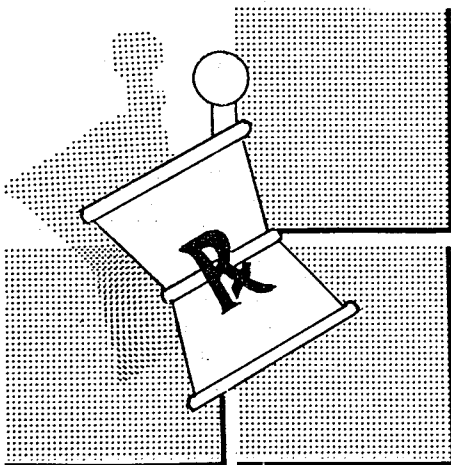
Ten months after the assassination of Aquino, the Agrava commission presented its findings to the President. Four out of five members of the commission (Agrava was the only one who did not agree) pointed their fingers to the Chief of the Armed Forces, General Fabian Ver, Marcos' loyal right-hand man. Though Ver was only one of twenty-five implicated, many still questioned whether the order was not given by Marcos himself. The arrest of those charged was ordered.

The months between September 1983 and May 1984 marked a period of growing discontent in the Philippines. Elections for the Batasang Pambansa were approaching and demonstrations were common. Some members of the opposition even pushed for a boycott. The increasingly vocal Catholic Church (led by Jaime Cardinal Sin) supported a boycott of the elections, charging that the results were already predetermined. The outcome of the election was a reduction of "pro-Marcos" contingent in the assembly and an increase in the number of opposition seats. Even though the number of opposition parties has increased in the last few years it has brought about little added power to their ranks since none of them agree with each others' policies. Though they all are against Marcos' rule, they seem unable to unite on the best possible solution to their problem.

The murder of Aquino not only sparked the flame of political insta-

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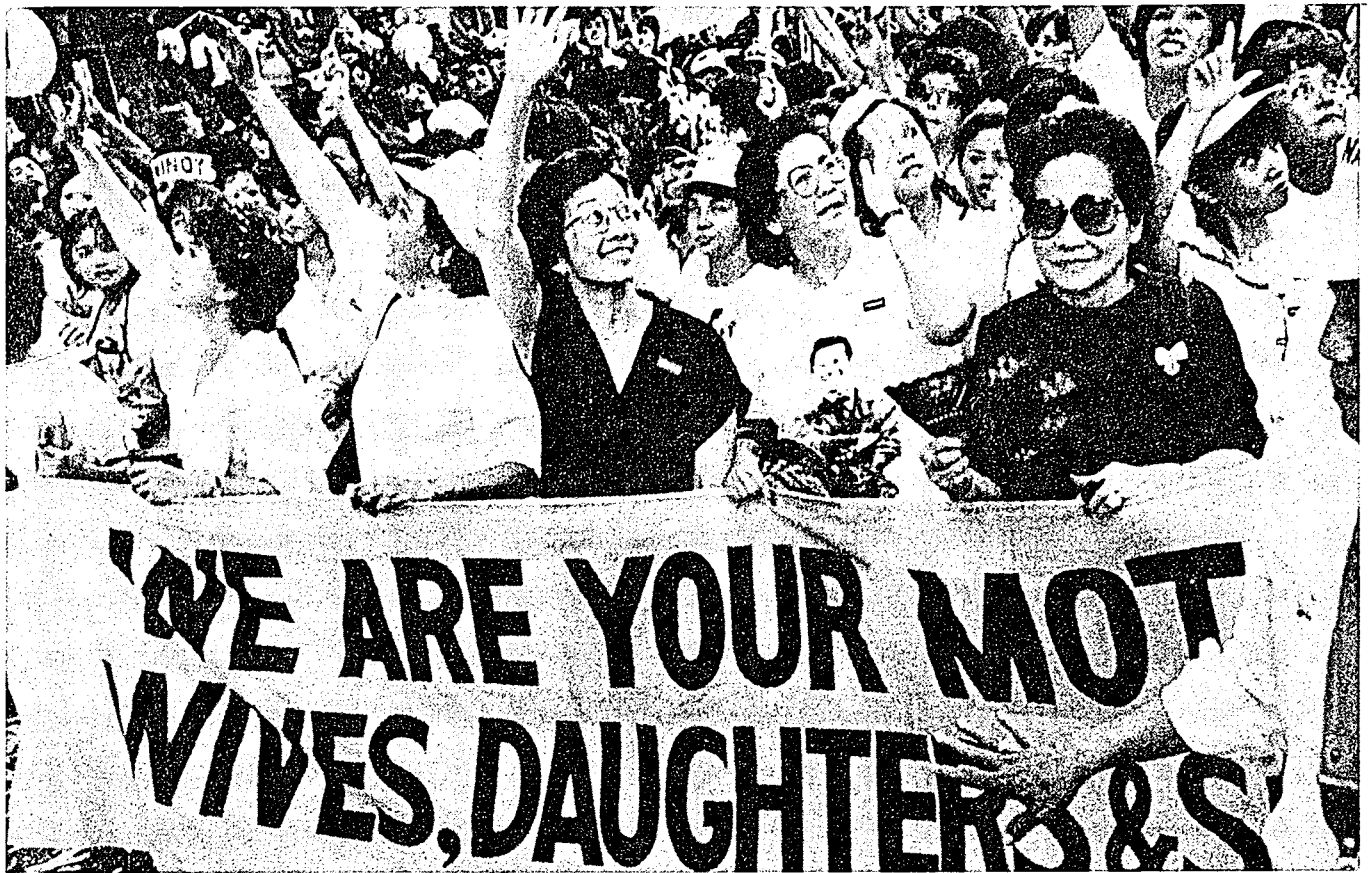


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bility, but pulled the plug on the economy as well.

On the lighter side, Filipinos still manage to keep making jokes and laughing at events as they unfold. Maybe this blessing in these troubled times will keep them from losing their minds. One joke that circulated in Manila after the Aquino assassination had to do with Rolando Galman, his alleged killer, who was shot immediately after Aquino. After Aquino died, his soul went up to heaven and right before he entered the gates he noticed Galman standing in line in front of him. Aquino tapped him on the shoulder and asked, "Hey, why did you shoot me?" Whereupon Galman answered, "Shoot you? I was here long before you arrived!" How's that for humoring the situation?

Manila Archbishop Cardinal Jaime L. Sin has long been dissatisfied with the Marcos government.



England's Prime Minister, Margaret Thatcher, has earned herself the nickname of "the Iron Lady."

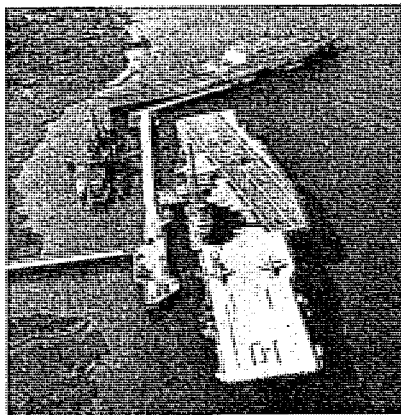
The Tug of War

by Santiago O'Donnell and
Winston Griffin

Notre Dame University is a strange place—Arabs meet Jews, Hindus talk to Moslems, Argentines come across people from Great Britain, and we all manage to coexist.

Our nations are supposed to be enemies, "adversaries" at best, but for the international student this is difficult to grasp. We learn about different cultures, and listen to different opinions about our own. Little by little we learn about similarities, differences and the misconception we had about our alleged "enemy."

Wars are usually associated with honor, power and nationalism. When war is declared the public always rallies around its flag, usually blindfolded by the media. Many people believe that war has a "positive" impact on society. Two years ago my country (Argentina) went to war over a couple of islands called Falklands, and I couldn't understand why everybody was celebrating. And then one morning my friends started returning home in wooden boxes and it was too late. Too late we realize that war is a game, and we finally discover the



The small Argentine contingent on the Falkland Islands proved to be no match for the technically advanced British naval force.

real seeds of war: greed, dishonesty and stupidity.

The Falklands/Malvinas war was no exception. This is what we considered the importance of writing testimonial essays for both sides of the conflict. In the process we rediscovered that our only enemy is the evil and absurdity of international wars.

In London

January 10, 1985. Leicester Square

I'm in the Prince Edward Theatre, watching "Evita"—the famous Argentinian musical—for the second time. Saw it first in the Spring of 1982. Isn't it funny how some events just stay in one's mind. From that period 3 occurrences stick in my mind. First, joining the audience in a standing ovation at the conclusion of the performance. Second, reading in *The Times* the next day that "Chariots of Fire," a British cinema production, was topping the charts in Buenos Aires. And third, the ironic realization, that at that same moment, 7000 miles south, Argentines and Englishmen were killing each other.

Do you remember the conflict? If not, allow me to refresh your memory: April 2, 1982, Argentina invaded the Falkland Islands, claiming sovereignty. Great Britain declared war on Argentina the next day, and sent the fleet to the South Atlantic. The result was a bloody conflict, lasting a

month, and killing over a thousand.

Let us reflect for a moment on the respective claims for sovereignty over the islands. The first thing to realize is that the wealth of ambiguous-historical fact regarding the Falklands does confuse the issue. For instance, does discovery, mapping and landing imply sovereignty? Or is a territory claimed only after it is settled? Are economic settlements the defining criterion? A military base perhaps? Or must a system of government be first established? Depending on our interpretation, both sides have valid arguments. The problem, then, seems to be putting historic detail into a workable and current context.

As history is unable to help, maybe geography will provide an answer. The Falklands are a tiny group of islands, 200 miles off the Argentinian coast. Their value? Potential fishery and strategic location (overlooking the Strait of Magellan) or so I'm told. Self-defense? Definitely not. Anger? No, I don't think so. Fear of being labelled cowards? Perhaps. Pride? That's more like it. A calculated political game? Better still.

Back to the academic world. There is a theory in political science called "Internal cohesion through external conflict." Just a posh name for distracting people's attention from domestic issues and focusing them on a common external influence. I believe this idea can be applied to some extent to England. (Before proceeding, allow me to include a caveat—I'm staunchly conservative and back Thatcher on most issues.) Thatcher was suffering from decreasing popularity, 11-12% unemployment, and an almost zero growth economy. After the conflict, her popularity had jumped, allowing her to score a landslide victory over Labor in the next election.

I do not think Britain planned the conflict, but I do think they were indirectly responsible for not avoiding the war by seeking a political solution, which, given previous relations between Argentina and Great Britain, could surely have been achieved.

In any event, Thatcher won, and Galtieri lost, but far too many young lives were sacrificed on a senseless political wager.

In Buenos Aires

Suddenly there was an explosion. I opened the window of my apartment and the trumpet of a thousand horns of cars calling for celebration. In a



matter of minutes the streets were a festival. A mass of people had taken them, interrupting the traffic to the scream of Ar-gen-tinal Ar-gen-tinal!

It was rush hour in Buenos Aires, but nobody was in a hurry. Without distinctions of any type, the whole city was celebrating a historical moment. Surprisingly there were no protests, no political slogans and no police brutality. The atmosphere was identical to the 1978 celebration of the Soccer World Cup victory.

What was going on? Our illustrious president Leopoldo Galtieri had just made a chain announcement on the National Broadcast and Radio system declaring that Argentina had finally "repossessed" the Malvinas. I call General Galtieri illustrious because Pink Floyd's "Final Cut" album made him famous, and I call him "president" because he self-proclaimed himself so, and the United Nations approved. Otherwise he is directly responsible for the massacre of at least 1500 boys, the children of the Malvinas. Many of them never celebrated their 19th birthday.

But when General Galtieri made his announcement on April 2, 1982, nobody was thinking about the consequences. The islands have always been a big issue. We learn about them in school from first grade on. To the whole population the islands have come to symbolize British imperialism. The scapegoat for Argentina's failure to achieve greatness. The national dream is that someday, through some process of historical determinism, the islands will be Argentine again.

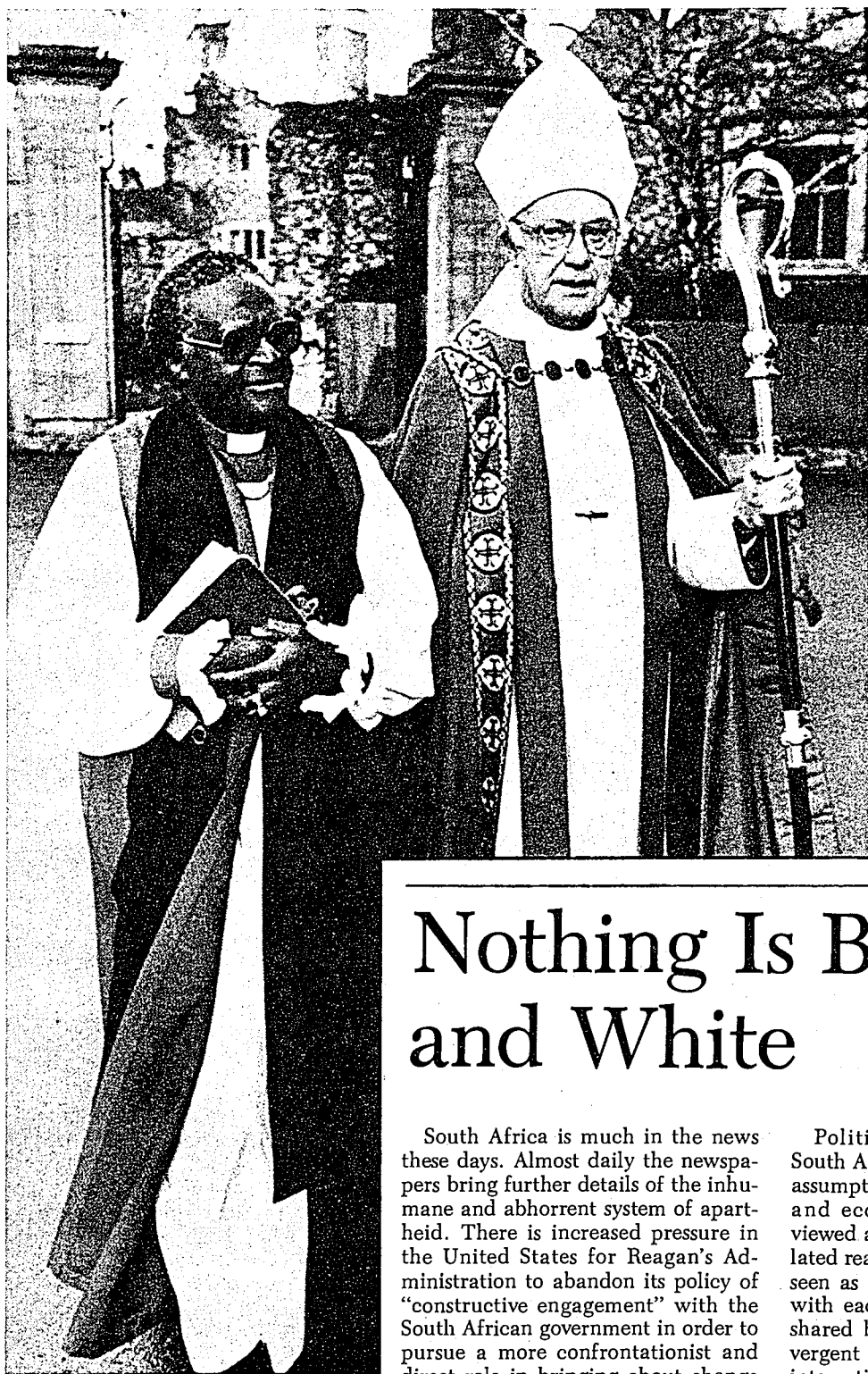
The prophecy had been fulfilled and Galtieri was the Messiah. Most Argentines were so convinced of their righteousness that they never stopped to think. For the first time in years Argentina was united! But something *was* wrong. Two days before the announcement, this same country had been paralyzed by a general strike and a massive demonstration in front

of the government house. The economy was in the worst crisis in the nation's history, and the government had reached the lowest point of popularity of any Argentine government.

