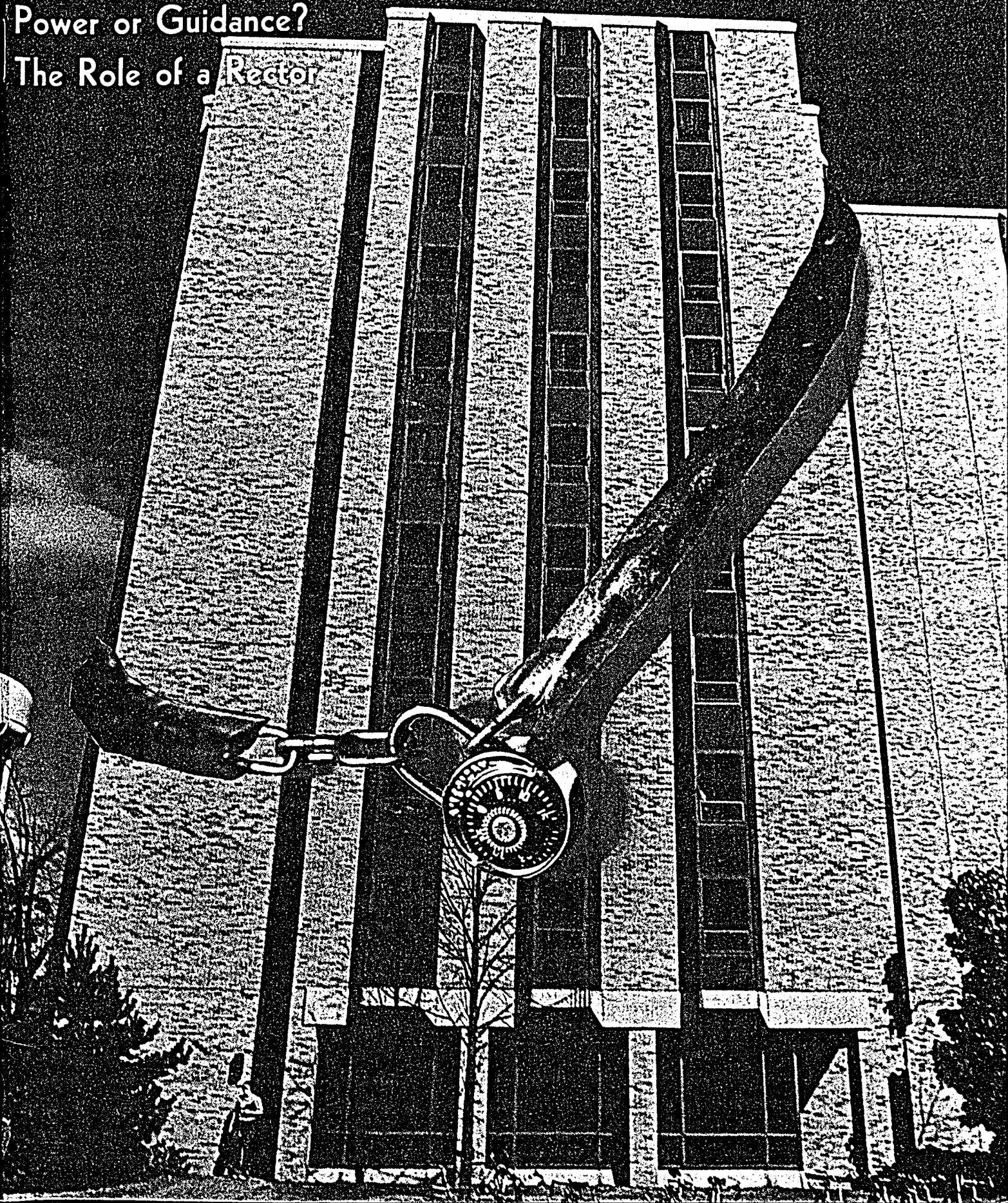


SCHOLASTIC

October 24, 1975

Vol. 117, No. 4

Power or Guidance? The Role of a Rector



Let your friends
and family know
what's going on at ND.

Send them a subscription
of Scholastic magazine.
Only \$5.00 per year.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC
NOTRE DAME, INDIANA 46556

Please send me a subscription to SCHOLASTIC for
..... years at \$5.00 a year.

I am enclosing \$..... CASH
..... CHECK

Name

Address

City

State Zip

Do you have a complaint,
comment or opinion?

Tell the world!

Write a letter to
Scholastic.

Address all letters to:

Editor
Scholastic Magazine
LaFortune Student Center
Notre Dame, Indiana 46556

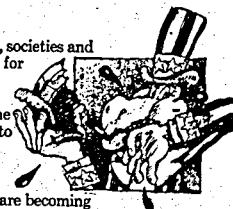
WE CAN'T GROW ON LIKE THIS.

We've always operated on the assumption
that bigger is better. But is it?



Like the dinosaurs, societies and
economies can grow too big for
their own good.

America is fast
approaching that point. The
natural resources we need to
live — clean air, water, land
fuels, metals — are getting
scarcer. Some are on the
verge of extinction. Others are becoming
prohibitively expensive.



At the same time we're wasting tremendous amounts of these precious
resources. And our wastes pollute our communities, our nation, our world.

We need to learn to use our resources efficiently and economically
and to share them better so that everyone gets a piece of the pie.

We need to conserve the raw materials that jobs depend on, because if
we deplete our resources now, things will be that much tougher later.

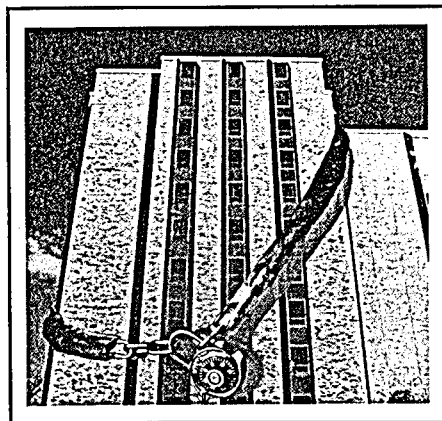
We need to put people to work *doing* things instead of just making things.
The things we *do* make have to save resources instead of wasting them. We can
build mass transit instead of freeways, rebuild our cities instead of spawning new
suburban sprawl, put people to work cleaning up our environment instead of
despoiling it. Harsh prescriptions? Maybe. But
ones that will assure a more prosperous future.

For a better tomorrow,
let's stop using resources like
there's no tomorrow.

CENTER FOR
**Growth
Alternatives**
1785 Massachusetts Avenue NW
Washington, D.C. 20036
202/387-6700



A television/radio public service advertising campaign is available on growth and resource consumption.
To order, write Public Media Center, 2751 Hyde Street, San Francisco, CA 94109, or call 415/885-0200.



Scholastic

Volume 117, No. 4, October 24, 1975
Notre Dame, Indiana



Illustrations: Tom Paulius 3, 13, 14, 20, 21.
Photographs: Ed Brower 8, 9, 25, 26, 28,
29 (2) / Courtesy of Notre Dame Art
Gallery 4, 5, 6 / Tom Paulius 19, 22, 24,
30 / Kevin Walsh 10, 11.
Cover: Photo by Tom Paulius.

FEATURES

- | | | |
|----|--|---------------------|
| 4 | Mixing the Technical & the Esthetic | John Feeney |
| 8 | Curators, Regents & Guardian Angels | Kathy McElroy |
| 12 | The Sixties' Dissent: A Curious Animal | Mike Sarahan |
| 18 | The Ordered Dance of Sunday | Julie Runkle |
| 20 | Night at the Nazz | Dan Adler |
| 24 | "What Fools These Mortals Be" | Mark Thomas Hopkins |
| 28 | Where Have You Gone, Charles Atlas? | Paul Hess |
| 29 | The Eccentric Art of Winning | Bill Delaney |

REGULARS

- | | | |
|----|-----------|-------------------|
| 7 | Jottings | Gary Zebrun |
| 15 | Gallery | Andrew Waterhouse |
| 30 | Last Word | Sally Stanton |

Editor

Sally Stanton
Art Director
Tom Paulius
Production Manager
Annemarie Sullivan
Managing Editor
John Phelan
News Editor
Bill Gonzenbach
Culture Editor
Robert Baker
Assistant Art Director
Kathy McElroy
Assistant Production Manager
Steve Slater
Sports Editor
Bill Delaney
Business Manager
Kathy Salzer
Assistant Business Manager
Joanne Toeniskoetter
Circulation Manager
Kevin Murphy
Photography Editor
Ed Brower
Advisory Board
Ronald Weber, Carl Magel, Ed Sanna,
Madonna Kolbenschlag, Bro. Charles
McBride, C.S.C., Richard Conklin

Staff

Thomas J. Waldoch, Anne White, Dave Beno, Ron Rundstedt, John Kenward, Dave Dreyer, Leo J. Mulcahey, Mike Sarahan, Chris Meehan, Mike Feord, Mark Hopkins, Bob Gilroy, Rich Nugent, Dan Adler, Richard G. Landry, Paul Starkey, Susan Grace, Dan Lombardi, Rhonda Kornfeld, Barb Frey, Mark Luppino, Gary Harden, Christie Herlihy, Paul Hess, John Delaney, Judy Robb, Sean McLinden, J. Peter Delaney, Jim Romanelli, Paul Barickman, Bernie Valenti, Karen Caruso, Jim Ryan, Ed Lecuyer, Cary Gerber, Moira Keating, Mary Ann Chambers, John Bartone, Andee Gotuaco, Randy Cashiola, Kate Bernard, Mike Saroha, Marianne Murphy, Melanie Jorgensen, Maureen Reynolds, John Feeney, Mark Amenta, Missy Heard.

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

Second-class postage paid at Notre Dame, Ind. 46556. The magazine is represented for national advertising by National Educational Advertising Services, 360 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017. Published fortnightly during the school year except during vacation and examination periods, *Scholastic* is printed at Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ind. 46556. The subscription rate is \$5.00 a year and back numbers are available from *Scholastic*. Please address all manuscripts to *Scholastic*, Notre Dame, Ind. 46556.

All unsolicited material becomes the property of *Scholastic*.

copyright © 1975 *Scholastic* / all rights reserved / none of the contents may be reproduced without permission.

Mixing the Technical & the Esthetic

by John Feeney

The University of Notre Dame Art Gallery is now exhibiting a one-man show of works by Everett McNear, a Chicago resident who has distinguished himself as an artist, designer and collector. McNear's combined ability as artist and designer has enabled him to serve as the chairman of the Exhibition Committee of the Arts Club of Chicago for 20 years and as a designer-consultant for the Art Institute of Chicago for 15. He is also a pioneer member, along with his wife Ann, of the Advisory Council for the Notre Dame Art Gallery.

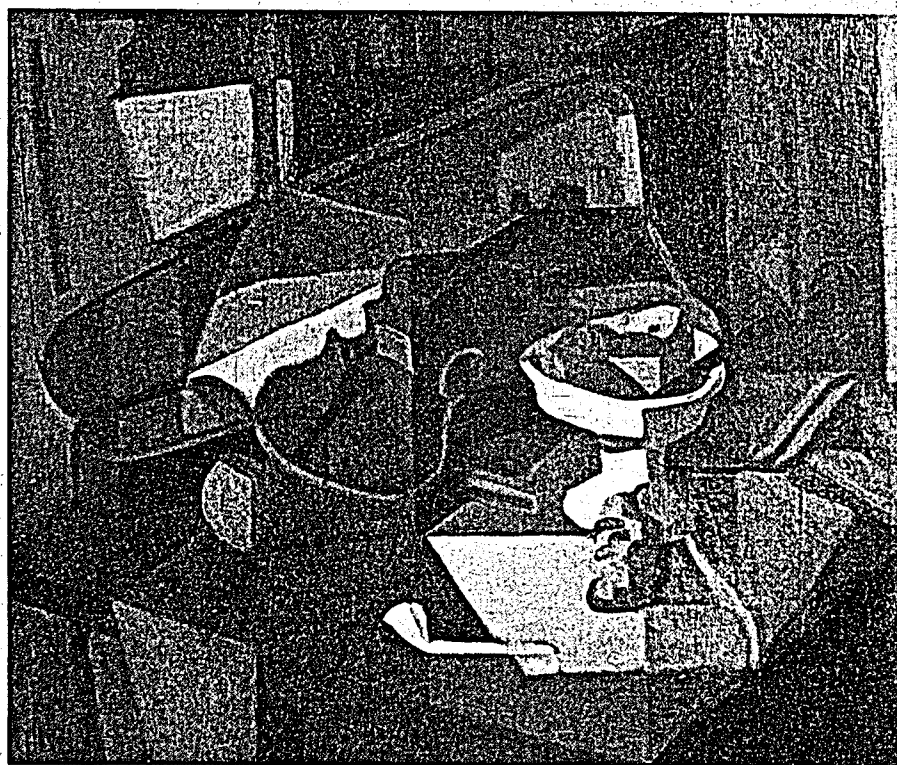
McNear believes that "it is with sensitive, sensual exploitation of the 'technical means' of painting that the designer, painter or illustrator makes a supravertbal statement worthy of himself and his times." McNear's attention to minute detail and precision along with his ability to subtly combine colors gives his works a soothing, pleasant aura; one that is comfortable and relaxes the viewer. McNear sums up this quality when he says, "My paintings are in two categories: those that are painted before nature or worked up in the studio from watercolors or sketches with color notes made on the spot, and pictures that are sheer fantasy, based on daydreams or half-submerged memories handled in a purely playful, abstract mood." It is this duality that tempers his works and gives them their smooth, textured look.

Born in 1904 in St. Paul, Minnesota, McNear's artistic talent surfaced early. He was a professional designer at the age of 16 when he became interested in theater and stage design. His devotion to art came soon thereafter. "By the time I had finished my first year at Central High, there was a firm conviction that I wanted to spend the rest of my life with a brush in my hand."

