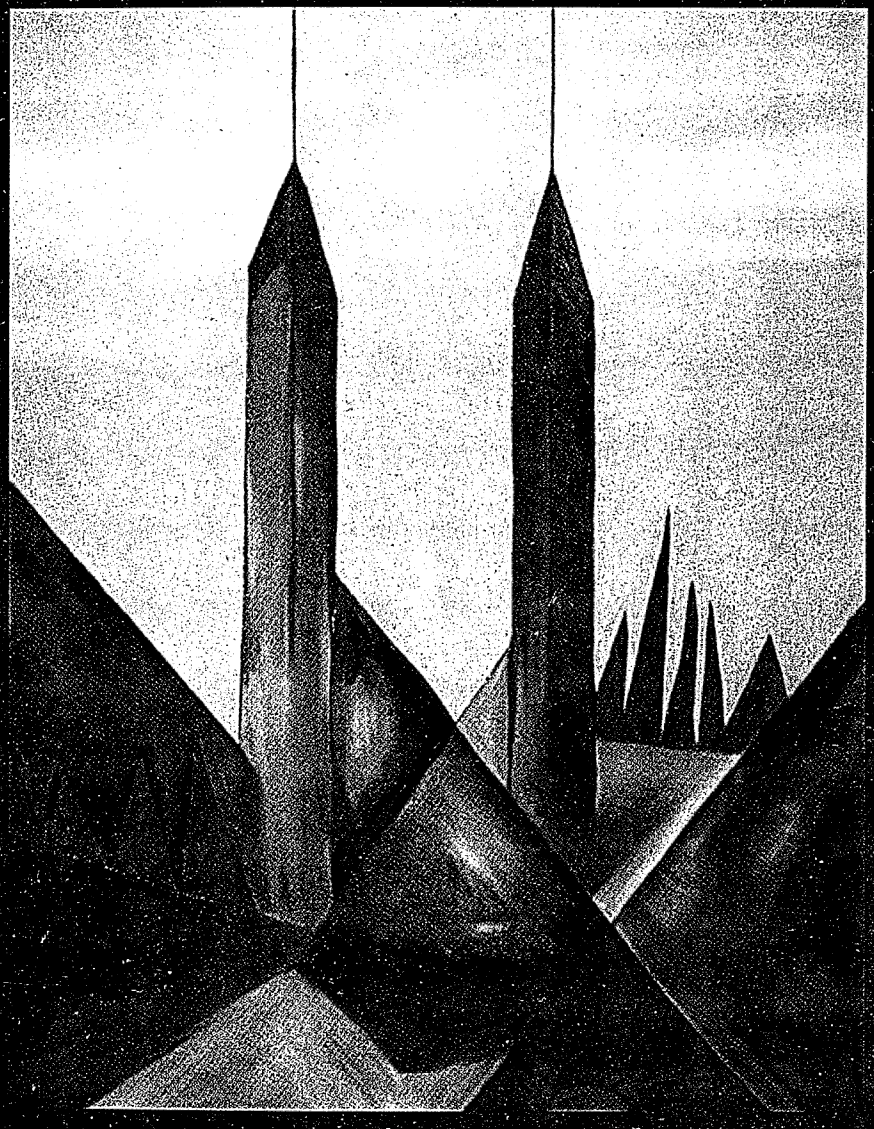
scholastic

VOL. 148

NOTRE DAME'S STUDENT MAGAZINE

27 SEPT 2010

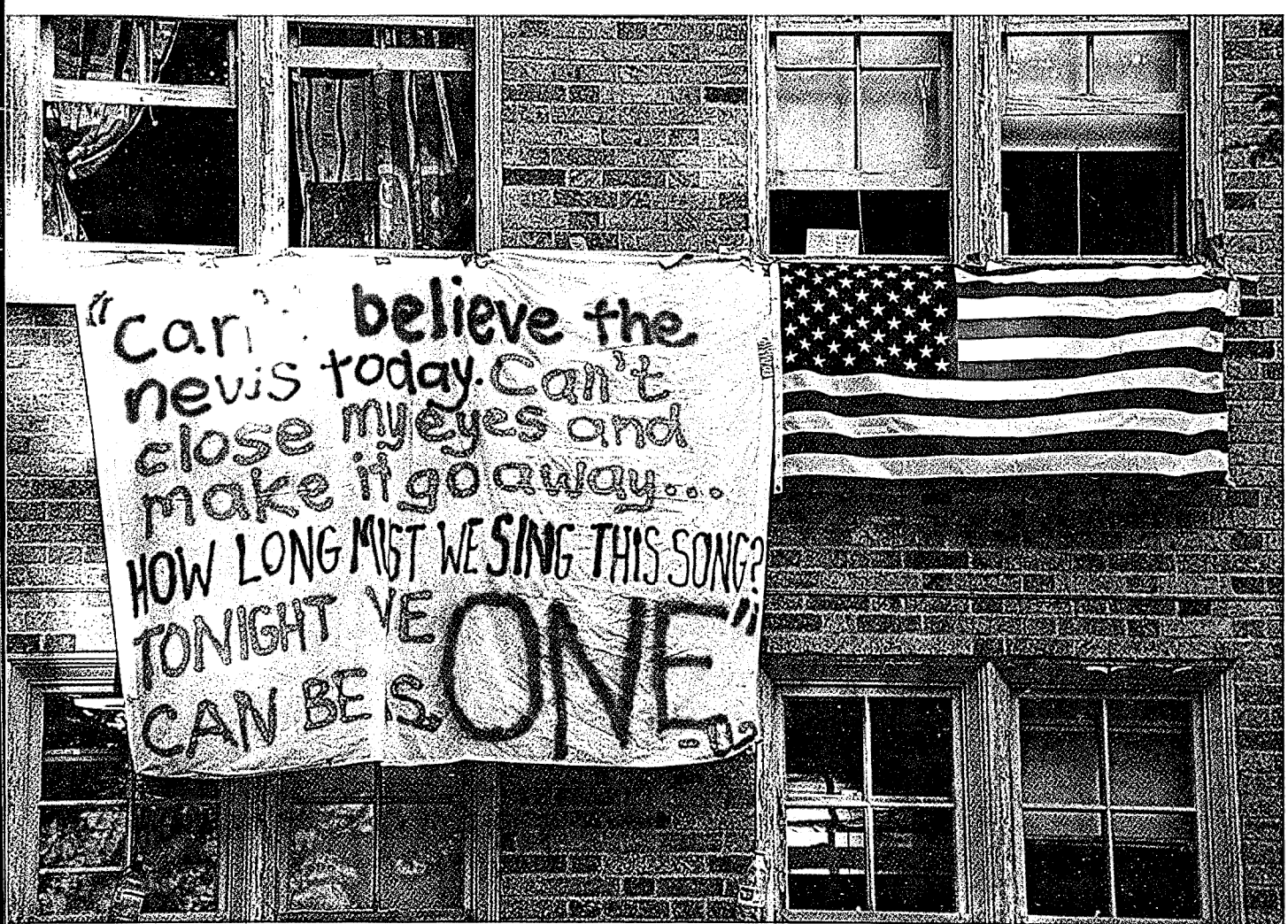


disbelief.

about the cover:

"SEPTEMBER 11TH"
by kim jones

"This painting entitled 'September 11th' was conceived an hour after the destruction of the Twin Towers. My heart frozen, I watched the cold systematic destruction of buildings of steel and concrete knowing they held innocent, living, breathing flesh within their bellies. Not only did I watch the buildings fall once, but over and over again as the media replayed the catastrophic act. The buildings seem to regenerate only to be destroyed again and again. This painting is about the buildings, on fire, the towers frozen in instant replay, the apocalyptic sky and the cold harsh precision of mass murder."



MICHAEL GRIFFIN

UNITED In response to the tragedies, students displayed numerous banners and patriotic symbols across campus, including these hung from Breen-Phillips Hall.

from the editor:

war of the worlds

October 30, 1938. A naive country listened in horror as New Jersey was attacked by Martians. Radio news reports captivated many citizens, including my great-grandfather, who returned home that day to find that his wife had rushed off to church to pray. Kneeling by the radio, he awaited further information of the terror.

Luckily, it never came. The chaos simply had been a product of Orson Welles's imagination. He and the Mercury Theater of the Air had been performing a dramatization of the 1898 H. G. Wells novel. New Jersey had not been attacked. The war of the worlds was averted.

September 11, 2001. My friend and I stood on the walkway outside Nieuwland. He looked down at his feet and broke the news to me. I don't remember his words, just the scene as I imagined it: the Twin Towers toppling like dominoes, steel crushing downtown Manhattan. I stumbled along North Quad in disbelief, feeling my stomach swirl within me. Could this be my friend's cruel joke? No, too cruel. Could this be a wicked hoax? No, too wicked.

I struggled into my rector's suite. People there, as best I can recall, were speaking in low tones and staring at the large TV that stood next to me. I walked far enough into the room to glimpse my first view of the video loop of the World Trade Center attack. My hand rose to my mouth and the wall suddenly was supporting my shoulder.

Anxiously, I awaited an announcement of retraction: *Sorry for the confusion, folks, just an early-morning viewing of a new blockbuster.*

But the scene was not from a movie, and I knew that Orson Welles had nothing to do with this chaos.

During the remainder of that late-summer morning's melee, my legs shuddered against gravity, my mind against talk of unexpected death, and of thorough destruction. In those moments, I was ignorant of the long-range impact of the events; I was too caught up in the shared pain of a world left reeling.

Later came the realization of the bigger picture. The atrocities were compounded by the terror of our responses. Conversation — with an anxious, muted Tom Brokaw looking on — turned to talk of revenge, and of frightening war.

Yes, I'm afraid of further terrorist actions. But I'm terrified of how we, as a country and a world, will respond to the terrorism. It's easy to strike out with mighty vengeance; our nation certainly has the physical strength to cause destruction. Responding with a newfound understanding and moderate — not infinite — justice is more difficult. I hope we have the emotional strength to wield our power appropriately. America, punish the guilty, sure — but restrain yourself. Learn how to deal justice to only those who have transgressed. Pity the civilians who live oppressed among them.

We enter a new age with talk of a war of the worlds. We're looking ahead, armed with the post-Pearl Harbor excitement for revenge and handicapped by the logistical hopelessness of Vietnam.

What will we choose to do?

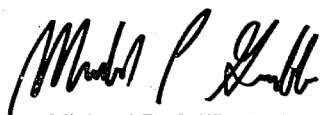
disbelief

Words are hard to collect and assemble at times like these. During the production of each issue of *Scholastic*, we gather around one computer and discuss options for the text of the cover. Typically, it is difficult to translate the topic and the angle of the article into a short, clever phrase without sounding cliche, crazy or off-topic. Attempting to capture the essence of a full story in a few words often seems to oversimplify it.

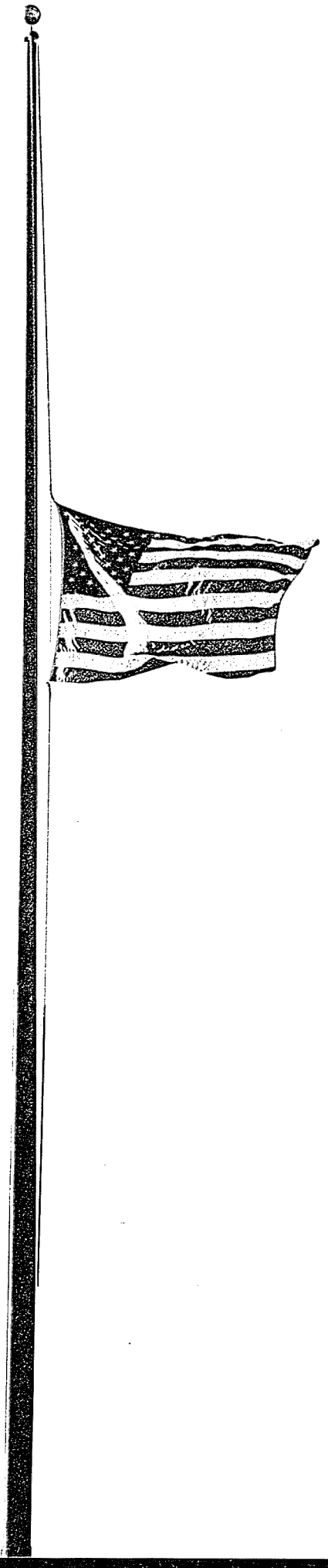
Never was this task more difficult than for the cover of this issue. We felt that our responses to the attacks on America varied considerably in their views, but that we all felt the same initial reaction: disbelief.

Go on and see what our family has to say. Alumnus and firefighter Greg de Sousa writes of the rescue effort at Ground Zero on page 24. *Scholastic* talks to professors to see how they think these events will affect us on page 34. Matthew Ziegler gives us a fresh perspective on page 42.

Keep in touch with us at scholast@nd.edu. And do take care.



Michael P. Griffin, Editor



06 the world trade center: part of the neighborhood
ESSAY BY SUSAN OHMER

08 twenty-four hours
ESSAY BY JIM FLOOD

12 habakkuk and kennedy
ESSAY BY MICHAEL WAHOSKE

13 searching
ESSAY BY KATIE FREDDOSO

15 dear friends.
LETTER FROM REV. EDWARD MALLOY C.S.C.

16 here
POEM BY GREGG MURRAY

17 there
POEM BY GREGG MURRAY

18 embrace
PHOTO BY MICHAEL GRIFFIN

20 we, the students of the united states of america
ESSAY BY CARRIE SWEENEY

23 tuesday
ESSAY BY ED RYAN

24 and on the eighth day God created firefighters
ESSAY BY GREG DE SOUSA

27 SEPTEMBER 2001

contents

28 after september 11: what should "we" do?
ESSAY BY FR. MICHAEL BAXTER

30 a life lottery
INTERVIEW BY JULIE BENDER

32 september 11, 2001
POEM BY CHRIS GERBEN

34 peace studies in action
ARTICLE BY JEFF DROCCO & JARED RIZZI

37 the dearness of the vanishing moment
POEM BY ALLY JAY

38 a long way from home
ESSAY BY SARAH CHILDRESS

39 from within the ranks
ESSAY BY LISA SESTILE

40 one nation
ARTICLE BY KATIE FREDDOSO

42 good vs. evil?
COMMENTARY BY MATTHEW ZIEGLER

45 yes, but what do we do?
ESSAY BY ALAN DOWTY

46 untitled
SONNET BY SHEILA PAYNE

47 where were you that day?
ESSAY BY JENNY WAHOSKE

48 requiescant in pace

The *Scholastic* staff would like to thank the Notre Dame community for sharing with us its responses to the tragedies. We regret that we were unable to print all contributions.

thank you.

Vol. 143, No. 03 • 27 SEPT 2001

SCHOLASTIC

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PAID ADVERTISEMENT

"Because we call Notre Dame a family..."

The **Standing Committee on Gay and Lesbian Student Needs** offers some opportunities to stand in solidarity with gay, lesbian, and bi-sexual members of our Notre Dame community.

Featured Speaker:

Mrs. Judy Shepard

Thursday, September 27, 2001

7:30 p.m. in the Hesburgh Library Auditorium

Admission is FREE

Reception with Mrs. Shepard following the presentation

Mrs. Shepard's story:
In October 1998, Judy Shepard lost her twenty-one year old son, Matthew, to a murder inspired by anti-gay hate. Her ordeal moved thousands of people across America to attend vigils and rallies in Matthew's honor.

Determined to prevent their son's fate from befalling other people, Judy and her husband, Dennis, established the Matthew Shepard Foundation to help carry on Matthew's legacy by embracing the just causes he had championed. This includes working for gay and lesbian equality and helping to prevent hate crimes.

Judy is determined to use her grief over her son's death to make a difference. She is now speaking to audiences nationwide about what they can do to make their schools and communities safer for everyone, regardless of their race, sex, religion, or sexual orientation.

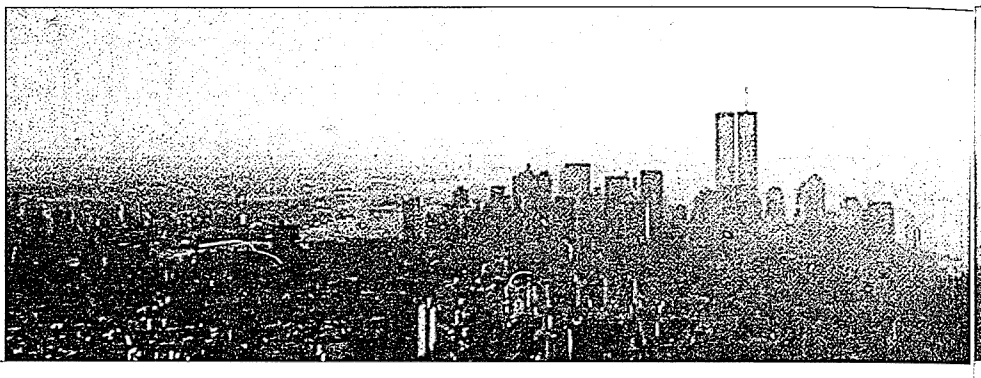
September 30, 2001, is SOLIDARITY SUNDAY.