Why would millions of people support the same dictatorship that had oppressed them for the past five years? This is one of the evils of war. Nobody wants to be called a coward or a traitor. War can be a magical solution. Galtieri was well aware that World War II had solved the American depression and he lived to do the same thing with Argentina. After five years of galloping inflation and internal violence Argentines needed a cause to rally around, a reason to celebrate. Galtieri, on the other hand, needed all the support he could get.

The authoritarian control over the mass media allowed the government to deceive public opinion and dissenting voices were promptly silenced.

The chances were one in a million, but Galtieri's back was against the wall. He knew that victory would make him a hero and reinstate his credibility. The price of his gamble was 1500 lives—boys who never dreamed when they were drafted out of the slums, that a month later they would be facing in combat an army of computerized NATO veterans. In their graves are buried the illusions of millions of Argentines who chose to dream because that was all they had left. They had been robbed of everything else. •



Bishop Tutu with the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Robert Runcie.

Nothing Is Black and White

South Africa is much in the news these days. Almost daily the newspapers bring further details of the inhumane and abhorrent system of apartheid. There is increased pressure in the United States for Reagan's Administration to abandon its policy of "constructive engagement" with the South African government in order to pursue a more confrontationalist and direct role in bringing about change in South Africa. How one goes about analyzing the South African situation will determine one's ideas about the "correct" United States policy towards South Africa. What is a useful framework for an analysis?

Political economists looking at South Africa begin with one common assumption. This is that the political and economic spheres cannot be viewed as two independent and unrelated realms but, rather, they must be seen as being in complex interaction with each other. However, from this shared beginning there are very divergent views on the specifics of this interaction. Generally speaking these views can be separated into two schools of thought: the reformist and the revisionist schools.

The reformist school represents the liberal orthodoxy in South Africa. Its basic thesis is that the process of capi-

talist development has been and continues to be a motor for the modernization of South African social relations. The capitalist market operates within an environment set by the social rooms and institutions of South African society. For the market to operate efficiently, some measure of consistency must exist between the requirements of the market and these broader social relations. Thus, in its interaction with the wide society, the market will become a force for modernization as it attempts to bring about this consistency. To the extent that South African society remains tradition-bound and unwilling to change in response to the logic of the market, the development of capitalism will be impeded.

For the reformists, the policy of apartheid has always constituted such an impediment. Apartheid discriminates between people of different races and justifies this by a complex mixture of political, cultural and religious arguments. This discrimination is a constraint on the efficiency of the labor market which attempts to use "the person's ability to do the job" as the only selection criterion. Despite the stubbornness of the apartheid administrators, the growth of the capitalist sector with its acute need for a skilled, settled labor force has acted as a catalyst for some significant reforms in labor relations and black education and housing as well as introducing many South Africans to nonracial interaction for the first time.

The multinational corporations cite these reforms as evidence to support their claim that they can do more good for the people of South Africa by remaining within the country than by disinvesting. Their argument proceeds by pointing out that in recent years the apartheid state has come to realize that it can only survive its present crisis if it shows its willingness to listen to the business community. It cannot afford to alienate this community. Consequently, more than ever before, the market mechanism is in a position to dictate the pace of change in South Africa. This is said to present South Africa with its only opportunity for peaceful reform over time, thus avoiding the horrors of revolution the results of which are deemed to be unfavorable to all South Africans. With the market breaking down apartheid in some *de facto* sense, there will be a general



Bishop Desmond Tutu of Johannesburg was awarded the 1984 Nobel Peace Prize for his struggle against apartheid.

move towards a more integrationist society. The political process will reflect this by dismantling the apartheid structures.

In the early 1970s this reformist position suddenly found itself under attack from a newly emerging school of thought which became known as the revisionist school. This group of younger academics proposed a new thesis that sharply conflicted with the reformist thesis. They maintained that apartheid had never constituted a stumbling block to South Africa's capitalist development. On the contrary, if the apartheid master plan was carefully scrutinized it could be seen to provide for a powerless, cheap supply of labor vulnerable to exploitation. Thus, the implementation of apartheid as official government pol-

icy and the subsequent modifications that apartheid policy has undergone are very much related to the needs of the capitalist sector in South Africa.

This revisionist thesis clearly makes use of a class analysis. Given this, the question that immediately springs to mind is why it is black workers rather than all workers who find themselves suffering under capitalism. To answer this the revisionists took a fresh historical look at South Africa in the early 1900s. During this period there were a number of attempts made by the capitalists to replace white workers with cheap black labor. The white workers were able to muster enough political muscle to prevent this and to make sure that their interests were always well represented at the level of government. This then

Notre Dame's Role

by Paul Komyatte

There seems to be no doubt that some of Notre Dame's money is invested in South Africa via major multinationals. The remaining question concerns the policy stance of the University with regard to these investments. During our conversation, Father Richard Zang, C.S.C., University Investment Officer, provided me with a copy of this policy statement.

Passed by the University Board of Trustees on October 13, 1978, the statement outlines Notre Dame's position on the investment issue. Stating that corporations are faced with a variety of arguments for either staying in South Africa and affecting constructive change by their presence, or for withdrawing from the country in the hope of influencing the apartheid nation to change, the statement maintains that "it does not seem that the University of Notre Dame . . . can advocate a stance for simply remaining or withdrawing (from South Africa)." Instead, the University outlines a set of guidelines with which to monitor and assess its investments.

With regard to shareholder petitions for withdrawal of a company from South Africa, the University will support such petitions in several instances: if the company does not adopt principles "whose objective is to provide improved opportunities and employment practices for nonwhites," if the company—given a reasonable amount of time—refuses to demonstrate "its determination to initiate progressive employment practices," if the company fails to effectively implement such progressive practices, and finally, if the company's South African presence "does more to strengthen the apartheid regime than to contribute to the welfare of the nonwhites." The principles to which the statement refers are employment codes designed to provide blacks improved economic, educational, and social opportunities. The primary example today of such principles is the Sullivan Principles.

The Sullivan codes were drawn up by the Rev. Leon Sullivan in 1977. In

"Notre Dame's policy maintains that it is more effective to work towards fair and proper corporate behavior than it is to support the withdrawal of investments entirely."

1984, there were 121 signatories to the codes, including most major U.S. employers in South Africa. The first three Sullivan principles deal with the actual workplace, including racial nonsegregation in all eating and work facilities, and equal pay for equal work. The next two principles serve to address the current imbalance in racial job positions, stressing the need for training programs to prepare blacks, coloreds, and Asians for supervisory and technical jobs, and also stressing the need to increase the number of these employees in management and supervisory positions. The final principle seeks social advancement by urging improvements in areas such as housing, transportation, and schooling—areas sorely neglected by the apartheid government. Signatory companies pledge to follow the Sullivan codes and agree to be rated annually on their performance.

Notre Dame's policy maintains that it is more effective to work towards fair and proper corporate behavior than it is to support the withdrawal of investments entirely. The University statement maintains that Notre Dame will consider divestiture only if three conditions are verified: if the company has failed "to conduct its business in an ethical way," if the company "has clearly failed to change its policies" despite persistent efforts to persuade it to change, and if the company

"shows no grounds for hope that it will fulfill its ethical responsibilities."

The policy statement concludes by stating that appropriate company managements will be informed of the policy, that companies will be reviewed to examine their compliance to the goals of the policy, and that the policy should be "reexamined regularly in light of changing events in South Africa."

Father Zang told me that the University has carried through with divestiture in some cases in which the company did not meet the policy standards, and he also said that Notre Dame has supported shareholder petitions for withdrawal of companies in some instances.

In terms of black majority desires, Father Zang expressed that if the view of the majority of black South Africans could be ascertained, it would be an important consideration to be taken into account. The essential question boils down to how to best help black Africans: Should U.S. companies adopt progressive employment practices in the hope of influencing wider change in the apartheid structure, or should U.S. firms take stronger measures such as divestment in order to affect the government by hitting it where it hurts? Notre Dame has taken the former option.

This issue, however, is not likely to die out, on the Notre Dame campus. Director of African Studies Peter Walshe and Director of Black Studies Fred Wright are currently in the process of forming a student coalition which will study the investment issue as well as wider aspects of the South African political scene. On his recent visit to the U.S., Desmond Tutu told the American people, "there is no doubt we are going to be free." Whether or not the South African people gain their freedom through a violent, bloody struggle or through a process of more evolutionally reform will depend, in part, on how much the U.S. assists them in their noble cause. This promises to keep the investment issue in the limelight for the foreseeable future. •

forms the backdrop to the establishment of apartheid in 1948.

How do the revisionists explain the fact that there has been an overhaul of labor relations legislation in order to include black trade unions, or the fact that the capitalist sector has begun to provide for the training and housing of its black workers, or the fact that discrimination on the basis of skin color has indeed been disappearing from the job selection process? Once again they place these reforms within a historical context. By doing this they show that the black trade union movement was vicariously repressed by the apartheid state in the 1960s and early 1970s and this repression met with no indignant cries from the capitalists. Yet, despite this repression, the 1970s witnessed an astonishing growth in the black unions. In an ironical twist, once the black unions had emerged they found themselves in an environment with no rules dictating their behavior because the rules had been designed only to prevent their emergence. The capitalists found this situation to be unacceptable and quickly engineered a restructuring of the industrial relations regulations to include the black unions. Viewed in this light the labor reform becomes an attempt at constraint and co-option.

In a similar vein, the revisionists suggested that by the 1970s the needs of the capitalist sector were such that the whites could no longer supply sufficient skilled and semiskilled labor to meet the increasingly skill-intensive production requirements. It was for this reason that industry became involved in the training and housing of black employees and that the practice of reserving jobs for whites disappeared. Thus, even if these "reforms" could be labelled as market initiated, for the revisionists, the market could never catalyze the type of change that black South Africans are looking for. Capitalism is seen as being very much part of the problem and it is seen as standing in the majority of South Africans. For this reason, a gradual reforming of the system is not possible. Rather, a complete revision of the system is necessary whether change comes by nonviolent or violent means, it must be revolutionary.

How can one use the framework of these two schools of thought to assist


in an analysis of South Africa's problems and the possible solutions? Answers begin to emerge when we look at the implications of the U.S. adopting a policy that calls for disinvestment in South Africa and economic sanctions against South Africa. This certainly is a topical issue in the U.S. and especially so to us at Notre Dame in view of the considerable disquiet some of our students have expressed over the possibility of Notre Dame having some investments in South Africa. *The Observer* of September 6, 1984, has front-page headlines which read: "Notre Dame joins study of American companies in South Africa." There is little doubt that student rumblings played a major part in catalyzing such a move. It therefore seems pertinent for us to see what light the reformist/revisionist framework throws on disinvestment in South Africa and sanctions against South Africa.

Within the reformist framework, anything which strengthens South Africa's capitalist development is helping the country along the road to significant evolutionary change. Thus, the first insight is that there can be no argument for disinvestment or sanctions within a reformist perspective. The only possible exception here is if the threat of disinvestment or sanctions is to be used as a political tool but there is no intention of actually implementing such a threat. On the other hand there is a clear argument for both disinvestment and sanctions from the revisionist perspective. From this perspective, real change in South Africa requires the dismantling of the structures of racial capitalism. Disinvestment and sanctions would constitute an important condition and perhaps even a precondition for a fundamental revision of South Africa society.

In the U.S., the argument for disinvestment in South Africa is often based on the feeling that money invested in South Africa is "dirty money." These investments are seen as giving legitimacy and even support to the apartheid regime. In terms of the revisionist/reformist framework, such a contention implies a revisionist argument. Herein lies a thorny issue for the U.S. disinvestment campaign, for, while one would never want to naively transfer South Africa's experience of capitalist development onto

an analysis of the U.S., the fact remains that the revisionist position does embody a critical assessment of the capitalist system.

Thus, the reformist/revisionist framework reveals some important though not always obvious insights about disinvestment in South Africa and economic sanctions against South Africa. The broad hope is that knowledge of these two opposing schools of thought will help to render the complex situation in South Africa more intelligible, while at the same time bringing to bear some fresh perspectives upon the position of capitalism itself within an ethical context. •



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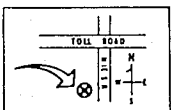
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A JEWEL IN THE

by Luiz Hernandez

Upon my arrival at Notre Dame, I was surprised and perturbed at the number of students who did not know where Puerto Rico is. South America, Central America and Africa were some of the answers I received. Some of them did not even know that Puerto Rico is a territory of the United States and that its people are American citizens. As a Puerto Rican, allow me to tell you a little about my home.

Puerto Rico, the smallest of a group of islands called "Las Antillas Mayores" (Cuba, Jamaica, La Española), is located in the Caribbean basin 1050 miles south of Florida. The small island (100 miles x 50 miles) was discovered by Christopher Columbus on November 19, 1493. He named the island San Juan Bautiste and formally claimed it for Spain. The main harbor and capital city in the northern part of the island were named Puerto Rico (Rich Harbor). Eventually the capital came to be called San Juan and the island Puerto Rico.

July 25, 1898, is one of the most important dates in our history. On this day, the United States Army entered the Bay of Guanica and invaded the unresisting island. Spain's subsequent defeat in the Hispano-American War forced it to give Puerto Rico, Guam and the Philippines to the United States in the Treaty of Paris.

Our political system is molded after the United States. A "new kind of state" was formally established on July 25, 1952, The Commonwealth of Puerto Rico. Elections are held every four years. There are three main parties: The PPD (Popular Democratic Party) which believes in the Commonwealth, the PNP (New Progressive Party) which supports statehood,

and the PIP (Puerto Rican Independence Party) which strives for independence. Last year's elections were won by Rafael Hernandez Colon (PPD) who defeated two-term governor Carlos Romero Barcelo (PNP). The Popular Democratic Party now has control over both the Senate and the House of Representatives. These recent elections were a clear testament of the ideal of democracy by the Island.

The Puerto Rico-United States relationship is one of reciprocity. Though residents, Puerto Ricans have no voting representation in the United States Congress, and are exempt from federal income taxes. On the other hand, we are eligible for the draft, and the United States maintains important naval bases on the island. Furthermore, we do participate in federal programs such as Social Security, Food Stamps and Medicare.

It is precisely this relationship with the United States that is the most pressing issue on Puerto Rico's political agenda: Commonwealth vs. Statehood, Commonwealth vs. Independence. In truth, the only verifiable fact concerning our status is the 1967 national plebiscite, that resulted in 60.4% preferring Commonwealth, 39% opting for Statehood and .6% claiming Independent status. Nothing can be done with regard to Puerto Rico's status, however, until a new plebiscite is made: Puerto Ricans must decide this issue by themselves, democratically.