While attending the Minneapolis School of Art in 1924, McNear first

came under the influence of Cameron Booth, who was well versed in the expertise of French painting and involved in the cubist and impressionist traditions. "Cameron Booth taught me to love the smell of turpentine, the feel of a bristle brush in oil paint. He opened the doors for me." Influenced by Booth, Edmund Kinzinger, and his fellow students, McNear adopted the cubist ideal as his theme.

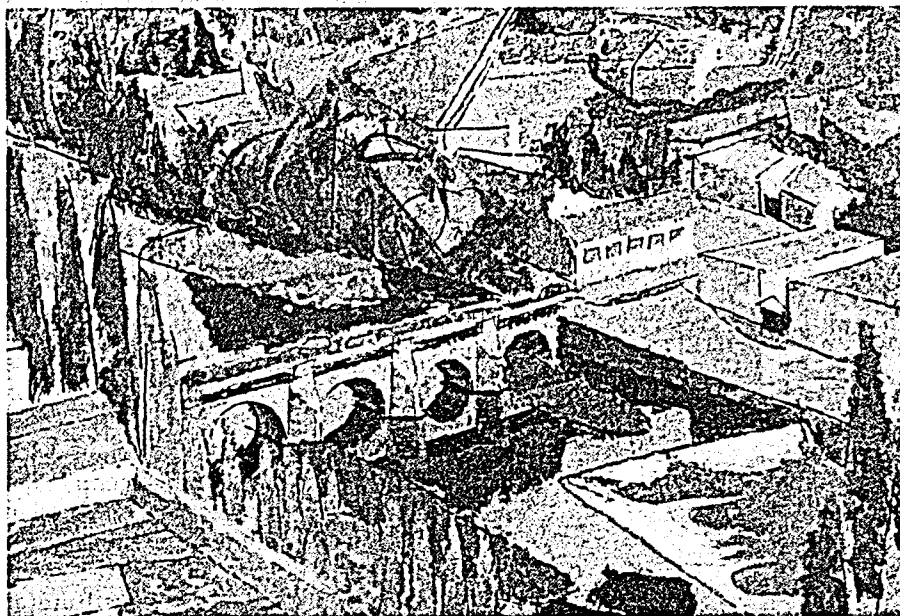
McNear travelled to Europe in 1932 for the first time. Following



an exhaustive itinerary, he visited most of the major cities and compiled a large collection of drawings, etchings and writings that record the influences made upon him in his exposure to European art. This collection was later published under the title *Young Eye Seeing*. During his stay in Paris, McNear turned to etching under the tutelage of Louis Marcoussis, a contemporary of Picasso. He completed a set of nine etchings, depicting views from the Seine, that were printed in a small edition. Painting, however, remained his true love and McNear dispensed with the etching needle. "Painting," says McNear, "gives me the satisfaction and pleasure of an excellent dinner or a plunge into cool water." The latter part of the trip exposed McNear to the art form he now favors most—the sculpture of Romanesque art.

Upon his return to the United States in 1933 McNear worked as an illustrator and designer, both in Philadelphia and Chicago. He continued to paint in his spare time and decided in 1941 that it should command more of his attention. Using weekends and vacations, McNear amassed a large collection of highly finished studies of nature in pen and watercolor. His collections were exhibited in one-man shows across the nation, including one at Notre Dame in 1961. McNear's work as a designer also prospered and he was given national recognition for a series of two-color illustrations for the Kimberly-Clark Corporation's calendar.

McNear is foremost a draftsman. He admires greatly oriental calligraphy and the linear qualities of Persian and Indian miniatures. This approach to painting, according to McNear, is emblematic of the changes that have come over painting in recent years. It is McNear's conclusion that the illusion of space has "become dependent on light and



shade, on values and modelling and 'scientific perspective.'"

Thus painting becomes the organization of space with sculptural qualities. McNear believes that the first quality of painting, the "space motif," can work or be related to the second quality of painting, the "color motif," and yet the two qualities need not be dependent upon each other. "I used the Golden Mean, geometric or simple mathematical formula to determine basic proportions and divisions of area in a painting. I played with line and shape in relating the picture rectangle to the square, a stable basic unit with equal sides, equal angles. Its unity and completeness offer a solid foundation on which to build the architecture of a painting."

Color does not appear on McNear's canvasses until he has made his abstract statement with the line. With the design and space established, McNear applies pigment so that the color does not destroy the integrity or unity of the initial drawing. The artist uses color as a stream that flows in front of the

line, rather than through it; thus his works maintain graphic feeling and linear order.

Essential to McNear is the feeling he injects into each painting. The artist achieves a visual communication offering more than just paint and graphic designs. "The creative artist does more than merely establish pictorial facts. He makes playful, imaginative, dramatic, satisfying use of fact and the documentary aspect of his material. He breathes into his drawing or painting a life of its own which is something apart from any reference to a particular landscape, person or event."

McNear as artist is evident in his graphic designing. His imprint is unmistakable in the publications, catalogues, bulletins and posters of the Art Institute of Chicago on display at Notre Dame. Exhibitions and publications of the Arts Club of Chicago, all initiated and organized by Everett McNear, are also being shown.

The third aspect of Everett McNear emphasized in this exhibition is his role as collector. Naturally,

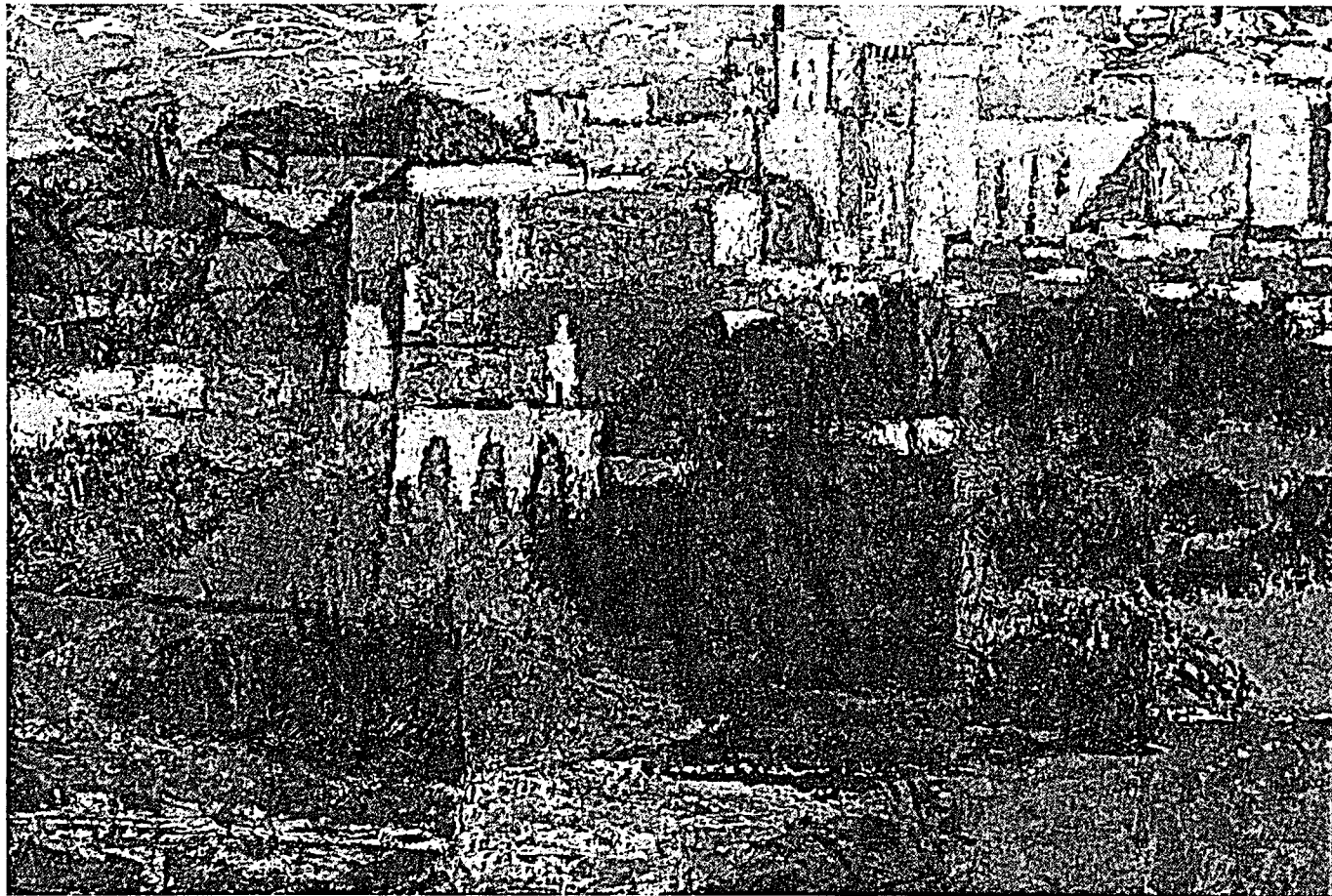
"A GOOD
ARTIST
SETS HIS OWN
ESTHETIC AND
TECHNICAL
STANDARDS."

McNear's tastes as an artist influenced his collection, which includes works of cubism, primitive, pre-Columbian and Near Eastern and Western manuscripts. By limiting his collection to those areas he values as an artist, McNear has acquired objects that have personal meaning for him. Some of the works being shown are by people who have played a major part in McNear's own artistic beliefs: Louis Marcoussis, Edmund Kinzinger and Cameron Booth, as well as works by George Braque, Serge Ferat and a single self-portrait by Picasso. These pieces embody the qualities McNear seeks to achieve in his works. The McNears are very generous with their collections and recently bestowed their collection of Persian and Indian miniatures upon the University as a gift. This collection is now on loan to the Art Institute of Chicago.

A unique aspect of Everett McNear is his relationship to Notre

Dame. Since he and his wife were introduced to the University by Rev. Anthony J. Lauck, C.S.C., the McNears have been generous benefactors and enthusiastic members of the Art Gallery Advisory Council. It is fitting that the University honor so faithful a companion and at the same time pride itself on a major contribution to art in the area with this exhibition.

Everett McNear's life has been one of accomplishment and success in a field which prides itself on sincerity and personal insight into the world. No better description of his works can be found than the artist's own words explaining how he views his art. "A good artist sets his own esthetic and technical standards. His object is not just to please the client or editor but first of all to satisfy himself that the work is a clear, graphic communication, sensitive in its use of medium and means, and reflecting the pleasure in its creation."



Elegies in Spring

Amor Vincit Omnia

by Gary Zebrun

I

Last April I kissed Sonia;
Then she sailed away,
leaving a candle in the cellar.

Her preparations called me
to play the golden guitar,
the last key on the piano,

my fingers nudging her breast.

All asked Love's return: &
giving in she began again.
Now in long nights alone

I kneel down to worship her.
Like a mad priest without a god
I whisper, "Love," & again, "Love."

Outside she waves good-bye,

& unannounced sounds, a song from her bones,
drift up into stars; my kiss carves their number,
opening into zero.

II

*On a train going East she met
a boy without a leg;
he was fingering lilies.*

At home the birds stare down smiling
at my daughters playing in the yard;
& I worry about another betrayer

who, then, in the daylight, comes around corners.

With bright garments
he hangs himself on the clothesline,
blowing like an angel over the lawn.

Once Sonia listened to hatred spread & hid:
Faces turned away, doors locked in the church,
& all the homes were abandoned.

Creaking gates close slowly now; they click shut.
Everywhere in the neighborhood
shadows snatch the final cracks of light.

Under a small moon her candle fades

into burnt fumes; the wax hardens.
In the dark she whispers, "Love, no matter what."

III

The dead won't leave me alone.
It is another Spring &
my friends are laughing.

Bars are filled with drunks.
Along the wooded lakes lovers
are walking to bedrooms.

Every animation mimics love.

In a dream Sonia visited me again.
She carried a guitar without strings.
Her mouth was welded closed.

Then her tears fell over me
into an ocean spoiled
by dead fathers who drowned

crossing the water
from Russia and prison, when
their wives were alone in bed.

She drew back carrying a spade.
Her guitar crumbled. Then,
she mimed love's final song & fled.

IV

& Alex died on a train
going East one year.
I didn't know him.

Won't everyone leave an old boy alone?
& Sonia died in Spring . . .
I heard my bearded grandfather burned

in Canada with his lumber mills.
Now my own father never phones me.
& each night cold wires droop.

Sometimes I think of suicide,
but the dead tell me to survive;
"love, no matter what," she said.

If the Spring lasts a day longer
I'll stay. Don't call me anymore.

Curators, Regents & Guardian Angels

by Kathy McElroy

While involved in defining and living contemporary conceptions of their roles, Notre Dame rectors are guardians of tradition, trusted to continue the University's valued history of residentiality. Written between the lines of the Residence Hall Staff Manual's formula for the ideal rector is the understanding that each must possess wisdom and generosity to perceive the needs of today's students. In the fulfillment of their moral responsibilities and daily obligations emerges a more realistic expectation most clearly translated as the need to be human.

The ability to relate to students on a meaningful level is one that must be realized by the rector who wishes to be an effective and supportive figure in the hall. Although the challenge is not peculiar to this age, it calls for a unique depth of understanding. University regula-

tions no longer dictate lights out at 11 p.m., but the de-emphasis of such rigorous supervision also separates the rector from a safe, clear-cut role as disciplinarian. This freedom is difficult to handle as a rector attempts to determine his or her extent of involvement in the lives of students.