"Notre Dame, our Mother, in sharing your name, we claim that we are family." Solidarity Sunday invites the Notre Dame community to pray and grow as one family. On this Sunday, we recognize the value of our community's gay, lesbian, and bisexual members. All Masses on campus will express the commitment of Notre Dame to stand with Christ, in community, with all her brothers and sisters. Prayer cards and rainbow ribbons will be distributed at all Masses to serve as symbols for the Notre Dame community to display their commitment to stand together and make Notre Dame a place for all people to grow in faith, hope, and love.

Thursday, October 11, 2001, is National COMING OUT Day.

On the occasion of National Coming Out Day, October 11, 2001, we the Standing Committee on Gay and Lesbian Student Needs join Notre Dame's gay, lesbian, and bisexual students in gratitude for the love and support they have received from family and friends. We urge all members of our community to redouble all efforts to make our campus a safe and welcoming place free from harassment of any kind.

the world trade center:



JENNY WAHOSKE

SUSAN OHMER
is an assistant professor in the department of American studies. She lived in New York for nine years while earning her Ph.D. at New York University.

Around the World Trade Center there exists a community called Battery Park City. More than 10,000 people live in apartments there, including many families with young children who enjoy the parks and playgrounds nearby. Battery Park City has always had a special relationship with the Trade Center, because it was built on a landfill created during the construction of the towers. Within Battery Park City, the Trade Center loomed large — not only in size, but as a focus of attention. People paid tens of thousands of dollars more for an apartment that gave them a view of the towers. The World Trade Center also loomed large because you pretty much had to walk around it or through it to leave the area.

For nine years I lived in this neighborhood, across the street from the Trade Center, and I'd like to tell you what it was like. Though I didn't see the towers from a balcony, I saw them every morning when I left my apartment building. You could plan your day by them: Did the sun light their upper floors? Were they shrouded in fog? Could you even see them through the snow? The towers were always there. It is impossible to imagine them gone.

To have a job in the WTC meant you had achieved something; it was considered a classy place to work. One day I met one of my former students outside the building. She had found a job there after graduating and was so proud to have "arrived." People worked hard to be in the Trade Center, and you could feel the energy if you were there around 9 a.m. Beautifully dressed men and women, with their cell phones, laptops, briefcases, pagers, newspapers, cappuccinos — and sometimes all of the above — rushed to get to their offices. The towers attracted other people as well in the mornings. Tour buses spewed fumes out front. Children in school groups bumped into each other as they moved across the plaza, entranced by the height and size of the towers. I vividly recall one little boy who threw back his head and said, grinning from ear to ear, "I love big buildings!" I hope he never loses that feeling.

Television and newspaper reports describe the World Trade Center as a place where people worked, but it was much more than that. So many people, working at such a pace, needed many things to keep going. And the Trade Center supplied those needs. The ground floor of the WTC looked like many suburban malls, with fluorescent lights, wide corridors and familiar shops: Hallmark, Radio

part of the neighborhood

Shack, Bath and Body Works. People who worked in the buildings bought birthday cards, valentines and Mother's Day gifts there, too. All day there were long lines at the Starbucks coffee shop and the deli where televisions were tuned to news of the stock market. One of my favorite memories is of being in Duane Reade, a chain drugstore, at lunchtime and noticing how many people flocked to the candy aisles. Quite a few WTC employees relied on Snickers and Hershey bars to supply their nutritional needs. And the lines at the pharmacy counter never seemed to diminish.

Though the ground floor of the Trade Center looked like a mall, the pace and flow of people was more intense because the WTC also served as a transportation hub. At 8:45 a.m., hundreds of people would have been pouring out of the deep levels where the commuter trains entered to be carried up escalators to the ground floor. The Trade Center was organized for rushing, so people could grab breakfast on their way to the office or drop off photos to be developed on the way home. You could grab a newspaper, a book, a racing form or a sandwich as you raced to enter or leave. And everywhere you looked there were cash machines to help you pay for it all.

And as quickly as people ran to get in, they rushed to get home. On Fridays, the exodus could begin around 3:30. On holiday weekends, it began on Thursday. Some people came back at night to dine in Windows on the World at the top of the towers. Young Wall Street bankers honed their social skills at the wine-tasting seminars held there. People celebrated anniversaries and promotions while enjoying the view. The lights of the towers illuminated the neighborhood at night. After the bombing in 1993, when the Trade Center lost its electricity, the entire area felt dark, as if something ominous were looming over Lower Manhattan. Now the darkness that seemed so threatening would feel welcome.

Many hard-working men and women died on September 11. People with graduate degrees, law degrees, people who worked full-time during the day to put themselves through school at night. Their birthday cards and resumes are being found in neighborhoods that are miles away. A lot of people worked long hours to earn a place in those towers, not knowing they would die there, or die jumping from there. Their daily lives, rushed and jam-packed as they were, deserve to be remembered. ❑

twenty-four hours

JIM FLOOD
earned his undergraduate degree from ND in 1992.

For almost three years, I worked on the 70th floor of 2 World Trade Center. I was lucky enough to have a window office for the last year and a half, facing east. It was an incredible view. Through my windows I could see a chunk of lower Manhattan's Financial District, the lower part of the East River and the bridges spanning it, substantial portions of both Brooklyn and Queens, and the Atlantic Ocean.

That particular vantage point no longer exists, and I suspect it never will again.

I can still visualize the contents of my office as though they're intact. I can picture the layout of my floor and imagine myself walking by my coworkers' offices and cubicles. That space is now empty, just another part of the sky; my office and the others are nothing but rubble. It doesn't seem possible that the Citibank branch where I maintained my checking account, the Banana Republic and Gap where I bought most of my clothes, the Borders where I often picked up books and magazines, and other establishments that I patronized on a regular basis no longer exist. And, much worse, it's incomprehensible that so many people who worked in the towers could be missing and likely dead, people whom I might have seen at some point in the past three years while walking through the concourse or eating lunch on the plaza or waiting in line for an ATM.

The most difficult piece of reality for me to grasp is that one person who worked on my floor is missing. His name is Tom Swift, and he's one of the nicest guys I've ever met.

I'm a pretty laid-back guy — even-tempered, not easily fazed. If you had asked me two weeks ago, on September 10, if I could imagine anything ever happening that might make me hysterically emotional, I would have unequivocally answered no. On the morning of September 11, however, that's exactly what happened. It seems that virtually all Americans who watched that day's events unfold on television reacted with some combination of shock, fear, anger and sadness. We were all traumatized to some degree. But witnessing the event up close introduced me to emotions I never knew I had and thoughts I never expected to encounter in my own mind.

I was running late that morning (an unusual number of my coworkers' stories of that day start this same way). When the subway that I took from Brooklyn reached Rector Street, the station before the Trade Center, the conductor announced that the train would be skipping the WTC stop and going straight to City Hall. Individual subway stations often have signal or track problems, so I didn't think it was anything to worry about. This was after the first plane had hit 1 World Trade, but no one on the subway knew that.

I got off the train and waited for the next train, just to see if I'd hear the same announcement. When I did, I started upstairs, expecting to walk the four blocks to my building. (For a perspective check, the towers were so massive relative to everything around them that when you were four blocks away from one it seemed like no distance at all.)

Just as I had reached ground level and started walking north, I heard the deafening roar of the second plane overhead, followed by the sound of the crash, which was so terrifyingly loud and unnatural that it was obvious something catastrophic had happened. If you know how gut-wrenching the sound of one car crashing into another can be, imagine that times a million. I looked up and saw the orange explosion bursting from 2 World Trade Center. I didn't see the plane, as it had already disappeared into the building, so I didn't know exactly what had happened. It seemed to me that the explosion was occurring right in the section of the building where I worked, even though the floors hit by the plane were actually in the high 70s and the 80s. I instantaneously thought: *That's where I work, and all the people I work with are now dead; I am sup-*

posed to be there right now, and if I were I'd be dead; and *We are under attack, and I am probably about to die one way or another, from debris falling on me or the building crashing or a bomb exploding.* Except it wasn't quite as coherent as all that.

I ran like hell, as did everyone else on the street, and I totally lost my sanity. I was yelling "No!" over and over again, crying, struggling to understand that this was reality and not a nightmare, all the while running as fast as I could. I ran for several blocks, until I felt out of immediate danger. People were milling about all over the street, obviously concerned but not frantic. My next thought was to call my parents so they would know I was alive, so I got in line for a pay phone. Some were working, others weren't — same thing with cell phones all day long.

While I was in line, I heard people talking about planes crashing into both towers, but I didn't quite believe that's what had happened. It didn't make sense. After waking up my dad in California and letting him know I was OK, I wandered around for a while, not knowing what to do or where to go. I felt devastated by the idea that so many people I knew, some of whom are close friends, could be dead. And I began to suspect that thousands of others were dead and dying as well.

I thought about heading toward the World Trade Center to see if I could help somehow or find some of my friends, but there was a general exodus from that area, everyone seemingly trying to get as far away as possible. My self-preservation instinct kicked in, and I decided I needed to get out of Manhattan. I thought of walking across the Brooklyn Bridge but feared that it might be a target as well. At a loss for a better plan of escape, I waited in line for another pay phone and left a message for my roommate, thinking that she'd be able to tell people who called that I was alive.

Walking around somewhat aimlessly, I found myself at the entrance to a subway station. I went down, thinking I'd get on a train to Brooklyn, but the guy working the ticket booth told me that none were running. Right then, 2 World Trade collapsed. I have a slight memory lapse here: I don't remember hearing the noise of the building coming down, but it seems like I must have heard it. All I remember is that I started running up the stairs as ash and smoke were billowing down into the station. People were running down the stairs toward me, yelling "Don't go up there!" One of them said that the stock exchange, which was just down the street, had been bombed. This was the first of countless pieces of misinformation I was exposed to during the day, which of course only made things worse. Some of these rumors may have been malicious, but this one was probably just a misinterpretation of events. Some of the people coming down the stairs were covered head to toe with ashes.

> If you know how gut-wrenching the sound of one car crashing into another can be, imagine that times a million.

As the station continued to fill up with smoke, a Metropolitan Transportation Authority employee led us through a door at one end of the platform. We holed up in a little control room that had an adjoining bathroom. I can't say for certain how long we were in there, as my sense of time was totally warped that day, but I believe it was about 30 or 40 minutes. Someone had heard that the Pentagon had been hit and that several planes were missing on the Eastern seaboard, so we were all tense. I don't know about the rest of them, but I was intensely afraid that I was going to die.

The MTA eventually arranged for a train to take us out of the area. On our way through the smoke over to the other side of the tracks, where

the train was, we had to press wet paper towels over our faces to breathe.

As I was walking toward Brooklyn on the Williamsburg Bridge, which was the bridge closest to where the train left us off, I turned around and realized for the first time that both towers were gone. After getting to the other side, I spent a long time sitting around in a daze, not knowing what to do. I was still miles away from my neighborhood. There were hundreds of people waiting for buses, but I wasn't sure whether I wanted to get on one. I wasn't able to get through to any of my coworkers whose numbers I knew. By this time I had begun to hope that some of them might be OK. I'd found out that there was a lapse between the attacks, and I heard someone mention that they'd talked to a woman who got out from the 64th floor of 2 World Trade.

It was several more hours until I was able to find out that all 22 members of the group I'm a part of — the Morgan Stanley Funds marketing department — were safe and uninjured. In the meantime, after two bus rides (including one that was so insanely stuffed with people that I thought it was going to tip over) and a couple more miles of walking, I got home.

The first night I felt numb, both literally and figuratively. All I could do was sit on a friend's couch and watch the horrifying images over and over again on TV. I couldn't go to sleep until 5 a.m., and even the next morning my heart was beating way faster than usual. Over the next several days, I experienced myriad physical manifestations of stress, and at times I found myself sobbing uncontrollably. Things are starting to get back to normal in some ways, but I know I will never be the same again, and neither will our country. The show of concern and support I've received from my family and friends, including people I hadn't talked to in years, has humbled me in a way nothing ever has before. I feel lucky to be alive and tremendously relieved that almost everyone from my floor survived. I also feel deeply sad for all the innocent people who were killed that day, and for their families and friends.

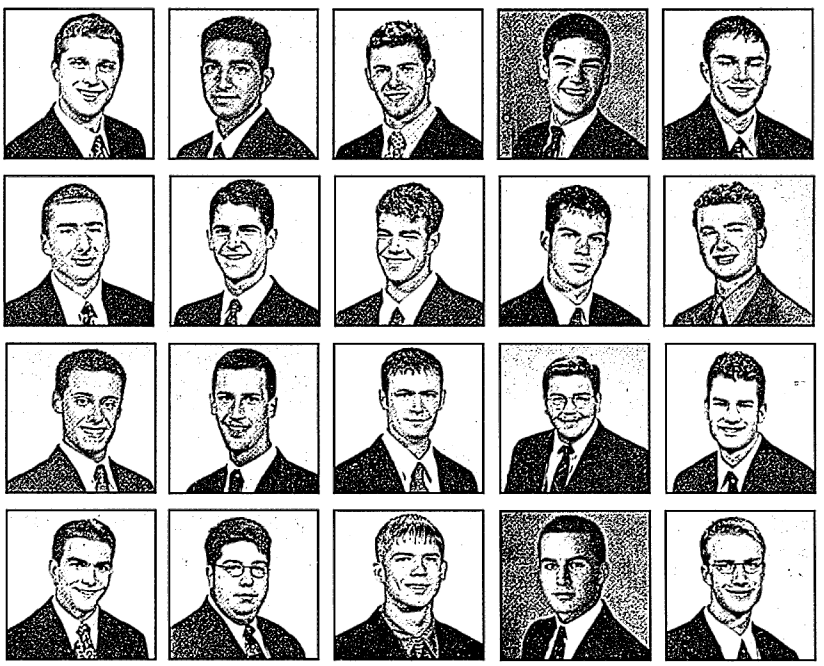
I've heard a lot of people say that if we change our way of life, the terrorists will have won. I disagree. They won't win unless they kill us all and destroy America, and there's no way that will ever happen. That said, we will have to find new ways to ensure the safety of our citizens and our country. We should make changes to our way of life, and I believe we can do so without compromising our freedom. Being more vigilant, being less careless and apathetic, does not have to mean that we'll be less free.

There are also many people clamoring for war, overeager to bomb Afghanistan or other countries that may harbor terrorists. I suspect that a lot of these war mongers have never experienced terror the way I did that day. Among the many thoughts that ran through my overstressed brain on September 11 was: "I want to join the Army and go kill the people who did this." I've calmed down a bit since then, but I still believe that those who planned and supported these attacks deserve to be brought to justice one way or another. However, what I experienced that day — the initial panic and horror and confusion, the eventual sense of dread and helplessness — was so damaging, so overwhelming, that I would not wish it on innocent people anywhere. Not on other Americans, not on Afghanis who have nothing to do with the terrorists. Bombing the people of other countries indiscriminately will not avenge our dead or ennoble us in any way, and it might provoke more despicable acts of terrorism against Americans. I sincerely hope that our government does not take this course of action.

I believe that humans are capable of accomplishing great things, and I'm optimistic that we can join together with other civilized nations to make the world safer and more sane with the least amount of violence possible. Pursuing that goal, as challenging as it might be, would be the best way to honor those who died on September 11. ❑

FRIENDS AND BROTHERS

our team at Old College



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habakkuk and kennedy

MICHAEL WAHOSKE
earned his undergraduate degree from ND in 1975 and his law degree from ND in 1978. He has two children, both of whom currently attend the university.

Evil was not born on 11 September 2001. It is from of old, and the pain of its manifestations have been felt from ancient times. On the very day that we were all shocked into our current awareness that evil is real and exists today, the church's liturgy of the hours recalled the words of the prophet Habakkuk, circa 600 B.C.:

"How long, O Lord? I cry for help
but you do not listen!
I cry out to you, "Violence!"
but you do not intervene.
Why must you let me see ruin;
why must I look at misery?
Destruction and violence are before me;
there is strife, and clamorous discord. ...

"Terrible and dreadful is he ...
... His horsemen come from afar:
They fly like the eagle hastening to devour;
each comes for the rapine;
Their combined onset is that of a stormwind
that heaps up captives like sand ...
... Then he veers like the wind and is gone. ..."

Office of Readings
Tuesday of the 23rd Week in Ordinary Time
September 11, 2001

The struggle against evil did not begin on 11 September, either. Forty years ago, a new American president reminded the nation:

"Since this country was founded, each generation of Americans has been summoned to give testimony to its national loyalty. The graves of young Americans who answered the call to service surround the globe.

"Now the trumpet summons us again — not as a call to bear arms, though arms we need — not as a call to battle, though embattled we are — but a call to bear the burden of a long twilight struggle, year in and year out, 'rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation' — a struggle against the common enemies of man: tyranny, poverty, disease and war itself."