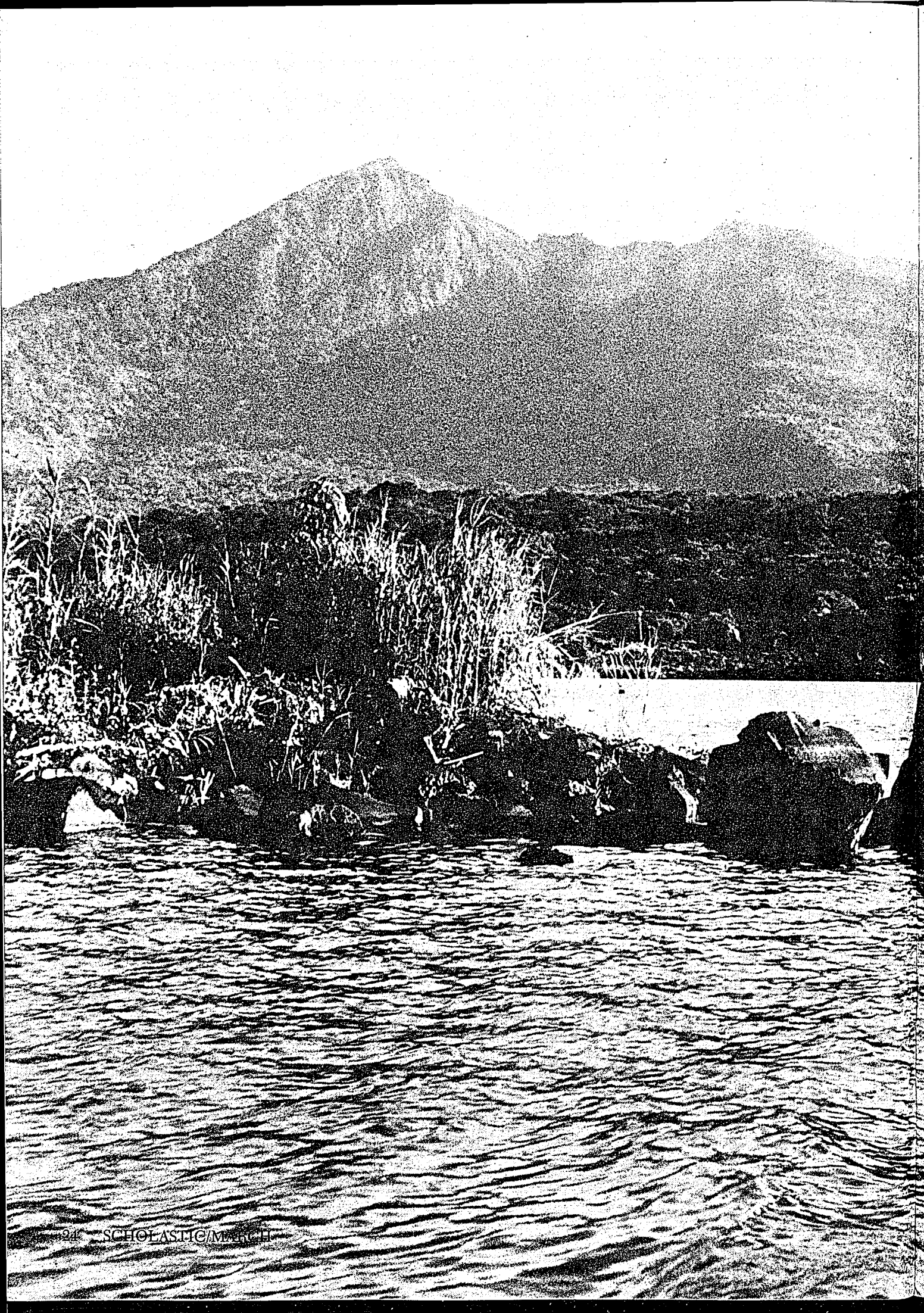
Puerto Rico's economy is troubled by 22% unemployment and a high cost of living. Still, one of its main sources of income, the tourist industry, is flourishing. Many Americans escape from the heavy winter of the States to the tropical weather. Touris-

tic attractions abound. Old San Juan, Fort El Morro, and, of course, the beaches are a few examples.

Investment by private corporations has resulted in an increase in the manufacturing industry. This investment, primarily by United States corporations, was a result of a law conferring tax-exempt status to companies in the Caribbean. Digitel, Ford Wang Corp. and Johnson & Johnson are just some of the corporations that have established branches in Puerto Rico. Another important source of revenue is, of course, the liquor industry. Bacardi Rum and Don Q are two of the largest producers and exporters of rum in the world.

Puerto Rico's shift from an agricultural economy to a manufacturing economy began three decades ago. Sugar cane, coffee, sweet potato and other products are still grown but not at previous levels. The government has been promoting programs to increase the production of crops and labor. One of the latest programs is the development of rice crops in large quantities. With time and effort, agriculture has the potential to regain the importance it had three decades ago.

One seems to be able to write endlessly about one's own culture, history and people. But I trust you now know a little more about my homeland. With the wealth of detail presented, I hope that you will remember that the sun shines and a gentle breeze flutters over our island. (Unlike one place we all know well!) Spanish and American traditions mingle, making us special and proud to be born in Puerto Rico. •





Uphill to Independence

A REPORT FROM NICARAGUA

by Joe Bongiovi

Where to begin and what to say are two of the many obstacles which present themselves to anyone trying to do justice in writing on the topic of Nicaragua today. You may arrive in Nicaragua one way or thinking something, but your ideas and preconceptions are destined to be jolted by the complexities of history, tradition, family relations, development patterns and other phenomena in a nation trying to rebuild itself after a devastating earthquake in 1972 and the costly civil war in the late 1970's.

After two semesters of research on

Nicaragua, a summer studying in neighboring Costa Rica and a previous visit to Nicaragua, I had hoped that my second trip would help to clarify my understanding of the revolution and the renewed civil violence which engulfs Nicaragua today. The contradictions, tensions and frustrations of trying to understand a revolution struggling to define itself, however, were not to disappear.

The difficulties and contradictions inherent in Nicaragua today reach out at you from the moment you begin to plan to visit the "land of San-

dino." U.S. citizens do not even need a visa to enter Nicaragua. All you need is to express an urge to see and to understand Nicaragua. If you go by bus, you have to be willing to wait three to four hours at the border in the hot sun while undergoing a rigorous bureaucratic regimen and being scrutinized rather thoroughly. If you go by airplane, you have to be willing to change \$60.00 at the official exchange rate of 10 cordobas to the dollar. This is a bit of a sacrifice since the black market rate is between 260 and 350 cordobas to the dollar.



Seguimos de frente, con el Frente

Once in Nicaragua, one's attention is immediately drawn to the almost anarchical social patterns. Even for one accustomed to travelling the back roads of Latin America, Nicaragua is the world of the bizarre between western capitalism and third world revolutionary socialism. By the time you've ventured as far into Nicaragua as the frontier town of Rivas, you've seen walls plastered with the slogans of a half dozen odd political parties and organizations, Toyota pickups, Soviet Jeeps and Ladas, Swedish Volvos, West German Mercedes, East German military vehicles, Chevron, Shell and Esso gas stations, a horse cart or two and plenty of signs for Coke and Pepsi. There is no shortage of soldiers. Extremely young militiamen, volunteers and draftees mill around bearing Soviet automatic rifles and clad in mix-and-match uniforms made up of parts from Cuba or Somoza's National Guard.

Coming into Nicaragua from Costa Rica, most of the road is peaceful as you pass the massive Lake Nicaragua. It is the third largest lake in Latin

"There is no shortage of soldiers. Extremely young militiamen, volunteers and draftees mill around bearing Soviet automatic rifles and clad in mix and match uniforms made up of parts from Cuba or Somoza's National Guard."

America, spanning nearly the entire isthmus, and connected to the Caribbean by the San Juan River. Lake Nicaragua also has the distinction of being the world's only freshwater home of sharks, swordfish, seahorses and other typically ocean fish.

At the northern end of Lake Nicaragua is the colonial city of Granada. It is the traditional home of the Conservative elite and one of the few major cities to have escaped the devastation of the insurrection of 1977 to 1979. Its beautiful churches and colonial-style buildings are conspicuous in Nicaragua for their lack of pockmarks from machine gun and rifle fire and the occasional city block reduced to rubble by the artillery and aircraft of Somoza's National Guard.

What has happened since the July 19, 1979, victory is open to much dispute. Many who visit Nicaragua on government-sponsored tours travelling in air-conditioned minibuses have one story to tell. They would tend to agree with the many hundreds of thousands of Sandinista bureaucrats, soldiers and members of

the mass organizations who find all of their problems linked to U.S. imperialism and all their answers wrapped up in a neat little ball called the "historic plan of the FSLN." A Sandinista labor union (CST) official told me that Nicaragua had a workers' government. It didn't seem to bother him that workers lost the right to strike in the March 1982 State of Emergency and that nongovernment unions were repressed. A vehemently pro-Sandinista taxi driver explained that while the people overthrew the tyranny of Somoza, it was the vanguard FSLN which inspired them, showed them how and was now defending their interests.

The opposition, however, has a different reading of events since 1979. Theirs is one of growing alienation and frustration. Alfonso Robelo, who was a member of the first government junta, fled in 1982 to take up arms against his former employer. Robelo complained of repression against the private sector, constraints on political parties and the breach of promises made by the FSLN before

the revolutionary victory.

The Sandinistas had enlarged the quasi-legislative Council of State

"Nicaragua is tired of so much war. For 160 years governments have only changed by the bullet. Now, we will fight in the civic field against this Marxist-Leninist government to avoid (becoming) what Cuba is."

from 33 to 47 members and enlarged their own representation to a majority. They then postponed elections for a span of five years as they gradually built up a parallel government structure. It is pretty well accepted that most important decisions made in 1984 were made by the Sandinista National Directorate, often over the countermanning decisions of the multi-partisan Council of State and the Junta.

The Army became the Popular Sandinista Army and the police became the Sandinista police. There were the Popular Sandinista Militias, the Sandinista Defense Committees, the Sandinista Workers Communes and the Sandinista Workers Central.

The army of the Sandinistas stood at 22,000 in 1981, with an active reserve force of 50,000 and a militia of 80,000. Somoza had kept a standing army of 8,000 until the insurrections of 1978, when he enlarged the National Guard to 15,000 men. Eden Pastora (Comandante Zero), who had created the Sandinista Militia, finally left Nicaragua in 1982 in a dispute over the growing role of Cuban, Soviet, Bulgarian and East German military advisors. Today, those militias have grown to 230,000-300,000 men and women. All told, Nicaragua today has more people under arms than all countries in the region, from Mexico to Panama, had in 1979. Much though not all of the military buildup is in direct response to overt U.S. military threat to the nascent government.

In 1983, a draft law was passed which obliged all men from the ages of 16-26 to serve for two years. Many Nicaraguans are furious over this. There have been frequent demonstrations throughout Nicaragua against the draft. A woman in Esteli told me that the houses in the city are frequently searched. She told me of two youths who had been taken following a search. Closed coffins containing their bodies were soon sent back to Esteli.

The biggest complaint over the draft law, though, is that Nicaraguans are being drafted into the Sandinista army to fight for the Sandinistas and not into the Nicaraguan army to fight for Nicaragua.

Lino Hernandez of the Permanent Commission on Human Rights of Nicaragua (CPDH), which had been set up in 1977 to monitor human rights violations by the Somoza government, told me that the FSLN vio-



lated their own legal provisions for an orderly and fair draft. Exemptions for being an only child, the head of a household, physical handicaps, prior service and working in certain industries are systematically ignored. He also said that recruits are subject to FSLN propaganda and after only two weeks of training are frequently sent to the fronts.

According to the Permanent Commission on Human Rights, the DCSE is responsible for torture and detention of political prisoners who go before the "Anti-Somocista Tribunals" and who are usually sentenced by their own confessions. Nicaragua has 1,250 to 3,000 political prisoners and several hundred "disappeared" attributed to the government. While this is still slight by Central American standards, it demonstrates a disturbing trend in a revolution originally marked by its tolerance, generosity and respect for human rights.

Another major complaint of the people of Nicaragua is over wages, rationing and shortages. Soup, milk, cooking oil, beans, rice, corn and gasoline are all rationed. Other things such as toothpaste, bread, meat, eggs and toilet paper are in extremely short supply. While rationing helps to ease the burden of shortages and high prices, it is not able to meet the needs of the people. They are often forced to the black market. In a nation where the minimum wage is 1,700 cordobas a month, the cost in Managua's sprawling "Mercado Oriental" is 50 cordobas for three kilos of beans, 25 cordobas for 3 kilos of rice, 250-300 cordobas for a tube of toothpaste, 250-400 cordobas for a bottle of shampoo, 150 cordobas for a disposable Bic razor and 130 cordobas for three rolls of toilet paper. Government workers and members of mass organizations, however, have access to special government stores and benefits.

Another major complaint is over censorship and the media. The government controls both of the television stations, one of the three newspapers and 13 of the 39 licensed radio stations. The government is the only one allowed to broadcast radio news and maintains strict censorship of the newspapers. According to Jaime Chamorro, General Director of the newspaper *La Prensa*, censorship has forced them to suspend printing on 30 occasions. Immediately after the November 4, 1984, elections, Chamorro and 30 other opposition lead-



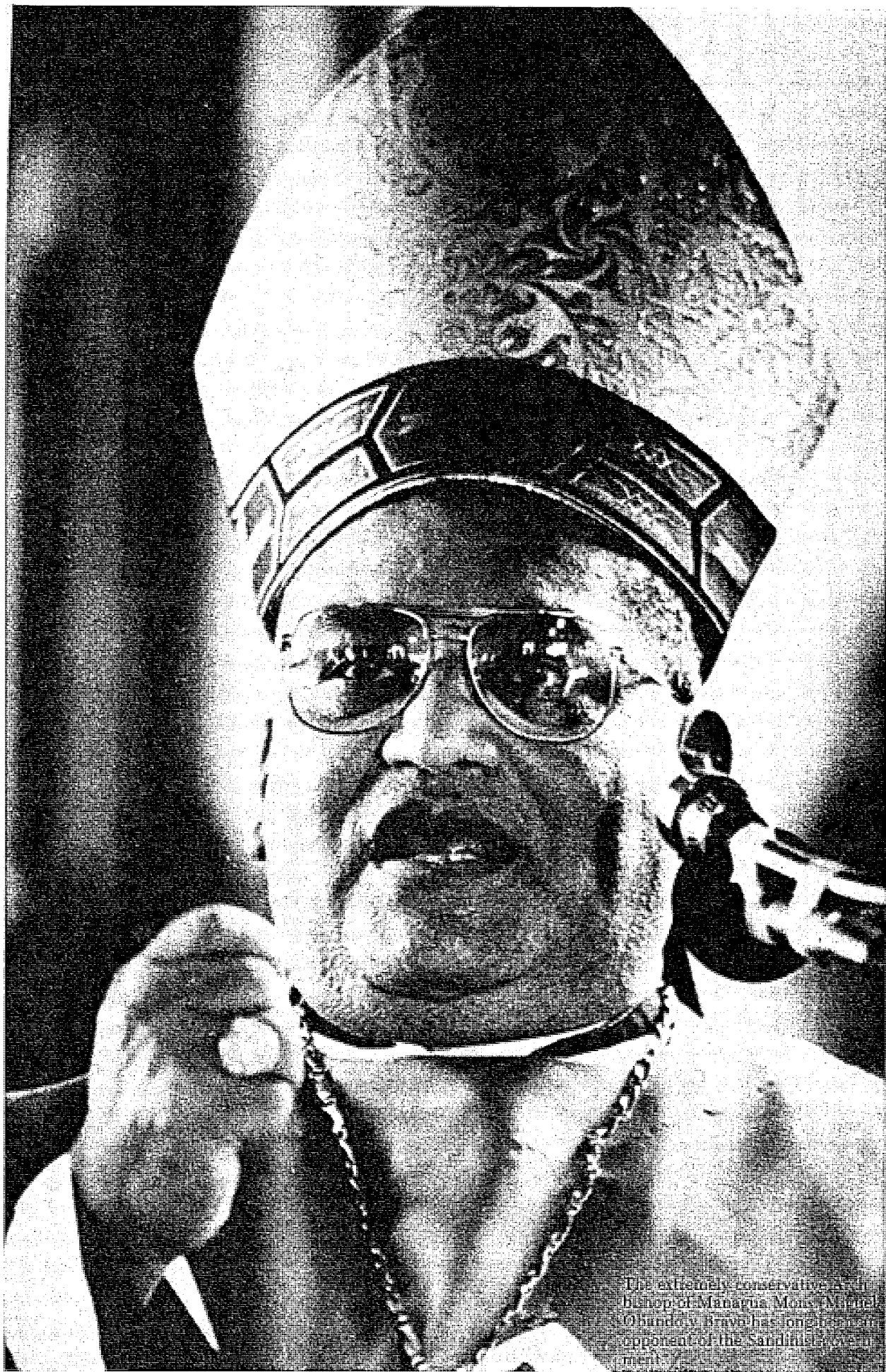
"I had hoped that my second trip would help to clarify my understanding of the revolution and the renewed civil violence which engulfs Nicaragua today."

ers had their passports revoked and were not allowed to leave Nicaragua for a month. Officials at both *La Prensa* and the Permanent Commission on Human Rights claimed that the DCSE had broken into their office and taken files.