Much has been said, and undoubtedly will continue to be said about the University's place in influencing the moral development of the students. Last year's commencement exercise speaker, Alan Pifer of the Carnegie Foundation, stated, "Gone today and properly so is the doctrine of 'in loco parentis,' in which colleges and universities were expected to act as surrogate parents, supervising the moral behavior of their students." It is true that these days are gone, but the caring atmosphere at Notre

Dame remains an indispensable quality of its character.

Fr. Matthew Miceli, rector of Cavanaugh Hall since 1959 notes that American universities and colleges have historically exercised a certain "paternalism" towards their students which at this University enters into countless aspects of the student's life. In his sermon, "In Loco Parentis — Life With (out) Father," given in 1972, Fr. Burtchaell says, "While standing for the formula, I suppose I shape its meaning somewhat differently than its despisers." It is therefore left to the rector, as University representative to interpret this concept in a positive sense, divorcing from it the students' understanding of it as a license for authoritarianism.

The phrase is often times misconstrued and lends itself to interpretations beyond those intended. Fr. Richard Conyers, rector of Keenan Hall, feels that the administration does itself a disservice in claiming to adhere to this philosophy since it is trying to impose upon students a role which contradicts their striving to achieve independent personalities. "There is definitely no 'parent-child relationship.' If you look at your role as a replacement, you're doomed." Elaborating on the positive approach which a rector must assume, Fr. Conyers says, "I envision the role of dorm life as a unique factor at Notre Dame. We are all involved in pedagogy, by imparting life values in a living situation. We can see the effect of these attitudes as we learn about and care for others' needs."

During his time in college, a student is impressionable in a different sense than in earlier years, but he



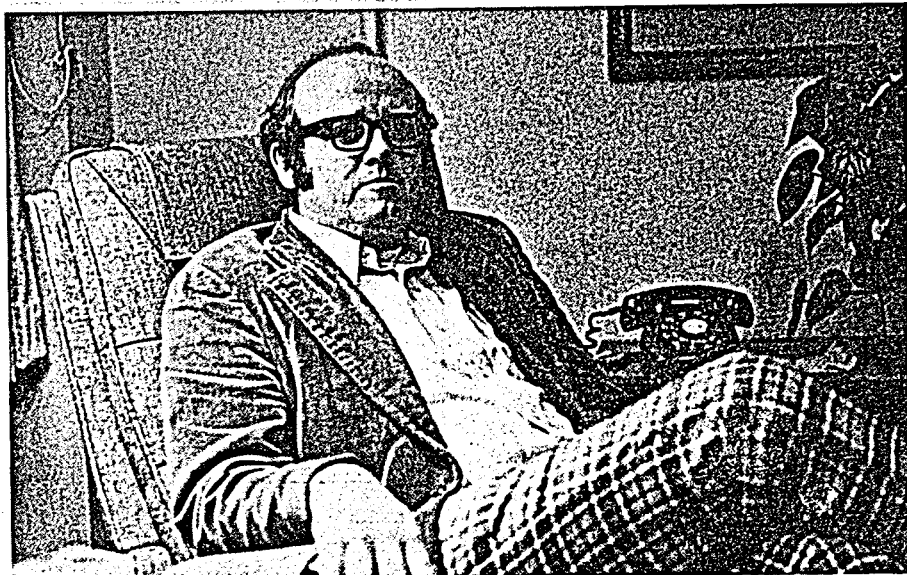
Fr. Terrance Lally

is still in a position to be influenced by those he respects. Fr. Conyers explains this as an extension of a universal phenomenon starting in high school, of encountering people outside the family life who are looked to for advice. "I experienced such a relationship in my college years of perceiving a teacher as a wise man. I found that by learning from another's wisdom, you gain an ability to approach wisdom yourself. I don't like to use the word 'inspirational,' but a rector can be in a position to influence students as an active or passive model."

It becomes apparent that each rector must engage in a conscious commitment to what is envisioned to be the place of the rector. The individual experience and personality which a rector brings to the job manifests itself in the different approaches which each adopts. Sr. Jean Lenz, rector of Farley, says, "I am here to share my life with young people. This includes my insights on good things, hard things, and any of my own experiences I can draw from in dealing with my position. Part of this sharing of life is deciding what makes for good living."

Taking it from a different angle, Fr. Conyers says, "My view is to combine the ability for organization, 'housekeeping,' and relating interpersonally. If you have all of these you can live up to the expectations of being a wise disciplinarian, informarian and teacher, able to respond to physical, spiritual and academic needs."

Ms. Sally Duffy is bringing a fresh enthusiasm to her position as rector of Lewis in its first year as an undergrad women's dorm. She sees her role as a facilitator with material and immaterial responsibilities. "While in college, you learn something in the classroom, and something outside of it. One should personally mature or receive something less than an education. I value most being involved with people at



Fr. Richard Conyers

a point in life when they form independent relations and periodically need someone."

Few rectors find themselves able to speak of their position without acknowledging the reciprocity involved as they develop a feeling for how they have been changed by the experience. Fr. William Presley, in his fifth year as rector of St. Edward's Hall says, "I appreciate most the opportunity available for helping to humanize students, which I would hope helps to make me more human. You can be a rector with four years of experience or you can be a rector with one year of experience that you've gone through four times and never learned in the process. Through my four years as rector I've been made more trusting and become more aware of the students' strengths, weaknesses and problems."

Sr. Jean Lenz also gives the impression of a fulfillment the job offers. "I did not see the ministry of the position at first, but I knew that I believed in young people. For the first couple of weeks all I could say was that we were all alive and the plumbing was working. Now I see how meaningful these two years have been in my life."

Because of the responsibilities inherent in acting as rector, the selection and appointment process is of major importance. The Committee on University Priorities cites in its report, "Nothing else we do can have as much influence on hall residents as naming a group of competent adults who dedicate themselves to living with students to help them become mature Christians." Fr. Terrance Lally, assistant vice president of Student Affairs feels, "The biggest single thing to be looked for is a strong commitment of faith." In order for a rector to be of value to students, he must feel secure, at ease with himself and free to give generously to the students. There is a sensitivity and perception which must be part of his nature. A person who feels threatened cannot communicate a spirit of trust and understanding.

This year's rectors have their own ideas as to what qualities those in their position should possess. Fr. Presley says, "I suppose the words available, approachable, and knowledgeable best describe how I think a rector must be. He must realize that no time is his own, and not only realize this, but be willing to give generously of his time to stu-

dents." Besides feeling secure in an understanding of their faith and certain of their priorities, Fr. Conyers stresses that rectors must live by a system of values. "If you compromise these, you do no one a service."

With regard to a more concrete criteria, many feel the need for continuity of service. "The rectors," says Fr. Lally, "become identifiable in the community which is an important feature and a constant tradition within the resident hall system." Fr. Conyers recommends not hiring anyone without a commitment for at least four years. "Without continuity and longevity there is no chance to develop a spirit in which the personality of the rector becomes an integral part." Fr. Presley also expressed a concern that those appointed should have served

"Too often the
heroic is accepted
as the ordinary."

as assistant rector for at least two years prior to being appointed rector.

The mechanics involved in the selection of the rectors have become more complex in the past years.

"Advertising appeared in the *Chronicle of Higher Education* last year," says Lally, "and we also passed the word to present rectors to look out for people they think would be qualified. Each year there is a large turnover, and we often promote from within. We're committed to the C.S.C. order and keep in close contact with provinces and personnel directors."

Due to the large response to the advertising, extensive processing and interviewing were undertaken by a team of rectors, Student Affairs personnel and students. "The competition is keen," says Lally. "We're looking for people with religious orientation who will become involved with the place." How qualified persons are attracted to the position is another story. It seems to have been an indirect act of God which was responsible for Sally Duffy's decision to make Lewis her home for this year. Notre Dame was to have been the first stop on a tour of job possibilities in the Midwest, but a rare South Bend snow storm left her stranded on campus for four days. Sally contends that it was the people, not the snow, which impressed her. Fr. Lally feels that, through the selection process, Student Affairs seeks an arrangement which should be mutually advantageous. "There are fringe benefits, besides the \$9,000 a year salary, which I think gives us a basis for being competitive. We expect something unique and I believe we find it."

Fr. Lally also notes that students are demanding of their rectors. He interprets the dissatisfaction which students have felt at times to an instance of too high expectations. "They have come to take for granted the superlative, instead of accepting the least common denominators and then realizing how far above average are the efforts made by their rectors. They have the capacity to set high standards for themselves and they seek to fulfill



Fr. William Presley

these goals. Too often the heroic is accepted as the ordinary."

Rectors' contracts are renewed on a year-to-year basis. Twice during this year self-evaluation forms are distributed to the rectors. Following the personal appraisal which each makes, they meet to confer with Brother Just Paczesny, Vice President for Student Affairs. Some of the halls exercise the practice of giving students the opportunity to evaluate their hall staffs. Sr. Jean Lenz has made it her practice in Farley to provide a questionnaire covering general and specific areas of hall life. Fr. Lally believes that eventually Student Affairs will devise a standard evaluation form to be used by all halls. If taken seriously, such solicited reaction could serve as a valuable foundation for encouragement and improvement.

In general, it is University policy to allow rectors to handle questions of hall order and disorder within their own dorms. "Rectors have proven to be a testy and somewhat independent lot," says Fr. Lally. "The advice we in Student Affairs give is that they deal with matters as they see fit, within certain guidelines." It is the "as they see fit" part of the advice which can sometimes manifest itself as a pressure. A rector realizes that the subjective interpretation of regulations which is required must be in conformance with personal convictions as well as University policy.

The alcohol question immediately comes to mind as an issue still not completely understood. In expressing his concern, Fr. Presley says, "Although the alcohol issue has been further defined, an important question is still left to be resolved. The new rule states that if a student under age is drinking, the matter is between him and the state of Indiana. The University is no longer liable, we as representatives are no longer liable, but what about as human beings? We must act in two capacities. Before, we knew what



Ms. Sally Duffy

we had to do. Now we must wonder when we should express disapproval. We must face the question as an individual with a responsibility."

Parietal hours involve another area of discussion, although Sr. Jean has stated that if they are pushed beyond 2 a.m., they had better hire a night staff. Fr. Conyers points out, "In Keenan, we have what I hold to be the only interpretation possible of the parietal regulation. The ruling is made for the convenience of a chauvinistic society who wants to be able to roam the halls in their shorts. We make a mistake when confusing parietals with sexuality. We cannot assume that if a girl is in a guy's room after midnight that immorality is involved."

In pointing out that discipline is the least favorite aspect of the job, Fr. Lally says, "The concept of discipline has changed but the rectors also have tradition to keep in mind. It is not how much of a disciplinarian a rector is that counts, but how wise the person is who exercises it. The Committee on

University Priorities also stresses, "The influence of the rector depends less on authority than on temperament. The test of leadership is the extent to which one can draw students into a mature understanding of what it is to be a responsible person."

"We are getting a different kind of person today," says Father Lally, "who, although every bit as dedicated, is probably a little more diversified." Few boast of being power figures and most would rather de-emphasize the discipline in order to live as an influencing agent in the hall. Sr. Jean says that the experience of hall living has taught her to "believe anything, as long as it's incredible." Much of the life of the rector is incredible, especially at times when bowling balls are heard rolling down the corridors, or when one is faced with a mob of war-painted streakers. Perhaps Fr. Miceli sums up the total experience best when he says, "I like being rector, even if it does mean going through these interviews."

The Sixties' Dissent:

A Curious Animal

by Mike Sarahan

Student activism is a curious thing to trace at Notre Dame because the study must be undertaken in the face of an innate skepticism that there ever was such an animal. And it is a difficult thing to trace in some ways because student activism rapidly rose, fell and disappeared completely on this campus. But in 1968-69 and in the "peak year" of 1969-70, Notre Dame was undeniably (and curiously) active.

In these more settled, sleepy days, it is easy to romanticize the student activist, since any other way of experiencing life will, at times, be attractive. However, it probably is necessary to have a more factual basis concerning the actions and reactions of students in order to distinguish fantasy from reality. But for a student accustomed to Notre Dame in the post-activist years, even the reality of activism can seem a fantasy.

Notre Dame activism, with one or two very major exceptions, was a response to the Vietnam war. While protests on other campuses (Columbia and Berkeley, for example) raised a wide variety of issues covering topics as diverse as proposed building projects and the depersonalization of the student, the Notre Dame "conscience" was more particularly stirred by the war, and it was considerably stirred.

The degree of involvement of Notre Dame students in the national youth "movement" is striking in terms of the large numbers of students who eventually participated in organized protest activities, but it is also impressive in respect to the depth of thought that opposition to the war summoned from some members of the student body. Prof. Don-

ald Sniegowski highlighted this aspect in a recent comment: "The issues that emanated from the protests were very important issues; large considerations were made. People were more conscious of their own morality and the moral tone of the country."

In a 1968 *Scholastic*, a former student, Donald Hynes, presented his summary and his synthesis of the turmoil he saw about him:

Young men, Americans. Going to college . . . Time to think, to learn about their country's sin. They wouldn't sin; they won't sin. Jail. Canada. Underground in America. No face, no name . . . People who wear a cross. The Cross. Love . . . We must love . . . We must war . . .

The statement emphasizes the predictably Christian orientation of Notre Dame's activism. A certain stridency, a sense of clearly defined purpose, is also apparent; and one can question easily whether a contemporary student should make the same self-assured challenge to a "system" which has reassumed the upper hand.

But the late 1960's was a strange world, separated from our own much more by spirit than by time. A look at a few specific campus events in the activist years (along with a temporarily unexpressed but ultimately unavoidable comparison with present conditions on campus) will point to the differences.

The students who returned to campus in the fall of 1968 were politicized to an unprecedented extent. They were both shaken and strengthened by the events of the

summer — the Democratic convention in Chicago took place in August — and they were confident.