John F. Kennedy
Inaugural Address
January 1961

Now we are called by a new American president to "the first war of the 21st century," and it seems we are once again in the twilight. How long indeed, O Lord?

The answer is always. At least as long as we are on this planet. The struggle of good against evil is epic. It is humanity's struggle, and, to borrow another phrase from Kennedy's Inaugural, that particular "torch has been passed to a new generation of Americans."

But it cannot be only an epic struggle, waged on a global scale in massive campaigns over months or years. It must be an individual struggle, waged on the personal level, in small encounters and over every day. We must all come to realize that all evil is evil, and that every bit of it matters. Big evils come from small, repeated and accumulated and ignored. No evil is too trivial, too personal or too private to matter.

The same, of course, is true of pursuit of the good. All good is good. Every bit of it matters. It is all worth it, every day, no matter how personal or private or trivial it may seem. For each of us, in our everyday lives, it has to be a two-front war: a struggle against evil and a pursuit of the good. We are not just called to "beat swords" but to beat them into plowshares.

Both on a national and on a personal level, that is a tall order, that struggle against evil and for good. And here is the hardest part: We must discern between what is evil and what is good, and we must not be paralyzed into inaction on either a personal or a national level because that discernment is sometimes difficult and uncertain. If we don't carefully discern, if we don't "test the spirits to see if they be of God," of good, then we risk doing

evil in the name of good. And if we don't act at all, because it is just too hard to be sure, and thus we think it is better just to tolerate everything and convince ourselves that it is all "relative" anyway, then, in the short run and the long, evil (which does not stop to discern, and is not paralyzed by relativism) will prevail and good will go undone. So discernment and judgment and choice and action, all undertaken in our best informed light, are part of the struggle, too.

Now, to be sure, we are not alone in that struggle. Not only do we have each other, and all those generations that have gone before, but the Divine is with us, too. No matter what, as Paul reminds:

> "For I am certain that neither death nor life, neither angels nor principalities, the present nor the future, nor powers, neither height nor depth nor any other creature, will be able to separate us from the love of God that comes to us in Christ Jesus, our Lord."
>
> *Romans 8:38-39*

But it is *our* struggle. We, each of us, are called to it every day. That struggle both separates us from the beasts and is our burden. It is at once our curse as humans and our terrible gift. To borrow from Kennedy one last time, we engage in this struggle "asking His blessing and His help, but knowing that here on earth God's work must truly be our own."

So, that is the answer to Habakkuk's lament, whether uttered in the sixth century before Christ or in the 21st after. It is up to us, each in our own lives, every day, in big ways sometimes but mostly in small, to struggle against evil and pursue the good and to help and encourage others to do the same. And we must do that as long as we are human. That is how long. ❑

searching

KATIE FREDDOSO
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It's midnight on Thursday night, and I'm exhausted from a week of running — running to classes, running to meetings and, more than anything, running from silence. From the moment I turned on the TV and saw New York on fire, I have just wanted something, anything, to distract me from thinking about it. I'm bewildered by questions of war I never thought I'd be confronted with, made all the more complicated by conflicting opinions even within my own family.

Almost instinctively, I am against going to war, and I've even got a lot of reasons and arguments in defense of my position. But I'm feeling an inexplicable sense of restlessness that all the arguments and speeches and debates haven't quelled.

I guess it's this restlessness that's keeping me awake as I'm walking to meet with Hany Shamshoum, a recent ND graduate from Nazareth, to interview him about his take on the September 11 tragedy.

> To understand where these people come from and what pushed them to this point ... also makes you angry and sad at the same time.
>
> — Hany Shamshoum

We sit on the marble ledge by Library Circle, and Hany lights a cigarette and starts telling me about his life: Although he is an ethnic Palestinian, he is technically an Israeli citizen, since his family refused to leave Nazareth

when the Israelis took over. He grew up Catholic, learned English from the Sisters of the Holy Cross and then came to Notre Dame to study.

His description of his childhood astonishes me. "[Israel] is not the greatest place to grow up in. ... There was a huge Israeli base in the middle of Nazareth, and every time I [went] to school, I had to go through this military base, surrounded by people with machine guns." He sips his Coca-Cola Classic and smiles. "The funny part is, when I came to the States and I saw the ROTC people with no weapons, I was like, 'What?' It was just something I wasn't accustomed to."

I laugh, but I have a hard time finding it all that funny. I'm wondering: What would it be like to grow up like that? What would it be like to be shocked by an *absence* of machine guns? I'm staring at the ledge we're sitting on, remembering how, when I was a kid, Mom used to bring my brother and me over to campus, and she'd help us climb up on this very ledge and walk along it. I'm trying to imagine what my life would be like if, in place of these childhood memories, in place of Mr. Rogers and tee-ball practice, I had recollections of men standing with weapons ready and crowds evacuating a building after yet another bomb threat. How would I think? I don't usually think about it, but violence is a daily reality for millions of people around the world. And one of those people is sitting here in front of me. On this very ledge.

I'm shocked, but I try to recover by asking him what he thinks about the events of last Tuesday. "What happened on Tuesday?" he jokes, and I'm relieved to laugh. But then his face becomes serious, and he fumbles to find words to describe his reaction. "I was in shock. ... I mean, unnecessary death is always very sad, but the magnitude of this attack was" — he hesitates, searching for the word — "unbelievable. ... I couldn't find the emotions to describe — I mean — I was just frozen. ... I grew up in a war zone, but ... this was unlike anything I had ever experienced."

He lights up another smoke, takes a long drag and sighs. "It revealed for me how much people in the Middle East are angry ... how much their anger has gotten to the point where they actually can cause such a catastrophic attack," he says. "So ... my heart was split, because any human loss is just terrible, but to also understand where these people come from and what pushed them to this point ... also makes you angry and sad at the same time."

I ask him why people in the Middle East would be so angry, and we talk about issues I've heard about all week: American aid to Israel, the Gulf War, the U.S. embargo on Iraq — all of which have a great deal of suffering among innocent people. Hany tells me he thinks bin Laden must be brought to justice, but a war will serve only to build up more resentment. "An eye for an eye leaves everybody blind," he says. He stares at his can of Coke in the dim overhead light and says, "You know, Bush is on TV talking about good and evil, about punishing evil people, but that's not what this is about." He looks up, looks me in the eye and says, "These people are not evil, they are angry."

And I realize that what has been bothering me are not issues of foreign policy or even the suffering of the victims in New York. Obviously, I feel for the victims and their families. But that isn't what's been keeping me up at night for the past week. I can see them; they're human to me.

I've been seeking to understand a human action that is impossible to comprehend from a merely political or theoretical angle. Beyond all the rhetoric, beyond all the arguments, I've been looking for a human face on the other side of this.

It's late when I say goodbye to Hany, and I walk home enjoying the silence of the night. ❑

dear friends,

We have been shocked and appalled by the events of September 11. On this campus, and throughout the nation and world, we have been provided poignant images that conveyed the degree of human pain and suffering and that touched our very souls. In the midst of this sense of human loss, we have also been moved by countless instances of heroism and bravery. Few among us have not been touched directly or indirectly by the news of the death of a family member, a friend of a friend or someone connected to our family or university. Through all of this we have rediscovered the face of human evil. Nevertheless, it is our responsibility to ponder these events and sort out an appropriate way in which we as a community can respond with intelligence, compassion and wisdom.

First, let me thank all of you who participated in the moving memorial Mass on South Quad on Tuesday afternoon. It was an experience of our solidarity in prayer that I will always remember. Since that time, in the residence halls and across the campus, we have continued to pray and to mobilize our resources to assist the victims of the attack and their families. We have given blood. We have raised money. We have discussed the complexity of our world in class settings and in countless gatherings of friends. We have tried to learn from the experience of those among us who have a greater appreciation of the cultural, religious, economic and political factors that we must comprehend in order to make better sense out of this tragedy and to sort out the options available to us as a nation and world in response to this series of terrorist events.

One obvious commitment all of us make is to avoid any attempt to make scapegoats of parts of the population in this country or abroad who have had no involvement in this horrible activity, either directly or indirectly. Those killed and injured in the events in New York, at the Pentagon and in Pennsylvania represented every continent, every religious heritage and every ethnic and racial group. The same is true of those who struggled heroically to save lives and to limit the damage. We must affirm our solidarity with our Muslim brothers and sisters and all who seek to serve God according to the highest principles of their religious heritage. We people of the Book — Jews, Christians and Muslims — share much in common, and we need to work together for a greater degree of justice and peace in this world.

In this time of international tension, we must also pray for our national leaders and all entrusted with responsibility for making the difficult decisions about how to respond to this violation of human dignity and this attack on our sense of safety and security. While people of good will, even in the Christian tradition, may disagree about particular strategies, we hope that our leaders will act with thoughtfulness, restraint and a prior weighing of the short- and long-range impacts of the steps that might be taken.

Finally, we need to be aware of our own complicity in the unjust structures of the world. We must seek to purge ourselves of prejudicial attitudes and unfounded biases. We must support policies at the national and international level that seek to ameliorate the grave disparities in the quality of life between one part of the world and another.

I have great confidence in our Notre Dame community. Let us continue to respond to the needs of the injured and sorrowful. Let us pray for peace while we work for justice. Let us continue to foster a vibrant learning community here so that our graduates prepare themselves to become good and reflective citizens and ethically sensitive leaders in every walk of life and in every part of the world.

cordially,

REV. EDWARD A. MALLOY, C.S.C.
President, University of Notre Dame

here

Here

Blue, white, and red fly at half;
A bell tolls dull and loud and full
At the passing of two, four, six beats
The lazy sun hazes, spreads; if she had a
Voice, ever, she's silent now, very silent

Stony faces squint, solemn and grayed,
Walking in pockets, we hear our paces
and the scrape of our soles beneath
Wind hustles, warm, shiftless, sweeping
While flag folds rustle on a glinted pole

Rested upon which a sign signals peace in a language not spoken
September 11, 2001: Notre Dame—day has broken

GREGG MURRAY
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There

new
york
city (day
break)
the wind is black, rain:
red
oh beau
ti ful forsaken all that
is
beauty: forsaken
skies rain grey
pregnant with
dissolution,
we toll
derivations of hope
in an

unknown calculuslet it close
katie, please, fasten
shut and bar it strong
to
pull back hands
held out to a frozen sky
breathless
with laceration who
spilled your red
blood, regina,
who spilled
who spilled your red blood

regina regina
who red blood red blood
oh beau
ti ful forsaken
for sacred
say? can you see
say, say, oh beau
can you see can you see
can't see
anything
the wind is black, rain:

red
(dusk)

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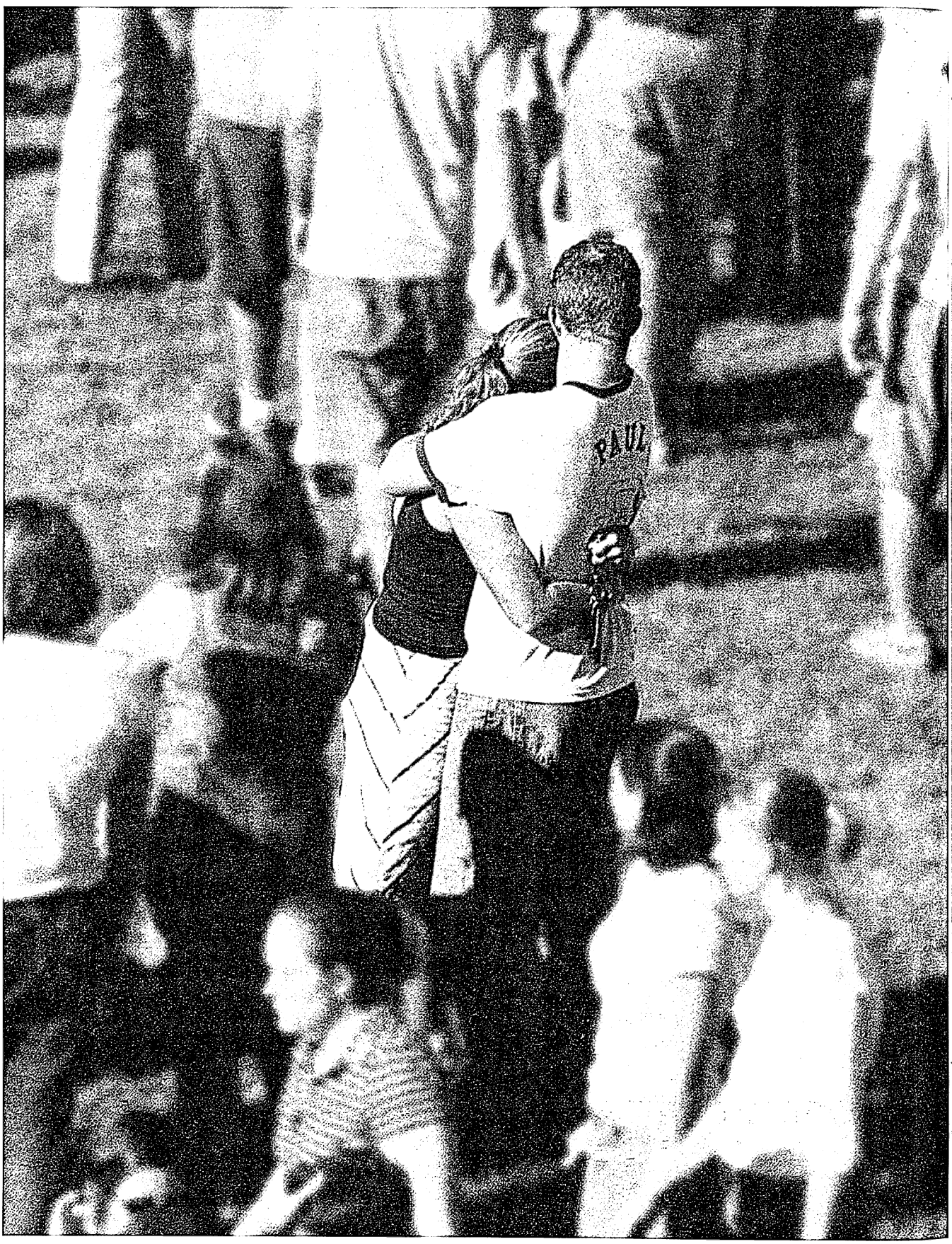
there



MICHAEL GRIFFIN

EMBRACE

Students come together for Mass on South Quad on September 11, 2001.

we, the students of the united states of america

While smoke and debris billowed over Manhattan on September 11, obscuring the sun and bringing tears to people's eyes, the sky that stretched over Notre Dame was as clear and blue as it ever is.

When considered from different perspectives, the tragedy itself can appear as different as the two skylines. The complexity and subjectivity of that morning have reduced our ability to respond to it effectively.

After wondering about the statistics regarding the thousands dead and injured — the details that attempt to explain to us what happened that morning — questions of a more essential nature remain. How do you begin to come to terms with what occurred as many of us still were sleeping, blissfully unaware that while we dreamed, people's worlds were crumbling? How do you begin to reconcile our desire for swift defensive action and our need for unhurried contemplation, our anger and our compassion, our incomprehension and our urge to explain everything?

What drives a human being to kill? How do the roots of evil take hold, and grow, in the mind of people not so fundamentally different from us? How do we react effectively to counter such hatred?

Perhaps, to start, we are required to define humanity.

Most philosophers and ethicists, from ancient to modern times, agree that the quality that differentiates humans from animals is our ability to reason. We can use this reason, according to Plato, to understand "the Good": how the world as a whole, and we as individuals, should strive to be.

By learning to live well, we are transformed and ascend to a higher level of consciousness, which enables us to recognize the inspiring possibilities of life. Aristotle, Plato's student, felt that achieving the good life is even more attainable than Plato thought. We develop virtuous activities through habit, and eventually these activities become our characteristics. When we develop virtuous characteristics, we fulfill our human function and reach our common good, or right end, which is happiness.

How does this apply to what took place three Tuesdays ago? Both Plato and Aristotle agree that the good life, and happiness, results from cultivating uniquely human capacities — namely, our reason — towards excellence. This responds to the question of how we should react to the events — with reason. This solution seems too obvious to be satisfactory, but it's an essential starting point, a theme by which to direct our action.

Aristotle also recognizes that although we have the power to develop our own characteristics and actions, fate and chance are out of our hands. However, we can deal with bad fate gracefully, and ultimately, luck is not enough to cause or prevent happiness. Thus, how we respond to that Tuesday is of paramount importance. Terrorists can deal us a bad hand and leave us reeling for a moment, but they cannot determine the long-lasting effects that the events have on us. We have the power to draw good from this tragedy, regardless of how difficult it may be to do so.

In addition, Plato and Aristotle both also stress the value of the community and friends during our individual journeys towards happiness. In our darkest hours, we must lean on each other. It is an undeniably simple statement, but the truth it encompasses often goes unrecognized until we see images such as one of 7,000 people on South Quad, arms linked in prayer, strong even in mourning.