In November 1984, the Nicaraguan people went to the polls in the first open and competitive elections since 1932. The FSLN won with 63% of the vote as 75% of the electorate voted. There was, however, much controversy over the use by the FSLN of their position of being virtually synonymous with the state. It was this issue which led the main opposition coalition, the Nicaraguan Democratic Coordinate (CDN) and their presidential candidate, and former Junta member, Arturo Cruz, to drop out of the race. Another demand

which the CDN made was that a dialogue be opened with the U.S.-initiated and funded Counter-revolutionaries. The FDN, which operates out of Honduras, claims 12,000-15,000 combatants. The ARDE, which fights from Costa Rica, claims 4,000. The cost of the fighting has been 8,000 dead and at least 300 million dollars in damages since 1981.

I asked Diputado Gustavo Mendoza Hernandez of the Democratic Conservative Party (PCD), who had just been elected to the Assembly, about the elections. He spoke harshly about the CDN, *La Prensa* and other groups which had led the fight to boycott the elections. He, however, spoke more harshly of the Sandinistas. I asked him why the PCD which came in second in the voting, had participated. He said that they wanted to lead a legal opposition. He felt the elections were clean, if unfairly weighted to the FSLN, and that his party could play a positive role in the legislative Constituent Assembly. "Nicaragua," he told me, "is tired of so much war. For 160 years governments have only changed by the bullet. Now, we will fight in the civic field against this Marxist-Leninist government to avoid (becoming) what Cuba is." Lino Hernandez of the Permanent Commission on Human Rights said, "The United States and the Russians have much to blame for what is happening in Nicaragua. Each one has its own interests, the CIA as the KGB. Who is dying? The same peasants who always die!"



The extremely conservative Archbishop of Managua, Oscar Antonio Rivera, has long been an opponent of the Sandinista government.

The Endless Spirit

by Cam Sylvester

They're pretty seductive, aren't they?

I'm speaking, of course, about the ads. I know you've seen them. The ones in *Newsweek* beckoning, "Come to Canada. The Endless Surprise." They kind of get you all tingly inside, don't they? Make you want to pack up the kids, along with an adequate supply of stocking caps and thermal underwear ("Just in case it snows!") and point the old Buick towards Moose Jaw, Medicine Hat or any of the other Canadian communities huddled for warmth along the 49th parallel.

The ads are just that powerful—and without even any exclamation marks(!). Still, few travellers know of the tremendous culture shock that may occur after crossing the Canadian border. A word to the wise: tourists leaving the ethereal womb that is America risk permanent emotional damage if not properly prepared for the Canadian experience.

Take my mom. A farm girl from Idaho, she met a Canadian at grad school in Washington state and married the man, without ever checking into his geographical roots. He

promptly packed her off to the forests of British Columbia where, for all practical purposes, she disappeared from the face of the earth. Now, just try and talk logically with her about any subject—like why you deserve to use the car free of charge all summer, seeing you are a poor graduate student without any visible means of support—and you can see in a second that she's never quite recovered from the blow.

And that's all because she wasn't prepared for Canada—"the endless surprise."

It's in the spirit of public service, then, that I offer the following excerpts from the "15 Minute Guide to Canadian History, Geography and Culture." This handy publication is placed in the rucksack of every Canadian before he or she snowshoes south for college in the States, and I've found it quite helpful in preparing my American friends for their foray into the mysterious culture of Canada's hunting/gathering society. Let me share portions of the pamphlet with you.

History: Canada began its trek towards nationhood in 1492 when

"Americans tend to view the Canadian people as a group of beer-drinking, axe-wielding, overweight bores who speak with a funny accent and spend most of their time in front of their TV's watching hockey games and Jacques Cousteau documentaries."

Christopher Columbus landed on the shores of Newfoundland. He was followed quickly by the French and English who sailed to the Gulf of St. Lawrence in search of beaver pelts and Canadian bacon to bring back to the royal courts of Europe. These settlers traded with the indigenous Indian population, offering curling rinks and provincial elections in exchange for the furs and meat.

Trading went on to varying degrees of intensity until the arrival of Pierre Trudeau in 1968. He brought to Canada a sense of purpose and nationhood. He also brought T.V. dinners with French instructions. In power for nearly sixteen years (he retired in 1984, handing over the leadership of the Liberal Party to Brian Adams), Trudeau strove to unite Canada through his policy of dating women from as many regions of the country as possible. Whether or not he was correct in evoking the War Measures Act—giving him extraordinary power to make obscene gestures at members of the Quebec Liberation Front without consulting Parliament—will be left for future historians to debate. Nevertheless, his policy of bilingual-

ism certainly had some unwanted side effects. With equal amounts of French required on all packaging, the space for English on the back of cornflake boxes was reduced by half, and the literacy rate among anglophones in Alberta plummeted.

By far the most influential person in Canadian history was Mackenzie King who ran the country for nearly a quarter of century by consulting his dog on matters of state. He's followed closely by Lorne Greene, the anchor-man on CBC nightly news before siring three sons and moving to a ranch near Virginia City.

Geography: Canada is located hundreds of miles north of any point in the United States, including Alaska. Its demanding climate can sustain life for just three short weeks in July. Thus, in the interest of preventive medicine, the socialized health-care system each year finances a mass exodus of the Canadian population to Florida or Bellingham to avoid frost-bite.

The country itself is divided into ten provinces: Ontario, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island (PEI) Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, West of Toronto (WOT), the Yukon, The Place Where They Kill Baby Seals (TPWTKBS), and Wayne Gretsky. Each of the provinces has a capital city and parliament. For instance, the capital of West of Toronto (WOT) is Victoria, located on Vancouver Island, which should not be mistaken for the village of Vancouver which is not on Vancouver Island, but on the mainland next to New Westminster where the old parliament buildings are located, but is not the capital, and certainly shouldn't be confused with Westminster which is in London—the one in England and not the one in Ontario. I'm sure you get the idea.

Ninety-six percent of the country is covered by lakes. The other four percent is tundra and mountains. The population is an equal mix of French, English, Ukrainian and elk.

Culture: Americans tend to view the Canadian people as a group of beer-drinking, axe-wielding, overweight bores who speak with a funny accent and spend most of their time in front of their TV's watching hockey games and Jacques Cousteau documentaries. This simplistic, though fairly accurate, description will not suffice for those Americans hoping to survive in the wilds of the north.

The American tourist must first

prepare for the shock of Canadian football, a game modified to blasphemous proportions to account for playing fields the size of Namibia. To begin with there are only three downs and three quarters which substantially reduces the length of games, and allows for the whole schedule to be played out in the short summer season. The field is marked in meters and the score is kept in liters. Of the sixty-two players permitted on the field at any time—all of which, in addition to the referees and cheerleaders, are eligible receivers—thirty-four must be Canadian. Needless to say, coaches try to pass off American ballplayers as native Canadians but with little success. Last fall, for instance, Warren Moon failed to locate Hudson's Bay on a map in the presence of the league commissioner and as a result was relegated to the NFL.

Another hurdle to overcome is the Canadian language, a cross between English and comatose. Three simple rules will suffice for a working knowledge of the dialect:

1. "Out" and "about" are pronounced "oooo-t" and "ah-booot."

2. The plural of "beer" is "beer"; the plural of "leaf" is "Leafs."

3. Canadians, suffering from an inferiority complex, crave your approval on any statement they venture (i.e.: "I was walking down the street, eh? And this guy comes up to me, eh? And he asks me to bet on the Leafs' game, eh?") If this occurs, as it most certainly will, be as supportive as possible of the Canadian. Pat him on

the head and say "Very good, son. You'll make it as an American yet." He'll be forever grateful for your encouragement.

One last issue remains—that of money. How much should you take with you? More to the point, what are the ethical implications of a two-dollar bill and why does it look like the Queen trapped in a Peter Max painting? Recently, the Canadian dollar dropped in value again, making it possible for you to go out, have a nice dinner with wine and a few drinks, take in a play and purchase PetroCanada from the federal government for fifty or so American dollars. A good rule of thumb is to subtract twenty percent from everything, including hotel bills, travelling time between Canadian cities, and the number of slices in a loaf of bread. If visiting the Stratford festival, be aware that the last act of *The Merchant of Venice* will not be shown. That's just one effect of a sluggish Canadian economy.

Unfortunately, not all questions about Canada can be answered in fifteen minutes. Burning issues like manifest destiny and Margaret Trudeau were not even addressed. Nevertheless, I hope that with the above guide in hand, you will be prepared for the strange culture and hardy souls that await you in the magnificent land to the north.

Then again, maybe this was all information that you, as an American, already knew about Canada. •



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by Alfredo Dominguez

On coming to the U.S. foreigners have to go through many adjustments in order to get used to a new way of life. Everyday things that you've done since your childhood may be unheard of here and what you consider ordinary could set off a wave of surprise and astonishment.

Though often embarrassing, these moments of cultural clash are the ones that one laughs at later and keeps recounting forever. So, if you ever come into contact with a foreigner and something embarrassing happens, just remember that someday you'll find something funny in all of this!

As with all other freshmen, the first thing I did when I arrived here at ND was to start meeting people. However things weren't simple, espe-

cially when I met those people again—no, I hadn't forgotten their names; but in Venezuela (or rather, in Latin America) when you say hello to a girl (whom you have met before) you kiss her . . . on the cheek. During my second encounter of the third kind with the first girl, I almost got slapped! After saying hello I approached her . . . and she backed off. She must have thought something like "Boy, these Latins sure are fast!" or "Please, I'm Catholic!" In either case, you should have seen the look on her face. It was very embarrassing and later funny for me. It took me a while to get used to this (about four or five girls), but after almost two years of going back and forth to Venezuela, I think I've got the situation under control. •



A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO

You Know You're a Foreigner When . . .

- . . . You think "parietals" are a man-eating fish.
- . . . You think a "trashed" person is a member of the sanitation department.
- . . . You think "The Super Bowl" is a bowling championship.
- . . . You think a "throat" is someone who has laryngitis.
- . . . You hear people talking about football and you start debating the virtues of the Brazilian team.
- . . . Nobody laughs at your jokes.
- . . . On the first day of class the teacher looks troubled. You know he's reached your name.
- . . . You think you've found a good, bargain-priced carpet and you realize, after paying for it, that you're still thinking in meters.
- . . . Nobody understands what you're saying in the morning and you realize your system hasn't switched languages.
- . . . You think "pot" is what you make soup in.
- . . . You finally find your way to a highway and all the cars are coming straight at you.
- . . . You find yourself resorting to sign

by Reem Mouasher

- language.
- . . . You always buy "sugar-free" items because they contain sugar that you don't have to pay for.
- . . . You hear the weather report and it takes you 15 minutes to figure it out in Celsius.
- . . . You never get care packages.
- . . . You get a letter from home and everyone gathers around to see how "neat" your mother's writing is.
- . . . You're the only one in your section celebrating Thanksgiving in South Dining Hall. •

America: Home or a Lonely Place?

by Sanjeev Tak

"America, here I come!" I said to myself on Wednesday, the 24th of August, 1983, at 4:30 p.m. as I entered Chicago's O'Hare International Airport. America—big roads, big buildings, big cars. Big everything and friendly people. At least this was my preconception of the United States before I arrived. Soon, I was to pass through the U.S. Immigration and Customs. "Good afternoon!" I said to this old, mean-looking guy at the Immigration desk. Perhaps he did not have a decent lunch or perhaps it was too hot for him (it was in the upper 90's, but for someone like me from Africa, I felt at home) or maybe his

wife told him off earlier that day. In any case, he was rather abrupt: "Not if you are a student!" It seemed like this officer had seen many foreign students go by and wasted most of his time by going through all their visas and documents. Well, I was out in less than two minutes and to ensure that the officer did not spoil my day, I said, "That wasn't too bad, was it? Bye!" I just knew that this country was going to be a heck of an experience.

Like all the people before me, I was fascinated by Notre Dame's golden dome, glittering away in the dark sky, when I first saw it from the bus a few miles from the University. As soon as I entered my new home, Stanford Hall, I was met with an unexpected atmosphere of friendliness. I certainly did feel at home, but little was I to know that there would be many amusing instances when I would be "out of place" in this great country.

"Oh sure, we live in the trees and I even have a pet lion!" I told my new

friends who, I think, easily believed me when they learned that I came from Kenya, East Africa. They even thought that the sun grilled us, down in hot, equatorial Africa. Such ignorance! But who could blame them! I knew that I would also have moments of stupidity.

It was not long before I found out that some of my "English" vocabulary was simply hilarious to nearly everyone. I always thought that the phone was engaged, not "busy" as Americans would say. I thought that chips were chips, not french fries. What they called chips, I called crisps! Crackers were biscuits and I could have sworn that a torch was a torch, not a flashlight! When someone asked me what would I call that flaming torch that the Olympians carried, I thoughtlessly replied, "Oh, that's called an Olympic Flashlight!" The front of a car was always called the bonnet, not a hood and the back of a car the boot, not a trunk.

Another memorable incident was when I actually thought that a restroom was a place where one could go to rest—you know, after eating a bit too much, lie down and relax on a sofa?!? Was I ever shocked when I found out that it is just an ordinary toilet; a "wc," or a water closet in Europe, Africa and Asia.

In conclusion, I would like to say that I do feel at home in this great university. The people in this magnificent country are friendly and I am certain that this makes all the difference. Finally, I would like to thank all the wonderful people for their hospitality. "America, here I am!" •

PENED

THE STATES ...