An editorialist for *The Observer* wrote in September of that year: "This has in a very real sense been the year of the student. We were the ones who forced Lyndon Johnson into retirement, who mobilized the sentiment which led to the de-escalation of the war, and who mounted 80% majorities for peace . . ." There had been achievements, and yet the high-water mark of student activism was still to be reached.

On campus with the active leadership and support of Student Body President Richard Rossie, numerous anti-war protests were organized — the most significant, by far, being the Dow-CIA sit-ins. For three days students protested the presence of recruiting agents, and as a climax to the sit-in, the CIA representative was physically barred from the administration building.

Father Hesburgh was away from campus at the time, but on his return he criticized the students involved, saying, "I believe they used their freedom of action to obstruct the freedom of others. . . . In a free society like the University this is completely out of order."

Hesburgh's remarks expose the tension for students between a commitment to the University and a need to actively resist events taking place outside the "community." The activism of 1968-69 and especially that of 1969-70 thrust students into previously unexperienced positions of decision.

Students were increasingly mobilized by the direction the government was taking in the conduct of the

war, but they were in search of a direction of their own as well, and at times they would differ from the administration in the means of protest that they chose. The seriousness of the issues ensured that actions were taken which could never be "recalled," but on only two occasions in a feverish two years did the administration and the students square off directly.

The first of these administration-student conflicts took place over an issue which was, in fact, unrelated to Vietnam. In February of 1969, the Student Union Academic Commission sponsored a conference on pornography and censorship, and the tenor of the event was in support of freedom of expression. The Commission had originally planned to premiere a pornographic movie as part of the festivities, but when it backed off from the idea, a group of students undertook to show the film, *Kodak Ghost Poems*, themselves.

However, on the prompting of a South Bend group, the Citizens for Decency in Literature, South Bend

police raided the auditorium of Nieuwland Hall in an effort to confiscate the film. After minutes of confusion, the film was retrieved by an alert policeman from underneath the dress of a St. Mary's student, and with film in hand, the police made their way out of the building.

Outside, a melee erupted in which students blocked the retreat of the police and pelted them with snowballs. The police retaliated with mace and finally closed themselves off in O'Shaughnessy Hall to escape the students. Order was restored soon after, but the intrusion of police in University activities introduced a new and frightening dimension to protest within the University.

Even though the risks were evident to the students, the controversy continued. Several of the prominent figures in the conference activities announced the forthcoming publication of *Vaciline*, a magazine presenting the students' views on the issue of censorship. Their leader was, again, Donald Hynes, and he was quoted at the time as saying that the magazine would "deal with erot-

icism on an intellectual level rather than dwelling on the legal aspects of it."

Father Edmund Joyce, however, as acting president in the absence of Father Hesburgh, could not ignore the legalities. The publication was to have been under Student Union auspices, and Joyce felt that the University should not be responsible for a magazine in which he saw there was a question of the "inherent decency of the material."

Students then turned the tables on the administrators and claimed the violations of freedoms. And the particular case was settled (and the pornography issue as a whole died down on campus) when the Student Life Council, after a month of deliberation, decided that the magazine could be published in its entirety. The SLC held also that the University should pay the full cost. One thousand copies of the magazine were produced; 300 of which were given to teachers for use in classrooms. But *Vaciline* never saw a second printing.

In this instance, then, the students





sought redress through existing channels. As a result of first-semester activities on campus, though, and especially in the face of nationwide student unrest and violence, there was concern on the parts of administrators, faculty and students alike about the possibility of illegitimate dissent. The violence of the pornography conference did nothing to ease the fears, so in the week following the police raid, Father Hesburgh responded with guidelines, including his famous fifteen-minute rule, to ensure order on campus.

In a late-night letter to the students and faculty, Hesburgh emphasized that "this community recognizes the validity of protest in our day—sometimes even the necessity—regarding the burning issues of our society . . ." But, claiming a mandate from the University, he also denied anyone the right to protest in such a way that "the normal operations of the University were in any way impeded" or "the rights of any member of this community were abrogated, peacefully or non-peacefully."

Hesburgh outlined the following provisions as a means to restore order in case of illegitimate dissent:

. . . Anyone or any group that substitutes force for rational persuasion, be it violent or nonviolent, will be given fifteen minutes of meditation to cease and desist.

They will be told that they are, by their actions, going counter to the overwhelming convictions of this community as to what is proper here. If they do not within that time cease and desist, they will be asked for their identity cards. Those who produce these will be suspended from this community as not understanding what this community is. Those who do not have, or will not produce identity cards will be assumed not to be members of the community and will be . . . treated accordingly by the law.

The rule, as a legal mechanism, seems too simple, too weak, to deter infractions. And indeed, it did not deter student violations in its first major test in the fall of 1969. It is an indication, however, of a spirit at work—of the attempt on both sides to determine what the "community" was and what it should have been at the time.

Predictably, some outside observers scoffed at the rule (and some, including President Nixon, praised it). Brown University Dean F. Donald Eckelmann claimed that "You would need a completely intimidated student body to make that sort of statement and get away with it."

Ultimately, in November of 1969, the fifteen-minute rule was invoked at a sit-in to protest the return of Dow Chemical and CIA recruiters to

campus, and the affair did end in court action initiated by the University against several students. It should be noted that at least the original motivations of the students were far from menacing to the University.

The organizer of the sit-ins, Chris Windel, justified the participation of students in the protest, stating simply, "There seems to be a contradiction in the Christian philosophy taught and symbolized by Notre Dame and the actions taken by the CIA." The highest goals of the University were thus recognized and affirmed before the protest, and this is characteristic of Notre Dame's activism and activists.

If 1968-69 was an important building year, the 1969-70 school year was the "zenith" of activism at Notre Dame. As portrayed by the students who were involved in the year's various protests, it was a remarkably exhilarating, and yet a very frustrating time.

Notre Dame, from 1968 to 1970, was a forum for discussions in which students were forced to face important questions and to respond with conscious decisions which affected the rest of their lives. The current *Notre Dame Magazine* contains a record of six of those lives.

Notre Dame was a place at which students could express their sense of being alive in an almost breathless manner, as Betty Doerr did in her description of the October 15, 1969, moratorium, "Words cannot describe what happened here yesterday at Notre Dame.

"If you were there you felt it. If not, it wouldn't do you any good to read about it here—for it was feeling, pure feeling."

And Notre Dame itself was alive and experiencing change. Joel Connelly, in an *Observer* article of May, 1968, commented, "We can speak endlessly of changes and growing activism, but I would go even further to suggest that there is today a new Notre Dame in the student, faculty, and even the clerical realm."

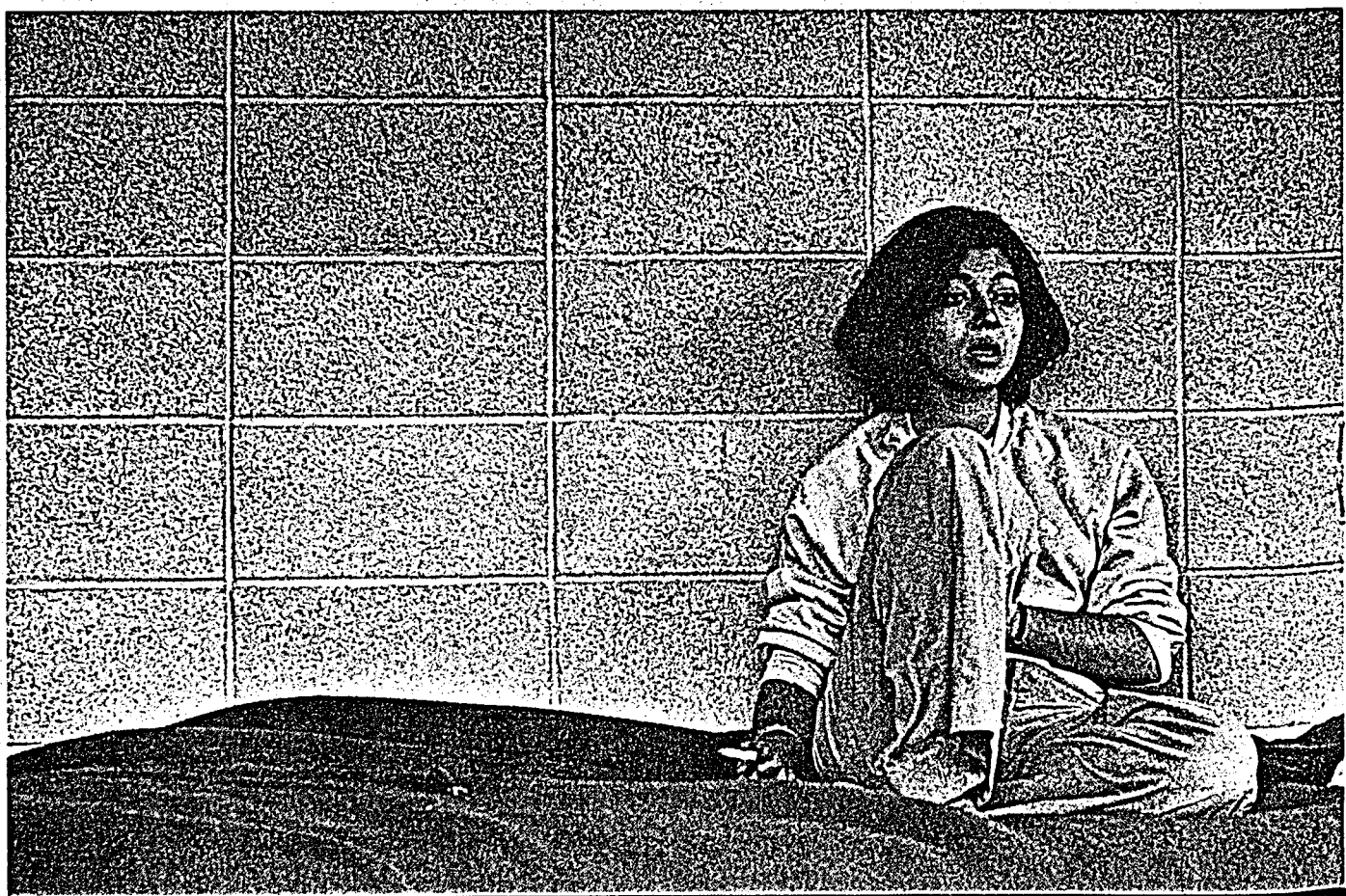
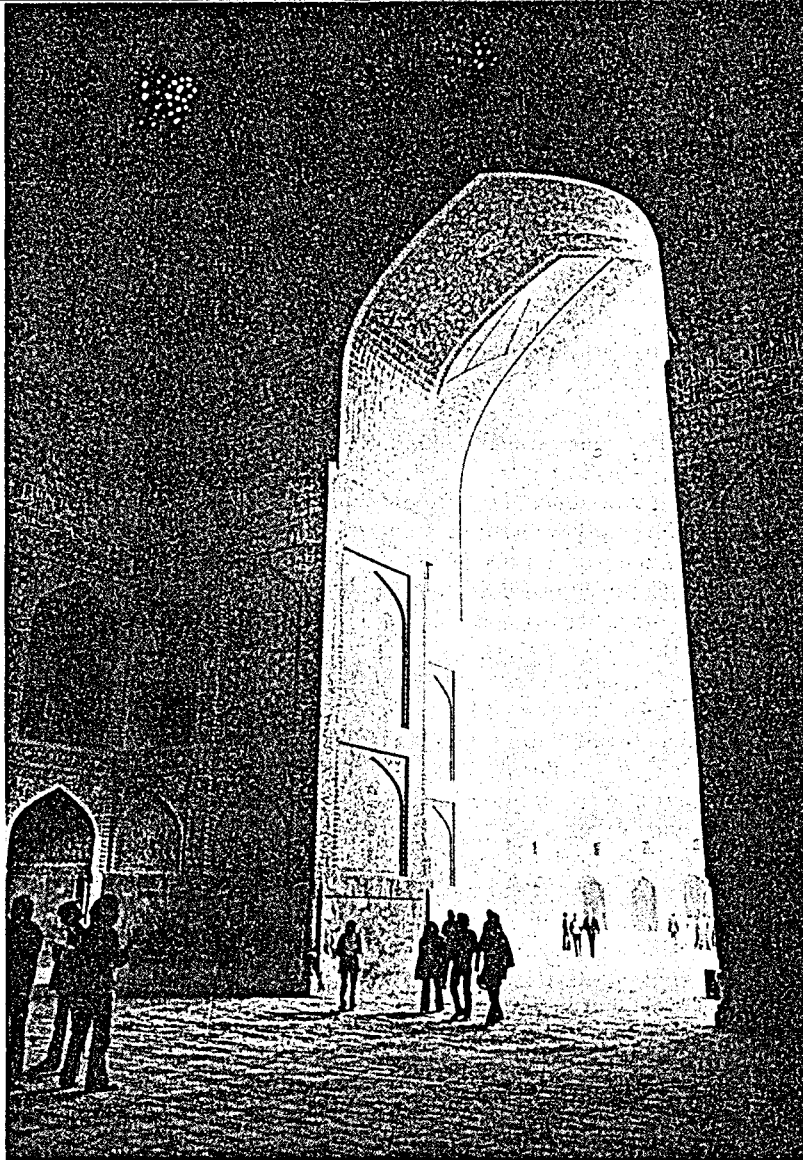
Connelly wrote these lines at a time when involvement in anti-war activity was not overwhelming. But by 1970, as the vast majority of the campus rose in opposition to United States strategies in Southeast Asia, it was clear that there was, after all, something new on campus.