With the help of others, we must deal with perhaps the most frustrating aspect of the entire tragedy — that we cannot understand why anyone did this to us. Our ability to reason defines our humanity. When we cannot reason through a problem and explain why it arose and how it will be solved, an essential aspect of our identity is rendered ineffective. Immanuel Kant, an 18th-century philosopher, wrote that the instant a person consciously decides to oppose the universal moral law, he leaves the human sphere. He relinquishes his identity as a person, as a part of humanity, for a

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darker role as a demon. While Aristotle forgives some immoral actions on the basis of a lack of understanding or knowledge, he also states that there are some universal laws that everyone is inherently responsible for knowing. We can be pardoned for misunderstanding or reacting incorrectly to particular circumstances, but not for ignoring universal moral codes. The acts of that Tuesday morning clearly violate a universal need to respect human life. The terrorists shocked us by acting irrationally, and thus, inhumanly. We have to respond by acting all the more rationally and humanely.

Thus, while it is appropriate to reflect on whether the American way of life is somehow deserving of the criticism of Middle Eastern fundamentalists, it is never appropriate to call us the cause of the destruction in New York and Washington. That destruction can be blamed only on the terrorists' irrational minds.

No matter how well we respond to this tragedy, it might happen again. If we kill or imprison one, two or a hundred terrorists, others will rise to take their places, unless we destroy the problem of hatred at its roots.

It is, by definition, impossible to understand this irrationality — what drives people to delight in the death of others. Enjoying the pain of others is inhuman and incomprehensible to the average person. However illogical the actual hatred, the roots of it actually are somewhat traceable. The radical manifestations of evil, such as the events of September 11, are the most visible products of hatred, but they are not the most common. Often, there is a certain banality to evil, as Hannah Arendt, a philosopher in the mid-1900s, explained after witnessing the trial of Adolf Eichmann, a Nazi responsible for loading trains with Jews bound for concentration camps. After listening to his testimony, a shaken Arendt explained that evil's ability to be commonplace is perhaps its most terrifying quality. She was horrified to realize that average humans, caught up in the mindless activities of daily life, allow immoral actions to take root in their lives *without even noticing.* If we never stop and think before acting, we might never recognize that what we are doing is wrong.

This is not the type of evil that erupted on September 11, as the hijackings and bombings were clearly far from ordinary, daily sins. They were calculated and planned, thus destroying, along with buildings and lives, the ancient assumption that rationality always is directed towards the good. However, the minds of the people who perpetrated those acts were not always inclined to accept such violence. At least we hope they were not, or else we face the terrifying proposition that some people are born inherently evil. With no way to prove this, we must assume that the hijackers, bombers and masterminds did, at some point, comply with the common moral code of humanity. Perhaps small daily acts of evil — such as those common at the Afghan camps where terrorists train young orphans and other desperate people to hate — piled up, and were rationalized away, until, finally, they were capable of justifying the deaths of thousands of Americans who went to work on a Tuesday morning in September. There is something more terrifying about the idea that evil can sneak up on us, seduce us, than that of evil being immediately identifiable, and thus, preventable.

As a key part of our reaction, it is our duty to actively fight this mundane type of evil, which can so slyly spread and escalate into national crises. As airlines around the country are raising their standards of safety, we must raise our principles of morality. We must embrace our humanity, our rationality, so that the terrorists, who so desire to destroy our sanity, will fail.

In the face of this terrorism, people are inclined to urge others not to change their lives. "Don't show them that they've hurt us. Prove that we don't bow to terrorism." This is almost right. We must analyze our lives first, and if we are living as humanly as possible, we should not change a thing. If we've let small evils creep into our lives, now is the time to change. Clearly, such changes can show the terrorists that they've lost just as powerfully as can images of us carrying on with life.

In a *Time* magazine tribute published days after the hijackings, an article told of a final cell-phone call between a doomed passenger and his wife. "Be brave. Take care of our daughter. I love you." And then he was gone.

When final words are as tender as these, we prove our humanity. We can safeguard that humanity by doing just what the husband asked, by spreading the message of rationality to younger generations. This will assure a victory over the terrorists more so than will any swift counterattack or war. While such actions may prove logistically necessary, they are not complete solutions to an enemy that is so vague. We are not fighting an individual, or even a country, but a mindset of evil that is threatening to pervade the world.

As students, we are in a unique position to deal with this incomprehensible catastrophe. According to Aristotle, humans strive for both practical and theoretical wisdom, and, accordingly, there is a time for concrete decisions and specific military planning as well as for more abstract thought about humanity and evil. Our realm is the latter. It is easy to feel helpless when faced with terrorists who cannot be appeased. Initially, imploring people to embrace humanity and remain reasonable when confronted with hatred seems too abstract, too idealistic. What can we do on a concrete level that will prevent something like this from occurring again?

The answer, sadly, is nothing. No matter how well we respond to this tragedy, it might happen again. If we kill or imprison one, two or a hundred terrorists, others will rise to take their places, unless we destroy the problem of hatred at its roots. We have to assure that our generation is ceaselessly moral and rational so that we will not allow ideals of hate to be sown in the world's youth. To make our response more concrete, we must make it public, as we have during the countless televised tributes that prove that we will not accept evil in our presence.

In the midst of student lives dedicated to thought, analysis and reflection, we must attempt to wrap our minds around the unfathomable. It is a sad day that demands that we use our education to attempt to comprehend death and destruction, but we owe the effort to those touched by the horror. We owe reflection on the morning and its aftermath to the victims and their families, and particularly to their children, who will inherit the world and the solution we eventually devise. We must always attempt to grasp the world we live in.

As 20-year-olds, we simply do not know enough to answer these questions or to reach a point of satisfaction at which we can feel that we fully understand the events of two weeks ago. However, as students, it is our responsibility to keep applying what we do know, and what we learn, to the tragedy. We can never allow ourselves to slip back into the easy, charmed way of life that is so prevalent on this campus. We can never allow anyone to offer flippant, careless solutions to a problem that is so clearly complex.

"Just bomb the Middle East off the map." Even merely voicing such opinions lends validity to hatred. Illogical anger at all Middle Easterners is a similarly dehumanizing reaction. In order to respond as humans to an inhuman action, we must cherish our ability to reason through proposed solutions, and select the fairest one. We must rein in our emotions, which are so easily manipulated at a time like this, and, eventually, we must move past our anger. "Forgiveness is the key to action and freedom," Arendt wrote, reminding us that if we are to end hatred on the world stage, we have to end it in ourselves first.

Though the smoke has since cleared from above New York, the air will not seem calm there for some time. The sun will shine again only after continuous thought and reflection, which also will assure that though a large geographical gap exists between us and them, an emotional one never will.

When we are asked to recall, as we inevitably will be, what we were doing, thinking, saying on September 11, I hope that we can honestly respond that the only thing clearer than the South Bend sky at the time was our mindset in the days that followed; the only thing brighter, our optimism and hope. ❑

Special thanks to professor Felicitas Munzel.

tuesday

ED RYAN earned his undergraduate degree from N.D. in 1983.

Tuesday, September 11, 2001 was a bright, warm, cloudless morning in New York City. The traffic on the way into New York was very heavy, and the commute was taking longer than usual. I got off the New Jersey Turnpike Extension, trying the back way to save time, but that route was backed up as well. On a late summer morning like this, it was hard to get too upset about being a half-hour late for work.

Just before 9:00 a.m., I was standing on the ferry dock in Jersey City, N.J., directly across from the Trade Center, when there was loud and clearly visible explosion near the top of the north tower. Looking directly east, it was impossible to tell that a plane had hit the building on the west side. I called my office on the 99th floor of the other tower to check on my colleagues. There was no answer. I called my wife and told her there was something really bad happening downtown but that I was not yet in the office.

The ferry arrived at the World Financial Center across the street from the Trade Center at about five after nine. There were hundreds of people in the plaza along the Hudson River staring straight up at the north tower, which was now belching black smoke and shooting flames and debris. Suddenly, there were screams and a stampede as the second plane smashed into the north side of Two World Trade. People simply piled on to ferries, not caring where in New Jersey they were going, just desperate to get out of Manhattan. I do not remember the sound of the plane striking the second building, only the screams of the crowd that had gathered. The confusion and terror were as unforgettable as the sight of the two towers fully engulfed in smoke and flame.

As I got back to my car just across the river, the south tower noiselessly fell. Fifteen minutes later, as I was on the way home, the north tower fell.

The enormity of the whole thing is still impossible to grasp 10 days later. Our little town of Chatham, N. J. lost a dozen people. Eighteen men and women from my group at work are gone, 200 from our company. More than 6,000 employees and visitors in the two towers were killed. Hundreds of policemen, firefighters and rescue workers were killed attempting to help the victims.

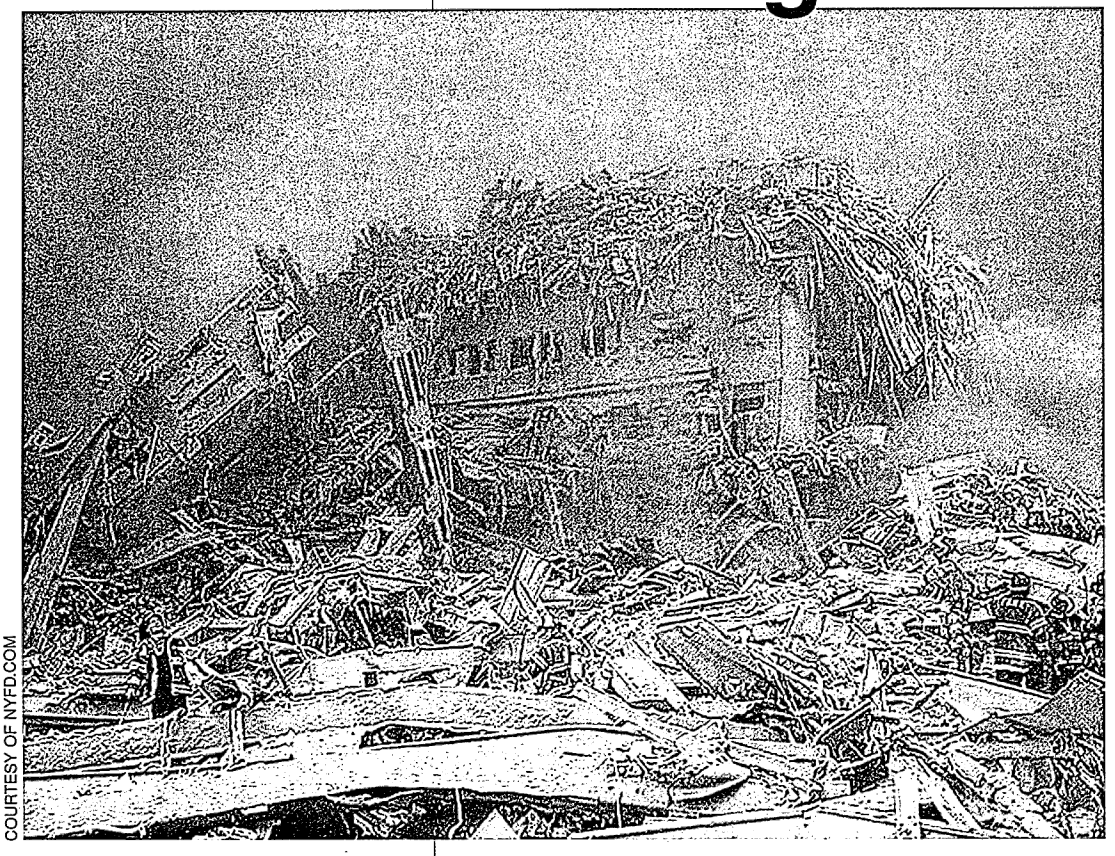
It is hard to describe to anyone who had never seen in person the World Trade Center how imposing those structures were. They dominated the skyline of the world's most important city. On an average day, 50,000 people worked in the two buildings. For people who live and work in New York, they were a beacon, a fixture, an elegantly simple contrast to the jagged midtown skyline. It was the only building I had ever worked in, having had two jobs in 16 years, both in 2 WTC. Those two buildings, 200 floors of office space, are gone, collapsed, hundreds of thousands of tons, straight down, creating an enormous void.

Equally hard to comprehend and describe has been the response of average people to the attack. By late afternoon on the day of the attack, blood donations exceeded the capacity of the system to handle them. By Wednesday afternoon there were more volunteers on the scene than could be used. The churches in and around our town have been filled to overflowing every night. American flags are everywhere. In the days following the tragedy I have received a hundred phone calls from family, friends, former colleagues, guys from high school, Notre Dame classmates. As the lives of thousands of people were buried under the tons of debris, unimaginable amounts of courage, strength and love have been uncovered by this violent attack.

I feel fortunate for myself. I thank God for my friends and colleagues who made it out safely. And I feel sorrow for all those who perished. In some ways, though, those I feel the greatest sorrow for those who saw the most gruesome, most horrific scenes imaginable. Remember them also, fortunate to survive, unlucky to have been hurt by this violence, in your prayers. ❑

and on the eighth day God created

firefighters



COURTESY OF NYFD.COM

de Sousa *(far left)* says that despite his horrific experiences at Ground Zero, he never regretted joining the department.

New York firefighter and '95 ND graduate Greg de Sousa relives his experiences at Ground Zero

On September 1, 2000, I found myself writing a mass e-mail to family and friends, advising them that I had decided to leave the financial world to become a professional firefighter in New York. If I recall correctly, I said that I couldn't really explain the decision, but what I knew was that it was something I absolutely felt drawn to, and that, in my heart, I knew what I was doing was the right thing.

Just some days ago, after September 11, 2001, I again found myself writing another mass e-mail to family and friends. This time, however, I wasn't talking about a change or something new I had a passion for. This time I found myself writing things and trying to explain something that is still unexplainable and so painful to millions of people. I am talking about the cow-

ardly terrorist attacks on the Twin Towers in New York. I had received dozens and dozens of calls and e-mails from my family, friends and former colleagues, inquiring about my whereabouts and well-being, because they knew I would be there. I had not been able to respond until almost 48 hours later. I was physically OK, but I was overwhelmed by New York's condition and our nation's state.

Now it's September 22 and I've been asked by *Scholastic* to share with you my experiences. If you catch me on the phone, I won't be able to talk, as a lump in my throat swells with every reminder of what has happened and what I am doing. Talking about it is not easy. Writing is. You won't see how many times I grit my teeth to fight back crying or how many times I get up and leave my computer to dry my eyes. You won't see the anger in my face every time my pain turns to rage. But there isn't time to be angry — not when there's still so much work left to do and so many funerals to attend. I can't even begin to describe the events or the experiences, mind-shattering views and hands-on work that I have encountered since Tuesday, September 11, 2001. It has been 11 days, yet it still doesn't feel like it really happened. What I mean is that the enormity of the attacks is so overwhelming and mind-boggling that unless you are down in the pit, on your hands and knees, you can't possibly fathom the destruction. So far it has been 11 long and painful days, and this will continue for weeks and months.

I was off-duty and don't remember the exact time the phone rang, but I was being ordered to report immediately to duty. That is never a good thing. I don't know how, but I somehow pulled a uniform together and made it to the firehouse in a matter of minutes. I wasn't even sure what was going on. I knew it was bad — just not how bad it was going to be. My fire department is 12 miles north of Manhattan, and on a clear day I am able to see the New York skyline — a skyline that is now forever changed, even if the towers are rebuilt. When I got to the firehouse, our radios were set to New York's fire ground frequency. We heard a firefighter screaming:

"Help me, I'm trapped in the cab of my truck. ... I'm running out of air. ...Get me out. ...I'm burning up and I'm going to die, help me."

That set the tone for what was to be. Those weren't the only screams for help that we heard that day from our brothers. I heard similar cries for help during my three months of training in the New York Fire Academy, an academy I had graduated from merely nine months before. And let me tell you, this time it was real, and it was gut-wrenching and nauseating, literally.

As firefighters, we are expected to be physically, mentally and emotionally tough. If I told you that my fellow firefighters and I had dry eyes and were being mentally and emotionally tough after hearing our brothers' screams for help, I would be a liar. I am not a liar.

Have you seen the video footage where a doctor ducks behind a car as the first tower collapses, and when he gets up, all you see is darkness and people and firefighters stumbling around? Do you recall that odd, perplexing sound in the background, that loud chirping, that annoying piercing sound, those ear-shattering shrills? That's the sound of a pass alarm. When firefighters wear air packs, there are pass alarms that go off when we stop moving or if we're trapped. In the calm moments after the collapses, all you could hear were those pass alarms, dozens and dozens of them.

I have spent many days and nights down in Lower Manhattan, where our wonderful Twin Towers once stood only days ago. I am actually still at a complete lost for words. I am never more than a minute away from tears ... anger ... and, I don't know, it's all very numbing. But the things I saw and the things I had to do with so many others are horrific, absolutely horrific.