Being from the Middle East, the question I have most frequently been asked since I've been here went something like: "Do you have cars at home, or do you ride camels?" I had been determined to be patient and answer the question very objectively, suppressing any giggles so as not to offend my enquirer. One day, it so happened that I was introduced to many people. At the end of a long humid summer afternoon, for the tenth time that day, the question came, this time from a guy named Tom: "Do you have cars at home?" At that moment, my patience failed me and I couldn't resist a sarcastic, "No, we don't . . . I have a pet camel and I ride him to school every day across the oasis in front of our tent." To my surprise, Tom still believes that. •



"We suggest that the name of this sport be changed to 'ovoid-punting' or 'ovoid-throwing.' "

Real Men Don't Play Football

by Winston Griffin and
Maher Mouasher

Cricket is a gentleman's game played by gentlemen, rugby is a hooligan's game played by gentlemen, but football is a hooligan's game played and watched by hooligans."
—An Anonymous English Gentleman

The nice thing about football (soccer to you lot) is the honesty behind the actual name. As the name implies, the game is played by kicking the ball with the *foot* most of the time. Also, the ball is spherical and handling is strictly prohibited. Similar honesty can be observed in sports such as handball, racquetball, basketball and others. Unfortunately, there exists a sport that defies all logic by calling itself something that has nothing whatsoever to do with what is done on the field of play. Yes, all ye ardent *American* football fans, we are referring to your precious sport!

Given these premises, we suggest that the name of this sport be changed to "ovoid-punting" or "ovoid-throwing."

Having clarified differences of opinion on terminology between Yanks and Limeys, we would like to go ahead and present a brief description of football, and its competitions worldwide.

A very primitive version of football was played in China, but it wasn't until 1872 that the game was first codified in England with the creation of the Football Association. (By the way, the word soccer derives from the abbreviation Assoc.) It quickly spread throughout Europe and to the rest of the world.

The two centers of world football are Europe and South America.

Europe: Europe holds three major competitions:

European Cup: By far the most important. Played by the winners of the league from all European countries. 1984's trophy was claimed by Liverpool (England) who defeated Roma (Italy) 5-3 on penalties.

Cup Winner Cup: As the name suggests it is played by the winners of a knockout competition from every country in Europe. Juventus (Italy) triumphed over Povto (Portugal) in last year's final 1-0.

U.E.F.A. Cup (Union of European Football Associations): Played by the top team from each country not participating in the previous competitions. Tottenham Hotspur (England) won last year's event by defeating Anderlecht (Belgium) 6-5, again in a penalty shootout.

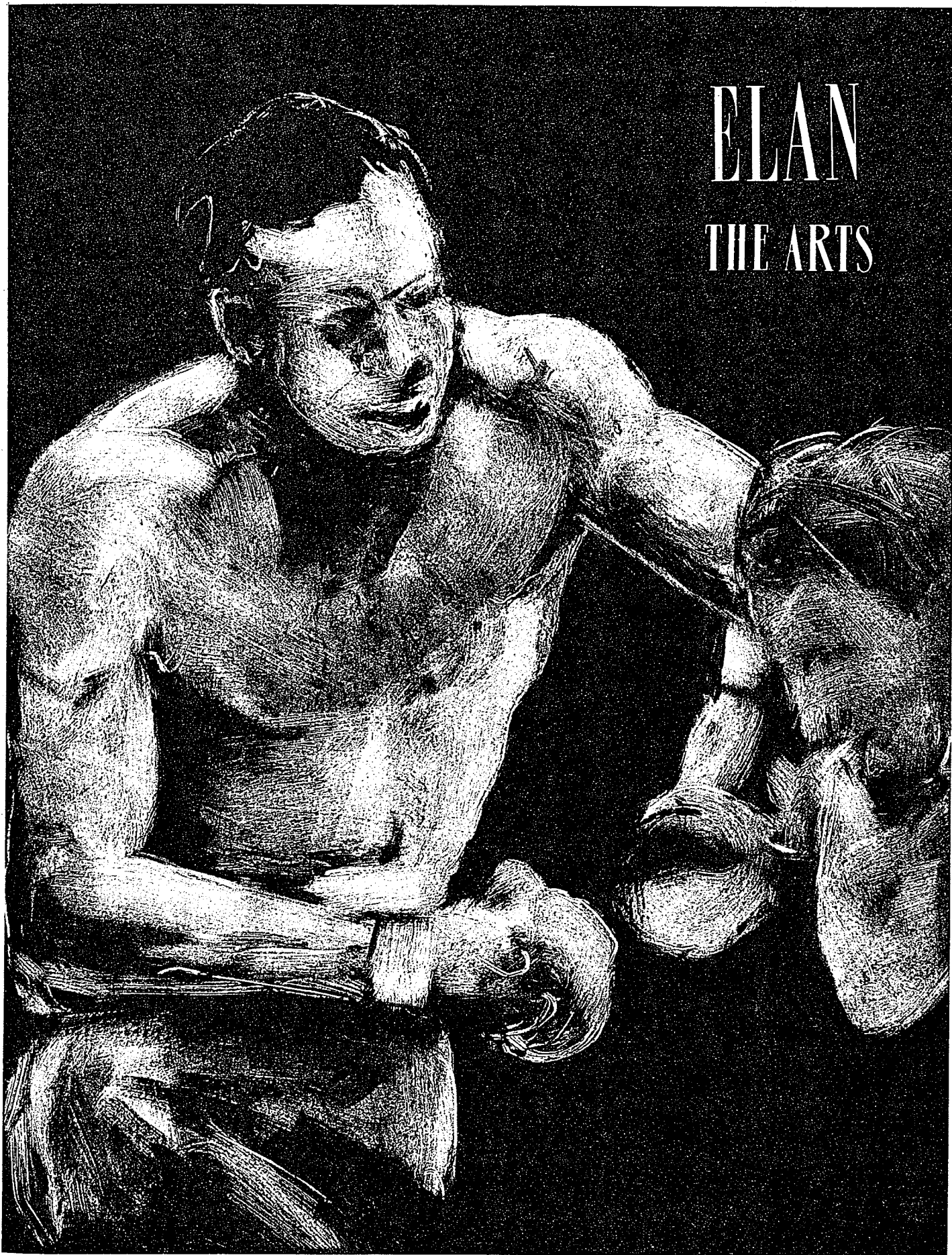
South America: The one major club event in this continent is the Copa Libertadores (Liberator Cup). The two top teams from each country qualify. Independiente (Argentina) won last year (for the 7th time), defeating Gremio (Brazil) 1-0 on aggregate.

The culminating footballing event of the season at world level is the Interclub final, pitting the winner of the European cup and the winner of the South American Cup against each other. Last year, Independiente (Argentina) defeated Liverpool (England) 1-0, thus claiming the title of World Club Champions.

As you can see, football is the world's most popular sport. It's a shame that America's desire to reinvent everything has denied them such a beautiful game. •

ELAN

THE ARTS



there are no kangaroos in egypt

by Michael Varga

A

m I a fool? I can't get this question out of my head. I thought I was doing the right thing but now that I'm so alone, left to be pounded by my own self-doubt, I can't help but hug this question, lie down with it tonight, stare at it in the darkness. Am I fool?

...

We had come to Egypt on a lark. Mitch's dad is a travel agent and so Mitch can always get the best air fares. To anywhere. We'd already been to Australia together—where the worst thing that happened was one night outside of Perth when we collided with a kangaroo. We didn't try to hit it of course, but it hopped right in front of the headlights of the 404 we'd rented. It had no chance and neither did we. In the darkness it had seemed to jump up from somewhere within the road itself. We decided to carry the mangled body into the brush.

It seems strange to me now. I had completely repressed that incident—obliterated it from my memory—yet now, after all that's happened here in Egypt it all comes back to me so clearly. I remember that we were shocked at how heavy the kangaroo's body seemed. Mitch used to play football in high school; he still sports all the muscles from those days. I'm not very big physically, but I can benchpress 160. And so we thought we'd be able to carry the dead animal into the

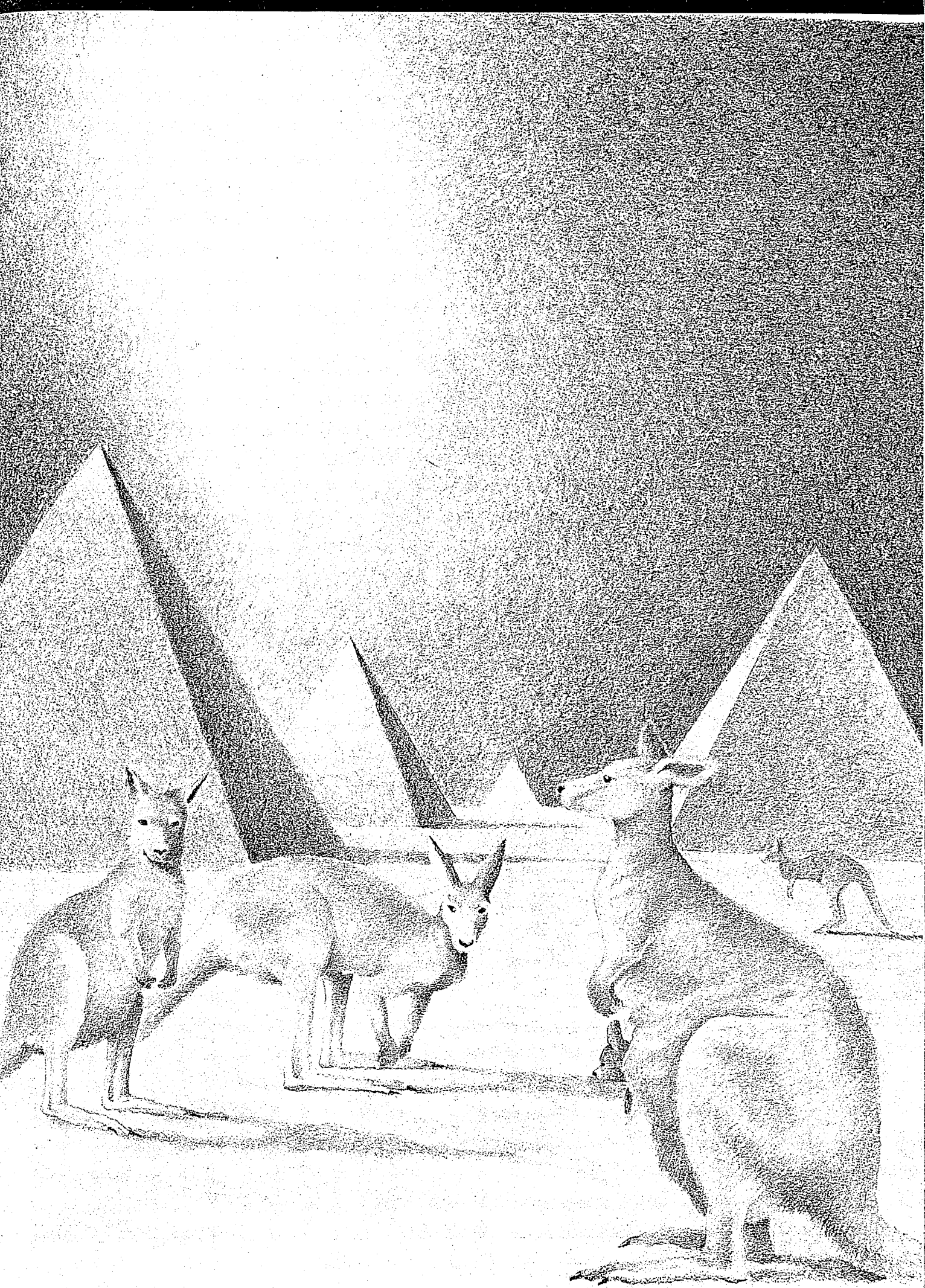
bush quickly and easily and get out of there. But each time we tried to raise up the body one of us wouldn't be able to hold on, the blood oozing from the flesh making our grasps always tentative.

Mitch suggested that we drag it and started tugging it to the side. We both pulled at its warm feet, but as we did so its entrails spilled into the road—leaving a track of organs shining in the headlights. We managed to pull the body into the tall grass and then gathered up the loose, scattered parts.

It was a messy scene. We drove off as fast as we could although the blood we'd wiped on our clothes remained a constant reminder of the death we'd witnessed, the death we'd caused. And the animal's smell inside the 404 made us wish to return the truck to the rental agent as quickly as we could. We knew the smell was on us but we both attributed it to the truck.

Up to then we hadn't used the VISA card Mitch's Dad had given us "for an emergency;" but after we unloaded the truck we went into a department store and bought whole new sets of clothes (even new white underwear) with the card. When we handed our stinking, sticky jeans and shorts to the clerk, he said sarcastically: "Are you sure you boys don't want to take these with you?"

...



As I said that was the only bad thing that's happened to us abroad. Until now. This trip to Egypt wasn't even planned. Makes me recall what John Lennon is supposed to have said: "Life is what happens to you while you're planning to do something else." Egypt is happening to me now and God knows I never planned for it. Twenty-one years old, sitting alone in a prison in Cairo, waiting for the American consul to show. God, am I a fool?

Mitch's dad had two last-minute cancellations on this chartered tour to Cairo and the Valley of the Kings. When he offered us the spots for free we couldn't refuse them, although we set it up so that we didn't have to follow the tour. Once we got to Cairo we left that troop of stereotypical American tourists with their Polaroids and their pantsuits. We hopped the train to Alexandria and spent some great days on the beaches there—promenading the evenings away on the wind-swept *Corniche*. We pretended to be characters in the latest novel of Lawrence Durrell. It was the best of times. Who would believe that our fates could shift so quickly, so unpredictably?

Hard as it was to leave Alexandria in the morning we left in a rented Peugeot, windows air-tight to keep the cabin its air-conditioned coolest for the long drive. The plan was to return to Cairo, visit the pyramids, and then go South by train to see the tomb of King Tut and the whole cohort of mummy kings near Luxor. We both were fascinated with the Egyptian attempts at meticulous preservation of their royal dead.

The highway between Alexandria and Cairo is fairly modern and it's easy to forget that you're in the Third World. Except for the mud shacks that dot the sides of the road all seems up-to-date.

As I drove, Mitch complained about the ease of it all, how we could conceivably be on I-95 in the US. We weren't seeing the real Egypt, he said. The real Egypt was just off the road, in the lives led by those in the villages we were passing all too quickly. We needed to

meet up with some "real Egyptians"—farmers and poor women and struggling students. He said those we'd met in Alexandria were just "too Western," aping the European style of life, always offering to buy the T-shirts off of our backs. He wanted to shake an Egyptian farmer's hand and feel the calluses he earned in his fields. That's what Mitch said. And the more I listened to him the more convinced I was that we *were* passing life by: we were gliding through Egypt the same way we slid through our lives in the US.

I could see a sandy exit up on the right that appeared to be a stopping-off point for the crowded buses that traveled the route. There were a number of Egyptian women standing there—some with valises, others with bundles beside them, all of them holding umbrellas to keep the hot sun off of their faces. I told Mitch we were going to take a detour for a bit and he shouted: "All right! That's the spirit!"

At first, there were a few huts along the sandy route but after less than a mile we saw nothing but tall reeds on either side of us. It was early afternoon and the temperature was certainly more than a hundred degrees (although we were cool as could be inside the Peugeot), so we surmised that most of the natives were probably taking siestas or at least hiding away from the sun. There was absolutely no one to be seen along the route. I wanted to suggest that we turn back but there really wasn't enough room in the narrow roadway to maneuver. The glinting reeds—more than eight feet high, in mixed shades of a pale green and a baked brown—lined the very border of the road; the traction of our tires in the spreading sand led me to think that if we stopped, we might have to dig the tires out of the sand to get going again. Not a pleasant thought in such desolate heat.