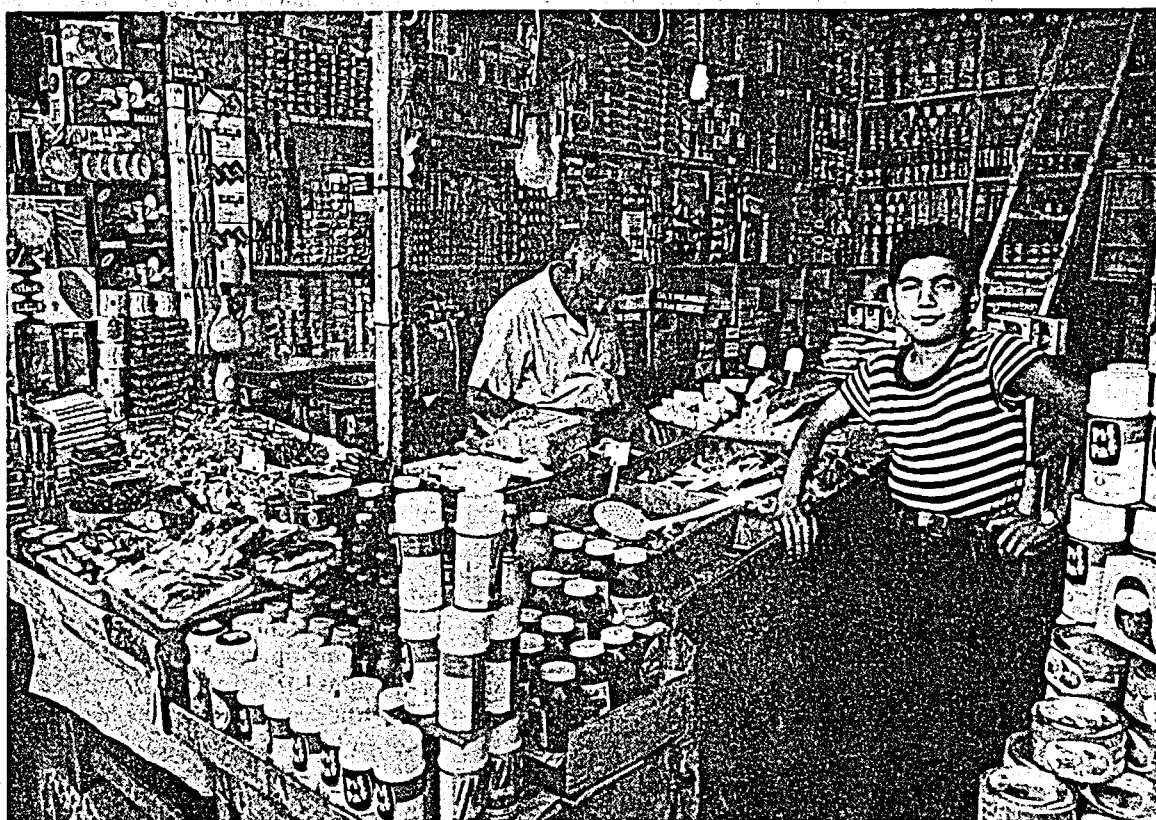
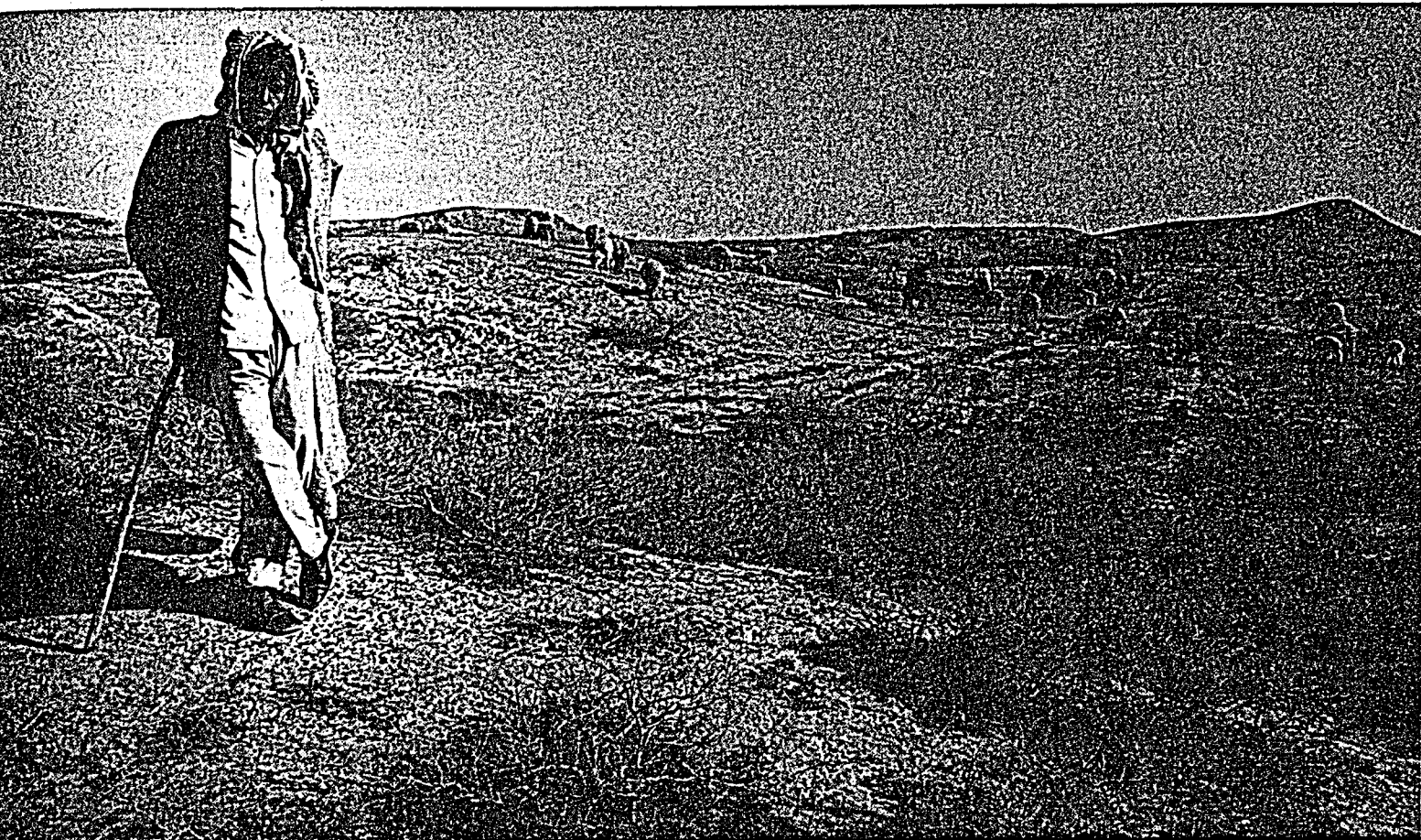
Gallery



But if in vain, down on the
stubborn floor
Of Earth, and up to Heav'n's unopening Door
You gave *Today*, while You are You-how
then
Tomorrow, You when shall be You no
— Rubaiyat

Andrew Waterhouse
junior chemistry major
Notre Dame





OCTOBER 24, 1975

The Ordered Dance of Sunday

by Julie Runkle

Characteristic of Christian worship in the Middle Ages were solemnity and rich symbolism, expressed and enhanced by means of ritual, choir music and even the massive Gothic architecture of the churches. The Divine Office, together with the daily Mass and rituals for administering the sacraments, constituted the liturgy, the solemn public worship of the medieval Church. They formed an intricate cycle of daily prayer, each day's prayers linked to those of the next, forming a coherent pattern spanning the year.

Each Sunday, two forms of worship take place on the Notre Dame campus which all too often conjure up images of robed monks and Gregorian chants in the minds of those who are unfamiliar with 10:45 Mass in Sacred Heart Church and evening song at 4:30 in the Lady Chapel. While it cannot be denied that these, like all church services, have origins in ancient history, in fact, they are probably manifestations of the two most modern and forward-looking forms of Catholic worship today.

The 10:45 Mass, properly referred to as a "contemporary" liturgy, is the solemn opening of Sunday as a day of worship. It is not a reproduction of something old, nor an exercise in nostalgia. Neither is it merely "smells and bells," a stigma applied to the traditional "high" Mass of the past. Rather, it is an

attempt to utilize the resources of both liturgical and musical tradition, texts and talents, and the various possible ministries of the clergy and laity. The result is a liturgy that is an enriched celebration involving the whole participation of the congregation through song, symbol, prayer and the sharing of the Eucharist.

The contemporary Mass was born of Vatican II and the chance for variety, self-expression and freedom to celebrate in a comfortable way. In many ways, this Mass is unique, because it actually is a learning experience and a model for people all over the United States and Canada. The liturgy gains this distinction as a result of Notre Dame's Graduate Program of Liturgical Studies, presently directed by Professor William Storey.

Founded in 1947 by Fr. Michael Mathis, C.S.C., and revitalized in 1962 by Fr. Aidan Kavanagh, a monk of St. Meinrad Abbey, the program is a historical and theological study of the formulation, growth and direction of worship. From the beginning, those involved in the program have been studying the means to help Christians participate, celebrate and worship more fully. The results of their theoretical studies are then applied on Sundays to implement some of their principles and offer possibilities to the question "What does a good liturgy

depend upon?" It is an example of scholarship, experiment and research in a work/study situation.

The Mass is a University thing; it would not be possible in another setting because such a concentration of talented people is found in few places. By incorporating the contributions of Campus Ministry and the departments of music and theology, the educational possibilities for learning about human life, nature and worship are virtually unlimited in the ongoing process of finding out how to "do" liturgy.

Over 100 people are involved behind the scenes of the 10:45 Mass each week. Included in this group are the 60 members of the Chapel Choir directed by Professor Sue Seid, 12 student and faculty cup ministers, four student acolytes and four deacons who serve the celebrant, four student ushers and several student and faculty readers. These latter groups are also coordinated by students. Each Mass is concelebrated by several priests of the University community.

Because such a large group of people take part in the Mass, it is necessary to do a great deal of planning to keep the service running smoothly, rather than relying on spontaneity. Each Monday, a meeting takes place to organize the coming week's Mass. Those most closely involved in the planning are Rev. John Gerber, C.S.C., the overall coordinator, Rev. Richard Rutherford, C.S.C., who is responsible for the liturgy, and Professor Sue Seid, who coordinates the music. The principal celebrant of the week is also present to share ideas on his homily from which a theme can be drawn. Appropriate music is then chosen, often original compositions by Professor David Clark Isele, Notre Dame's resident composer who has written two complete Masses.

Even the most minor details are taken into account to keep the Mass running smoothly. Slight variations in procedure will occur, for instance on football weekends, when a largely visiting community is expected.

The time and preparation that are spent by the many committees leave the rest of the congregation free to concentrate more fully on

the Mass itself. The Mass operates on the principles of ritual and the habit of participation. Many various and complex bits of familiarity and formality hang on one framework that maximizes group participation.

Once the Mass begins, however, it ceases to be a series of well-defined and rehearsed parts. It must be so well coordinated that it takes on complete unity—it must be a full expression of worship, not a grand performance of the arts. Despite the fact that the choir, priests, servers and readers have rehearsed numerous times in preparation, on Sunday their functions are to contribute to worshipping God in the best way they know.

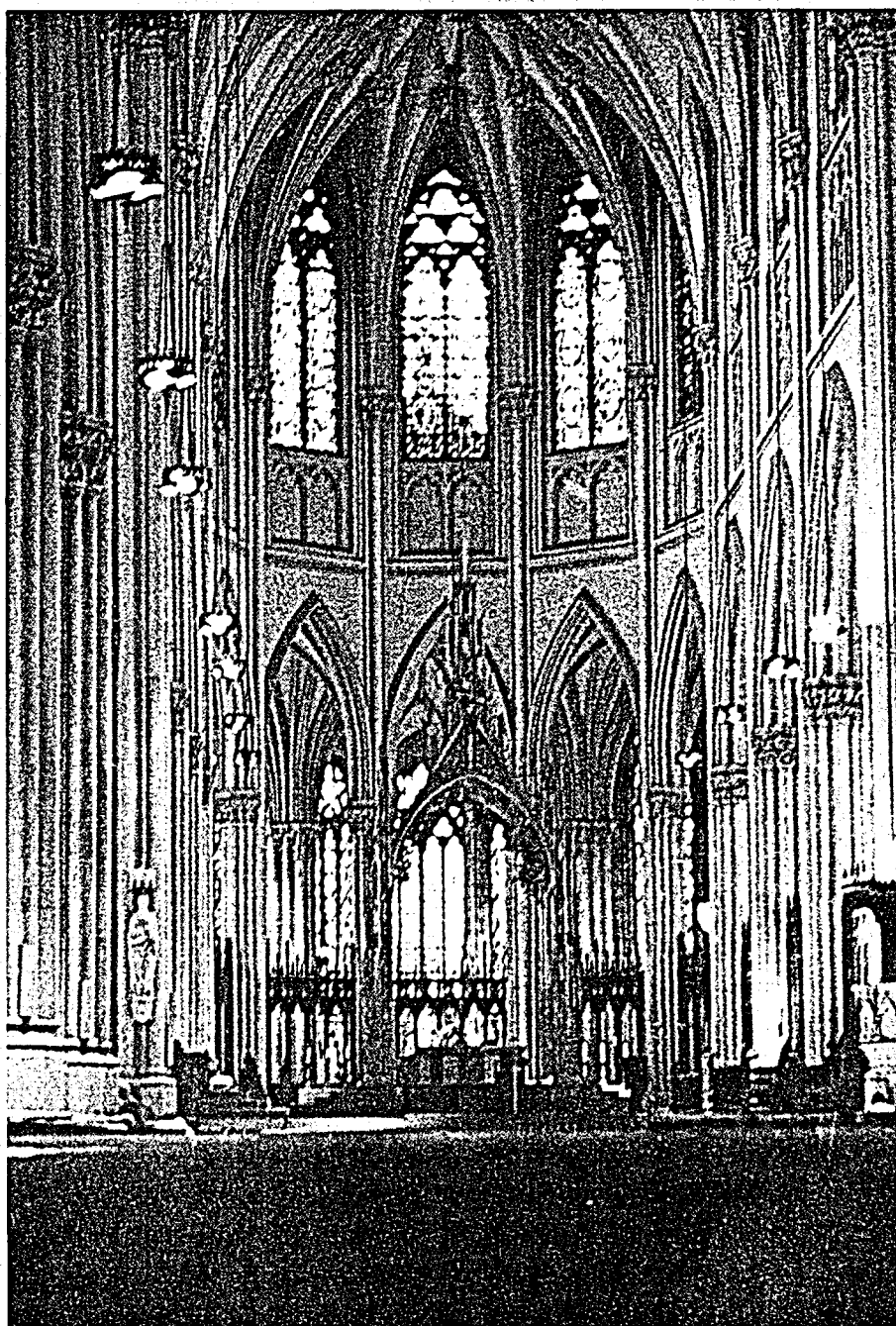
One of the most distinctive characteristics of the 10:45 Mass is its high quality and variety of music. Many of the pieces are contemporary (amassed from the past five or ten years), other selections are classic because of their lasting art quality. Besides the regular hymns, the Ordinary of the Mass is also sung. Many times other instruments will join the choir and the organ for variety and contrast. The musical arrangements allow for a high degree of congregational participation through repetition. Recently there has been an attempt to gradually familiarize the community with parts of Alexander Peloquin's Mass, which joins Professor Isele's widely used Notre Dame and Sacred Heart Masses.