A roommate of mine at Notre Dame wrote

something to me in an e-mail that was quite poignant. He wrote: "I'm proud of you, Sous, without knowing any of your activities of the last two days. But I'm sure you have been tested physically, mentally and emotionally, and sickened by the devastation of human grandeur and life." There were those words again: physically, mentally and emotionally.

Tested *physically*, yes, but that's not a big deal. Fatigue is merely a mindset, as we have all been proving to ourselves as we relentlessly search for victims to rescue — even though we know, deep in our broken hearts, that this is really now a recovery. What's weird is that I couldn't fall asleep for the first couple of days. Even now, I have trouble sleeping. I don't want to close my eyes for fear of what I will see and relive in my sleep. Yet eventually I do fall asleep, and I absolutely do relive the horror, kind of in a surreal way — but it is real and painfully vivid. And then I wake up and it's still there. *Mentally* and *emotionally* also are a challenge. None of us is yet sure of the toll it will really take. But most of all, we are *absolutely sickened by the devastation of human grandeur and life*. Even those specific words that my roommate wrote to me don't begin to scratch the surface of what has happened in New York and to the world. If I sound like I'm exaggerating, I only wish you could have stood where I have. The only way I can possibly begin to describe it is if you were standing in the middle of Notre Dame Stadium looking up. Now pretend that our stadium is four times its size. Now picture the stadium being filled up and around with debris, death and horror of all sorts. And that still might be an understatement.

After the attacks, the first 14 hours or so were spent manning the firehouses in the city, going out on fire alarms for the firefighters who were at the World Trade Center. All departments through our county were ordered to respond immediately. We all had different tasks. Not all were arduous, but all were emotionally consuming. The city called back *all* of its firefighters — that's roughly 13,000 firefighters. Many of them, along with us, were sent to what they are calling "Ground Zero" to begin the unthinkable. During the early hours of Wednesday, September 12, we were later released to return to stations for showers, food and sleep. No one slept a wink. No one even talked. By 7 a.m., we were back at Ground Zero to really begin the inevitable: the rescue ... but really, the recovery.

I was "fortunate" to have been staged in the middle of the two towers with thousands of firefighters and rescuers down at Ground Zero, literally right in the middle of all the carnage. I can't tell you in words what I saw. I was sickened and saddened. The body parts ... the bodies ... twisted steel ... cement ... papers ... clothing ... anything you can possibly think of, obliterated into powder and debris. Steel I-beams, 40 feet long, eight inches thick; steel that held up 110 stories, two times over, for almost 30 years, twisted and deformed like a bent drinking straw. Fires still burning, but they were not really a concern — the continuing collapses were more of a threat. We have and will continue to form human conveyor belts moving debris and so forth. We dig and search and choke back puke and tears.

Every so often, a loud whistle sounds. That means for everyone to be quiet — dead quiet — as a victim may be located or alive. Then, a canine is brought in. These precious dogs either sit, bark or freeze and point with a paw if there is a body, dead or alive. We don't know until we get to them. If there are cheers, we know it's either a firefighter (dead or alive) or someone alive. There haven't been too many cheers. If there are no cheers, a body bag is passed down our human conveyor belt and then carried out — full.

Despite the horrendous conditions, the smoke, the asbestos and the smell of death and destruction, everyone continues to work diligently and without complaint. When the air horns of the fire apparatus — an indication of another building collapse — blow three times, we all run for our lives. I've had to run twice now. It's not a pleas-

ant feeling. But as soon as we're cleared, everyone is right back without a second thought, working under the shadows of other buildings that are half-demolished, knowing that if they come down as well ... that's it. I can't tell you how proud I am of everyone lending a hand in some way. It's unreal. The support of Lower Manhattan, and the country for that matter, is as indescribable as the attacks themselves. I don't know what else to say, except to pray for all who are wounded, missing and dead.

Please pray for all of the rescue workers. This will continue to go on for weeks and months. The devastation is unbelievable. You can't possibly fathom what happened there. Fire engines and trucks burnt to the chassis ... doors of rigs open ... all compartments, destroyed ... knowing that the crews of those rigs are most likely dead; so many of my brothers, dead; watching the search dogs every move, waiting for their signal, knowing there is a body, but not sure if it is dead or alive.

I just celebrated my first-year anniversary on September 4. I had joked with one of the guys: "Hey, not bad. I only had two fatalities in my first year" (one in a car accident and one in a fire). I had spoken too soon. I should not have joked at all. They say that firefighters, police, EMTs and rescue personnel often joke or make light of the horrific things they see and do — not because we're sick or twisted, but because it's some kind of a defense mechanism. We're human too, right? As far as my joke, who would have known? No one could possibly have imagined that one week later we would all experience such a horrible tragedy.

I honestly pray for all of you and for everyone, especially my fellow firefighters. Believe me when I say that none of you, nor the majority of our nation and the world, can possibly understand what has actually taken place. I don't think any of us rescuers really understand. I know I don't. All I want to do is cry, and I have. You will cry too, and slowly and surely, day by day, as this long process continues, and as more footage is covered and as body after body is pulled from the rubble, you will begin to realize what you see over and over again on the television. And it's going to be painful and unbearable. And it's going to set in that this is real — sickening, but absolutely real. Everyone probably knows someone who has been affected or has a connection with the towers, not to mention the Pentagon and the other plane that crashed. And while we all know someone there, we can't possibly begin to imagine what all those poor, innocent people went through. It's all horrific.

I hope this finds all of you well and with continued faith. We must all come out of this stronger. We also need to stop sweating the small stuff and realizing how fragile life is. Be kind to someone instead of tearing them down. Don't be so quick to snap and get annoyed. Take a step back, take an extra breath and think of the past 11 days and what is still going to unfold for the weeks and months ahead of us all. This tragedy is not just about firefighters, rescuers and the poor victims. It's about all of us, our whole nation and all of our humanity, worldwide. It's about our spirit.

I'm sorry I have written so much. I don't know; I'm just numb and don't know what to think or feel. I really can't begin to describe the carnage, the destruction or how everything was obliterated to dust and rubble. No matter how religious we are, somehow, after something like this, I think everyone needs to be. Just pray, to whomever you'd like to. All my brother firefighters and I thank everyone for coming together and praying for us and everyone.

So did I make the right decision when I turned in a suit, tie and a nice office for a helmet, turnout gear and a big red fire truck? You're damn right I did. I have always been proud, and still am proud, when I hear people say or chant, "We are ND." I hold the same sentiment for my brother firefighters and our vocation, because being a firefighter isn't something we do, it's something we are. It's as simple as this: We go running in when everyone is running out. ❑

COURTESY OF THE DOME

GREG DE SOUSA

lived in St. Edward's Hall and majored in economics during his time at the university.

after september 11:

what should "we" do?

In 1917, Sen. Hiram Johnson said that "the first casualty when war comes is truth." Given that the attacks last week on New York and Washington have been widely described as "acts of war" and seem to have catapulted this nation toward fighting a war, it is surely incumbent upon us to track the fate of this potential first casualty: truth.

One way to do so is to track the use and misuse of words. "War" is one such word. There are others: words such as "terrorism," "cowardice," "extremist," "religion," "freedom" and "civilization." The words in which I am most interested these days are the words "us," "our" and "we." Why did they do that to "us"? How did they breach "our" security systems? What is it that "we" should do in response? In these sentences, who is the subject? Who is the "we"? The answer is that it is "we *Americans*."

Most of the time, I claim the identity of "American" with serious reservations. In times like these I resist it, in whatever way it can be resisted.

My reservations about using the word "we" (and related first-person pronouns) in conjunction with the word "American" is because this usage bespeaks a kind of collective purpose, a shared project and a community that is, I would argue, a fiction. The argument here is complex, but the theoretical core of it is that genuine political community is not possible in the United States due to the absence of a shared understanding of the good life — an understanding that must be rooted in a substantive account of the purpose of life, and, ultimately, of the author of life: God.

My resistance to the usage "we Americans" comes from my conviction that in times like these it is important for Christians to identify themselves first and foremost as Christians; all too often, in times such as these, Christians fail to do so. This rejection of Christian identity on the part of Christians rarely occurs overtly or explicitly. Rather, Christian identity is simply merged into American identity, as if they are perfectly harmonious and as if there is absolutely no conflict between them. And, thus, Christianity gets subordinated to the aims and purposes of the state.

This is true not only of Christians. In times of crisis, emergency or declared or undeclared war, virtually all segments of society get subordinated to the aims and purposes of the state. On this score, it is helpful to recall an essay published by Randolph Bourne in the midst of World War I, called simply "The State." Bourne observes that once war is declared, every facet, or nearly every facet, of society is organized in service to the war effort. All the old national symbols are dusted off and brought out. The old patriotic songs are heard once again. This is not done by executive order or congressional decree. It is done willingly, by each of these segments of society: the press, the churches, the schools. All of these strive to be part of the collective whole, part of the herd, resulting in a social monolith motivated by what Bourne calls "state-feeling," a kind of mythology featuring words like "freedom," "justice" and "the American spirit."

Over the past nine days, we can see this dynamic taking hold here at Notre Dame. Flags are virtually everywhere. Dorms draped in Old Glory. Lunch tables in Decio Hall donned with centerpieces featuring little flags. Red, white and blue ribbons pinned to Prayers of St. Francis and distributed at the Center for Social Concerns. The Notre Dame Web page presents images of the stars and stripes as evidence of patriotic unity on campus. I could go on.

This proclivity toward nationalism at Notre Dame goes back to World War I days, when the university trained hundreds of students for

military service, which included target practice on the walkway from Corby Hall to Old College in preparation for European trench warfare. It goes back to World War II as well, when hundreds of students training for the military regularly attended formation exercises on the South Quad. Similar displays were evident during the Vietnam War (though this was complemented, fortunately, with a vibrant and vocal peace movement on campus) and Gulf War (when, unfortunately, the peace movement was muted or, more accurately, drowned out). It seems that the university's proclivity toward nationalism during wartime will be part of the near future as well. The university, under the leadership of the administration, will be partaking in what is a nationwide crusade in the making.

We should note a certain kind of extremism that has emerged among Christians, an extremism that is willing to kill — not for God, but for the nation-state. In this context, I welcome the work and words of colleagues such as David Cortwright, who counseled caution on National Public Radio yesterday; George Lopez, who also counsels caution in an article distributed this past week; and Daniel Lindley of the government department, who, speaking at a gathering a week ago and approaching matters from a traditional political realist perspective, came close to offering this advice: "Do nothing." I think this is good advice. For 40 days, the traditional period of penance, the United States should do nothing. Perhaps this interval would afford a more sober-minded analysis of what is happening in the world than what we have seen thus far.

Lindley also argued last week that one way to prevail in this struggle against Muslim extremism would be for colleges and universities in the United States to host more Muslim students, and in this way instill in them the values of democracy and freedom. This would defeat extremism because, as he put it, "the American way of life is subversive."

REV. MICHAEL J. BAXTER, C.S.C.
is an assistant professor of theology and a fellow at the Joan B. Kroc Institute for International Peace Studies.

This, it seems to me, is exactly right. The American way of life *is* subversive. It is subversive not only of Muslim extremism, but also of more traditional forms of Islam. And also of traditional forms of Christianity.

In this latter case, this subversion works by rendering the teaching and example of Jesus irrelevant to the crisis at hand. "Love your enemies." "Do good to those who persecute you." "Bless those who curse you." These words are regarded as unrealizable ideals — nice thoughts, but useless to the exigencies of the state. And most remarkably of all, it is Christians who are among the forceful in declaring the Gospel to be irrelevant.

The problem of religion and violence is often depicted as a problem of extremism — people taking religion too seriously. But I submit that the problem, when it comes to Christians, is not taking religious seriously enough.

The problem of religion and violence is often depicted as a problem of extremism — people taking religion too seriously. But I submit that the problem, when it comes to Christians, is not taking religious seriously enough. Were we — and here, I mean "we *Christians*" — to take Jesus' teaching and example with utter seriousness, we would be reach out to Arabs and Muslims with this reassurance that, in spite of our differences, we will not kill you. ❑

a life lottery

Twin-Towers' worker looks back on how she escaped

That star-crossed Tuesday had started out normally enough. I awoke early and went out for my usual run around the lakes. My run generally serves as a little escape from the hectic routine of college life, but little did I know that on this day it would be an escape from the hectic reality of the world.

When I returned to Lyons, an eerie silence had replaced the sound of girls rushing around to get to classes on time. Instead, all I heard was the hum of televisions. I glanced at my watch. It was only 9 o'clock. As I walked back to my room, I stuck my head into the room across the hall just to see what was going on. Inside there were four girls glued to their TV.

The next image I saw was one that will remain ingrained in me forever. Before me, on the screen, stood a defeated-looking building. Massive billows of smoke were erupting from its decapitated top. A frightened-looking news anchor was trying to relay the news in bits and pieces with tears in her eyes — the World Trade Center had been hit.

Stunned by the image, my mind could register nothing at first. It was too unreal, too cinematic. This couldn't happen in our country, not here, not ever. A little later, when things had sunken in a bit, my thoughts immediately ran to those I know in New York. My best friend Suzanne is a student at Fordham University and has lots of family in the New York area. I called her immediately, and as soon as she answered the phone she broke into tears at my voice — tears of relief, confusion, helplessness. Suzanne's cousin, Tricia Cavaiuolo, worked in one of the towers for Baseline Financial Services. Through gasps, Suzanne managed to choke out that her cousin had escaped unharmed, but still the idea of the building collapsing with her inside was more than Suzanne could handle.

A few days later, when things had settled a bit, I called Suzanne back again to see how she was doing. I mentioned to her the planned memorial issue of *Scholastic*. Suzanne was enthusiastic about the idea, and she even suggested that Tricia might be willing to do a survivor's account of the incident.

Tricia gave this account over the phone from her Westport, Conn. home:

"I had gotten to the office early that day, around 7:45 a.m. I actually wasn't doing much work. I was just sitting around with some others in my office having the usual morning discussions. The Giants had lost against the Broncos the night before, and we were talking about the game, joking around. Suddenly, the first plane hit. I work on the 78th floor of the second tower, so no one had any idea what had happened. All I felt was the building shaking. Looking outside, it appeared as though it was raining books. Sheets of paper were flying everywhere. From 78 flights up, we could see thousands of people fleeing from the building to the streets. At this point I began screaming.

"I don't actually remember starting to scream or even know why I was screaming, but it was just a reaction. My friend Courtney grabbed my hand, and I grabbed my purse. We were going to try to get down to the ground level, but at the last minute Courtney decided to run back and get her wallet and shoes that she had left behind. At this point my friend Peter grabbed my hand, and we were caught in a shuffle getting onto the 78th-floor service elevator. It miraculously opened right in front of us right as we walked out. Everyone was pushing to get in, and I began to cry hysterically. I saw my friend Courtney buried in the crowd. She was struggling to get in the elevator. I called out, 'Courtney!' and she called out, 'Tricia!' just as the doors shut.

"Forty-five seconds later, the elevator was on the ground. It looked like a war zone through the windows outside. Debris was scattered about, and there were little fires everywhere. I still had

no idea what was happening. I clung to Peter, and we went to the observation deck of the courtyard between the two towers. We were told it was safer to stay in the building than to be outside. I called with my cell phone and left a message on my mom's voice mail to tell her I was all right. I called my father, too. He hadn't even heard about what had happened yet. The phone lines got jammed after that. I looked outside and saw debris and bodies falling. Looking up, I saw the toppled tower. I turned to Peter still clinging to his hand. 'I want to leave,' I said. We took an escalator back down to ground level. People were pushing and falling all over each other trying to get down. It was a stampede.

"At that point, the second plane hit the tower I was in. Though I didn't know it at the time, the plane hit two floors above my office on the 78th floor. I began hyperventilating. I couldn't breathe at all. I had to stop and catch my breath. As we dashed to the door, I gave Peter my purse, which had become too heavy for me in my panic. Right outside the doors there was a dead man lying in the street. 'Don't look!' someone screamed. We ran several blocks ... northeast. Oddly, at that moment all we could think of was how thirsty we were. We stopped at a convenience store to get a drink. People were waiting in line at a pay phone. They were given three chances to get a hold of their loved ones to let them know they were safe; otherwise, it was the next person's turn in line. Peter wanted to call home to let his parents know he was OK, but I didn't want to waste any more time. I just wanted to keep running. I can't remember if I knew what had happened at this point. I just remember looking back and thinking, *This is the most incredible thing I've ever seen.*

"Some people were just standing in the streets watching, but I wanted to get out of there. I didn't want to see anymore. I just wanted to get home. We decided to take the subway to Grand Central Station. I was worried about this because Grand Central is such a high-profile place in New York. Amazingly, the subway was empty. I was scared, but it was the only way out. At Grand Central I said good-bye to Peter. He was heading back to his apartment, and I was going home to Connecticut. I gave Peter some money because he'd left all his money and personal items in the office. 'Be safe,' I said.