The road twisted in some bizarre curves and with the reeds so high, so ubiquitous, so reflective of that burning light, I was for moments at a time blinded. My instincts led me to twist the steering wheel to the right

and to the left; my sight was a poor tool here where I could see but 20 feet ahead at each point—and sometimes not even that distance when the road arced more sharply. I saw nothing but reeds: tall, shimmering reeds, angling over the dusty roadway, waves of them bending to the slightest breeze, bobbing upwards as we passed.

We couldn't go on like this. At some point we would have to stop, but when might we have the opportunity? The sand was too deep to risk stopping—there was no alternative but to continue driving until we might find a break in the walls of reeds, a place wide enough where we might be able to manage a U-turn. Mitch was silent now. He knew too that we were caught. There was no point in verbalizing our shared fear. To talk about it would only make us both more anxious.

...

And then it happened. As we came around a particularly severe curve the Peugeot banged against something and halted. We had no idea what we might have hit, but in a way it didn't matter to us. From Mitch's expression I could tell that he too was simply relieved that we had finally stopped. It seemed like we had been driving for days. Whatever goal we might have had in this detour had rapidly disappeared with each passing reed.

I want to say that we hit another kangaroo but everybody knows there are no kangaroos in Egypt. I want to say that we hit a pile of wheat stalks, or a bale of hay, or a I want to say anything but that we hit an old man sitting in the road. We killed an old Egyptian sitting in the road.

We did not know it then but the policeman who brought me here told me that it's a rural custom among the Egyptian elderly—when they feel they can no longer contribute to the family, when they are feeling tired and longing for that long sleep—that, if they hear

the sound of an approaching motor they often go and sit and wait in the middle of just such an obscured road and hope to be struck dead. You see, it has two functions: it relieves them of their own misery, and the judicial rule is that the driver must pay for the upkeep of the deceased's dependents for the rest of their lives.

Am I fool? I now have the care of 14 Egyptians to worry about. I killed a man and I'm sitting alone in a Cairo prison waiting for the American consul.

...

Mitch freaked out when he saw the man's oozing body. He rushed back to the driver's seat to turn off the engine. It was only then that we could hear the repetitive chant coming from the body, a sort of gurgling mantra, a prayer perhaps that slowly faded to silence. Mitch said we had to carry it off into the reeds; we had to get away before somebody found us. The old man's body was small and light and Mitch lifted it, the blood oozing out, dripping into the sand. He carried it a dozen yards into the reeds and instinctively I covered the blood stains in the road, using my feet to shift the "clean" sand over the red. Mitch came out of the reeds saying we had to abandon the Peugeot; we would just walk back to the highway and forget everything. We would catch a bus for Cairo and be in Luxor tomorrow, he said. When they would find his body we'd be long gone, he said.

But as I listened to his plan, the reeds shifting in silent witness all around us, I knew I couldn't do it. I could not simply walk away from this. This wasn't just some animal; it was a man. It had been a man! Mitch shook his head, grabbed his bag out of the Peugeot and started walking backwards toward the highway. He said I couldn't stay, that only a fool would stay. He disappeared around the curve of the road and I don't know where he is now.

Am I fool? •

THE SHADOW BOXER

By Jurgen Brauer

Round 1

G O N G

I depressed the accelerator sharply and repeatedly, and the motor responded well. It had better, I thought, for this was going to be a long trip. An important one too—one I had never taken before. And so I was very pleased to hear and feel the motor running well. I wanted this whole thing to be fun, not grueling, and therefore I had prepared myself as well as anyone possibly could have.

The first few corners were a breeze. Yeah, sure, they were a little bumpy here and there, for we needed to get to know one another. Soon enough I was on the highway which led to the other highway which led to the other highway . . . and so on, until I eventually reached The City. Just be cool; have a clear mind, relax, observe, don't miss your turns (so to speak). The traffic got a little more stretched-out on the highways but also increasingly fast. One has to keep up with it, I thought, and so I did. Slowly but surely my heart began to accelerate with the engine as I took a few road bends rather harshly so as to avoid more hair-raising situations.

For a while I went along like this, and eventually I felt fairly comfortable (although I knew that eventually we must reach The City and that that would be the tough part). Stay calm now, I admonished myself. Don't squander your reserves before you need them.

Don't overexert yourself (This speed though!). The closer we got to The City, the speedier it got—and that on seemingly narrower roads. And already it felt like a rather long drive. Too long. I gradually become more and more nervous, and when the

G O N G

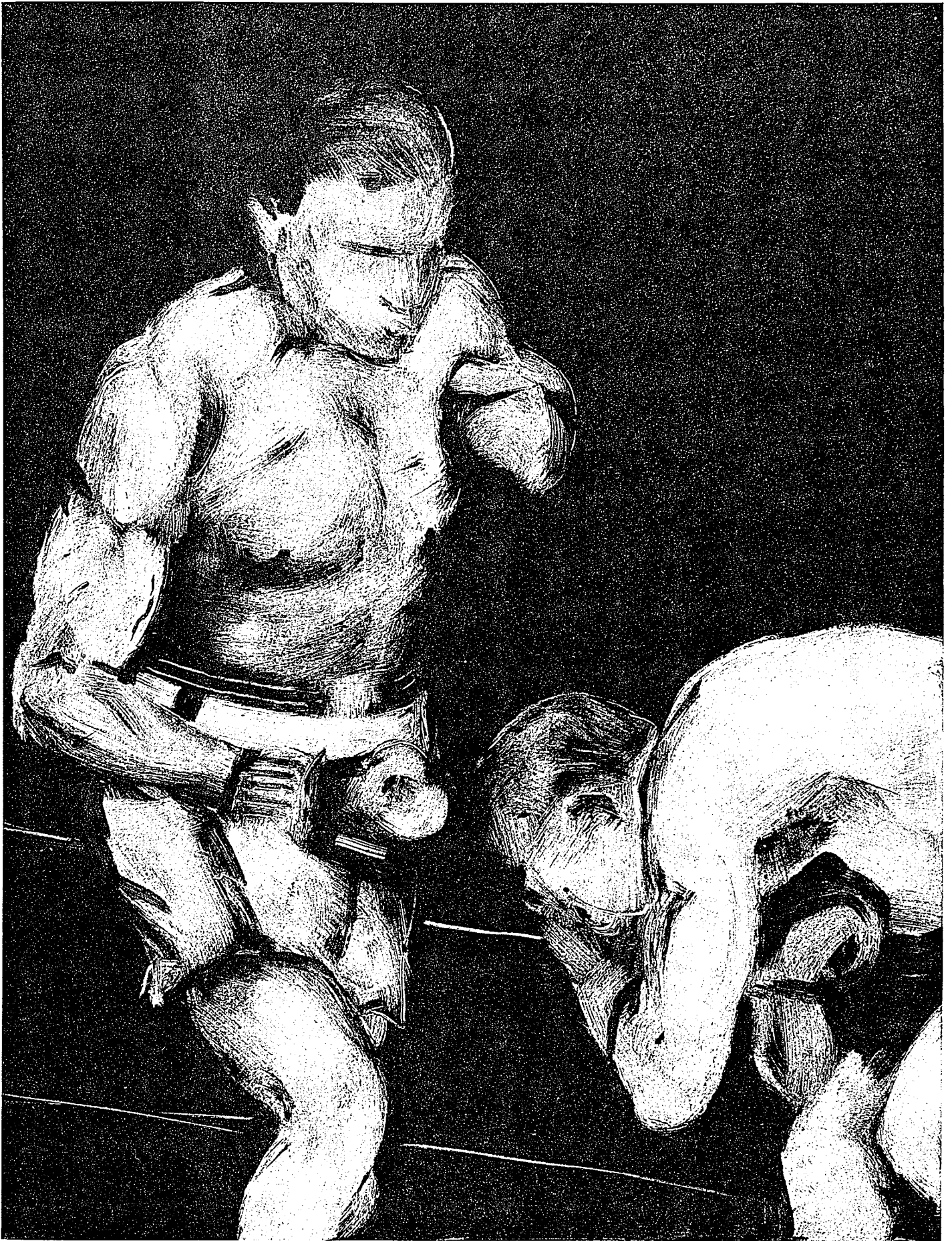
came, I had just about cornered myself. At times we are plain lucky, aren't we?

Pause (one minute)

...

G O N G

The City's skyline rose before my eyes as I prepared to drive into its heart. Already its noise began to fill my ears. Its music hammered over the car's stereo and enthralled me with its bewildering beat. I felt a little trapped, and in despair I opened the window. For a while I accelerated the car in tune with the music's rhythm; for I felt I needed to exert some pressure on the traffic myself. But my heart felt as if I had had a coffee too much, and at last I was forced to succumb to the traffic flow. Scarcely did I know how to defend myself



in it, nor how to will my way through it. I felt very much reminded of the days when I was still a novice fighter and had my first appearance on Paris' Champs Elysées which ensnared me and spit me out offside to watch the pros from under the Eiffel tower. Here, I had at least advanced to lace up with the traffic, not quite like going under, not quite like winning over it. Nevertheless, it was still a fight which could end either way at any time. Ah! Damn it! The traffic had pushed me right into a parking lot while I was thinking of days gone by. Enraged, I jacked up the radio's volume which blasted its sound into my ears and through the open window.

We clashed again. I had no idea how long this one was going to last, and consequently I tried to double my efforts, blindly raging through the darkening City. The lights went on and shone brightly into my eyes, hurting what I needed most—my sense of sight (The hearing was already more or less gone). Worse, rain set in! It slowed me down considerably. Would I ever make it across this battlefield? I began to wonder. Then I quickly used an unexpected lull to sigh heavily, getting some much-needed air into my pinched-in lungs. And now I jolted forward to give what I had left to give, and so did the traffic. When the

G O N G

came, it cut my effort short, preventing me from giving my last and best punch. Now, it would be yet another round. I dreaded it. Nothing's ever over, ain't it so?

Pause (one minute)

Johannesburg is fast and takes one onto a fun ride if one can keep up with its pace. Paris is for the world class only. In Berlin one must prove one's clever wit; and in Naples only the home team ever wins. Atlanta takes one by surprise, and Chicago is then just a piece of cake. But Prague is lovely!

Round 3

G O N G

I arose and readied myself. Perseverance! The audience applauded, wildly clapping its hands and chanting songs in the heated atmosphere which perspired through the speakers with an ever ear-deafening madness. The bloody rain had halted for a moment, and I wiped its remnants off the window screen, eagerly inhaling the fresh scent and licking my tongue in it to moisten my dried-out throat. As the bout went on, time and again I felt as if I was losing my senses altogether. Now I was running in circles; then I was backing out of dead ends. I felt enraged by the sight of mastery before me, having no ability to attain it myself. And slowly I began to settle for being pushed around—resisting with belligerent hate but weakening strength as the gloves became too heavy to keep my arms up in defense. It was as if I was targeting myself! And the blows came in! Oh, Prague, why did I ever leave you? Why must I go from one bout to another until, at last, the knockout shall come?

I fell, and as I fell I accidentally hit the radio's tuning knob; the station changed, and it was then that the final, yet liberating blow came. "I am leaving, I am leaving; but the fighter still remains." The speakers blasted into my half-dead brain. "Oh, God," I cried out in anger and in shame, "I've been a Shadow Boxer!" •

(Jurgen Brauer is an economics graduate student from Berlin, Germany. He says he shadow boxes a lot with homo oeconomicus.)

O People of Lebanon

by Ronnie Karam

O People of Lebanon, why do you cry?
Your sons who yourself do crucify
Why in your wounds you don't understand
That to your land you can only stand

O people of Lebanon, why don't you learn
That so much blood will be too much to turn
And that in the fire that you do create
Your enemies will throw a little more hate

O people of Lebanon, wake up to the flames
That brings to tears your fathers' eyes, in their frames
Remember that your country will cease to exist
If in your soul this hatred does persist.

O people of Lebanon, on your friends don't rely
Who for their dead won't even dare to cry.
Wake up, kill the ones who do set afire,
The Cedars that the world does admire.

O people of Lebanon, don't let yourself die,
Wipe off your tears, raise your head, stand up high.
And when the sun will rise on your fate,
Its lights will vanquish the fires of hate.

O people of Lebanon, why do you cry?
Your sons that yourself do crucify

Gabriel Garcia Marquez

Collected Stories

by Mark Melchior

Before we sleep, an angel comes to awaken dreams in us. The angel returns every night, bringing remembrance and telling those stories that we cannot forget. When the angel is Gabriel Garcia Marquez, the annunciated stories are lullabies in which, as children and adults alike, we may recognize our own dreams.

Collected Stories is a voice speaking our dreams in a vernacular that crosses the borders of nations, the boundaries of consciousness. If we have not written the words as the author writes, we have spoken them—or dreamt them. The stories resound our sensibilities; they chronicle the desires that reach beyond the reasonable. The mythic, mystical moment in which only the fantastic exists, there, Gabriel Garcia Marquez dwells with dreamers, telling those stories that we cannot forget.

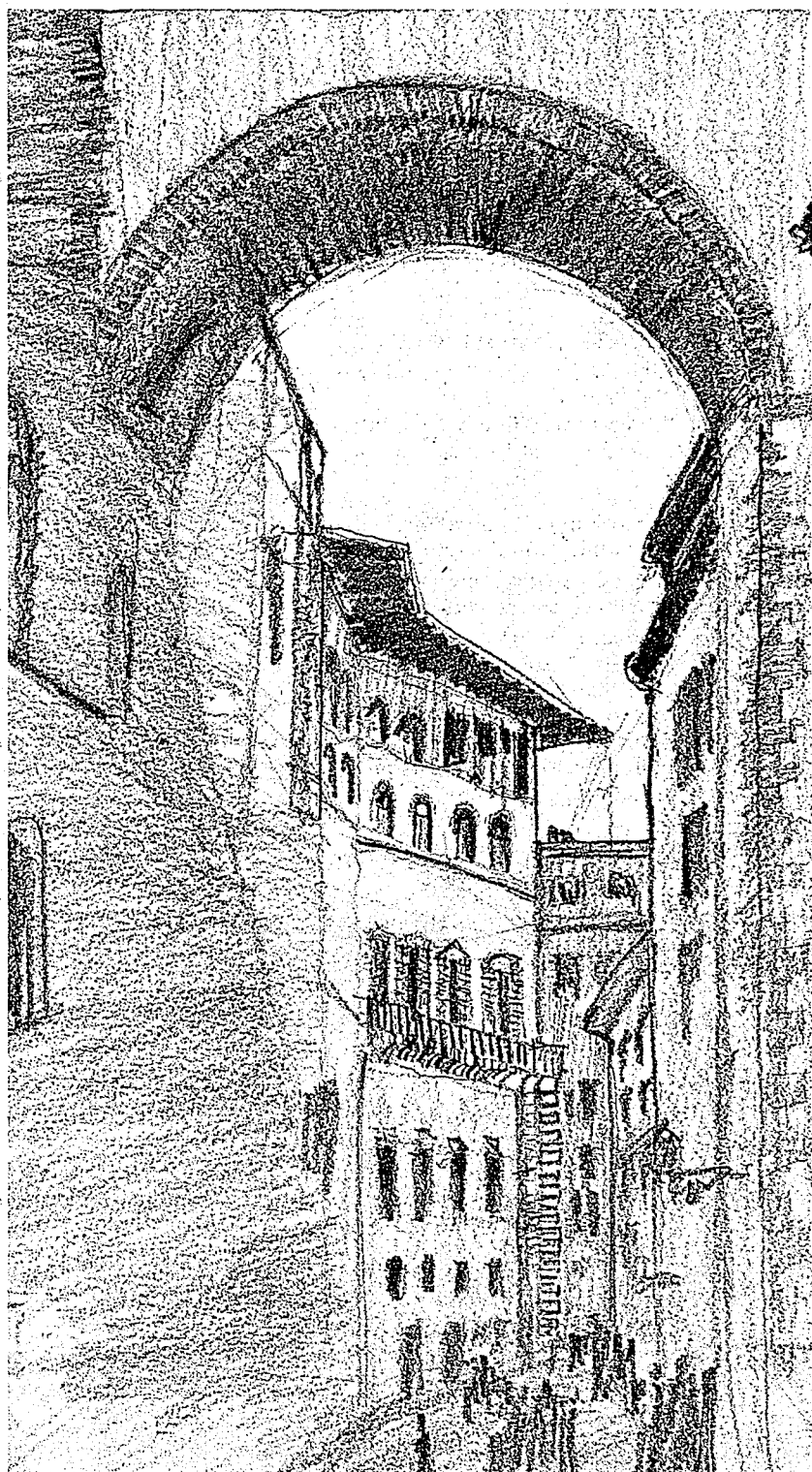
Like the angel, the sea returns dreams daily. In "The Handsomest Drowned Man in the World," a body arrives on the shores of a small village and answers the weariness of a people born in a nameless town to nameless traditions. They are dying a nameless death as well, consumed by a predictability that collects lives at the bottom of the sea. Then, the body is

discovered: it is a man. But who is he?