Liturgical celebration does not end with the Mass, however. In an attempt to make people aware of other genres of worship, Notre Dame's liturgical group also holds evensong services as a formal closing to Sunday as a day of prayer. Also known as vespers, this celebration, organized and written by Professor Storey, consists of prayer, song and a homily which is often given by a member of the lay faculty. The choir also participates in this service under the direction of Professor Isele, as do the acolytes. While not as complex a form of celebration, the same organization is necessary to its formality and solemnity in order to achieve the same full participation and sense of prayer. Evensong can be seen as an "alter-

nation of song and silence, ritual and simplicity, of pattern and spontaneity." It is a peaceful, relaxing close to the day.

Both forms of liturgy are University-oriented, aimed at all the sectors of Notre Dame, not just the students or the faculty. The services are meant to teach liturgy and celebration in a subtle way to help communicate the possibilities and options opened by Vatican II for a whole participation in worship. Because of the rich storehouse of talented resources found on Notre

Dame's campus, and through the guidance of the Graduate Program of Theological Studies, the contemporary Mass and evensong are unique celebrations. They provide a model that is rapidly being spread throughout the United States and Canada, awakening thousands to the potential of liturgical celebration as an experience in singing, reading and intercessory prayer. In looking to the future, the work done here on campus today is important for the American Church as a whole in setting trends for worship.





Night at The Nazz

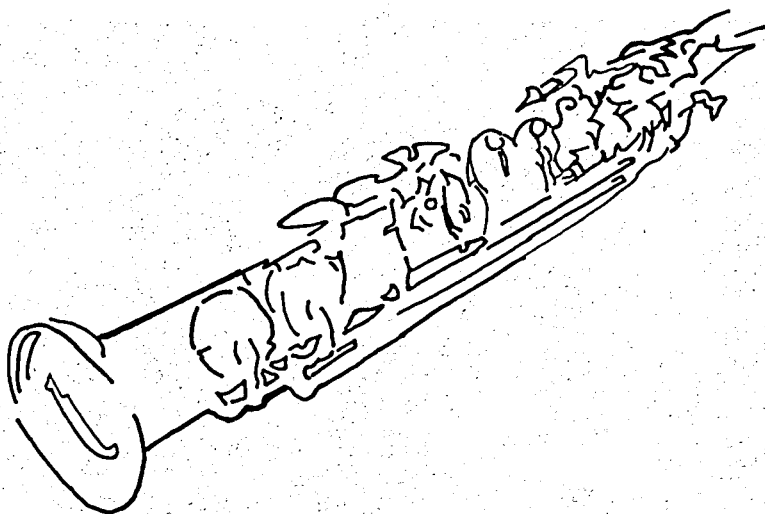
by Dan Adler

There I was, on a Saturday night, only eleven o'clock, nothing good on T.V., and two of my roommates were already in bed. So I grabbed a roll of mints and my jacket, and left the dorm, headed for the Huddle and then, I supposed, for one of the neighborhood bars. Out of Pangborn, across the green in front of Fisher, through Howard's archway, over the bookstore courts, between Sorin and Walsh, on the blacktop walk to La Fortune—it was when I was between Sorin and Walsh, and saw two people go down the steps to the La Fortune basement, that I remembered the Nazz; by the time I got close I decided to see what went on there. So I followed them down the steps (wondering if I had ever walked down the steps before),

FOLK

JAZZ

ROCK'N ROLL



opened the door, went in, and discovered the Nazz.

The room was filled with people: some were lying on cushions on the floor, some sat on folding chairs, most sat on heavy wooden chairs around small wooden tables, some were on the benches that stretch between the pillars, a few stood leaning against the walls. Each wooden table had a small white candle burning on it.

Except for the candles and two yellow lights shining on the three guys with guitars, the room was dark. I found a place to sit on one of the benches. I unzipped my jacket and leaned back against the pillar. The padding on the bench made it pretty comfortable, and I thought that the music was good. I listened for a while.

My stomach reminded me that I had planned to get something to snack on when I left the dorm. There were people coming out of a room carrying paper cups, so I got up and went to the room that was in the back of the Nazz where refreshments are sold. A friend named Brent McInnis was behind the counter, as was a girl named Terese to whom Brent introduced me. The menu was written on paper plates that hung on the wall: coffee, tea, hot chocolate—ten cents; various carbonated beverages—fifteen cents; cheese and crackers — seventy-five

cents. I bought a cup of hot chocolate and talked to Brent about the Nazz.

The Nazz began a year ago under the direction of Ralph Pennino. It was sponsored then by the student government as an experiment, and so was the responsibility of the student body president and his administration. This year, the Nazz has been incorporated as a permanent part of the Student Union's Social Commission, using the Student Union's sound system and funded by the Social Commission and Student Activities. In the mechanics of its operation, however, the Nazz is primarily an independent student service, piloted by Dennis O'Brien, Dave Shaheen and John Fitzpatrick.

John Fitzpatrick takes care of the scheduling of performers for Friday and Saturday nights. He inherited from last year a list of students who want to play at the Nazz. He schedules individuals or groups of two or three to play in one-hour sets, three sets a night. The list is open to anyone who wishes to perform.

"As much as possible, I try to get a professional show, something worthwhile to go to. It's amazing the talent that is on this campus. There are some really good musicians here.

"It's nice to have a spectrum at the Nazz, and I try to get a variety. Most of the music is written by pro-

fessionals — Dylan, Seeger, Taylor, Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young, Simon, Fogelberg, Kottke, Bromberg — but some people use original material."

On Wednesday nights, from ten to twelve o'clock, the Nazz presents "Jazz in the Nazz," when either a six-man combo or an 18-man "big band" appears. In charge of this is Rev. George Wiskirchen, C.S.C., the assistant director of bands.

"Jazz really only happens when you perform; you can't really practice it. It has to be current, now. It's not a museum type of concept and so there has to be someplace to perform.

"We use the Nazz as a means to give a guy some playing experience. I like it very much because it has a working-type atmosphere. It is more like a club than a concert hall — a little more intimate, people are closer.

"A lot of music we do on Wednesday is rock-oriented. I want to do some kind of lecture on Miles Davis for example, or Frank Zappa. Also, there will be some guests, local pros, coming in from time to time."

The big band will be at the Nazz usually once a month, beginning most likely on October 29.

The Nazz is open to forms of entertainment other than contemporary guitar and jazz. As Dave



Shaheen comments, "We have pianists and a classical guitarist, also. And last year, we did a benefit concert in Jim Ward's name. We may do more of this sort of thing in the future, say for Logan Center or the United Way."

Fitzpatrick explained, "Variety-type shows wouldn't be bad, but I'd like to stay away from a circus atmosphere. I could see a Juggler-type thing once in a while, or a poetry recital, or a sax or clarinet."

"The Bill Steele performances on October 17 and 18 are an experiment. He is a professional whom we are paying \$200 for the two nights. We want to get people's reactions. We are hoping to do more of this type of thing if the Steele thing is successful. There would be an admission charge, probably fifty cents, for the professional performances be-

cause we would have to pay for them," added O'Brien.

The students who perform at the Nazz give favorable reports. Joe Klockenkemper is a senior who played last year. "I enjoy playing at the Nazz a lot. I'm glad it is there and I have the opportunity to play for people. It's very easy to play at the Nazz; you're in a college atmosphere and so students are generally more open to what you want to do. The Nazz filled a need: it's really necessary to perform in front of people. Those at the Nazz are there mainly to listen and enjoy the music."

Mari Gumble said, "The Nazz isn't like your average coffeehouse, because people don't go there to talk, they go there to listen. By the end of the night, all the chairs are turned towards the stage."

Bill Boris, a member of the jazz combo, explained, "(playing) at the Nazz is the only time I get to perform with an audience. The people there are pretty respectful—they're there to listen. It's a plus for the campus."

Dennis O'Brien speaks from the standpoint of the non-performing audience. "The Nazz is a quiet, very informal place. There is some soft talking, but mainly people sit around and listen. But it's not an auditorium-type static crowd. People are moving in and out all the time. There is a constant crowd, but not an intent one. The Nazz is a good alternative to the social routine — without it, a lot of people wouldn't know where to go. But there are still people who don't know about the Nazz, and we want to expose people to it."

Dave Shaheen has also performed at the Nazz and says of it, "You get to love the Nazz. It has such a subtle atmosphere and people are really there to hear you. Every Friday and Saturday night, unless there is a special event elsewhere for the students, there will be someplace to go, even after a concert or a movie or a party, with a date or alone. It's unlike the parties and bars around campus. And there's a lot of good campus entertainment—people might be surprised by the quality of entertainment. Once people come down and see, I think they would come back. The Nazz is here to stay."

The Nazz is open from ten until one on Fridays and Saturdays. At nine-thirty, three or four people prepare for the night. They get things ready, setting up, helping with the sound system and opening the refreshment counter. They stay until eleven-thirty, when they are relieved by three or four more volunteers who close the place and clean up afterwards. There are about twenty of these workers like Brent and Terese who usually work about once a week.

The Nazz has requested \$3,000 from the Social Commission, but no decision on the final amount appropriated has been made yet. O'Brien estimates that the experimental

Once people come down and see,
I think they would come back.
The Nazz is here to stay.

music — bringing in professionals occasionally — would cost approximately \$700 more than the admission charge would pay for. Permanent lighting has been requested, at an expected cost of \$200, and a needed paraboster for an amplifier would cost \$300. The refreshment counter is designed to break even, but money is needed to keep it in supply. Also, the menu may be expanded on an experimental basis to include such possibilities as cupcakes, doughnuts, pretzels and potato chips. If the Indiana drinking law is ever changed to include 18-year-olds, then wine or beer would be considered at the Nazz.

Another large expenditure, over \$200, goes for publicity — posters and *The Observer* advertisements. Candles also cost money, and four microphone stands that were stolen from La Fortune during the summer had to be replaced. Rathskeller repairs and refurnishing are hoped for; the basement of La Fortune remained unchanged while the upper floors went through recent face-lifting operations. Since the Nazz does not charge admission, all of these needs are dependent upon the budgetary decisions of the Student Union and Student Activities.

So far this year, the attendance at the Nazz has been fairly good. Den-

nis O'Brien estimated, "I'd guess that about 100 to 150 people per night visit the Nazz on weekends, in and out. It fluctuates a lot on Wednesday nights, but there should be standing room only for the big band nights. Last year, the turnout was poorer during the second semester. The best time is in the winter."

"The attendance will depend on what other activities are happening, like a concert or a dance. In fact, we won't be open Friday, October 24. That is the day of the Homecoming Dance. There probably wouldn't be very many people using the Nazz that night. Plus the fact that the tables we use will be used for the dance. But the Nazz will be open the next day, Saturday, October 25," Dave Shaheen further explained.

The question often comes up about how the Nazz got its name. The answer to that question comes up a lot less often. In fact, I have yet to hear a satisfactory explanation. The people at the Nazz that I asked could agree only that it was in some song, somewhere. No one could name the album or even agree on the artist. Maybe Ralph Pennino knows. Maybe not.

But whatever the origin of its name, the Nazz is here for the enjoyment of the students who decide to use it. It is an option open to all, an

alternative social outlet for students who go to relax and be entertained. And most likely, it is here to stay.

I had finished my hot chocolate and asked for another. I had been telling Brent about what my parents had told me one time last year:

They, my parents, had come to Notre Dame for a football game, and that night, after the game, asked me what there was for them to do around the campus. I had a party to go to, and consider it bad form to bring your parents along to that sort of thing. So I mentioned the Nazz. The next day they told me it was very good, asked if I had ever been there, and encouraged me to try it some time, which I never did until now.

Brent handed the cup full of hot chocolate to me and demanded a dime, which I gave him. Then I went back and sat down to listen. Later, on the way back to the dorm, I was glad I had gone to the Nazz instead of a bar. Not that I was going to stop hitting the bars—I will probably frequent them with consistency. But the Nazz seems to be a worthwhile change of pace. It's quality, low-key and inexpensive. In my room at the dorm again, I took the unopened roll of mints out of my pocket, tossed them on my desk, undressed, and went to bed.