"Alone now, I got onto a train heading home. The car was packed. Rumors were spreading everywhere. People were saying the White House and Capitol building had been hit and the whole United States was under attack. I began hysterically crying again. People were in such a panic to get out of the station that the train left 15 minutes earlier than scheduled. All I could think was that the world was coming to an end. I tried calling home again to tell my parents that I was alive and fine. By approximately 11 o'clock I was back in Westport — a mere two hours after the first attack, I was home.

"Now that it's a few days later, I've found out that, miraculously, my entire department from 78 floors up survived. Only four people are missing from the entire company. My friend Courtney made it out alive, too. She's a marathon runner, so she was in shape enough to race down all the flights of stairs. All I can say is I feel like I've won a life lottery. It's awful. People are dead. One minute they were safe and secure, but now they're dead. I feel bad for the families. Talking to people now, everyone thought I was dead, which is really strange. It's a weird feeling to have people think you were dead.

"Even now, certain noises make me jump. Just before the planes hit the buildings they revved their engines. Subconsciously, I must remember this noise, because every time I hear a noise resembling a plane my heart drops and I get panicky. I realize now you have to get on with life, though. You just have to go on. At any moment anything can change. You go through your whole life and nothing changes, but suddenly it will. The only thing left to do is to keep living." ❑

JULIE BENDER
is a freshman from Orchard Park, N.Y.

september 11, 2001

CHRIS GERBEN
is a first year MFA student in poetry.

From the Basilica at the University of Notre Dame, 11pm
I awoke to a beautiful autumn day, in Indiana —
the furthest state away from tragedy — with a note
from Sugam telling me to turn on my TV
OH MY GOD
and a sudden call from my Dad, "Son we love you,
Becky's been evacuated. We're all OK."

This place contains maybe 20 people right now
but my pen on this page is the only sound,
I almost feel guilty for writing.

Not both towers! I can't see mothers and fathers
jumping to escape death, flying to live
and planes in Manhattan, in the Capitol, if it
were a movie no one would believe it.
"Too sensational," James said.
I went to my first day of work under the Dome
and women were crowded around radios,
groups of men huddled around one stray television.
My boss mothered me, saw my tears, told me
to take my time.
They told us to leave, though we stayed.
At Lafortune, too sick to eat lunch
students sat with visitors by large TVs and silence
outside the basilica bells rang once every 30 seconds, like
a death toll.

After this I'll go to the grotto, all the candles
are already burning, it will be weeks before I
can actually light one, they're saying
rosaries every hour on the hour until 1 am.

All classes canceled, notes on every door
DAY OF PRAYER

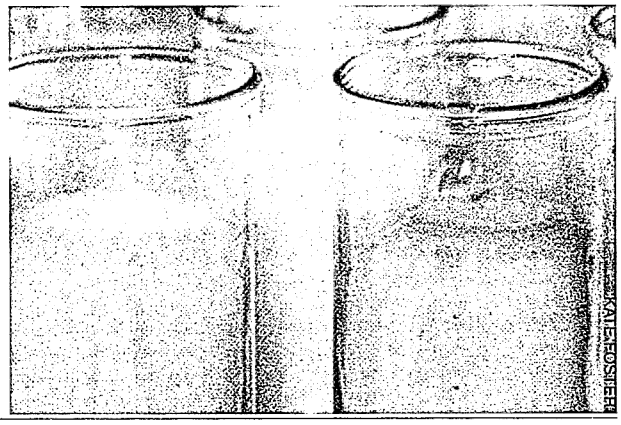
Illustration by Eric Doversberger
KATE FOSTER

Ben opted for his Bible over mass, he was looking
for some lost statement from God explaining this,
I don't blame him, watching him read makes me cry.
At mass hundreds of students mingled with the
foreign smells of incense on the South Quad, we sang
many cried, during the Alma Mater we swayed and
I've never sang so well, I've never cried outside
and we didn't want it to end, we had heaven
and the end of mass meant the return to reality.

The others in here sit with backs erect, eyes closed
leaving as unceremoniously as they came, a stray
usher marches and it makes me nervous.

I'm supposed to be home reading Gertrude Stein but
her repetitions infuriate me to the point of insanity and
discomfort — I watch more TV.
Andrew says they're scared in Germany too, I tell
him about a banner outside a girls' dorm with the words
to "Sunday Bloody Sunday" on it next to the flag
right white and blue.
I called home and my parents sounded old
and sad, my mom spoke through tears, we know
no one in DC or NYC, maybe one or two but
this is worse than that — how many orphans can
4 planes create? how many sins are forgiven for these
deaths? I wish more people around me would cry
that would make it OK, I could be OK.

I'm leaving soon, I'm one of the last, I'll kneel —
pray — go my way into the clear night with Mars
still in view to the cave of candles, the hope
of prayers burning but not hurting anyone.
I'm scared, I'm really scared
and the worst part is — you may never read it.



BY JEFF
DROCCO &
JARED RIZZI
staff members

"My daughter is adopted from Pakistan," says Cynthia Mahmood, associate professor of anthropology and fellow of the Kroc Institute for International Peace Studies. "One of the boys in the neighborhood has been going around telling people that she is a Muslim and hates America. I keep telling her she has to tell him to stop, but she's reluctant. I'm worried because it could be dangerous to her."

It's just after five in the evening on the Friday before the Michigan State football game, but the offices in the Hesburgh Center still are lively with activity. Such has been the scene for much of the past two weeks, as faculty have been busy following world events and sharing expert opinions with numerous reporters. In addition, the institute has sponsored three panels dealing with issues of terrorism and the international political response in the past few days.

"Only a matter of time..."

Mahmood has been staying awake most nights to follow the events developing in Pakistan. She's not optimistic about the status of the situation halfway across the globe. "Pakistan could erupt in civil war very easily," she says, commenting on the recent news reports of protests in that country. "You have to understand that most of the governments in that part of the world are not representative of the people." She notes that the nations that President Bush claims are allied with the United States really have little popular tolerance for American aggression. "On the facade, they're stable," she says, referring to the countries of the Middle East, "but we saw in the Gulf War that this is only an illusion."

Mahmood was disappointed with the ultimatum that Bush delivered in his address last Thursday. "He has said there's no middle ground," she says. "Unfortunately, this could have a very destabilizing effect. It puts a lot of countries between a rock and a hard place." She predicts that if "large numbers of Muslim civilians are killed," there will be widespread resistance in the Islamic world to further support for American efforts.

Seeking to explain the reasons for prevalent anti-American sentiment among Islamic countries, Mahmood refers to American political injustices toward such countries. "The one that's most immediate to this is that we supported and armed these same Afghani fighters twenty years ago," she explains. "It was the last battle of the Cold War. We justified it because we thought anything was worthwhile to combat the Soviet Union. Later on, we totally abandoned them." The Afghani reaction has not been ambivalent. "They feel humiliated and betrayed by this," she says. "We talk about them as if they're the scum of the Earth."

The Gulf War and its aftermath also have been a source of resentment towards the United States among Muslims. "People still have no idea how many Iraqis were killed," Mahmood says. "Tens of thousands of people were brutally killed by those air strikes." She says that potentially one million more have died as a result of U.S. sanctions against Iraq, claiming that "children are starving because of the massive food shortages."

The popularity of extremist movements should not come as a surprise given these conditions, Mahmood says. Noting the instability of Afghanistan since the time of the Soviet occupation, she thinks the Taliban regime was an understandable choice for many Afghans despite its hard-line stance. "The Taliban in a sense brought the rule of law to Afghanistan," she says. The large economic gap between persons rich from oil wealth and the poorer classes also aggravates the problem. "There are massive numbers of poor people for whom the in-your-face message of bin Laden and others is very appealing," she says.

Mahmood disputes Bush's claim that terrorists and the Taliban regime are engaged chiefly in a crusade against Western or Judeo-Christian values. "This is not primarily a dispute about religion," she insists. "It's not that they hate us because we're Christian or Jewish or secular. ... I think that if we said, 'You respect our way; we'll respect yours,' they might accept that. They're rebelling against U.S. foreign policy, not American civilization."

peace studies in action: professors respond to terrorist attacks

She also questions efforts to legitimize fighting the Taliban by appealing to human-rights abuses in their country. Although it is clearly a brutal regime, she says that it is blatantly hypocritical of the United States to challenge the Taliban. "Once we start taking issue with how they treat their own people," Mahmood says, "we need to then examine some of the governments of our allies." She cites Kuwait as an example of an ally that denies women the right to vote and Saudi Arabia as an example of a non-democratic government that forces religious conformity.

Mahmood does not agree with Bush's plan to utilize the armed forces. "I believe very firmly that military force will be ineffective," she says, noting that people angry with the United States are not limited to any single area. "This alienated population is dispersed over the entire globe. Terrorist groups are going to continually pop up. If anything, military action will create more bitterness toward the United States and encourage more recruits for militant organizations."

Mahmood also questions whether the United States is warranted in deeming the attack an "act of war." The answer to this question will shape the character of the American response. She thinks the attack could have been far worse. "They're fully capable of using biological and chemical weapons," she says. "A strategic military strike would have been far more destructive and also easier in terms of planning than what the terrorists in fact did. Instead, they chose this very public and symbolic way of showing that they won't be messed around with."

Pater peccavi ...

The Rev. David Burrell, professor of philosophy and theology, draws ties between resentment of America and the implementation of U.S. Arab-Israeli policy. "Israeli arrogance is all that the Arab world can feel, and the U.S. in no way curbs it," he says.

Disapproval of American favoritism towards Israel is not limited to Arabs, nor does the resentment stem simply from this one area of foreign policy. "Add them up," Burrell says. "Rejecting the land-mine treaty, the International Criminal Court, the Kyoto accords, vetoing the call for independent observers in the West Bank, walking out of the Durban conference on racism." All these he cites as examples of the United States' irresponsible citizenship in the community of nations.

Burrell thinks that a major contributor to this problem is popular American ignorance of the country's status as an international bully. "Everybody knows this but Americans," he says. He thinks that the only road to lasting change will mean the American public will have to admit their foreign policy sins, but he's not optimistic about the chances of this happening. "Eighty percent of people would probably not be for self-examinations," he says.

Burrell also thinks that relations between the United States and Israel need to change significantly. "Initially, the current Israeli government hoped this [terrorist attack] would goad the United States to decisive and punishing action against Arabs," he says. This was rarely mentioned in the American media; instead, American television repeatedly chose to show Palestinians celebrating upon hearing of the disaster over the many vigils held by Christians and Muslims.

"Israel is a client state," Burrell says, calling attention to the strikingly high per-capita foreign aid the United States pays to the state. Why then, he

asks, is America unable to be critical of Israel? "If we don't see anything wrong, then maybe we've gotten used to it," he says. On the other hand, "the Arab world, Muslim and Christian, is deeply offended by it."

Burrell also suggests a different response from that advanced by the president. For now, he says, "We have to condemn this action as utterly disregarding human life." Burrell thinks that "we need to look at the symbolic meaning of these attacks," saying that it's significant that they were directed towards icons of global capitalism and American military dominance. He thinks this puts a new spin on American accusations that this was "an attack on our way of life." While we see our way of life as representing freedom and justice, others in the world perceive it as something more akin to "exploitation."

Pragmatism First

Daniel Lindley, associate professor of government and fellow of the peace-studies institute, takes a different critical approach to the American attitude towards terrorism. He seems to accept the inevitability of an aggressive and forceful response to the attacks, but he criticizes the manner in which the response will likely be carried out. He wants the United States to have foreign policy that is focused on coalition building, balancing the reality of immense military strength with the need for humility. "We have to step back from emotional thoughts of indiscriminate, massive retaliation, and connect our own use of force for political ends," he says. "War is not a time for rah-rah boosterism, but a time for sober reflection and calm and grim determination." Most importantly, he thinks we should acknowledge the reality that terrorism "probably can and will happen again." Our goal instead, he says, should be to "slow down" the future progress of terrorist attacks and "forestall terrorist use of weapons of mass destruction on U.S. soil."

While Lindley has expressed that there are times when he would like to "do nothing," he recognizes the importance of a response. He thinks, however, that a response should be done with purpose and with a sense of the totality of what is being doing. This includes the precedent we set as we prepare for battle: "If it is now more permissible to wage war against terrorists, what does this mean to Russia toward the Chechens; to Israel toward the Palestinians; and [to] various other policies toward separatists, terrorists, revolutionaries, and insurgents?" he asks. He is afraid that U.S. actions might become justification for a free-for-all annihilation of rebel groups by repressive governments. Also, like Mahmood, Lindley is worried that labeling the attacks as acts of war could lead to American "hysteria." Instead of debating the different definitions of "war" and "terrorism," he prefers to ask "substantive" questions such as, "How many people died?" and, "Why were they killed?"

Lindley also is concerned about the methods that might be used to capture bin Laden. He thinks it important to weigh the risks and benefits of a planned assassination versus an attempt at arrest. Drawing a parallel with the example of the apprehension of Panamanian General Manuel Noriega, he thinks we should realize that arresting powerful people often carries a "high blood price." Also, it will likely prove difficult to bring charges against accomplices. "We may have to arrest shadowy people, with sketchy evidence provided by shadowy people with their own agendas," he says. "The suspects may then walk free, after we have revealed intelligence sources." This is no easy comparison with assassination, which, he admits, may be "the least worst option." He thinks a disadvantage is that it "does not build institutions or laws" and "may alienate our coalition partners." Lindley, however, is sure about one piece of advice: "Whatever we do, we should take a deep breath. The brutality of war is depressing." ❑

i.
look! —
nothing! may I catch the plane I missed?
inconceivable — will you take me?

the dearness of the | vanishing | moment

ii.
(the zach-annie kiss probably won't happen —
she's possessed with the infinite possibilities of
her future. she spends time with her books, crafting
answers to fill time. while, the whole of the day — he laughs,
he listens, and exquisitely understands.

her gorgeous friends
wonder sometimes —
when will she have
love in her life?
too often she chooses trifling boys,
that end up as hyphens in love's phrase.
But, k. and. s. say — Sister, he means well.
understand. he fills space beyond bars, beyond
broken promises.
yet she resists, and
waits, wasting time on forms, stories,
late night movies.)

iii.
at a glance, tuesday morning,
she saw this will all be gone
consumed by the images of a
crumbling
collapsing
tower tower
for so long, she's held her emotions
tightly. will things change?
imagine, she may decide to forgo
her class,
staying steeped in images
of delicate men, in gray suits,
tumbling from buildings, — but
she expects future regret and gets up
and strolls to class.
she feels too hard, insensitive
to the dramatic tears, next to wise m.t.
she pursues answers, action, to heal combusted
illusions of security and broken bones.

at night, news twists the day.
listen — i'll repeat it again. you have
been invited...to J.H....dreams, gold dust
fulfilled while others are gone.
Probability, possibility, you must dance —
fly...it's unfair...you'll be safe.....
from now on, no one will walk away, sitting quietly..
so go on. dance, sister!
decide not to —

iv.
Because of final moments,
captured on machines and on cell phones,
she empties her tears, her fears
the thoughts pass
time wasted-greedy desires for fulfilled
ifs — who will I call —
fleming?

ALLY JAY
is a senior living
in Lyons Hall

a long way from home

SARAH CHILDRESS
is a junior English major from Flint, Mich. who is studying abroad in Toledo, Spain.

"He sat there for a long time and after a while the east did gray and after a while the right and godmade sun did rise, once again, for all and without distinction."

— Cormac McCarthy, *The Crossing*

The moment emerged too sharply from the dreamy haze of a lazy lunch.

I sat in the living room tasting the sweet saffron and shrimp of Julia's *paella,* listening as my new family's Spanish peppered my ears.

Suddenly, the voices turned harsh and quick.

"Look!" Tomas cried, pointing to the television. "It's New York. Your country, no? It's on fire."

I snapped my head up to squint at the now-immortal image of airplane and tower burned into the screen. It didn't make sense, that couldn't be New York, those couldn't be the Twin Towers.

But lunch was over, the bus was coming, and I was late. I went to class, I took notes, I left the class, thinking: uncle, aunt, cousins, friends. I never called New York home, but, standing on the other side of the world, it was my city.

We glued ourselves to the TV, trying to glean information from the rapid-fire Spanish. We watched the towers fall and Palestinian children dance in the streets, waving flags and flashing peace signs. From their disgusting solidarity we formed our own. Patriotism swelled to choke us as we sat on the steps of the classroom building, our base, smoking, cursing, sweating, praying.

Reporters descended like flies to feast on the carcasses of our broken spirits. They snapped pictures without permission and snatched quotes from our nervous lips. We were plastered over two Toledo newspapers and thrown on the cover of a weekly magazine from Madrid. The headline read: "El Drama Americano en Toledo."

We were told not to speak English in the streets, that we shouldn't travel in large groups. The message: To be American is to be a target.