To whom does he belong? They search to find answers in the neighboring villages but none are known. Nor does he answer for himself: he simply testifies to the mysteries of a life and death known only by the sea.

His presence unleashes the imagination of the people. In discovering this man of the sea, they recover their dreams that had for so many years been forgotten. He is a hero. To them, he is the largest man, the most handsome, Esteban. They choose names for him and in doing so, identify themselves. They live in Esteban's Village. From the drowned man comes a legacy for the living, out of the sea comes an angel through which the villagers may realize their dreams.

Like other stories in the volume *Collected Stories*, "The Handsomest Drowned Man in the World" offers the reader an exercise in intuition. The meaning of the simple words of Garcia Marquez' prose is lost to a mind of rational response and logic. The intention and achievement of *Collected Stories* is not in showing us what we do see with our eyes, but what we can see by our faith. The angel eludes those who shut their eyes too soon. •



Resume

BY SÉAN P. A. MCSWEENEY

Púchica . . . Como empezar? Too confused.

Attempting to explain what he was, he is engaged in explaining what he is.

Rather, to express what he hopes to be.

The typewriter spells:

RESUME

JOSE MARIA GOICOECHEA MOELLER

HOME ADDRESS:

9a. Calle 2-81 Zona 14
Guatemala City, Guatemala
001 (502) 268-1091

CURRENT ADDRESS:

315 Harbin Hall
Notre Dame, IN 46556
(219) 283-2486

"Should I write this?"

Something had already been written on this paper. A single piece of paper that pictured the most positive aspects of Chema's life.

" . . . Y que otra . . . I guess I should go on . . . "

PERSONAL

AGE: 21 years old

BIRTHDATE: October 16, 1963

BIRTHPLACE: Bilbao, Spain

CITIZENSHIP: Spaniard

MARITAL STATUS: Single

HEALTH: Excellent

"Should I give my life to other people, or should I rather take advantage of all those material privileges I can exploit?"

"Mierda!"

"I guess this will carry me into a venture for prosperity—wealth . . . I just don't know why so many people argue the contrary—that I should become sensible to so many things I've experienced at home . . . "

CAREER OBJECTIVES

To work in an international related field that makes use of my language skills and cultural background. To work for the promotion of mutual understanding among nations . . .

"I guess I've given my share in helping other people . . . that earthquake killed twenty-three thousand people . . . I guess we all helped each other . . . Si pues . . . so did other nations too . . . "

Chema, as he used to be called at the Valle Verde School, wished that he had been called by his proper name: Jose Maria. His classmates at all times called him by his nickname. But there were other things that bothered him. The divorce of his parents. He wished he had forgotten about it—those many times that by mere circumstance he was caught in the middle of everything. Their anguish was still impressed in his mind. Even though he had spent his fourth year in North America. On his own. Finally achieving what was most important to him, a mature character, self-respect, and the mutual respect he expected in almost every intrapersonal relationship he had with others.

He continued:

EDUCATION

University of Notre Dame
Notre Dame, IN 46556
From August 1981 to May 1983

Candidate for a B.A. degree in
International Relations, with a
concentration in Latin American
studies.

Bunker Hill Military Junior College
Radnor, PA 19087
From February 1980 to June 1981

Graduated Cum Laude with an A.A.
degree in Liberal Arts.

* * *

His American classmates smiled jokingly at his past. Yet Chema's past was something his family wanted him to be proud of. Chema's mind was growing out of that immature uncertainty. His heart was with his family's, but had theirs always been with his? Why question that?

The only reassurance that Chema needs at the moment is that he is not living for the name of his family. He knows what they want out of him, but he does not know what he wants for himself. He knows at heart that he has to avoid his troubled past, and thus, he will endeavor to replace those terrible eighteen years of his life with a better one.

Future . . .

Future . . .

Future?

. . . past

WORK EXPERIENCE

The Bailey's Inn
Duke St.
Dublin 2, Republic of Ireland
Finca El Rosario, S.A.
Coban, Alta Verapaz
Guatemala

Worked as a waiter and handyman,
from June to July 1982.

Worked as a handyman at a coffee
plantation, from October 1979 to
January 1980.

Neither did Joao, nor did Professor Stern, or the rest of most of those American schoolmates and friends understand what the meaning of home was to Chema.

It was a country, his land, a place that Jose Maria could call his own paradise. But then came the issue of Central America. It bounced in his head and shook his body—open ears, unsettled stomach. What was worse were the impertinent criticisms of those who were third persons criticizing the conflict: fixing the rear sight with the front sight and targeting his national brothers and his homeland.

"So you belong to one of those rich, oligarchical elites of Guatemala!"—said one without any conception of what he was saying, or, needless to say, of whom he was referring to.

"I can't let these people give their own personal remarks of those things they have never lived through." Chema's thoughts would sometimes echo an insulting ripple: "Hijos de la gran pu . . ."

What did they know of terror and violence?

One of several memories always lingered in Jose Maria's mind. It was probably one of the reasons why his family's name was so important to him. "Te recordas de aquel dia en que tu Tio Alfredo (Do you remember that day that your Uncle . . .), the day that he was about to be kidnapped by four terrorists . . ."—the memory of that voice of his mother would always exhume flashbacks. Chema remembers that it was the one and only time that he got on his knees and prayed.

(proceeds again:)

ACADEMIC ACHIEVEMENTS

University of Notre Dame:

Activities included:
Member of the International Student
Organization, International Festival.

Bunker Hill Military Junior College:

Honors included:
Dean's List [Fall 1980-Spring 1981
semesters], Pan-American Medal of
the United States, for Hemispheric
Studies and Cultural Interaction

* * *

"Who cares about my awards or achievements . . . all I hope is to get some reassurance from my parents that I am doing the correct thing . . ."

"Why would some be against my decision of joining a volunteer-service group? . . ."

Sometimes I can't (desperation) . . . no los comprendo . . ."

The conversation he had with Joao four nights previous to his actual encounter with himself began to resurface. Joao was his roommate from Brazil. And most important was the fact that both found themselves in a polemical discussion that demanded the highest elements of their learning.

"Yes, Joao, you talk about the undernourished, the illiterate, the landless, but I don't see why you object to that. Life must not be so different in Guatemala than at your homeplace in the wealthy suburbs of Botafogo . . ."

"That is true, Joze Maria, but realize that there are leftist groups struggling to some power of some sort, some representation . . ."

Jose Maria proceeds in writing the one particular item of his resume that justified his expectations. He stops. His head falls upon his hands. There is no notice of whether it is a lamented thought, or perhaps desperation.

Tio Alfredo, his favorite uncle, went through an attempted kidnapping. According to the family tradition, what saved him was the Blessed "Virgen del Socorro." But young Chema's sentiment could not refuse that it was the bravery of his uncle that had made him unholster his weapon and repel the aggression. Tio Alfredo was injured, and he survived. One "guerrillero" was shot.

"Leftist bastards—don't you ever try to deal with the Goicoecheas!" That was young Chema's favorite cliché.

"Oh well, . . ."—Jose Maria murmured—"I guess I should get this bloody resume done." There is an attempt to do something.

But those memories of Jose Maria's uncle getting nearly assassinated by the guerrillas still agonized in his mind. Those were nine years after that incident took place!

The stabbing criticism of impertinents worsened the stability of his emotions. Every time that a word was raised regarding Guatemala or Central America, it was hard for Chema to swallow. Trying to settle those same words in his stomach was worse.

"I want to speak it out . . . but I guess I should hold it inside . . . Who would like to hear a story like this? . . . They would think that I am begging for pity or some sort of remorse . . . but never . . ."

"Que se vayan esos desgraciados a la . . ." A thought in his maternal Spanish.

He continues again:

Almacenadora Gursa, S.A.

Worked as a handyman/

"dang! Another mistake! This doesn't go here! I can't think straight!"

Jose Maria ponders.

He takes his time. He writes:

COMMUNITY SERVICES

Acolyte at the Roman Catholic Services of the Church of Saint Catherine of Siena, Wayne, Pa.

Helped family deliver food and medical supplies to victims of the February 4, 1976, earthquake in Guatemala.

...

OTHER

Completely bilingual (English/Spanish), French (Fair), and Portuguese (Fair).

"Ya casi . . . I'm almost done!"

"Now . . ."

Meditation:

"I guess human nature is like two hands at work," he thought. He is finished with this piece of paper that will bring all factors of time into one being—his future.

"I guess the right will be my dexterous hand—but I couldn't have done anything without my left. Is there a reason for that? . . . puchica . . . I don't know . . ."

"One hand can do it—but the other cannot. Ability perhaps. There must be a mind that controls it—growth, body, function . . . It runs the world . . . puede ser. If we could only understand each other . . . Guatemala . . . Central America (breathes between the teeth) . . ."

Understanding is the key . . . Communication!

If only Mami and Papa could have understood themselves . . . But is there hope?

Past . . . Present . . . Future . . . and the Present will be the Past . . . the Future the Present . . . Future will be . . . UNCERTAIN, like this resume . . . •

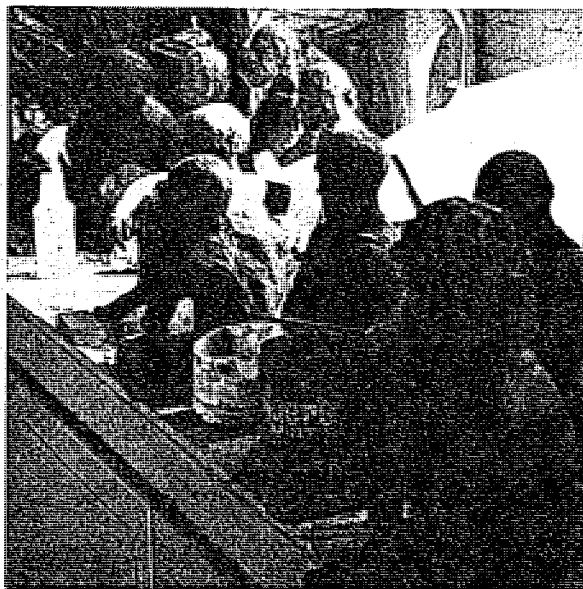
Artistic Opportunities

ARTS AND CRAFTS SHOW

Deadline: June 30, 1985

Harbor Country Ship and Shore Festival, Inc. announces their second annual juried arts and crafts show. Work will be accepted in the categories of oils, watercolors, drawing, pottery, jewelry, fiber, woodcrafts, etc. All work except hobby crafts must be original in concept, design and execution. Cash prizes and ribbons will be awarded by judges in the major categories of Fine Art, Original Crafts, and

Hobby Crafts. Two current photographs or slides of the artist's work are required with the entry; and if the entry is selected for exhibition, a \$20.00 donation will be charged for the space used to show the work. Even if the artist doesn't get selected for exhibition, the festival sounds like a good time. It will not only feature a juried arts and crafts show, it will have beach games and contests, food and beverage concessions, an evening lighted boat parade and fireworks followed by an outdoor dance.



ROLLING WRITERS

Deadline: April 26, 1985

Rolling Stone magazine proudly announces its tenth annual 1985 College Journalism Competition and offers a total of \$4,500.00 to the three top writers. Submitted articles must fall into one of the following categories to be eligible: Entertainment Reporting (profiles and news features on music, film and personalities in art), General Reporting (any subject), and Investigative Reporting (a single article or series of articles that has had a tangible impact on the college campus or surrounding community). Entries will be judged by the editors of *Rolling Stone*. Each entrant must have been a full- or part-time student during the school year in which the entry was published, and the article must have been published in a university or college newspaper or magazine between May 16, 1984 and April 26, 1985.

WORKS IN WOOD

Deadline: May 7, 1985

American Contemporary Works in Wood, a national competition sponsored by the Dairy Barn Southeastern Ohio Cultural Arts Center, is offering \$2,300.00 to artists who submit contemporary works in wood from throughout the United States and Canada. Works may be functional or sculptural, being the original creation of the artist within the last three years. Submissions must be presented in 2x2 35mm slide form; and a maximum of three works may be submitted for a \$15.00 nonrefundable entry fee. The contest is open to all living artists.



OLD ORCHARDS AND ART

Deadline: March 6, 1985

A minimum of \$3,000.00 in awards and purchase prizes will be awarded to artworks in Drawing, Graphics, Mixed Media, Painting, Photography, and Sculpture at the Old Orchard Art Festival in Skokie, Illinois. The festival is open to all artists who exhibit work of original concept, design and execution. Submissions will be taken in 2x2 35mm slide form, and entry fees of \$15.00 or less will be claimed. In the event of sale, a 20% commission will be claimed by the festival.

For more information, contact the Fine Arts people at *Scholastic*.

INDIANA ART FAIR

Deadline: April 1, 1985

The 15th annual Northern Indiana Art Fair will toss up a total of \$2,000.00 for works in painting, prints, drawings, photography, sculpture, pottery, jewelry and fiber this coming May. The fair will be held on the "beautifully landscaped, spacious grounds of the Munster Town Hall," and artists can even park free! Entries must be submitted in 35mm slide form (three per entry), and a \$35.00 entry fee will be charged by the fair. Applicants not accepted will receive a \$30.00 refund. All works displayed must be original, and in the case of sale, no commission will be charged by the fair.

ND & SMC HISTORY BUFFS

Deadline: April 19, 1985

The Department of History is offering \$50.00 for the best essay on the history of Notre Dame or Saint Mary's written by a student (graduate or undergraduate) currently enrolled in either university.