"What Fools These Mortals Be"



by Mark Thomas Hopkins

Considering the fact that some people tend to lean toward that which is, and some towards that which is not, it is easy to see how the subject of whether or not a ghost does indeed reside in the rafters and walls of Washington Hall can be quite an argument — the basis being the individual persuasion of the person questioned.

There are some who are firmly convinced and are adamant in their persuasion that something — or someone — does indeed inhabit the shadows of Washington Hall; that those of this persuasion are not among a minority is easily seen when evidence for their contention is presented for consideration: reports of walls sounding, large curtains moving, keys being left in doors, steps being heard with no one noticeably

around to make them — all of these and others appear as probable reasons for considering as valid the alleged manifestations of what would be considered a ghostly occupant — or at least the doings of said resident.

Among those persons subscribing to this school of belief — let alone subscribing to this magazine — are persons who have lived there and those who have stayed there — all of whom will readily attest to the aforementioned phenomena's credibility.

A recent resident of the hall, who would rather not be named, had mentioned sounds of footsteps and sounding walls. Still others will swear to their having seen an apparition of some sort, sometimes beckoning them on, but more often

cautioning them to not look any further — whether for reason of surprise or danger has never been indicated.

Ron Dallas is the current resident, and therefore one most aware of recent occurrences (if any) in the hall built in 1881. He could be easily described as one who would not adhere to the belief or thought just mentioned, but rather, as one who would tend toward the answer of "natural occurrences" for refuting any arguments introduced in behalf of the ghost's credibility. He cited as the most obvious explanation the motion of the wind, and the obvious age of the building — two factors which would seem to account for noises from odd places and curtains supposedly moving under their own power. Other factors which he

cited were those dark imaginings which may come from living in an old building. Stories which have built up would tend to promulgate rather than discourage the legends.

Now at this point someone may ask, "Just who or what is supposed to be in Washington Hall, anyway? Just how did all this come about?"

The answer to that is quite basic: tradition and time, though not necessarily in that order, but the one implying the other. Tradition and time tend to present things in a manner often distorted from their original intent or occurrence; a locker room speech during the half-time of a well-known football game, for example, can come to a statement of religious affirmation and determination for those who desire or need some extraneous confidence or assistance, whether it be a football game or some other pursuit.

George Gipp, also recognized as "The Gipper," is usually cited as the Ghost of Washington Hall. Ask anyone the question who the ghostly presence in the hall is — most oftentimes the answer will be (though sometimes someone will say Ronald Reagan — to which it must be explained that he is not yet physically dead) that "The Gipper" is the one living there — but living being a relative term in such statements.

But why George Gipp? And why "The Gipper"? For that story a few years must needs be taken away, and a few football games removed from the fields.

Supposedly, while George Gipp lived in what was then known — and for all practical matters is still known — as Sorin Hall, he was not able to return to his room one winter night, having been out all night — or at least out past the time when the doors were locked. Being tired from the evening's pursuit, he did not find it too much out of the question to find an alternative sleeping place. So, he chose to sleep on the

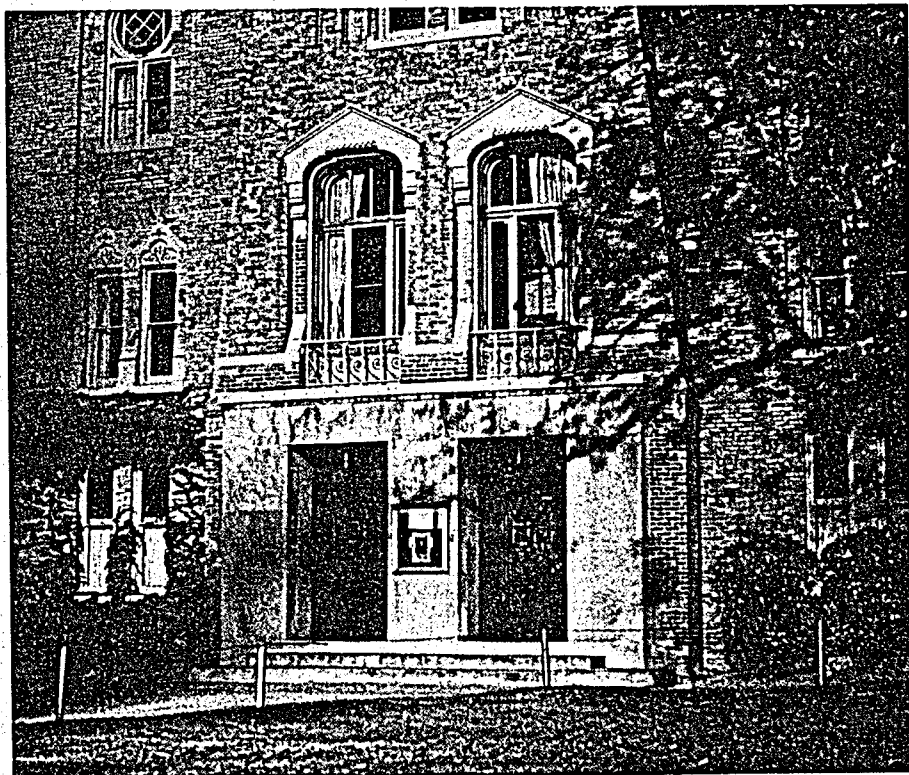
steps of Washington Hall. Being a cold night, it did not seem all that impossible that something would come out of it — and it did. Aggravated by other factors, and complicated by the winter night's rest, George Gipp contracted pneumonia, from which he subsequently died. He is now said to reside in Washington Hall.

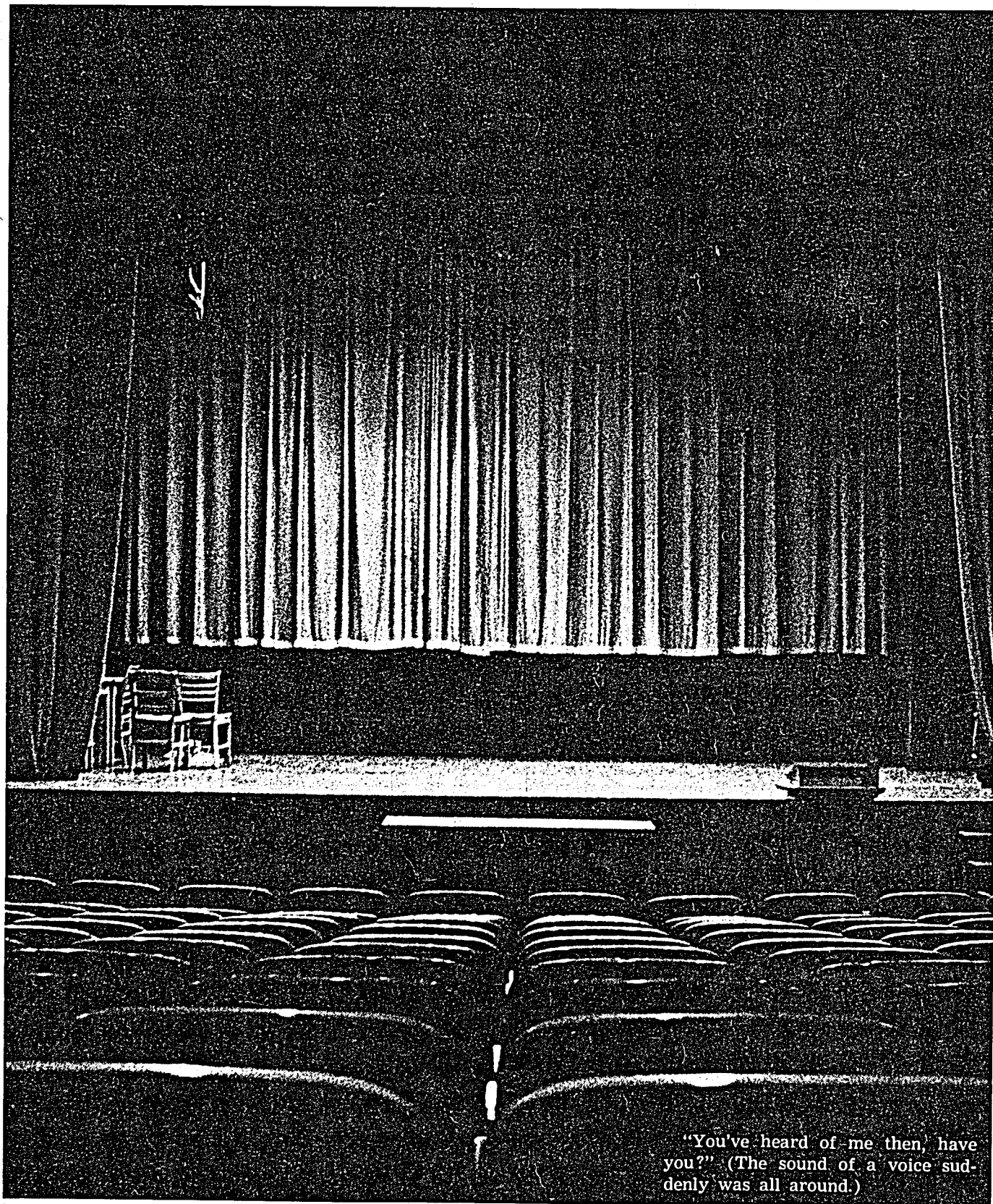
The credibility of this story may be called to question by any one of the firm cynics, but it does seem to have the necessary criteria to establish it as a reasonable explanation for the motives of the ghost. Anyone who can offer information to the contrary is, of course, welcome.

What then is to be believed, and what is to be refuted? Let us suppose that the answer to that question lies best in what one chooses to believe, and what one chooses to refute, the basis for decision being that some things have enough reason and sense to attest to their credibility, and others have enough in

opposition to their belief that they are sufficiently refuted.

So, how should one approach Washington Hall, and how should one determine whether or not reason exists for believing that someone or something is actually there present? Let the reader be directed to the simplest and most orderly method: spend some time there, especially making it a time when the winds are heard to blow in a distant way, and the clouds are rushing and changing beneath the dark of the moon, and most importantly, when it is a night that one is open to experience and to new ideas, when one would be then willing to seat himself in a darkened Washington Hall, and in a darkened row of chairs, therewith to converse with the hall, or letting the hall converse with itself, it all being fairly much the same who answers; but whether the answer is a ghostly one is answered by your own discretion and experience.





"You've heard of me then, have you?" (The sound of a voice suddenly was all around.)

"Well, let's just say I have heard you, and that I think I could agree with you."

"What have you heard?"

"Oh, steps, walls sounding, the usual sort of stuff."

"What makes you think that was me?"

"Well you are the only one here."

"You're here."

"Yes, but I am and you're not—it's as simple as that."

"And how so, if I may ask?"

"Well, you were and are not now, and I was and am now."

"You are what?"

"What you are not."

"And what's that?"

"Sitting here talking to you."

"I was only asking."

"May we get on with this? You are a most disconcerting ghost."

"Who's a ghost?"

"Now let's not argue conjectural points."

"Well, would you like someone accusing you of being a ghost? It really could do harm to your reputation."

"I should not think that I would have that to worry about right now. But as for your case, I'm afraid it's a bit too late."

"And what makes you think that?"

"Well, word does get around, you know. You haven't been the most silent occupant here."

"Oh, I try to keep in shape. It does me good to see those students run now and again—and I daresay it does them some good too."

"Are you the one who's been keeping keys in doors?"

"Where'd you get that idea?"

"Well, a professor here said that you—"

"Oh, he probably just forgot to turn and leave, that's all. It sounds a bit mad now, doesn't it, to leave keys in doors? What would I need a key for?"

"Obviously not to get through a door."

"Ergo, we can agree upon that point."

"But there are others—"

"Such as?"

"Your reputedly following persons down steps, and then not being there when they turn around."

"I wouldn't do that."

"Well, someone said you did."

"They're lying then. Whoever heard of a ghost sounding on steps?"

"Someone obviously did, or else he'd not have mentioned it."

"It was probably his own footsteps, and he forgot that this place echoes."

"Yes, it does have a solid echo to it."

"I wouldn't know; being all over this place it all sounds pretty much the same to me. I really couldn't tell you."

"But can you explain how you manage to move the curtain on stage? It's quite a heavy one."

"Oh, nothing to that, just a little brush against it now and again—with the assistance of the wind, of course."

"Why the wind?"

"Well, have you ever seen the wind?"

"No, I don't suppose anyone has."

"Have you ever heard it?"

"Only the sound of what it strikes against."

"Then how can you be sure it's not the wind?"

"Let's get on to the next question."

"What are all of these questions for anyway? You aren't some sort of alumnus, are you?"

"No, not yet at any rate."

"I have had some times with some of them—and the students are even worse. They come around here at all hours of the night and day, expecting to find some sort of apparitions or something. Apparitions! God, that hasn't been done since the likes of George Gipp!"

"You mean you're not the Gipper!?"

"Whoever said I was? I played quarterback."

"It's the general consensus of opin-

ion around here that you are George Gipp."

"Now calm yourself. How'd that story ever get started?"

"Supposedly, one night in December—"

"In the winter?"

"Of course in the winter. Anyway, one cold night it seems he, George Gipp, I mean, the Gipper, was not able to get back into Sorin Hall, and—"

"What was he doing out so late?"

"You've been here long enough to answer that."

"Just wanted to make your point clear."

"—He was out late and he couldn't get back to his room, so he slept here, or rather outside on the steps—and he caught a cold or something which was aggravated by other factors and subsequently he died—"

"And that's why everyone does one for the Gipper?"

"I don't know about that, but it's why he's said to be here."

"Well, I hate to disappoint you, but it seems he left here a while ago."

"Left!"

"Yeah, something about the noise and all. Said he wanted a little more quiet, so he thought he'd move to St. Joseph Hall or someplace . . ."