We walked through the streets anyway, which were now eerily silent save the occasional blast from a news radio station. It was after *siesta,* but vendors left their shops closed so they could sit outside and listen to the events play out on the radio. Appliance-store owners tuned every television they owned to the news, providing no escape from the haunting images. They watched us from storefront steps or through the window with a mixture of curiosity and pity.

The country itself was warm in its support, its red-gold flags still flying at half-mast. As one professor said, "We understand what it is to experience terrorism here, and it is a horrible thing. And to attack New York ... that is the capital of the world. It touches all of us."

Now, though, the tragedy has slipped from the front page. The bus doesn't wait for me any longer than it normally would, and classes still start on time. Spain, though sympathetic, must keep going. And so must we.

Some Spaniards crack jokes about the attack when they learn we're American. They are never funny, and we never laugh. "But if you can't laugh, what can you do?" one asked. "Cry? You can't keep crying about it."

We snapped at him, but he just shrugged, flashed a lopsided grin, and wandered off. We knew he was right.

On September 11, the sun set on chaos and rose to tears. It set again, rose and continues the cycle, with or without our loved ones, with or without justice, with or without revenge, with or without peace. We mourned our losses and we mourned justly, but now it is time to focus on fighting such a devastating evil. Not the evil of brainwashed cowards, but the evil behind their acts: hate, ignorance, blindness.

Otherwise, we will suffer an even greater defeat. This is a battle we cannot afford to lose. ❑

"I never called New York home, but, standing on the other side of the world, it was my city."

from within the ranks

"This is the real thing, folks."

These words have been forever ingrained in my memory since the tragic morning of September 11. Sitting around a table in the Army ROTC conference room, I anxiously waited for my fellow cadet staff members to finish their weekly updates so that I could close the meeting and join the rest of the battalion for breakfast. It had been a typical Tuesday morning for an Army cadet, with a session of physical training at 6:30 followed by a cadet staff meeting in which the seniors discuss and plan battalion events. The meeting was coming to a close when one of the officers entered the room, turned on the television and said those exact words that I will never forget: "This is the real thing, folks." And then the world turned upside-down.

This can't be real, I immediately thought. *This is just fake footage, some teaching aid to show us potential danger. Soon they'll turn it off, we'll talk about it and then we can finally end this meeting.* Within moments, however, the reality of the situation hit me, and I became immobilized. I could tear my eyes away from the TV screen only long enough to glance at my classmates before refocusing on the horror in front of me. It was as if I had been punched in the stomach; I couldn't talk, I couldn't breathe and I couldn't even begin to comprehend the evil that gave way to this tragedy. One by one, my classmates and I left the battalion conference room that morning and stepped out into a whole new world.

Like many others in my generation, I grew up believing that our nation was impenetrable to enemy attack. In a mere instant, however, my blanket of security was stripped away, leaving me with a striking sense of vulnerability. Questions raced through my mind as I longed for answers that could not be found. I found myself in this completely surreal state, unsure of where to go, whom to talk to or what to do. In unison with people around the world, I stationed myself in front of a television and helplessly watched through tear-filled eyes.

I passed time the next week by listening and reading and trying to make sense of it all. Amazing friends continued to check up on me, and, in simplest terms, all I could tell them was that my heart hurt. Over the course of my college career, I had developed such a strong passion for ethnic conflict that I knew I wanted my career in the military to be spent in hot spots participating in peacekeeping operations. I read as much as I possibly could about different operations, about the warring factions and about the deeply ingrained history underlying each conflict. I often came across pictures or news clips and would just stare into the people's eyes, trying to imagine life as they saw it. I wanted so badly to do something, to do anything, that would allow these people to go to bed each night feeling safe — a luxury that I had always taken for granted. But now the attack was on American soil, leaving people across my own nation feeling unsafe.

> Many students at this university and especially those currently in ROTC could potentially be involved in [the situation] and its eventual solution.

President Bush has warned that a "lengthy campaign" will be needed in the fight against terrorism. Friends who know about my involvement in the ROTC program ask me several questions, the most frequent of which is "What exactly does this mean for you?" I answer quite truthfully that I have absolutely no idea. It is impossible to predict the time and resources that will be needed in this effort, and being a ROTC

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(ranks continued)

cadet does not provide us with any information unknown to the rest of the world.

What it does give us, however, is an unspoken bond and a sense of understanding. It's the "we don't know what the future holds, but we're in this together" type of attitude. It's the way that we all ask each other if everything is OK, and it's the camaraderie that seems to transcend both class, rank and branch distinction. Most importantly, it's that way that you can simply make eye contact with someone and understand so much without even saying a word.

Whether this campaign ends in three months or in 30 years, the reality of the situation is that many students at this university, and especially those currently in ROTC, could potentially be involved in it and its eventual resolution. It is through this realization that I found a cure for my restlessness. I cannot currently wander the streets of New York offering my assistance. But as seniors in ROTC, my classmates and I are given the responsibility of training the younger cadets, who may someday be called upon to defend our nation and to make very important decisions. I will feel I've succeeded if these cadets graduate and enter the Army understanding the importance of their leadership and the example that they set, and if they fully grasp the dire need for them to do the right thing — both legally and morally — at all costs.

My self-proclaimed mission — to ensure that individuals can go to sleep each night feeling safe — hasn't changed at all. I know that I will someday be among warring parties of ethnic conflict trying to live out this mission, but for the time being, I will carry it out by preparing both myself and the other cadets for an undetermined future. The tragedy of September 11 may have changed a great deal in America, but it has only strengthened my resolve to bring the best this country has to offer to others in the world. ❑

one nation

KATIE FREDDOSO
staff writer

In the aftermath of the tragic events of September 11th, Americans are uniting to fight against a common enemy: the terrorists responsible for these atrocities. However, during this so-called time of unity, there have been numerous reports of prejudice and violence against U.S. residents of Middle Eastern and South Asian descent. These shootings, beatings, threats and acts of vandalism have given these U.S. residents, many of them citizens, reason to fear for their safety.

Even on college campuses, places of higher education, the ignorance of prejudice has prevailed. Many Muslim students and others from the Middle East and India have been beaten or threatened. Some have returned to their native countries, while others simply have tried to carry on with life.

These acts of hatred even have pierced the Notre Dame bubble. Mahim Jain, a senior science pre-professional major of Indian descent, says that a middle-aged couple verbally abused him while he was driving from his off-campus residence to the library Thursday after the attacks. Although the incident did not escalate to physical violence, Jain, the president of the India Association of Notre Dame, says that "as everyone else was on Tuesday, I was incredibly horrified by what happened ... and [this incident] has brought back the feelings of Tuesday, except this time I was the victim."

Jain has filed a police report, although he says that he would not pursue any legal action against the perpetrators: "I don't feel the need to be vengeful about this. ... These are acts being

done by people who claim to love America. I just don't understand how someone can love America and not know what it stands for." Still, this was an isolated incident, and Jain has not experienced more instances of prejudice.

Asma Afsaruddin, a professor of Arabic in the classics department, says that two of her Arab-American students have come to her to discuss fears of retaliation against them. Fortunately, it seems that their fears have been unfounded. She speculates that racially motivated violence would be less likely to occur at Notre Dame, a place with "a high intellectual climate, and a small enough community where everyone knows each other." Afsaruddin, who is South Asian, says she has felt "no apprehension" with regard to her own safety on campus.

Middle Eastern and Indian immigrants in the South Bend area also have been affected by the terrorist attacks. Wednesday after the attack, an angry man attempted to kick down the door of Smiley's Mobil Service Station in Niles, Mich., less than 20 minutes from Notre Dame. When he failed to break down the door, the man threw a rock through the window of the convenience store, all because the gas station's owner, Bhadresh Doshi of India, looks Arabic. Despite the difficulties caused by this act of vandalism, Doshi, known to his friends as "Buddy," has kept his store open and maintains the message of peace advocated by his countryman, Mahatma Gandhi. "We need peace in this country, and that's why everybody's here," he says, adding, "I can't blame all people in this country for this, it's just a few people."

In fact, many Smiley's customers have made a point to patronize the business more frequently to show their support for Doshi. Deborah Rowe, a South Bend-area resident, even went out of her way to go to Smiley's after hearing about the incident on the news. "My worry when this whole thing happened was that people ... would suffer unjustly [like this]," she says. "My worry is for the human race, not just for America."

Just a few miles south of Smiley's on U.S. 31, an outpouring of support also has occurred at Elia's restaurant. According to Helene Elia, the owner and manager of the Lebanese restaurant, people have been calling and stopping by to voice their support for the Elia family and its business, vowing to fight against intolerance in the community. The Elias have hung an American flag outside the restaurant as a sign of their grief and support of the United States after the attacks.

Despite these instances of violence and hatred here and across the nation, Afsruddin says that this also has been a time of positive recognition of Arab- and South Asian-Americans. She believes that President Bush's "most significant achievement" in his address to Congress was his emphasis on distancing Muslims and Americans of Middle Eastern descent from the terrorist attacks. "I can't ... remember another president who made such an impassioned speech in favor of Muslims, Arab-Americans and South Asian-Americans," she says. "It shows that [they] have become part of the mainstream in many ways and that the average American has to realize that [they] are part of the American melting pot." ❑

My worry when this whole thing happened was that people ... would suffer unjustly. My worry is for the human race, not just for America.
— Deborah Rowe, South Bend-area resident

good vs. evil?

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On Tuesday morning, September 11, we were terrorized. I learned of the attack from my alarm radio, which I had forgotten to shut off in the desperate scramble to write a Core paper by 9:30. My eyes were stinging from a late night at the *Scholastic* office, and I couldn't find my headphones. I was frustrated.

"Some idiot flew a plane into one of the World Trade towers," I told my roommate as he returned from the shower. Both of us imagined an errant Cessna plowing into one of the upper floors and forcing everyone to calmly evacuate the building while the fire department scratched their heads over how to remove the plane. He replied, "That's weird," and left for breakfast.

As the details continued to trickle over the radio, I tried checking CNN.com. It was inaccessible, so I tried BBC.com instead, and the truth began to emerge. Both buildings had been hit — it had to have been a terrorist act, if that were the case — and were broiling and billowing like twin Olympic torches against the New York skyline. The images stood flatly, surreally on the screen.

Then my roommate burst in the door, the color drained from his face. "One of the buildings — the second one — just collapsed," he said. "It collapsed, man. I saw it. It just fell." He chopped his hands downward to signify the disappearance of 110 stories of steel and concrete, and the nauseating scene suddenly became real.

I walked to class much like all of the other students around me, dazed and alone, ducking into classrooms in the hope of finding an operative television. I wearily followed a man's voice, which had the phone-booth tone of a news network correspondent, down the second-floor hallway of O'Shaughnessy. As I entered the room he was finishing his thought with, "... all those Palestinian and bin Laden groups."

The newscaster asked him, "So who do you think is most likely to have done this?"

The man responded, "Well, I can't really speculate on this matter."

I was angered. *You just did speculate, you fool, and America is listening and believing.* But, of course, he was just like every other one of us: desperately grasping for a shred of explanation, no matter how sickening and terrifying, for this act.

Throughout the day, newscasters would periodically cut to scenes of Palestinians "dancing in the streets," even as it grew apparent that they were unrelated to the catastrophe. This troubled me greatly, because my inclination has always been to sympathize with the Palestinians, who suffer under a brutal — and illegal — Israeli occupation.

But as I sat in class, I began to realize that the Palestinian view of America is as jaded and oversimplified as the American view of Palestine and its Arab sisters. Middle Easterners, in my experience, are among the friendliest people in the world. Their culture emphasizes hospitality and compassion in a way that has largely died out in the Western world, and their devotion to religious duties is unparalleled in its broad, public character. And, let it not be forgotten, Palestinian leader Yassir Arafat won the 1994 Nobel Peace Prize along with the Israeli Foreign Minister Shimon Peres and the late Yitzhak Rabin.

To the unsuspecting viewer of most American newscasts, though, Palestine is a hate-breeding corner of the Arabian desert, forcing unprovoked aggression on its Israeli neighbors. The sad reality, though, is that more than twice as many Palestinians have been murdered by Israelis in the past year as Israelis by Palestinians. Palestinian farms have been burned by Israeli settlers, and Palestinian neighborhoods have been bulldozed by Israeli tanks. Distressingly, these tanks were American-made and, often, American-bought.

Naturally, journalists in the Arab world tend to exaggerate these reports as much as journalists in America ignore them. Hence, the 50-year-old stereotype of Americans prevails on the Arabian Peninsula: greedy, irreligious and decidedly anti-Arab. For this reason, Iraqi civilians, who are deprived of clean water because of American sanctions, rally behind their leader in the face of American aggression. For this reason, Iranian President Mohammed Khatami, whose attitudes have been labeled "too American," is feared by

much of the ruling religious. And for this reason, ignorant Palestinian villagers are willing to hop around and throw peace signs in the air at the sight of a news camera. (What do most Americans do when a news camera is around?)

While this is not the attitude that creates terrorism — madness creates terrorism — it allows terrorism to fester and brew. The question is, can we relieve this part of the world of its misconceptions without addressing our own?

The image of turbaned men indiscriminately flinging pipe-bombs at each other while their six wives wait in the caravan is comically absurd, yet it has fueled many of our tragic entries into Middle Eastern politics and warfare. We thirst for categoricals — standard traits that we can attribute to people with apparent physical or geographical similarities. For a country so abhorrent of its racist past, this is a particularly troubling policy. What shall we call "them," anyway? Arabs? The Middle East is inhabited by Arabs, Persians, Kurds and dozens of other ethnic groups. Muslims? Attempting to define a common Middle Eastern attitude by religion is no different than doing so for any other region.

It seems, then, that we must settle on "Middle Eastern" — with its poignant lack of clarity — as our adjective of choice, and begin recreating an image of this complex part of the world.

This image will shape our response to terrorism; if we choose to follow our previous visceral attitudes, we will never bridge the rift that has engendered this terrible act of cruelty. But if we are able, as a nation, to break down our prejudices and construct a more comprehensive and informed world-view, we may find ourselves at the brink of an unprecedented armistice.

A favorite phrase of my eighth-grade Scripture teacher, when attempting to explain away massacres of Egyptians or the Holy Innocents, was: "God writes straight with crooked lines." Is it possible that, in the midst of this dreadful act of hatred and belligerence, the world may unite itself for the sake of peace? When my father visited Tehran during the late 1980s, the lobby of his hotel had the inscription "Go Away USA" engraved in marble in its lobby. Someone visiting Tehran two weeks ago, on the other hand, would have witnessed a state-mandated moment of silence for the victims of the massacre. Our traditional enemy, Syria, has also given us unexpected levels of support in this struggle. In fact, Iraq is the only state on the Arabian Peninsula that did not swiftly and publicly denounce the terror. Even Israel and Palestine paused their bitter war by declaring a cease-fire; sadly, the proposed peace talks were called off by Ariel Sharon after gunfire broke out in a Palestinian refugee camp.

"Revenge is sweet,
but security is sweeter."

Through this disaster, America has the opportunity to forge a stable and peaceful relationship with the Middle East. But it is extremely delicate; too easily our rage and vengefulness could get the best of us, and the peninsula could collapse back into a violent imbroglio. Inevitably, some of that violence would find its way to our shores.

George Bush has promised to "rid the world of evil-doers" — a noble cause, perhaps, but an impossible one for us to achieve alone. Without the support of foreign governments and, more importantly, foreign popular attitudes, we will never be able to eliminate every potential terrorist: as the drive continues, we will leave in our wake an ever-diminished but ever-more devoted core of terrorists. Or, worse, our uninvited actions abroad could lead to an ever-*growing* and more devoted terrorist base. Our appetite for retribution would be satisfied, but for how long?

There is a reason why anti-American terrorist groups rarely originate in, say, Great Britain or Brazil, and it cannot be that they are predominantly Christian, or that they don't contain their fair share of madmen who would love to inflict terror on others. It is because their public attitudes are not oriented against an oppressive image of America. Only when such a disposition prevails can homicidal lunatics seek each other out and collaborate without fear of scrutiny.

And so, it is this image that we need to reform. We may view ourselves as the beacon of the free world, but we must be willing to accept that not everyone agrees, and to work for a positive change. This is not only PR, but a reexamination of the policies that have encouraged such anger abroad. Only then can we gain the crucial alliance of the Middle Eastern nations and effectively defend ourselves against future attack.

As hard as it is to accept, propagating the violence that has been initiated by these terrorists will give them the reaction they want. This is not an exclusive attack on Americans (the list of victims proves this), it is an attack on civilization. Hendrik Hertzberg and David Remnick, writing for the September 25 issue of *The New Yorker*, put it concisely:

"What the terrorists did was aimed only in the first instance at the destruction they so spectacularly achieved and the demoralization and disruption they sought to engender. What they did was, in the classic sense, a provocation; and what they meant to provoke was war — the bigger, the better."