Concerts

UNIVERSITY ARTISTS SERIES

Karen Buranskas, Cello

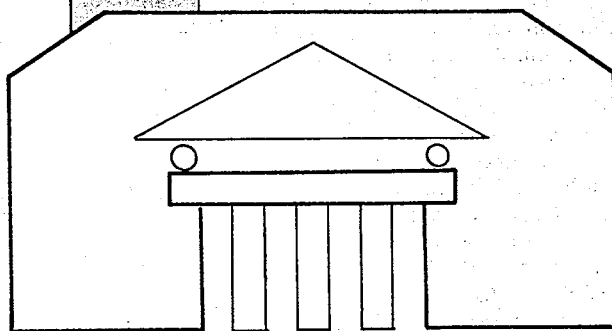
Sunday, March 31, 4:00 p.m.

Karen Buranskas, Assistant Professor of Music at Notre Dame, has been awarded many honors during her outstanding musical career. She received her Master of Music degree from Yale University under Aldo Parisot, her Bachelor of Music degree from Indiana University under Fritz Magg and studied with Gregor Piatigorsky. Ms. Buranskas has won competitions throughout the United States, Brazil and Europe.

Faculty Violin and Cello Recital

Sunday, April 21, 4:00 p.m.

Notre Dame faculty members Laura Klugherz and Karen Buranskas present an evening of violin and cello duets. Ms. Klugherz, having travelled extensively as a soloist and chamber artist, has recorded for the Bavarian State Radio, the North German State Radio, and the South African Broadcasting Association. Ms. Buranskas, having won competitions in the United States and Brazil, presented her New York debut in Carnegie Recital Hall in 1977.



The Snite Museum of Art

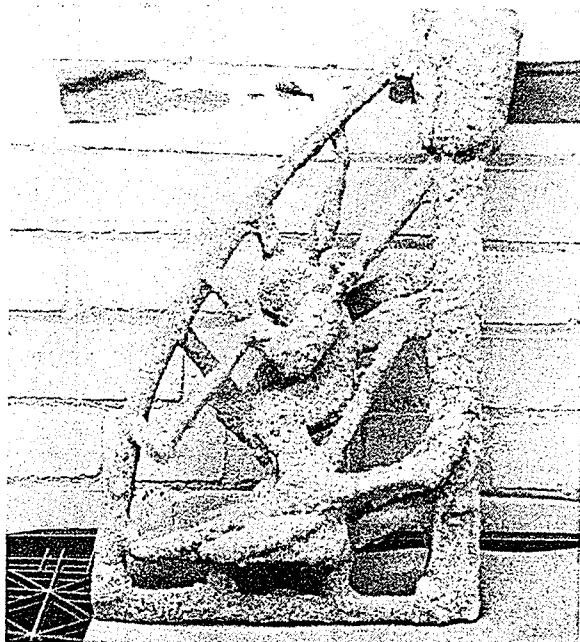
The Snite Museum of Art
University of Notre Dame

Exhibitions

GLENN ZWEYGARDT: Steel and Stone Sculpture

February 17-April 1, 1985
O'Shaughnessy Gallery
East

Glenn Zweygardt teaches and is department chairman of the New York State College of Ceramics at Alfred University. His monumental steel and stone sculpture has been featured in numerous one-man shows, as well as in private and public collections in the United States.



GEORGES ROUAULT: Graphics from the Museum's Collection

March 17-June 30, 1985
O'Shaughnessy Gallery
East

A selection of prints from Georges Rouault's series: *Miserere* and *Les Réincarnations du Père Ubu* will be on display from the permanent collection. This exhibit gives the viewer an opportunity to take a closer look at Rouault's expressionistic approach to art.

April 28-July 28, 1985
Print, Drawing and Photography Gallery

This exhibition will focus on the significant Northern European contribution to graphic art from the 15th to the 20th century. Works by such major artists as Albrecht Dürer, Hendrick Goltzius, Rembrandt and Max Beckman.

Nineteenth-Century Master Drawings from the Permanent Collection

March 3-April 14, 1985
Print, Drawing and Photography Gallery

This selection of nineteenth-century drawings from the museum's permanent collection will feature works by American, English, German, French and Belgian artists. Included will be important drawings by John Flaxman, Conrad Gessner, Jules Dupré, Eugène Delacroix, and Paul Huet.

DON VOGL: Faculty Exhibit

March 24-June 30, 1985
O'Shaughnessy Gallery
East

A selection of recent work by this prolific artist and member of Notre Dame's Department of Art, Art History and Design.

Annual Student Exhibition

April 14-May 19, 1985
O'Shaughnessy Gallery
East

This exhibition presents projects completed as partial requirement for the Master of Fine Arts degree, as well as undergraduate and graduate student work completed in the 1984-85 school year from the Department of Art, Art History and Design.



WSND

	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
7:00	DAYBREAK						8:00 Sunday Morning (APR) *
9:00	MORNING CONCERT					children's hour	11:00
12:00	NEWS						
12:15	MERIDIAN					The Opera Box (APR)	Sunday Morning Concert
1:00	Chamber Masterworks	Netherlands Concert Hall (APR)	Baroque and Before	The First 50 Years	20th Century Masters	SATURDAY AFTERNOON OPERA	Salzburg Music Festival (APR)
2:00	AFTERNOON CONCERT						
2:45	NEWS AND SPORTS						
3:00	San Francisco Symphony	Afternoon Concert	St. Paul Chamber Orchestra (Specials) (APR)	Afternoon Concert	Philadelphia Orchestra		
5:00	TAFELMUSIK (Business Times at 5:30 [APR])					New Releases	REQUEST PROGRAM
7:00	American Debate (APR) *	Music from Oberlin	Concert America (APR) *	Collector's Item	Studs Terkel	6:00 New York Chamber Music (APR)	
8:00	In Performance	New York Philharmonic		Chicago Symphony	Evening Concert	REQUEST PROGRAM	ON STAGE
10:00	Jazz Gallery	EVENING CONCERT			High Performance Specials (APR)		11:00 Modern Music Hour
12:00	NEWS AND SPORTS						
12:15	NOCTURNE NIGHTFLIGHT						Jazz Nocturne
*These APR programs will begin in the near future							

New York Philharmonic

March 26

Zubin Mehta, conductor
Joseph Robinson, oboe
WOLF: Italian Serenade
GEORGE ROCHBERG: Oboe Concerto (World Premiere)
BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 7 in A, Op. 92

April 2

Andrew Davis, conductor and organist
Alicia De Larrocha, piano
RAVEL: "Alborada del gracioso"
FALLA: "Nights in the Gardens of Spain," Symphonic Impressions for Piano and Orchestra
FRANCK: Symphonic Variations for Piano and Orchestra
SAINT-SAENS: Symphony no. 3 in C Minor, Op. 78

April 9

Andrew Davis, conductor
Glenn Dicterow, violin
OLIVER KNUSEN: Symphony No. 3, Op. 18
PROKOFIEV: Concerto No. 2 for Violin and Orchestra in G Minor, Op. 63
BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 4 in B-flat Major, Op. 60

April 16

Zubin Mehta, conductor
Daniel Barenboim, piano
Charles Rex, violin
Paige Brook, flute
Joseph Robinson, oboe
Philip Smith, trumpet
MOZART: Three German Dances, K. 605 Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, No. 22 in E-flat Major, K. 482
GUNTHER SCHULLER: "Concerto Quaternio," for Violin, Flute, Oboe, Trumpet and Orchestra (World Premiere)
STRAUSS: "Burleske" for Piano and Orchestra in D Minor

April 23

Zubin Mehta, conductor
Kiri Te Kanawa, soprano
WEBERN: Symphony Op. 21
STRAUSS: Four Last Songs
ELGAR: Symphony No. 1 in A-flat Major, Op. 55

April 30

Zubin Mehta, conductor
Gidon Kremer, violin
SOFIA GUBAIDULINA: "Offertorium" Concerto for Violin and Orchestra (U.S. Premiere)
BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 7 in A Major, Op. 92



Chicago Symphony Orchestra

March 21

Leonard Slatkin, conductor
Joseph Guastafeste, double bass (Mr. Guastafeste is also CSO Principal Bass)
BACH/RESPIGHI: Prelude and Fugue in D Major, BMV-532
WM. KARLINS: "Reflux"

ELGAR: Symphony No. 2 in E-flat, Op. 63

March 28

James Levine, conductor
Johanna Meier, Judith Blegen and Marvis Martin, sopranos
Florence Quivar and Isola Jones, mezzo-sopranos
Giuliano Ciannella, tenor
Ryan Edwards, baritone
John Cheek, bass
Chicago Symphony Chorus (prepared by Margaret Hillis)
Wisconsin Conservatory Chorus (prepared by Margaret Hawkins)
Glen Ellyn Children's Chorus (prepared by Doreen Rao)
MAHLER: Symphony No. 8 in E-flat, "Symphony of a Thousand"

Saturday Afternoon Opera

March 16

WAGNER: "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg"

March 23

GERSHWIN: "Porgy and Bess"

March 30

PUCCINI: "Tosca"

April 6

VERDI: "Rigoletto"

April 13

BERG: "Lulu"

April 20

WAGNER: "Parsifal"

April 4

Sir Georg Solti, conductor
Peter Frankl, piano
MOZART: Symphony No. 25 in G Minor, K. 183
Piano Concerto No. 25 in C, K. 503
Symphony No. 40 in G Minor, K. 550

April 11

Rafael Kubelik, conductor
BRUCKNER: Symphony No. 8 in C Minor

April 18

Leonard Slatkin, conductor
Mark Peskanov, violin
BEETHOVEN: "King Stephen" Overture, Op. 117
HINDEMITH: Violin Concerto
PROKOFIEV: Symphony No. 6 in E-flat, Op. 111

April 25

Claudio Abbado, conductor
Carter Brey, cello
TCHAIKOVSKY: Symphonic Ballad, "The Voyerode," Op. 78
SCHUMANN: Cello Concerto in A Minor, Op. 129
TCHAIKOVSKY: Symphony No. 5 in E Minor, Op. 64

AMERICAN PUBLIC RADIO

Bach/Handel/Scarlatti Tercentary

Bach Documentaries

These documentaries, broadcast on Fridays at 8 p.m., describe the world of Bach in honor of his 300-year anniversary.

March 15

Bach and the Church: The Chorale
Bach and the Church: The Passions

March 22

Leipzig, 300 Years

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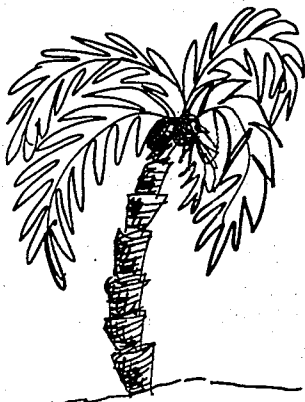
by Laurel-Ann Dooley

To the outsider, it is the hotel/motel capital of the country, a land of endless lounges and patio bars noted for wet T-shirt contests and exotic drink specials. At once a haven for the elderly and a mecca for college students, it conjures images of sand-blanketed beach and string bikinis, intermingling suntan oil scents, surfers, and shuffleboard.

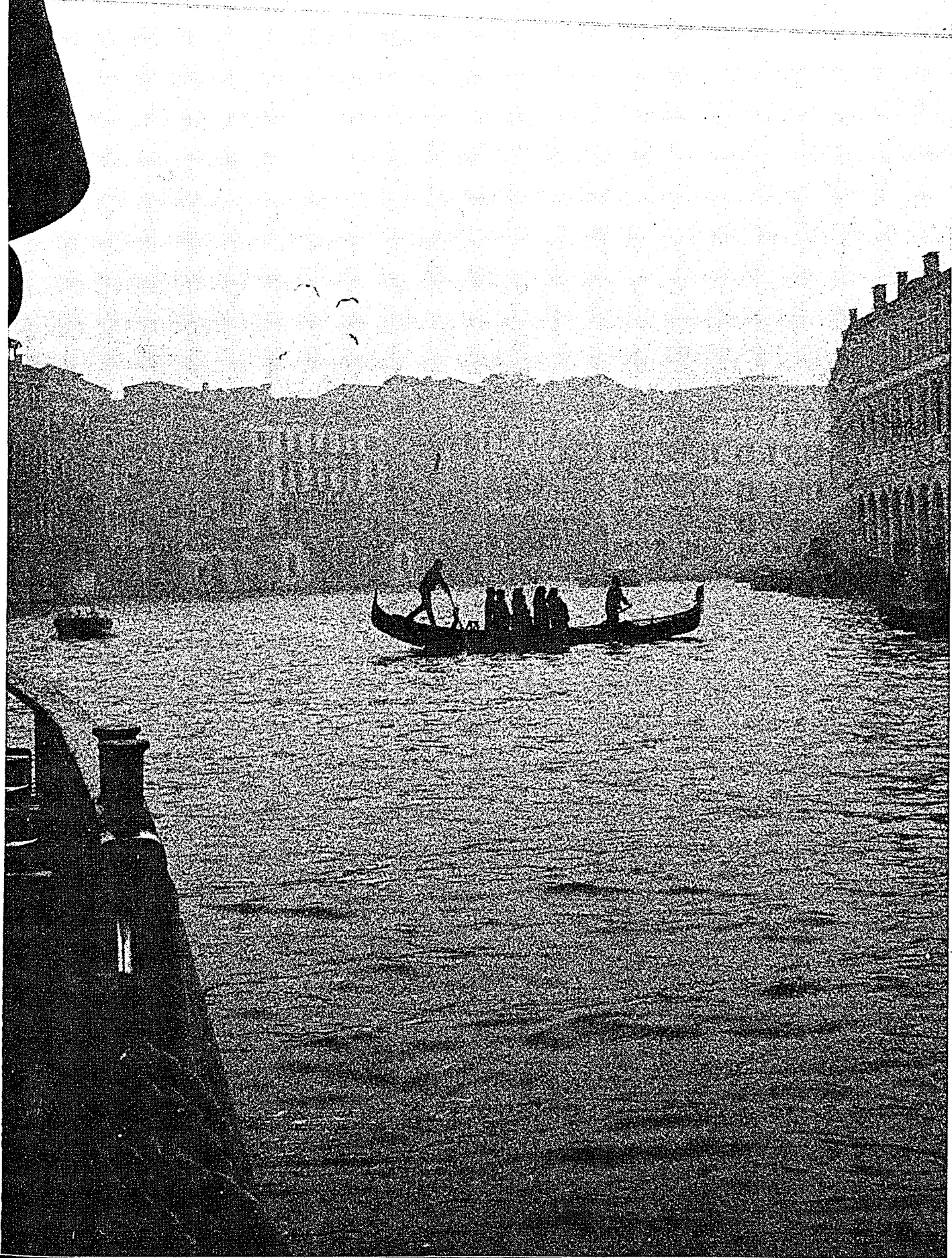
But to the Fort Lauderdale native, the town is much more than a combination condo kingdom/tourist trap. It is soft summer twilights and afternoons spent sailing. It is low-key marina eateries—dank Southport for steamers and draft beer, the Pelican Pub for freshly caught snapper and just-squeezed orange juice. It is lobstering on the reef and luxuriating in the heat of the tropical sun on beaches known only to natives. It is the Christmas boat parade, restaurants transformed into lighted fairylands for the holiday decoration competition, strolls across brilliant green Bermuda grass delivering gifts. It is the grizzled old-timers eating black-eyed peas and cornbread at Grady's. It is Jimmy Buffett, sandals, soft sea-scented breezes, ceiling fans, waterways, and bridges.

It is a culture all its own—a mesh of flash and old Florida, down-home charm and fast-lane glitz. It is a palm-filled garden city of perennials, annuals, and transplants, ever green and always in blossom. The bloomtown of the South

... Fort Lauderdale.



All around the world,
Scholastic is what Notre Dame reads.



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