"Who are you then?"

"I'm the ghost of Washington Hall."

"And you'll agree to let me print that?"

"I thought that that was understood."

"As you say, I just wanted to make the point clear."

"Have you anything else to ask then?"

"Just one more question."

"Go ahead."

"Why do you live here?"

"Have you ever tried to sleep in a residence hall?"

—And with that cryptic comment he moved along his way, but not without knocking against a few chairs here and there, and turning on a few lights.

Where Have You Gone, Charles Atlas?

by Paul Hess

At the extreme north end of the ACC ice rink pavilion there is a mahogany door with a bronze nameplate. The inscription on the plate reads, "Weight Lifting." Outside, a vociferous contingent of would-be Bobby Orrs are playing hockey with great enthusiasm. They appear to be about twelve years old. Inside, another group of athletes work at their sport with just as much enthusiasm. A rather hardy bunch, they labor in anonymity, and seem not to care. They are the Notre Dame weight lifters, the would-be Vasily Alexeevs.

"Vasily Alexeev? Who's he?" you ask. He just happens to be the world heavyweight weight lifting champion (which might not be a bad trivia question for you to ask at your next social gathering).

Notoriety is a rare thing for even the greatest lifter. But this doesn't seem to bother Jack Vano too much. Jack is the man who's in charge of the Notre Dame weight lifting room from seven 'til nine, six days a week. He takes an active part in the weight room proceedings, and he can lift with the best of them; a look at the "House Record Chart" testifies to this. The chart, an ancient scroll of yellow paper posted on the wall right by the door, with various marks scrawled unassumingly in pencil, shows that Vano holds all the records for his weight class. This includes an amazing bench press of 320 pounds.

Vano stands about 5'6" tall, with curly auburn hair and a burnt brown mustache, not to mention an awe-inspiring upper torso. He claims to weigh 160 pounds, but he looks much larger. He is, in his own words, "just an ordinary guy." He lifts weights solely because he enjoys it. "If you want someone to tell you all the philosophy behind weight lifting," he good-naturedly advises, "then you ought to talk to one of the other guys. I just do it because I like it."

But lifting weights, it would appear to the casual observer, is not something which one easily grows to love. "I started lifting in the seventh grade," Jack explains. "My

father got me interested and I picked up the rest on my own from books and magazines. There's not a lot else to learn from." Apparently not. But Vano has learned well. And watching him work on the incline press lifting 200 pounds, it's



Jack Vano

not hard to see why he enjoys it so much. With roomie Dave Richter shouting "C'mon, John — one more!" and former Notre Dame fencing captain Tom Coyle at his side should something go wrong, one gets the impression that they are as much a team as any. And Jack's successful repetitions of the rigorous drills are as much a victory to them as beating Alabama (or USC?) is to the rest of us.

Just as the weight lifters themselves are a rare and intriguing breed, so too is the room in which they "live." Scattered about the room are various barbells, benches and weight stands. The omnipresent "No Smoking" sign is out of place to say the least, for it is hard to imagine Vano or any of his companions holding a cigarette. One wall bears a plaque reminiscent of the more glorious days of weight lifting at Notre Dame — it is the 1953 NCAA championship trophy. Looking around the room, Vano's

face lights up. "It's a good facility," he enthusiastically proclaims, and listening to him speak one is led to believe that he considers the weight room as much his home here at ND as the tenth floor of Grace Hall, which is his mailing address. Jack derives great satisfaction by comparing his weight room to Ohio State's. "At OSU, they've got an eight by ten foot box for 50,000 kids," and though he may be slightly exaggerating, his point is well taken. He concludes, "We're really lucky here."

The radio in the far corner is blaring a Jethro Tull tune, but it is doubtful that any of the lifters can hear it — such is their single-minded dedication to the sport. But, unlike many other athletic endeavors, weight lifting is not something that one dabbles in. "It is a year-round activity," Vano declares, "but you'd be surprised how many people think otherwise." Jack cites the "Lauderdale syndrome," a yearly occurrence each spring when he finds his home-away-from-home deluged with outsiders who try to build themselves up in two weeks so as to be a success on the beaches of Florida. But the cold, hard fact is that it doesn't work that way, fortunately so for Jack and his cohorts, for whom lifting weights is far more than an exercise in vanity. "The Good Lord gave each of us a body," he says, "and I'm just trying to make the best of it."

He mentions the late Father Lange, the founder of weight lifting at du Lac. On the near wall, not too far from the mahogany door, there is another plaque; this one, however, differs from its counterpart across the room. It is no coveted trophy, but rather a modest vignette with a simple engraving. It reads:

To
Fr. B.H.B. Lange, C.S.C.
"From His Boys"
1968

Seven years have passed and "his boys" have been replaced. But the weight lifting family has not disappeared.

The Eccentric Art of Winning

by Bill Delaney



There are many ways to win a football game. Starting out big and continuing to roll up the score is one. Steadily scoring is another. Breaking a game open on one play is yet another.

Or you can do what we've been doing for the past three games. For in that span, a loss and two come-from-behind wins have left Dan Devine with frightening nightmares each night. Just how much more both he and we can endure waits to be seen.

These games are *not* your average comeback games either—we've been down as many as twenty points with less than a quarter of playing time

remaining. These are the kinds of games people leave in the third quarter with the feeling that Notre Dame has *no* chance of winning.

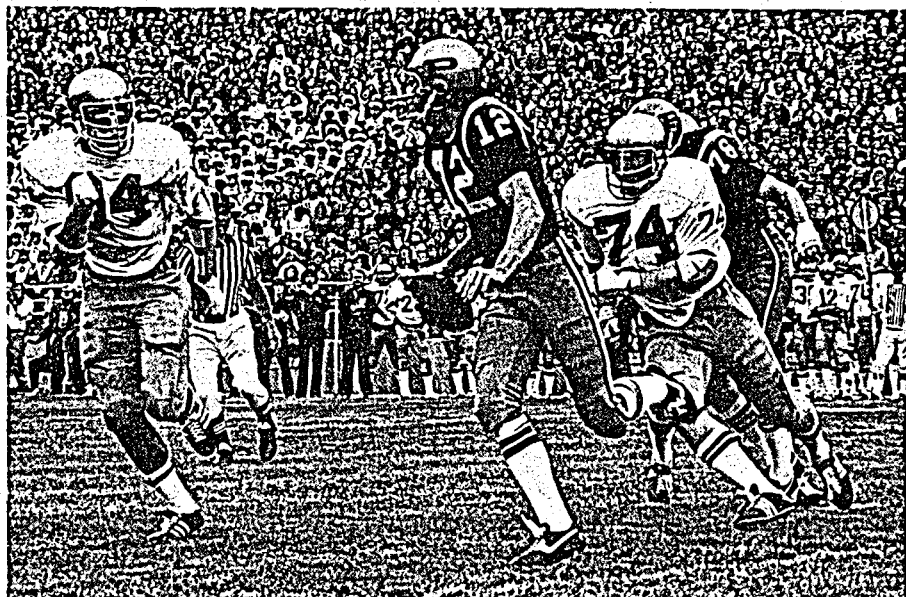
We have had our problems though. Half of our starters were injured in the Michigan State game. The heat killed off many at North Carolina. But these are not and should not be excuses: we had the better team on both occasions. The inability to move and score early has hurt us throughout the season. One play by Ted Burgmeier has brought us a victory, while another sweep by Michigan State ruined a perfect season. What can you say?

And then there was the Air Force

game. Down twenty points seemed an insurmountable obstacle to overcome. Yet Montana, Hunter, Restic and MacAfee enabled the "Cardiac Kids" to pull it out: 31-30 was one of the best scores ever envisioned after the game by those who left the team for dead on the short side of a 30-10 score.

The rumors have spread. Dissension has been the major one making the rounds throughout the campus. And then there was the thing about the firing. Dan Devine is not Ara Parseghian reincarnated; he never will be. Coaching Notre Dame has to be the hardest, most demanding job in the world. Devine has had pressures you would not believe from all corners. He has not cracked. His team has bent a bit, but has not died. His team has, by the way, a 5-1 record going into tomorrow's game with Southern Cal. He is a man easily misunderstood in his feelings by the student body. He needs time to get to know *you*. He doesn't need a divided student body for John McKay and his boys. That is the worst possible thing that could happen.

Southern Cal is a new ball game: all the elements of the classic rivalry are there. Now, *if* we could only score first this time and go out ahead, we'll experience a new feeling. Being on top. It's the only tradition Notre Dame has ever known.



The Last Word

by Sally Stanton

The sun sets. All grows dark. A few stars show. Suddenly, the street-lights are on.

First one, then another: doors begin to open, spilling oblongs of light out onto the sidewalks, the lawns. Figures appear, singly, in pairs, are silhouetted briefly, then pass out into the night.

Halloween is a strange kind of holiday: like a birthday, after a certain age, it's easy to forget. Maybe it was designed to balance off New Year's Eve when the kids are left at home and the old people go out and play: Halloween is the kids' night out.

Actually Halloween and New Year's Eve do have some connection. In Druidic times, the year ended on October 31. Evil spirits—Local 20: ghosts, goblins, witches, and other "things that go bump in the night"—roamed the highways and byways of the world, preying on unsuspecting mortals, causing general mischief. The human alternative to botheration by these beasties was either to disguise oneself as a ghoul and try to "blend into the crowd" or to placate the banshees with sweets and other dainty morsels when they came banging on one's portal.

The spirits which roam these Halloweens do not seem overly frightening. Half of them appear in store-bought costumes, the kind that used to come in thin cardboard boxes with cellophane windows in the lid and a bounteous supply of glitter. Their mothers or fathers have bundled them up warmly under their

paper finery so that Arabian princesses and whirling dervishes both look much like multicolored sausages.

Sometimes you can get a hint of what they're supposed to be from the plastic masks they wear.

Masks are funny things. I suppose there are large factories which switch into high gear in June, mass-producing plastic faces, elastic strings and those sharp-pointed metal spears which hold string and mask together. They must stamp the colors on as the plastic flies by because it seems their locations are only approximate and the mouth slits, if evident at all, are not very realistic. It's a fortunate thing that the dialogue is ritualized: anything said through plastic tends to come out "mftbft."

If you're one of the later stops, you may be saved the crisis of identification entirely. The masks tend to get very warm—I believe they may soon be marketed as inexpensive humidifiers—and toward the end of the night a number of ghouls have pushed their faces up and are wearing them as hats.

Perhaps the other half—the ones in homemade creations—offer more of a challenge to diplomacy. Often a portion of their psyche has gone into the costume production and a misstep here might result in a tear or two and a wounded evening.

The ghosts and witches are easy to pick out, but I once went as autumn in a sheet, long hairpiece and construction-paper leaves. Some lady thought I was a hippy. Another



time I was prepared to venture on as a Martian in an old terry-clo bathrobe; brown paper bag and chrysanthemum branches. Luckily I self-destructed before I got out the door and had to go as a make-shift ghost—I fear I would have been taken for an ailing bush or an arthritic reindeer.

Perhaps it's my imagination, but it seems fewer kids go out on Halloween these days. Maybe they've got too much class now for such juvenile pursuits.

Or maybe it has something to do with the morning news November 1. Stories of razor blades in apples. Acid in candy. Rat poisoning.

Senseless stories.

I suppose if I wanted to make this a moralistic piece, I could say that such atrocities are a function of the impersonal trend of our society where persons become numbers and destruction is just another hobby or experiment.

Or I could say this is another shattering of trust, humor and childhood, sending us all inside to play, locking the doors and windows and posting a guard at the gate.

Or I could say we've finally gone full circle and the Druids have taken us back to their feast.

The last ghoul goes home. The door closes. The lights go out. Everyone is asleep.

In some window a candle sputters against the side of a jack-o'-lantern and goes out amidst the smell of burnt pumpkin.

Parallel Patti

©

WHAT'S RED,
WHITE AND BLUE
AND NEEDS
YOUR HELP
TO GET
**GOLD, SILVER
AND
BRONZE?**

**THE
U.S. SKI
TEAM!**

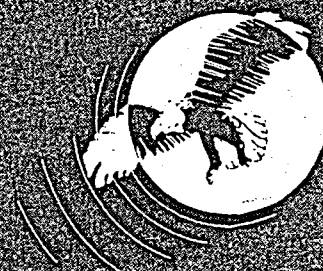
Help us develop the kids who want to win for you, and incidentally cut your skiing costs up to \$500. Support the U.S. Ski Association and see how proud you'll be of the money you'll save.



For information, write: Skiing USSA Style, 1726 Champa Street, Denver, Colorado 80202.

THE NOCTURNE NIGHT FLIGHT
12:15-2:00 am DAILY

sun: dave szymanski
mon: mark x. sullivan
tues: dave szymanski
wed: tom paulius
thurs: brien shanahan
fri: dexter gordin
sat: jorge lopez



WSND-FM 88.9



*"Come to our jolly desert
where even dolls go whoring
where cigarette-ends*

*become intimate friends
And where it's always three-
in-the morning."*

W. H. Auden

JUGGLER

Notre Dame's Journal of the Arts

Juggler is Notre Dame's magazine of the arts. It is a semi-annual publication containing poems, pieces of fiction and drama, photography, essays, and reviews of students, faculty and staff members of the University.

Juggler urges all of you to send your creative or critical writings to the magazine. The *Juggler* staff will thoughtfully read the manuscripts and contact the critics and artists soon after receiving their work.

The imagination holds many pleasures and surprises for both beginning and experienced artists. AROUSE your imaginations, and send the creative residues to the *Juggler*.

Mail submissions along with a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: *Juggler*, LaFortune Center, University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Indiana 46556. Send manuscripts as often as you'd like. The staff promises a quick reply to everyone submitting to the magazine.

For further information concerning *Juggler*, call 283-6263.