These terrorists, with such a reckless disregard for life, surely cannot be satisfied in their thirst for destruction. All the while, though, our national fear has been that *they* will be the agents of future carnage. We should be painstakingly careful that, in our quest for revenge, we do not join them in their undiscriminating brutality.

Revenge is sweet, but security is sweeter. We cannot eliminate the threat to our borders when half the world is an enemy, and no war, no matter how drawn out or destructive, ends with everyone being friends.

New York has become a modern-day Guernica; the cold blues of mangled steel and baked glass jut obscenely from the blanket of sick, pale dust. Let us leave it as a dismal memory rather than a future. ❑

yes, but what DO we do ?

ALAN DOWTY
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Campus discussion of the September 11 attacks — to judge from the panels I have attended — has underlined two important points: that the United States is partly complicit in the development of extremist Islamic terror; and that we should not respond with massive military attacks. Less was said, in these venues at least, about what could and should be done to prevent the recurrence of such criminal acts.

I am in basic agreement with these two points. The networks tied to Osama bin Laden can only be understood against the backdrop of the short-sighted U.S. support of Islamic militants fighting the Soviet occupation of Afghanistan, as well as other mistakes over the years that have fueled anti-American hatred. And massive bombing from the air — lately the knee-jerk U.S. response to any problem — is like using a sledgehammer to hit a mosquito. It will not stop bin Laden, and it is a poor form of persuasion against the Taliban government in Afghanistan.

But this does not mean that we cannot, or should not, act vigorously yet intelligently against the scourge of terrorism.

The United States is not solely responsible for the emergence of Islamic extremism and hatred of the West, which has deep historical roots and draws upon twisted and perverted images of both Islam and the West. Bin Laden commonly refers to the West as "crusaders" and sees himself engaged in an all-out war of survival against efforts by the West to eradicate Islam — a war that justifies the killing of all Americans without distinction. To wade through all of bin Laden's pronouncements over the last 10 years, as I have just done, is to enter a

fantasy world totally divorced from reality in which fiction becomes fact and evil is divinely ordained. This world bears little connection to past or present Western exploitation of the Third World.

Saudi Arabia, bin Laden's homeland, was never colonized by the West, and with a personal fortune of an estimated $300 million, bin Laden is hardly among the oppressed of the earth. Many of the extremists advocating religiously justified violence come, in fact, from educated and relatively prosperous backgrounds. What impels such people to fanaticism? Injustice and misery may provide a rationale and an audience, but not a full explanation. Unless we understand the autonomous appeal of religious extremism as justification for indulging humankind's darkest impulses, the bin Ladens of the world will remain a puzzle to us.

Religious fanaticism is nothing new, and it certainly is not limited to Islam. It has appeared in all faiths, especially during periods of unsettling social change and turmoil — as in the contemporary Middle East. The fact that it plays off of legitimate grievances does not mean that it cannot and should not be fought as a threat to basic values of civilization. We need to deal with the grievances, but we should not imagine that doing so will, in itself, make extremism disappear. The fanatics' worldview and rage go much deeper than that. Even if all Western presence were removed from the Middle East tomorrow, and the Arab-Israel conflict was resolved successfully, the bin Ladens would continue their *jihad*. (In bin Laden's view, the only solution is for the West to embrace Islam.)

How do we distinguish religious fanaticism as an enemy of civilized values from strong — even "fundamentalist" — religious convictions that should be respected and protected? Let me propose one simple but basic criterion: Respect for human life. Let us agree that a call for the mass murder of human beings is an abomination that cannot be defended in the name of any civilized religion.

Terrorism — attacks on innocent people in order to further "higher" objectives — also is nothing new historically, and it has often gone hand-in-hand with religious fanaticism. What is new is that the modern world has created many more points of vulnerability that terrorists can exploit (airliners, skyscrapers, etc.). The battle against the modern resurgence of terrorism has been handicapped by the perception, as the shopworn cliche has it, that "one man's terrorist is another man's freedom fighter." But, happily, this is changing as consensus is emerging that acts of terror are acts of terror — no matter how grievous the injustice that provoked them or how sacred the faith in whose name they are committed.

The atrocities of September 11 have been condemned by all governments except Iraq, by most Muslim organizations and even by some radical Islamic groups, including the Taliban. Again, the line being drawn in the sand is respect for human life: Those who make civilians their major targets have put themselves beyond the pale. This has the important consequence of re-establishing a customary law of war that was trampled underfoot during the total wars of the 20th century.

We can therefore act in good conscience against those guilty of such crimes, provided that we act within the same restraints that we are enforcing. There is no "justifiable rage" that can excuse such actions; even the most noble cause is profaned by attacks on the innocent.

There are two tracks to a reasoned international response. The first is bringing to justice the perpetrators of this particular crime, and the second is blocking its repetition — recognizing that terrorism, like crime, can never be totally eradicated.

The preferred model for the first task is the model of policing and law enforcement, not the model of war and certainly not the rhetoric of retribution, retaliation and revenge. War is a useful metaphor politically, but to regard this as a state of war is to give bin Laden and his networks a standing and a dignity they do not deserve. The perpetrators of these crimes against humanity are not a state and not a government, and the usual instruments of war largely are irrelevant to their apprehension and punishment.

A criminal act has been committed; let the evidence be gathered and the extradition of the

criminals from their place of refuge pursued vigorously. If a state chooses to shelter them, a full range of diplomatic and economic, and — as a last resort — military measures is available within the enforcement powers of the United Nations Security Council. As detailed in Chapter Seven of the U.N. Charter, these measures may include mandatory diplomatic and economic sanctions that would partially or completely isolate a government that does not comply with Security Council decisions. If necessary, they also include demonstrations, blockades, and "operations by air, sea or land forces of members of the United Nations" as needed to secure compliance. (In this framework, a military operation to capture indicted terrorists on foreign soil would certainly be legally and morally defensible, though it probably is not feasible in cases like Afghanistan.)

The Security Council invoked these powers in authorizing military action against Iraq's invasion of Kuwait in 1991, and, in fact, Chapter Seven sanctions have been invoked in numerous other cases since the end of the Cold War eased cooperation among the five permanent members of the Council. One of these cases is the invocation of sanctions against the Taliban regime in Afghanistan for its previous refusal to extradite bin Laden after he was named in U.S. indictments for the 1998 embassy bombings in East Africa.

Let us work with this international consensus and within an international framework. The near-universal condemnation of terrorism is not an asset to be discarded lightly. The major drawback is that it takes time, and the American public is notoriously impatient for results. But Libya did eventually produce those accused of the Lockerbie bombing, and the perpetrators of genocide in Rwanda and the Balkans, including even Slobodan Milosevic himself, are finally being brought before an international court.

The second and broader task of combatting terrorism generally also is far from being a hopeless mission. Fewer governments today are willing to shelter known terrorist groups; bin Laden was forced out of the Sudan, and Afghanistan may be his last refuge. Numerous terrorist groups active in the 1960s and 1970s are either defunct or domesticated today, as they were either put out of business or came to realize that committing such atrocities did not further their cause.

To me, one of the most disturbing aspects of current public debate has been the re-emergence of outdated battle lines. To a great extent this is because the matter has been posed as a war with the likelihood of massive military action in the near future; this has evoked an instinctive anti-war response from those to whom U.S. military action is always suspect. Yet at the same time we hear that we face a quite unprecedented challenge that will require new thinking and liberation from past habits of thought. If this is the case, then we should avoid being trapped in the battle lines of Cold War thinking between bombing aficionados for whom the United States can do nothing wrong and anti-war absolutists for whom it can never do anything right. If the post-September 11 world does indeed require new thinking, then let us see some real new thinking instead of reversion to the rhetoric of the past.

And let us keep in mind one blinding truth that is in danger of being obscured. People who wantonly kill other people are evil. They should be stopped. Period. ❑

untitled

SHEILA PAYNE
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From ashes of a dying Paradise
My love cries out, in fear and bleak despair.
Warm unity is gone, a rift of ice
Stands firm between her city, once so fair,
And our great realm of glory, incomplete
Until my love is seated by my side.
How shall I save my love, my child so sweet?
How shall I keep the darkness from my bride?
Nor could I e'er forget desire so deep,
Abandon her to dark and hazy cold.
Outside her city gates I stand and weep,
Rememb'ring passion countless centuries old.
Yet faithfully I wait, burn with desire,
Until ice melts in Love's eternal fire.

"What happened that day, Mommy? Where were you?"

"Mommy was in college then, sweetheart."

"What did you do? Were you scared? Did anyone you know die?"

The day will come, years down the road, when we've settled down into amicable pairs and had children. Our children's questions, though innocent, will probe into things far deeper than they imagine.

"What happened that day, Mommy, when the planes crashed into those buildings?"

The words will echo — what happened? what happened? — and the accompanying fear will not be far behind: Can it happen again?

One day, and not so far off, our daughters and sons will look at us, eyes full of questions, and we will have to answer.

We can tell them how we came together as a community, though we were many miles from the sites of the tragedies, and we can tell them that we cried together, prayed together, held each others hands and were present to each other the way God is present when two or three are gathered. We can tell them that many thousands of us gathered at Mass on South Quad to share each other's sorrows, fears and hopes that the nightmare soon would end. We can tell them that we knew someone who worked in the Financial District in lower Manhattan, and we can tell them that we hoped and prayed that those we knew were all right.

We can tell them the joy, the relief that we felt when that someone called to say she was alive. Shaken, terrified — but alive.

We can tell them the anguish we felt when we remembered that not everyone got that happy phone call. Many didn't know for days whether those about whom they cared so deeply were all right.

Thousands did not call to say they were OK — because they weren't. They had been killed.

We can tell our children the stories, ours and our friends' and neighbors', and that will help them understand, but they will never know for themselves what it was like to hear the bells of the Basilica of the Sacred Heart toll 3 o'clock as the entire congregation of people on the grass fell deathly silent in reverence for the fallen. We can tell them about how the flag flew at half-mast behind the altar, how the sun was as warm on our backs as the tears in our eyes, how we held each other and cried all through the readings — messages of hope in this time of loss and of fear — but they won't know how tightly we held each other at the sign of peace. We can tell them what happened, but they won't feel it the way that we did.

Our children will learn of this day in their history classes. It will be the day America no longer appeared invincible. It will be the day America woke up. It will be the day we all realized what it's really like to live in this world.

"Mommy, where were you that day?"

"Mommy was in college, sweetheart, and she learned more from what happened on that one horrifying day — about herself, her friends, her nation and the world — than she had in her entire life."

May we be humbled by this experience, and may we learn from it the value of understanding, of compassion, of patience, of prayer. May we teach our children to love each other as Jesus loves us. May we always strive for peace, even in the face of war.

Amen.

where were you that day ?

JENNY WAHOSKE
is a senior English and anthropology major.

requiescant in pace

The following alumni were among those who were lost on September 11, 2001:

Dora Marie Menchaca
Class of '77
Biology
San Antonio, Texas
She was on American Flight 77.

Robert Ferris
Class of '62
Mechanical Engineering
Columbus, Ohio
He worked on the 105th floor of 2 WTC.

LTC S. Neil Hyland Jr.
Class of '77
English
Claremont, California
He worked at the Pentagon.

Jim Smithwick
Class of '65
Economics
Cali, Colombia
He was on the 101st floor of the WTC and is presumed dead.

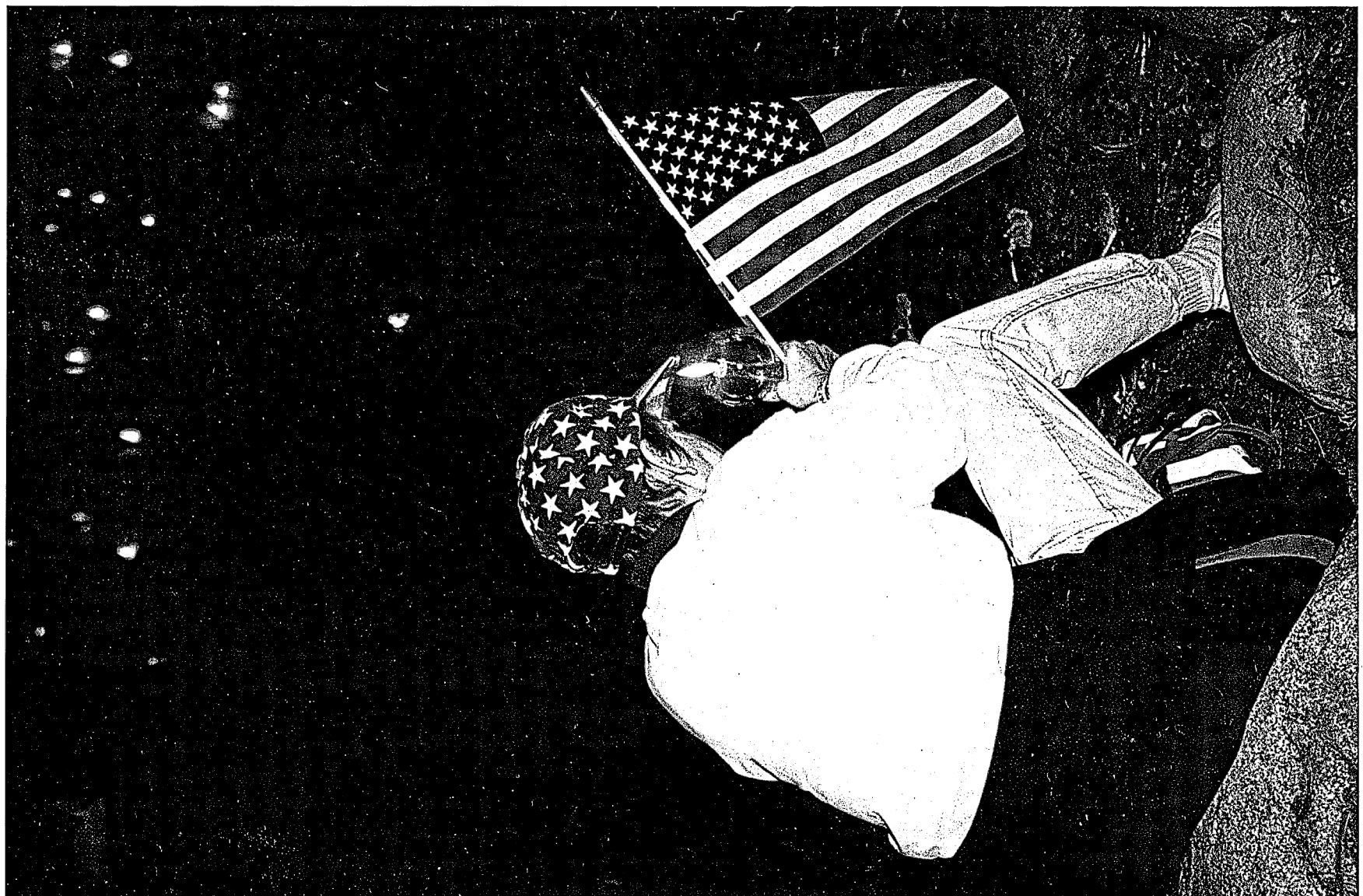
Rev. Francis E. Grogan, C.S.C.
Class of '51
Bachelor of Arts
Notre Dame, Indiana
He was on United Flight 175.

The following members of the Notre Dame Family were lost on September 11, 2001:

Chris Dincuff, fiance of **Angie Gutermuth '95,** worked on the 92nd floor of 1 WTC. **Amy Jarret,** niece of **the Rev. Peter Jarret '86,** rector of Keough Hall, was a flight attendant on United Flight 175. **Karen Kincaid,** wife of **Peter Batacan '83,** was on American Flight 77. **Teddy Maloney,** grandson of **James J. O'Neal '42,** worked on the 105th floor of the WTC. **Kevin Murphy,** son of **Tim Murphy '56,** worked on the 100th floor of 1 WTC. **James Patrick,** brother of **Kevin Patrick '92** and brother-in-law of **Julie Patrick '92** was on the 104th floor of the WTC. **Armand Reo '62** lost both his son, **John,** and his son-in-law, **John Swaine.** They both worked on the 104th floor of 1 WTC. **Paul Kenneth Sloan,** grandson of **Col. John Berres '44,** was on the 89th floor of 2 WTC. **Herman Broghammer,** father of **John Broghammer '96,** worked in 2 WTC and is still listed as missing. **Tommy Clark,** son of **Richard J. Clark '57,** son-in-law of **Dr. Joe Di Lallo '56** and nephew of **David Clark '56,** worked on the 104th floor of 2 WTC and is listed as missing. **Richard Lynch,** son of **Dick Lynch '58,** worked on the 84th floor of the WTC and is still listed as missing. **Bob McPadden,** husband of **Kate (Bambrick) McPadden '94,** is in the FDNY with Engine No. 23 and was on the scene shortly after the second plane hit 2 WTC. He is listed as missing.

INFORMATION COURTESY OF THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION. PHOTOS COURTESY OF THE DOME.

LESHA ZIELINSKI



in memory of the innocent men, women and children who died on the 11th of September 2001